



SHARING
Her
CURVES

A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

S.E. LAW
S.C. ADAMS

SHARING HER CURVES

A Forbidden Romance


S.E. LAW

S.C. ADAMS

Copyright © 2022 by S.E. Law and S.C. Adams

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

 Created with Vellum

SUBSCRIBE NOW

Get *The Babymaking Service* free when you join S.E. Law's mailing list [here](#). Also, text SELAW to 833-213-3403 to join my VIP text club and get 15% off your first order from my website!

CONTENTS

[About This Book](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Sneak Peek: Paying The Rent](#)

[Sneak Peek: My Anonymous Lover](#)

[About S.E. Law](#)

[About S.C. Adams](#)

ABOUT THIS BOOK

Clara: I admit, I've come a long way. I used to be so repressed and boring, but then I got a job as a stewardess and joined the Mile High Club. Yes, I let multiple men enjoy my curves, and now, I'm pregnant with a baby with no idea who the father is.

Fortunately, my ex-stepdad allows me to move in with him. Carl's rich, generous, and godawful handsome too. He's got piercing blue eyes, not to mention the powerful physique of a gladiator with a muscled chest, thick thighs, and an immense tool that makes my mouth water.

But what Carl doesn't know won't kill him because I've been seeing another man on the side ...

Who also happens to be his boss!

It happened by accident, I swear. I'm temping at Herald Enterprises, and once John Herald saw my pregnant form, he invited me into his office for a "chat." Soon, I was bent over his desk as the handsome CEO taught me *exactly* how to keep the boss happy.

But will our love last if Carl and John don't get along? After all, there's enough of me to go around, but what if they don't see it that way? I'll have to teach the alpha males a lesson ... ***which includes learning to SHARE.***

This book is a follow-up to Tempting The Hijacker. In this story, we meet Sydney's pal Clara, who quit her job as a schoolteacher to embark on a new career as a flight attendant. But her naughty ways get her in trouble, and not only that, but the best has yet to come! After all, Carl and John are two alpha males who both crave Clara, but will the two men agree to share the sassy brunette? Read and find out! No cheating, no cliffhangers, and always a HEA for my readers.

CHAPTER ONE

Clara

“Thank you for letting me stay with you again,” I murmur while washing the dishes. “I really appreciate it, Carl.”

The man of the house merely nods.

“No, it’s fine sweetheart,” he rasps. “I’m glad I could be of help. And tell me - how is the new job going?”

I smile shyly at my stepdad because Carl’s been a rock to lean on lately. After falling unexpectedly pregnant, I didn’t have a place to go. I’d been working as a flight attendant for a year or so and the fact is that I was working so much that I gave up my apartment. Between shifts, I was basically staying with other flight attendants or sometimes just getting a cheap AirBnB in whatever city I happened to be stationed in. It was always temporary, and honestly, I was saving on rent.

But all that changed after I got pregnant because now I need a stable place to raise my child, but the fact is that I don’t know who the father of my baby is. Of course, I haven’t admitted this to many people, but I actually went a little wild working as a flight attendant. I was sleeping with multiple men in first-class, not to mention some of the pilots during our days off. It

was incredibly sensual, not to mention exciting, but now I'm pregnant and I have no idea who the babydaddy is.

I haven't told my stepfather though. I just gave Carl a spiel about how a boy I hooked up with took off after he found out about the pregnancy, and my stepfather has been sympathetic. He offered me a place to crash, and as a result, I'm growing bigger every day under his watchful eye.

But Carl's really gone the extra mile because not only am I living at his house, but he also managed to wrangle a job for me where he works, Herald Enterprises. It's just a temp job but I don't mind. I'm not so far along with my pregnancy yet, and I quite like my co-workers. Of course, we're just doing admin work but it's fine. I'm happy to be productive, and I plan on temping as long as I'm physically able to.

But yes, Carl and I have settled into a comfortable routine. We get home from Herald at around the same time every day, and I whip us up a nice dinner. It's usually very simple because I'm hardly a gourmet chef, but Carl seems to appreciate it. He loves my spaghetti and meatballs, not to mention my special recipe for eggplant parmesan, and even goes out of his way to buy the ingredients that I need during our weekend shopping trips. As a result, we're very comfortable together, and I'm really enjoying our time together as my pregnancy progresses.

But things aren't *overly* comfortable because Carl's gorgeous, and although I'm ashamed to admit it, I'm kind of attracted to my stepfather. Okay, a little. Okay, I admit it. I'm *really* attracted to him. After all, he's tall and handsome, with night-black hair, piercing blue eyes, and the body of a gladiator. I don't know how he does it, but Carl gets up at six every morning and works out like a fiend in his basement gym. Me on the other hand? I snooze until the last possible moment,

rousing myself only for a hurried shower before we carpool to Herald Enterprises together.

But what this means is that my stepfather is insanely fit with the physique of a gladiator, and I can't help but stare at him sometimes when I think he doesn't notice. His shoulders are incredibly broad, and that chest wide and covered with heavy slabs of pure muscle. His arms are thick, and those long, powerful legs look like they could pull an ox cart. Not only that, but I've seen his cock by accident before, and this is no average-sized tool. No, when he was getting out of the Jacuzzi the other day, the fabric of his swim trunks basically outlined that massive shaft, and it was so huge that my mouth went dry. I could see how the anaconda wrapped around his waist, it was so enormous, and I squirmed hotly in my seat at the window, pressing my thighs together as need pooled in my lower stomach.

But this is so wrong because Carl used to be married to my mom. He and Vivian got married after I'd already left for school, so I've actually never really observed them together as a married couple. But in a horrific tragedy, Vivian was in a car accident a couple years ago, and she passed away after a short stay in intensive care. Then, it was only me and Carl, and we drifted apart a bit. I took a job as a flight attendant, traveling the world, while he stayed here in Allentown. Of course, we'd talk every now and then, but never about anything important. We didn't even get together for holidays because flight attendants get extra pay when we work holidays, and as a result I was often gone for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

So I know it was a surprise when I called him out of the blue, telling him about my pregnancy, but Carl handled it with grace. He said I could stay with him, no problem, seeing that he has a nice-sized house in Allentown, and further, that the

burbs would be good for my baby. After all, who wants to live in the crowded city when you're expecting? The streets are too narrow for a stroller, and there are cabs and delivery boys who will run you over. Not only that, but the air's polluted from all the congestion and no one wants to expose their fetus to high levels of carbon monoxide. As a result, I was relieved when Carl offered me his spare bedroom.

But yes, now we've settled into a nice domestic routine. We've just finished our meal, and Carl's sipping at an after-dinner drink as I clean up a bit around the kitchen. His big form looms as he sits at the breakfast bar, those blue eyes trailing over my curvy form. I'm only showing a little bit at this point, but is it my imagination, or does Carl actually like my poochy belly? I'll sometimes catch him looking at the soft bulge, or else my jiggly thighs, or big breasts. Or maybe he likes my bottom because it's definitely got a lot of padding. Whatever it is, my stepdad is a man who appreciates a full-figured female, and I'm definitely on the voluptuous side.

But we both act like nothing's the matter. Our conversation is generally casual and doesn't go too much beyond our days at work, and maybe some groceries that we need. Occasionally, we'll talk about a movie or maybe a book that I'm reading, but otherwise, we stick to the lighter topics because it's just easier that way. I definitely don't want to rehash my mother's death, and I don't think Carl does either. Nor does he have a girlfriend, as far as I can tell, and I like it that way. I know I shouldn't, but I do.

So I smile prettily while glancing at him over one narrow shoulder.

"The job's going fine, thanks. I really like Herald, and I've made a new friend there, Elle. She also works as an admin."

Carl frowns.

“Can’t say I know her. Where does she sit?”

“Oh, with me in the temp area. She’s a temp too, and she just started last month, so it makes sense that you don’t know her. But Elle is great. I’m glad I have someone to talk with during the day, and she’s around my age too, so we’re interested in a lot of the same things.”

Carl grins.

“So what do you guys talk about? TikTok and the latest fashion trends? Or the news?”

I giggle.

“We do talk about the news sometimes,” I say in an arch tone. “We’re not just airheaded bimbos who can’t think past the next reality TV episode of *Housewives in Wherever*. So yes, I do know that we have a Black woman on the Supreme Court now, and I also know that Elon Musk is disrupting Twitter, or whatever that means.”

Carl merely shakes his head while swirling his drink.

“That guy is an insanely rich dude who’s doing whatever he wants.”

I shoot Carl a look.

“But *you’re* a rich dude who’s doing whatever you want too, Carl,” I say in a playful tone. “I mean, you’re loaded, single, and ready to mingle, right? So there must be tons of women throwing themselves at you for a date.”

My heart thumps in my chest because of course, I want Carl to deny it. I want my stepfather all to myself, even if even the mere thought is totally ridiculous.

But of course, the handsome man doesn't deny it. He merely looks thoughtful, his expression going far away.

"You're right, there are a lot of women in Allentown who've made it more than clear they'd love a night in my bed," he says in a low tone before shrugging. "But what can I say? I'm not feeling it."

I turn while wiping my hands on a dishtowel, even as my heart beats rapidly in my chest.

"But why not? Is there something wrong with them?"

Carl merely shakes his head, a dark flush spreading out over his cheekbones.

"No, of course not. There's nothing wrong with the ladies. In fact, they're very right and I'm probably an idiot for not taking them up on it," he says in a low tone. "But what can you do? If the vibe's not there, then it's not there. I'm not looking for something romantic at the moment. I like my life because it's quiet and peaceful, and I can hear myself think," he winks at me.

I giggle.

"Yeah, but not with me here! I'm underfoot all the time and after the baby gets here, it's going to be even crazier."

I half expect Carl to say something about finding other accommodations for me after the baby's born, but instead, he just shrugs those broad shoulders and shoots me a grin.

"We'll cross that bridge when we get to it, sweetheart," he growls. "Don't worry your pretty little head about anything. We're not there yet."

My heart flutters in my chest because it almost sounds like Carl wants to be a father to my baby. Well, maybe not a father

per se, but he doesn't sound put off at the thought of an infant squalling in the middle of the night, much less the loads of dirty laundry and baby bottles that are going to accumulate. Plus, I'll be a mess after labor, so he'll not only have his hands full with a child, but with me too.

Yet the handsome man doesn't seem put off by the idea. Hmm. Maybe he's even looking forward to it because it's something he's never experienced before. But everyone knows that having a newborn is difficult, so why would he want this? Carl's forty-five if a day, and surely, this is too much to ask.

But the handsome man merely smiles at me again, those blue eyes glinting in the low lights.

"So have you been keeping in touch with the father of your baby?" my stepdad asks in a smooth tone. Oh shit, we're back to this. Again, I fed Carl a lie about the circumstances of my pregnancy, and a hot flush rises to my cheeks as I bite my lip. I hate telling lies because they only get bigger and bigger with time, and now I feel like I'm caught in a spiderweb. Still, I try to roll with the story.

"Oh um, not really," I say quickly. "You know that after I told Jonny about my pregnancy, he showed no interest whatsoever. In fact, he even asked me to get a termination, which I absolutely would not do. After that, he kind of washed his hands of us, so no, I haven't kept in touch. In fact, last time I tried to call, the call was disconnected, so I think he's even changed his number."

Carl looks positively fierce now.

"Are you fucking serious? The father of your baby changed his number and didn't tell you? Tell me where he is because I'm going to tear that asshole a new one."

Oh shit, oh shit, I've said too much. I smile weakly.

"No, no, it's fine! Don't worry because I've been able to get in touch with Jonny over email," I say in a quick voice. "He's responsive, but he said he's visiting some family in Georgia right now, so he's a little busy."

Carl still looks pissed.

"Yeah, but what boy goes missing when he's got a pregnant woman on his hands? Doesn't he care about his own child?"

"Yes, of course," I say, trying to think on the fly. "But I think Jonny said his great-aunt is sick, and he needs to take care of her during her last days. Not only that, but she lives way out in the swamps of Georgia, in those coastal areas that are practically off the grid. So he's a little out of range right now, but he definitely emails when he can."

Still, Carl is unappeased.

"What a fucking douche," my stepfather mutters under his breath, staring at his drink with a murderous glare. "Seriously, kids these days are so goddamn irresponsible."

"I know," I say in a soothing tone. "But let's not talk about that, okay? Jonny has a lot going on right now, and I'm sure he'll circle back when it's time." Then, I stretch with my arms over my head, which makes my stepfather look up because my big breasts rise in the air, straining against my thin t-shirt. Not only that, but the soft cotton rides up, and sure enough, the handsome man gets a glimpse of my soft belly beneath the hem, round and burgeoning slightly with my pregnancy. Is it my imagination, or do Carl's blue eyes flare then? He definitely licks his lips while taking in my ripe figure, and I giggle slightly.

"You know the bad part about an office job?" I ask playfully.

Carl shoots me a look.

“You mean, other than the fluorescent lighting, carpal tunnel, and gray furniture?”

“Oh you!” I giggle while swatting a small hand in his direction. “No, not that. It’s that I’m not used to sitting in a chair for eight hours a day after working on my feet as a flight attendant. As a result, my back feels tight and I could really use some time in the Jacuzzi. Is that okay? I know it’s dark already, but there are lights in the backyard.”

My stepdad’s eyes flare, and I swear, his cock jerks against the groin of his shorts. But instead, he merely looks away, a harsh flush on those high cheekbones.

“Of course, honey. You know that that’s what the Jacuzzi is for. Knock yourself out. Hell, I’ll even go out and get the water tuned on while you get changed.”

I flash him a brilliant smile because more than anything, I’d love for Carl to join me in the water. But it would be too forward, and as a result I just nod while skipping happily off to my room.

“Thanks, Daddy,” I murmur. “I appreciate.”

I’m not sure if Carl heard me say the D-word but I think he did because the flush on his cheeks darkens and I swear, his cock jerks again. I don’t call him “Daddy” on a regular basis. It’s just something that slips out every now and again, and it never fails to get a reaction from him, even though he tries to hide it. What does his reaction mean though? I have no idea.

Meanwhile, a small giggle rises in my throat as I shut the bedroom door behind me because Carl may be the man of the house ... but I have some tricks up my sleeve that will knock his socks (*and his shorts*) off.

CHAPTER TWO

Carl

Fuck, this woman is killing me. What the hell was I thinking when I invited Clara to stay? I wasn't thinking, that's the thing. It was an impulsive invitation, and now I'm living to regret it.

Well, "living" would be an overstatement. It's more than I'm barely hanging on by a thread as my libido roars to life, unable to resist the curvy girl. After all, I was expecting to see someone like the old Clara show up on my doorstep after I opened my doors to her. How could I have known? When her mother was alive, Clara would come and visit on occasion, but Vivian's daughter had lank brown hair; a rash of acne on her chin; and a gangly body that probably weighed a hundred and fifteen pounds soaking wet.

But now, I'm willing to believe that Clara's a solid one seventy or one eighty, if not more. Even better, the weight's gone to all the lushest parts of her body, including those huge, Double D breasts as well as the sweet bottom that sways as she walks around. I've seen her in the pencil skirts that she wears to work sometimes, and the woman's got the classic

hourglass figure: big on top, narrow at her waist, and then with a lush ass that has all the guys salivating when she sashays by.

Even worse, Clara often wears the tiniest of sleep sets when we're at home together. Sometimes, it's not much more than a tiny pink camisole which highlights those big breasts, and a pair of short shorts that leave nothing to the imagination. They're somehow tight and loose at once, meaning that the elastic band clings to her waist, but then the shorts part is loose and floppy. It's so bad that when she was sitting on the couch just last week with one leg bent at the knee, I was able to look right up one leg of her short shorts to catch a glimpse of steaming pink pussy. It was gorgeous and wetly swollen, and I almost died right there. Of course, I didn't. Instead, I got up stiffly from the couch and bid her goodnight before limping off to my room like a man in pain. My boner hurt so much that I literally collapsed on the mattress after the bedroom door shut, before proceeding to rub one out, muffling my shouts in my pillow.

"Fuck, what has this woman done to me?" I mutter to myself while fiddling with the jets of the Jacuzzi. "I'm dying here." Then, there's a spray, a fizz, and the water bubbles to life as I adjust the temperature to a comfortable eighty. The Jacuzzi is one of the best parts of my property. After I bought this house, I had the tub specially installed in the backyard, and it's a winner. The king-size Jacuzzi is made of stone-colored fiberglass stationed beneath a wooden gazebo. It's dark now, but I accounted for that by installing a couple of lamps that shine in the night sky, bathing the hot tub in a warm glow. Lush greenery climbs up the wooden trellises of the gazebo, and as I stare at the bubbling water, my cock jerks again. I'd give anything to join Clara in the steamy water, but who am I

kidding? I'd have my cock in that pregnant body so fast that she'd probably scream before crying bloody murder.

At that moment, my beautiful stepdaughter steps out into the backyard, clad in nothing but a pink silk robe and flip-flops.

"Thanks for getting everything ready, Carl," she murmurs while approaching the gazebo. Then, the sweet girl pauses. "Are you going to get in the water too?"

"Oh no," I say quickly. "This is all for you, sweetheart. I have some work to finish up in the house, so I better get back."

"Oh, okay," says Clara in a soft voice. "Sure that makes sense."

What did that "oh, okay" mean? Does she *want* me to get in? But it's hard to see her expression because the lights have cast her face into shadow, even as the blood races in my veins. Then, Clara moves towards the hot tub while letting the pink robe slip from her shoulders and it's then that I go from rubber to iron in about two seconds flat because she's gorgeous. The sweet girl's wearing a hot pink bikini that must be at least two sizes too small. Or maybe it's the pregnancy doing it? I don't know.

All I know is that her breasts spill out of the small triangle tops along both the sides and the bottom. My mouth goes dry as I envisioning kissing the underside of one of her breasts, and maybe running my tongue along the fold of where her tit meets her torso. But that's not all. Her belly swells with child, plain as day, and fuck, but she looks so full and ripe. This is a woman with proven fertility, and maybe it's the alpha male in me, but it turns me on. Clara's a lush female goddess, and I'd give anything to bury my mouth and cock in that sweet space between her thighs.

But fuck, she can't know. The young woman's pregnant, for crying out loud, and living under my roof too! She trusts me, and I can't violate her innocence. As a result, I become a babbling mess as I backpedal into the shadows while making excuses.

"Have a good time!" I call. "Yeah, I'll just be working in my office. Call if you need anything!"

"I will," she says in a soft voice while slipping into the water. "Mmm, the bubbles feel good. Thank you again, Carl."

Then, I let myself into the house with a fumbling hand, stopping only when the door's shut tight behind me. It's then that I slump against the wood, a sweat on my brow as my cock pulses with urgent need. Fuck, what is the brat doing to me? It's as if I've become a horny teenage boy desperate to rut the sweet female form outside ... and even worse, the urges are only becoming stronger.

CHAPTER THREE

Clara

I sigh with bliss, letting my muscles relax in the heated water. Of course, I'm not going to stay too long because I'm pregnant and hot tubs aren't great for women who are expecting. Moms-to-be can overheat, sweat profusely, or even lose consciousness, and I definitely don't want to risk that. As a result, I'm only going to stay in the water ten minutes tops because it's just too risky and I don't want to hurt my baby.

But still, it feels good to let my muscles relax. I was telling the truth when I told Carl about desk jobs. I'm not used to sitting for eight hours a day and as a result, my back feels a little tight. Heck, even my leg muscles and arm muscles are a bit cramped and the warm water helps them loosen as a blissful sigh escapes from my mouth.

Yet this experience shouldn't be wasted because contrary to what Carl thinks, I saw how his mouth dropped and his eyes bugged when I lost the pink robe. It's true. I'm clad now only in a bright pink bikini, and as my stepfather took in my lush curves, I could swear that he was tempted to ravish me right then and there. His cock was hard, and twitched visibly in his

shorts. Those blue eyes bored holes into my ripe form, and I almost took off my bikini too, just to push things further.

But that's the thing. Carl's a disciplined and honorable man. He's never done anything but look and even when he does that, I can tell he feels bad about it. It's not that I resemble my mom. Oh no, it's nothing creepy like that. Vivian was blonde and skinny with my grandmother's nose, so no one would think us to be related, much less mother and daughter. But evidently, Carl likes his women lush and fertile because I see how he gazes at my big belly, not to mention the huge breasts that come with pregnancy. I see how he licks his lips while taking in my apple-bottom, which really, is more of a watermelon-bottom at this point given its huge size.

I giggle again. No doubt, Carl's taking an ice cold shower right now while pulling one out in the small stall. I certainly hope so and my pussy pulses, thinking of the huge man beating one out with his hand. I'd love to be in there with him to help, but he needs to make peace with his conscience first. I can't push him beyond what I've already done, and besides, I've got a beautiful night to myself in this steamy water. I might as well make the most of the opportunity.

As a result, I look around the garden and as expected, everything's still and hushed. It's probably 9 p.m. now, and evenings in this sleepy New Jersey suburb are always quiet. It seems like everything shuts down, with most of our neighbors heading to bed as soon as they finish dinner. All the better because what I'm about to do is definitely X-rated and would shock the socks off of my sedate neighbors.

Giggling quietly, I undo the strings of my bikini top, letting the pink fabric float away on the bubbles. Oooh, this feels good. My breasts have definitely grown since I got pregnant, and the

fabric was too tight. I jiggle one of my girls a bit, enjoying how the creamy flesh bounces, and then tweak my nipple before pulling on it with two fingers. A gasp escapes my lips because strong currents are beginning to run straight from my nipple to my cunt and it feels delicious.

But breast play has never been enough for me. I need more, and as a result, my hands beneath the water to undo the string-ties at my hips. Soon enough, a triangle of pink fabric comes floating to the top and I snatch it from the bubbles before holding it up in the light. Ooh, this is perfect for what I need.

After all, I've never been able to be quiet during sex. Some girls are able to bite back their moans, or even to stuff a fist into their mouths, preventing the cries from coming out. But that's never worked for me, and I'm loud too. As a result, I lick the snatch of my pink thong a bit, enjoying the salty taste, and then proceed to stuff the bikini bottoms into my mouth so that they form a gag. I know I look so slutty, totally nude with a wad of pink material in my mouth, but a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do. Once my cheeks bulge, that's when I know I'm ready.

Slowly, I maneuver so that I'm kneeling on the seat of the hot tub with my hands gripping the ledge. I bend forward a little, letting one of the underwater sprays shoot straight at my pussy, and then part my thighs to reveal the little bud waiting there. It's hard already and with a muffled cry, I tease my clit out of its hood, moaning as it reveals itself, stiff and ready.

“Mmmph!” is my delighted gasp. “Mphph!”

But I'm not done yet. Even as I play with my clit, my other hand works around to find my asshole, rubbing gently at the tight pleats there. Oh yes, that feels good. I suck harder on the gag in my mouth even as delicious sensations swirl in both my

cunt and my bottom. God, a deep double penetration is exactly what I need and slowly, I begin to worm fingers into myself, both front and back.

“Yesssss!” I hiss with delight. “Mmmph!”

Soon, my fingers are going in a steady rhythm in my ass and cunt. I wish they were hard, stiff cocks that could make me scream, but unfortunately, I have to make do with what I have. The pressure in my pussy is already beginning to build, and my body begins to tremble, shaking with desire. Oh fuck, oh fuck!

At that moment, the gag falls out of my mouth, along with a long drip of saliva, and I pause. Oh no, I’m about to come but what if I let out a loud scream at the same time? I can’t risk it!

As a result, quickly, I lift one of my tits to my mouth and stuff the nipple between my lips, sucking hard on the delicious pink tip. A lightning jolt runs straight from my breast to my pussy, but somehow, I manage to keep myself in hand. Now, I’m pounding myself in my pussy and ass, even as I suck at my tit with long, delicious slurps. Mm, this feels amazing, and with one last deep fuck into my anus, the world explodes. Literally, stars explode in front of my eyes as a full body orgasm makes my back arch. My pussy and ass clamp down hard on my fingers, almost breaking them in half, and unable to stop myself, the big breast pops out of my mouth as I let out a gurgled shriek.

“Mmph! Oh oh oh!”

A huge gust of liquid covers my palm even as my anus clenches and spasms with delight, another scream erupting from my throat.

“Ohhhh!” I wail. “Mmm, god!”

I can't help it. It feels too good as my sweetest spots convulse with desire, the tremors shaking me to the core. My ass pulses hotly, wishing there were a dick inside, and I jam my fingers even deeper, burying them in my rectum. God, I'm dirty but then again, I'm a nasty girl who doesn't know who the father of her baby is. I literally went through a slutty phase where I fucked dozens of men, letting them come in me, and I don't regret it one bit.

Finally, however, the tremors subside and I slump against the wall of the hot tub. My curves are heaving and I tremble while hauling myself into a seated position as water sloshes everywhere. God, that was amazing, but did anyone hear? Hopefully not because I stuffed not just my thong, but also my tit into my mouth to stifle my cries. Of course, it didn't quite work, but at least I tried.

Well, it's too late now. If someone overheard, then so be it. I close my eyes and sink into the waves once more, my curves trembling wetly as I think of Carl again. I doubt the man of the house saw but still, a girl can hope right? Then again, even if he witnessed what just happened, I'd have a conundrum on my hands because I've actually been sleeping with Carl's boss ... and my stepdad just doesn't know.

CHAPTER FOUR

Carl

We pull up to Herald Enterprises, and I curse my boner because it's practically touching the bottom of the steering wheel, it's so big. Fortunately, Clara can't see because ever since she got pregnant, she's taken to sitting in the backseat. We figured out that the backseat has more room for her growing tummy, and that the seatbelts are safer too. As a result, I often chauffeur the beautiful brunette around, and it's my pleasure to do so.

But what chauffeur gets a raging boner while driving around his sexy client? Me, that's who. As a result, when Clara gets out of the vehicle, I merely nod with a smile plastered on my face.

"I'm going to finish drinking my coffee in here," I say, holding up my mug. "It's my last moment of peace and quiet before the clusterfuck of the office begins."

"Okay, sure," she giggles before giving me a wave. "I'll see you inside, Daddy."

Then, the sweet girl skips off towards our corporate offices, her big bottom encased in a flowing skirt that only emphasizes

its large size, even if it's paired with a totally appropriate button down shirt. I almost come just from watching her ass sway. Fuck, I'm really losing it.

After all, I saw what she did last night in the hot tub. Clara doesn't know it, but I actually peered at her from the second floor of my house. I was as sneaky as fuck, leaving the lights in my home office off so that it appeared deserted. Then, I looked down on the curvy girl, totally nude in the water, and almost lost it when she crammed those pink bikini bottoms into her mouth until her cheeks bulged. I wanted to thrust my dick in there instead and make her scream until that sweet pussy exploded on my cock.

Yet Clara always surprises me because of course, she fucked her pussy with her fingers. But if I'm not mistaken, she also took herself in the ass. She had fingers crammed up that back door as she panted and heaved, and the memory makes me groan as I grip my mug with white fingers. Fuck! Why does this keep happening to me? I'm getting a fucking hard-on because of my stepdaughter three to four times a day now, and it's becoming intolerable.

Shaking my head, I inhale a couple times, trying to get my pulse under control. Then with a grim look, I get out of the car, making sure that my blazer covers my groin. I'm starting to look like a fucking perv hanging out in my vehicle in the parking lot, so it's time to get the day started.

Soon, I'm in my office, which blessedly, has a door. Don't get me wrong because the walls and door are glass along one side, so I'm not hidden from the scrum at all. But at least their noises are muffled, and if I don't look up, I can concentrate and get shit done. Herald is a good place, actually. It's a software firm founded by John Herald, and we put out

accounting software that helps people keep their books and do their taxes. It's not sexy, but it brings in the big bucks.

Plus, John Herald isn't bad himself. I've been here about ten years, and the other man is decent and fair, even if he can be a hardass at times. Then again, Herald Enterprises is his baby. As far as I can tell, he's got no family so his company is his wife and children all in one. It's not because he can't get anyone. I've been out with the dude a couple times drinking, and women throw themselves at the bastard because he's a good-looking motherfucker. He likes it too. The asshole always takes one (or more) women home with him, and there were a couple times when they didn't even bother to go home. Yeah, John just escorted the ladies out back into a dark alleyway, and fucked them there. He wasn't even ashamed when he strolled back in either, his black hair messed up and his shirt hanging out of his pants. Instead, he merely smiled like a motherfucker and shrugged.

“Those girls wanted it bad. What can I say?”

So yeah, he's a study in contrasts. The dude is a fucking genius when it comes to this business, but when it comes to his personal life? Let's just say I wouldn't be surprised if Herald's got a passel of illegitimate children to his name after fucking half the womenfolk of Allentown.

At that moment, I see Clara get up from her computer and begin walking down the hall. She's gorgeous, and I'm sure every man in the office is surreptitiously watching the curvy girl parade down the carpeted aisle. Not so surreptitiously, come to think of it, seeing that Duke Benning from across the way is literally staring at my stepdaughter with his mouth hanging open. *Close it, motherfucker. That's right. Don't even look at her because she's mine.*

But then, I start. What am I thinking? Clara's most definitely *not* mine. She's my deceased wife's stepdaughter, and more than two decades younger than me. Yet I can't help lusting after her as I watch that sweet, curvy form make its way into the darkened recesses of the hall. Then, she knocks and waits for a moment, before opening the door and entering John Herald's office with a notebook in hand.

Fuck. Clara's just an admin, but it seems John's taken a liking to her. She's gorgeous, of course, and it probably doesn't hurt to have a beautiful woman to look at while he's doing dictation or whatever. Goddamn, maybe he just has her sitting on a couch in the corner of his office while he does his work, like she's a pretty vase of flowers that he can appreciate when he looks up.

My heart sinks. Goddamn, that man is lucky. Herald's got the most delectable secretary this side of the Atlantic, and she just happens to be my stepdaughter. Fuck. Well, at the very least, I hope Clara takes good notes because John's known to be generous when it comes to bonuses, and hopefully he gives the pretty admin a nice fat roll of bills to remember him by when the time comes.

CHAPTER FIVE

John

I'm known to be generous to my employees in more ways than one, and the beautiful Clara Parkinson is proof of that. After all, at the moment my pretty temp is completely nude on her knees before me, her cheeks stuffed with my man meat as her lashes flutter with pleasure. It's a rancid sight because I didn't even let her get a word in. The minute she stepped into my office and closed the door, I barked, "Clothes. Off."

Of course, the sassy brunette knew what to do immediately. She was nude in an instant and made to kneel between my knees, but I stopped her.

"I got this cushion for you," I growled, reaching into my desk for a flat, gray bolster. "It isn't much, but it'll help during our sessions together."

Of course, Clara sank gratefully to her knees then, her mouth already opening as she cupped her bare breasts in offering to me. That sweet groove between her thighs was slick already, and fuck, but I'm so turned on. You see, I love fucking women, and Clara's exactly my type. She young, nubile, and with the body of a siren. Those big breasts make my cock ooze pre-come, and not only that but she's pregnant too. Her round

tummy is fucking sexy, and I even lean down to stroke it a bit as she sucks on my cock, making delicious slurping sounds.

“How’s your pregnancy going, sweetheart?” I rasp in a broken tone. “Are you feeling okay?”

She nods with my cock still stuffed in her mouth, unable to make any sound.

“Excellent,” I growl. “Fuck, you look sexy with your stomach full with child. I’m glad Carl brought you into Herald because I’ve never had a temp this good.”

Clara lets out a muffled giggle even as I thrust a bit harder down her throat, making her eyes bulge. It’s true too. I’ve been fucking the sassy temp almost since the first week that she got here. It was meant to be. After all, we’re a software company, so there aren’t too many women in my employ, period. When I passed her in the hall one day, I immediately made note that there was a beautiful new brunette on the premises. Then, she was called into my office later in the afternoon, and that’s when the deep fucking began.

I doubt anyone suspects either. Of course, my secretary knows because Mrs. Fowser has been with me since forever and is all too aware of my rancid ways, but to the rest of the company, it probably just looks like Clara’s with me doing dictation, or taking notes during conference calls, or even helping me organize my files. Who’s going to question the CEO, anyways?

I feel myself beginning to crest as Clara increases the vacuum of her mouth, making quiet moaning sounds that add to my desire. But I stop the movement of her head then, pulling out slowly as my fat cock reappears inch after inch from the wet recesses of her throat. Oh fuck, this is dirty. A long string of

saliva connects the tip of my dick to her plush pout even as she looks up at me with big eyes, as if pleading with me not to go.

“Why did you stop?” she asks in a hoarse voice, coughing a bit as the string of saliva breaks.

“Because I want to be in your pussy, sweetheart,” I rasp before patting my lap. “Come on up, baby. Let’s get you good and fucked.”

Clara doesn’t hesitate. Within seconds, she’s perched in my lap, her hands on my shoulders as she throws her head back. Then, with one small hand, she reaches down and grabs my thick staff, positioning it at her wet opening.

“Oooh, thank you, Mr. Herald,” she gasps while teasing her little hole with the hard, shiny helmet of my rod. “You can’t imagine how much better my days are because of our sessions together. Work can be so boring at times, but being with you makes it much more bearable.”

I lean forward to suck one of those big tits in my mouth, moaning around her pink nipple.

“It’s no problem, baby girl. I’m happy to help in any way that I can. Just email me when you need relief at work, and I’ll get to you as soon as I can. Besides, you know my door is always open.”

She gasps again as she begins to sink down on my pole, her cheeks flushed as she spreads her legs even wider.

“Oh yes,” Clara purrs with pleasure. “Mmm, it feels so good because you’re so hard!”

“I know, and you turn me on so much,” I growl against her breast. “You know being with you is ten times better than being with another woman because we always go at it unprotected.”

Clara giggles breathlessly then, even as my cock sinks all the way to the hilt in her sweet pussy.

“I know, but it’s because I’m pregnant, Mr. Herald. There’s no way for me to get pregnant twice, so it’s safe. You can come in me raw as many times as you want.”

Even those words make me horny as fuck, and soon, I’m bucking my hips up and down, unable to prevent myself from ramming into the sweet lusciousness of her wet vag.

“You feel so tight,” I rasp while kissing her neck ravenously. “Is it possible that pregnancy makes you even tighter in your puss?”

She lets out a breathy moan, her head tilting back as her eyes fall shut.

“I don’t know,” Clara replies between little gasps. “I would think it’d be the other way. You know, my pussy loosening up for birth, but instead, it feels like Ooooh, yes. Maybe you’ve gotten bigger, Mr. Herald,” she pants breathlessly. “Could that be it?”

“I *am* bigger,” I growl into the fragrant angle of where her throat meets her shoulder. “You make me so fucking huge, baby, and now hold still. Just stay there while I fuck up into you because goddamn, I need this.”

After all, I can’t take it anymore. My balls are already tight and hard, rising up with the urge to shoot. My thighs tense even as I circle Clara’s waist with two big hands. Then, I hold her in place as I start pistoning up and down with a vengeance. My hips move in a blur as she takes it deep in the cunt, gasping and moaning with pleasure, and an obscene slapping sound fills the office as our flesh meets again and again.

Soon, the cumshoot pulses on the bottom of my shaft and I throw my head back with a mighty roar as I erupt, pumping hot sprays of semen deep into the sweet girl's vaginal channel.

"Fuck!" I shout. "Oh shit!"

Clara lets out a high-pitched shriek too, even as her small hands grip my shoulders hard, her nails digging into the fabric of my shirt. The juices of her cunt thicken for a moment, and I know that she's close too.

"Mmm!" she screams. "Oh oh oh!"

Then, her curvy form convulses, that pussy locking down tight on the male member buried within. She leans her head back and screams as that sweet cunt ripples, her vag squeezing and milking along my rod, pulling more and more streams of virile seed into herself.

"Mmm!" she moans deliriously. "Oh yes!"

Meanwhile, I can't even speak. I merely continue to pump hard into her, emptying my balls as her soft cries fill the room. Oh shit, this is so demented and debauched, but I don't give a fuck. I just pounded my little temp in my office, her creamy form totally nude as she rode my cock into the Heavens. But who cares? There's no point in being the boss if you can't do what you want in the CEO suite.

Finally, our pulses begin to subside and I seize Clara's mouth in a deep, passionate kiss.

"Thank you, honey. Thanks for letting me claim you like that."

She merely giggles before running her hands through my dark hair.

"It's no problem, Mr. Herald. You know I like it too, and I always want to earn my paycheck," she says with a coy look.

Then, the sweet girl moves to get up from my lap, my huge cock sliding out of her pussy inch by inch to drop against my thigh. Fuck, it's covered in her juices and as Clara giggles, I nod to her panties, which are crumpled in a heap on the floor.

“Hand those to me, baby girl.”

She titters before cocking her head at me.

“But why?”

I merely wink.

“Just watch.”

Then, Clara hands me the scrap of cotton fabric, and I use it to wipe off my cock. That's right. It comes away wet and moist with our combined juices, and then I hold it to my nose and take a deep sniff.

“Fuck, your pussy smells good, sweetheart. I'm going to take these out whenever I have a boring conference call and smell them, just to add some spice to my day.”

Clara giggles.

“But Mr. Herald, you already have a drawerful of my panties,” she says in a teasing voice. “What are you going to do with more?”

I merely wink while opening a drawer on the right side of my desk because Clara's right. The space is already filled with her sassy lingerie, and I toss the pink panties in with the rest of my collection.

“You can never have too many panties,” I rasp. “Besides, you know I adore the smell and taste of your cunt, baby. It never fails to turn me on.”

Clara rolls her eyes while struggling into her clothes once more.

“But Mr. Herald, I have your seed in me,” she mewls. “It’s dripping out of my pussy and I need the panties to catch them. Otherwise, it’s going to make a mess.”

I merely shrug while grinning like a bastard.

“Just go to the bathroom when you feel the dripping start,” I instruct. “Clean yourself up with some paper towels while thinking of who put that in you. But yeah, I like the thought of my come oozing out of your puss all day, sweetheart. It’s just another good part of you joining Herald. Fuck, hiring you has been the best thing I’ve done all year.” But then a thought crosses my mind. “By the way, does your stepdad know about us?”

Clara pauses while buckling her bra. It’s a white, lacy thing that only highlights her huge tits, but I make myself stay in my seat.

“No, I don’t think so. Why?”

I shrug.

“Carl’s a good guy. He doesn’t deserve this. After all, what father wants to know that his little girl’s getting boned? Much less by his boss?”

Clara bites her lip.

“Yeah, I think that would really upset him,” she says in a low voice. My blue eyes grow sharp as I take in her curvy form.

“Why, did something happen? Did Carl say something to you?”

She shakes her head.

“Oh no, not that at all. It’s just ... well, I think I’ve told you, but things have been a little weird ever since I moved into his house. It’s different.”

I nod, my pulse beginning to race.

“Different? How?”

Clara bites her lip again, that pink pout lush and inviting. I have half a mind to kiss her again, but first, I want to hear what she says. She looks at the ground for a moment, and then up at me with worried brown eyes.

“Well, as I’ve mentioned, there’s tension in the air sometimes. But good tension, and not bad. It’s actually a little electric,” she confides in a whisper. “It’s *sexual*.”

That has sitting up in my seat because although Clara has alluded to the attraction between her and Carl, she’s never spoken on it directly. But now, it seems she’s opening up.

“Sexual how?” I ask in a casual voice. “Is it uncomfortable?”

“No! I mean, yes,” Clara says in a whisper, her cheeks pink. “I mean, Carl’s really handsome and I know it’s terrible that I feel this way, but there’s just so much *looking*. He stares at me when he thinks I don’t notice, and it’s like he wants to devour my curves.”

I nod, even as my pulse accelerates. After all, Clara doesn’t realize it, but I’m a deviant motherfucker. I’ve definitely engaged in menage in the past, and it was a great experience. I love sharing women, and maybe this is a prime opportunity to engage in a debauched threesome. After all, Carl’s a good-looking guy, and hell, I don’t blame him for lusting after the pretty brat living under his roof. Still, I need more details.

“What do you mean by looking?” I ask in a casual voice, hoping that I don’t sound overeager. “What does Carl do

exactly?”

Clara pauses while buttoning up her blouse.

“Well, last night I was in the hot tub,” she murmurs, flushing pink all over again. “And I think Carl was watching. I mean, I didn’t see him or anything, but I think he went upstairs to the second story, and was in his office *spying* on me.”

I nod.

“That’s natural. Maybe he was doing some work and caught a glimpse of you while looking out the window.”

But Clara shakes her head slowly, her brown curls bobbling.

“No, it’s more than that,” she confesses.

I cock my head, blue eyes bright.

“Really? How so?”

She swallows hard before looking up at me.

“Well, Carl didn’t turn on the lights in his office,” she confesses. “He left the office dark so that it looked like it was empty, but I could tell he was there. I could *feel* it,” she stresses.

“And?”

Clara goes scarlet then.

“And I wanted to tease him,” she whispers, barely able to meet my eyes. “I took off my bikini and began to touch myself and he liked it. I know because after I came, I heard a muffled roar from upstairs, and I just know that it was Carl. I know my stepdad masturbated while I was in the Jacuzzi, and I think he feels bad about it too. He wouldn’t even meet my eyes this morning, and our drive to work was done in silence.”

Holy shit. The blood's pounding in my ears because clearly, this is an opportunity for some depraved action. My employee, Carl Brixton, has the hots for his stepdaughter and not only that, but Clara's just the kind of little slut who could satisfy us both. But how do I maneuver this situation? How do I get the three of us into the same room, enjoying the sweet girl's body? It's food for thought, and the wheels are already turning in my head.

Meanwhile, I nod at Clara as she opens the door and steps out, notebook in hand.

"Thanks for your help, Miss Parkinson," I call. "Your transcription skills are excellent. I look forward to reading your notes of the call."

With that, the sweet girl smiles and nods, and then she's gone. Meanwhile, I'm left to the silence of my office as I contemplate my next steps. I want more with Clara, sure, but I also want to up the filth factor. I want the pregnant girl to scream with a cock in her mouth, and another one in her pussy. Or I want her to moan headily as Carl and I DP her two holes, the double pound relentless and unforgiving. The question is, how do I make this happen? I stare out the window, my dick already beginning to throb. There has to be a way, and I'm determined to find out what it is.

CHAPTER SIX

Carl

Fuck, she's gorgeous. We're home after another day at work, and after a delicious meal, Clara's at the sink once more, washing up. But I can't let her slave away like this. She's had a full day at Herald, and she's pregnant, for crying out loud. What kind of asshole am I for letting her do the domestic chores?

As a result, I stand.

"Sit down, sweetheart," I growl. "Let me take over."

Clara turns to look over one narrow shoulder at me with a smile.

"Oh, it's no problem," she murmurs. "I don't mind at all and there's only the two of us, so there aren't very many dishes."

Still, I approach the sink before putting both hands on her shoulders and steering her to sit at the kitchen table.

"You made the spaghetti, so I'll clean up," I say in a deep tone. "I should have done this a lot earlier. Hell, this should have been the set-up from the get go. It's only fair that one person cooks, and the other cleans, after all."

Clara merely smiles sweetly from her spot at the table.

“Yes, but you’re putting a roof over my head!” she exclaims. “Plus, you pay for everything, Carl, and I appreciate it. I know my presence was unexpected, and you’ve been very kind to shelter a pregnant woman.”

I merely turn to the sink and start running the water.

“That’s the thing, baby. You’re pregnant, with a child in your belly, so you should be waited on hand and foot. You’re the one who calls the shots in this household.”

Clara giggles merrily while getting up to head to the fridge, but my words are true. In the short time she’s been here, the tables have already been turned. I used to be a bachelor, doing what I damn well please and staying up all hours watching videos while jerking off. But with Clara, structure has been brought to my home. She’s a wonderful cook, not to mention a very orderly person as well. She manages the housekeeper who comes around once a week, and also takes care of the laundry, in addition to liaising with our gardener. My front and back yards are now works of art because of Clara. They used to be nothing but half-dead strips of weeds, but the sweet girl has added beautiful lawns, flower beds, bushes, and even some topiaries, which up the artistic factor by ten.

But I didn’t invite Clara to stay because I needed domestic help. Instead, I wanted to do right by my deceased wife, and that meant opening my doors to a young woman in need. Still, as Clara helps herself to some vanilla ice cream, I can’t help but get aroused. She looks absolutely gorgeous clad in nothing but a tiny nightie, her big breasts visible inside the deep vee, and even the sweet shadow of her pussy beckoning as she moves about. At that moment, a splatter of ice cream drips

onto her décolletage, oozing into the valley between her breasts, and she giggles.

“Oof, I’m so clumsy,” she says. “Let me just get a napkin.”

The sweet girl uncrosses her legs to stand, and then reaches across the tabletop for a napkin. Oh fuck. I almost spurt where I stand at the sink because her breasts practically drop out of her décolletage, they’re so huge and juicy. Not only that, but when she uncrosses her legs, I definitely get a flash of that pink pussy. It’s moist, wet, and I can almost see her clit. Fuck, what I wouldn’t do to drop to my knees right now and bury my face in that steaming snatch.

But right, this is Vivian’s daughter, and my stepdaughter. I shouldn’t be having these thoughts, no matter how tempting the brat is. As a result, I turn back to the sink with my pulse pounding a storm in my ears. Thank fuck Clara can’t see the huge hard-on raging in my shorts at the moment because she’d run screaming for the hills otherwise.

“So how’s work?” I manage in a stilted voice. God, I’d love to plow my stepdaughter at the moment, and yet the sweet girl has no idea. She merely wipes gently in the valley between her breasts before helping herself to another bite of ice cream.

“It’s good,” she says with a gentle smile. “I’m really glad I’m at Herald because I’ve told you about Elle, right? The new friend I made?”

I shake my head.

“Yes, a little. Why, what about her?”

Clara nods.

“Well, she’s another temp actually. A little younger than me. Maybe nineteen or so? But yeah, she’s at Herald too and it’s

fun because talking makes the day go faster. She's good at her job too. I've never seen someone type so fast."

I nod.

"That's great to hear. Is Elle on her own already? Nineteen's pretty early to be working."

Clara shakes her head.

"No, I think she still lives at home. But yeah, Elle's really something else ..."

I turn to look at her.

"Why? Is there something going on at work?"

Clara lets out a peal of laughter.

"Oh no, not at work. It's just that I think that Elle's ... well, let's just say she's sowing her wild oats."

I stare at my stepdaughter.

"Don't tell me it's with someone at Herald."

"No, no!" my stepdaughter laughs, waving her hands in front of her face. "Not at all. Actually, I think Elle's with two men, and I think it's going on in her house."

That makes me stop washing the dishes altogether, my blue eyes hard.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" I ask. "Two men at her house? Is this something we have to report to the police?"

Clara shakes her head.

"No, I don't think so. Well at least, I hope not. Elle hasn't come out and said it yet, but I think she's sleeping with her stepdad and her stepbrother. Both, at once."

That makes my jaw drop because when the hell did teenage girls get so slutty? I should be appalled, and I *am* shocked, but at the same time, to my great shame, I'm turned on.

"Are you kidding me?" I ask in a low voice.

Clara shakes her head, licking the curved spoon now.

"No, I'm not. Again, Elle hasn't said straight-out who she's sleeping with, but yeah, I think it's with the two men of the house. She's not related to either her stepdad or her stepbrother, and they're not related to each other either, from what I understand. So it's sort-of okay, I guess. But still, I need to find out more. I mean, her house is obviously a total den of sin if this is true."

I merely turn back around again, my cock jerking in my pants.

"Well, teenage girls these days definitely take the cake, don't they?" I mutter, staring at the suds on my hands. "Fuck."

Clara merely giggles.

"Just don't tell anyone because these are my suspicions and I don't have any concrete proof. But I think Elle's just sowing her wild oats, that's all. I mean, she can't be serious about a relationship with her stepdad and stepbrother, could she? That's about fifty different shades of wrong. There's no way the relationship could possibly pass muster."

I nod.

"Both guys will be thrown in the slammer if the wrong people find out. But fuck. Yeah, this gives new meaning to the phrase 'sowing her wild oats.'"

Clara is silent behind me for a long moment, and I turn to look at the pretty girl once more. Her pregnant form looks gorgeous as she sits at the table, a weird expression on her face.

“What is it sweetheart? Elle’s not in danger, is she?”

“Oh no, it’s not that,” Clara says quickly. “Elle’s totally fine. If anything, she’s having a great time and loves being with two men.”

I nod, still treading carefully.

“So what is it then?”

Clara takes a deep breath, staring into the ice cream container before lifting her eyes to look at me. For the first time, her gaze is hesitant and she looks almost tentative.

“Well, speaking of sowing wild oats,” she begins in a low voice. “I wanted to come clean with you, Carl.”

I pause at the sink.

“How so?”

Clara bites her lip, a flush coming to her cheeks.

“Well, I want to be honest about my pregnancy. The fact is that the father of my baby isn’t Jonny Morton, or actually any other guy that I know.”

I stop what I’m doing, trying to keep my expression neutral as I turn to face her trembling form.

“Who is it then?” I ask. “A stranger?”

Clara audibly gulps, her slender throat pulsing.

“Well, yes sort of. You know that I was working as a flight attendant before I came to live with you, right?”

I nod.

“So you met a guy on a flight and hooked up with him? Someone from first class?”

Her cheeks flame scarlet as she swallows and nods again.

“Yes. Actually, it was multiple men from first class,” she confesses in a whisper. “I was hosting my own Mile High Club. Nothing formal,” she adds hastily. “It’s just that I hooked up with several handsome passengers, and I got pregnant by accident. I’m not sure who the father is.”

I stare at the beautiful brat, my mind whirling.

“How many men are we talking?”

She shrugs.

“I don’t know. Maybe a dozen guys? They were handsome, and to be honest, I don’t regret what I did. It was a wonderful experience and I’m really glad that I got to sow my wild oats like that. Plus, I’m excited for the baby,” she says, her hand creeping down to rest on her bulging tummy. “Maybe I don’t know who the father is, but that doesn’t mean that my baby will be less loved.”

By now, my mind has officially been blown. Clara was hooking up with random men whenever she serviced the first-class cabin? Holy fuck. My little stepdaughter is a lot dirtier than I imagined, and a lot sluttier too.

Yet, I like it. I know I should pretend outrage because I’m supposed to be her “dad,” or at least some kind of paternal figure. But instead, I’ve been lusting after the sweet girl for a while now, and she’s blown apart my reservations with this confession.

“So you were having unprotected sex with random dudes,” I say in a slow voice. Against all odds, that statement turns me on. I can just imagine Clara’s creamy pussy sliding up and down strange cock as she moans prettily with her head tossed back. Fuck! I want her even more now.

Meanwhile, the pregnant woman shakes her head hesitantly.

“Sort of. I mean, it didn’t happen very often like that. We generally used protection, but there were a few times when we forgot, and so yes, I ended up getting pregnant.”

I stare at her again.

“Have you tried getting in touch with the men? Any of them?”

I ask in an even voice. She shakes her head.

“I thought about it at first because I do have some of their numbers. And of course, as a flight attendant, I’m able to look up the passenger manifests and find their contact information. But after thinking about it, I didn’t want to do it because it was just too complicated. Again, I think I slept with a dozen men ... or maybe even more.”

Holy fuck. *Mind. Officially. Blown.* The beautiful woman in a negligee is telling me that she went through a wild phase just recently, fucking dozens of dudes and letting them take her hard, raw, and unprotected in her juicy cunt. Holy shit! Again, I know I should be outraged and disgusted, but instead, my cock hardens even more in my shorts. Goddamn, I need a piece of this woman because she’s so fucking naughty that our encounter is going to be pure filth.

But she’s your daughter, the voice in my head chides. *You can’t do this to Vivian.*

The devil on my shoulder screams in protest. *Fuck Vivian! Vivian’s dead, so what do you care? Besides, Clara’s been a total slut and she wants it. She needs your dick in that hungry cunt.*

But my conscience is right. I can’t do this to a destitute girl living in my house. As a result, I turn back to the sink with my shoulders set even as my cock begins to seep from the sheer force of my arousal.

“Are you angry with me?” Clara asks in a tentative voice behind my back. “I know this must come as quite a shock.”

I stand motionless for a moment, unsure of how to answer. But then I decide to be honest. She’s in a vulnerable place already, and I’m not going to be the asshole who piles shit into her shoulders.

“I’m not angry,” I say in a low tone. “Surprised, maybe, but not angry.”

Clara nods.

“But surprised in a bad way? I’d understand if you are, Carl.”

I choose my next words carefully.

“No, not in a bad way,” I say in an even tone. “Everyone sows their wild oats, and I’m glad you got a chance to do it early in life. Imagine how hellish it would be if this happened in your forties.”

“I don’t think it could happen in my forties,” Clara giggles. “These men were attracted to me because I’m young and nubile, and not because I’m a middle-aged mom. You know I’m twenty-two, Carl.”

I nod.

“I’m very aware of that. And it would be the pot calling the kettle black if I berated you for your behavior because once upon a time, I was twenty-two as well, and you can believe that I wasn’t sitting at home like some choirboy. Maybe I didn’t knock anyone up, but I was definitely using my good looks and charisma to get as many women in bed as possible.”

Clara giggles softly.

“I bet there were a lot.”

I jerk my head in rueful assent.

“Hell yeah, it was a lot. It was more than a dozen too, so you’re not alone. Goddamn, all that was a long time ago, but I can assure you that if bedposts were notched, my bedpost would have toppled from all the cuts I inflicted on the wood.”

My sweet ward throws her head back and laughs musically, exposing the graceful column of her throat.

“I’m sure it wasn’t that many,” she giggles. “Because that would be overwhelming! You wouldn’t even be able to stand afterwards!”

I merely shoot her a knowing look.

“Hey, never underestimate a horndog in his twenties. Guys can get up to no good at that age because we’ll fuck just about anything that moves. Sweet, succulent holes are all you can think about 24/7 at that point in life. But yeah, what I’m saying is that I’m not angry, sweetheart. I’m surprised, yes, but everything happens for a reason, and I’ll support you when the baby comes around. Hell, it’ll be good for an old codger like me to have a child on hand.”

Clara looks up gratefully.

“Oh would you?” she asks. “You’d be a father figure to my baby?”

A sense of possession blossoms in my chest, and suddenly, I know I’ll do anything to keep this woman and her child safe. Hell, it’s almost as if I put that baby in her belly because I can’t imagine another man raising it.

“Absolutely,” I promise in a low growl. “You and this child are under my protection.”

With that, the sweet girl smiles brilliantly in my direction, and I almost collapse. How the fuck can this be happening? On the one hand, I want to drill Clara's cunt so bad, and rub my semen all over her pussy until she's moaning headily. But on the other, I also want to take care of her. I want her curvy form cuddled up beside me in bed, with a baby in the bassinet beside the mattress. What the fuck is wrong with me? These thoughts are taboo! She's the brat and I'm the man of the house, so where the fuck is this going?

With a silent shake of my head, I turn back to the dishes because I'm totally, absolutely screwed now. I'm playing house with my sweet ward and dying to make her happy. Yet, I haven't even sampled those luscious curves. So where does that leave me now?

CHAPTER SEVEN

Clara

“Thanks for coming over,” I say in a sweet tone while opening the front door. “Carl’s off playing golf so we have a couple hours before he gets back.”

John steps into the house before pressing a passionate kiss to my lips. The handsome CEO looks gorgeous, as always, clad casually in a black t-shirt which highlights those broad shoulders, as well as jeans that hang just-so off his hips.

“Anytime, sweetheart,” the alpha male growls. “You know I’m always happy to go wherever this sweet pussy wants.”

I giggle because John’s never been to my house before. Or more accurately, I should say he’s never been to my stepfather’s house. Instead, we’ve always made love in the office, or I’ll go over to his mansion. He lives in another part of town, and sometimes I’ll tell my stepdad that I’m headed to the mall or even hanging out with a friend, when really, I’m on my way to meet John for hot times. Then, I come back with my pussy used and leaking, and the man of the house has no idea.

But now, there's a certain thrill at having my lover over for shenanigans when my stepdad has no clue. Of course, I feel a little bit guilty but the taboo aspect also turns me on, and I kiss John once more before pointing to the couch.

"Sit," I command. "I just worked out so I'm hot and sweaty. I need to take a shower."

He raises one brow.

"You were working out while pregnant?" he growls, running one big hand over my swollen belly. "Is that good for the baby?"

I merely giggle while pushing him away.

"It's fine. I was just doing some low-impact stretching in front of the TV, using that new pre-natal video I got. It's not even really working out. It's more just moving your body in ways that get your blood flowing, and I promise, all of it is very safe for a pregnant woman. It's good for the baby too because you know – healthy mom, healthy child."

"Good," John growls before dropping a kiss on my neck. His breath is hot and I can already tell he's aroused. "Because you know I'm looking forward to meeting this baby, sweetheart. I hope you have a little girl who looks just like her mommy."

"Oh you!" I giggle. "You know I'm waiting to find out the sex of my child because I want it to be a surprise. Maybe it's a boy," I wink. Then, I skip away down the hall, wagging my ass at him even as I smile with pleasure. I love it because John's so possessive. Come to think of it, what is it with the men in my life? Even though the child I'm carrying isn't biologically related to either John or Carl, both of them are insanely protective and want to shelter me. They're both

deeply invested in my health and happiness, and I adore them both for it.

But I do feel a little guilty for inviting John over while my stepdad's away. After all, a man's home is his kingdom and I kind of feel like I've opened the gates and let the enemy in. Well, not the enemy precisely, because actually, John and Carl get along just fine. Carl's worked at Herald Enterprises for more than a decade now, and in fact, he was just promoted to Executive VP. The two men are in meetings together all the time, and I think they've even gotten together socially in the past. Not a lot, but maybe they've grabbed drinks a few times over the years.

But right now, I'm just focused on getting clean and then entertaining my lover. We need to make haste because even though Carl's golf games tend to drag, still, I don't want to cut things close. As a result, I enter the bathroom and turn on the hot water before dropping my workout shorts and stripping off my loose t-shirt. Then I unclasp my bra, dropping the lingerie to the floor, before peeling my panties off and looking in the mirror. Goodness, I'm even more voluptuous than usual. My breasts are enormous creamy pillows because of my pregnancy, and my tummy swollen. The bulge almost hides the vee between my thighs, but not quite. I can still see my pink slit gleaming, and with a giggle, I step into the steamy confines of the shower.

Ahh, this hits the spot! The warm water douses my form and I turn my face to the spray, letting my muscles relax. I guess the stretching video required more exertion than I thought because it does feel good to stand in one place, and just let the steam and heat surround me in the warm mist. But then, I hear a noise and immediately know what it is. Of course, my handsome lover wasn't going to stay in the living room like a

good boy. Instead, I can sense, rather than see, John's huge presence at the doorway and I know he's watching me through a crack in the door.

Immediately, a warm wave of lust hits me because I adore being with John. Even more, the knowledge that we're in my stepfather's house ups the ante because it's so taboo! What would Carl do if he knew I was here, about to make love to the handsome CEO? Well, Carl won't find out but at least I can tease John while I'm at it.

With that, I giggle while taking the soap and running it over my generous curves. The lather leaves me slick and wet, and I titter again when I hear a low groan by the door. But I'm not done yet. I lean over with my bottom facing the door so that my big, heart-shaped ass rises in the air, showing off my two holes. Of course, another low moan sounds from the crack and I titter again while whispering, "Oooh Daddy, do you like this? It feels so good."

John has no idea who the word "Daddy" refers to, but I've already sensed some competition there. He knows that I'm attracted to my stepfather and so I decide to tease him even more. I reach two hands back to pull my white cheeks apart, showing off my gleaming pink slit with the tight coffee pleats at the top. Then I wink my anus at him a few times before spreading my legs to show off the interior of my vag canal. It's hot pink and dripping with need, and with another giggle, I brace one hand on the wall before reaching between my legs with the other to tease my clit out of its hood.

"Oooh, that feels good," I gasp as hot jolts shoot through my cunt. "I need it, Carl. Put it in me hot and unprotected, Daddy. You know I like my meat raw."

That does it. My words are inflammatory because I actually used the word “Carl,” and before I can take another breath, John’s in the shower with me. His big form is massive and rock hard, and those big hands grip my waist almost painfully before he pushes in with one mighty thrust.

“Fuck you,” he growls as I’m lifted to my tiptoes from his size. “Calling out another man’s name? You little slut.”

I gasp as I’m pounded hard, my big breasts swaying with the force of each thrust.

“I didn’t mean it,” I whimper. “I meant John, not Carl.”

But my lover won’t accept my explanation, even though he knows I’m just teasing him.

“Oh yeah? You’re such a fucking slut, you know that? Fucking your boss, and now lusting after your stepdad too. What girl does that?”

“Me!” I whine as my pussy is stretched almost uncomfortably from his massive size. “Oh god, I know I shouldn’t have, but I just can’t help it Daddy! Both of you are so gorgeous and taboo, and I need it! You know I need it!”

“Well, I’m giving it to you, little whore,” he rasps, his balls already beginning to rise. “Oh shit, oh shit, you’re going to take all of my come, baby girl. You’re going to take this huge load in your cunt and you’re not going to waste a single drop, are you?”

I know what he wants as I cup my big breasts, corkscrewing off the nipples with my fingers. Zigzags of pleasure shoot straight from my tits to my pussy and my face is a rictus of ecstasy as the water pours down on our naked forms, sluicing down my skin as John pounds hard into my swollen folds.

“I know you want it,” he rasps. “Fuck, you’re so gorgeous and fucking irresistible, and GODDAMN!” he roars. “Oh shit, I’m coming!”

“Come in my unprotected pussy, Daddy,” I cry out even as my nubile body seizes. “Mm, yes! Give me your sperm.”

My man lets out another roar as his balls begin to pump. The heavy vein on the bottom of his shaft begins to pulse and suddenly, I’m doused with hot jets of seed in my vaginal canal. I scream with pleasure, my pussy convulsing with ecstasy as I squeeze and clamp, pumping his cock for every last drop.

“Mmmm!” is my breathless shriek. “Oh yes! More!”

My man doesn’t let me down. John’s still pistoning his hips even as he leans forward to spit on my asshole before pushing one big finger into my anus. Meanwhile, his dick continues to shoot hot fluids deep in my cunt.

“Fuck,” he rasps. “This is what you want, isn’t it, Clara? My slutty little girl likes it dirty.”

I can’t answer because the double penetration is exactly what I need. I love getting both of my holes invaded, and his finger feels enormous in my bottom. My asshole clamps hard on the intruder even as I let out another scream of ecstasy.

“Oh yes, oh yes!” I cry out breathlessly. “More!”

With that, we crest high in the air, soaring in the skies as I’m taken in both my sweetest spots. It almost feels like John’s everywhere at once except my mouth is open, begging to suck. I need something else in there, but what it could be, I have no idea. Instead, I push a finger between my lips, sucking deeply as my climax crests again, my pussy and ass clamping on John’s digit and cock.

“Mmm,” he grunts, spurting the rest of his seed into my body. “You’re so fertile and ripe, baby. So fucking pregnant, and it turns me on.”

I let out another shuddering sigh before turning to look at him over one shoulder.

“I’m glad I turn you on, Daddy,” is my mewling moan. “You know that I want to be your plaything. I want to be your sweet fuckdoll to play with as you see fit. Use my body for your pleasure. Fuck it and toy with it because you know my curves belong to you.”

John merely throws his head back and lets out another long moan as a final spurt of seed empties into my sweetest spot. Then he pulls back and presses a kiss to my shoulder blade as the water continues to pour.

“What would I do without you, Clara?” he rasps. “You’re a man’s fantasy come true.”

I merely giggle again while raising my bottom in the air to show him my creamy pussy.

“I know what you can do,” I purr. “Kiss it, Daddy. Lick your seed right out of me.”

Sure enough, the big man gets down on his knees, and soon, we’re going at it again. Brief flashes of Carl’s face pass before my eyes because I’d love to have something in my mouth as John goes to town cleaning me up. But will that ever happen? I’m not sure, seeing that my efforts to tempt the man of the house have come to nothing so far. Ah well, a girl can always dream and besides, I haven’t given up yet. I want Carl and John, and I just have to figure out how to make it happen.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Carl

What the hell? What are these words that I'm hearing from Clara's lips? *Plaything? Fuckdoll? Use my body?* What in the world?

Yet I can't help but lean forward. I'm crouched at the opening of the bathroom door like a Peeping Tom with my feet frozen in place. I know I should leave out of courtesy, yet here I am, spying on my sweet stepdaughter.

After all, like an idiot I forgot my newest driver at home. I suppose I could have just done without seeing that I have plenty of clubs to choose from, but I just bought this one and I wanted to try it out. As a result, I hightailed it home with every intention of picking up the driver and then heading back to the country club stat.

But when I stepped into the house, there were breathy moans coming from the bathroom. Slapping sounds too, and then the high, reedy wail of my stepdaughter mixed with the low grunts of a man.

I crept forward towards the noise, unable to believe my ears. Was Clara really doing this? Holy shit, was she entertaining

another man in my house? But sure enough, when I crept down the hallway, the bathroom door was open with a waft of warm mist trailing outwards. The two obviously thought they were alone, and didn't even bother to close the door to ensure their privacy! What the hell? Sure enough, I got a clear view into the small space, and to my shock, I could glimpse the forms of two people going at it deep in the stall.

The man was huge, although through the steam, I couldn't make out much beyond broad shoulders and strong legs. But he had my sweet stepdaughter practically bent over in half as he pounded into her from the back, roaring his pleasure while breathing her name.

"Clara," he rasped. "Oh shit."

My stepdaughter wasn't any better. She had both hands braced against the wall, taking his punishment, as she practically sobbed with delight.

"Mmm, more Daddy!" she wailed. "Yes, use my curves! Give me your load."

My shaft went from rubber to iron immediately then. It shouldn't have because one, Clara's my family and so my thoughts are taboo. Second, she was with another man! Hell, I wanted to beat his head in even while I wanted to step into the stall myself and feed my cock into the sweet girl's mouth as she enjoyed the deep drill from the back. After all, my stepdaughter's been driving me wild and I'm desperate to get into her body at this point, even if I have to share her with another man. I'll let him use one of her holes while I take another, and then we can rotate between all three. What can I say? Clara's got more than enough to share, and again, I'm utterly desperate.

But all I can do is fist my shaft as Clara takes it deep and hard. She's practically on her toes, struggling with his size as her breasts sway, legs spread wide in invitation.

"Mmm!" she squeals again. "Oh oh oh!"

It's then that they both erupt, the man bent over her narrow back as he pumps his seed into the hot channel of her vag.

"Fuck," he grunts. "Unnh."

Then, they start talking dirty as they come, and I slink away with my cock rock hard. My body's shaking as my heart pounds in my ears. Did I just see that? I let myself out of the house, but instead of getting into my car, I start walking down the street, trying to process what I just witnessed. What the fuck? How can Clara be so disrespectful? I understand that she's a grown woman with needs, and that yes, she dates men and even sleeps with them. But to see it with my own eyes is another story, and I'm beyond pissed that she did it *on my property too*.

Where did you think she was going to go? the voice in my head asks in a reasonable tone. *Did you think she was banging men in the car? On the bus?*

Hell, she doesn't even have a car! I rage. *She uses MY car!* That fact only adds fuel to the fire as I stalk down the street, still blind with fury. What the fuck? My hands clench, the knuckles white, as I let out a low growl. I'm pissed beyond all hell, and I can't fucking believe the gall of that girl. Not to mention, Clara's pregnant too! What pregnant woman does that?

Finally, I arrive at our local park. It's deserted and I take a seat on a nearby bench, trying to calm down. *Let it go*, the voice in my head advises again. *She's a grown woman and besides, you*

never said she couldn't. If she wanted to bring one of her paramours home, then that's her business.

But it's my house! the voice in my head howls once more. She was fucking another man on MY territory!

I'm so fucking pissed and the rage rises all over again in my chest, making it impossible to see anything but red. I stare up into the sun, blinding myself as a result, but I don't care. Obviously, I can't head to the golf course like this. I'd miss every shot and probably end up breaking a club or two, seeing how angry I am. Yet I can't go home either because obviously, a confrontation at this point would be disaster. I'd most likely pummel Clara's lover before starting in on the sweet girl herself. Then, I'd pull her right under me and use her curves like a filthy savage.

None of those options is feasible, and as a result, I just sit on the bench like a loser. I'm so pissed and angry, and yet there's no outlet for me to vent. I want to blame Clara. I want to blame myself. Hell, I want to blame her nameless lover, but what can I do? I never had any claim to the sweet girl, and I never made my desires known. She's just going about her life like a normal person, and I'm the one who's the chump. I'm the one who's missing out as everyone goes about their own sweet business, oblivious to my rage.

After a couple hours, the sun begins to set and dusk descends on the playground. The light takes on an amber sheen, and at least I'm able to see straight now. Come to think of it, a couple families have come and gone during the day, and I probably looked like some type of criminal to them. After all, why would a single guy be sitting motionless on the benches while staring at the jungle gym? I saw how the mothers shot me suspicious glances before guiding their children away. But no

cops have come, and fortunately, the park is empty once more. I'm still seething, even if plumes of smoke are no longer wafting from my ears.

But then, a small hand touches my shoulder and I hear a sweet voice that torments and arouses me at once.

"Carl?" Clara asks in a tentative tone. "What are you doing here? I thought you were playing golf today."

I turn immediately and sure enough, the sweet girl stands there, her brown curls waving around those innocent features. She's wearing a modest floral sundress over her lush curves and I stare hungrily at the creaminess of her thighs before my eyes go up to rest on that angelic face. Her lips are plush and just the tiniest bit swollen. It all comes rushing back then. She was taking cock in her mouth and that's why they look bee-stung. I know it, and the rage surges in my veins once more.

"How did you find me?" I bite out.

Clara looks startled at my harsh voice.

"Just by accident," she says in a hesitant tone. "I decided to take a walk, and you know I often come to McCarren Park. I saw you sitting here and was surprised because I thought you were golfing. You're dressed for it, after all," she says, nodding to my polo shirt and khaki pants.

But I'm too angry to play nice. Instead, I shoot her a searing look.

"You thought I was playing golf, huh?"

Clara nods, biting her lip.

"Did you just get back and decide to take a break here? Or ...?" she pauses, unsure of what to say. I want to scream out

loud, but instead keep my voice low even if there's no one around.

"No, I didn't get to the course today," I rasp. "I've been stewing on this bench like a fucking chump for hours."

The pretty brat looks truly confused.

"Really? But why, Carl? What's going on?"

I know I shouldn't take it out on Clara. I know that I should keep my mouth buttoned up and move on. I can kick her out of the house, if need be. I can force her to live in a shelter, or hell, move in with her lover. I can get her fired from Herald and withdraw all financial support, and that should satisfy my desire for vengeance. But a crazed man doesn't always think straight, and before I know it, the words come out in a torrent.

"I saw you," I hiss, my blue eyes shooting sparks. "I saw what you did."

Clara looks confused.

"You saw me doing what?" she asks hesitantly. "I'm not sure what you're getting at, Carl."

I stand from the bench then, stalking to the swing set area as the blood in my veins reaches a boiling point. Then, I swivel and stare at her, daggers jetting from my eyes.

"I saw you fucking that man in the shower," I hiss again, venom dripping from my words. "What the fuck, Clara? You brought your boyfriend to my house? To fuck him in a shower stall that I use every day?"

Her face goes pale as she gasps. But then she asks in a hesitant tone, "Did you see who it was?"

"NO!" I rage. "There was too much steam, but I saw everything you did. I saw how he had you bent over as you

screamed and begged for it. I saw that hard cock railing your pussy even as you called yourself “his fucktoy” and “his fuckdoll.” *What the hell?*” I practically scream then. “You’re pregnant! How could you do this?”

Clara’s got a stricken look on her face as she approaches me.

“I’m so sorry, Carl,” she says in a pleading tone. “I thought you were at golf and never imagined in a million years that you’d come home and see us. I thought you’d be gone for hours!”

“Yeah, well you thought wrong!” I thunder, my expression one of pure fury. “You fucking slut! You’re such a whore, spreading your legs for another man!”

Clara’s crying now, sweet tears dripping down her cheeks.

“I didn’t mean to!” she pleads. “I mean, I did but I don’t get why you’re so angry! It’s obvious that I’ve had sex before because I’m pregnant! I’m twenty-two too, so I’m my own woman with needs, and the pregnancy’s made me extra-horny, okay? So yes, I asked him to come over when I thought you were away, and yes, we went at it hard in the shower. But I never meant for it to become an issue!”

I pause, seething.

“Well, it *is* an issue!” I hiss to my teeth. “Because I want your curves, Clara. I want that pussy and ass, and if you’re in my house, then you should be servicing me!”

The sweet girl’s mouth drops open then in shock.

“What?” she manages in a trembling voice. “What are you saying?”

I stare at the ground, hating myself.

“I want you, okay?” I grind out. “You’ve been a fucking temptation since the moment you set foot over my doorstep, but what the fuck am I supposed to do? You’re my deceased wife’s daughter!”

Still, Clara seems utterly surprised.

“You want me?” she repeats in a whisper.

“Of course I do!” I rasp hungrily, looking up and down her voluptuous form, unable to help myself. “And you know what? I don’t give a fuck anymore. Turn around,” I say in a harsh voice.

Clara’s still staring at me in shock, so I do it for her. I reach forwards and before I even realize what I’m doing, I’ve spun her around and then pushed her down so that she’s kneeling in the sand, her belly supported by the swing.

“I’m going to own these curves,” I rasp while flipping her skirt up over that heart-shaped ass. “Clearly, you share this shit with other men, so I might as well get my piece too.”

She mewls then, still crying a bit. But I can also see how her pussy’s swollen beneath her thong, glistening with moisture. Fuck, she’s turned on! Sure enough, as I watch, she creams a bit more, the vaginal fluids sliding in a slippery trail down the lips of her cunt before dipping down one thigh.

“Carl, I didn’t mean to,” she pants. “You don’t have to do this!”

“Yes, I do,” I rage while undoing my pants in jerky movements. “These curves have always belonged to me, and now I’m taking what’s mine.”

With that, I reach down and pluck the thong out of her ass before strapping it over one big buttock. A low groan escapes my throat because Clara’s beautiful here. Her pussy’s

obviously raw and ravaged from that other guy, and if I'm not mistaken, the strange man's sperm is still dripping a bit from her hole. But then I get an idea. I spit onto her anus, watching as the saliva oozes over her pleats before sliding into that tiny orifice.

"Have you ever been taken here before?" I ask, lightly grazing a finger over that forbidden pucker.

Clara lets a breathless squeal then.

"Carl, you can't!" she pants. "We're in a public park! We shouldn't even be doing this!"

But I merely worm my way deeper into her ass, her face clenching with pleasure as I stir my finger around, loosening her anal walls.

"There's no one here right now," I hiss. "Besides, I want this ass. Now again: have you been claimed here before?"

Clara lets out a low whine, her pussy streaming more fluids as she almost sobs in reply.

"No," she cries out. "I've had fingers in my bottom, and even tongue, but no one's taken my ass cherry before. But I want you to have it, Daddy," she pants as her big breasts heave. "If it makes you happy, then I want to give it to you."

By now, my shaft is dripping a long, thick string of come to the sand and I grunt with approval while lining it up with her tiny hole. Fuck, it's clenched so tight even after the finger-fucking and I spit again while rubbing my fingers over those puckered pleats.

"Well, now's the big day, sweetheart," I croon. "Because you're going to pay for what you did, Clara. You're going to give Daddy this ass as payment for your naughty ways, so hold on tight. Breathe deep because your anal cherry is mine."

Then, I begin to increase the pressure against her anus, watching with avid eyes as her butt cheeks clench, her pucker refusing to open. But after some insistent pushing, I manage to get past the circle of her pleats and with an audible pop, her sphincter gives way, allowing my cock to sink a few inches into that lush white bottom.

“Fuuuuuck,” I groan. “Shit, you were made for anal, baby. Your ass looks amazing with a cock crammed inside.”

It’s true too because Clara’s cheeks are huge and creamy, and instinctively, she knows what to do. Instead of clenching up, she relaxes and even pushes out, her chamber massaging my shaft. I slide a few more inches into her asshole, enjoying the tight walls of her rectum.

“Fuck baby,” I rasp again. “That’s it. Jerk me off with your asshole like a good girl. You know what to do.”

Clara’s mewling with pleasure now, her face a rictus of ecstasy as that sweet rump takes inch after inch of my length. But she squeezes upon my command and a low, gurgled moan of pleasure escapes from my throat at the sensation. Fuck, this is ten times better than I ever imagined. Of course, I’ve fantasized about claiming my sweet brat in a myriad of ways, but I never imagined being eight deep in her ass in a public place. Yet, that’s where we are and that’s what we’re doing. It blows my mind as I begin pushing deeper before pulling out, the sweet clench of her anus on my pole incredible to behold.

“You’re doing great,” I rasp throatily, parting her ass cheeks so that I have a better view of where our bodies meet. “You’ll taking it so well, baby girl.”

Clara mewls below me, twisting her nipples with her fingers.

“I want to make you happy, Daddy,” she whispers. “I know I was bad and I know I deserve this, but please believe me. I want this.”

I groan again, driving in with a forceful push that makes her huff with surprise.

“I know, baby,” I soothe in a raspy tone. “And once I come in this sweet ass, all will be forgiven. You’re doing a great job of making it up to me. Your asshole’s so tight, baby, and it’s a thousand times hotter than I ever imagined.”

“Oh, is it like a furnace?” she mewls, gasping as I shaft myself inside again. “Does it feel like a million degrees?”

I groan again, seizing her hips with my hands while enjoying the tight squeeze of her anus.

“More than a million degrees,” I grunt while humping that sweet white mound. “It’s like the heated fire of a thousand fiery suns.”

I know that our words are becoming comical but I don’t care. All I care about is the pleasure that Clara’s giving me and the beautiful brunette coos again before panting, sweat streaming down her neck. I seize a handful of that curly hair in one grip, pulling her back up in an arch before really beginning to rail her behind.

“That’s what you get,” I rasp. “This is what bad girls get when they fuck other men under Daddy’s roof.”

“I know,” she half-screams, half-pleads with pleasure. “I’m so sorry, Daddy. I swear, I am *-ahhh!*” she squeals then, her entire form clenching as climax overtakes her curves. “Mmmm!” A full body orgasm rips through Clara’s fertile form, her anus clamping on me once, hard, before dissolving into convulsions of pleasure. “Ohhhh!”

Meanwhile, I can't hold on any longer either. I fuck deep into her ass, popping her cherry for sure, before my cumshoot pulses, spraying wild streams of seed deep into her bottom.

“Fuck!” I roar. “Oh shit! SHIT!”

Our cries are loud, but at this point, I don't care anymore. The entire village of Allentown could be watching me claim my sweet girl, and I wouldn't give a fuck. After all, this is what I need and what I've been craving for months now. Clara, beneath me, panting with pleasure as I own her sweet form. She shudders beneath me, sobbing with pleasure as I spurt again and again, filling her with viscous seed.

When it finally ends, the release is draining. I pull my cock out of her ass, watching the dripping shaft emerge, smeared in a combination of my come and her ass fluids. Oh shit, she's got gape, and it's not a tiny gape either. Instead, her asshole remains open and huge, pulsing like it's breathing on its own. The sight is beautiful and rancid at once, yet I'm horrified at my actions. How could I do this to a girl who looks up to me as a father figure? I'm a fucking asshole, not to mention a maniac. Quickly, I tuck myself away.

“Are you okay?” I ask in a rough voice, flipping her skirt back in place as Clara lies there spent, still bent over the rubber swing. “Was I too forceful?”

Slowly, her dazed eyes come into focus and to my horror, they fill with tears.

“No, I'm okay,” she whispers. “It's fine.”

Guilt overcomes my form, so strong that I can hardly breathe.

“I'm so sorry,” I growl even as I caress Clara's soft cheek. “I never should have done that,” I apologize. To my shame, my own eyes are beginning to get teary too because what the hell

did I just do? I just anally reamed my sweet stepdaughter in a public place as punishment. Fuck. I never should have laid a finger on her, no matter what she did to make me angry.

But Clara merely shakes her head, sniffing as her tears dry up a bit.

“Carl, I have a confession,” she says in a low, trembling voice. “I know you’re probably still pissed, but I might as well tell you now.”

“No, baby girl,” I say in a choked tone. “Whatever you’ve done doesn’t even compare to what I just did to you. This was inappropriate, obscene, and I’m so sorry, Clara, from the bottom of my heart.”

She straightens a little bit then, getting up off the swing and pulling her dress down so that she’s decent once more. Still, I can see a drip of male fluid at her knee, and I know it’s my semen. Guilt overcomes me, yet I feel strangely elated too. I forced myself into the sweet girl’s ass, filling her with my seed, and it feels right, to be honest. I love knowing that the pregnant girl is dripping with my semen, and what it means is that I’m a messed-up motherfucker who deserves whatever’s coming my way.

Yet, Clara’s words take me by surprise.

“The other man you saw me with?” she whispers hesitantly while still wiping at her wet cheeks. “It was your boss, John. You know, John Herald of Herald Enterprises. He’s the one who was with me in the shower.”

My mouth falls open with shock then as my heart begins thudding. A siren begins to wail in my ears even as I stare at the curvy girl.

“What?” I manage in a whisper. “You were with John? The CEO? The man who’s *my boss*?”

Clara nods, tears brimming in those beautiful brown eyes again.

“It just happened,” she says in a low voice. “No one planned anything, and actually, we’ve been going strong the entire time I’ve been at Herald. Since my first week, in fact. I hope we can make this work somehow, Carl, because I want to be with both of you,” she confesses in a rushed tone. “But do you think that’s possible, Daddy? Will you be okay if you have to share me with another man?”

I can’t reply because a blinding blaze has descended over my eyes, rendering me deaf, dumb, and mute. What the hell? Not only was Clara fucking another man in my house, but it was my boss, John Herald? My knees feel like rubber and I literally sway in place, unable to keep my balance, because what do I do now? Clara’s definitely pulled a hat trick this time, and I’ve been left up the creek with nowhere to turn.

CHAPTER NINE

Clara

I can't believe I've gotten both John and Carl to come to a meeting, but I suppose this is pressing business, so both men agreed. After all, I've slept with both alpha males now, and I don't want to keep it a secret. After the playground liaison with Carl, I immediately told John, and to my surprised, my lover wasn't shocked.

"So you're okay with it?" I asked in a low voice behind the closed door of his office. "Me sleeping with another man?" The CEO merely shrugged.

"Let's just say it's not surprising. I saw it coming," he growled.

I stared at his chiseled features, unable to believe my ears.

"What do you mean, you saw it coming?"

John chuckled, his blue eyes flashing.

"Anyone could see that your stepfather was attracted to you, honey. Hell, what man wouldn't be? You're beautiful, curvy, and very alluring. Probably half the men at Herald are interested in you, although of course, you belong to me."

I swallow hard.

“Yes, but that’s what I want to discuss,” I say in a low tone. “Carl wants me to belong to him as well, and so that’s what we need to work through. We need to figure out how this is going to unfold because I don’t want to leave him high and dry. I owe him, you know. He took me in when I had no place to go, and even found me my job at Herald. So we need to discuss this.”

John merely shrugged.

“As far as I’m concerned, you don’t owe him anything, sweetheart. Carl merely did what any alpha male should do, which is to protect and look out for a woman in his care. But we can meet and talk,” he acceded. “Why not? It’s just a conversation over a cup of coffee.”

As a result, we’re at the Cheshire Café this afternoon. It’s a cute place with a garden outside, and we’re seated at a wobbly glass table with uncomfortable wrought-iron chairs. But at least the setting is beautiful. A vined trellis shades us from the sun, and the garden’s bursting with dozens of colorful blooms, including purple and pink hydrangeas, as well as lilacs of the creamiest white.

But the idyllic setting doesn’t make up for the stormy expression on both of my lovers’ faces. Carl’s shooting daggers at John which could practically kill, while John’s acting like nothing’s wrong. Yet I can tell from the tense set of his shoulders and the harsh flush of color across his high cheekbones that he’s well aware of the enemy at the gate.

“So what’s going on?” John drawls. “What are we here for today?”

I take a deep breath before looking meaningfully at both men.

“Thank you for coming,” I say in a firm tone. “Before we start, I just want to set some ground rules. No physical fighting, no violence, and no epithets will be tolerated.”

Carl grunts.

“This fuck here deserves whatever he gets.”

John’s square jaw jerks towards Carl then.

“As does this asshole.”

I hold up both hands, already feeling exhausted.

“Okay, we’re not exactly off to a good start, but I’m going to take that as an agreement on the physical violence. We will not be fighting. I’m pregnant, and I can’t take the risk that somehow, I get pulled into the melee.”

Both men turn to me then.

“I would never hurt you,” Carl growls, blue eyes flashing. “Never in a million years.”

“Only that fuck would accidentally swing and miss before clipping you,” John adds in a smarmy tone. “I never miss.”

I roll my eyes because men can be so childish sometimes! I swear, these guys are in their forties, and yet they’re acting like babies. I merely huff out an exasperated breath before looking at them.

“Well, now that we have that cleared up,” I say in a wry tone. “We might as well get started. As you know, I’ve been with both of you now, and I wanted to get that into the open. Even more, I want to discuss how we’re going to proceed from here. Both of you have sampled my curves, and there must be some way to work this out without putting my job and housing situation in jeopardy.”

“You’re welcome to stay with me as long as you like,” Carl immediately interjects.

“And you’re welcome to work at Herald for as long as you like,” John immediately throws right back. “So it’s solved. We’re good to go.”

But I hold up one hand as the big man stands, his huge form towering over us.

“Sit back down,” I snap. “We’re nowhere near done.” The CEO reluctantly seats himself again, refusing to even look at Carl. I sigh because this conversation isn’t going well, and I have no idea how I’m going to convince two bullheaded, stubborn men to share me. Well, the only thing to do is to try.

As a result, I take a deep breath and start again.

“Listen, I know that both of you would like to have me to yourselves, but that’s not a possibility,” I say in a low tone. “Before we start the negotiations, I just want to put that out there. It’s either both of you in the game, or neither of you gets to enjoy me, period.”

Carl and John immediately shake their heads.

“Naw, that’s not necessary,” my stepfather growls. “He can get lost. Jobs are a dime a dozen honey. Hell, I’ll even find a new position myself, Herald Enterprises be damned.”

John shrugs at hearing these fighting words.

“Jobs are hard to come by these days,” the CEO drawls. “Don’t knock it until you get out on the labor market and see how difficult it is. I hear recruiters don’t even talk to you if you don’t have a good recommendation, and you know you won’t get one if you leave and take Clara with you.”

That shuts up my stepdad, although he turns to John with fire in those blue eyes.

“So what do you suggest then?”

John merely shrugs.

“I’m open to sharing. Clara’s a lush, beautiful young woman with plenty of options, so there’s enough to go around. And as you know, the baby in her belly isn’t biologically connected to either of us. So in fact, she was already taken by another man before either of us showed up to the scene.”

“But he’s not in the picture anymore,” I inject hastily. “And I don’t know who the father of my baby is either. I went through a wild phase when I was a flight attendant, and I think I already told both of you how I got pregnant.”

Carl nods slowly, although his eyes are still narrowed at John.

“But how would that work? And why are you even okay with this?” he asks. “You’re actually fine with sharing a woman? What kind of guy does that?”

John merely shrugs.

“Hey, let’s just say I can read a situation and get a good feel for the best outcome. Would I like to have Clara all to myself? Yes. But is it going to happen? No. As a result, I know that the optimal outcome in these circumstances is to share her with another man, and while it’s not what I want, we don’t always get what we want.”

But there’s more to it, and Carl squints his eyes at John again.

“You’ve done this before, haven’t you?”

John pretends to look surprised.

“Done what?”

“Shared a woman with another man. Fucked her in back while he was in her mouth. Hell, taken her pussy while he claimed her ass.”

John throws his head back and laughs then, revealing a bright white smile.

“You’re right, I have,” he admits, not at all offended. “And that’s part of the reason why I’m supporting Clara now. I’ve done it before, and it’s not bad actually. In fact, it can even be better, believe it or not. Some girls react well to taking to two men at once, and they come harder and have the best orgasms of their lives.”

I know this is my time to speak now.

“Actually,” I begin hesitantly. “I’ve been with two men at once before,” I confess. “So it isn’t new to me, and it’s definitely not going to freak me out or anything. In fact, I liked it,” I admit in a whisper. “During that slutty phase I was telling you guys about, there were a few times when I played with multiple men at once and it was really amazing.”

By now, my cheeks are scarlet and my nipples are hard from the admission. Carl notices too, his blue gaze sweeping over my breasts before they go back up to my features.

“So you liked it,” he says in a low voice. “It wasn’t scary or uncomfortable or too much?”

“No,” I admit in a whisper. “It was wonderful and that’s why I want to see if this can work with the three of us. Being with two men simultaneously was one of the best experiences of my life, and I thought ... well, I’d like to do it again. If you’re game,” I say quickly. “If you’re uncomfortable at the thought, of course, we don’t have to.”

John smirks.

“It’s up to you, bud. You’re the one who’s holding things back.”

Carl’s dark head drops then, his expression conflicted.

“I never thought it’d be so difficult,” he speaks in a low voice.

“It’s not that I don’t want to share you, sweetheart, it’s that ...”

“What, Carl?” I ask gently, sliding my small hand over his bronzed one. “You can tell me.”

He shoots me an anguished look then.

“It’s just that this is more than just sex for me, sweetheart,” he says in a choked voice. “I’m in love with you, honey, and I want you for more than some quick roll in the hay. I mean, I get it. You love being dirty and so do I. I’m looking forward to plundering your curves and using them any way I please, don’t get me wrong. But for me, it’s more than that, Clara. I want you in all ways, and that includes your heart.”

My heart starts racing as my jaw drops. Can these words be true? Is my stepfather declaring that he’s in love with me? He nods, and drops his head, as if ashamed.

“I know I shouldn’t feel this way,” he admits in a low tone. “You’re Vivian’s daughter, and I have no right to fall in love with my deceased wife’s daughter. It’s fucking sick,” he acknowledges in an conflicted tone, unable to meet my eyes. “But the moment you stepped into my house, Clara, I could feel it happening. You were irresistible, and it wasn’t just your body, although of course, your sassy form was a big part of it. It’s you,” he rasps, finally meeting my eyes. “Your light. Your love. Your enjoyment of everything in life, and the sweetness that you bring to everything you touch. I love you, baby girl, and I don’t want this to be some rancid threesome where two men use and abuse you. I want this to be the real thing.”

I'm so floored that I can't even speak. Instead, I gape at Carl, my heart pounding like thunder in my ears. The man of the house loves me? I'm just about to reply when John interrupts.

"Well, that definitely changes things," he says in a low voice. "But I have my own admission to make as well. I admit, I wasn't going to say anything because it didn't seem like the right time, but now that we're declaring ourselves ..." Then, he clears his throat and fixes me with a steely blue gaze. "I'm in love with you as well, Clara. I've loved you since that first moment we spoke at Herald Enterprises. It's not because you're beautiful and sweet, although of course, you are. It's because you bring light to my life. Our time together is the best part of each day, and I've found that I look forward to it. I don't want to let you go, honey, and I'll do whatever it take to make you happy because your happiness is the most important thing in the world to me. I adore you, Clara, and I want to find a way to make this work."

Now, I feel like my brain's exploding as the top of my head pops off. Is this really happening? When I asked John and Carl to come to the café, I figured it was going to be a tense conversation filled with veiled epithets and nasty looks. Maybe we'd come to a arrangement, or maybe not.

But instead, the opposite has happened. Both alpha males are declaring their love for me, and my heart melts because the truth is that I adore them too. John and Carl have added so much to my life in the last few months, and my experience on God's green earth has been enhanced because of them. No longer am I engaging in mindless hedonism with strange men, although that was plenty of fun. Instead, I've moved onto real relationships with handsome, gorgeous men who want to take care of me. John and Carl want more than my curvy body and

sweet gasps. They want what's best for me, and as a result, I begin to cry with happiness.

"What is it?" Carl asks, an aghast look on his face. "Oh shit."

"Goddamn, we've fucked up," John growls, shaking his head. "Shit, what else could go wrong today?"

But instead, I take both men's hands in my own, laughing and sobbing at once.

"No, it's not that," I speak through my tears. "I'm crying because I'm happy! Because you see, I love you too. Both of you, and as a result, this is the best news ever."

"You love us?" Carl asks, genuinely surprised.

"Really?" John adds in a low voice. "That's a surprise."

I half-sob, half-laugh again.

"Yes, I do," I say. "You see, I've fallen in love with you during our time together. John, for the way you're such a devilish cad sometimes, but actually caring and loving beneath it all. And Carl, for your generosity of spirit and genuine desire to do right by me. Neither of you had any reason to be kind to a woman in need, but you've both gone above and beyond anything I expected, and I adore you both for it."

There, my declaration's out and my heart pounds as my ears ring. I can hardly believe I've said these words but they're true, and my voice is like a clarion call, clear as a bell in the garden. Meanwhile, my two lovers are motionless for a moment, but then they lean forward to cover me in kisses. John presses his mouth to mine before breaking off our liplock to look in my eyes.

"You won't regret this, baby girl," he rasps. "We'll work to make this the best relationship you've ever had."

“Whatever you want, you’ll get,” adds Carl as he licks a sensuous trail up my throat. “Nothing is too good for our sweet Clara.”

I gasp then before pushing him away with a playful hand.

“Goodness, people are looking!” I giggle breathlessly. “They’re going to throw us out of this place if we don’t get a room.”

Both men pause then, their blue eyes flashing as they take in my curves.

“Do you want to?” John rasps. “Get a room, I mean?”

“I’m ready if you are, sweetheart,” Carl grinds out. “I’ve never done a menage before, but hey, I’m here for it. We’ll do whatever you want.”

With that, I smile sweetly before standing and holding out my hands to my two men.

“Yes, let’s get a room,” I say in a melodic tone while pulling them to their feet. “I think that would be the best thing to do right now, don’t you agree?”

With that, our love story begins because this isn’t about me, John, or Carl individually. Instead, this is a story of two men who love one woman, and their efforts to find a way to make it work. It seems like an impossible situation, or at least one filled with challenges, but I know that our future is blessed because with open minds, open arms, and most of all, open hearts, we can discover a path forward. After all, I won’t give up on either of my handsome alpha males, and I know they won’t give up on me either.

EPILOGUE

John

Fuck. Our woman is heavily pregnant now, and she's just so sexy. Clara's laid out nude on the California king in our master suite, and she's panting as Carl gently works his fist into her pussy.

"You like that?" he rasps, his cock weeping fluid as our little girl takes his fist in her cunt. "Does that feel good?"

Clara lets out a breathy squeal as her hands corkscrew off her hard pink nipples.

"Ummm, yes," she moans, her eyes fluttering closed. "Mm, more. Give it to me real deep, Daddy."

I almost come at her dirty words because our pregnant girlfriend loves having sex with two men, and our life is utter hedonism as a result. At first, I wasn't sure how things were going to work exactly. Would Clara spend one night with me, and then one night with Carl? It seemed like a lot of logistics and planning, and I definitely wasn't looking forward to that headache.

But after about a week, we settled into a pattern. Instead of having the curvy girl rotate between the two of us, we decided

to rent a big house on the outskirts of Allentown. It's a mansion with a pool for our pregnant woman to enjoy, as well as a bedroom that we're converting into a nursery and also a playroom for after the baby's born. Most important, however, is the huge master suite that's become a den of sin for us. This is where we take Clara again and again, her pregnant form satisfying us in a myriad of ways.

Plus, Carl's adapted just fine. He was the only one of us who'd never done menage before, and at first, I could tell he was a little weirded out. When we got naked in the same room, he averted his eyes and wouldn't look at my bare cock. He made sure not to touch me, and even tried to shy away when our legs accidentally brushed.

But the thing is that you can't enjoy yourself in a threesome without some accidental touching, and that became clear after our first few times together. Besides, the real goal is to keep Clara happy, and it took some adjustment, but soon, Carl warmed up and he doesn't care if we accidentally touch anymore. Of course, we don't purposefully stroke each other, but if my arm brushes his cock, or if our tongues meet while we're eating Clara's pussy, it's fine. The most important thing is our woman's pleasure, and we're willing to do whatever it takes to keep her happy and comfortable.

At the moment though, Clara's more than happy. She's positively moaning with bliss, her back arching as Carl gives her a good fisting.

"Mmm!" she cries out. "Oh oh oh!"

But I want in on the action too, and I approach the sweet girl, my cock banging against her cheek. Immediately, her eyes flicker open as her mouth parts into a perfectly round "O" of invitation.

“That’s a good girl,” I rasp, slowly easing my shaft between those plush lips. “Fuck, I can see my tip going down your throat.”

Our sweet girl merely gargles around the huge pole in her mouth, even as Carl continues fisting her pregnant pussy.

“Mmph!” she grunts. “Mpmph mmph!”

I throw my head back, hot jolts of ecstasy coursing through my shaft. Clara’s so good at giving head, and her jaw literally seems to unhinge as my cock sinks further and further down her throat. But the tension is too much. Within a few minutes, I find myself skating close to the edge as Carl screws his hand into our luscious woman’s pussy again and again.

“Fuck, your snatch was made for this,” he rasps, his other hand gripping his pole. “Oh shit, this is amazing. Oh shit, oh SHIT!”

Suddenly, all three of us burst with pleasure. Clara’s eyes roll back, showing the whites, as her cheeks bulge, suddenly filled to the brim with my come. I let out a roar as the seed continues to pulse, hot streams escaping from Clara’s lips to trickle down her chin. But I’m not the only one losing it. The sweet girl’s pussy spasms hard, nearly breaking Carl’s fist in half, but he merely throws his head back and lets out a howl as he ejaculates all over my beautiful woman’s thighs.

“Fuck!” he shouts, spraying her with male seed. “Oh shit!”

Our moans entwine as they rise to the heavens, the pleasure indescribable. I can’t stop coming it feels like, but Clara’s a champ and she continues to swallow blissfully, even as her snatch convulses on Carl’s hand. He’s made a mess on her thighs, but she merely spreads her legs wider, welcoming the hot spurts of his man milk.

Finally, however, we float back to Earth and I pull my cock from Clara's mouth, watching with avid eyes as it reappears, inch by glistening inch from her plush lips. A string of saliva continues to connect us even when I pull away and I nod with approval.

"Fuck baby, you're amazing," is my rasp. "You took me all the way up to the balls that time."

Clara coughs a bit and smiles up at me, wiping at the sperm on her chin.

"You taste good, Daddy," she mewls. "I'm happy to swallow as much as possible."

Meanwhile, Carl gently pulls his fist out of her twat, his hand emerging gooey and coated with female nectar.

"Fuck baby," he sighs before leaning back. "You almost cracked my fingers with your convulsions! Do you think your pussy's getting stronger, given that you're due to give birth soon?"

Clara giggles a bit.

"Maybe. I don't know, but it makes sense, doesn't it? Somehow, this kid has to make his appearance in the world."

I look up.

"Oh, did you decide to find out the sex?"

Our woman giggles, her big breasts shaking with the movement.

"Oh no, I was just using "he" as a placeholder. But yes, I think certain parts of me are definitely getting ready for labor. It's going to be any day now!"

Carl presses a kiss to her used, swollen pussy.

“I welcome it. I look forward to meeting our son or daughter.”

I claim Clara’s sweet pout in a kiss as well.

“I look forward to being a father. We both do.”

Clara smiles beatifically, dazed and sated, not to mention inordinately happy.

“I knew we could make this work,” she mewls with satisfaction. “After all, two is better than one, right?” But then my sweet girl pauses. “By the way, did I tell you about Elle?”

I frown.

“The one from work? At Herald Enterprises?”

Clara nods before sharing a quick glance with Carl.

“I know I told Carl about this already, but I think Elle’s with two men, just like us. Except that they’re her stepbrother and stepfather.”

Carl smooths a big hand over her back.

“Has something happened since you first told me about the situation?”

Clara nods.

“I don’t go into work anymore because of my pregnancy, of course. But Elle texted me a pic of herself the other day, and well ... she looked different. Glowly, and with a bit of a belly.”

I stare at her.

“Are you saying you think she’s pregnant?”

Clara nods, her eyes wide.

“And I think the father is either or stepbrother or her stepdad. It’s so wrong, right?” she whispers. “I mean, should we call the police?”

I shake my head.

“No, because look at us, sweetheart. If we reported them, they’d just report us right back. Besides, it’s worked out for us. We’re all consenting adults, and we’re happy together. You know that both Carl and I adore you, sweetheart, and that’s how we want things to stay.”

“Amen,” Carl growls from Clara’s other side, his blue eyes bright. “This has been a thousand times better than I expected, and if you’re satisfied, then I’m satisfied, baby girl. Again, just ask for whatever you want because you know that John and I are more than happy to deliver.”

Our beautiful brunette smiles beatifically then, taking our large hands in her small ones.

“I don’t want anything except to be with you,” she says in a heartfelt whisper. “Our love is a reward in and of itself, and I don’t need anything else except us.”

Those words make my heart sing because nothing could be more on point. Our girl has the right values, the right ideas, and best of all, two men who cherish and adore her. What better ending could possibly exist? All that I know is that Carl and I love Clara, and even though a menage wasn’t first on my list, it’s turned out just fine. Hell, it’s better than just fine. Carl and I have learned to share, and with Clara’s full support, our lives will only become more blissful and full.

THE END

WAIT, THERE’S MORE!

Pick up a steamy extended epilogue where Carl and John enjoy Clara’s luscious form after she’s given birth. But this time, the sweet girl’s being fisted in her back end, and not the

front! Is that even possible? Pick up your copy [here](#) (digital download) or [here](#) (read online). *Warning: steam ahead!*

BUT WHAT ABOUT ELLE?

Clara's not the only woman up to no good! Her co-worker Elle is indeed dating both her stepdad and stepbrother, and holy cow, but do they turn up the heat! Stay tuned for Elle's story, coming soon.

PREGNANT AND SINFUL

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

TEMPTING HER GUARDIAN

Piper goes away to cheerleading camp with her stepdad as a chaperone, but she's not just learning how to jump and do high kicks. Instead, the man of the house has her in all sorts of positions that are filthy and all too wrong as he ravishes her curves. Pick up Piper's story in *Tempting Her Guardian*, available [here](#).

IT WAS A HEDONISTIC WEEKEND OF SIN

My friend's dad caught me with a dildo stuck deep in my rear end, but instead of helping me pull it out, he decides to stir it around instead! Say what? Sure enough, our rendezvous turns into a dirty weekend of sin where he makes me moan, squeal, and plead as I take it every which way. Pick up *Weekend of Sin* [here](#).

DADDY'S LOVE CHILD

My dad's boss is a total asshole because when I tripped, my d*ldo fell out of my purse but instead of pretending to not see, he decides to pick it up and use it on me! What kind of man in a position of responsibility does that? Unfortunately, the only way to keep the CEO happy is to let him do what he wants with my nubile, teenage body. Pick up *Daddy's Love Child* [here](#).

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

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

SITTING IN SANTA'S LAP

Cleo's got nowhere to go over Christmas break, so she crashes with her mom's old friend Brody. But the handsome man cuts her a deal – a free place to stay in return for sitting in his lap.

Can anyone say taboo? Especially since Cleo's doing her sitting in the nude, with her boobies bouncing and her slickness out to play. Pick up *Sitting in Santa's Lap*, available [here](#).

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: PAYING THE RENT

Jessie

In this excerpt, Jethro takes Jessie's back end while they're in a tree.

We birdwatch in silence for a few minutes and then, the dove gets back to work. I sigh happily, lost in thought. This is the life because not only do I have a safe place to sleep and a wonderful man in my bed, but he actually came out here to share in my hobby. Who would have guessed? I never knew my existence could be so idyllic. But then, after a few minutes, I feel something poking into my side. At first, I swat at the mysterious object, but the insistent nudging continues and my eyes widen as I turn to look. This man cannot be serious right now!

“We’re up in a tree,” I manage between gritted teeth. “In public, in a nature preserve. You cannot be serious. We are *not* having sex right now.”

“No, this is great,” Jethro says with a devious grin. “You have good balance right?”

I can’t help but roll my eyes at this crazy man. I mean, seriously, is this what free use is about?

“You did agree to anytime, any place,” Jethro whispers hotly in my ear. “Besides, I can tell you want it, honey.”

He’s right because I do kind of want him, actually. It’s astonishing because when I was living on my own, I had almost no libido. Sure, I went out on dates every so often, but the guys never did anything for me. But now that I’m with Jethro, it’s as if I’ve become a crazed sex-maniac goddess. I need it and I need him so much that it hurts sometimes, and sure enough, as I watch, my man undoes his shorts so that his huge shaft springs out. He’s rock hard and dripping already, a bead of come pearling at the tip, and involuntarily, my mouth starts to water as my nipples harden.

“Free use,” Jethro rasps with a devilish smile. “Anywhere, anytime, baby.”

OMG, are we really doing this? But I know the rules and the fact is that I want it too. Slowly, I lift my skirt a bit, and then pull my panties to the side, revealing my moist pink slit.

“I’m ready,” I whisper reverently. “Put it in, big boy.”

It’s a little awkward given that we’re halfway up a tree, but Jethro lines his hardness up with my waiting hole and gently begins to push. My pelvis pulses as my thighs spread of their own accord. Like a slut, I even reach down with one hand, pulling my pussy lips apart to show him my huge nub.

“Mmmm,” is my hum. “Oh yeah.”

Harsh streaks appear on my man’s cheeks as he regards me with that intense gaze.

“You’re doing great, sweetheart. But can you grab onto that bough off to the right and angle your ass towards me?”

I do as I’m told, careful to balance myself on the thick, sturdy branch as Jethro pushes forward again. Mmm, this feels so

good and soon, he's buried deep in my wet folds. Fuck yeah! Who knew things could be so dirty? We're literally having nasty sex outdoors at a nature preserve, in a tree no less. I've never been athletic, but this is definitely the most acrobatic sex I've ever had.

But Jethro doesn't stop there. He pumps me a few times, both of us groaning, before pulling out. My little hole winks in disappointment and I stare at him.

"What's wrong, Daddy?" I moan. "I thought it was just getting good."

A devilish light enters my man's eyes and he grins.

"Can you hook your ankles over those tree boughs?" he asks. "Really pull your legs up?"

I gasp because the tree boughs he's pointing to are about shoulder height, or even higher! I'm going to be strung up like I'm being hung out to dry. But I always do what my man requests, and straining and shifting, I manage to hook both my ankles up and apart so that my legs are basically in a parted vee. My butt's still on the bough, but it's a perilous balancing act.

Nonetheless, Jethro growls low in his throat, looking at my secret space.

"God, you're gorgeous," he rasps. "So slutty too."

Then he spits on my pussy before reaching down to rub the saliva into my back pleats.

"Jethro!" I squeak. "Here? *Now?*"

"Yeah," he grunts while lining his tip up at my anus. "It's going to be fine. Just wait, because you'll love it."

Then, he begins breaching my back pucker and my eyes squeeze together with the intensity. OMG, we're having anal sex while in a tree! But it's something he just introduced me to, and the fact is that I love it. I adore getting bottom-banged, and to be honest, at this moment we could be in the North Pole, and I wouldn't care.

Jethro pushes into my behind and I let out a long, low moan.

"That's it," he grunts. "Fuck, your ass feels good."

Then my man pulls all the way out before slamming back into my bottom. The entire tree shakes under our acrobatics, and I grip a branch with all my might, tiny squeaks escaping my lips every time Jethro thrusts into my tight canal.

"That's right, baby," Jethro rasps as my moans get louder. "I want you to come. Come for me, here in public. Let the whole park hear how much you love getting your butt fucked."

I'm unable to control how good this feels and suddenly, the edge is here and I tip over. I let out a sharp scream which turns into a full-bodied wail because a loud crack rips through the air and the bottom is literally disappearing from beneath my bottom. Oh shit! The bough just broke! *Yet my anal orgasm is unstoppable and I cry out, even as the world drops out from beneath me.*

To be continued ...

Paying The Rent is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).

SNEAK PEEK: MY ANONYMOUS LOVER

Jeremiah

In this excerpt, Jeremiah enjoys his experience at a glory hole.

The restroom is silent when I enter, but as the door swings shut, I see it then. Right under the second stall to the left is a cute pair of women's Keds and I grin. Fuck. They're white with cherries on them, and my libido roars even louder, making my fingers tremble as I open the stall next to her.

We don't talk because that would be strange. Instead, I quickly unzip my pants and push my cock through the hole in the metal divider. Nothing happens for a few moments, and then I hear a quiet gasp and what sounds like a little moan before a wet tongue is lapping at the bead of come already collecting in my slit.

Oh shit, this feels good. Hot rushes of pleasure surge towards my groin and I groan, throwing my head back as I grow even harder. I can feel the tension evaporating from my body as the woman gives the head of my cock several kitten licks before wrapping her lips around it and sucking.

"Mmm," she mewls from the other side. "Yum yum."

Oh shit, she's a vocal one! Some girls are totally silent the entire time, letting their lips and teeth do the talking. But it seems that this one has a bit of a mouth on her, and I like it. She pulls off with a wet slurp, and then giggles on the other side before fastening her lips around me again.

"Ummmh," she sighs with pleasure. "Oh my."

At this point, my head already feels like it's going to pop off, and yet we just started. But somehow, this woman is doing every single thing that I love. She slowly takes more of me between her lips, inch by inch, her teeth just barely scraping my skin as I cram her sweet mouth full. The feeling drives me crazy, and my body moves without my permission, my hips bucking until I can feel the head of my cock hitting the back of her throat.

"Fuck baby," I pant through the wall. "That feels so good."

In return, she gags a little but keeps going, her tongue gliding over the vein on the underside of my cock as her lips squeeze unbearably tight around my shaft. Then, she lets my cock go for a moment, a long line of saliva still connecting the tip to her mouth before swallowing the shaft back down.

"Mmmph!" she gasps, struggling a bit with my girth.
"Mmph-mph!"

Then, lewd slurping sounds fill the stall and it's like music to my ears. She mewls again and the wet sounds of my tip ramming into the back of her throat as I fuck her face turn me on. Her moans increase in volume as she rocks back and forth a bit, leveraging her weight to consume me fully.

I wonder if she's touching herself. I wonder if she has a few of her fingers shoved inside of her panties, pinching and squeezing at her clit or rubbing between the lips of her cunt.

She must be gooey down there already, and my cock jerks and spurts a bit of pre-come, just envisioning it.

“Mmmph!” she exclaims with surprise.

“Yeah, that was for you,” I rasp against the divider. “Drink it down, baby. There’s more coming.”

She lets out a small moan of assent and my eyes drift shut as I imagine the woman on the other side. Gorgeous, definitely, with big breasts and a narrow waist. Thick hips and a cushiony bottom that she’ll offer up for my pleasure. Shit, she’s wet and probably has a few fingers stuffed inside of herself at this very moment. Hell, maybe she’s fucking herself at the same pace that I’m fucking her mouth.

“Fuck,” I groan. “Oh shit baby, that feels good.” *What’s going to happen next? My head’s going to blow off, but this woman has already exceeded my wildest expectations.*

To be continued ...

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

ABOUT S.E. LAW

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

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

[My Website](#)

[My Amazon Page](#)



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!

[Author Website](#)

[Amazon page](#)

