



SHARED

By My

EX'S FRIENDS

A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

S.E. LAW
S.C. ADAMS

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A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE

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ABOUT THIS BOOK

Now that my ex is no longer in the picture, his friends are going to share me.

Kaci:

My ex and I broke up, but it was on good terms. As a result, when two of his friends approach me for some hot times, who am I to say no? After all, Hunter and Brent are *gorgeous*. The pair are aspiring professional athletes with broad shoulders, six pack abs, and best of all, two huge anacondas that go down to the knee.

Past the knee, if I'm being honest.

Even better, Hunter and Brent come to my party bearing gifts. We went into the bedroom ...

Where I undid the filmy ribbon on the box...

... revealing something naughty inside!

Soon, we were using the dirty item while moaning up a storm. In fact, our friends said we could have woken the dead with all the grunts and panting, not to mention the rhythmic banging on the wall.

Most girls would be embarrassed. Most girls would blush and try to deny everything, but not me because I'm Kaci Stott, and I was born to be a bad girl.

But can our menage last when Hunter and Brent find out the truth about my family? After all, I'm a naughty woman who walks on the wild side, *but what happens when my lovers*

discover that my dad is running a HAREM of young, nubile women? And that he wants ME to join?

This story is a follow-up to Taking His Punishment. Sanctuary Church isn't like any other religious organization out there, so in this story, you know that things are only going from HOT to HOTTER! Now, it's time for some steamy MFM romance with two irresistible alpha males who appreciate what a saucy woman brings to the table. But the issue is that Kaci gets a serving of spice along with her sauce, and soon, things have gone totally off the rails when it comes to Kaci's dad and his harem of young, impressionable women who don't know any better. As always, these stories are totally off the reservation because let's face it - we like them that way :) Be sure to bring a tall glass of iced tea because you'll be hot, sweaty, and panting by the end. No cheating, no cliffhangers, and always a HEA for my readers.

Kaci

I squeeze between two people I only vaguely know to try and make my way into the kitchen. After all, my Vegas apartment is way too small to host a party with thirty people, but it's the only place that was readily available. Renting out a restaurant is out of the question, and public parks are too hot because temperatures in the desert have been soaring lately. Seriously, in Vegas we have something called "100 over 100," which means a hundred days of the year that are over a hundred degrees in temperature. As a result, this place is hot and only getting hotter as we wait in anticipation for my ex to arrive.

I know it sounds weird that I'm throwing a surprise birthday party for a someone I used to date. Who does that, right? But it's all good because Sean and I broke up on good terms a while ago, and there are no hard feelings. He went his way, and I went mine, and it wasn't really a big deal. If anything, things are pretty much the same between us except we don't sleep together anymore. In fact, we were never exclusive, so nothing's that different at all. As a result, I'm happy to throw this surprise birthday party for my ex.

But still, looking around, I take a deep breath because my tiny one bedroom is now crammed to the gills to people.

"Oof!" I grunt, as a girl I only sort-of recognize elbows me in the ribs while going by. Seriously, eight hundred square feet is

not enough for thirty people, not even close. There are folks already spilling out into the hallway, but how is that going to work when this is supposed to be a surprise party? They need to come back inside, stat.

Then someone shouts, “Turn up the A/C!” because it’s so hot, and I have to agree. Worming my way through the crowd, I push the button on the thermostat, but it’s already going at full speed even if it’s still like a sauna in here. Damn it.

Yet my guests seem to be enjoying themselves. People mill about, talking and laughing, and it’s a good-looking crew, as is the wont in Vegas. A lot of us work in the hospitality industry, and looks matter in this business. Not only that, but I know a couple folks who are only moonlighting as bartenders and cocktail waitresses as they pursue their true dreams of being a model or actor. So yes, it’s a young, attractive crowd, and I smile flirtatiously at a particularly charming young man while slipping into my tiny kitchen.

Thankfully, it’s a little quieter here, so I can breathe a bit. The chill from the fridge cools me as I open it, and I bring out a platter of cream cheese and olives, before setting them on a board with an assortment of whole wheat crackers. *This is great*, I nod to myself. One day, I’ll have a big house where I can throw lavish dinner parties where we aren’t sweltering *en masse*. But until then, I have to settle for what I can get.

Wiggling out into the living room, I set the tray on my dining table.

“Great party, Kaci,” a redheaded girl who’s friends with Sean compliments. “When’s the man of honor getting here?” Oh shit, this *chica* is the one who always gets raging drunk at parties, and I look a bit hesitantly at the beer in her hand.

“He’ll be here at seven because he thinks we’re going out to dinner to celebrate his birthday.”

“Smart,” she says before letting out a braying laugh. Then the redhead wanders away, slugging at the beer again. Oh shit. She better not make me regret providing bountiful amounts of alcohol tonight.

But I try to remain the gracious hostess, making small talk with various folks while sipping a cold seltzer.

“So how are people going to hide?” an acquaintance named Elaine asks. “Not to be rude, but there are a lot of people here, and not a lot of space.” She’s a pretty girl with hair that looks like a wavy lion’s mane, and I wonder if she uses a lot of product to get it like that.

I frown. Obviously, Miss Lion Mane is right. Some folks will be able to hunker down behind the couch, and some will be able to hide in the kitchen but yeah, the jig is going to be up as soon as Sean sets foot inside. Fortunately, my friend Sydney interrupts then, a reassuring smile on her face.

“This isn’t a third-grade party, Elaine,” she says. “People don’t have to hide. Sean will still be surprised no matter what.”

Elaine frowns.

“I know, but isn’t the point of surprise parties to hide?”

Sydney rolls her eyes again. “Only when you’re nine. Don’t think too much about it, okay? After all, Kaci’s his ex and Sean *definitely* isn’t expecting his ex-girlfriend to throw him a party, so it will be a surprise. Trust me.”

Elaine merely shrugs.

“Have it your way,” she says before strolling off. Meanwhile, I turn to my friend.

“Thanks for taking care of that,” I say gratefully. “Seriously, I have no idea why I even invited her.”

“Elaine’s just a legacy friend,” Sydney says with another roll of her eyes. “But yeah, don’t let people get under your skin, girl, because you’ve done a great job. Enjoy the party! Drink! Go wild!”

I giggle.

“Yeah, but you know I love to worry. It’s a part of who I am as a person.”

Sydney rolls her eyes for the umpteenth time.

“True. Maybe we need to get a few more drinks in you so you loosen up.”

But I frown then.

“Not until after Sean gets here because I want to be totally coherent when he arrives. I’ve been looking forward to this for a while now and put a lot of work into the planning.”

My friend throws me a suspicious look then.

“Are you sure nothing’s going on between you two? I mean, you guys broke up a while ago...”

I nod.

“Yeah, but like I said, we broke up on good terms. We just decided we didn’t want to see each other romantically anymore and that’s why it’s no biggie.”

Sydney looks skeptical nonetheless.

“Yeah, but you know that being friends with an ex is dangerous territory. I mean, most people don’t do it because it’s a can of worms with maggots crawling out of it.”

I smile.

“Not if you maintain boundaries, girl. That’s the key to the whole thing.”

Still, my pretty friend looks skeptical.

“And you’ve kept these so-called boundaries with Sean?”

“Of course!” I exclaim. “Trust me, we are not having sex anymore. Besides, Sean and I weren’t in a conventional relationship even when we *were* dating because right off the bat, we agreed we didn’t want to be exclusive.”

Sydney frowns.

“That’s fucking weird.”

Now it’s my turn to roll my eyes.

“You already knew this, Syd. Besides, non-monogamy is the new thing. Not everyone wants to be boyfriend-girlfriend, and then marriage, and then a house with a white picket fence.”

Sydney raises her hands in surrender.

“Of course not, but just saying. It still sounds weird.”

I blow out a breath with a *pphhht!* sound

“It’s not weird, trust me, girlfriend. Sean and I spent a ton of time together, of course, but we were both seeing other people at the same time. You know I like my freedom, and I can’t be tied down by just one man. There’s no excitement to life, and I’d kill myself if that happened.”

Sydney sighs wistfully. “I wish I could be more like you, Kace because you’re incredible. But sadly, I think I’m a one-man kind of girl even if it comes with limitations.”

I merely giggle.

“Hey, to each their own, but don’t you feel like exploring sometimes? Just a tiny bit? Like feeling a couple dicks inside instead of just one?”

Sydney giggles then.

“Stop, you’re so dirty.”

I shake my head.

“No, I’m not! It’s amazing and I appreciate a partner who supports my desire to share my body with others. Especially since as a cocktail waitress, you know I hook up with guys all the time from the hotel. Honestly, I think Sean liked hearing about my escapades, to tell the truth.”

“You naughty girl!” Sydney gasps, shaking her head with wonder. “He wasn’t offended?”

I shake my head.

“Not at all. In fact, I think he even got off on it.”

Sydney is amazed, taking another sip of her drink.

“Holy cow, it just seems like regular relationships have gone out the window these days. Like pretty much everyone I know is in an open relationship now, and I’m the only one looking for my one and only.”

I squeeze her shoulder. “Yeah see? But no worries, non-monogamy isn’t for everyone, and you’ll find your place girl. But I assure you, sampling different dicks is like chicken soup for a woman’s soul.”

With that, we both devolve into giggles only to be interrupted by a small disturbance in the crowd.

“Did someone just arrive?” Sydney asks, craning her neck to see. “I feel a vibe.”

I glance at the clock on the wall.

“Well, it’s not Sean because he would be half an hour early, so it’s too soon.” But then my heart starts racing because Brent Sting and Hunter Firestone, two of Sean’s co-workers at the Corinthian Hotel, have just stepped into the apartment, and they’re *gorgeous*. Both men have black hair, blue eyes, and the toned, muscular builds of Olympic athletes. In fact, I think Brent and Hunter may actually be aspiring pro athletes, although I’ve never spoken with them about it at length. Goodness. The sight of these two men makes my pussy tingle and my insides go hot.

But I’m not the only one because Brent and Hunter seem to be having a seismic effect on all the women in the room. As they stand there, dark and tall, they’re surrounded by a cluster of girls, all jostling to get closer to the men. It’s embarrassing to witness actually, and I turn away, seeing where else I might be needed.

But to my surprise, within a few minutes I find myself in a corner with my two startlingly handsome guests.

“Hey,” I say in what I hope comes off as a light tone. “Thanks for coming. It’s good to see you, Hunter, Brent.”

“Sure,” Hunter growls, those blue eyes glinting in the light. “Thanks for having us, Kaci. Is Sean on his way?”

I nod.

“Yeah, he’ll be here soon,” I smile shyly before remembering myself and cocking a hip to the side. I know I look good in my mini-dress because the pink material is clingy, showing off my big bust, narrow waist, and generous behind. Not only that, but

I decided not to wear a bra, so my nipples are very visible beneath the thin fabric, poking through like hard candy.

Sure enough, Brent's staring at my décolletage before he jerks his gaze up to look directly in my eyes.

"You look good, Kaci," he says in a low growl.

"Thanks," I say, flipping my brown curls over one shoulder with a careless toss of my head. Both men are absolutely mesmerized by the gesture, and their gazes go hot. Meanwhile, I try to act totally cool and casual.

"Well, I'm glad you two could make it. Sorry if most of the snacks are gone already because I swear, this crowd is like a flock of locusts! More food will be coming though because I ordered pizza."

But then men are undeterred, continuing to stare at my voluptuous form.

"I don't need food," Brent growls, his eyes tracing the curvature of my tits. They seem to grow heavier and even more swollen under his gaze, the tips pebbling even more until they're like bullets.

"Absolutely not," Hunter agrees in a rasp, his blue gaze noting how my pupils have dilated, and how my breasts heave. "In fact, baby, there's only one thing I want to taste right now, and I think as the hostess, you're the one who should provide. Don't you agree, Brent?"

"I do," his friend says instantly, his tone smooth. "So what do you say, Kaci? Are you ready to go?"

My pussy squeezes as I look between the two men because are they really insinuating *that*? Right here, right now, as we wait for the man of the hour to arrive? But sure enough, the answering gleam in their blue eyes tells me what I need to know, and the truth is that I want it too. After all, I wouldn't be Kaci Stott if I didn't indulge in the naughtier side of life, and now, it seems I've found the perfect partners, plural.

Brent

I look over at Hunter and raise my brow. After all, Kaci is incredibly luscious and beautiful, and the truth is that we've had the vivacious brunette on our radar for a while now. We all work at the Corinthian Hotel, and it was just random that our buddy Sean got to her first. But from what we hear, they didn't have a conventional relationship by any means, so maybe we shouldn't have let that stop us.

But now, the air between the three of us is practically crackling with electricity. The gorgeous brunette licks her lips, making me stare at that glossy pink pout, and my body hardens even further. Meanwhile, Hunter adjusts himself slightly, and it's then that Kaci gasps as her eyes go as round as saucers.

"Is that...?" she asks, staring at Hunter's groin.

He grins and then laughs hoarsely. After all, his length is so commanding that it literally wraps around his waist like a firehose.

"It is, baby, and it's all for you. Do you have somewhere where we can take care of this?"

Kaci stares at it some more before shooting me a glance and that's when her jaw drops to the floor as her bosom heaves. After all, I've got my own anaconda to take care of. I'm dressed in board shorts but that doesn't mean shit because my

tip's literally hanging down below the hem of the fabric. The bulbous head hits my knee, and leaves a smear of seed there, making the sweet girl's form quiver.

"This is for you too," I grind out, my chest tight. "So yeah. Is there somewhere we can go to be alone?" But then I come to my senses and remember that I have a gift for Kaci. "Oh by the way," I say in a rough tone. "Here. This is for you."

She looks at the wrapped box, still reeling from the realization that we're packing huge monsters in our waistbands.

"Um thanks," she manages in a feeble voice. "But we're here to celebrate Sean. You shouldn't have brought me anything."

I snort.

"Everyone knows you don't show up to a party empty handed. The hostess deserves a gift, and you, as our very beautiful hostess, deserve this. Maybe we should go somewhere to open it. *In private*," I stress again.

The suggestion makes Kaci's eyes widen once more, and quickly, she lifts her drink to that pretty pink pout, stalling for time. But when she's lowering her arm, someone bumps into her from behind and she drops the red Solo cup. The cheap plastic cup rolls towards me and I move to pick it up, but the voluptuous brunette beats me to it.

"Oh here, I'll get it," she says while bending over, already reaching towards the ground. But as Kaci stands up, somehow her top gives way. Sure enough, a giant breast spills out of the low décolletage, huge, creamy and lusciously soft with a hard pink nipple that makes my mouth water. I can't wait to get my mouth on it before fucking up with my dick between it and its twin.

But Kaci's embarrassed, her cheeks going scarlet.

"OMG!" she mewls, trying to cover herself. "OMG, how did that happen?" Of course, her attempts to cover herself are futile and if anything, the jerky motions only make her second tit come jouncing out as well so that she's basically showing off both breasts to our hungry eyes.

That's when the pedal hits the metal because Hunter and I are definitely going for it now. After all, our hostess is basically topless in front of us, those huge boobies bare and ready to be worshipped and her sweet twat ready to be fucked.

But clearly, we've underestimated Kaci because she tucks herself back in before shooting us a sly smile.

"I'm so sorry, I've never been very good at keeping my clothes on," she coos. "It's just one of the hazards of having titties like mine."

"Very beautiful titties too," I growl, unable to tear my eyes from her chest, even though it's covered now. "Besides, clothes are overrated for a girl like you."

Kaci giggles again then, and gestures for us to follow.

"What does that mean, Brent? But maybe I should take your advice. Let's go open this gift somewhere more private, like you said."

With that, we make our way down a long hallway which is filled with people making out. Fuck, this apartment is packed. Where the hell are we going to go? Of course, I have no qualms about drilling Kaci in a bathroom, or hell, even the broom closet if it comes to that. But then the curvy girl stops at a door, and shoots us a smile over her shoulder before reaching into her pocket.

"I locked my bedroom so no one can get in," she says. "Otherwise, I'm sure there would be an orgy taking place."

With that, she unlocks the door, and we step into a sizable bedroom. The shutters are closed, and it's cool and dark inside, although I wouldn't care. This place could be a fucking dumpster and I wouldn't blink an eye, so long as Hunter and I get the gorgeous girl alone.

Meanwhile, Kaci pulls us in, and then shuts the door, locking it once more. Outside, the sounds of the party continue, but they're muffled for the most part. But there must be a couple going at it in the bathroom next door because we can hear the low sound of grunts and moans, not to mention some weird banging noises.

But Kaci merely giggles and sits on the edge of the bed, shooting us a coy look.

“So, you want me to open my present?” she asks, her voice sultry.

“Yes,” I growl.

With that, her gentle fingers begin to tear at the wrapping paper, and Hunter and I share a look of anticipation. My friend’s face is drawn, a dark flush over his high cheekbones as his thighs tense. After all, Kaci has no idea what we brought ... and she’s about to get the surprise of her life.

Hunter

Kaci laughs breathlessly, making her breasts bounce in that tiny top again. Yet even though this is a sassy, confident young woman, I can tell she's a little nervous too. Who wouldn't be, seeing that she's currently in a confined space with two alpha males looming over her sweet form, ready to ravage at any moment?

Her slim fingers pause on the gift for a moment as she looks up at us.

"This is so bad," Kaci murmurs, licking her lips. "Sean is going to be here any moment, so we shouldn't even be here. We should go back out for the big surprise."

I share a look with my buddy, who jerks his chin to the left.

"Naw, it's fine, honey. Sean won't miss us because there's a billion people out there already. Besides, we'll be sure to say happy birthday to him later."

Kaci titters a bit.

"Yeah, but I'm the hostess! We're at my apartment."

I merely shrug my broad shoulders.

"It's fine, baby girl. You just go ahead and focus on opening your gift. You deserve it."

With that, Kaci nods and begins tearing at the wrapping paper again.

“Hmmm, very interesting,” she hums. “What did you buy me? Most people bring wine or chocolates, but I can tell this is something different.”

My blue eyes flare as I look down at her curvaceous form.

“Something much better, sweetheart. Much, much better, trust me.”

Then, she finishes unwrapping the package, revealing a rectangular box. Kaci lifts the lid, and gasps because inside are a pair of sexy stilettos with clear acrylic heels on them that are about four inches high. There’s glitter running all throughout the heel, and the foot bed and foot straps are a sassy pale pink.

She giggles.

“OMG, what are these?”

Brent and I growl.

“We know you work at the Corinthian as a cocktail waitress, honey,” Brent rasps, eating up her form as she holds up the shoes to study them. “They’re perfect for work, right?”

Kaci nods, still staring at the heels. “Yes definitely, they’ll be absolutely on point, especially since they just released these pink ruffly aprons as part of our revamped uniforms. You shouldn’t have, Brent and Hunter. You’re too generous, and I love them.”

I pause for a moment, sharing a look with my friend.

“Would you model them for us right now?” I ask. “We’d love to see how they look with that pink apron you mentioned.”

Kaci giggles, throwing me a playful glance.

“Are you serious? But there are guests outside! Not to mention the birthday boy’s going to arrive any moment.”

I merely shrug my broad shoulders.

“Forget them, honey. Show us how you’re going to wear the heels.”

With that, Kaci bounces up off the bed, but she doesn't go over to her closet to retrieve her work uniform. Instead, she merely motions for us to look away and then giggles again.

"Turn away because I want this to be a surprise," she coos. "You can turn back around when I say."

Brent and I do as told, sharing a look. What is this bad girl up to? But hey, we'll do whatever she requests, and we turn our backs for a moment as Kaci shuffles around behind us. It feels like an eternity goes by, and my buddy grunts.

"Are you almost ready?" he rumbles. "How long does it take to put on a pair of shoes, sweetheart?"

Kaci giggles. "Okay, okay. You can turn around now."

We do and are utterly stunned by the sight of Kaci standing in front of her bed, wearing only the stilettos and nothing else. Her discarded clothes lie in a heap on the floor, and now the nubile girl is completely bare, with those huge tits bouncy and begging to be kissed. The sweet vee at the juncture of her thighs is shaved and that kitty is pink and gleaming, her hard clit poking through the folds. My mouth waters as I harden.

"Holy shit, Kaci, you're gorgeous," I breathe, pulling my shirt over my head to reveal a broad, bronzed chest. Brent's getting undressed too, and Kaci merely giggles again before doing a little shimmy while tossing her curls over one shoulder.

"Really? Do you like what you see?"

"We do, very much, sweetheart," Brent rasps. "Now turn around."

Kaci knows exactly what we want. She twirls on her heels like a stripper, making sure to wiggle her ass, and then plants her legs apart in a shapely vee. Then she bends over, that heart-shaped rump lifting in the air as her pink pussy comes into view, glistening and wet. Ever the naughty minx, Kaci giggles again and gently runs a small hand through her twat before tapping her fingers together to show off the wet stickiness there.

"Boys, I'm already so drenched," she purrs. "Will you help me?"

Goddamn, I'd be happy to fuck her in the pussy at this very moment, before fucking her ass, and then fucking her mouth too. I'd be happy to jizz all over that voluptuous figure until Kaci's coated in a silvery web of my come, drenched and moaning.

But instead, Brent and I act like gentlemen. We approach the sweet girl, but not before Kaci scrambles over onto the bed and raises her legs in the air before spreading them out wide in a vee, and then bringing them together to cross them again and clicking the heels together. Clearly, this is a woman who knows what she's doing, and the brunette looks at us and giggles once more while rubbing her hands up and down her thighs.

"This is all yours, boys. No need to hold back."

That's our cue, and within seconds, Brent and I are poised on the mattress next to her.

"Fuck baby," I rasp. "You're a vixen, aren't you? With this sexy bod and saucy attitude."

Kaci giggles and turns her chin for a kiss, but that's not what I'm after. Instead, I duck my head and capture a ruby red nipple between my teeth. Instead of squealing, Kaci lets out a long, breathless moan, arching her back to give me better access.

"Oh," she whines, the sound echoing through the bedroom. "Mmm, that feels amazing."

"It's going to feel even better in a moment," Brent rasps. "Hold tight pretty girl." With that, his fingers go to work on Kaci's glistening pussy. I sense, rather than see, his digits trailing through her swollen folds, savoring the wetness there. Then, he circles her hard bud with those big fingers, spreading her cream over her clit so that it shines in the low lights before bending his head to suckle the delicious piece of flesh.

"Oooh!" Kaci sighs with rhapsody, twisting while spreading her legs even further. "Keep going. Don't stop!"

"We won't honey," I thrum deep in my throat. "Just let yourself enjoy, baby girl." With that, her hands find Brent's

head, pushing him even further against her pussy, her legs open wide for a feast. She arches her back to give me better access to her breasts, and like a crazed man, I kiss, squeeze, and suckle at her creamy breasts, rolling those hard nips with my tongue.

Fuck, I've wanted to do this since the moment I first met Kaci, and finally, the time has come. I suckle on her tip before popping off of it, and then I press her tits together to capture both nipples in my mouth.

"Oh fuck," Kaci moans, already beginning to shudder as twin jolts of energy pulse straight from her nips to her cunt. I glance down and see Brent catching mouthful after mouthful of cream with his tongue. Then, he tugs at her clit a bit before giving it a few hard laps, and Kaci wiggles, beginning to tremble as her mouth falls open, desperately sucking in oxygen.

"I'm so close," she pants. "Don't stop. OMG. Yes. Right there, right there, unnnnh!"

It happens then. Her sweet form quakes and quivers as we push her over the edge. Brent gives her bud one more hard suck before thrusting a finger into her pussy, making sure she gets fucked in the vag as she orgasms hard.

"Oooh!" Kaci screams again, her pussy clamping down on the delicious invasion, making him wince with the force. "Mmm!"

Meanwhile, I continue to suckle at those teats, enjoying the way the filly between us bucks and moans with ecstasy.

"Mmmph!" she squeals. "Unh oh oh!"

"Fuck yeah," I groan. "Let it go, baby."

Kaci cries out some more, clearly a mare in heat, but finally her deep spasmodic jerks devolve into shudders and she subsides with a pant, that creamy skin sheened with sweat.

"Mmm," she pants deliciously, blinking at us. "That was wonderful, boys. But is there more? You haven't gotten your fill yet."

Brent and I grin like we've just heard the magic words.

“Sweetheart, we’re not even close to being done with you yet,” I rasp.

“You’re about to get fucked hard,” Brent adds, as he moves up the bed. Obviously, my buddy’s already stark naked and Kaci gasps when she sees what’s coming her way. Sure enough, Brent’s massive pole is about ten inches long and pulsing with veins along both sides. The tip is wet with seed as my friend fists the hard rod, a hungry look in his eyes.

“Open wide,” Brent growls, lining his cock up with Kaci’s mouth. Her plump pink lips part, and of course, she gobbles him up excitedly, sucking him like a pro.

“Mmm,” Kaci moans, her lashes fluttering shut as those sweet cheeks bulge. “Mmph!”

But I’m not going to miss out on the fun. While she gets busy sucking Brent’s cock, I position myself between her thighs and then push her knees back, baring that pink slit. Sure enough, her hole’s so tiny that I can hardly see it, even if her clit’s stiff with arousal still. I stroke myself a few times before notching the head of my shaft right at her tiny opening.

“Here you go, baby girl,” I grind out, my eyes fastened to where we’re joined. “I know you need it deep.”

Kaci jolts for a moment, her eyes flying open when I enter her. Sure enough, my size is a surprise and she lets out a low wail, even with Brent’s cock plunging deep into her mouth.

“That’s it,” I rasp. “Suck harder, baby. It makes your pussy get even wetter with each stroke.”

She does as told, and soon those velvet folds contract around me, making me moan. Then, like a needy ho, Kaci wraps her legs around my hips, pulling me deeper into her clinging wetness.

Oh fuck, this feels heavenly. A deep grunt escapes my throat as I pull out all the way before plunging back in. Her pussy sucks me in, and at first, I go nice and slow. But this girl is a complete slut, and soon, she’s begging me with her eyes to go faster.

“You need this pussy fucked, don’t you?” I rasp. “That’s the only way you’ll be satisfied.”

She lets out another whine as Brent chuckles deep in his chest.

“Fuck yeah,” he groans. “My guess is she needs to be plugged in all three holes to be happy.”

I merely grunt my reply as Kaci’s head lolls back, still working hard on Brent’s cock. But my balls are already beginning to rise, and I can sense Kaci’s pussy cream thickening as her climax approaches.

“Are you ready, baby?” I rasp hoarsely, giving it to her hard in her sweetest spot now. “You ready to take two loads, one in this gorgeous snatch and another deep in your throat?”

Kaci doesn’t answer because she’s busy at the moment, but I feel her sweetness contract around me even as Brent throws his head back.

“Fuck yeah!” he screams. “Oh fuck, oh fuck. You’re gonna make me come, sweetheart. Oh SHIT!”

With that, Kaci tightens her lips around his shaft before swallowing hard, the muscles of her throat rippling around his rod. I sense, rather than see, his cumshoot pulsing and then the pretty brunette’s eyes bulge as a bucketful of seed explodes into her mouth.

“Fuck!” Brent screams again, one hand gripping the headboard as he shoots lash after lash of male jism deep into sweet girl’s throat. “Oh shit!”

Meanwhile, I grab hold of the curvy woman’s hips and plow into her one last time before ejaculating like a madman.

“Shit!” I roar in a thunderous shout. “Fuck this!”

My potent seed empties deep into the sweet girl, her pussy contractions pulling the ism further and further towards her fertile womb. Meanwhile, Kaci’s eyes roll back in her head, showing their whites, as she lets out a low, guttural moan, her pussy and ass contracting with her release.

“Mmm,” is her delirious sigh. “Mmmph!”

We pulse and shudder for what feels like hours, letting out our ecstasy for the world to hear. Then, I collapse on the mattress next to the sensuous brunette, still buried deep inside her wetness. Meanwhile, Brent pulls his rod from her mouth, inch after glistening inch reappearing from between those plush pink lips. Kaci coughs a few times afterwards as we both watch with concern, but then she clears her throat and smiles at us.

“Well, I hope you’re not done yet, boys, because I do need all three holes filled before I consider myself satisfied,” she purrs. “Are you ready?”

Immediately, I pull out, making her moan, and then push her knees up to inspect her back pucker.

“Oh, I want that tight little ass of yours,” Brent growls, watching as I spit on her pink drum. She giggles, and then frees herself to scramble to her hands and knees before reaching back to pull her ass cheeks wide, showing off her ravaged pussy and clenched asshole.

“Then what are you waiting for boys?”

Of course, the party’s still raging outside, but we don’t give a fuck. Hell, Sean could be here already, slapping backs and shaking hands as people congratulate him, but it doesn’t matter. We’ve tasted his ex-girlfriend’s mouth and delicious snatch already, and now with one hole left, it’s still too early to leave the privacy of the bedroom. After all, it’s not every day that someone like Kaci Stott comes along ... and Brent and I are enjoying every moment of it.

Kaci

My whole body is sore from last night because Hunter, Brent, and I went at it for *hours*. The two men each took me in every hole until late into the night and they never even seemed to get tired. It was finally me who ended up begging for a reprieve.

“Please,” I panted, lying in a sweaty mess between two hard, bronzed chests. “Just five minutes for a rest.”

Hunter grinned before dipping his head to drop a kiss on my nipple.

“It’s okay, sweet girl,” he rasped. “We’ll let you have ten minutes even.”

“Are you working tomorrow at the Corinthian?” Brent asked idly before reaching down to stroke my asshole.

“Mmm,” I mewled, tossing my head a bit while spreading my legs. “No, but I just can’t take more right now. I swear, you’ve already stretched me thoroughly, and I’m leaking your fluids everywhere.”

“You’re right,” Brent growled, gently inserting a finger into my rectum. “And you look beautiful this way, but we’ll let you get your rest, honey. After all, there are two of us, but only one of you and it takes stamina to entertain two men.”

With that, Brent and Hunter let me grab a cat nap, and I collapsed into a dreamless slumber before they woke me again in the morning for another frenzied round of wild lovemaking. But now, I'm on my way to meet my friend Sydney for coffee. Thank god I don't have to be at the Corinthian today, otherwise I'd be in bad shape!

I giggle as I put on the beautiful shoes Hunter and Brent gifted me yesterday. They're so sexy, with the pink strap and acrylic heels. Of course, it's totally inappropriate for coffee with a girlfriend, but I can't help it. I want to show them off, and besides, the shoes go perfectly with the short, tight skirt I have on and my pink low-cut t-shirt. This is Vegas, after all. It's fine to dress hoochie because it's the norm for a lot of folks in show business.

Of course, my dad hates that I wear clothes like this, but what do I care? It's not like I'm going to see Mike. Besides, my dad has all these old-fashioned ideas of what's appropriate and inappropriate for young women. Mike's even a deacon at our church, and it's pretty annoying how he's so preachy and rigid all the time. Thank goodness I don't live at home anymore.

Another giggle escapes my lips. If my father knew what I was doing with Brent and Hunter, he'd definitely have a heart attack! Of course, any man would, but I don't really care. Mike can lecture all he wants, but I'm going to enjoy myself because life is too short not to. *Carpe diem*, as they say.

Smiling, I slip my phone into the little clutch I'll be using as a purse today, grab my car keys, and head out the door. Then, I clamber into my Honda Accord, which is difficult given that I'm about four inches taller than usual with these heels. Not only that, but driving in these stilettos is a weird situation. It's not the heel itself, it's the fact that I don't have a feel for the pedals anymore, so the entire ride is a bit herky-jerky. But after about fifteen minutes (and no car accidents), I manage to get myself to the coffee shop and parked near the door. Then, I walk into Lady Sweets and find Sydney already at a small table in the corner with two piping hot cappuccinos in front of her. She lifts one up in greeting.

“Hey! Sorry I’m late,” I giggle while mincing over. Sydney merely smiles and stands to give me a hug. My buddy is a pretty brunette with big brown eyes who also works as a hostess at the Corinthian, which is cause for a lot of bonding.

“You’re not late, hon, I was just early. I was surprised you even texted to confirm our coffee date, seeing what happened yesterday.” Hmmm, I’m not sure what she knows and doesn’t know. As a result, I play dumb.

“What do you mean?” I blink innocently.

Sydney lets out an unladylike snort.

“Oh, please, you were so loud, Kaci! The whole party heard what you and Brent and Hunter were doing. My question is ... did it feel good? Because it definitely sounded like it.”

I giggle as my cheeks go red. “Really? I had no idea we were so loud. I mean, I was with two men, so I guess I should have foreseen it, but still...”

Sydney nods.

“You guys were insane, girlfriend, and we all knew it was you, Hunter and Brent too. We could literally hear you guys humping and panting, and then when the birthday boy showed up, of course everyone ducked and hid for the surprise. Except it wasn’t even quiet! We could hear the three of you moaning from the bedroom and it was maximum volume, girl!”

My eyes go round.

“OMG! Was Sean mad?”

Sydney giggles.

“It didn’t seem like it. No one was even awkward. Everyone was just rolling their eyes and being like, ‘well, at least they’re having a good time.’ But still, Kaci, it was your ex’s birthday party! And you were doing it with two of his friends.”

I merely shrug sassily.

“Well, we *are* broken up, and like I told you, Sean and I were never exclusive, so he’d have no right to be mad even if we still *were* in a relationship. But how was the party, regardless?”

You know I didn't come out of my bedroom until this morning."

Sydney giggles, swatting one hand at me.

"You bad girl! But seriously, the party went off without a hitch."

"But what about the pizzas?" I ask quickly. "Shit, I forgot about the those! What happened with that?"

Sydney shrugs, unconcerned.

"The pies showed up and were pretty much devoured on sight. Peeps were starving."

I nod, relieved.

"Oh good. Thank god I placed that order."

Sydney merely rolls her eyes, taking another sip of her drink.

"Kaci, who cares about pizza! You, Hunter and Brent were still grunting like animals even as the party wound down. I mean, how are you even standing today?"

I giggle again. "I'm barely hanging in there. I'm *sooo* sore this morning. You have no idea, girl."

Sydney merely shakes her head.

"You're my hero, Kaci. I mean, Hunter and Brent are hot! Did swords cross though?"

I shake my head immediately.

"No, no swords crossed. They seem strictly heterosexual to me, and didn't touch each other. But they knew what they were doing, you know?"

Sydney's eyes are large. "No, what do you mean?"

I shrug. "I don't think last night was Hunter and Brent's first time sharing a woman. I have a feeling it's happened before. Of course, it wasn't my first time with two men either, so I guess I'm not one to talk."

Sydney nods.

“This is Vegas, so anything goes. But was there something specific to make you think that Hunter and Brent have done it before?”

I shrug, thinking back.

“Not really. It’s just the way they moved around me. They knew how to take care of a woman, and they weren’t so surprised to see each other naked either. You know how alpha males usually are. If they even so much as glimpse another man’s cock, they want to exit the room asap, but not these two guys.”

Sydney’s eyes go wide.

“OMG, so they didn’t touch at all?”

Immediately, I shake my head.

“No, not exactly because of course parts of them are going to brush by accident. We did double penetration, so you know one of them’s in my ass while the other’s in my pussy. We’re too close *not* to touch. But they definitely didn’t touch each other in a sexual way or anything. They didn’t kiss or anything like that.”

Sydney nods, her brown eyes wide.

“That makes sense because yeah, I can’t see Hunter or Brent being with another man. But that means you were the center of attention the entire night! OMG, you lucky girl. I am so jealous.”

I grin.

“We’ll find you two guys too, Syd. The Corinthian has a lot of hot men on staff.”

Sydney nods and throws me a wink.

“Hell, maybe Hunter and Brent have a couple of friends you can hook me up with.”

I giggle.

“I will! Oh by the way, look at these shoes they got me,” I purr, showing her my stripper heels. Sydney coos with envy, her eyes lighting up.

“Super-sexy, girlfriend. I love them.”

I nod smugly.

“I know, right? I’m going to wear these babies during my next shift and get a shit ton of tips. They match those new pink aprons management passed out.”

Sydney nods.

“Hell yeah. Let me know where Hunter and Brent got those shoes too because I need a pair for myself. The cash is going to be rollin’ in.”

I giggle.

“That I can do.”

But then Sydney throws me a look.

“So does this mean you plan on seeing Hunter and Brent again? I mean, for dating or at least hooking up, and not just while we’re working at the Corinthian.”

I merely smile and nod. “Yeah, I guess so. Who knows though? They have my number, so if they want to see me, they’ll call. The ball’s in their court.”

Sydney nods.

“I love your attitude, Kaci. You never let men get the best of you.”

I grin.

“I just don’t like to chase guys, that’s all. I like them to chase *me*.”

Sydney throws me an admiring look.

“And that’s exactly why men throw themselves at you, Kaci. It’s because you’re never really available, and so they want you more. It makes them downright desperate, and turns them into blubbering fools.”

I tap a finger against my temple, giggling.

“Well, I wouldn’t go that far, but it’s reverse psychology, girlfriend. Works every time.”

With that, the rest of our coffee date passes with more giggles and gossip. When we get up to go, I glance down at my phone and see that there are no messages from either of my new lovers, but I'm not bothered. After all, Brent and Hunter had a good time last night, and if I'm not mistaken, soon they'll come calling for more ... and I'll be giving it to them, just the way they like it.

Kaci

I stand on my toes while stirring a pot of pasta on the back burner of my stove. I'm careful to not let the red sauce jump from the pan, and combine the aromatic liquid carefully with ground beef and sausage the way my Italian grandmother taught me. After all, Hunter and Brent are coming over for dinner tonight. The men texted me not long after my coffee date with Sydney, and asked me out. My heart leapt at the invitation, even though I tried to stay cool.

But now, here I am, heart thumping to be cooking for Hunter and Brent in my apartment. Of course, the men offered to take me out to a restaurant, but the truth is that I love to cook, and I don't get to do it that often. Most of my meals are on the house at the Corinthian, and my guess is that the same goes for my lovers too. I sigh. The hotel sometimes is our mother, father, brother, sister, friend, and neighbor all at once. We live our lives in the entertainment sector, and sometimes it can be overwhelming. But tonight is a good opportunity to break away from the glitz and glamour of our professional lives, and to focus on a solid, home-cooked meal with just the three of us.

Besides, I want to impress my lovers with my skills in the kitchen because let's face it: every guy loves a girl who can put together a meal. The way to a man's heart is usually through his stomach, and at the moment, my apartment smells

like an Italian restaurant with the savory aroma of tomato sauce mixed in with the cheesy goodness of garlic bread and fragrant tang of oregano wafting through the air.

I check the time on the microwave. Brent and Hunter will be here any minute, and I need to make sure I'm presentable. Quickly, I untie the red and white striped apron with the dancing carrots on front, and check to make sure that I'm not covered in sauce on my arms and legs. Oh good, all clean. My green halter top pops against my skin, showcasing my generous bosom to its best advantage. Plus, the jean shorts I paired it with are super comfortable and show off my thick, tanned thighs. It's the perfect outfit to entertain my dates. Last touch? The heels that Brent and Hunter bought me. Of course, they don't match my casual outfit but I don't care. I slip them on, immediately growing by four inches and giggle a bit. Brent and Hunter are going to love seeing me teeter about in these babies.

Then, I turn back to the stove, stirring the sauce once more before turning down the heat so it stays warm while the pasta finishes cooking. Perfect! At that moment, the doorbell rings and I put down the spoon while fluffing up my curly hair. Hopefully, I'm not too sweaty and I mince over to the front door before throwing it open.

"Hi," I greet with a sunny smile. "How are you?"

Of course, Hunter and Brent are utterly mouth-watering. Both men have their dark hair combed back, and they're wearing t-shirts that show off those broad shoulders and tanned skin. Not only that, but they've got board shorts on that highlight thick, tree-trunk like thighs. Both of them step in, flashing mega-watt smiles.

"Well, your place looks a lot different than last time we were here," Hunter growls, looking around.

"Very neat," remarks Brent.

I laugh. "It took a lot to clean up after that party because as you can imagine, people went pretty wild. I swear, I must have tossed out a hundred cans and bottles at least."

Hunter grins. “Yeah, our friend group definitely likes to drink, don’t they?” he asks.

“Like fish!” I say saucily while moving back to the kitchen. “Come on in and make yourselves comfortable. Dinner will be ready soon.”

With a smile, the guys seat themselves at the small kitchen table as I serve my best red wine. Then, I drain the pasta and mix it with the sauce before pulling warm garlic bread from the oven.

“Shit, that smells amazing,” Hunter growls while staring at the thick, crusty slices.

“Help yourselves!” I coo before setting everything on the table, and taking a seat. My lovers don’t hesitate. Immediately, they start devouring the food like hungry wolves, and I have to say it turns me on. These are men who absolutely appreciate my culinary skills, and I’m only too happy to cook for them.

“So how are things?” Hunter finally asks, leaning back in his chair with a grin. “This is delicious, honey. Thank you. I’ll have to get the recipe from you.”

I giggle.

“You cook?”

Hunter grins again.

“Yeah, sometimes. This asshole and I eat a lot, so cooking is a life skill that we put to use quite often.”

I cock my head at them.

“But you don’t eat for free at the Corinthian?”

They shrug.

“Yes, we do, but we like to mix it up sometimes. Besides, not all the food at the hotel is healthy, so we prefer to make it ourselves sometimes. You know we’re aspiring professional athletes, right?”

I nod slowly.

“I’d heard that. I think Sean mentioned something about it. You’re aspiring marathoners, I think he said.”

Brent grins.

“Not really, although we both run. I do triathlons and Hunter’s an ultra-marathoner, meaning he does fifty mile races or longer. But yeah, working at the hotel is just a way to make money on the road to achieving our dreams. At the moment, we’re earning cash from sponsorships and whatnot, but it’s not quite at the level where we can sustain ourselves.”

I nod.

“I can imagine. And working for the Corinthian must be perfect because as blackjack dealers, you work during the night, right? So during the days you can train.”

Hunter nods.

“Exactly. It’s a lifestyle we’re used to actually because once upon a time, we were ski bums in Tahoe.”

I giggle.

“Really?”

The handsome men nod, flashing Crest-white smiles.

“Yeah, it was a long time ago. But we’d ski during the day and play the casinos at night. Soon, we found steady work as blackjack dealers, and it’s been with us ever since.”

I nod.

“So the itinerant life suits you.”

Brent and Hunter shrug.

“It’s not really itinerant. I mean, yeah, we travel for races but otherwise we pretty much train year-round here in Vegas. Plus, we’re simple guys and have always had enough to live. The route to becoming a professional athlete is a bumpy one, but it’s a dream that we’re not willing to give up on quite yet.”

I nod.

“Dreams are priceless,” I say quietly. “I envy you.”

Hunter nods, suddenly serious.

“Dreams *are* priceless, honey, you’re right. But onto less serious things. So how was the party? Was Sean surprised?”

I giggle.

“Well, no because they could hear us the entire time,” I say in a droll tone. “Evidently, we were so loud that when they were lying in wait for Sean to arrive, they could hear us moaning and panting.”

Brent lifts a black eyebrow at me.

“Are you embarrassed? I’d totally understand if you were.”

I think for a moment.

“Not really, to be honest. I mean, I’ve never pretended to be a “good girl” or a virgin or anything like that. Everyone knows that I waitress at the Corinthian. But I do have a question...” I say.

Brent nods.

“Shoot.”

I bite my lip, hesitating for a moment.

“Well, was hooking up with me planned? I mean, you did come with a sexy gift, and things progressed pretty fast too.”

Brent shakes his head immediately, but then he and Hunter share a look.

“Well, not technically,” Brent acknowledges in a slow voice. “But I’ll admit that we *were* hoping for something to happen.”

“Is that so?” I ask in an amused tone, raising my brow.

The guys laugh. “Well yeah, because we see you at the hotel all the time, sweetheart, prancing around in those tiny little cocktail dresses while wiggling your ass at all sorts of men. You’re gorgeous, baby, and let’s just say the party was the perfect opportunity to get to know one another better. So yes, we were hoping, but we didn’t plan anything in particular. What happened was just serendipitous.”

I shoot them a sly look.

“Serendipitous? That’s what you would call it?”

Brent growls, his blue eyes flashing.

“More than serendipitous, sweetheart,” he rasps. “It was the best fucking day of my life.”

I giggle then.

“Now, that’s more like it. But seriously, what stopped you before? You know that even when I was with Sean, we didn’t have a traditional relationship. We had an open relationship, which meant that I could see other men and he could see other women. You knew that, right? Because sometimes, I’ll entertain male clients at the casino.”

Brent and Hunter’s brows lower as they share a look.

“What is it?” I ask. “What’s going on?”

The men sigh.

“Well, I realize that it’s early, but do you have to see other men at the Corinthian?” Hunter rasps, his azure gaze going almost black. “I mean, is it a part of your job?”

I furrow my brow and frown. “It is. Why, is my lifestyle going to be a problem for you? What if I do continue seeing other men? The tips are amazing, you know, and they’re the best when you provide special services on the side. *Intimate services*,” I add in a meaningful tone.

Both men’s expressions are drawn, and I can see how the skin around Brent’s eyes tightens.

“Well, Kaci,” he begins in a low tone. “You can call us possessive motherfuckers, but I’m not sure how we’re going to move forward if you’re going to see other men.”

I stare at him.

“You realize how ridiculous that sounds, right? I mean, there are two of you propositioning me, so I *am* technically seeing another man already. I’m seeing him,” I say, jerking my chin at Hunter.

Both Brent and Hunter nod then.

“Yeah, but it’s different. We like to share our women, but we like the relationship between the three of us to be closed. It’s

just a male jealousy thing. We don't want other men touching your lovely curves, much less kissing and stroking them. They belong to us," Brent rasps.

I pause for a moment, realization dawning.

"Hold on a sec, because it sounds like you've done this before. Do you guys share women a lot? Not just for hook-ups, but for dating?"

Hunter and Brent look at each other again, but then they nod.

"Sort of," Brent growls.

"It's something we're exploring," Hunter continues in a smooth drawl. "Because actually, we've only done it once before, and that didn't exactly end well."

My eyebrows shoot up.

"Really? Why, what happened? Or is it TMI?"

They shake their dark heads.

"No, it's fine, and besides you have a right to know. Brent and I share an apartment," Hunter explains in a low tone. "We're messy motherfuckers, not to mention busy with our jobs at the casino and training full-time. As a result, a year or so ago, we hired a cleaning lady to come in once a week to help us out. But the cleaning agency sent a gorgeous woman to be our maid, and one thing led to another. Let's just say soon Maria was on her hands and knees, and she wasn't scrubbing our floors."

I gasp.

"Are you serious?"

Brent grunts.

"Fuck yeah. She wasn't cleaning our apartment once a week anymore. Maria was draining our balls for us on a weekly basis, and it was a total sex fest every time she came over."

I gasp, staring at their handsome faces.

"Are you serious?"

They nod, looking reflective.

“Yeah. Obviously, the apartment wasn’t being cleaned anymore, but fuck if I cared. We continued with the weekly fuckfests, and continued paying her for it too.”

I nod.

“So what happened? It sounds like it worked for everyone involved.”

The two guys deflate a bit, their broad shoulders sagging. Hunter takes a sip of his wine while Brent gets a bitter look on his face.

“Let’s just say we thought we were establishing a relationship, but Maria had other plans,” he rasps.

I stare at him.

“Meaning...?”

“Maria wasn’t who we thought she was,” Hunter says simply. “We weren’t the only cleaning clients she was sleeping with. In fact, it seems her whole business was just a front to have sex with a bunch of men, and she’s likely never handled a mop in her life. It seems that we’d accidentally plugged into a prostitution service without knowing it.”

I stare at them.

“Are you serious? But how did that even happen?”

Brent shrugs.

“One of my buddies from the ultra circuit gave us the referral. When I said ‘maid,’ I meant maid, but I guess he thought it was a code word for ‘hookers and whores.’ So there you have it. We got played.”

I gasp before starting to laugh.

“I’m so sorry,” I say through muffled giggles. “It’s just so crazy!”

Brent and Hunter look doleful though.

“Yeah, I know it sounds crazy, but the thing is that we genuinely liked Maria, and were heart-broken when we found out she was seeing other men. That’s how we know that we

don't like to share, other than with each other. She was sleeping with all her clients, and it fucking sucked."

I nod.

"Yeah, I get it," I say in a quiet voice. Then I look up quickly. "Sorry to ask so many questions because it's probably really uncomfortable talking about it, but is Maria still in business?"

Hunter sighs.

"Who the fuck knows? We cut off all contact with her when we found out she was a professional whore. We have no idea where she is or who she's doing right now, but that leads us back to the matter at hand, Kaci. If we start seeing you, we don't want you seeing other men too. It just wouldn't sit well with us."

My expression softens.

"No, I get it. You've been through the fire and it hurts."

Hunter nods.

"It more than fucking hurt. It fucking *burned*. But yeah, that's why we don't want you to see other men if you're going to be with us. We don't want a repeat of that situation. Not that you're a whore, of course," he adds hastily. "We just don't want our hearts broken again."

I nod, but also hesitate because the Corinthian has been a part of my life for a while now, and seeing men is a part of my job. The tips are fine when I'm not servicing a client intimately, but I'm not sure I'm ready to give that up quite yet.

"I don't know," I say in a slow tone. "I'll have to think about it because you're kind of asking me to change my entire lifestyle for you. I mean, flirting with the clientele and acting sassy with them is a major part of my job."

Hunter jumps in, his mouth turning down at the corners.

"We're not saying you have to stop flirting, but you would have to stop *sleeping* with them. That you reserve for just us."

But still, I hesitate.

“Yes, but that’s a big ask,” I say in a slow tone. “I mean, Corinthian hostesses are known for being out there. A lot of men pay huge sums for access, and I’m not sure I can turn off the tap just like that.”

But to my surprise, Hunter and Brent nod.

“Of course, honey. We understand that you need time to consider our request because it’s come out of left field. But just give it a think, okay?” Brent growls. “In the meantime, how about demonstrating some flirting for us? We’d love to see,” he winks.

I giggle at the change in tone. We just went from super-serious to playful and fun, and I like the shift in atmosphere. With a saucy smile, I slide my hand from the table and snake it onto Brent’s lap, squeezing his hard shaft through the fabric of his shorts. Ooh, he’s hard already and growing harder by the minute.

“Well, I always like to start like this,” I coo. “You know, checking out the package and all.”

He groans and covers my hand with his. “I’d definitely consider this flirting. What else do you do, honey?”

With a giggle, I remove my hand from Brent’s lap and then lean towards Hunter, capturing his mobile lips with mine. The alpha male growls low in his chest, leaning forward to take more, but I pull away with a teasing smile while licking my lips.

“Would you consider that flirting too?” I coo.

“Hell yeah,” Brent rasps. “Now come here, sweetheart, because you’re about to get more.” Then, he hauls me into his lap and captures my mouth with his own as Hunter stands, joining us over on our side of the table. Then, before I realize it, I’m nude and laid out like a feast on the hard wooden surface, my curves bare and wet for these men to ravish.

“You’re gorgeous, baby girl,” Hunter grinds out, his azure gaze taking in every inch of my creamy flesh.

“Absolutely delectable,” Brent agrees, bending low to lick up my drenched slit. “And you taste like honey, too. This is the

best dinner ever, baby girl. Thank you for preparing it for us.”

Then, all thought flies out of my mind as Brent and Hunter go to town because what could be better than being with these two men? They treat me so well, and encourage me to let go of my inhibitions too. The only questions is whether or not I can live up to their behavioral expectations because I’m a bad girl ... and I’m not sure I’m ready to be good just yet.

Brent

It's been about a week since our dinner at Kaci's apartment, and I have to say that the meal was fucking fantastic. The fucking afterwards was also fucking fantastic, but that's to be expected. After all, Kaci's a lush young woman, and she's only too willing to share her body with us. The positions we had her in would make another woman run to the hills screaming, but instead, our girl merely smiled and giggled, and then moaned with delirium as we took her every which way.

But is Kaci still seeing other men? The truth is that I'm not sure. She says no, and that she's restricted herself to mere flirtation, but the problem is that 'flirtation' is a somewhat ambiguous term. Does that mean she's sitting in a man's lap while grinding her bottom on his hard cock? Does she let him touch her boobies as he plays cards? Sip at her tits even, when he's bluffing during a poker game? The Corinthian Hotel is a rancid place, after all, and such things have been known to happen in the private room they reserve for high rollers.

But tonight, we're not addressing the issue. Instead, we're taking Kaci out for BBQ and it's going to be delicious. She prances out of her apartment towards my truck, looking absolutely stunning in a tiny denim mini-skirt and cropped white t-shirt that highlights her big, bouncy breasts.

“You’re gorgeous, sweetheart,” Hunter growls from the back seat.

“Thanks,” Kaci giggles with a smile and a saucy flip of those brown curls. “I’m glad you like the look.”

“We love it. And we hope you like barbecue because that’s what we’re having tonight,” I growl while starting up the truck again. Our date’s beautiful features light up when she hears the word ‘barbecue.’

“OMG, how’d you know my favorite food?”

I chuckle low in my chest.

“We didn’t. Lucky guess, I suppose.”

“OMG, please please please are we going to The Wild Dogs? They have the best ribs in Vegas.”

Hunter chuckles from the back seat. “You guessed right, pretty lady. Not only the best ribs, but also the best corn bread too.”

She squeals.

“I love corn bread! Especially the kind that’s really super sweet. I know that it’s not healthy how much sugar they add, but I can never resist, and besides, who wants corn bread that has no taste?”

With that, the rest of the drive passes quickly and soon, we’re seated at a massive wooden table at The Wild Dogs. Country tunes jangle in the background and there’s a huge American flag hung along one wall, along with a couple dart boards and a special station for drinks.

“Everything on here looks delicious,” Kaci murmurs while staring at the menu. “I have no idea where to start.”

“Then we’ll get one of everything,” I say before nodding at the waiter. He practically jumps with joy at our massive order and skips away to put it in with the kitchen.

“OMG, we ordered way too much food,” Kaci moans. “How will we eat it all?”

Hunter grins, his dark shirt highlighting the white of his smile.

“There are three of us, so it’ll be fine. Besides we need to keep you fed,” he adds, winking at Kaci. “You’ve been getting a workout.”

She giggles. “That I have, haven’t I? And it’s thanks to you two, too.” After all, we love taking Kaci this way and that, and often our sex sessions will last for hours. It’s the best cardio ever, not to mention the stretching and hard-core shafting that goes on.

But I grin lazily at our beautiful girl because she’s more than just a shapely piece of woman-flesh for us to play with. Hunter and I like Kaci for her sassy smarts too, and the brunette has been intriguing, to say the least.

“So, Kaci, tell us a little about yourself. What’s your family like? Are they here in Vegas?”

She nods before taking a sip of her Coke.

“Yeah, but it’s only me and my dad because my mom left when I was little. But Mike’s a good father. He sells life insurance, and while we’re not as close as we used to be, he’s a decent guy. Very religious though,” she adds as an afterthought.

I pause, surprised.

“Really? There aren’t too many religious people in Vegas it seems. This is the City of Sin, after all.”

Kaci gets a wry smile on her face.

“Well, my dad is *definitely* religious. He’s a founding member of Sanctuary Church, which is a little neighborhood church over on the outskirts of town.”

I nod.

“Christian?”

She nods.

“Yep. It’s pretty much like most of the Protestant mainline churches except more intense. Way more intense, in fact.”

I nod.

“Well, kudos to your father because founding anything isn’t easy, and he must be really entrepreneurial. I didn’t even know that people were trying to plant churches in the City of Sin. It’s almost like a paradox.”

Kaci nods ruefully.

“Well, my dad is definitely involved in the church-planting movement, and it’s a little weird, to be honest. The leader of the church-planting movement is this old dude that I’ve only met once, but he kind of gave me the creeps. I haven’t seen him in years, but I know Mike’s still in touch and speaks to that guy on a regular basis. I think he’s based out in Utah.”

Hunter nods.

“Yeah, but a lot of founders have to be a little crazy otherwise they’ll never get their company, or church in this case, off the ground. If you don’t believe in your vision, then who will?” he asks with a smile.

Kaci nods.

“Yeah, I totally agree, but I think my dad’s gone a little overboard because he’s now modeling our church after some hardcore Mormon outfits. Honestly, it’s weird.”

I frown. “Mormon? Are you serious? Like regular Latter-Day Saints or the Fundamentalist Latter-Day Saints?”

Kaci nods.

“Like the fundamentalists,” she confirms. “It’s insane, I tell you.”

Hunter tilts his head at her, his handsome face curious.

“But you’re a member?”

Our pretty girl sighs.

“I am. I go to church every Sunday, and some of my best friends also attend, in fact. I don’t know. I don’t hate it most of the time, but the truth is, I mainly stay for my dad. Mike’s basically *the* founding member and so as his daughter, I feel obligated to show up.”

I nod slowly then.

“Yeah, I can see how that could be a dilemma.”

Kaci bites her lip and looks down.

“It’s just a weird situation because I don’t love what they’re preaching and some of the crazy beliefs they put out there. But I love my dad, even if Mike seems a little misguided at the moment. He’s all the family I have, and I don’t want to cause any problems. I don’t want to lose him either.”

I nod. “But you wouldn’t lose your father over something like this, right?”

Kaci merely sighs and shakes her head.

“You don’t know my dad,” she says in a soft voice, her brown eyes worried. “Again, Mike is just ...”

Suddenly, the pretty woman jerks forward as her eyes focus on something in the distance. Confused, I turn and find an older man with a young woman next to him, her arm tucked into his elbow. He’s relatively inane looking because he’s just a middle-aged dude with thinning brown hair, a blue button down, and khakis. But the woman is interesting because she looks to be a teenager, and she’s dressed as if she’s a character in *Little House on the Prairie* in a long floral gown that goes up to her chin, with full sleeves and a long skirt. Her brown hair is done in a braid that trails down her back, and lo and behold, she’s got a white bonnet clutched in one hand. What the fuck?

Kaci immediately looks down, her cheeks reddening, as the man bends his head to say something in an intimate tone to his companion. I turn back to look at my curvy girl.

“Is everything okay, sweetheart? Do you know them?”

Kaci merely continues staring at the table, careful not to move so as not to bring attention to herself.

“That’s my dad,” she says in a low whisper. “That’s Mike Stott.”

Immediately, Hunter and I understand. We put money down on the table for the bill, and then taking Kaci’s elbow, exit quickly

out the back. It's only once we're in my truck that she exhales, her shoulders sagging.

"That's my dad," she repeats in a low voice. "I don't know who that young woman is, but it doesn't look good."

I nod because obviously, Kaci wasn't lying when she said her dad has gone full fundamentalist. The question is who was that girl? His sister? Wife? Sister-wife? Daughter? Given the churning in my stomach, the answer doesn't seem promising.

Kaci

Thank god my dad didn't see us at the restaurant because can you imagine the dust-up? Me, with my skanky outfit and two boyfriends, and my dad with that young woman on his arm? Who was she, anyways? I've never seen her before, but she couldn't have been more than a teenager. Nausea churns in my stomach as I shake my head.

"I'm sorry you had to see that," I murmur, hot tears springing to my eyes. "I mean, WTF?"

Hunter and Brent merely growl.

"It's fine, honey. Besides, we don't know what was going on just now. Maybe your dad was just showing a friend around town. That girl could have been anyone."

Nausea rises in my throat again, and I swallow hard to make it stay down.

"No, she clearly wasn't a friend. Mike was on a date, I'm pretty sure. But hell, why her? And why so young too? Plus, why is he even out? He never goes to restaurants because he likes staying home eating TV dinners while watching *The Old-Time Gospel Hour* on TV. It's insane." I slink down further in my seat, embarrassed and humiliated, as Brent and Hunter are silent. "I'm sorry again for walking out like that," I stammer, desperate to fill the awkward quiet in the car. "We were

enjoying such a nice dinner, and now it's all ruined. Maybe we can do this another time?"

With that, Brent sighs while starting up the truck.

"Maybe," Hunter says in a low voice. "We'll see. Did you not want us to meet your father for some reason?"

"No, it's not that at all!" I rush. "I'm not embarrassed to be with you guys, or by the fact that we're in a threesome. It's just that I told you about my dad and how Mike's been getting crazier by the minute. I need to vet things first, and I didn't think a surprise meeting at a BBQ joint was the time and place."

Hunter nods slowly.

"Okay, that's fair. I get it. Not everything in life should be a surprise."

"Of course not," I say quickly. "And I promise I'm not like Maria. I've stopped seeing other men. She broke your hearts, and I understand that it was really painful, but we're talking about two different things here. This thing with my dad has nothing to do with you guys, and everything to do with *him*."

"You did say Mike's a harsh guy," Brent growls from the driver's seat.

I nod furiously.

"He is. He's a stern man who believes that God's way is the only way and that furthermore, he's the only one who can interpret God's intent too. It was overbearing before, and it's only gotten worse in the last couple years. But like I mentioned, he's still my father, and I love him. I just need to figure out who that girl was. I mean, why was she dressed like that? A lot of ladies are wearing nap dresses these days, but her outfit went way beyond that."

Brent nods while still staring at the road.

"I have no idea, but is your father fostering teens, maybe? I know a lot of church members take in people in need, especially with the recent crises in Ukraine, Yemen, and Syria. Maybe she was an escapee from a FLDS sect."

I shake my head.

“I doubt it, because the date kind of looked romantic, don’t you think? He was holding her hand and she was clinging to him like they belong together. Ugh gross.” Hunter and Brent go silent as nausea rises in my chest. “Oh shit. This is bad news, isn’t it?” I ask in a low voice as the truck comes to a halt in front of my apartment building. “My dad’s up to no good. I can feel it.”

Hunter turns to me.

“You would know best,” the handsome man says in a slow tone. “After all, Kaci, you said that he’s been off the reservation for a while now, and it seems like there’s nothing reining him in if he’s been spinning out for years. Is it possible that this time, your dad’s doing something malicious?”

I don’t answer even as a stab of pain makes me gasp because in my heart of hearts, I have a feeling that Hunter’s right. My father is up to no good, and I only hope that I’m not the one who ends up paying the price.

Hunter

The casino is bustling as I stand at a table, dapper in my waistcoat and starched white shirt. Four new players make their way to my table, and I can already tell how it's going to go. The customers look like drunken frat boys with too much gel in their hair, acne on their chins, and flashy, over-priced watches. Whatever. The hotel will take their money so fast they'll be skulking away soon enough.

Sure enough, within fifteen minutes, the frat boys have met their match. It wasn't strategic playing on my part. Instead, the Corinthian has strict rules on when the house plays or folds. Still, the odds are stacked in our favor, and the boys slink away, defeated and humbled while muttering under their breaths. Meanwhile, my shift is over, and my replacement comes up next to me.

"How's it hanging?" Greg asks in a mild tone. He's a middle-aged guy with graying hair and jowls. But don't be fooled because the man's been with the Corinthian for more than a decade now, and is a valued employee. I shrug.

"Steady. Nothing to report. Just the reg."

He nods, surveying the scene.

"Good. We like it regular around here."

It's true too because believe it or not, there are still crews that like to work "hot tables." It's something that started two

decades ago when MIT grads tried to card count, and it's illegal, but it still happens. Fortunately, we're dealing blackjack and not poker, so it's not a huge problem in our part of the world.

With one last shrug, I leave the floor and head to the break room, where Brent's on his phone. He too is dressed in the casino's uniform, which looks good on him actually. My man and I are both tall and athletic, so any kind of formalwear enhances the lean, long length of our frames.

Brent looks up as I approach.

"Sean wants us to grab a drink with him. You up for it?" he asks.

I pause.

"Sean, as in Kaci's ex?"

Brent grunts.

"The one and only. We'll meet him at Jimmy's."

"Sounds good," I nod. Then, we change into casual clothes and head over to a bar that's off the Strip. Everyone thinks Vegas is all about the main drag, but actually there are a lot of great places just a few blocks away. Jimmy's is one of those joints with a relaxed vibe, country music, and ice-cold beers.

Sean is waiting for us at the bar and lifts a hand in greeting. He's a handsome motherfucker with chestnut hair and an athletic build, even if his belt buckle is so shiny that it's refracting light throughout the room.

"Hey, my man," I growl, squinting as a shaft of light hits me straight in the eye. "What's up with the bling?"

Sean laughs while clapping me on the shoulder.

"What, you don't like it? Brother, you have no taste because this here wolf-head belt buckle cost me a pretty penny."

Brent merely grunts while seating himself on a stool.

"Money don't count for taste," he growls, but Sean merely chuckles at the insult.

“Whatevs, my man, you’re just jealous because you’d love to get your hands on this if you could.” Of course, Brent snorts in denial, but Sean ignores him. “So, how’s it going, bro? Long time no see.”

“Pretty good,” I reply, signaling for a beer. “How about you?”
Sean shrugs and grins.

“Same old, same old. Pretty much just working and sleeping these days, seeing how the casino’s been grinding my ass off.”

I shoot him a surprised look.

“No women?”

Sean shakes his head and grins. “There are a few, but no one serious. Why, how’s it hanging with Kaci? You guys were loud enough at my birthday party. I swear, the banging, pounding and thumping was like a road crew coming through.”

Brent lets out a chuckle.

“That bad?”

Sean merely grins and sips his beer.

“Let’s just say I have no idea how that girl survived the two of you. But are you guys still seeing Kaci?”

I consider my answer for a moment.

“Absolutely. She’s the hottest woman we’ve ever been with, not to mention fucking sensual and smart too. But are you sure you’re okay with us dating her?”

Sean nods, his green eyes clear.

“Yeah, no problem brother. We broke up, so she was a free agent. And Kaci probably told you that we were never exclusive right? Hell, I wanted to be, but she wouldn’t go for it.”

Brent grunts next to us.

“Sounds familiar.”

Sean shoots us a look.

“So is she giving you the runaround too?”

My buddy shrugs.

“I don’t think so. We were straight with her – no more hooking up with high rollers at the casino. She says she hasn’t, but you know how these things go. What’s a little kiss and ass squeeze once in a while? Or even a sip at her boobies, with just a tiny bit of tongue? Does that count as hooking up?”

Sean looks thoughtful.

“Yeah, you know the girls at the Corinthian are raunchy as hell, and they know how to work it. Of course, management turns a blind eye because you know sometimes the guys slip it into them right at the tables. The girls will be in their laps, and then with a giggle and a smirk, the ladies pull their thongs to the side and let those dudes use their holes.”

I sputter into my drink.

“Fuck!”

“Yeah, it happens,” Sean says in a mild voice. “I don’t think Kaci’s done it, but definitely some of the other girls have. Tamara North is known for dick-riding out in the open, actually, and she’s even taken a couple of guys in her ass that way. You can see why the house won big on that hand.”

I merely shake my head.

“And it’s all on camera too,” I mutter. “Hell.”

Sean merely shrugs.

“Yeah, but these are Corinthian girls and besides, you can’t really see anything on camera. Like I said, they’re riding the high rollers’ cocks while sitting on their laps, so there’s nothing to see from up above.”

I merely shake my head.

“Kaci better not be doing that,” I growl.

Sean shrugs.

“She’s not, as far as I’ve heard. Hell, she probably really likes you if she’s not because you know our girl has always been at the front of the pack when it comes to that kind of thing. She’s

fucking filthy, and loving it all. Some ladies are just born that way.”

I nod morosely. His words ring with truth, and that’s part of the reason why we adore our curvy brunette. We love the nastiness that runs through Kaci’s mind, and the fact that she’s willing to let us enjoy that gorgeous body any way we like. But old habits die hard, and we have yet to find out if Kaci’s really been true to us.

But then Brent changes the subject because this conversation’s just making us depressed.

“So tell me my brother,” he rumbles, addressing Sean. “While you and Kaci were dating, did you ever meet her dad?”

Sean shoots us a knowing look.

“So you’re onto Mike, hmm?”

Oh shit, that sounds bad.

“Why?” I demand. “Is he a criminal? Con man? Give it to us straight.”

Sean takes another sip of his beer, choosing his words carefully.

“No, I can’t say that he’s any of those things. It’s more that Mike Stott is an odd guy with bad vibes, if you get my drift. You’ll want to tread carefully.”

Brent nods, his blue eyes dark.

“We ran into him when we were out to dinner the other night, and it was fucking weird. He had a girl with him who had to be jail bait. But that’s not the only disturbing part because this chickadee was dressed like she was out of *Little House on the Prairie* in a long gown with a fucking bonnet, no less.”

Sean looks surprised. “Shit, what was that about?”

I shake my head.

“You tell us. It was fucking weird for sure, and Kaci didn’t seem to know what was going on either.”

Sean shakes his head again, staring at his beer.

“To be honest, your guess is as good as mine because I only met the guy once, and it wasn’t exactly pleasant. Not *unpleasant* either, but that asshole always gave me the creeps.” He shakes his head again. “You know Mike Stott’s the founder of a church in Vegas right? It’s called Sanctuary and I think the congregation’s still pretty small.”

I nod.

“Kaci told us.”

Sean sips his beer again, his eyes going thoughtful.

“Well, this is a lot of postulating on my part, and there’s nothing concrete to back my words, but Mike Stott gives me some major cult vibes. Like he’s trying to be the next Warren Jeffs.”

I squint.

“Are you kidding me? The Warren Jeffs who’s in jail?”

Sean nods.

“Yeah, the dude who was setting up twelve-year-old girls to be ‘married’ to fifty-year-old dudes, and each man has like thirty wives too. I think Jeffs himself had multiple wives, not to mention dozens of kids. He basically ruled his cult with an iron fist, and needless to say, once they were discovered they were totally disavowed by the regular Latter-Day Saints.”

“So Jeffs is behind bars now?” Brent growls.

“Yeah. Like I said, the fucker was arrested for ‘marrying’ underage girls. Last I heard, the asshole’s serving a life sentence.”

Still, I squint.

“Yeah, but is Kaci’s dad going down the same road? I mean, doesn’t he see that this Jeffs dude is in jail? Obviously, this particular path terminates in a dead end.”

Sean shrugs.

“If your thing is underage pussy, my guess is you’ll do anything to get it. But have you guys witnessed him doing anything illegal?”

I shake my head.

“Naw. Like we said, we just saw Mike Stott that once, and we didn’t even meet him. As soon as Kaci saw her dad with Miss Little House on the Prairie, she rushed us out of the restaurant because she was super-embarrassed. Hell, I would be too if that were my family.”

Sean whistles.

“*Shee-it.*”

Brent grunts.

“Fuck me.”

With that, we slump into silence because where the hell is this going? Most men date saucy young women with lush curves and a sweet personality. But somehow, we’ve gotten ourselves involved with a feisty cocktail waitress who appears to be related to a cult leader with a taste for underage women. Not only that, but Mike Stott could have something even more nefarious up his sleeve ... and goddamn, if we’re going to let him bury us in his special brand of shit.

Kaci

Pretty much the only time I dress modestly is when I'm going to church. Of course, 'modest' is relative because for me, it just means that I'm not wearing a super-short skirt with a halter top that shows off my big boobies. Instead, I have a white blouse on with only the top two buttons undone, and my skirt comes all the way down to mid-thigh. Not only that, but sleek penny loafers decorate my feet, instead of the usual glittery platforms that I adore.

After all, clothes matter and my dad would kill me if I showed up to his church looking like a skank. As a result, I keep things normal out of respect for Mike, but also out of respect for the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

With another long sigh, I climb into my small car and drive to Sanctuary. I don't love Sanctuary's services, but what can you do when your dad's a founding member of the congregation? Besides, it'll be over soon. The sermons are generally pretty short, and I like some of the folks I've met there.

Still, I have a bad feeling about today for some reason. I don't know what it is, but it could be related to the sighting of my father with that young girl. Who was she, and why was she dressed like that? Ever since that night, Hunter and Brent have been careful around me. Of course, they're still pounding my holes every chance they get, but they've avoided speaking about Mike and his oddly-dressed date. It's like they're

stewing on something, and honestly, I don't want to know what it is.

Fortunately, when I get out of my car, my best friend Renee just happens to be arriving with her husband Bridge and their adorable child in tow. It's quite a scandalous tale because Renee used to work as our church secretary, but then Bridge caught her watching porn on the job. As punishment, he made up this thing called the Mormon Dildo Challenge and it sounds like exactly what it is. The older man lined up a series of toys, each one bigger than the next, and then said Renee had to sit on them one by one as punishment! My silly friend bought his tale, and soon of course, they were going at it like wild animals. But the story has a happy ending because now they're married with a baby, and Renee's as happy as can be.

Still, sometimes I wonder how she could have been so gullible. I mean, seriously, did she really believe that the Mormon Challenge existed? Then again, Bridge is a handsome man, so maybe Renee suspended disbelief because in her heart of hearts, she wanted to get naughty with him. I have no idea.

But now, my friend comes skipping over, her brown curls bouncing.

"Hey!" Renee burbles, hugging me tight. "I'm so glad to see you because it feels like it's been forever!"

I giggle.

"No, I've been coming to church every week. I've just been coming late and leaving early. There's too much to do, and I can't stay for the coffee hour afterwards."

"Oh?" she asks, a teasing smile on her lips.

I wink. "I'll tell you all about it one of these days, but right now, we better get inside because you know how my dad gets when people are late."

With that, we walk into Sanctuary, which really isn't much more than a large meeting room connected to some administrative offices, as well as a furnished basement downstairs. We take seats in the back pew in case Renee needs to dash outside with her baby, and soon, the sermon's

underway. It's not bad. Pastor Robert drones on about the importance of community, which I could swear he was speaking about not two weeks ago. Is he just re-using the same speech? It can't be.

But soon enough, the sermon ends, and we go through the rest of the liturgy before saying one final prayer together. But as people begin to rise from their seats, my dad gets up to make a quick announcement. Mike bounds up on stage, looking respectable in his khakis and blue button down with a solid frame and a craggy face. My father has always been able to look presentable and trustworthy, even when I fear the worst.

Mike shoots a polite smile at the crowd.

“Good morning, everyone. Just one last announcement, if you don't mind. We're pleased to be starting a new Bible study group for the young women of our congregation called “Sunday Service,” and our first meeting is today. Now, in fact. If all the unmarried women could join me downstairs in a moment, there are fresh donuts and muffins for everyone as we contemplate the grace of our Father. I look forward to kicking off this blessed event with you.”

I glance at Renee but she shrugs.

“I'm married, so I'm out.”

I sigh. Oh god. I really wanted to go home but I guess that won't be the case, and as I watch, a number of the single young ladies begin to file downstairs. Trying not to look too put out, I slink after them, making my way down to the basement. It's a windowless room with fluorescent lighting and low ceilings, but there's a ring of chairs pulled into a circle as well as a table by the side laden with the afore-mentioned snacks. My dad smiles when he sees me.

“Kaci, welcome. It's nice to see you.”

I merely nod in reply, going to the table to grab a cup of coffee. Soon enough, about ten young women are gathered in the small space, chattering and smiling like pretty birds. To my surprise, the young woman from Wild Dogs is here as well, dressed again in a long floral outfit with her hair pinned back

in an intricate French braid. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised she's here, seeing that this is probably her safe space. But then, my dad closes the basement door, subtly twisting the lock, before turning to face us.

"Thank you all for coming!" he announces, smiling broadly. "I know that you are all Godly women here at this church."

"Yes, Elder Stott. Praise be," the women say in unison. Oh god, I hate when they chant like that. It makes us sound even more cultish, but the women merely smile while taking seats in the circle. Meanwhile, my father stands at the head of the circle, still speaking.

"I'm sure you're all looking forward to Sunday Service," Mike says, his tone playful. "I know *I* am. Right now, the plan is to meet after services every Sunday, as well as at least once more during the week, to contemplate the gifts given to us by our Father."

"Praise be!" the women murmur again, nodding with approval. I cringe because am I the only one who hates the monotonous chanting? Seriously, I can't be right? Yet, when I look around the circle, I see fresh-scrubbed, eager and excited faces. The girls are pretty and young, and fortunately, there's only the one woman who's dressed like Laura Ingalls Wilder. Everyone else looks relatively normal, and I sigh internally. Seriously, I either need to find another congregation or leave Vegas entirely.

But then Lulabelle, a particularly pretty young blonde, pipes up.

"What will today's worship consist of, Elder Stott?" she mewls. "I'm sure it will be wonderful."

My dad doesn't miss a beat.

"I'm glad you asked," he growls with an approving nod. "Seeing that this is our first Sunday Service, I find it appropriate to start at the beginning of our faith, in the Garden of Eden to be precise. As you know, in this ancient Old Testament tale, God grants Adam a partner. He takes one of

Adam's ribs, and fashions from it a beautiful young woman named Eve, who caters to Adam's fleshly desires."

I squint at my dad. Okay, I don't remember *that* part of the story. I thought Adam and Eve were more equals, even if they were frolicking in the nude.

But my father continues, unperturbed.

"As a result, we want to examine the tale of Adam and Eve during today's Sunday Service. It is Sanctuary's position that as a man, and as my forbear Adam before me, God has given me the right to enjoy the companionship of Eve, and to instill in the many Eves of the world a sense of pleasure and delight that was the original purpose of the Garden of Eden."

An approving murmur spreads through the group. The girls must be brainwashed because this is fucking weird, but they merely look excited as they stare at my dad.

"What do you mean, Elder Stott?" Lulabelle lisps, her blue eyes wide and innocent. "Please, let us know how to serve you."

My dad nods with approval.

"Well, first things first, hon. Why don't we recreate the Garden of Eden as best we can to begin with? As you know, Adam and Eve were unclothed in the Garden, and as a result, you will do the same. It's natural, and it's right."

The girls stare at him, surprised.

"Are you sure, Elder Stott?" a pretty redhead named May hesitates. "I mean, I'm not saying no, I just want to make sure..." Her voice trails off as my father glares at her.

"Of course I'm sure," he rasps. "Now disrobe, sweetheart. I want to enjoy what Adam enjoyed so long ago, and this is the first step."

I feel sick, grabbing at my stomach as the nausea rises. What the fuck is going on? Is my dad creating a sex cult? But Mike's on a roll.

"The door is locked," he continues in a smooth tone. "As a result, no one will bother us and you're perfectly safe, ladies."

You can get undressed now.” He says all of this nonchalantly, like it’s no big deal to ask a group of young women to undress for him. What the hell?

But to my surprise, the ladies are obeying. Lulabelle’s pulling off her top to reveal a sweet pink bra, and she shimmies out of her skirt as well. My dad licks his lips, staring at the blonde’s bounteous curves.

“Very beautiful,” he rasps approvingly. “Gorgeous.”

Lulabelle hesitates as the other girls also slip out of their clothes.

“But Elder Stott,” she whispers. “Should I take off my bra and panties too?”

My dad doesn’t hesitate.

“Absolutely sweetheart. Adam and Eve were completely nude in the Garden of Eden, and it’s fitting that you should be as well.”

With that, Lulabelle obeys, slowly unbuckling her bra in the back to reveal two huge, creamy orbs. The tips are pink and hard, and I literally see my dad’s cock jerk within his pants. Then, she shimmies out of her panties, and her sweet slit’s swollen and creamy, already glistening in the low lights of the basement.

What the fuck? As I look around, I see the other girls are in similar states of undress. May is clearly a natural redhead, judging from the patch of fur between her legs, and quite a few girls are giggling and blushing while they show off their titties and pussies for my dad’s appreciative gaze.

“Beautiful, Chrissy,” Mike rasps, his eyes roaming over a particularly attractive young brunette. “You too, Annelise.”

But this shit has gone too far. I can’t allow my father to take advantage of these young women when they clearly don’t know better. In fact, some of the ladies are now jiggling their tits at him while giggling, like this is totally normal.

“Enough!” I bite out. “Stop what you’re doing! Keep your clothes on because this is total bullshit. Sunday Service is

obviously made up. What are we, some crazy religious sex cult? Get a brain and start thinking for yourself, ladies!”

The women are shocked, even as they pause in the jigging and giggles.

“Kaci, what are you doing?” Lulabelle asks in a shocked whisper, her blue eyes wide. “This is your dad!”

I grit my teeth.

“Mike might be my dad, but I can’t stay here and watch him take advantage of you guys. Put your clothes back on,” I snap. “I’m calling the police.”

But my father steps forward then, his expression menacing.

“You are not welcome here,” Mike says in a cold voice. “As you remember, Adam had a first wife whose name was Lilith and she was pure evil. Are you evil incarnate, oh she-demon who walks? Are you actually the offspring of Lilith and not the pure and innocent Eve?”

I stare at him.

“Do you hear yourself? You sound crazed,” I snort. “I’m *your* daughter, not the daughter of some mythical woman from long ago.”

But Mike’s on a roll.

“Lilith was banished from Eden for her refusal to obey Adam. Are you disobeying me now? Are you flouting the original tenets of the Garden of Eden? If so, begone I say!”

I stare at him. At this point, I almost feel like we’re in a scene in *The Exorcist* because Mike’s eyes are bulging from his head as he rages at me with fire and brimstone. His cheeks are ruddy and flushed, and he’s literally breaking out in a sweat as the nude women cluster around us in fear.

“Shut up, Dad,” I say in a dismissive voice. “Unlock the door. Put your clothes back on, girls. I’m not going to let this happen to you.”

But then Mike springs into action. Before I can move, my father’s leaped forward, and grabbed my arms before twisting

them painfully behind my back.

“Ow!” I scream in an outraged voice. “What are you doing?”

But Mike’s lost all sense of sanity. He kicks the back of my leg to make me stagger, and I drop to the floor on my knees, gasping with pain. Then he barks at Lulabelle and another woman.

“You and you!” he shouts. “Hold her in place.”

Quickly, the girls scramble to do as told, pinning me as I kneel before Mike. They look scared but are also unwilling to disobey my father’s harsh commands. I struggle to escape, meanwhile, but the women are stronger than they appear as Dad stares at me with pure hatred in his eyes.

“*You*,” he spits. “You good for nothing whore. Now, it’s time to witness what happens when Lilith disobeys Adam.”

To my horror, Dad comes to stand in front of me, maybe only two feet away as he unbuttons his pants, pulling out an embarrassingly small penis. It looks like a tiny pink worm, and I gasp with horror as he strokes his petite member.

“Dad, stop,” I pant. “I’m begging you. Don’t do this.”

But Mike’s on a roll, his eyes lit from within with a crazed light.

“You’re an evil woman, Kaci. You always have been, whoring around in ridiculous slut outfits at the hotel. You’ve never listened, and now, it’s time to make an example out of you. Open,” he commands.

I stare at him, my lips clamped shut. Absolutely not. This can’t be happening. But Mike moves forward again, and to my horror, his little prick is now stiff. It’s only about three inches in length, but it’s a deep red color with a pearl of come bubbling at the tip. Mike literally rubs it against my chin, smearing my face with his sticky seminal fluid.

“Open,” he rasps again, those blue eyes fixed on my own. “Or there will be an even higher price to pay.”

With that, I open my mouth, but not to suck, but rather to scream with all the fury in my soul. After all, how can this be

happening? This man is my father, but he's asking me to cross every boundary, and every line, that separates us from sheer animal debasement. The worst part? That we're biologically related. But I won't stand for it. I'm Kaci Stott, and I reject every connection to this insane psychopath.

Brent

Hunter and I had a bad feeling this morning. I don't know what caused it but every Sunday lately, we've gotten the heebie-jeebies because we know Kaci's going to church and more likely than not, interacting with that assfuck who's her dad.

But today, something's even more off than usual, and as a result, Hunter and I decide to pile in the car to check up on our girl. We've invented an excuse, of course. We're going to surprise her with a special lunch at the Breakaway Café after services, but really, it's just to spy on the comings and goings of Sanctuary members.

But by the time we get to the building, most cars are already gone. The sun's baking the asphalt as Hunter and I jump out of the truck, before opening the door to the church. It's dark and empty inside as we peer into the cool interior. Yet, Kaci's vehicle was parked in the lot, so where could she be?

That's when a shrill scream pierces the air. Where did that come from? It sounded like the basement. Immediately, Hunter and I scramble downstairs and try the door, but it's locked. What the fuck? We throw ourselves against the wood, hurling our big bodies at the piece of crap, and fortunately, Vegas isn't exactly known for its high-quality construction. After a few good body blows, the particle board snaps and the

door pops open to reveal the most horrifying scene we've ever witnessed in our lives.

Mike Stott's there with his laughable facsimile of a cock out. Seriously, that pink thing resembles a crayon, it's so narrow and thin. But even worse, he's wiping the tip all over Kaci's cheeks and chin, painting his own daughter with his fluids.

"You see?" he hisses. "Lilith paid the price, and so will you, slut."

Kaci opens her mouth to scream again, and it's then that I notice that she's being held in place by two nude girls. Mike uses that opening to thrust his pink crayon between her lips, but Hunter and I are on it. With a vengeful roar, I rush forwards and literally head-butt Mike Stott. We tumble to the floor, the older man squealing with terror as his pink crayon flops about wildly.

Meanwhile, Hunter begins brandishing a weapon. Where the fuck did he get a pistol? Nonetheless, the nude girls scream as my buddy rages. "Get out of here!" he shouts. "Leave this ass fuck to us."

The girls grab their clothes and rush up the stairs, their hair flying and asses jiggling. Meanwhile, Kaci collapses to the floor, her eyes wide with shock and horror as she wipes at her face. Enraged, I deliver a vicious punch to Mike's head, knocking him out, as Hunter sweeps our girl up into his arms.

"Let's get out of here," he hisses.

I nod, and soon, we're in the car with Kaci strapped securely in the front seat. She's blubbering and crying, but there's nothing to be done about it at the moment. It's imperative to get to safety before unpacking what horrific shit just went down.

Within minutes, we're at our townhouse, the enormous space sparsely furnished with not much more than some beige furniture and a huge flat screen TV. But none of that matters at the moment, as Kaci sits on the couch, still trembling and crying.

“Tell us what happened, sweetheart,” I say in a low voice. “How did your dad ...?”

The question only makes Kaci cry harder, her eyes swollen as tears run down her cheeks.

“It was awful,” she gasps. “Totally fucked up and absolutely awful. He’s starting a cult where he takes advantage of young women.”

I shake my head, expression grim.

“Yeah, it looked like he was headed in that direction.”

But Kaci shakes her head, dabbing at her cheeks with a Kleenex.

“But it’s worse,” she whispers. “You saw how young those other girls were! How they were nude too, and Mike was making it sound like he was Adam, and was about to re-live the hedonism of the Garden of Eden with all those girls. I mean, are you fucking kidding me? What’s wrong with them?”

I take her small hand in my own.

“They’re brainwashed, that’s all, but they’ll be fine. We called the police on our way out, and there were sirens in the distance, so they’re safe.” But I look hard at my sweet girl. “Did Mike hurt you, baby? We’ll whup his ass if he did.”

Kaci shakes her head angrily, looking a bit more like her old self now.

“No, but if he tried, I’d have bit his dick off. I can’t believe he was willing to do that to me. I’m his daughter! I mean, seriously, how screwed up is that?”

Hunter and I nod in agreement.

“What a fucking animal,” my friend bites out.

“In a bad way,” I add. “I’m sure he’ll be eating shit next.”

Kaci shakes her head again.

“And that girl from the restaurant was there again, and she was dressed like Laura Ingalls again too. I think her name is Mindy? Anyways, she was doing everything my dad told her

to, and I really thought that if he'd told her to suck his dick and have his baby, she would have. What is she, eighteen? Nineteen even?"

"Or less," Hunter says in a grim voice. "I wouldn't put it past Mike Stott."

Kaci's expression is sorrowful.

"I know, and I wouldn't either," she says in a soft voice. "It's terrible. I wish I could have done more for those women."

I pull her trembling form close to my broad chest.

"You did enough, sweetheart. We're just glad you're not brainwashed yourself because you're his daughter, so it would have been easy enough. Hell, this whole shit storm would have ended way differently if you'd bought into Mike's dog and pony show."

Kaci lets out a half-cry, half-snort.

"I'm far too stubborn to fall for my father's tricks. Who would have thought that being pig-headed would be a good thing for me?"

I chuckle, squeezing her form as some of the tension eases. "I'm glad to hear that, sweetheart. See? There's a silver lining to everything."

But then, I look over at Hunter and he nods. My buddy and I have discussed this before, and today's events have merely cemented our resolve.

"We care about you, Kaci, and we want to be with you, sweetheart. But if we're going to be in a relationship, then you can't be a part of Sanctuary Church anymore. That place is dangerous and fucked-up, and even as an occasional parishioner, it would be too much. I know your father is a founding member, but you have to leave. It's a lot to ask, baby, because I know it means a lot to you, but that's our condition."

Kaci immediately snorts. "Sanctuary doesn't mean anything to me. I was only going because of my dad, and now we've seen his true colors. So yeah, absolutely. I'm quitting the church

because what is there left? How will they even keep going, given what happened this morning?”

I shake my head.

“You’d be surprised. We were the only witnesses, after all, so it’s their word against ours. But regardless of their future, I want to make clear that you’re no longer associated with Sanctuary in any way, shape, or form. Not only that, but you’re not seeing any other men other than myself and Hunter.”

Kaci immediately nods.

“I wasn’t, Brent. I swear on it. Yes, things used to get frisky at the Corinthian, but not anymore. In fact, I may even ask to be transferred.”

Hunter frowns then.

“Transferred where?”

She smiles playfully then.

“Maybe to housekeeping? Laundry? I don’t know because I haven’t decided, but we’ll see.”

I laugh because this is what we love about Kaci the most.

“We’re here for you, baby girl,” I growl. “No need to stress out about the financial aspect because Hunter and I make more than enough. You’re welcome to move in with us, and of course, we want you to be happy. We love you, sweetheart, and your state of mind is paramount.”

Kaci looks surprised then, wonder and delight crossing over those beautiful features.

“You love me?” she asks in a hesitant voice.

Hunter sits next to her on her other side, pulling that curvy form close

“Of course, baby girl. What do you think we’ve been trying to say all along? We adore you, and want to be with you more than anything. Maybe we’ll be taking it one day at a time right now, seeing how that shitshow just went down, but never

doubt our intentions, sweetheart,” he growls in a fierce tone, those blue eyes sparking. “We adore you, Kaci.”

With that, the sassy woman throws her arms about us, laughing and crying at once.

“I love you too, Hunter and Brent,” she says in a rush. “But I was so afraid that you wouldn’t be interested, seeing that I have a crazy job and a crazy family. I mean, what man would?”

“We would,” my friend and I immediately reply in deep tones. “We adore you, Kaci Stott, and with more time, everything will be resolved. We promise.”

Then, Kaci kisses us, her mouth sweet and body pliant. Immediately, Hunter and I are on it because the beautiful woman needs the healing that only a physical connection can give at the moment. The mental healing will come with time, but on our watch, Kaci will be just fine. More than fine, in fact. We intend on making her happy, and with the curvy girl in our arms, everything will work itself out.

EPILOGUE

Kaci

I lay my hand on my belly, which is just starting to bulge with pregnancy. OMG, it's insane how quickly things can change. Six months ago, I was prancing around the Corinthian as a cocktail waitress while entertaining dozens of handsome men. I was having sex on the fly and loving the experience too, even if I often had the seed of multiple men dripping from my body on any given night.

But now, I've quit my job at the hotel, and moved in with Brent and Hunter. Now, the only seed that I harbor is theirs, and it's unexpectedly satisfying. Besides, with the pregnancy, my lovers didn't want me to work. They urged me to take things easy, and to rest and relax before the baby's born.

Even crazier (or maybe not so crazy), I'm no longer associated with Sanctuary, and have no contact with my father either. Last I heard, Mike's in jail because he couldn't make bail, and he's up on some fairly serious charges. I haven't been called testify yet, but it's coming. After all, you can't just start a sex cult with teenage girls and expect to get away with it. I'm not looking forward to the trial and the notoriety coming our way, but it is what it is. My father deserves what's coming to him, and hopefully once he's behind bars, he'll recognize the error of his ways.

But now, Brent, Hunter and I are visiting a model home about twenty miles from Vegas. We're looking for more space now

that I'm pregnant, and I climb out of Brent's truck to gasp at the beautiful, ranch-style two-story in front of us. It's brand new, with a sparkling emerald lawn, trimmed hedges, and a three-car garage.

"Oh, wow," I breathe. "It's gorgeous!"

The guys chuckle.

"If you like it, then we'll get it, sweetheart."

I gasp.

"But it's huge," is my whisper. "Can we afford it?"

Brent and Hunter grin.

"You know I just won that ultra last month in Oregon," Hunter begins.

"And I'm headed off to Hawaii for the latest Ironman and the biggest purse yet," finishes Brent. "I'm a shoo-in for the podium, so yeah, we can afford it."

I giggle because actually, Hunter and Brent have also quit their jobs as blackjack dealers at the Corinthian. They've become full-time professional athletes, and their focus and discipline have paid off. Not only have they begun winning races, but their endorsements have also tripled in value, and as a result, we're building a nice nest egg for our family.

I giggle and kiss them both as we enter the home, taking in the enormous skylights and top of the line cabinetry. There are huge windows showcasing a lagoon-style pool in back, complete with a small patch of grass as well as a humongous stainless steel grill. But then, I turn to my boyfriends.

"We're definitely going to have to have people over because this house is made for entertaining," I murmur. "But did I tell you about my friend Sydney?"

My two handsome boyfriends frown.

"No, why? Have we met her before? I don't remember anyone named Sydney," Hunter says.

I giggle.

“Silly! She’s also a cocktail waitress at the Corinthian! OMG, have you forgotten? It hasn’t been *that* long since we worked there.”

Hunter and Brent grin.

“The hotel feels like another lifetime, but tell us honey. How’s your friend?” they invite.

I giggle. “Well, it’s super crazy actually, and to be honest, I shouldn’t be laughing because what happened is serious.”

Hunter shoots me an amused look.

“More serious even than sex cults and your dad going to jail?”

I laugh while shooting him a rueful look.

“Okay, just as serious,” I concede. “But actually, Sydney was on a flight, and the plane was hijacked.”

That causes Hunter and Brent to stare.

“Are you serious? Is she okay?” Brent rasps. “Holy shit.”

I nod.

“She’s fine, actually, and the hijacking was all over the news. But the part the news didn’t share is that Sydney actually stopped the hijacker by having sex with him.”

That makes Brent and Hunter stare even harder.

“You must be kidding,” Brent drawls.

“Holy shit,” Hunter adds, shaking his dark head. “What the fuck? I swear, the world gets crazier and crazier with every moment.”

I nod.

“I know, right? I need to talk with Sydney about it because she must be totally shaken up. But still, sex with a hijacker in order to save a plane full of people? It gives new meaning to ‘taking one for the team,’ not to mention the ‘Mile High Club.’”

The guys shake their heads with wonder, blue eyes amazed.

“Yeah, I guess so,” Brent rasps. “Fuck, what has the world come to?”

“I know, insane, right?” I muse again. “I swear, I feel like the Earth is spinning backwards on its axis, and that soon we’ll be floating through hyperspace because this is all so nuts.”

But Brent and Hunter merely pull me close before pressing kisses to my hair and resting their big hands on my belly.

“Well, no matter what happens, we’re together,” Brent rasps, those blue eyes gleaming. “We love you, Kaci, and you and the child are under our protection.”

“No matter what happens in the world, be it sex cults, jail, or hijackers flying the skies,” adds Hunter in a droll voice. “You are ours, sweet girl, and you’re strong, resilient, and brave. You’ve shown your mettle, honey, and we love you all the more for it.”

With that, the two men kiss me and I lose myself in their warm embrace. After all, I’m the lucky woman who has not one, but a pair of handsome, gorgeous professional athletes to call her lovers. Maybe Hunter, Brent and I started out as a hook-up long ago, but now with so much under our belts, we know that sticking together is the way to be ... and we’ll be together forevermore, if Brent and Hunter have their way.

THE END

WAIT, IT’S NOT OVER YET!

Watch as Hunter and Brent enjoy their woman’s pregnant form in a special extended epilogue where all the rules go flying out the window! Pick up your copy [here](#) (digital download) or [here](#) (read online). *Warning: filth ahead!*

BUT WHAT ABOUT SYDNEY?

Sydney’s ‘taken one for the team’ because she had sex with her plane’s hijacker in order to save the cabin and its crew. But against all odds, Sydney was turned on by the handsome terrorist, and now she’s going to meet him for more ... all

while giving him her a\$\$ as part of the Mile High Club! Pick up Sydney's story in *Tempting The Hijacker*, available [here](#).

BUT WHAT ABOUT TAMARA?

Tamara's a bad girl who likes to ride men out in the open. Okay, so it's not *totally* out in the open. She only plays like that in the high rollers room at the Corinthian, but what happens when the men lock the door and decide to use her curves in a filthy gangbang? They're been teased long enough, and now, there's no way for the curvy girl to escape. Stay tuned for Tamara's story, coming soon.

GET THE PREVIOUS BOOK IN THIS SERIES: TAKING HIS PUNISHMENT

Renee's been bad, and she's being punished for her wicked ways. As a result, a handsome church elder lines up a series of toys, each one bigger than the last. Can she stretch enough to satisfy her man? Or will she be damned to eternity forever?

This is a story of total filth mixed with religion, so be forewarned! Pick up Renee's story in *Taking His Punishment*, available [here](#).

WHAT'S A MORMON DICK SOAK?

Tanya's taken a vow to stay pure for her future husband as part of religious vow, but there are exceptions to every rule, and that means taking Stone's huge rod in her wet snatch ... and making him hold it there without moving as part of the Mormon D*ck Soak. Will he explode? Or will the handsome CEO blast her so hard that she overflows? Pick up *Corrupting Her*, available [here](#).

WEEKEND OF SIN

Janelle is betrayed by her boyfriend when he deserts her in an isolated cabin with her hands tied behind her back and a big d*ldo crammed in her behind. Even worse, a handsome man

finds her in that position ... and now, he's stirring the d*ldo (I mean the pot) just for fun! Pick up *Weekend of Sin* [here](#).

DADDY IN SECRET

The man from my past said he's been dreaming of me with my legs spread, taking it hard while my big breasts bobble. But it wasn't a dream because I had his baby in secret! Now, my babydaddy's back ... and even crazier, the billionaire wants to spray my pu\$\$y with his sperm AGAIN! What do I do? Pick up your copy of *Daddy In Secret* [here](#).

FILTHY TWIN COWBOYS

I was sent to reform school to "amend" my bad ways. But the two cowboys in charge did more than just amend. They stretched me so hard that I was lifted off my feet while choking on a massive shaft in my mouth. Please, let me go because I promise I'll never be bad again! Pick up your copy of *Filthy Twin Cowboys* [here](#).

SIGN UP

Want to be the first to learn about sales, new releases, pre-orders and special freebies? [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**

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 LOVER MY
STALKER**

JASON

In this excerpt, Jason watches Olly as she sleeps.

I moan. How am I supposed to just stand here at Olly's bedside as the curvy girl tempts me like this? After all, now would be the moment to leave. If she wakes up and finds me here, I'll be shit out of luck. She'll call the police and I'll be thrown back in the slammer, for good reason too. I'm trespassing, not to mention stalking, the sweet girl.

Yet my feet stay rooted to the soft carpet, my back pressed against the cool wall even as my blood hums. I'm not going anywhere. *I can't.*

Olly shifts again and her other breast tumbles out from her negligee, equally as big, round and soft. My fingers itch to squeeze them, and to mold them as she mewls. Then I want to suck each one until she's clawing at my back, begging for me to take her.

Like a man in a trance, I unbutton my black shirt and let it fall to the ground. My dark jeans and boxers join the discarded shirt, and within seconds, I'm completely naked in Olly's room. What the fuck am I doing? I need to stop this *now*.

But my body has a mind of its own and with quiet steps, I make my way to the foot of the mattress and climb onto it, the flimsy thing practically buckling under my weight. Yet Olly only moans and stirs a bit, her left breast sliding and puddling in my direction.

Oh fuck, I can't resist. Unable to help myself, I bend down and suckle her tit. At first, I just do a few sweet licks on the hard nub, sampling her flesh, but she's like hard candy between my lips and soon, I'm suckling like a babe at her juicy breast.

"Mmm," she moans breathlessly. "Ohhhh."

I look up quickly, and yet Olly's eyes are still closed even as she shifts restlessly beneath my huge form. She probably just thinks this is a particularly wet and dirty dream. Well, dream on, sweet girl, because it's getting even better.

My tongue runs over her sensitive bud and this time I moan, my lips vibrating against her breast. Then I begin to massage that soft flesh before pushing both mounds together tightly, and suckling from both of her nipples at once. She jerks beneath me, crying out, but I don't stop. No, I keep sucking at them even as my hips begin to buck, rubbing that hardness against her smooth thigh. Yet Olly's having a good time too because while I lap at her twin teats, her hand shifts under the blanket and I know where it's going.

"We can't have that," I whisper softly. "That's my job, sweetheart."

Slowly, I pull the blanket from her body, revealing her luscious form. Her pale skin lights up the dark room and I marvel at her beauty. Of course I've seen her nude before, but

this is different. It's more personal this time because I'm mere inches from those creamy hills and valleys. I can smell the lingering scent of her body wash, and feel the softness of the lotion she applies after her shower.

Quickly, I strip her from her negligee and panties so that she's starkly nude before me before moaning deep in my throat. Her pussy is perfectly shaved, and I watch as she runs her fingers up and down her slit before returning to tease the sensitive bud of flesh between her pussy lips.

"You're preparing for me," I whisper. "Thank you, baby girl, but you don't have to anymore. I'm here."

Olly moans again, but I'm not worried she'll wake because I already know she's a heavy sleeper. Gently, I run my fingers from just above her knee all the way up her soft stomach and back to her breast. My eyes linger on her plush vaginal lips, which are separated just slightly as she sighs blissfully.

Risking it all, I lean down and kiss her there. She responds, her hips bucking sweetly, and yet doesn't wake.

Groaning deep in my chest, I whisper again. "It's coming, baby. You don't have to touch yourself anymore." Then, I slip my hand down to her center and slowly skim my fingers over her swollen folds. "Fuck baby, you're drenched," I growl, my blue eyes brightening. "Fuck fuck fuck."

Olly arches her back and spreads her thighs wider, inviting me in.

"Mmm, Jason," she whispers.

I jerk back to stare at her face, and yet the beautiful woman's still asleep. Holy fuck. She's having a wet dream, and I'm the star of the show! That only turns me on more, and my hand slips back to her swollen slit. My fingers tease in circles around her nub a bit, until she squeals and pushes her hips into my hand. Then I pinch her clit before giving it a good rub and she lets out a long, drawn-out sigh of satisfaction.

"Yes baby," I whisper hoarsely, watching as ecstasy washes over her features. "That's it. Feels good, doesn't it?"

My cock presses against her creamy thigh, and she tosses again because she needs hard cock deep inside ... *and I'm just the man to give it to her.*

To be continued ...

My Lover My Stalker is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).

ABOUT S.E. LAW

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

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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 and get a FREE book!

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