



**PREGNANT**  
*and*  
**DESPERATE**

A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE  
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

**S.E. LAW**  
S.C. ADAMS

# **PREGNANT AND DESPERATE**

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A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE


S.E. LAW

S.C. ADAMS

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## ABOUT THIS BOOK

**Ellen:** I was pregnant, homeless, and utterly desperate to find a place to stay. Fortunately, a gorgeous alpha male saw me with my big belly swaying, and decided to open his doors to a destitute young woman. Now I want to show my appreciation, but the handsome man seems determined to hold me at arm's length ... *but not if I have my way.*

**Ryder:** What Ellen doesn't realize is that pregnant women turn me on. But I'd be a total a\$\$hole to take advantage of a penniless co-ed living under my roof, so I try to stay honest. I won't touch her. I'll give the girl space. The problem is that as a red-blooded alpha male, I have *\*needs\**. As a result, I start going to s\*x parties on the sly to take the edge off, but then Ellen FOLLOWS me to Club Z one night. Fine. If she wants it that bad, then I'll give it to her and soon, the pregnant girl's bent over my lap ... *panting and gasping as my big hand comes down on that round rear end for some dirty punishment!*

*This book is a follow-up to Sitting in Santa's Lap. There's something about the alpha males in this series, don't you think? They're rough, possessive, and totally growly, yet with a dirty / sweet side that makes you want more! (and our heroines want more too!) Give in to total hedonism as Ellen*

*and Ryder explore a forbidden relationship that ends with fireworks so hot that you'll be singing turning the pages. No cheating, no cliffhangers, and always a HEA for my readers.*

**Ellen**

I'm alone in my mom's kitchen. The early morning dawn is brilliant, but the shafts of light don't quite make it through the dusty windows and cheap, half-closed blinds of the small space. Not that it would be so great because in the dim kitchen, I can make out piles of dirty dishes in the sink and leftover food from at least a week's worth of pathetically thrown-together meals.

This is not the home I grew up in. In fact, there never was such a thing called a 'home,' if I'm being honest. A more accurate description would be that there's a long string of houses that I lived in with my mother and whatever boyfriend she had at the time. The list of addresses goes back as far as I can remember, and unfortunately, I can remember them all.

This latest house, which is a small, cheap plywood box on an otherwise nice enough street, hardly meets the mark either. My mom moved here when she got her job at the post office last year. It's horrible inside, but at least Angela moved in alone without some stinking, drug-using man attached to the abode. At least, I *think* that's a good thing because honestly, my mom is pretty unbalanced. Whenever she's single, she gets



depressed. Angela's just one of those women who always needs to be in a relationship, even if said "boyfriend" is a convicted felon with a rap sheet a mile long. My mom can't function otherwise, and she's really paid a price for this handicap, in my opinion.

Sighing, I lean back against the counter, crossing my arms over my chest. The action instantly hurts my sore breasts, and I wince, reminded of why I'm here. After all, it's not by choice, not exactly. It's just that I had no place else to go. My first year at college ended yesterday, and I took the bus here at first light. Even though it took me almost three hours, the ride went by in a flash because I kept replaying the conversation I'm about to have with Mom over and over in my mind, imagining every possible outcome.

I hope Angela lets me stay here for the summer. But you never know because once she finds out that I'm pregnant, maybe she'll lose it. Maybe she'll ask me to terminate the pregnancy, although I'd never consider that option. But then, where would I go? I literally have no one else in the world, and the only thing that springs to mind is a homeless shelter. Do they even have a homeless shelter nearby, or will I have to travel to a different city to find one?

I sigh again, wilting against the counter. The droning of the small fridge next to me creates a low hum, and there's a weird scrabbling sound from the walls, which probably means we have mice. But still, I can't focus on that right now because I have bigger problems. As my heart thumps with anticipation, I imagine the other heartbeat inside my belly at the moment. In my mind, it flutters like a butterfly's wings, and just thinking about it sends a wave of happiness coursing through my body, making me smile as I place my hands on the softness of my stomach. I know I can't keep putting off the inevitable because

I'm going to be a mother, and I need to know whether or not I have a place to live while I prepare for my baby's arrival.

I'm about to cross the small space and head down the hall to Mom's bedroom to wake her when I hear a toilet flush. She's up. I stop dead in my tracks, wondering whether I should have made a pot of coffee, or maybe toasted a bagel or two just to soften the mood a little.

But before I can act on this thought, the door to Mom's bedroom opens and a bony figure stumbles into the dim light of the hallway while lighting a cigarette. Damn, it's only 9 a.m. and my mom's already lighting up? Well, Angela has her vices and I suppose nicotine is a difficult addiction to kick. Then, the figure stops when she sees me, pausing with the cigarette dangling from her lips. I can tell Angela's trying to work out why I'm here because she's clearly forgotten my visit.

"Hi Mom," I try with a careful smile. "Good morning. I let myself in because the door was unlocked. I did knock, but no one answered, so I figured it was easier this way."

Angela doesn't reply. She exhales smoke, then seems to recover and continues to limp down the dark hallway towards me. As she enters the kitchen, she doesn't meet my eyes and instead, makes a beeline for the coffee machine. I curse inwardly, wishing I'd had thought of making joe for her sooner. Clearly, my arrival isn't exactly welcome, and maybe the coffee would have helped. My shoulders slump, but then I make myself perk up because it's do-or-die right now.

"How are you?" I try again with a determined smile. But I immediately regret the question because what will Angela say? Mom's bony shoulders are the only thing I see as she fills the water container for the coffee machine at the sink. One of

the straps of her cheap nightgown hangs down her arm and her graying hair is like a stiff mop on her shoulders. Shit. I can tell she's been drinking.

Finally, however, Angela answers. Once the coffee machine's started, she turns to look at me, bracing her hands on the counter in back of her.

"I'm tired," she replies in a flat voice. "As usual." She leans against the linoleum, smoking her cigarette again, as her eyes slide to my bags, still untouched, by the kitchen door. To be honest, Angela looks worse than tired. She looks tired of *life*, period. How is it possible that she's only thirty-seven because she looks at least ten years older given the deep brackets around her nose and mouth, not to mention the fine lines around her eyes.

"I'm sorry to hear that," I reply in a soft voice. "Um, so I know this isn't a great time, but I wanted to talk to you about something."

Angela nods and takes another long drag, her eyes calculating.

"About what?"

"Well, it's about whether I can stay this summer," I say in a hesitant tone. My mom takes another long drag of her ciggie before letting out the smoke in a thin stream.

"What about it?" she asks, the coffee dripping hotly behind her. "I told you that you could visit for a few months, didn't I?" Oh good. My heart races as I nod because it means that she remembers our agreement. This gives me hope.

"Yes," I nod, my heart quickening. "But that was before I found out about something."

Mom shoots me a calculating look.

“About what?” she asks. “I swear, Ellen, out with it because I don’t have all day. What’s on your mind?”

I swallow hard because this is the moment of truth. I make to talk, but my throat closes up on its own and suddenly I can’t get out a word. My mom merely shrugs, turning back to the coffee pot again.

“If you can’t speak, then I’m going back to bed,” she says in a dismissive tone. “You can tell me later in the week.”

That galvanizes me to action.

“I’m pregnant,” I blurt out. Immediately, Angela whirls around, her blue eyes like burning orbs of fire. The cigarette carries on smoldering between her fingers, small flecks of ash dropping to the floor. Meanwhile, the sound of the coffee machine is no longer a drip-drip, but rather a steady, steaming pour.

“I’m sorry?” she asks, narrowing her eyes at me.

I take another deep breath.

“I’m pregnant,” I repeat. Angela nods, inhaling once more.

“So who’s the father?” she asks. Of course, my mom doesn’t congratulate me. She doesn’t even have the decency to pretend that this is a positive development, and any flicker of hope I had that she might be happy for me is snuffed out for good. But still, I have to be careful about how I handle this situation.

“I don’t know,” I say in a slow voice. “It just happened.”

Of course, that’s not exactly true because pregnancy doesn’t exactly just “happen” by itself. Yet the circumstances surrounding my pregnancy are particularly depraved, and I’m definitely not telling my mom (or anyone) how it went down. After all, I was a virgin when I left for college, with the usual

hopes and dreams a young co-ed has about meeting “the right guy” and losing my virginity in a way that’d be utterly romantic and meaningful. But after realizing that no such Prince Charming exists, I finally allowed myself to just have fun.

As a result, during a late-night skinny-dipping session with a couple frat boys, I finally gave in. This wasn’t our first time at the pool together, so the guys had been egging me on for ages. In fact, my friend Kimber was already going at it hard with one of the brothers at the other end of the pool, so I finally relented.

Giggling with shyness, I took off my clothes and exposed the curves of the body I had always been ashamed of. Of course, the men were on me immediately. They couldn’t keep their eyes off my heavy breasts, the softness of my belly, nor the swell of my ass. I gave myself to a guy in the corner by the diving boards, who came hard inside me within seconds, and then hungry for more, I had sex with another guy. And another. And another. We had so much fun that night, and to be honest, I couldn’t get enough male cock. Does that make me a slut? Maybe, but I’m not going to apologize for it.

But then, lo and behold, I found out I was pregnant a few weeks later. It wasn’t exactly a surprise, seeing that I’d been with multiple men without protection. Still, I don’t know which of the frat boys impregnated me, and it doesn’t bother me, to be honest. After all, what am I going to do? Ask them all to take a DNA test? Admit that I’m a whore who had sex with a bunch of them in the pool? I’d rather not go down that road because I’m fine being a single mom. But clearly, the world has its own ideas of right and wrong, and Angela’s definitely in the “wrong” camp.

By now, the coffee's finished percolating, and the steam coming from the heat of the pot behind her makes it look like she's literally fuming with anger. Her fingers shake as she grips her cigarette and her eyes become narrow slits.

"This is not what I wanted for you, Ellen," Angela hisses. "You're supposed to be better than this." I start to protest, but she cuts me off. "Please tell me you're not actually planning on *having* the baby." I swallow because what do I say?

"I am having the baby," I say in a firm voice. "I want this child."

Angela squints at me like I'm the dumbest person she's ever met.

"Really? As a single mom? And how is that going to work? You don't have a job, nor do you have a man to take care of you. What, are you going to live in a homeless shelter?"

I swallow hard.

"No, I thought with your help, and some support from the university, I could make it work—"

But my mom cuts me off.

"With *my* help?" she harrumphs. "Who said I was going to help you?"

I swallow hard around the lump in my throat.

"Well, seeing that this is going to be your first grandchild—"

Angela merely cuts me off, a look of disgust on her face.

"Get out," she barks. "Get your bags and get out. I want no part of this. This child is unwanted."

I stand there, unmoving for a second. I imagined this scenario, and in fact, knew that it was the most likely outcome. But I

didn't think that our conversation would be over in thirty seconds. I had hoped for.... what exactly? Maybe a longer fight, at least? I'm suddenly not sure anymore.

"Mom," I try, my voice quivering. "I'm happy about my pregnancy, and it would mean a lot if -"

"How could you let this happen?" Angela cuts me off again. She's not interested in what I have to say and throws her cigarette butt into the sink with a dismissive flick. At first, I think she's going to head back to her bedroom, but then she whirls and shoots me an angry glare.

"Look at me," she hisses. "Do you want to be like me? To raise a child alone? To end up alone?" Now, tears are coursing down her sunken cheeks, and I'm shocked by this emotional outburst. I back away from Angela, almost tripping over my bags by the door.

"What do you mean?" I ask in a wobbly voice.

Angela sneers.

"I had you when I was your age, and look how that turned out! I'm washed up and alone, with only a stupid teenage daughter who's even stupider than I thought. I thought you were smart, Ellen! You got yourself a scholarship to college, for Chrissake! But now, you're going to throw it all away because of a *baby*?" she rages on. "How idiotic can you be? Look at me! I'm living proof that this shit doesn't work!"

Tears spring to my eyes now because this is ten times worse than all the scenarios I'd imagined in my head. Of course, Angela was going to be angry and surprised at the pregnancy, but the reality is even more heartbreaking because she's disappointed in me, and actually wants a better life for me and

the child. My heart melts a little, but suddenly, my mom's voice drops to a vicious whisper.

"If you want to ruin your life, that's your business," she spits. "But if you think I'm supporting you and your bastard, you're wrong. Get out."

Blanching, I bend down to pick up my bags while tears stream silently down my face. My head's filled with words, and yet I can't get any of them out. Instead, my mom merely opens the door, one hand poised on her hip as she taps her foot impatiently.

And so I exit the house, and before I can turn around to say goodbye, Angela's already slammed the door in my face, the cheap blinds on the inside rattling from the violence of the act. I hear her cough a bit on the other side, but then her slippers feet pad away like nothing's the matter.

I stand on the stoop for a moment, totally dumbstruck. Did that really just happen? Again, I'd envisioned the worst, but the lived reality was ten times more heartbreaking. Angela hates me, that much I'm certain of, and there doesn't seem to be anything I can do to make her feel differently. Choking back my tears, I walk away from the house that is not my home, carrying my bags in my hands, and inside me, my baby. I have no idea what to do, except that I need to find somewhere for my baby and me to live now. And I vow that my child will not live in a string of houses. My child will not have a list of addresses that are merely places to stay. My child will have a *home*.

The problem is: *how?*



**Ellen**

I check the times at the bus stop and sigh. There isn't a vehicle out of here for at least another hour, so I'm stuck. Besides, where would I go? How far will my money take me? I have no idea, and as a result, I start walking in no particular direction. It's not going to make a difference, anyways.

*Stop thinking like that, the voice in my head chides fiercely. Being negative never got anyone anywhere, and you have responsibilities now.*

The reminder only makes me more depressed, and my feet slow to a trudge. I walk for a while, each step becoming slower and increasingly filled with dread. What can I do? Where should I go? Maybe I should head back to campus and throw myself at the mercy of the Housing Office. But are they even around during summers? I have no idea.

The heat starts rising as I trudge down the street, weighted down with bags on both shoulders. Angela's neighborhood is decent, although I've only visited once, for winter break a couple months back. I didn't see much then because I spent most of my time locked in the bedroom, hoping to avoid

Angela and her boyfriend-of-the-moment, Barry. He was as thin as a whip with a tobacco-stained mustache that grossed me out. But despite his unattractive appearance, Barry and Angela were always going at it in the master bedroom. There was so much moaning and pounding that I started wearing ear plugs while counting the days until I could return to campus.

It's funny, but I spent my time during that Christmas break fantasizing about the frat boys Kimber and I'd recently met, wondering what it would be like to have sex with one of them. Little did I know, of course, that I'd end up having sex with several of them, and getting pregnant without knowing who the father is. But such is life, and I don't regret it.

I pause for a moment on my trek and consider calling Kimber. But then I shake my head because I know Kimber's at home with her mom and stepdad for the summer, and she told me that her stepdad is a piece of work. He's very controlling, not to mention devious, and she's got her hands full.

Then I consider calling Cleo, another friend of mine, but she's pregnant and about to give birth. I don't want to bother her right now, not when she and Brody are expecting a baby any minute.

Sweat starts to trickle down my neck and into my cleavage, pooling there. A groan of irritation escapes my lips because having such huge breasts has always come with the discomfort of boob sweat. But now that they're ginormous and swollen because of my pregnancy, it's extra uncomfortable.

And it's only getting hotter. The sidewalk practically steams with visible heat, and I swear, you could fry an egg on the cement surface. Clearly, I need to find a place to go, and fast. Even a coffee shop with some AC would do for now, but this

neighborhood is so suburban that there doesn't seem to be anything like that around.

Fuck. Homeless shelter it is, then. Shifting my bags awkwardly into one hand, I whip out my phone and begin a search. Hopefully, there's one within a reasonable distance, although I might have to go back to the bus stop to catch a ride.

Blinking the hot sting of sweat out of my eyes, I focus on the task at hand, and scroll through a list of local homeless shelters nearby. Oh shit, the closest one is almost five miles away, which means that it's back to the bus stop for me. I definitely can't afford a taxi, and an Uber is even more out of the picture. This is going to be a difficult trek, seeing that my legs feel like lead and sweat's already making the back of my top stick like second skin.

But then, a car comes barreling out of nowhere, headed right towards me. Hey, what are they doing? I jump out of the way just in time before it comes to a screeching halt mere inches away. Shocked, I clutch my belly as my heart races because that was close, and now that it's not just me anymore, I need to be more careful! My pulse thrums from the near miss, and I try to catch my breath.

The door to the vehicle clicks open, and I expect to see the driver rush out to apologize. But instead, a very angry man gets out, his face a thundercloud.

"Are you insane?" he rages in the deepest voice I've ever heard. "What the hell are you thinking, crossing the street with your head buried in your phone like that?" he continues as he rips his sunglasses off to glare at me. His eyes are a piercing blue, and they flash angrily, making my eyes sting with tears all over again.

“I wasn’t crossing the street!” I bite out. “I was standing on the sidewalk minding my own business!”

He bellows then.

“No, you weren’t! You were staring at your phone with no fucking clue about anything or anybody around you!”

I stare back at him, just as angry even as tears fill my eyes once more.

“Well, why don’t watch where you’re driving?” I scream right back. “What’s your problem, anyways?”

With that, I bend down to pick up my bags. But for some reason, I can’t get the straps onto my shoulders and the strange man bends to help me. We both straighten at the same time, and the breath catches in my throat because this is the handsomest man I’ve ever seen. Those piercingly blue eyes are lined with thick, black lashes set below a stern, dark brow. His hair is jet black and that chiseled jaw is covered in a slight stubble, accentuating perfect, full lips, which are set in a tense line as he takes me in.

I can smell the stranger’s masculinity pulsing in the hot air, and I’m overcome by a sudden powerful urge to bury my face in that broad chest and feel his strong arms envelop me. What is wrong with me? How can I want to seek solace from a man who nearly just killed me? I need to get out of here stat because clearly, my brain’s addled from the heat.

“Are you okay?” the man asks in a gruff tone. He’s standing so close now that I can almost feel his body heat, and something inside my soul collapses. My shoulders sag and I start sobbing piteously.

“What’s wrong?” the man asks, consternation on his face. “Did I do this?”

“No, it’s fine,” I blubber while reaching blindly for my bags again. “It’s totally fine. I’m fine.”

I make to turn and go, but a hand the size of a spade lands gently on my shoulder, making me jump. Yet the warmth and weight of it steadies me, even as it sends a wave of heat through my body.

“Let me get you a coffee,” the stranger suggests in his deep voice. “There’s a place not far from here, and you look like you could use a beverage.” I shake my head.

“No, I’m fine,” I blubber again. “I don’t need coffee.”

But the man is persuasive.

“A lemonade then,” he says. “And trust me, I’m not taking no for an answer.”

Then, the man gently takes my bags from me, before turning to his car and depositing them in the trunk. I have half a mind to demand them back, except that now he’s holding the passenger door of the luxury vehicle open. To hell with it. What do I have to lose?

Through my tears, I stumble over to the passenger side and get in before he shuts the door.

“Thank you,” I mumble. He nods, and then closes the door before going around the vehicle and getting in on the driver’s side.

“There’s a coffee shop close by,” he rumbles. “With coffee and lemonade, not to mention milk shakes.”

That makes me giggle through my tears, although it comes out as more of a wet snort.

“What?” he growls.

“Do they have strawberry milk shakes?”

The handsome stranger merely smiles while we pull away from the curb.

“I don’t know, but we can ask,” he says in a deep voice. “Milk shakes always make me feel better.”

I sigh because this man seems normal, even if I just did a really stupid thing.

“You know, I always told my mom I’d never get in a car with a stranger, and yet here I am, and it’s actually her fault. Isn’t that ironic?”

The man says nothing for a moment as we drive silently through the neighborhood. Oh no, did I say too much already? My cheeks go hot as my soul curdles in my chest. God, I’m such a blabbermouth and the last thing this man wants is to hear about my troubles.

But somehow, even though he *is* a stranger, I feel strangely safe because deep in my heart, I know that he’s not the judgmental type. Not only that, but he could have thrown me into the trunk as part of an abduction, but here we are, going to get milk shakes instead.

I allow myself a glance sideways at the ropes of muscle in his arms, and the size of his hand on the steering wheel. Then, unable to help myself, I drop my gaze to his crotch, taking in the enormous bulge in his designer jeans. OMG, this man is packing a monster and I feel my body run hot as I squeeze my thighs together. Will I get a chance to see it? But then, I look quickly away, praying he didn’t notice because these thoughts are so inappropriate! What am I doing?

The man shoots a sideways grin at me and says, “I’m Ryder, by the way.”

“I’m Ellen,” I reply breathlessly. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“There,” he rasps. “Now we’re not strangers anymore, so your mom can rest easy.” I look out the window.

“Yes, I suppose so,” I whisper to no one in particular.

The man casts me another sideways glance.

“You can tell me all about that inside,” he replies darkly. “But now, we’re here, so out you go.”

He parks the vehicle and is about to exit, but stops in his tracks, sensing my hesitation. After all, I did *only* just meet him, and now I’m going for a coffee with him? Maybe I’ve read the situation all wrong. After all, there’s been a lot of emotional turmoil in the past couple hours, not to mention the fact that I nearly escaped a car accident. Now that I’ve had a few moments to collect my thoughts, suddenly I’m wondering whether this is such a good idea, and he knows it.

“Look,” Ryder growls, “you’re fine okay? We’re at the Sunshine Café with dozens of other vehicles around. The café’s got a good number of customers, so you’re safe. Have a coffee and tell me what’s on your mind. Or don’t, and that’s totally okay too. But relax a little, and afterwards, I’ll take you wherever you want to go, no questions asked. Deal?”

I bite my lip again, but then nod because I can see into the windows of the café, and it’s true. There are quite a few guests inside, and we’re in the middle of suburbia. Nothing crazy’s going to happen right? As a result, I step out of the vehicle and stand to face the handsome stranger. Maybe our acquaintance will only be fleeting, but I’m willing to take my chances.

**Ryder**

**T**his unexpected rendezvous has thrown off my entire day, and yet, I'm not that upset. It's strange though because this kind of thing doesn't usually happen to a dude like me. I had two meetings scheduled at my firm, Landsman Partners, not to mention a session with my fitness trainer after lunch, but making those commitments is clearly out of the question now. Instead, I'm headed to a coffee shop, of all places, with Ellen.

It's weird because I have women falling over to meet me non-stop, and usually, I play it calm, cool, and collected. Hell, it's even boring at times because I've been in the game so long. Yet with Ellen, it's different. I shoot a glance at the curvy girl and immediately, my heart starts racing. She's absolutely gorgeous, of course, but then again, there are a lot of beautiful women out there. So what is it about this girl that's making me behave like some sappy boyband fan? I have no fucking idea.

Okay, so we were in a near-accident, but ultimately no one got hurt, so it was no big deal. After making sure Ellen was okay, I should have just gotten back in the car and gone on my merry way. But I didn't because as soon as I saw her angelic face with those huge brown eyes brimming with tears, it was like



someone took over my body. Someone I'd never met, to be more precise, and now I'm in deep. Inviting her to talk over a coffee? What the hell am I thinking? I don't do that kind of shit because I'm an asshole type of guy.

Except, apparently, things are different when it comes to the curvy girl. The sun's shining on her curly brown hair now, making her look like something out of one of those religious paintings in a church depicting a gorgeous Madonna with creamy skin and a mysterious smile. And her curves... when she bent down to pick up her phone, I saw the way drops of sweat beaded on her huge tits, pushed together in her top like giant sacks of cream. My cock throbbed uncomfortably, even as my temperature skyrocketed.

Instantly, I was engulfed by shame. This young girl clearly needs help, and here I was, having filthy thoughts that would make her run screaming for the hills. I dreamed of burrowing my face in those big breasts before running my dick through their soft bellies, coming hard all over her face. I dreamed about putting a finger to her lips before forcing that finger in and making her suck it. I dreamed about turning her upside down before running my dick into her ass as she creamed and moaned with ecstasy. Yeah, I'm that kind of disgusting male animal. But instead, here I am about to get coffee with her like we're in a romantic comedy. What the hell is going on? Does it even matter? Who knows?

Fuck, this is not me. The only ladies I generally come in contact with are the ones I use to satisfy the animalistic lust in my gut. Don't get me wrong because I'm decent to the women, but after a romp in the sack, I don't string them along. After all, I have nothing to offer except a good fuck, and that's it. Honestly, it's better for them if they just move along, instead of getting their hearts broken.

Yet Ellen's different. Of course, the lust is clearly there. I tried so hard not to look at sweet girl as she sat in the passenger seat, but I couldn't help but notice the way the car's vibrations shook the enormous softness of her tits where they lay under the thin material of her dress. The way her small, dainty hands lay nervously on her luscious thighs, hidden beneath the hem of the flimsy skirt. The way her sweet, delicate scent filled every breath I took. But I failed, and all I could do is grip the steering wheel and hope she didn't notice my hard-on.

Even crazier, Ellen's not the kind of girl who dresses to attract male attention. In fact, her dress is nowhere even close to the kind of skimpy things worn by the women I'm used to fucking, which have cut-outs so scandalous that their tits are hanging out of those v-shaped triangles. Instead, Ellen's dress is a modest floral thing that practically comes down to the knee when she's standing. If anything, it's obvious that she's trying to hide her curves, which is a one eighty from what I'm used to.

Now, we're finally at the coffee shop. Maybe if we're in a public space I'll be able to keep my filthy thoughts to a minimum and focus on listening to her, like I promised. But the sweet girl seems hesitant when we arrive, and I'm pissed off at myself because it seems I've managed to scare her with my bellows. So I try my best to put her at ease by bringing up the milkshake thing again, and to my surprise, it works.

"So a strawberry shake, right?" I ask.

"No, it's okay," she demurs while wiping at her eyes. "It's fine. I'll just get a coffee, thanks."

Now we're inside, and Ellen's small hands nurse the welcome coolness of her iced java as I force myself to be friendly in an unassuming way.

“Well,” I manage in a neutral voice, “here we are. Do you feel better?” Ellen’s lips are full and pink, and when she smiles shyly, they reveal a perfect white smile. What would it feel like to have those teeth scraping gently along my cock, making me moan with pleasure? Instantly, I grow dizzy with lust again. Fuck. What am I supposed to do, exactly? I’m such a fucking douche.

But Ellen has no idea of my thoughts and merely giggles a bit.

“Yeah, I do feel better,” she murmurs. “Much better, in fact, so thanks.” She lifts the ice coffee to her mouth and takes a few small sips of the sweet, creamy beverage. I have to will myself not to focus on the way it coats her lips before she licks it absentmindedly off.

Taking a deep breath, I force myself to continue like nothing’s wrong.

“So what happened back there?” I growl. “It must be pretty bad if you’re crying in the street and nearly getting yourself killed.”

Ellen sighs, her eyes going distant as she looks out the window.

“My mom kicked me out,” she replies in a small voice. “It sucked.”

I grimace and shoot her a puzzled look.

“Okay, but why did she do that?” I ask gently. “Was there a reason?”

Ellen nods and looks down for a moment, refusing to meet my eyes. Then she takes a deep breath as if drawing courage from a deep well, and looks up, her gaze steady.

“It’s because I’m pregnant,” she says in a steady voice. “My mom lost her shit when I told her, and kicked me out as a result.” The words hit me like a freight train because I can hardly believe Ellen’s pregnant. My eyes immediately flick to her belly, and there’s a small bump there, but it could be because she’s got flesh on her bones, instead of being one of those scrawny creatures that’s all angles and lines.

“So your mom’s not supportive of your pregnancy?” I ask in a careful tone.

Ellen merely sighs, looking drawn.

“You can say that again,” she manages in a rueful tone. “Angela has this idea that because *she* got pregnant when *she* was a teenager, I somehow have to be better than that. That because I’m smart, I owe it to her not to repeat her mistake,” she carries on. “But that’s the thing because I don’t think I’m making a mistake at all!”

“Wait, wait, wait, hold on. You’re a *teenager*?” I breathe incredulously, unable to respond to any other part of what she said. So not only have I been fantasizing about fucking this perfect angel, but she’s basically a *child*. I’m disgusted with myself and immediately start thinking of ways I can get myself out of this mess without rocking the boat even more. But to my relief Ellen shrugs and says, “Not really.”

“What does that mean?” I demand. “You’re either a teenager or you’re not. Which is it?” It comes out harsher than I intend, and the sweet girl meets my eye with a slightly startled look. I instantly regret my tone.

“Technically, I am,” she explains softly. “I’m nineteen so I guess that counts as being in your teens. But I’ll be twenty in the fall, and I just finished my freshman year of college, so I don’t *feel* like a teenager anymore. I’m a co-ed.” Relief floods

me like a cool shower at those words because she's young, yes, but it's not like she's a *kid*. Ellen's in college, which somehow, makes things a thousand times more respectable. I nod with approval.

"College," I say in a gruff voice. "So is that where you got pregnant?" Ellen nods.

"I was supposed to spend the summer at my mom's house," she explains. "And it's not like I was looking forward to it that much or anything, but at least I had a place to stay. Now I don't have anywhere to go."

I nod.

"I'm sure it'll be fine," I say in a supportive voice. "Your mom won't stay angry for long because she's about to be a grandma. Just give her a few days."

But Ellen shakes her head sadly, her beautiful brown curls swaying around her perfect face.

"You don't know Angela," she says in a tight tone. "The woman holds a grudge, and again, this is personal for her. Somehow, she's more focused on herself than on me, so she won't be coming around to the idea of my pregnancy any time soon."

I nod, thinking for a moment.

"So do you have a plan?" I ask, keeping my voice non-judgmental.

Ellen sighs again, staring once more out the window.

"I'm going to find a homeless shelter for a few days while I look for a more permanent place to stay. There are a couple women's shelters in the area, and I was scrolling through the list when..." her voice trails off and she looks back up at me,

her doe eyes blinking at the memory of my car barely missing her as she walked into the road. The thought of it now makes my stomach churn. I've only known this woman for less than an hour, but the urge to protect her is overwhelming. And to think that I'd almost been the one to harm her.

"No, that's not necessary," I growl suddenly. "You won't be staying in a shelter."

"Excuse me?" Ellen startles, her eyes wide with shock.

"I mean," I quickly add, again cursing my caveman manners, "there's no way you're going to some hovel with a dozen crazies inside. It's not safe."

Ellen looks confused.

"Why, where do you think I should go?" she asks in a careful tone.

"You'll stay with me," I answer in a deep growl. "Where else?"

Ellen pauses, staring at me with disbelief.

"With you?" she parrots, her lips parting as she stares up at me through her eyelashes. My mouth goes dry. The idea is now rock solid in my mind, and I won't take no for answer because there's no way I'm letting this girl come in harm's way.

"Yep," I grunt. "It makes sense because I live in the neighborhood, so if your mom changes her mind, you'll be close by. Plus, you already know this area, right?"

"Not really," Ellen says in a quiet voice. "My mom only moved here pretty recently, and her house is just that: a house. It's a place to stay that's totally indistinguishable from any other place to stay."

“Well, I hear what you’re saying, but my home has to be better than the homeless shelter,” I rumble in a low voice. “That is, if you’re interested,” I add, trying to be gentle. I don’t want to scare her off with my caveman ways, and suspect that it’s better to tread lightly. To my satisfaction, Ellen’s face opens in that gorgeous smile of hers, creating deep, irresistible dimples in her cheeks that I hadn’t noticed before.

“I suppose I could try,” she says in a soft voice, and unable to help myself, I can feel my own face breaking into an awkward smile. It’s not something I do often, and it feels a little strange, but it also feels good. “Thank you, Ryder,” she adds gratefully. Then she blinks. “What’s your last name, by the way? I suppose if I’m staying with you, I should know.”

“Landsman,” I say in a reassuring tone. “I live right around the way, and have my own landscape architecture firm called Landsman Partners. What’s your last name, honey?”

She nods and blushes.

“Massie. Ellen Massie,” she murmurs.

“Well, it’s nice to meet you, Ellen Massie.” With that, we finish our drinks while making inane conversation about the weather. Then, as soon as she’s done with her iced coffee, I stand.

“Let’s go and get you settled in, sweetheart,” I say, holding my hand out for Ellen to take. She blinks up at me in the same way she did when I held the car door open for her, and slowly puts her hand in mine. The size contrast is almost ridiculous because my palm easily dwarfs hers. But it feels so right to be like this, and I give her palm a reassuring squeeze.

“Things are going to be fine,” I say in a soothing rumble. “You’re safe with me, honey.”

Ellen nods, tripping along beside me as we make our way to the parking lot, but the truth is that she won't be safe. After all, I want to ravage the sweet girl until she's panting, moaning, and heaving beneath me, her curves flushed and her eyes sated. But Ellen doesn't realize that yet ... although it will only be a matter of time before she finds out.



**Ellen**

**G**etting in a car with a complete stranger is one thing. Having coffee with him is another. But agreeing to stay at his house less than an hour after meeting him? That's completely off-the-charts insane.

So why does it feel so right?

Ryder gets my bags out of the trunk and then shuts it, locking the vehicle simultaneously. My eyes bulge because he's huge. His tall, muscular frame towers at least a head and a half above mine, and his forearms are easily the size of my thighs. Except his forearms are all muscle, whereas my thighs are soft and pudgy.

So I should be scared and wary, right? Like any smart girl, I should be turning down his offer and making my way to a women's shelter as we speak. But instead, here I am, going to live with the handsome man. I know I should be frightened, but I'm not for some reason. At least, not in the dangerous sense. Maybe it's because I'm pregnant? No one would hurt a pregnant lady, right? Hell, Ryder probably considers me damaged goods, and he's probably just being a kindly soul.

Shooting me a quick smile, Ryder strolls up the path to the house, both my bags slung effortlessly across one titanic shoulder. My jaw drops as I turn to look at the front garden for the first time because it's gorgeous. The property itself isn't huge, but it's enclosed by tall, neatly pruned bushes. Meanwhile, behind the bushes, a flawless green lawn rolls up towards the house in perfectly designed rings. Each ring has a border of stark-white pebbles forming a path along the edges, and there's a Japanese maple off to the right, while what look to be miniature orange trees make up a small bower on the left. The entire look is clean and modern, and even sculptural in some sense. It's breathtaking.

"Wow, you really are a landscape architect aren't you?" I breathe in amazement.

Ryder shoots me an amused look while walking up the path.

"Sure am," he drawls. "Have been for over twenty years now."

I nod with appreciation.

"So you did all this?"

"Yep," comes another amused grunt. I follow him inside the cottage, and immediately, a sense of peace descends. Despite being small, the space is quiet, clean, and cool, and decorated in a sparse Japanese style with tatami mats and minimal furniture. There's a lot of natural light and stillness, for lack of a better word. I wonder if Ryder did the interior décor himself.

"This is really beautiful," I murmur.

Ryder grins.

"It's small, but it's all I need," he says. "I don't believe in living in a palace when I'm only one person."

I nod.

“Yeah, McMansions are the worst,” I shudder. “They look and feel gross.”

Ryder grins while striding to a nearby door.

“Yes, but living small also means that there’s only one bedroom in the place. It’s yours, sweetheart,” he says while depositing my bags inside the room.

Immediately, I object.

“Absolutely not!” say quickly. “I’m fine with the couch because I can’t possibly ask you to give up your bedroom for me. It’s too much.”

Ryder shakes his head.

“No, it’s fine,” he growls. “You’re pregnant. You should be comfortable.” The thoughtfulness of his gesture flushes my cheeks and I look away because truthfully, I’m a little embarrassed. I don’t want to tell him my *real* reason for not wanting to sleep in his bed because it’s humiliating. My body has been changing so much, and the fact is that some mornings, I wake up and there are two damp spots on my t-shirt. It’s not a huge deal, but the thought of lactating all over Ryder’s sheets is too personal, not to mention he’d probably think it’s really gross. As a result, I want to spare him the gore factor.

“No, please,” I say quickly. “I’m not here to put you out of your own home. I’m fine with the sofa.”

Ryder shoots a long look my way, but then nods, and picks up my bags again. We stride back out into the living room, and into the far corner of the space where a large bookshelf cordons off a small area. There’s a comfortable-looking sofa in a navy print inside, as well as a side table and several potted plants. The space looks like a reading nook with its warm,

tranquil appeal. Even better, Ryder sets down my bags and pulls on the bottom part of the small sofa so that it opens into a bed.

“If you don’t want my bedroom, fine, but I’m not having you sleep on the couch like some bum,” he growls with a hint of humor, which makes me smile. “At least take the pull-out couch.”

“It’s perfect, thank you,” I say gratefully, and I mean it because he’s right. This is infinitely better than the homeless shelter. Hell, this is better than my mom’s place because I can already tell it’s going to be peaceful here, as opposed to Angela’s constant yelling and screaming. I can see myself curling up and happily reading with a cup of tea at my elbow, and smile at the handsome man. “This is a cute little nook. What do you use it for?”

“I don’t,” Ryder grunts.

“Oh,” I say, surprised. “Then why -”

He grins.

“I wanted to throw this sofa out but I haven’t gotten around to it yet. It’s here behind this shelf because it doesn’t match the rest of the room.”

“Well, it’s very cozy,” I murmur. “I love it, thank you.”

“Good,” he says gruffly, but I can tell that the fact that I like it pleases him. I peer up at Ryder, trying to get a better look at his expression. There must be a softer side behind this man’s stern exterior, or else he wouldn’t be showing me such kindness. On a whim, I reach out to take his hand, to thank him for letting me stay, even though he doesn’t know me.

But to my horror, he jerks away like I’ve got cooties, and crosses his herculean arms over that massive chest. I can see

the muscles in his jaw tighten as he clenches his teeth. Wait, what? Why is he suddenly acting like this?

Then I remember the reason for him letting me stay: he's just trying to do the right thing. He's just a Good Samaritan who's still a stranger at best, and he doesn't want to get to know me. Ryder's merely putting me up for a few days until I get back onto my feet.

I wish the floor would swallow me up because I'm so embarrassed, but of course, no such thing happens. Instead, I clear my throat awkwardly as my cheeks flame. Ryder notices because he spins on his heel then.

"I'll show you the rest of the house," he grunts before stalking off. Trying to swallow my shame, I follow him. Quickly, we peek into the kitchen and the laundry room, and then he shows me where the bathroom is.

"There's only one full bath," he says in a gruff tone. "There's a half bath near the front door, but there's no shower inside, so we'll be sharing this one."

"Oh no, that's fine," I say quickly. "It's no problem at all."

He nods, and I try to act normal because this has already been embarrassing enough. Plus, the last thing I want is Ryder regretting having me here, his space cramped by a young girl.

But finally, we end up by the back door.

"And last but not least, this is the garden," my handsome host growls. He holds open the screen, and I walk into a beautifully landscaped space, even more impressive than the one in front. A large stone fountain dominates a square of perfectly manicured grass with four stone benches around the circumference. A grove of peach trees is planted in twos around the periphery of the grassy area in such a way that their

canopies form an arch of blossoms, and a variety of fruit trees appear to be dripping with lemons, oranges, and even grapefruit, if I'm not mistaken. The whole thing takes my breath away because clearly, this is a masterpiece.

"It's beautiful," I murmur appreciatively. I'm about to ask more questions, but before I can, Ryder cuts in.

"I have some things to take care of," he announces gruffly. "Make yourself at home, okay sweetheart? This is all yours to explore," he says with a sweep of his arm. Then, with no further explanation, he turns and leaves me standing on the threshold of the yard.

I feel so self-conscious. Does this man even really want me here? Ryder's been so kind from the moment we met, but he also seems so serious and closed-off at the same time, like he doesn't want to get to know me. Should I try to break down the wall that he's trying to erect around himself? Or should I just keep to myself and focus on getting my own place as soon as possible?

I sigh and head out into the garden, kicking off my shoes to feel the soft grass under my feet. There are no answers, but the truth is that I don't have many options either. Even as withdrawn as Ryder is, I do feel very comfortable around him, and a safe haven is what I need right now. That should be enough for now.

Sitting down on a bench by the fountain, I gaze idly at the water, sparkling in the late afternoon sun. Despite everything, I do feel at peace here, but then again, nothing lasts forever. With a frown, I pull my phone out of my pocket and check to see whether Angela has tried to reach me yet. But there's nothing there from her, surprise, surprise. It's not that I was actually *expecting* any communication, but it still makes me

sad to think that my own mother's fine with not knowing where I am, or whether I have a place to stay. It hurts to realize that Angela's totally okay with the fact that I might be wandering the streets at this very moment, despite the fact that I'm carrying her grandchild.

I slip the phone back in my pocket and close my eyes, listening to the gentle fall of the water as it splashes from the fountain down into the basin. *From now on, I'll be positive*, is my vow. *I will find a place to live soon. I will figure out a way to provide a safe, comfortable home for my baby.* But until then, I'm lucky to have been taken in by a kind stranger named Ryder Landsman, and my heart skips a beat at the thought of the gruff alpha male.

**Ryder**

**E**llen's been living in my home for a week now, and it's sheer torture. Don't get me wrong because I'm trying my best, but this is fucking agony. After all, having the nubile teen girl prance about my place seemingly oblivious to her own sex appeal has been driving me up the wall. Her huge tits often sway as she wipes down a surface, or her big round ass and thick thighs jiggle as she walks down the hallway. I live in a state of constant arousal and have been beating off in the shower each morning in an effort to control my urges.

After all, I want to treat the sweet girl right, and to provide a safe haven while she sorts out her life. But now, I realize it's a mistake because fuck, I might lose control at any moment. And once that happens - the animal in me will pounce, and I'll have to claim her.

But who does that to a guest? A pregnant guest, no less? The problem is that I love her pregnant body. If anything, Ellen's even more gorgeous because she's expecting. She's glowing, with the serene air of a Virgin Madonna even though she's clearly *not* a virgin, and I desperately want to bury my face in those impossibly huge, soft tits. I want to push the hardness of



my cock deep into her tight little pussy and make her come. Then I want to hear her soft voice begging me for more.

The fact that she's so grateful to be here makes it even worse. Ellen's always going above and beyond by cooking meals, cleaning, and folding my laundry. I know it's because she's trying to get on my good side, and I've told her more than once that it's not necessary. I know how to cook and clean as well as any other bachelor used to living on his own, but she simply demurs and keeps doing it. Even worse, I know she's doing it because she wants me to be happy, and yet I've been a complete asshole to her since she arrived.

It wasn't my intention to be a curmudgeon in her presence. But I quickly knew that I had to throw up walls around myself if I wanted any chance at all at being a kind, decent, and honorable man, and not the douche trying to live out my filthy fantasies. Which, actually, is what I want. So much, in fact, that I basically have constant blue balls in her presence.

As a result, I avoid Ellen when I can. I try to keep our conversations as short as possible, albeit polite. And I certainly don't touch her, or allow her to touch me because that would be my undoing. But I can tell the standoffishness bothers her. I can tell Ellen feels rejected and bewildered by my actions, which tortures me. If only she knew how much I want her, and how much I want to get to know her. But I can't get involved because this is a pregnant teen girl staying under my roof, for crying out loud! The last thing she needs is a disgusting old dude trying to put his dick in her to make himself happy.

But it's tough to resist Ellen, and sometimes I slip up. It's impossible not to, and I find myself getting pulled into conversations with her, laughing at her sweet little jokes. Even more, I can sense Ellen relaxing as we settle into a comforting

rhythm, which only makes me clam right up again. Then I feel like a complete dick, and rightfully so too.

So I try to strike a balance. I try to be polite and make eye contact, but not to overdo it so that the curvy girl thinks we're friends. It's a tough road to walk, but it's the only path that's appropriate and I need to keep on the straight and narrow.

At the moment, Ellen's cooking breakfast for me while I sit at the kitchen table. It's nice actually, and the curvy girl always insists. She says I need my strength for a long day at work, or for a hard workout at the gym, and what she makes is delicious, so I've learned not to put up a fight. But it's tough because even as I pretend to read the news on my phone, really all I'm aware of is Ellen's curvaceous body as she tends to the eggs.

She's wearing short shorts that show off a bounteous ass that literally resembles a juicy shelf. I can even see the bottoms of her white cheeks peeking out from beneath the fabric as she walks to and fro, getting this and that out of the fridge. Fuck me. I don't hear her small talk because all I can focus on is the jiggle of her thighs, and the gentle bounce of her breasts as she moves.

My mouth goes dry and I take a long drink from a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice.

"Delicious," I growl in appreciation. Ellen turns around in surprise. I haven't spoken much this morning yet, leaving that part to her, so she's probably wondering what I'm talking about. Her eye lands on the orange juice.

"Oh, I'm glad you like it!" she smiles. "I squeezed it this morning from the fruit in your yard." Oh fuck, oh fuck. Now that Ellen's facing me, I can tell that she's not wearing a bra underneath her loose t-shirt because beneath the thin fabric, I

can see the full sway of her enormous tits, not to mention those hard nips poking out like beacons. What would it feel like to suck those pink crests? Closing my eyes, I groan involuntarily as lust ignites, making my cock throb in my shorts.

“Are you okay?” Ellen asks with a worried look on her face. “Hopefully, I haven’t given you food poisoning with my cooking.”

“No, I’m fine,” I grunt in response. “It’s just that -” I clear my throat and try to make up some non-sexual reason to give her. “It’s been a while since I’ve had freshly squeezed orange juice, that’s all.” Ellen looks befuddled, and I know I have to do better “It’s the, um, pulp that made me choke a little.” *The pulp?! I’m such a dumbass. I need to change the subject right now.*

“So how are you feeling?” I ask quickly, gesturing to her pregnant belly. “Any morning sickness or anything?”

Ellen beams at my interest in her condition and seems to immediately forget my clumsy explanation about the wretched juice pulp.

“None at all. I feel great!” she smiles. “And look,” she adds giddily. To my horror she lifts up the material of her shirt to show me her belly. I wince at how soft and inviting her skin looks. The innocent girl points to a very faint coffee-colored line appearing vertically from beneath the waist of her shorts that trails up to her belly button. “This has started showing!”

“What is that?” I ask, puzzled. “Have you always had a line on your stomach?”

“No,” she giggles. “It’s something that pregnant ladies get. It’s called the *linea negra* and it looks weird, right?”

I shake my head, still staring.

“It’s beautiful,” I rasp, wondering what it would be like to run my tongue down that line before sucking at her clit a bit. Would Ellen like it? Hopefully, it’d help with any pregnancy discomfort, as I’ve heard orgasms can be great for that. But still, I can’t be having these thoughts when my sweet guest is so innocent.

“Beautiful?” Ellen giggles. “Well, I don’t know about that, Ryder. In my opinion, it’s plain weird.”

“I like it,” I rasp. “It makes you look more pregnant, if that’s possible.”

Even though my comment was somewhat nonsensical, Ellen immediately looks up and we lock eyes. I see her cheeks flush, her full lips parting. But she doesn’t glance away and instead moves towards where I’m sitting, her breasts swaying with temptation. My cock throbs like a motherfucker. Oh shit, oh shit. Will she let me kiss her? And maybe even -

But I cut off my thoughts because I’m out of control. This girl is nineteen and pregnant! I can’t be taking advantage of her. Yet, it’s all too much, from the short shorts to the filmy t-shirt showing off her huge tits. What’s a man supposed to do? I’m inches away from pinning her to the kitchen floor and fucking her deep and thorough, like I’ve wanted to do all week. I need to get myself out of this situation stat.

With that, I stand up so suddenly that I knock over the glass of freshly squeezed orange juice. Ellen squeaks and quickly throws the dishtowel from the counter onto the table, catching the liquid before it drips onto the floor. As she wipes the hard surface, she looks up at me, concerned.

“Are you okay?” she asks, a small crease of concern appearing on her brow. I swallow and clench my jaw as I watch the enormous swell of her tits move under her shirt while she wipes the table. Fortunately, the sweet girl doesn’t seem to have noticed the hard outline of my cock reaching down the right side of my shorts along my inner thigh.

“Yeah fine,” I say in a terse voice. “I’m going to go shower,” I rasp before turning to leave. Fuck me. Even walking is uncomfortable with my cock so hard, but I force myself not to limp because I don’t want to give away my arousal. Ellen can’t know the state I’m in.

I stalk into to the bathroom and slam the door before yanking on the cold tap. Fuck! My clothes come off in seconds and soon, I’m swearing at myself under jets of ice-cold water. The needles sting my back and shoulders but fuck the pain because I deserve it. Ellen deserves better than this. She deserves better than me.

Trying to get a hold of myself, I lean against the tiles of the shower and take deep breaths. I can’t go on like this. Something needs to change because I can’t live like a caged animal fighting for its life. I force myself to think about my gardens, and the work that awaits me later with a new client. Herbert Mistle is a douche who always tries to nickel and dime my firm, and the thought of that old dirtbag should make my arousal dissipate.

But it’s no use because images of Ellen play over and over in my head. Her huge tits swaying as her nipples poke through her shirt, her big thighs pressing together, her round ass cheeks sticking out of her short shorts, and her pouting lips parting into a sweet “O.” My cock immediately hardens even more, and I groan with lust for my luscious houseguest. Fuck. What

do I do now? My life is sheer torture, and there's a way to settle it all ... but it would mean acting on my basest desires.

**Ellen**

I stand stock still, utterly dumbfounded by Ryder's quick departure. What the heck just happened? My handsome host is usually calm and utterly unflappable. Needless to say, I haven't been able to break down those walls around him, although I do think I'm making progress. Sometimes he lets down his guard for a few minutes, but as soon as I respond, the barriers come back up.

But still, his behavior just now was completely weird. Was it the juice? Did I actually give him food poisoning? Or maybe he was so grossed out seeing the line on my belly that he left. I know Ryder said he liked it, but sometimes, people are just trying to be kind.

Still, my shoulders slump with defeat. Whatever his reason, it's clear that I make him jumpy for some reason, despite my best efforts. I try my absolute hardest to make sure I'm not a nuisance by doing the cooking and cleaning. Heck, I'd even help with the gardening if he'd let me, but he says it's too strenuous for a pregnant woman. Perhaps it's time to move on. Ryder probably doesn't have the heart to throw me out, even though he really wants to. I should just leave on my own, and

besides, that homeless shelter on the edge of town said I should call back this week to see if any beds have opened. The thought makes me depressed, but obviously, my current living situation isn't working out.

I sigh as I finish cleaning up the kitchen. Ryder didn't even eat the breakfast I made him, so I cover it to keep it warm, and then make my way to the garden. I'll call the shelter from outdoors so that my host doesn't overhear.

But on my way to the backyard, I pass the bathroom and I can hear the shower going full blast. My handsome host is using enough water to fill a swimming pool, and my heart starts thumping. I move closer, unable to stop myself from envisioning Ryder naked and wet a few feet away. Holy shit. Just on the other side of this door is that masculine form, and then my heart skips a beat when I notice that the door is open. Not just unlocked, nor ajar. It's open enough so that as I slowly come closer, I can clearly see in without even needing to peek.

I swallow nervously as my heart pounds in my chest. I know I should carry on walking right into the garden. And I should log onto my phone immediately and find a new place to live. Yet I don't. Instead, my breathing becomes shallow as I lean towards the door and the open space that shouldn't be there. The rectangle of light beckons invitingly, and I can't help but look inside.

Slowly, I let my eyes wander in the small space. There's no steam in the bathroom which is strange because it means that Ryder's blasting himself with cold water. What a weird thing to do. But then a silent gasp escapes my throat because the lack of steam allows me to see him clearly. *All of him.*



His naked, hulking frame takes up almost the entire glass stall as he leans against the tiles with one hand. The other hand is covering his brow, like he's in deep thought about something serious, although what it could be, I have no idea. Cold water cascades over his head and sluices down the powerful muscles of his back before reaching those tense buttocks. They look to be carved of solid wood, and with hungry eyes I eat up his bronzed skin, thick thighs, and ripped calves. But then, another gasp escapes my throat because I see it then: the long cock, hanging heavy between his legs, reaching almost to his knee.

My breath quickens as a familiar fire lights between my legs. My pussy begins to ache, and I know I should turn and go. I should leave this man to the privacy of his ablutions except as I'm staring at the enormity of Ryder's cock, it starts to harden and rise. OMG! He's groaning with lust, a deep growl erupting from his throat, as that massive staff pulses and throbs before my eyes. Holy shit! He's fully aroused now, and it stands up like a veiny flagpole, thick as my forearm, and dripping from the tip.

I'm so turned on that I can feel the wetness of my pussy starting to drench my panties. But then the show gets even better because with a tortured groan, Ryder lowers his hand from his brow and fists his cock, wrapping his palm around the heaviness there. His other hand braces against the wall, showing off those muscular shoulders, and his eyes are closed. The handsome man lets out another deep gurgle before palming that massive staff, uttering a low, guttural grunt as he strokes himself.

"Fuck," he grunts. "Unnnh."

Ryder's so hard that I'm sure he'll make himself come within a few seconds, but then he lets go of his cock and it throbs,

veiny and angry, in midair. Then he does something strange - he moves his free hand to his perfectly shaped, muscular buttocks and starts massaging himself.

I watch with astonished eyes as he slips in one finger, then another, then another, until all four fingers are inside his ass, massaging and thrusting. He grunts with pleasure as his cock pulses and bounces up and down, about to explode. Deeper and harder he thrusts his fingers, until he groans loud and long, coming hard. Then, that massive cock goes still before jerking, great ropes of semen spraying onto the tiles of the bathroom.

I'm holding my breath, my heart pounding, my slippery pussy throbbing with desire as Ryder lets out multiple powerful blasts, his seed splattering all over the small stall before dripping down the walls. It goes on for what feels like forever, but after a few more virile sprays of ejaculate, Ryder relaxes. He's breathing deeply now, visibly sated after his intense orgasm, even if he's still in his own world. Meanwhile, I can't believe what I've just seen. Did Ryder just come like a firehose in the bathroom? Did he just finger his ass while he was climaxing, muttering and grunting like a bull in heat? Oh fuck, that was hot, and I desperately want to be in the shower with him, enjoying this hedonism.

Yet my host hates me, or at least, he's very uncomfortable in my presence. As a result, I need to leave. I've been rooted to the spot watching this impossibly dirty scene unfold, but if I don't jet now, Ryder will open his eyes and see me and then the shit will *really* hit the fan.

Slipping away as quietly as I can, I hurry back down the hallway and into the open plan living space, feeling the lips of my pussy rub slickly against each other. I'm so turned on after what I just witnessed that I need a moment to regain my

composure. What if Ryder comes out and sees me all flustered like this? He can't know I watched him because he'll think I'm a complete freak and kick me out!

But I can't head over to the reading nook where I've been sleeping on the pull-out sofa, even though I want to lie down and play with myself until I, too, come with pleasure. After all, my sleeping space is tucked away, but it's not exactly private. I need somewhere with a door I can lock. But where?

Then, inspiration strikes. There's a half-bath in the front hallway for guests. It only has a toilet and a handbasin, but that doesn't matter. It'll do in a pinch. I rush over, glancing hastily down the hallway, but luckily, Ryder is nowhere to be seen.

Then, I lock myself in the half-bath and try to catch my breath. My heart pounds so loud that I can hear it thundering in my ears, but the throbbing in my pussy is insistent. Instinctively, I shimmy out of my shorts and then out of my panties as well. OMG, my pussy's drenched and the fabric is sopping, landing in a wet heap on the floor. But it's fine because I have more important things to be concerned with.

Slowly, my fingers slip down to stroke over my swollen folds, and a moan escapes my lips as I visualize Ryder in the shower again. Holy shit, he was so hot. I re-play the scene in my head. How his cock bobbed in the air as he fingered his asshole. How I literally saw his come-shoot pulse before he ejaculated like a firehose all over the wall. How the bubbly jizz went everywhere, coating most of the tiles with his virility.

I force back a moan as I slip a finger into my pussy, then another, and another, and I'm reminded of how Ryder did the same with his ass. But I need more because ever since getting pregnant, I've been twice as horny and sometimes, the vanilla

way just doesn't do it anymore. As a result, I lift one foot off the floor and place it on the closed lid of the toilet seat before thrusting my fingers deeper and deeper into my pussy, faster and faster.

Ah, that does it. The penetration is more intense this way and I let out a strangled moan even as my eyes close with pleasure.

"Fuck that feels good," is my delighted whisper. Of course, I wish it was Ryder's cock fucking me right now, but a girl's got to make do with what she has. A few more pounds make me groan again, but I need more. As a result, I take my fingers out of my pussy, and briefly see how they glisten with my juice, before reaching around and slipping them back in from behind. Then with my other hand I massage my slippery, swollen clit as I work myself from both angles.

"Oh Ryder," I moan in my ecstatic bliss. "Yes, that feels so good."

But of course, my host can't fuck me, so I fuck myself instead, pretending he's slamming into my pussy from behind with his throbbing cock while he plays with my clit and fondles my breasts. I'm in another world as I squeeze my eyes shut, seeing vividly the handsome man's wet, naked body in my mind. I'm only vaguely aware of the squelching sounds my pussy is making as I fuck myself faster and faster, trying not to be too loud.

Then, fire erupts deep inside, and my pussy squeezes tightly around my fingers as I come, standing up, knees shaking.

"Oooh!" I squeal. "Oh oh oh!"

The spasms of my twat are so powerful that they clamp painfully on my fingers. A huge gust of juice drenches my palm as I let out another delighted shriek, unable to hold back.

But the release is magnificent, and I'm almost crying as it ends.

But of course, nothing this good can continue forever. I'm catching my breath, my fingers still deep in my slippery pussy, tight from the orgasm, when suddenly, there's a knock on the door.

"Ellen?" Ryder's commanding voice sounds from the other side. "Are you in there?" Oh shit! My host heard me, and now everything's going to hell in a hand-basket.

**Ellen**

“**E**llen!” Ryder demands from the other side of the door. “What’s going on? Is everything okay?”

I can’t bring myself to answer because I’m too much in shock. I thought I was being so quiet, but obviously, that was untrue. Now, what do I say? This is so embarrassing, and my hands shake as I quickly wash them before drying them on the gray linen towel hanging beside the basin. Then I struggle back into my sopping panties and short shorts, praying against all hope that the lavatory doesn’t smell like pussy juice. But I catch a glimpse of my reflection in the mirror, and to my horror I can see that my cheeks are flushed from my orgasm with that tell-tale “sex glow.” Clearly, nothing’s going my way today.

Meanwhile, Ryder’s becoming insistent.

“Ellen, open the door or I’ll break it down!” he booms from outside. “I’m serious!” But there’s a touch of panic in his voice. Or am I imagining that?

As a result, I hastily unlock the door and open it.

“Hey,” I greet in a nervous giggle. “What’s the matter?”

My host's dark hair is still damp from his shower, but he's otherwise dressed immaculately in a crisp shirt and low-slung jeans. They hug his muscular form, even as those blue eyes flash over my flushed form. Do I detect concern in his gaze?

"You're okay?" he demands.

"Um, yes?" I giggle nervously again. "Why wouldn't I be?" I force myself to meet his gaze straight on, but it takes all my confidence to do so because just moments ago I was coming hard to filthy visuals of him. So it's a little unsettling to stand before the man himself now, pretending I hadn't just been doing what I was doing, with orgasm still humming through my body.

"I thought I heard you cry out in pain," Ryder growls with a frown on that handsome face, and I realize it really *is* concern that I'm sensing because it's etched all over his face. "Is it the baby?" he adds. Oh shit. He obviously heard my grunts but didn't attribute them to sex. He thought they were pregnancy-related grunts of agony!

The realization that Ryder actually cares about me flushes me hotter than the orgasm just did. Yet I'm also engulfed with shame all over again. Oh god, this situation is so off the rails, and I need to leave this house asap. Meanwhile, I try to speak coherently.

"I'm not in pain," I say in a quiet tone. "Don't worry, the baby is fine." But he still stares at me, as if he's not sure he should believe me.

"Here," I say with a sunny smile. "Feel." Then, on impulse, I take his hand and place it on the softness of my belly. There's no movement yet because my pregnancy is too early for that, but it seems like the right thing to do. Meanwhile, I can feel

Ryder's entire body tense up. "See?" I ask encouragingly. "Nothing wrong here."

Ryder's still for a moment, letting his palm rest gently on my burgeoning stomach, and something flickers in that blue gaze. The moment is intensely intimate, but then he nods curtly, and pulls his hand back before clearing his throat.

"Good, I'm glad things are fine. But I have a few meetings to get to now," he growls. "I'll see you later, okay?" Then without another word, the big man stalks to the front door and leaves, shutting the slab behind him with a click.

For a few moments, I allow myself to stand in the cool quiet of the hallway, listening to the silence as I wait for my heart to slow down. That was weird, to put things mildly. Ryder goes hot and cold so fast, and it genuinely makes my head spin. On the one hand, he obviously cares about me, but on the other, sometimes he's as frigid as ice. I just don't get it.

And what meetings does he have on a Saturday? Maybe he's a workaholic and never takes any time off, although that hasn't been the case this past week at least. Ryder goes out to work in the mornings, but then he comes home around dinner time every evening, and we've settled into a routine together. He's silent, yes, and it's true that I haven't been able to get any closer to him, apart from those rare moments where he seems to let his guard down for a split second. But we do sort of "hang out" in the evenings. He hovers in the background as I cook, and it's comfortable. We don't say much, but he'll scroll through his phone or sometimes flick through a magazine. Then, we'll eat dinner together and watch a bit of TV before heading to bed for lights out.

So what was that encounter about? I have no idea and let out another defeated sigh. I really need to get out of Ryder's hair,



sooner rather than later, and I'm not doing myself any favors by putting off the inevitable. With another huge sigh, I retreat to the beautiful back garden and stroll through the arched walkway of peach blossoms, before sitting by the fountain with my phone.

What was the name of that shelter that I was supposed to call? I know I should look for a place to live, but my heart's not in it. I'm happy here, even if Ryder is distant and getting more inscrutable with each and every day. But I don't want to overstay my welcome either. As a result, I turn my attention to the homeless shelter again and actually press call this time. No one answers, surprise surprise, so instead, I put together a list of low-income housing that I might be eligible for. Then, there are a couple more calls to make, and by then, it's late afternoon and the long rays of the afternoon sun are making me sleepy.

With heavy feet, I reenter the cottage and curl up on the pull-out sofa with a book. I should get dinner started, but it's a little early yet, and drowsiness is beginning to overtake my form. *Just a few minutes for a catnap, I promise myself. Then, you'll get up.*



A NOISE STARTLES me awake and I jerk on the sofa bed. Where am I? What time is it? The rays of the afternoon sun are long gone, and instead, the cottage is dark and quiet. Oh shit. I must have overslept and it's probably midnight now. Crap!

I reach for my phone to check the time, wondering whether Ryder is home yet, when the air catches in my throat and I freeze. There's a shadow standing in the living room, over by the bookshelves. Then I exhale in relief because that massive

form can only be one person: Ryder. Sure enough, I can smell the tangy scent of his cologne, not to mention the musky male aroma that's all him.

“Where have you been all day?” I whisper, trying not to make it obvious how aroused I am already. “Sorry I overslept.” He doesn't answer, but instead continues to approach until he's looming over me by the foot of the pull-out bed. I sit upright and try to see his face, but he's shrouded by shadows and all I can make out are those powerful shoulders, not to mention the ink black of his hair.

“Ellen,” he rasps. “I've been thinking about you all day.”

I freeze because suddenly, the air has gone from innocent to scorching hot.

“You have?” I breathe, wondering if I'm dreaming. But indeed, this is real life, and Ryder lowers himself onto his knees beside the sofa bed. Suddenly I feel his giant hands gently running up my calves, and my breath quickens as my skin tingles with anticipation.

“I need to see you, sweetheart,” he rasps again, his voice now thick with desire. “I've tried to imagine it, but it's not enough.” His hands are groping my thighs now with passionate caresses, turning my insides to jelly. “Show me,” he growls through clenched teeth.

Instinctively, I know what he wants, and immediately, I obey. With trembling hands, I pull off my shorts and then squirm out of my panties. A low growl of desire sounds from deep inside Ryder's throat as I spread my legs in the moonlight from the window, serving my pussy up for him to take in. I'm so turned on that I can feel hot juice trickling down from my pussy into my ass crack already. I suppose this is only fair because I saw Ryder in all his glory this morning, so now he gets to see me.

But Ryder wants to more than just look. I hear a zipper, and in the dim light I see him pull the corners of his pants down, revealing his cock where it sticks up out of his boxers, reaching all the way up over his washboard abs. My pussy clenches with lust for his impossibly huge staff, hoping I'll finally get to feel it deep inside me. I want to ride it so bad. I want to feel that hardness in my sweetest spot, but will it happen?

But Ryder doesn't touch me. Instead, he reaches into his boxers and unleashes his full length before stroking himself with one hand. The heat of his blue gaze is intense on my pussy and I feel my folds swell even more, moistening further.

I gasp, hoping fervently that he'll take this moment to push his huge cock deep inside, fucking me like I've been fantasizing about. But instead, Ryder strokes himself faster and faster, the tip of his cock only inches from my clenching pussy, driving me crazy with desire. The purple cap literally begins to drip and a hot bead of cum hits the inside of my thigh, trickling down wetly.

I let out a small, desperate moan of need and want. Why is he teasing me like this? Should I beg him to fuck me? I part my lips to ask, but suddenly, Ryder moves. He turns his body slightly to the left and grunts as warm liquid squirts all over my thigh, the ejaculation surprising me with its speed and pressure. The handsome man grunts again and ejaculates hard once more, several warm streams covering my skin even as my pussy pulses, my hole open and throbbing.

For a moment, we're both utterly still as his dick drips. I pant, my legs wide open as Ryder breathes heavily with release. Is he going to do it now? I'm ready, and wait on tenterhooks, hoping to be fed that huge cock.

But again, I'm disappointed because instead of pushing that shaft into my waiting folds, he reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls something out. When he presses it gently to where he came on my thigh, I realize it's a tissue. The man literally wipes the semen off my thigh with a firm but oddly loving gesture, and then stands up.

"I'm sorry," he growls. I'm just about to reply, but before I can say get any words out, he turns and leaves, his dark shadow stalking out of the living room and down into the hallway. The bedroom door opens and then closes with a soft click.

For a moment I just lie there, propped up on my elbows, my legs still spread as I blink in the darkness. What the hell just happened? Is Ryder coming back?

When it's clear he won't, I fall back into my pillow, elated, horny, and most of all, utterly confused. Why did he ejaculate on me, and then leave? Why didn't he touch me? What does he want from me? Restless and aroused, I toss and turn for hours before my eyes finally close in a fitful sleep. I need this man ... but what does he want from me?

**Ryder**

I'm so pissed off with myself. What the fuck was I thinking? I wasn't thinking, and that's the point. Coming all over Ellen like that seemed like a great idea at the time, but now, I regret my caveman behavior. Fuck fuck fuck! She probably hates me.

Yet the curvy girl's driving me crazy, and obviously, I'm already way past the tipping point. I thought that taking care of myself in the shower, while I fantasized about her curved ass and swaying tits, would help. And it did, for a moment. But then something went awry, and the caveman instincts came rushing back when I heard her groaning in the half bathroom. I literally had images of Ellen lying on the floor, clutching her belly in pain as she bled out. The need to protect her was so strong that I would have broken down the door if need be, and she knew it, too. That look in her eye haunts me. Was it fear? What the hell is wrong with me, scaring her like that? A young girl who's a guest in my house, no less.

I had to leave, just to clear my mind.

So now I've been out the entire day in a futile attempt to get Ellen out of my system. My meetings went by in a daze, and more than once, my second-in-command shot me a weird look.

"You okay boss?" Brad asked. "You seemed a little out of it meeting with those city planning folks just now."

I snapped back to the present.

"Yeah, I'm totally fine. Sorry. I'll get on it."

Fuck, clearly, I was in no shape to actually get work done, so I left the office then, instead electing to drive around aimlessly for hours, with no particular destination in mind. I even went for a swim, in the hopes a few dozen laps in the Olympic pool at the gym would wear me out and prevent me from thinking about *her*.

It almost worked. But not quite because when I got home at midnight, I swear I was going to go straight to my bedroom. But instead, I found myself tiptoeing over to the nook behind the bookshelf. I couldn't help myself. The thought of Ellen's sweet, sleeping form cuddled up on pull-out sofa was tantalizing, and I just wanted to see her for a second, to satisfy myself that she was okay after our previous interaction.

But she startled awake, those big brown eyes blinking at me in the cool darkness of the house. Her breasts heaved, those white thighs gleaming ivory in the moonlight from the window. Then, an animalistic urge rushed through my veins and I lost all control. I wanted to take Ellen in my arms and kiss her, feel her moan in my mouth as I pushed my cock into her creamy pussy. I wanted to flip her over and kiss her bottom, before claiming that forbidden hole too. So I guess what I actually did was a relief, since it was nothing so sordid. Instead, I begged to see her pussy, and then stroked myself before jizzing all over her sweet female form. The fact that

Ellen was so willing, her pussy glistening with lust for me, made me so fucking aroused that I spurted on her thigh with just a few strokes.

Fuck. What the hell was I thinking? I was a beast taking out his worst urges on a sweet, innocent girl. Even worse, I tried to apologize but that went nowhere.

But now, my resolve has hardened. Obviously, I can't be in the house with Ellen at all. I want her to live here as long as she needs to, however long that is, but I need to vacate. This is her safe haven, and at least I can give her this, seeing what she's endured already.

Sleep escapes me, and I merely lie awake in bed, wondering what my beautiful guest is thinking out there in the living room. I hope she's asleep, but more likely, Ellen's packing her bags in preparation to depart at this very moment. Then again, the curvy girl seemed so willing to show me her pussy, and it was clear she was turned on. But that's the thing: Ellen's a teen girl who doesn't know better while I'm the adult in the situation. Fuck fuck fuck.

I watch the sun come up without having slept a wink, and then take a quick shower and try to get decent. It's early when I emerge in the living room, and I don't know what to expect to be honest. Will Ellen be awake? Or hell, maybe she's already left the premises, disgusted with my actions.

But instead, the sweet girl appears from behind the bookshelves, her brown hair an adorable curly mess. Her face looks sleepy and she crosses her arms over her chest as if to keep warm. Those velvet thighs are bare and I look away immediately, determined not to be tempted again.

"Ryder?" she says quietly. "What -?" she starts, but then breaks off, as if changing her mind. I don't meet her eye

because suddenly, I'm filled with cowardice. What could I possibly say to justify my actions?

"I need to go," I growl in response, already eyeing the door.

"But where?" Ellen asks in a soft voice, slowly drifting to me across the living room.

"Work," I shrug. She pauses.

"But it's Sunday," she replies with a note of surprise. Shit, I'm such an idiot, but she's got me so messed up that I'm forgetting what day of the week it is. Which makes for a terrible lie. She'll see right through my charade and this house of cards is about to come crashing down.

But then Ellen smiles.

"Let me make you some breakfast first, at least," she says in a sweet voice, already moving to the kitchen.

"No, it's not necessary. I'm meeting a client for a game of golf to talk business, and they have a café at the course. I'm already running late, anyways," I add, and put my hand on the handle of the door.

But Ellen interrupts me.

"Wait," she calls, and I freeze. Oh shit, what's going to happen now? Ellen moves towards me again, her curvy figure illuminated by the dawn light coming through the windows. I'm purposefully not even looking at her, but I can see the gleam of her hair from the corner of my eye. My cock throbs again and I grind my teeth. I have to go. I can't behave like a caveman again.

But Ellen's standing to my right now, just a foot or so away.

"Ryder," she breathes, and my body tenses as she whispers my name. "Will you please look at me?" she asks, and the note of



desperation in her voice tears through me. I have no choice. I turn my head reluctantly and look down at the beautiful woman. Big brown eyes, thick long lashes, her lips in a pink pout. And lower, her huge, soft breasts pressed together under her arms as she hugs herself, creating the most voluptuous, delectable cleavage I've ever seen.

How am I supposed to be able to resist this? I clench my jaw in an effort not to bend down and sweep her into my arms.

"Are you upset with me?" Ellen asks in an innocent voice, blinking up at me.

"Why?" I growl, not meeting her eye. She waits a moment, and I can sense her weighing her words.

"Because you left," she whispers, "after, well, you know." Once again, she trails off, unable to finish the sentence, but the words hang silently in the air between us. "*After you jacked off all over me like a depraved asshole, Ryder. After that.*" I wish she would just say the words so I can hear the hate in her words. Her sweetness only makes it worse.

"Last night was a mistake," I growl through my teeth, still not looking at Ellen.

"A mistake?" she repeats, genuine confusion in her voice. "What do you mean?"

I merely shake my head, distraught and a little confused myself. "I really need to leave, Ellen. I'm sorry, but the client's waiting."

And with that, I flee my own house like an utter coward. Fuck! I'm a forty year old man, and yet I'm acting like a child. What the hell is wrong with me?

My eyes fixed on the road, I keep hearing Ellen say my name over and over in my head. But my perverse imagination warps

the innocent tone of her voice into a sensual moan. All I can hear is her sweet voice breathily gasping my name over and over, and I imagine that wet pussy convulsing all over my cock as she shrieks with pleasure. Oh fuck, I'm so fucked. I press the gas pedal into the floor as my car screams down the freeway.

Obviously, something needs to be done. I have to move out. I have to create distance between us so that what happened last night never happens again because Ellen deserves better. But even as I harden my resolve, my soul screams because I want the curvy woman more than ever ... even if what we're doing is wrong.

**Ellen**

I haven't seen Ryder for days, and it's really weird. I think he was determined to move out for a while because he didn't come back from the office for two nights last week. Where did he stay? Where did he go?

But I never found out. Instead, Ryder made an appearance earlier this week, barely meeting my eyes as he stomped in through the front door. At least he's staying at the house again, although we barely interact now. Instead, all he does when he comes home after work is shower, change clothes, and leave. And he doesn't return until the early hours of the morning before going straight to his bedroom and shutting his door. Then, a few hours later he's up and heads out to work without a word. The whole cycle is bewildering, and I have no idea what to think. This is his house, so if anything, he should be asking *me* to leave. Yet, he's avoiding me like I have the plague, and it's strange.

I suppose it's not that weird, seeing that he came all over my leg that illicit night. But I liked it, and I think Ryder could tell since my pussy was gleaming and open, practically begging for his dick. So why the reticence now? What's wrong?

I *have* tried to speak with Ryder, or at least, at first, I “accidentally on purpose” bumped into him once in the hallway after he came home from work one evening. But he wouldn’t look at me. In fact, I even asked straight out if he’d like me to vacate the premises, but his dark head immediately jerked up, those blue eyes burning. It was accompanied by a barked, “No!” which made me jump, and that was that. I’m staying.

Yet, nothing’s changed. He comes home to shower after work, and then heads out again to who-knows-where until the wee hours of the morning. I miss interacting with the handsome male, and can’t help but feel a little bit unsettled because where is he going all night? Is he seeing other women? Oh god, I would die but I know I have no claim on Ryder. He is, for all intents and purposes, just a stranger who’s trying to do the right thing by helping a pregnant girl in need. A neighbor who I am absolutely and completely and insanely attracted to. And who came to my bed one night and asked to see my pussy so he could stroke himself and come all over my thigh.

But these are just details, and we’ve never spoken about the incident. He’s not my boyfriend, and I’m not his girlfriend. I have no right to be jealous.

*And yet, I am.*

So now, after another week of avoidance, I’ve decided to do something about it. I can’t stay at home all day, wondering what Ryder’s up to while burning up with jealousy on the inside. I need to know what he’s getting up to. I *deserve* to know. As a result, I’ve decided to follow him on his one of his little escapades, and I’m doing it tonight.

At the moment, I’m waiting in the backseat of an Uber parked halfway down the street from the house. Obviously, the driver

thinks I'm crazy because I'm clearly stalking someone. But ah, here's Ryder now. The handsome alpha male leaves the cottage, dressed in a button down and dark pants. He looks gorgeous, his hair freshly wet from a shower, and I duck behind the front seat while hissing to the driver, "It's him! Follow that guy wherever he goes."

The old man merely snorts and shrugs, but what does he care? He starts the car and begins to trail Ryder's sedan, following at a discreet distance of course. The chase doesn't go on for long because soon, we've departed the burbs and approached the city center. Then, Ryder pulls up to a massive garage, and hands his keys to an attendant before striding off.

"Here's fine," I say in a rush to my driver. Then I scramble out without a goodbye, intent on stalking my handsome host. But if my plan's going to work, I need to hurry because Ryder's immense figure is already several blocks down the long street, disappearing fast.

I scurry along as quick as possible while still keeping a distance, but it's not enough. I see Ryder turn left into a building, but from this vantage point, I can't see which one. Squinting, I try to find a nearby landmark as a reference point, and thank god, there's a large statue where Ryder took a left. There.

But as I approach the bronze memorial, my steps slow because I see that the handsome man's entered an imposing granite building called the Hotel Royale. Then immediately I duck, because on the other side of the glass doors, Ryder stands in the gilded lobby. Thankfully, he doesn't see me because he's looking at something on his phone before heading to the elevators. Then, he steps into the golden box and disappears. Rushing into the lobby like a madman, I see that the elevator

stops at the penthouse floor, and looking around, discreetly press the call button then. Thank god, no one seems to notice or care.

My heart quickens as I'm whooshed into the sky. Where's Ryder going? What am I going to find? And if I don't like what I see, what then?

The doors open with a delicate *ping!* and I step out onto a lushly carpeted landing with glass walls affording a staggering view of the city. Two men in black suits stand beside the only door in the hallway checking the phones of two tall, handsome men waiting to enter. On their screens, I see a Q code flash briefly, as well as the words *Club Z VIP*. What does that mean? Nonetheless, this must be where Ryder is.

The two guests disappear behind the double doors, but not before I catch a waft of sensual music filtering out into the hall. What is this place? A gentleman's club? Some kind of high-end cult? But then, the security guards turn to me.

"Can we help you?" one asks in a gruff voice. He's polite, but obviously a professional. I roll the dice.

"Actually, yes," I say in my sweetest voice. "I'm late for work. Would you be able to let me in?" The suited men exchange a glance.

"This isn't the employee entrance. It's the VIP entrance," states the second security guard. "And you need your badge."

I flutter my lashes playfully, grateful that I'm wearing a sundress with a low décolletage.

"Oh, how silly of me!" I exclaim as innocently as possible. "I forgot my badge, you see, and I can't use the employee entrance because it's locked already. I'm already so late, you know, and it would really help if I could go in this way. I'm

sorry. Just this once.” Of course, if I’m way off, then the bouncers are going to call my bluff and tell me to leave. But I can tell the men are mulling over my statement, which gives me the courage to continue. “Please?” I add, discreetly pressing my arms into the sides of my cleavage so my breasts are pushed together. “I really need to get to work.” My actions are becoming farcical, but hey, I’m desperate.

The seductive move has the desired effect. The suited men stare at me once more, taking in my flushed cheeks, generous figure, and lustrous locks. One of them clears his throat.

“Fine,” he says huskily. “But don’t let it happen again. Always have your badge with you because you know how Club Z management is. They’re sticklers for security, and we could be fired.”

“Oh yes,” I breathe while fluttering my lashes again, unable to believe my ploy’s actually worked. “Of course not. Thank you, gentlemen.” The man swings the door open for me, nodding curtly, and I stroll into the private recesses of the suite.

I blink for a moment, letting my eyes adjust to the dim interior. What is this place? I’m in a small anteroom that leads to a hallway. The music coming from the far end of the space is light jazz, and at that moment, a woman strolls by, clad in nothing but a pink thong and stiletto heels, her breasts bare and bouncing. Then she giggles and begins walking down the hall, and taking a gulp of air, I follow. Where are we going?

Fortunately, the stroll’s not far. I follow the woman as she turns into a much larger room, which makes me pause. This is where the action is happening because the main room is lushly decorated with red velvet sofas, flocked wallpaper, and dimly-lit chandeliers. Semi-nude men and women cluster about, laughing and chatting while clinking glasses of champagne

like nothing's wrong, but I catch my breath because clearly, this place is a sex club. Maybe in a prior life it was a hotel suite of some sort, but it's been re-done to suit the tastes of a certain set of customers, and the debauchery is rampant.

In the center is a large red ottoman made of velvet, and a woman's lying on it, totally nude with a man between her legs, sipping at her dripping cunt. She moans with pleasure, but her words are muffled because another man's got his cock pressed into her throat, running it in and out as he strokes his fingers through her hair.

"Yes baby," he rasps, his eyes watching as her pussy gets pummeled by his partner. "Fuck yeah, her mouth tightens every time you suck her clit."

Meanwhile, there are several discreet alcoves surrounding the red ottoman, and through the sheer drapery, I sense, rather than see, people having sex. One woman is clearly riding her partner, her head thrown back with pleasure as he fucks up into her again and again. Meanwhile, there's some sort of movement going on in another alcove, and my eyes widen as I glimpse a woman on her hands and knees, crying out as a man parts her big buttocks before pushing his member into her ass.

Holy shit! Is this Club Z? It must be because another nude woman prances by then, dressed in nothing but a short apron with the words 'Club Z' emblazoned on the fabric. She's got a tray of champagne flutes in one hand and turns to me.

"Some bubbly?" she asks sweetly.

I swallow, shaking my head.

"Um, no thanks."

"Suit yourself," she giggles before sashaying off. Meanwhile, I wonder what I should do. Should I get undressed in order to fit



in better? Suddenly, my floral sundress feels ridiculously out of place, but am I ready to take it off? I decide to stay clothed for the moment, unsure of myself.

Meanwhile, where's Ryder? My heart drops into my stomach as I realize my handsome man has to be here somewhere. Oh god, is he having sex with other women? I have to know because this is why I came, right? Slowly, with my heart pounding, I make my way past the alcoves, peering in without drawing too much attention to myself. It's so clear that I don't fit in because all the other women are nude and uninhibited, letting handsome men touch and stroke wherever they like. They're obviously enjoying themselves as I creep past like a criminal, my shoulders hunched while trying not to look too out of place.

But then, my feet stop because oh god, Ryder's here. I'm now at the last alcove on the left, peering through a veil of filmy white fabric, but it's obviously my handsome host kneeling on the bed inside. Even more, Ryder's completely naked, his big back bronzed and powerful as he fucks a woman in the ass with deep, slow, hard thrusts doggy style, making her moan with pleasure. Oh god, oh god, Ryder's with another woman! What do I do now?

**Ellen**

**A**t first, I can't move. Instead, pain tears through my heart and I literally have to grab onto a nearby column to brace myself. *Ryder doesn't belong to you*, the voice in my head warns. *He doesn't owe you anything*.

I swallow painfully, acknowledging this fact but still unable to contain the hurt. Yet, the hedonistic sight before me is strangely arousing. Even though I know Ryder's with another woman, the view is incredibly dirty. From this angle, I can't see his face, but I have a full view of his huge cock going in and out of the woman's ass, which bounces with each thrust. Jealousy spreads like wildfire through my entire body. I want to be that woman he's fucking. Why is he willing to have sex with a complete stranger, but not me?

Yet it's wrong to feel this way, right? I should be totally hands-off and as cool as a cucumber. But watching Ryder fuck this woman in the rear end is making me so horny, and I don't understand. Why do I have so many confusing feelings swirling through my breast? I should hate his guts, but instead, I just wish it were me being taken every which way.

Now, the woman is moaning, louder and more lustful, when suddenly, three more nude women enter the alcove from the far side. They're gorgeous with huge breasts, narrow waists, and playful smiles that they direct at my man. The women pace around Ryder, caressing his shoulders, licking his nipples, all the while playing with themselves. One even lies down and parts her legs in Ryder's direction, pulling her knees up to show him her wet slit as he continues to fuck the first woman.

Meanwhile, my man's blue eyes gleam, but he doesn't stop with his mission. Instead, he continues drilling her in the ass, faster and harder, as she buries her face in the mattress, moaning with pleasure. Then, she lifts her head and lets out a loud scream while coming. Holy shit! I can literally see her pussy contract and squirt liquid in a few strong gushes as she yelps in delight. Then, the woman falls forward off of his enormous cock, which leaves her ass a gaping hole, and lies panting in a sweaty mess on the mattress.

OMG. My heart is pounding because I need to get out of here. I don't belong here. But I'm rooted to the spot, dying to see what will happen next because Ryder hasn't come yet, and his cock stands veiny and throbbing, rock hard in midair.

But the other women move in then. A second woman eagerly lies on her back across the cushion, lifting her knees while cooing invitingly at my man. Immediately, his cock still slippery from the other woman's ass sweat, Ryder pulls the woman's legs closer to him, and then edges his hardness into her bottom. He has to do it little by little, because his member is so huge, but I see how the woman's eyes roll back in her head with pleasure as he inches forward.

I cover my mouth to stifle a gasp, watching what is essentially an orgy unfold before me. Even crazier, Ryder is at the center of it. *My Ryder*. Except, he isn't my Ryder, is he? He's making that clear tonight.

Soon he's fucking the second woman in the ass just as deep and hard as the previous one, who has now joined the others in caressing his muscular, sweat-covered body. Meanwhile, he reaches forward and squeezes his partner's huge tits, which sway wildly as he shoves his cock into her again and again. The woman reaches down to her pussy and plays with her clit as Ryder slams into her ass, and then her eyes roll back, showing the whites, as she comes. A moan of delight rips from her throat as her pussy contracts, squirting all over Ryder's washboard abs.

Jealousy consumes me, even as my cunt slickens from watching the debauched scene before me. Who are these women? Why does he want them, anyways? They're beautiful, sure, but they're just like me: curvy, voluptuous, with some extra junk in the trunk. Why come here, when he can have me at home?

Even more, why is Ryder only having anal sex? Sure enough, after the second woman comes, Ryder pulls out of her ass, leaving her anus gaping. But he's still rock-hard and throbbing, and he gestures to the other two women who haven't been taken yet. The fuck? Is he serious? How many women does he need? Again, I'm consumed with jealousy. I long to storm out of this place, but I simply can't bring myself to leave because this whole thing is about to reach a climax.

The final two women giggle while climbing onto the cushion, positioning themselves so that they lie on top of each other face to face, kissing with their huge tits are pressed together.

Conveniently, both of their assholes are open and waiting in Ryder's direction, and he doesn't hesitate. My handsome host starts fucking the ass on top first, while he squeezes the big buttocks of the woman on the bottom. Again, he's going nowhere near their pussies. Why?

Meanwhile, the woman on top moans louder and louder as she's fucked in the butt, the woman on the bottom licking and sucking at her huge tits. After a few minutes, the top girl lets out an ecstatic scream as her pussy gushes with satisfaction, and as soon as she's done coming, Ryder pulls his thick, long cock out of her ass, and pushes it into the ass of the woman on the bottom.

He fucks the new woman vigorously, a muffled grunt escaping his lips. He's going to come. He rides her ass deeper and deeper until I see his balls hit the cushion below the woman. Then, those balls contract and pump as he groans low and hard, finally unleashing his load inside the woman's clenching asshole. This woman, meanwhile, also cries out with pleasure, her beautiful features a rictus of ecstasy.

"Mmm!" she moans. "Oh oh oh!"

I stay rooted in place, my breathing shallow with lust and shock, unable to think at the moment. All I can do is watch, and as I stand there like a statue, Ryder pulls himself out of the woman as his semen drips out of her ass. He rights himself as one of the nude girls starts gently toweling off that bronzed body. But Ryder puts up one large hand, politely declining the service, and suddenly, I know it's time to go because the show's over. My handsome host no longer in a lust-crazed reverie, and it's just a matter of time before he sees me.

Quickly, I turn on my heel and practically run out of the place. Fortunately, the bouncers merely shrug at my departing form,

and soon, I'm outside of the hotel. Once I'm a few blocks away, I duck into a side alley and order an Uber, which arrives within minutes to whisk me home.

But even back in the calm, cool confines of the house, I'm still filled with nervous energy. What was that? Why did Ryder choose to have anal sex with multiple partners? And most of all, why not me?

I pace the floor of the living room, trying to calm my thoughts. I want Ryder to come home so I can confront him with these burning questions. Of course, I'll have to admit that I basically spied on him and violated his privacy, but at this point, I don't really care because I want him to tell me that it was just a one-off event, and that this isn't where he's been going every evening. But Ryder doesn't appear for hours, and I'm left to stew in my own misery.

Slowly, fatigue overcomes my frame. I lower myself gently onto the sofa in the living room, feeling idiotic for following Ryder into a sex club when I'm pregnant. Of course, I didn't feel unsafe or anything, but all the same, who does this when they're expecting?

Slowly, my eyes drift shut and I must fall asleep because when I open them again, the gray light of dawn fills the room, and Ryder's looming over me. He's still dressed in the clothes he wore to Club Z, although you'd never know they were second-day attire seeing that he's immaculate, handsome, and imposing as always. Those broad arms are crossed over his muscular chest, his brow furrowed and dark.

"Ellen, what's going on?" he rasps. "Why are you sleeping on the sofa?"

"I'm sorry," I start, sitting up.

“Don’t apologize,” he interjects. “In your condition you need to be in a bed, that’s all. I don’t want you on the sofa like some bum, remember?” he adds. But this reference to a conversation that took place between us before *that night*, after which everything changed between us, gives me hope. As does the fact that he’s standing here, looking me in the eye, for the first time in about a week.

“So, we’re talking now?” I ask in a small voice. “Where have you been, anyways?” Ryder sighs, but doesn’t try to deny that he’s been avoiding me.

“Nowhere. But you shouldn’t sleep on this thing because it’s not built for back support. Don’t do it again.”

The handsome man turns to leave, but I’m not letting this opportunity pass.

“Ryder,” I ask in a slow voice, standing up. “I know where you were last night, and I want to talk about it.” He freezes in his tracks, then turns to look at me, the blue in his eyes flashing. He says nothing and his expression is utterly bland, so I take a deep breath and continue. “Is that where you’ve been going every night this week? To that club, with all the women?”

His brow lowers once more, becoming fierce and downright angry.

“How do you know where I was?” he asks in a soft growl. “Have you been following me?”

I don’t even deny it.

“Yes,” I manage in a steady tone. “Because I wanted to know.” Ryder’s face turns thunderous then.

“You *followed* me?” he repeats through clenched teeth, staring a hole through my face. He’s managing to keep his anger

under control, but I'm not sure how long this will last, or what will happen when he snaps.

"Yes," I confirm again in an even tone, hoping to appear confident even though I'm not. "I followed you all the way downtown, and into the Hotel Royale, and up to Club Z," I continue. At my words, Ryder's entire body tenses with anger. And then I add, in an actual whisper, "I saw you with those women. I saw what you did."

Ryder holds his breath for a moment, glaring at me, his eyes flashing. Then he lashes out with his right arm and knocks a nearby lamp off a side table, sending it crashing to the floor, startling me.

"You made a huge mistake by following me, Ellen," he growls. "And now, you're going to find out just how serious that mistake was."



**Ryder**

Ellen stares defiantly into my eyes, her chin trembling. I can tell she's afraid, and yet the beautiful woman is so brave and courageous too. There's a sheen of tears on her eyes, but she sets her jaw and straightens her shoulders, determined not to let me get the upper hand. I admire her gumption, and my heart melts a bit.

"You could have been hurt," I rasp angrily. "What were you thinking, going into a party like that on your own in the middle of the night?"

"I had to know where you were," she protests. "It was driving me crazy, and it's not like I could just ask. You've been avoiding me."

"Still!" I retort, fuming. The thought that Ellen put herself in danger because I've been an ass and purposely avoided her because of a situation *I caused*, makes me loathe myself. "How did you even get to the hotel?"

"I took an Uber, then followed you on foot once you got downtown," she confesses, her cheeks flushing red. "I know it was underhanded, but I had to do it."

I shake my head with fury. Goddamn it. I don't want Ellen anywhere near a Club Z party because what the fuck! She's a sweet, innocent woman with a baby in her belly, and she doesn't need the debauchery that goes down at Club Z. How could I let this happen?

But now it's too late. "So you admit it?" Ellen asks, her voice hoarse. "You've been going to this club all this time? Every night, even?"

I bite my lip, ready to deny her accusation, but the truth is that the game's up. She's seen everything, and witnessed my despicable behavior. There's no point in lying anymore because I need this woman. I crave Ellen desperately, yet I can't have her, so I went to Club Z to fulfill those desires. I know it's wrong, but I'm tired of denying the truth. All of it. I'm done.

"Yes, I've been going to Club Z events," I say in a low growl. "They just opened up in this area, and I've been indulging."

Ellen snorts.

"You're pretty popular," she says, referring to the fact I had I four women in my alcove. But it's too late to be embarrassed, and I merely shrug.

"My urges are strong," I say in a cool tone. "It takes a lot to satisfy a man like me."

Ellen merely snorts again, crossing her arms over her breasts.

"Oh really? And do you usually go to sex clubs for satisfaction?" she asks, emboldened by the fact that I'm actually talking to her now. I just shrug again.

"No. Like I said, they just opened and so I thought I'd check it out. It works. I like it."

Ellen's eyes fill with tears again.

"But *why*?" she pleads. "Why do this? There's no need!" I take my time answering because does she really not know? It doesn't seem possible, yet Ellen's looking up at me with a pleading expression, and my heart cracks open. Goddamn. This sweet girl still expects the best from the world around her, and I'm nothing but a let-down. Still, I can't sugar-coat the truth anymore.

"Because," I growl, "you've been making me so goddamn horny, sweetheart. It fucking sucks, and having you around has had me losing my mind. And then that night, when I came to you -" I stop talking, not wanting to recount the embarrassing tale. But I can't shy away from the truth anymore and force myself to push ahead. "After that, I knew I had to stay away from you. Yet I need relief too and having sex with other women helps. Not a lot, but it helps some."

Ellen bites her lip, tears shimmering in her eyes before taking a deep breath.

"But why only anal sex? I saw you," she whispers. "You never did it any other way." Hearing the words come out of her perfect, innocent mouth makes my heart race because fuck! Ellen saw me doing anal with four different women, and that's not a sight anyone so innocent and perfect should ever lay eyes on. Yet I press ahead once more, a deep flush of shame darkening my cheekbones.

"It's because I don't want to get a woman accidentally pregnant," I rasp. "You never know when it comes to these kinds of things. Hell, all of the women are supposed to be on birth control, but that shit fails sometimes, and I can't risk a pregnancy from an event like this. Of course, anal with

random women isn't what I want exactly, but then again, we don't always get what we want."

I look away then, deeply ashamed of my admissions. What the hell is going on, and where is this conversation taking us, anyways? Ellen should scream and cry and throw me out because of my wretched behavior, even if this house belongs to me. But instead, the beautiful brunette inhales on a shuddering breath, her brown eyes turning to liquid honey as she takes a step toward my massive form.

"But I can help Ryder," she breathes. "You don't have to keep using Club Z girls."

I stare at her, amazed.

"Help?" I manage in a strangled voice. "What are you talking about?"

She comes another step closer.

"Ryder," she breathes, her voice hoarse, "I'm already pregnant, so you can't get me pregnant again. You see?" She continues, coming closer to my large form. With every step of her dainty feet, bare on the rug, her white thighs rub together, hardening my cock where I've tucked it under my belt so it won't pop out if I got aroused. But now, the leather feels weak because Ellen's right in front of me, gazing up at me through her long lashes and making me go dizzy with lust.

"You can use my pussy if you want," she whispers hoarsely, and my cock pulses again, stiffening further against the belt, pressing against the leather so it creaks. "We don't have to do anal, Ryder. We can do it straight, or you can rotate between my pussy and ass if you like. Both holes belong to you."

Holy shit! Is this really happening? Is this nubile teenage girl offering her sweetest spots to me? Ellen can't possibly realize

what she's saying.

"Absolutely not," I croak.

But I've underestimated the curvy brunette.

"Why not?" she whispers, reaching out slowly and touching my forearm. I involuntarily shiver as she caresses up my arm, over my shoulder, and down the muscles of my chest and abs. Her hand ends up right next to my cock, where it now sticks straight up out of my pants, stretching the belt to the max, and up over my belly button, bulging my shirt. But she doesn't caress it yet. "I've seen it, Ryder," she almost moans with longing. "I know how huge it is. I want it in my pussy." My cock throbs painfully again, longing to burst free.

"It's not right," I force myself to grind out through gritted teeth. "You're a guest in my home. You're pregnant, and you're nineteen. You don't know what you want, and I have to protect you." This makes Ellen blink up at me, and I can tell what I'm saying turns her on even more, which hadn't been my intention.

"But you see, you *are* protecting me, Ryder," she whispers while touching the tips of her fingers to the tip of my cock, caressing the head through my shirt. I almost lose my mind. Instinctively, I reach out and grasp her hand by the wrist, holding it firmly in my fist so she can't touch me again. She gasps, but not out of pain, but rather out of desire.

"I won't be protecting you if I give in," I growl through gritted teeth, my face close to hers. "So stop. I didn't bring you here to fuck you, Ellen." She gazes up at me, her mouth opening as she comes closer. Our lips are inches apart, and her breath is sweet and hot on my skin.

“Okay,” she whispers. That one word is almost my undoing because I want to kiss her and drink her in. But Ellen continues. “You don’t have to make love to me. We can just do this, so that way you don’t have to feel bad, and I still get to feel you inside me.”

“Do what?” I growl, scowling with pent-up frustration. Why is she toying with me? Doesn’t she know that restraining myself from pouncing on her is literally physically painful? And yet I’m powerless to turn and leave.

“*This*,” Ellen replies before lowering herself so she’s on her knees, unbuckling my belt before I can stop her. Yet I don’t *want* to stop. Her fingers are nimble and within seconds, my cock is unleashed, the massive staff purple and veiny while grazing her cheek. Even worse, it leaves a smear of pre-come on her sweet flesh, but Ellen only hums with pleasure. Then, she opens her pouting lips and encloses them wetly, softly around the tip, and I almost come.

“Ellen,” I groan in warning, but there is no will behind my words anymore. I’ve been defeated, and she knows it. Meanwhile, the minx takes her mouth slowly off the tip of my cock and looks up at me innocently with her doe eyes.

“What did you say, Ryder?” she coos. “Don’t worry, because you’re not fucking me. You’re not doing anything wrong. Please just let me feel you inside my mouth, if I can’t feel you inside my pussy.” Then, she opens her mouth again, this time taking me as deep as she can - which is not very far at all because my cock is way too big for her little mouth. But the feeling of her tongue as she sucks what she *can* fit, is my final undoing. I tried, and I’m done now. My intake of breath sounds sharp in my ears.

I groan angrily as I pull my cock out of her mouth with a pop and stoop down to lift her into my arms. She gasps, but it's muffled by my kiss, deep and hungry. Her arms wind around my neck, pulling me closer as our tongues lick past each other.

Without breaking contact, I lay her curvaceous form on the sofa as gently as I can. But I'm so crazed with lust, knowing I'm finally going to fuck this delicious pussy of hers, that I don't quite succeed, and she lands with a bit of an abrupt jolt. But Ellen doesn't care. Her breath is fast and shallow as I tear her panties off with one big fist, pushing her thighs apart.

She moans in my mouth, a mixture of delight and surprise, as I stare down at the gorgeous sight before me. Fuck, her pussy's wet. It glistens pinkly in the dimness of the dawn, and my mouth literally waters as she pulls her knees up, giving me easy access to her sweetness.

"Use me," she moans. "This is all for you, Ryder. I can't get more pregnant than I already am."

I'm overcome by the need to shove my dick in that tiny opening, but I refrain. Instead, I look into those big brown eyes, currently dazed with lust.

"I will, sweetheart, but first you need to pay."

"Pay?" Ellen echoes, her voice faint.

"Yes, pay. I'm going to spank your pussy sweetheart, because you've been a bad girl. You followed me to the club like a stalker, and then spied on me while I fucked other women. You need to be punished."

Her cheeks flush even as her nipples harden. But Ellen nods and lifts her knees even higher before spreading them so that the lips of her vag pull apart.

"Spank me then, Daddy. Show me how you punish bad girls."

I nod, pleased. Ellen's a naughty minx and knows exactly how I like it, so I reach down between her lips, pulling her labia apart before gently teasing her clit out of its hood. She twists and turns beneath me, moaning with delight as the little bud practically vibrates, hard with desire.

"Fuck, you're a horny girl."

But then I do it. Using the palm of my hand, I slap down on her clit three times in quick succession. *Thwap! Thwap! Thwap!* Ellen doesn't even move at first because she's so shocked. But I watch with pleasure as her clit grows and swells with arousal, her pussy flushing a deeper pink.

"That's it," I growl. "Fuck you've got a hungry cunt. And hungry cunts deserve to get fed." With that, I move my huge mass on top of her and gently nudge my cock into her wet, slippery pussy. She gasps then, trembling with anticipation.

"Oh," Ellen moans softly. "Mmmm."

"Fuck yeah," I rasp. "You feel good, baby."

Holy shit. She's so tight and warm that I almost come immediately from just this tiny penetration, and I pause, trembling with tension. Gone is the stamina from last night. This girl has me acting like a teenage boy again and I shudder, so near the edge already. I break away from our kiss, panting, and stare down into her face.

"Goddamn, what are you doing to me?" I rasp in wonder.

Ellen merely tosses her head and squirms on my cock, making me shudder again.

"Don't stop," she begs. "Please I need it, Ryder." My cock is only a quarter of the way in, throbbing dangerously.



“I will baby,” I growl against her mouth. “You’ve got me so crazed I’m going to come, and I don’t want to yet. Not until you do.” She smiles, and simply reaches up to the top of her dress, pulling the neckline down over her huge, braless tits. My mouth goes dry.

“I’m close too,” she whispers. “I’ve been wet for you for so long. Please, just fuck me, Ryder.”

Groaning, I squeeze the rest of my staff all the way into her slippery tightness, as I gaze into her face to see her eyes roll back in ecstasy, making her moan. I thrust hard, deep, and slow, trying to pace myself, but I can’t hold back. I fuck her faster and harder, her huge tits swaying with the movement as her head falls back and her pussy clenches around my cock. She was right - she’s about to come, too.

I scoop her neck into my hand so I can kiss her as I fuck the tightness of her pussy, feeling my balls contract as they slap against her ass. Ellen moans into my mouth and then shudders while letting out a low wail, coming on my cock as it erupts deep inside her.

“Oh Ryder!” she gasps, her pussy pulsing hard on my shaft. “Mmm!”

Meanwhile, I let out a half-gasp and then stiffen as weeks of energy unleash into her with endless throbbing pumps.

“Goddamn!” I roar. “Shit!” I’ve never come this hard, nor this long, as I dump a massive load into the sweet, pulsing twat of my teenage guest.

Finally, when it’s over at last, I lie gently down on top of her soft body, embracing her. Our breaths slow as we hold each other, but I want to stay inside for as long as I can because it

feels so damn good. Maybe I'm going to hell because of this, but if I am, then so be it.

Meanwhile, I lift my head to look into my teenage lover's eyes, and she smiles at me.

"Happy?" I ask in a low voice.

Ellen's smile merely widens.

"Very much," she whispers in return. I lower my face to kiss her soft lips, and instantly start to harden again. She gasps, feeling it, and moans as I thrust slightly, moving my hardening cock in and out of her drenched pussy once more. This one should last longer because we've waited long enough. We have all the time in the world to make love, and now, I'm going to savor the lush fullness that's my sweet Ellen.

**Ellen**

**I**t's funny how things have settled into a routine. Ryder and I were barely speaking for what felt like ages, but after that one explosive night, now we're basically a couple. In fact, my gorgeous lover is taking me out on a date tonight, and I can't wait.

I twirl in front of the floor-length mirror, studying my reflection. I'm wearing my nicest outfit, which is a white A-line dress with pretty hoop earrings and matching sandals. To be honest, it's been a while since I got dressed up, and it feels good. Almost as good as the satisfying soreness in my pussy because the truth is that Ryder and I have been having non-stop sex since that night, and it's amazing.

After all, our reconciliation was incredible. To know that he'd been avoiding me because he wanted to do the right thing makes me grateful. I have an honorable man on my hands, even if I didn't *want* Ryder to be honorable. Instead, I was done waiting. I needed him inside me, and I knew what I was doing when I started going down on him, even though it was so unlike me. I don't exactly consider myself some kind of sex vixen, but I had a suspicion Ryder would finally give in and

claim me if I did it. And I got what I wanted. And so, so much more.

After hours of letting him take me in different positions, all over the house, we finally fell asleep in each other's arms, exhausted. When we woke up it was evening, and we were both famished, so Ryder smiled and ordered Chinese. Then, we ate straight from the take-out boxes while laughing and kissing, and it was so comfortable that even I was amazed. After all, it feels like we've known each other since forever, even if it's only been a few weeks.

Now, here I sit, beaming, as I look around at the warm lights of the decorative chandeliers of Ryder's favorite restaurant, Sushi BRGR. As its name suggests, it's a fusion sushi and burger place, and my date just ordered almost everything on the menu, which is totally crazy. But I love him for it, even if he had to go outside to make a call. Hell, I'll forgive him. Ryder played hooky and ended up staying in bed with me all day instead, so he's just making sure he can reschedule the meetings he missed.

In fact, I'm thinking about making a phone call of my own, but my hand doesn't move because I'm not sure what reception I'll get. I still haven't spoken with Angela since that day she kicked me out, and I wonder if she's softened somewhat. Hell, maybe she'll even want to be a part of my child's life.

Yet I don't move because I can't help but feel Angela should take the first step. If she kicked her pregnant daughter out of the house, does she really deserve to be in her grandchild's life? She should apologize first, as petty as that sounds. I know I shouldn't be keeping score, but still. What happened totally

sucks, and I'm just lucky Ryder found me on the sidewalk that morning.

At that moment, my date strides back into the restaurant, and all thought of Angela flies out of my mind. I flush as I see him making his way towards me, a tall, impossibly handsome man with piercing blue eyes, his athletic build accentuated by an immaculately white shirt. Hell, Ryder's drawing the eye of every woman in the restaurant, from sixteen to sixty, and yet he's here with me.

"No harm done," he growls with a smile, sitting down opposite me. "I haven't lost any clients, although if I had, it would have been worth it," he adds with a wink, making me blush. My belly growls with hunger, and my hands go instinctively to the small life growing inside me.

"Oh good. But I'm glad you're back because I can't wait for all that food you ordered," I giggle. "I'm starving and so is the baby."

"You're going to love the dishes here," Ryder assures me. "Because this place is amazing. Are you more hungry now that you're pregnant?" he asks curiously, and I nod. "Good, so then eat all you want, honey. You're eating for two and you look glorious with the pregnancy weight."

It delights me to hear him say that because I've always been insecure about my size, but Ryder seems to appreciate my curves. Moreover, the fact that he's encouraging me to eat more is a sign he's a good guy. But then my man shoots me a curious look.

"Have you told the father of the baby that you're pregnant?" he adds with a growl, changing tacks. "I can't believe we haven't talked about it, but then we haven't really talked much because we've been so busy making love."

I hesitate. Should I tell him about how I got pregnant? It's kind of a sordid story, and I don't know. A tremor of uncertainty shakes my form.

"Well actually," I begin in a careful tone. "I'm not sure who the father is," I admit. The look of surprise that passes over Ryder's face tells me I should hold off on telling him the truth. At least, not all of it. Not now.

"Really?" he asks in a befuddled tone. "But how did you get pregnant?"

I decide to go with a myth that's been circling around campus.

"Actually, a lot of girls at Coleman University have been getting pregnant lately, and there's been a rumor about the pool water," I say instead. It's not exactly a lie because there *are* a lot of girls who got pregnant after the new pool opened, and there *is* a rumor that it could be from random semen in the water. After all, lots of people have skinny-dipped in that thing, so there is a lot of come inside.

But the bigger issue is that I don't want to admit that my own pregnancy is the result of having sex with all those frat boys because I'm ashamed. I know how ridiculous it sounds because I saw Ryder having sex with four different women, and I forgave him. But there's often a double standard when it comes to men and women, and I feel like I'll be judged. Maybe not overtly or consciously, but I'll be judged by some part of Ryder inside that will label me a slut.

So instead, I continue telling him about the rumor.

"The pool?" Ryder asks. "Really? Can girls get pregnant from sperm in the water?"

"That's what they say," I answer without meeting his eye.

He pauses.

“Yeah, but do you think that’s true? Or even possible?” Ryder asks. I shrug and take a sip of water.

“Well, I don’t know,” I mumble. “I mean, I did use the pool a lot, so I guess it *could* be true.” OMG, this thread of conversation is unraveling fast, and I desperately want to change the subject. My words don’t even make sense to me when spoken aloud! But I’m not ready to tell Ryder about the fact that I fucked multiple men either, so I just try to change the subject.

“I *am* happy that I’m pregnant, though. I’ve always wanted to be a mom, and when I found out, it was a dream come true,” I burble with a smile pasted on my face.

Ryder nods, his voice slow.

“You’ll make a great mom, Ellen,” he agrees. “That’s definitely true.”

I can tell my lover wants to say more, but out of respect for me, he’s refraining.

“Well, I’m glad we agree on that,” I smile.

“No, it’s true,” he replies. “You’re sweet, caring, and loving, Ellen. Any kid would be lucky to have you as a mother.” I’m completely bowled over by these touching words, which somehow mean more coming from such a masculine, rough-around-the-edges man.

“Thanks,” I breathe, blushing. “That really means a lot.” Meanwhile, Ryder takes a sip of his wine, and grins at me.

“So how are you feeling, mama-to-be?”

My stomach growls again, and I blush.

“Pregnancy is such a wild ride,” I giggle. “My body is changing every day, and it’ll change even more before the

baby is born. You know that women put on the most weight in their third trimester, and I'm not there yet. OMG, I'm going to be a whale!" I see Ryder's eyes flash over my body. But then he stares at me with his piercingly blue eyes, and I see a look there that I've seen all day today: he likes what's in front of him.

"What is it?" I whisper with a smile.

"Your weight gain is a turn on, sweetheart," he growls so low it's barely audible. "At least for me."

"Really?" I blurt out, laughing. "That surprises me because I feel all... weird."

"It shouldn't surprise you," he growls back. "You're beautiful, Ellen. Don't you know that?"

"I don't know," I laugh, shrugging. But inside, I've turned to total Jell-O because this man makes me feel so good about myself. He makes me feel beautiful, and I sigh with contentment. Being with Ryder is like living in a dream, and I swear I could float off on Cloud Nine at this moment.

Then Ryder reaches his hand across the table, his palm facing upwards. He's inviting me to place my hand in his, and automatically, I do. When our skin touches and his hand envelops mine, a deep sense of belonging reverberates all the way to my soul. This man cares about me in a way that no one else ever has, and I know I'm safe.

"Well, in my opinion, your pregnancy only makes you more beautiful," Ryder speaks in a low growl. I'm just about to say something funny, when he takes a deep breath. "But Ellen, I have something I want to ask you," he adds, and I stare at him, wondering what it could be.



“What is it?” Fear strikes out of nowhere because I hate surprises, and this doesn’t bode well. Ryder merely clears his throat.

“I’d like you to continue living with me, Ellen,” he rasps. “For the rest of the summer at least. Cancel those viewings you have for other housing because it’s not necessary. What do you think?” My jaw drops because I wasn’t expecting this. “Would you like that? It could be nice, no?”

Immediately, I beam.

“I would love that Ryder,” I whisper. “But I don’t want to be a nuisance. Are you sure –?”

“Of course, I’m sure. You deserve to be safe and comfortable,” he says in a low tone. “And you know I love having you by my side.”

I nod, but there’s a tinge of sadness to my expression, which my lover immediately picks up on.

“What’s wrong?” he asks.

“It’s just,” I shrug, “my mom should be the one wanting me safe and comfortable, and yet she put me out on the street. I still can’t believe Angela did that, and I can’t believe she still hasn’t tried to get in touch with me either. It’s like she doesn’t care whether I live or die.”

Ryder pauses for a moment.

“Your mom will come around eventually,” he reassures. “And if she doesn’t, that’s her loss. If Angela can’t see how wonderful you are, then she doesn’t deserve you.”

I nod, knowing he’s right, unable to keep the smile off my face. Yet Ryder continues.

“Plus, if your mom ever sees the light, she lives in the same neighborhood, right? So it’s not that big of a deal, honey. It’s not like she’d have to fly to Alaska to make amends.”

I nod.

“You’re right,” I say in a low voice. “I guess I just have to adjust to this new reality, and it’s hard.”

“You will adjust,” he reassures me. “I’m here for you, honey.”

A warm balm pours over my soul at his words, and I smile into his handsome blue eyes.

“Thank you for everything, Ryder,” I whisper, squeezing his hand. “You don’t know how much I appreciate this.”

“Of course, baby,” he growls gently, squeezing back. “I’d do anything for you.”

Then the magic is interrupted by the long-awaited arrival of the food. Dish upon dish of deliciousness is served up in front of us, and Ryder starts walking me through each of them, insisting that I try them. We laugh as he tries to feed me a burger made of Kobe steak and the sauce goes everywhere, splattering not just on my chin and lips, but also onto the table, napkin, and his lap. Ryder makes a big show of wiping off his crotch, which is more comical than anything, and we collapse into laughter again.

Yes, I can do this for the rest of the summer, or even more, if he’ll let me. The question is, how long do we have together? Or is our time limited because I haven’t been totally honest?

**Ryder**

**M**y stomach drops as I park my car in the campus parking lot. Ellen's next to me in the passenger seat, and I can tell that neither of us wants to get out. After all, she's back on campus for her sophomore year and we both know that as soon as we leave the car, our magical summer will come to an end.

The thought makes me literally nauseous. When I think of returning to my house, empty of her lovely presence, I know it's going to be a tough sell. But what am I supposed to do? Move into her dorm room?

I look over at Ellen and smile, who smiles back sadly.

"I wish I could stay with you, Ryder," she whispers on the brink of tears. Knowing these tears are for me is both terrible and warming because I don't want to be the reason she's upset, but I also know that if parting from me can cause this much discomfort, it must mean she has strong feelings for me.

But I have to do what's right, and that means saying goodbye temporarily, at least. Of course, I'll be up to see Ellen on weekends, so it won't be too bad. But the thought of five days apart every single fucking week makes me irritable as hell.

Still, I have to keep it together, for Ellen's sake as well as mine.

"I know," I say, smoothing a wayward brown curl behind her ear. "But don't worry," I add in a low tone. "I'll come visit you every weekend."

"Promise?" she says, her big brown eyes filling with hope.

"Promise," I growl.

Somehow, we bring ourselves to exit the vehicle and begin the walk across campus to Ellen's dorm. One of my heavy arms encircles her waist, and I carry her bags in my other hand. Of course, we waited until the last possible day for Ellen's return in order to prolong our time together, so we're last to the party. Most other students have long since moved in, and the quad is full of students.

"Holy shit," I say in amazement, looking around. "You weren't kidding. There are a lot of pregnant girls at Coleman, aren't there?" A woman with an especially big belly waddles by, and we stop to share a look.

"Right?" she exclaims. "And look how happy they all look too! It's weird, right? I mean, getting pregnant this young isn't *that* strange, but everyone looks like they're glowing. It's positively Stepford-wifeish."

I pause because I hadn't picked up that vibe myself, but now that Ellen mentions it, I can see what she means. All the pregnant girls have a kind of radiant happiness about them as they chatter to their friends. Have we entered some kind of weird Twilight Zone?

But finally, we're at her dorm room and she sits on the narrow twin after I close the door.

“Do you want me to help you unpack?” I offer looking around the Spartan space. Already, I’m sizing up that extra-long twin. We could have one last session before I go, and Ellen reads my mind and giggles.

“No thanks,” she coos. “If I only have you for a little while longer, I don’t want to waste it unpacking...” her voice goes husky as she looks sexily up at me, and my cock instantly hardens.

I sweep her into my arms and kiss her neck, and feel her breath quicken against my cheek. I lay her down on the bed, my rock hard cock already bursting from my pants, when she reaches underneath herself.

“Wait,” she breathes, and pulls out an envelope that had been lying on the mattress, and which is now crumpled from where we crushed it. “What the hell? What is this?” she asks. Then, she sits up a bit, forcing me to roll off of her with a groan. “Oh, it’s from the school.” With that, Ellen tears open the envelope and reads the letter inside while I force my hard-on back down, fighting disappointment. Fuck the administration. Fuck whatever’s in that letter.

However, Ellen looks up with a confused look.

“They want to speak to me about my pregnancy,” she says, her brow furrowing. “It says I have to report to the school health clinic when I get back to campus before starting classes. Isn’t that weird?”

I nod.

“Do you want me to come with you?” I offer.

“Yes, because I think it means I have to go now,” she states. “Classes start tomorrow, and it says I’m not fully registered until I talk with someone. But about what? This is strange.”

I shrug.

“I’m sure they just want to offer you health care while you’re here because of your pregnancy. I’m sure it’s nothing.” Ellen nods, although her expression is pensive.

“You’re probably right. Come on, let’s go.”

With that, we depart the dorm room. Fortunately, the health clinic isn’t far. It’s a flat, grey building right across the walkway from Ellen’s dorm, and after Ellen shows her letter to the receptionist, we’re led to an exam room in the back. Hmm. While we wait, my girl is quiet, and I wonder what she’s thinking. After all, we haven’t done anything wrong. Getting pregnant isn’t a crime, nor is our age gap romance. Ellen’s definitely nervous for some reason though, and I open my mouth to reassure her when a doctor enters the room.

“Hi Miss Massie,” the older woman greets with a nod of her head. “I’m Dr. Steiner. Thank you for coming to see us about your pregnancy. Is this the father of the baby?” she asks, turning to me with a welcoming smile.

“Um, no,” Ellen says quietly. “Ryder is my partner, but not the baby’s dad.”

The doctor smiles politely at me.

“Well, I need to make sure his presence is acceptable.”

“Oh, it’s fine,” Ellen says quickly. “Ryder is my biggest support.”

“Good, good,” the doctor hums. “As you know, the university likes to ensure a supportive environment to those students who are expecting. I’m here to answer any questions you might have.”

Ellen looks confused.

“Well, you know that I already have an ob-gyn, right? Dr. Nasser has been taking care of me.”

Dr. Steiner nods.

“That’s great because Dr. Nasser is a recognized expert in his field,” she says in a soothing tone. “I’m sure you have nothing to worry about. But how is the pregnancy going?” the physician asks.

“Um, fine,” Ellen answers, still puzzled. “Nothing out of the ordinary. Again, Dr. Nasser would tell me if something’s wrong. *Is* something wrong? We got a letter—”

“No, nothing’s wrong,” the clinician responds. “But now that we’re on the topic, I did have a few questions actually. You indicated that this gentleman is *not* the father of your child, right?”

Ellen nods.

“Yes, that’s right. Why?”

Dr. Steiner’s smile is bland.

“Because we’re trying to get to the bottom of a rumor that’s been swirling around Coleman. It’s nothing, and I’m sure you’ll confirm that it’s nothing.”

“What rumor?” Ellen asks in a guarded voice.

Dr. Steiner shrugs.

“Supposedly the water in the new pool is responsible for getting a lot of girls at Coleman pregnant. Perhaps you’ve heard that one?”

My girl pauses for a moment while biting her lip.

“Yes,” she nods. “I have.”

“Great,” replies the doctor. “As you can imagine, we need to dispel rumors like this because of liability concerns. We can’t have female co-eds wandering about claiming that they got pregnant from semen in the school’s pool! Can you imagine the lawsuits that would follow? As a result, we’re just taking precautions here, but I do need to ask - do you believe you got pregnant from the pool, Ms. Massie? Or do you know with certainty who the father is?”

Ellen hesitates, glancing at me. In our previous conversation, my girl had said something about semen while swimming, but I never believed it for an instant. Yet I’m not the type to bully a pregnant woman, and so I never pressed the issue.

“Do you want me to leave?” I ask.

Ellen bites her lip again but then takes a deep breath and shakes her head.

“No,” she says in a firm tone. “I’d like you to hear this, actually.”

I nod, and sit back down, curious what she’s about to tell the doctor.

“So what is it, Miss Massie?” Dr. Steiner continues in a cheerful voice. “How do you think you got pregnant, if not from semen in the pool?”

Ellen hesitates but then speaks in a calm, controlled voice.

“I don’t know who the father of my child is, but it’s unlikely I’m pregnant from randomly floating sperm in the water. You see...” she takes a deep breath before she continues, “I’m pretty sure it’s because of a skinny-dipping party I was at.” What? This is new to me. Ellen hasn’t told me this part of the story yet.

“Yes? Go on,” the doctor encourages. Ellen swallows.



“I had sex with multiple men one night,” she admits in a quiet voice. “There were a couple frat boys at the pool, and me and my friend Kimber were partying with them. Things got heated and soon both Kimber and I were ... well, you know.”

“You were having sex with multiple men,” Dr. Steiner finishes for her.

Ellen nods, placing her hands on her belly.

“Yes, and one of them, this guy Victor Navarro, came inside me a few times. I mean, I had sex with a couple of them, but as far as I know, Victor’s the only one who finished inside. I did take Plan B the next day, but as you can see, it didn’t work,” she says, rubbing her belly a bit.

I feel my body go cold then, not because Ellen had sex with multiple men but because she actually has a reasonable idea of who the father is. My blood runs to ice because I’ve been hoping to be a father to her baby after it’s born, but now, Ellen’s telling me that this Victor Navarro dude is the dad. Fuck. That’s a giant wrench in my plans given that we’re going to have to somehow convince this Victor guy to give up his paternity rights, if he’s even open to the idea.

Meanwhile, Dr. Steiner looks pleased.

“Okay, great,” she confirms, making notes. “That’s good to know because again, obviously, we’re eager to put this rumor about semen in the pool water to rest. I’ll make a note that you can confirm that your pregnancy is the result of intercourse. Thank you for sharing this with me, Ellen,” Dr. Steiner adds as she picks up her documents. “You’ve been a great help.”

Then, she shakes both of our hands and leaves, shutting the door quietly behind her. It’s only then that Ellen faces me.

“I’m sorry,” she whispers, staring at the floor with a sheen of tears in her eyes. “I feel terrible. I know I’ve been feeding you this story about the Coleman University pool, when all along I suspected it was this guy Victor who got me pregnant.”

“Why didn’t you just tell me?” I ask gently. “You didn’t need to hide it. You don’t owe me anything. This happened before we met.”

Ellen nods, still miserable.

“I know,” she acknowledges in a small voice. “But I just ... I don’t know. It sounded like I was less at fault if I said it was the water, and to be honest, I’m embarrassed that it’s Victor Navarro too. He’s kind of a player,” she confesses in a whisper.

My brow lowers.

“How so?”

Ellen stares at the floor once more.

“Victor Navarro has already fathered several children with other women around campus, and I didn’t want to be just another so-called ‘Victor’s Victim,’” she explains, making air-quotes with her hands. “I know he’s not going to be interested in being a father to the baby, so I left him out of my story because it was more convenient that way. Plus, I didn’t want you to think badly of me because I had sex with a couple guys that night,” she whispers. “It was something that happened, and well ... I kind of liked it. Not that I would do it again,” Ellen continues in a rush. “But yes, that was another part of the story that I didn’t want you to know.”

I pause for a moment.

“Because you thought I’d judge you for having sex with multiple men?”

She swallows and nods, looking utterly miserable.

“Yes.”

“But sweetheart, you saw me having sex with multiple women at a Club Z party, so why would I judge you for doing the same?”

Ellen swallows again.

“Well, because there’s a double standard as applied to men versus women,” she says in a small voice. “I didn’t want you to think I was a slut.”

I shake my head.

“Oh sweetheart, I’m not upset about that. I don’t care how many trains you’ve pulled, or if you love being gang-banged. Fuck, I’ve fucked so many women in my forty years that *I’m* the one who should be ashamed, and not you.”

Ellen looks up at me then, her eyes hopeful.

“So you’re not angry?”

I shake my head.

“Not about that, certainly.”

She nods.

“But about something else?”

I nod slowly then.

“I want to be a father to your baby, Ellen. I want to be there while you give birth, holding your hand as you labor to bring a child into the world. Then I want to help you care for the child, and to be a father figure in every sense of the word. But now that this Victor Navarro is in the picture.”

She looks confused now.

“But Victor already has a passel of kids with four other women,” Ellen says in a slow voice. “He wouldn’t want this baby.”

I nod.

“So I guess there’s no reason to be angry then.”

I watch Ellen’s face unfold in a loving, not to mention relieved, expression.

“So you’re not pissed?” she breathes.

“I’m not,” I growl, and she steps towards me, taking my hands in hers. “And yes, this Navarro guy sounds like a waste of space,” I continue, running my thumbs over her hands. “He may not be interested in being a father to your baby. But I am.”

Shock and delight spread across Ellen’s beautiful, angelic features.

“Really?” she whispers.

“Yes, really. I love you, Ellen Massie,” I growl. “Maybe you were a homeless waif who needed a place to stay when we met, but now, I’ve discovered what true happiness can be. I want to be a father to your child, sweetheart, and a lover to you. I want us to be a family.”

“Oh Ryder,” she chokes as tears well up in her eyes. “I want that too, so much. I love you, Ryder, and thank you for not being angry.”

Then, I pull the sweet girl towards me and wrap my arms around her waist.

“We’ll find a way to make it work,” I rasp against her lips. “I promise, sweetheart. You and the child are safe with me now, and we’ll figure it out, okay?”

“Yes,” Ellen laughs through tears of happiness. “Yes, we will.” Then, my hand slides into her brunette curls as I lower my face to hers.

“I love you, honey. You know that. I’ll take care of you forever.”

With that, our lips lock as our hearts meld because this is the first time we’ve ever exchanged words of love. It’s the first time we’ve exchanged promises in fact, but the sentiments are on-point, and even more importantly, they feel right. Ellen Massie was made for me, and now that the mystery of her pregnancy is solved, we have forever to look forward to.

## EPILOGUE

### Ellen

“S it down and let me do that,” Ryder growls, guiding me to the sofa. I lower my heavily pregnant body down gratefully onto the soft cushions and sigh with relief. Meanwhile, I smile as my boyfriend rushes to get me a glass of water. We’ve known for a while that we’re expecting a baby girl, and Ryder has been adorably obsessed with making sure we have every detail planned for her arrival. Meanwhile, I smile while taking a sip of the cool liquid because I love having my man wait on me hand and foot.

“You never believed me, did you?” I hum.

Ryder looks distracted, holding up a small purple dress for a newborn.

“About what?” he asks.

“About getting pregnant from sperm in the water!” I laugh.

“What else?”

He grins.

“Yeah, it was such a far-fetched story, honey. I can’t believe that anyone actually believed it because it’s so improbable.”

“But the rumors really were going around campus, and you saw how many pregnant girls there were!”

His handsome face breaks into a smile.

“That’s true, but it’s more like a ghost story, right? There’s always a real, scientific reason for the creaks in the walls and the lamp that goes out on its own.”

I giggle.

“Yet Coleman University actually put medical staff on the case,” I muse. “How insane it must have been!”

“Yeah, but I’m sure all the girls confessed, just like you did,” Ryder winks. “Hell, male swimmers are powerful, but they’re not *that* powerful.”

I laugh because it’s true. I suppose a bunch of girls were interviewed by Dr. Steiner, but I’ll never know. All that I know is that the rumors died down, and now, no one thinks of the pool as a potential cause of pregnancy. Ryder’s right – it’s crazy that the rumor even ever existed.

But my life has changed dramatically ever since that day. I’m not at Coleman anymore because after Ryder and I admitted our love to each other, I initially carried on going to class, with him visiting me every weekend. But as I got bigger and bigger, it just wasn’t worth it. All the cafeteria food tasted like cardboard to me, and it was tough sometimes to even get to my lectures. As a result, we decided that I’d withdraw for the rest of the year and move in with Ryder. It’s fine. I’ll go back to school after the baby’s born and finish my degree. But for right now, I want to focus on being a mom.

Plus, living with Ryder is a dream come true. I’ve since moved into the master bedroom, which is now *our* bedroom, and the cozy nook in the living room has been transformed into a cute

play area for our child. As to where the baby will sleep? Well, we've remodeled the house a bit so that it has a second bedroom, and I've spent many hours happily decorating it in shades of pink and purple. I know the color scheme is very girly, but it's pretty and that's what I want. Even better, the window in the nursery looks out into the beautiful back garden with the fountain, and it makes me happy to know this will be my daughter's view.

But speaking of family, I still haven't heard from Angela, believe it or not. We drove past my mom's house the other day, and Ryder waited in the car while I knocked on the door, hoping to start a conversation, but no one answered. I think Angela was inside, but she just didn't want to talk. It's disappointing, but what can a girl do? I just hope that my mom comes around at some point, but until then, my hands are tied.

Meanwhile, my boyfriend shoots me another look.

"You remember Club Z?" he asks. I laugh, remembering that fateful night.

"How could I forget?" I reply with an eyebrow raised. "Why?"

"Well, they're having more events," Ryder growls. "Do you want to go?"

I pause.

"Really?" I ask, looking up at him. "Do you mean it?"

Ryder grins.

"They have couples' rooms, you know," he adds, his voice husky. "We could have a lot of fun, honey. It could be wild, in fact."

I giggle because our sex life has only gotten raunchier as I've gotten bigger with my pregnancy.



“Oh yeah?” I tease. “You want to show people how you sip milk from my breasts while you fuck my pussy?”

“You know it,” Ryder rasps, those blue eyes glinting. “I love your breast milk, sweetheart. You’ve got so much and you’re so fucking sexy with a baby in your belly.”

I giggle.

“Well, maybe then,” I say. “We’ll see.”

Ryder winks.

“They actually have a new event,” he begins. “It’s called a breeding party,” he adds in a mysterious tone. That makes me go still.

“A breeding party?” I ask. “What’s that?”

Ryder shrugs, his blue eyes glinting with devilish delight.

“From what I understand, IVF and all that shit is really expensive, so Club Z offers a much cheaper way. If a girl wants a baby, she can go to a special party where the women are serviced by studs without protection.”

I stare at him.

“You’re kidding. The girls are *always* on birth control. It’s required. I thought it was one of the club’s golden rules, in fact.”

He nods.

“Yes, but this is the exception. That’s what I heard, at least. You know the club though. Club Z’s always rolling out new shit to keep the membership base invigorated, and a breeding party is one of those gimmicks.”

I shake my head.

“Holy cow,” is my whisper. “You know what, though? My friend Kimber might like it. She’s wanted to be a mom for the longest time, but hasn’t had any luck finding the right man.”

Ryder looks surprised.

“Isn’t Kimber in college though? She’s young, right?”

I shrug.

“Yeah, but she’s not into school. She’s bored and looking for excitement, so maybe this breeding party will be just the thing.”

My boyfriend shakes his head.

“A breeding party isn’t for dilettantes. You know that, Ellen.”

I huff playfully.

“Of course not! But like I said, Kimber wants to be a young mom. In fact, I think she’s at Coleman to get her M-R-S degree. Academics are definitely secondary to her.”

Ryder nods.

“Maybe your friend *should* check it out then,” he agrees before turning to swing intense blue eyes my way. “But those parties aren’t for you, sweetheart. You’ve already been bred,” he growls, lowering himself down to kiss me. “And I’m not letting another man touch you.” I reach up and twine my arms around his muscled neck with a look of adoration.

“As if I’d want any other man to touch me but you,” I breathe into his mouth. I feel the familiar clenching of his jaw as he becomes aroused and giggle. “Besides, who needs a breeding party? I’ve got my own stud to service me any time of the day I want.” I pull him lovingly down on top of me.

“Yes, that’s right,” Ryder rasps, his blue eyes already inflamed with desire. “But are you sure, honey? Is this a comfortable position for you?”

“Oh yes,” I moan. “Take me. Do as your pregnant girlfriend commands.” With that, his strong arms wrap around me as our lips lock in a passionate kiss, and the rest of the world fades to black. After all, when the summer started, I was homeless, rejected by my only family, and desperate to find a place to stay. I’d vowed that my child would grow up in a home, and not a string of nameless, faceless houses.

But now, I’ve discovered that home is here with Ryder Landsman. Even more, I’ve realized that a home isn’t a particular place, nor a particular structure. Instead, it’s being cherished by this gorgeous alpha male, and with Ryder’s love, I’ll always have a place where I belong.

### **THE END**

### **WAIT, IT’S NOT OVER YET!**

Watch as Ryder drinks his girlfriend’s breastmilk in a dirty extended epilogue. Grab your copy [here](#) (digital download) or [here](#) (read online). *Warning: lactation kink ahead!*

### **BUT WHAT ABOUT KIMBER?**

Kimber’s determined to attend a Club Z breeding party because that kind of debauchery is right up the naughty girl’s alley. Stay tuned for Kimber’s story, coming soon.

### **GET THE PREVIOUS BOOK IN THE SERIES:**

### **SITTING IN SANTA’S LAP**

There’s something about the girls at Coleman U! Cleo’s got nowhere to go over Christmas break, so she stays with her mom’s old friend Brody. But the alpha male cuts her a deal – a free place in stay in return for sitting in his lap. Can anyone

say taboo? Especially since Cleo's doing her sitting in the nude, with her boobies bouncing and her slickness out to play.

Pick up *Sitting in Santa's Lap*, available [here](#).

### **WHO'S MORE ENDOWED - THE FATHER OR THE SON?**

I want to find out who has the bigger cock: the gorgeous older man or his equally handsome son. The only way to find out is to ride them both, bucking and screaming like a cowgirl in ecstasy. But what happens when father and son find out about my illicit shenanigans ... and want to SHARE me? Oh god, YES! Pick up this steamy forbidden romance [here](#).

### **PREGNANT AND SINFUL**

Chelsea's pregnant and staying with her mom while she waits for her baby to be born, but then her mom SELLS her to their landlord in return for free rent! How can this happen? But Chelsea's pregnant and willing to do whatever it takes to give her baby every chance in life ... even if it means letting billionaire landlord Mason Richards use her lush body however he sees fit. Pick up *Pregnant and Sinful* [here](#).

### **TEMPTING HER GUARDIAN**

Piper goes away to cheerleading camp with her stepdad as a chaperone, but she's not just learning how to jump and do high kicks. Instead, the man of the house has her in all sorts of positions that are filthy and all too wrong as he ravishes her

curves. Pick up Piper's story in *Tempting Her Guardian*, available [here](#).

### **PUNISHED BY MY BOYFRIEND'S DAD**

I slid those silver candlesticks in myself, front and back, as a joke. I swear, I wasn't going to steal them, but they felt *sooo* good inside. So after I'm sold to my boyfriend's dad as punishment, he tells me he wants to see my skills ... and good thing I have those silver candlesticks on hand to show him what a deep, dirty, double penetration looks like on a girl who's naughty, willing, and who likes her holes stuffed full.

Got you needy and wet? Then pick up *Punished By My Boyfriend's Dad* [here](#).

### **SIGN UP**

Want to be the first to learn about sales, new releases, pre-orders and special deals? [Sign up for my mailing list and get a free book!](#)

Also, text SELAW to 833-213-3403 to join my VIP text club and get 15% off your first order from my website!

# **SNEAK PEEK: WEEKEND OF SIN**

JANELLE

**In this excerpt, Kurt helps Janelle in the most intimate way possible.**

With a sudden snick, the cuffs fall away and I'm free. I let out a deep breath, finally feeling as if I can breathe again as my arms fall forward, slightly numb. Holy cow, I didn't even realize that my circulation had been compromised, and I rub my hands together, trying to regain some sensation. But things could have been much worse, come to think of it. Of course, I'm going to give Vinnie a vicious tongue-lashing when I get off this mountain, but I put it out of my head because the point is that I'm free now, thank goodness!

I'm about to reach back to start worming the dildo out of my ass, but before I can, Kurt's large palm comes over my back, huge and warm. He looms over me, and I go as still as a mouse, a hot shiver running down my spine.

"Allow me, sweetheart." His voice is as deep as the ocean, and the sound sends a pulse through my cunt. My cheeks heat up as my nipples tingle because is this really happening? Am I letting a strange man pull a dildo out of my ass? But then I correct myself. He's strange, but not a stranger. This is the man who just saved me, and he's also freakin' hot, if I do say so myself.

I lean forward so that my ass rises in the air, the generous heart-shape tipped towards him. Then, I'm pulled out of my thoughts by the feeling of him gripping the toy, but instead of pulling it out, Mr. Crenshaw jimmies it around a bit. I let out a quiet gasp because it feels so good. When Vinnie was doing it, it just felt penetrative. But now, the dildo's reaching a place deep within, and I press my cheek against the sofa cushion while letting out a low moan.

"You like it, don't you?" Mr. Crenshaw rasps. "Fuck, it looks good in you." Then, he pushes the toy in a little deeper before pulling it out just slightly. I moan again as a hoarse chuckle rises from his throat, and then he does it again. Then rinse and repeat, over and over again. Maybe he's trying to work it out gently, but I highly doubt that. My eyes open a sliver, and I catch a glimpse of the crotch of his jeans, where a huge bulge has formed. OMG, is that for real? I lick my lips and let out another low moan. Kurt growls a bit, and then pushes in the dildo once more. To be honest, the longer he spends toying with me like this, the less I want him to take the toy out completely. Another low moan escapes my throat, and Kurt chuckles in back of me.

"Sounds like somebody is enjoying themselves," he rumbles. "It looks like it too. You're so wet, sweetheart, you know that? I have a perfect view of your pussy and it's fucking swollen and drenched."

"I can't help it!" I moan ecstatically. "It feels so good!"

"Mmm, excellent," he murmurs. "But you know, I think we can do better than this."

I whine as he stops moving the toy, and I squirm around in an attempt to get some friction again, but it's no use. Then, Kurt undoes his belt and my eyes open when I hear the buckle hit

the floor. Goosebumps rise on my skin when I hear the telltale unzip of his pants, and I let out another low moan. But it's a moan of welcome because I feel like a bitch in heat. I'm burning up and can barely breathe, and I feel so *desperate* that I don't know what to do with myself. The toy isn't enough anymore—I want the real thing, and Mr. Crenshaw's hard cock is the *only* thing that will satisfy me now.

*To be continued ...*

*Weekend of Sin is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).*



# **SNEAK PEEK: MY BEST FRIEND'S DAD**

RICK

**In this excerpt, Rick claims his daughter's friend Kara at the hospital.**

“Is this okay?” I whisper, pressing a kiss to the corner of Kara's mouth.

“Oh, yes,” she whispers back, a smile flickering onto her lips before it is replaced by a frown. “It's just that I'm ...”

I realize that she's embarrassed more than overwhelmed, and with a jolt, I guess what she's about to say before she does.

“No one's ever touched you down there before?” I ask.

She nods, her eyes huge.

*Fuck.* I would have never guessed that this gorgeous creature, this paragon of classic beauty, with her pouting lips and swinging hips, was a virgin. Bailey's even told me about Kara's supposed sexual escapades, but apparently, her best friend wasn't telling the truth. Kara likely embellished and kept her lack of experience a secret.

“Oh, sweetheart,” I say, bringing her into my arms and kissing her firmly. My mind is running at a hundred miles an hour now, but my primary goal is to help the young girl feel comfortable. “You have nothing to be ashamed of. I just want to make you feel good. Is that okay?”

“You’re not turned off? You don’t mind that I’m a virgin?”  
Kara’s lip quivers.

“Not one bit,” I reassure her. “In fact,” I let my hands quest around to her perfect ass, gently squeezing it as I smirk at her. “It makes me even harder.”

Kara’s jaw drops as I spank her ass, and she squeals delightedly before I place a finger to her lips, hushing her, because I’ll do everything in my power to ensure that this woman’s first time is one to remember.

I coax the beautiful blonde back into a seated position on the examining table. Hooking my thumbs in each side of her panties, I slowly pull them down her legs and off. My cock twitches painfully at the sight of her glistening sex, and at the knowledge that I’m probably the first man to see it.

I kiss Kara deeply in gratitude and lust. Then, I place a finger in my mouth, wetting it, before looking Kara in the eyes. Slowly, slowly, more carefully than I’ve ever done anything before, I insert my finger into her tiny, swollen entrance. Kara’s blue eyes are trained on mine, and they widen a little, but she nods at me to continue. There’s a little bit of resistance—Kara’s brows furrow in pain—and then my finger is all the way in her mesmerizingly tight, wet sex.

With agonizing slowness, I remove my finger, then slide it back in, watching her face for cues. She nods again, gnawing on her lower lip, and I increase the pace.

“Oh my God,” Kara whispers as I begin thrusting my finger in earnest, palm up, curling my finger just so to brush against that tender spot within. I feel her velvet walls clench around my finger, and can only imagine what they’ll do to my cock when I finally have my way with my daughter’s curvy, forbidden best friend.

*To be continued ...*

*My Best Friend's Dad is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).*

# ABOUT S.E. LAW

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

Join my newsletter at [www.selawromance.com](http://www.selawromance.com) and get a free book just for subscribing. Also, text SELAW to 833-213-3403 to join my VIP text club and get 15% off your first order from my site!

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# ABOUT S.C. ADAMS

S.C. Adams is a romance author who likes her stories hot and unprotected. She grew up a Jersey girl but considers herself a global citizen now. She gives thanks to the gods of Paypal, Amazon, and Microsoft for allowing her to work anywhere in the world, including on the beaches of Bali and the mountains of Peru. Oh, and she also hates chocolate, but loves dogs. Currently toting her mutt Minnie to a new location every three months. Join my newsletter at [www.scadamsromance.com](http://www.scadamsromance.com) and get a FREE book!

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