



WISHFUL  
AND  
Wanton

SYLVIE HAAS

# **WISHFUL AND WANTON**

**A REVERSE HAREM ROMANCE**

Part of the Christmas ~~Cheer~~ Cherry Auction  
series

Sylvie Haas



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# CONTENTS

[1. Blurb](#)

[2. One](#)

[3. Two](#)

[4. Three](#)

[5. Four](#)

[6. Epilogue](#)

[Christmas Cherry Auction](#)

[About the Author](#)

## **BLURB**

**I'm too shy to get on stage and auction myself, but that doesn't stop my principal, teacher, and a coach from bidding on me.**

F stands for Fail.

That became readily apparent when I biffed my final semester of high school, and had to spend an extra semester finishing those classes.

Despite being ready to break free and never set foot in that school again, I volunteer to help with the fundraiser for the fire department, which forces me to be in the building one last time.

And it turns out, I still have lessons to learn...like that F can stand for a lot of other things, namely, what the principal, art teacher, and coach want to do to me!

But do they want to do it Forever?

If you love dirty-talking men who have over-the-top ideas of how to please their woman and want to give her babies,

volunteer to help at the Christmas Cherry Auction!



## ONE

Positioned between the broccoli cheddar soup and the minestrone, I smile at my former English teacher and fill a cup with the latter for her.

Since I'm too chicken to get on stage at the Christmas Cherry Auction, I figured I could help with the fundraiser by serving soup. I didn't think about the event being held in the high school, a place I was forced to spend one too many semesters since I didn't graduate when I was supposed to.

Aside from spending a few more hours in my former prison, I have to deal with being pleasant to the teachers, when all I want to do is get away from them. Well, some of them. Others stir thoughts in me that students aren't supposed to have.

Perhaps it would help if I called the auction what it is, the Christmas Cheer Auction, and focus on raising money for the fire department, but the Cherry nickname hits too close to home.



I wish that I had the moxie or bravado or confidence, or whatever it is that my friends who plan on prancing across the stage have. But I don't, so my meager contribution to the fundraiser is soup ladling.

Another smile. Another ladle of soup.

A few of the parent attendees who recognize me as their kid's friend make small talk as they shuffle past.

*No, I'm not home from college for winter break. No, I don't know what I'm going to do with my life. No, I don't like answering invasive questions that remind me that most of my peers graduated in the spring and moved away, but here I am in December with no plan in sight.*

The truth is that I've always wanted to be a mom, but since I didn't date any guys in high school, I might even fail at that. At least the seasonal job I picked up as a helper at Santa's Winter Wonderland in the mall gives me a chance to be around kids.

Mrs. Dupree, the high school counselor, who dutifully informed me that I wasn't living up to my potential is next in line. Reaching for her cup, I divert my eyes and hope she'll pick up on the cue that I'm not in the mood for any conversation beyond her choice of soup.

In my effort to dismiss her, my gaze lands on Coach Curtis as he rounds the corner, one thick arm raised as he rakes his fingers through his freshly washed hair. Perhaps it would be more appropriate for me to notice the guys closer to my age

who have just finished their weight training session, but they might as well be invisible.

Suddenly, I'm dumping hot broth, vegetables, and pasta on my hand. Dropping the cup and ladle into the crockpot, I yank my hands back, knock over the stack of clean cups and spoons, and cringe at the mess I've made. Yet another fail.

My ladling mishap either comes from my knees giving out or my heart beating so fast it jostles my arms. I can't tell. All I know is that Coach Curtis does that to me.

I duck behind the table to pick up the mess I've made, and to hide.

Mrs. Dupree clears her throat.

I pop my head up. "Sorry, I don't recommend the minestrone."

Mary, who's managing the two crockpots next to me puts the cover on the soup I ruined and offers to add the broccoli cheddar to her offerings.

If Coach Curtis wasn't so blindingly hot, maybe I'd have paid attention to my male peers. Maybe I wouldn't be swooning over a man ten years my senior. Maybe I—

"Let me help you with that, Jade," the sinfully seductive voice of our high school principal says as he kneels beside me.

"Principal Spears," I say, then have to force myself to take a breath since he sends my hoo-ha into an even bigger frenzy than Coach Curtis did. Instead of Coach's all-out brawn, Principal Spears is a suit-wearing, sophisticated type.

Our eyes lock and I realize he's not lost in my fantasy, he's waiting for me to say something other than his name.

But he knew my name. Me. Jade Johnson. The nearly perfect, straight-C student. It's the *nearly* part that landed me back in high school for another semester. If only F stood for Fair or Fantastic or Free...nope. Fail. It's practically my mantra.

I'm the winner of zero awards, academic or otherwise. Star nothing. So how does he know me? I give myself a mental check. He takes his job seriously, so of course, he knows my name. He was my principal for four and a half years.

"You don't have to help me. I'll get it."

"Are you okay? Did you get burned?" He tenderly lifts my hand. I'm pretty sure the gesture is supposed to be helpful, which leaves me confused because the way he strokes his thumb over my wrist is so intimate. Maybe F stands for Fantasy. I'm lost in his woodsy cologne.

"I'm fine, and really, you don't have to help."

"I don't have to help. I want to." He gathers the scattered cups and utensils.

"Thank you." I shift my gaze to the closest plastic spoon to give myself a reprieve from his intense brown eyes. If I'd known how it felt to be this close to him, I would have misbehaved in school just to get called to his office.

Gah! Why didn't I think of that sooner?

Not understanding why he would want to crawl around and help me, I manage a simple, “Thank you,” only to realize I just said that.

“I didn’t see your name on the auction list. You’re friends with Roxy, Izzy, and Maggie, right?” His rich chocolaty voice wraps his words in a delicious package. He knows who my friends are... He’s a dream. A much older, off-limits dream... who I’ll go home and shamelessly pleasure myself to in the privacy of my bedroom in my parents’ house.

I shake my head and lower it. “I wish I was that bold. They asked me to auction myself, and I feel horrible for saying no, but I can’t get on stage in front of a crowd.”

He tucks a finger under my chin, gently lifting until I meet his gaze. “Not everyone has the same skills.”

His primary skill is clearly seducing me, or do all teenage girls react like this to him?

Reality check. It doesn’t matter.

“You don’t have to get on stage to impress me.” Is that a simple attempt to comfort me or a seduction?

Obviously, I’m hearing things—Fake things.

Skills. Let me focus on those instead of how I can impress him. What are my skills? Falling in love with men I can’t have? Not a good one to bring up. The flutters in my chest make it hard to focus. Falling, flutters, focus...am I still caught up on what F can stand for?

Rather than let my mind go to the F word I'd like to try with him, and Coach Curtis, I avoid embarrassing myself since there's a very important F word I need to remember.

Fundraiser—as in the one I'm at, along with most of the town.

“I haven't figured my skills out yet. Right now, I only seem to be good at making messes.” I force a smile.

His expression stiffens. “High school should have helped you find something you're passionate about.”

Again with the strange wording and tone. I glance over my shoulder to confirm that the soup line is moving along just fine and that no one's paying attention to Principal Spears and me on our hands and knees.

There's enough background noise, I doubt anyone can hear us.

Our little bubble of privacy, and the fleeting moment I have with him, embolden me. I'm also leaning very heavily into my imagination's take on his words...because I'm almost certain he's capitalizing on an F word...Flirting.

“High school helped me find some...thing I'm passionate about, trust me, just not a career.” That statement is the boldest thing I've ever *almost* done. Thankfully I realized it's too much and switched my wording midsentence. I tip my head down and let my hair fall on either side, hiding myself from the world before I embarrass myself.

He drags a finger over my cheek, guiding my hair behind my ear. This can't be happening.

Do sparks actually fly? Boyfriends do the hair-tucking move, not *friends*, but we can't be that F-word anyway. Principals definitely don't do the hair thing with students.

"Then we failed you. I should make it up to you, Jade. I could help you evaluate plans for your future."

Ugh! Future is one of my most dreaded F words. He'll send me back to Mrs. Dupree to look at more college degree plans, then vocation and technical schools.

"The school didn't fail me. I just want to be a mom." The first statement was intended. The second—I should have kept that one to myself.

Principal's jaw flexes. He looks away. And if I'm not mistaken, I hear a growl. Probably just his stomach since he is on the floor with me instead of eating dinner.

I'm sure he's about to lecture me on women being able to do anything, which somehow people say, then instantly exclude motherhood as a viable option.

I save him from having to give his spiel. "I know. I'm supposed to want more. But I want what I want, and there's no step-by-step four-year plan or eighteen-month certification to get me there."

"It's nine." The grumpiness etched on his face and the gravelly tone are a bit overreactive.

"What?" I sit back on my heels.

He takes all of the plasticware from me and throws them in the trash can that's beside him.

Lifting me to standing, he leans to my ear. "Nine months to motherhood, and you could start tonight if you wanted."

*Fuck!*

This is hardly appropriate, yet I've never wanted to continue a conversation more. "That would require someone to get to know me and have enough interest to make that commitment."

I'm not about to tell him I've never had sex. Leaving the hint that I don't have a serious boyfriend is plenty.

He wraps his fingers around my wrist and leads me into the reception office which is only a few steps away. Of course, my twitter-pated brain imagines continuing through the area to his office, but he stops short. Closing the door behind us, we're alone, though, and that's enough to get my attention.

"Your birthday is December eighth. You didn't date in high school, went to prom with your girlfriends. You never signed up for a single club or extra-curricular activity. You—"

"How do you know all of that?"

"I know you, Jade. I respected the rules. I forced myself to give you space to find yourself or whatever it is teens do in their gap year, but instead of graduating, you came back."

That's an optimistic way to view me failing two classes in my final semester.

"Jade, I want you."

“Want me to...?” I offer the open-ended statement even though I know he said what he meant.

“I think you know.”

The reception area suddenly seems smaller, more intimate, and yet leaves me completely exposed.

“But...” I falter, unable to force the words out.

“But you graduated. The rules don’t apply anymore.”

“I haven’t graduated, final grades aren’t in yet.”

“You passed each of your classes. I already checked with your teachers.”

This is escalating as quickly as my heart is racing. “But you’re thirty-six. I’m only eight—just turned nineteen.”

“Life has enough limits, enough rules...don’t create them where they don’t exist.”

“Okay, let’s say, there are no rules. What exactly are you proposing?” It’s fair that I go into this rule-free zone with clarity on things like not expecting anything more than a sexy trip to the principal’s office to get my bottom spanked.

Is that what I want? With the naughty floodgates wide open, my mind flits back to Coach Curtis and my long-standing fantasy about getting hoisted up, wrapping my legs around his waist, and being lost in passion as he crashes me into a wall of lockers.

Yeah, there are obvious problems with that one, like the odor of smelly socks and jock straps, the likelihood my



backside would be bruised by getting crushed against a lock, and the mortifying possibility of getting caught. My imagination erases those issues—except the getting caught part. Depending who catches us and how they react, I might not mind.

The mental blur I'm lost in vanishes when Principal Spears steps closer. "Are you thinking about how much you want this to happen?"

"I...um..."

"I've seen the way you look at me. Don't let fear hold you back."

Was I that obvious? I can't think straight. Or crooked. Or at all.

His voice lowers. "You can tell me no. You can walk out that door." He motions to the one we just came through. "Or you can march your naughty ass into my office and play out both of our fantasies."

A roar of laughter filters in from the auction, pulling my attention to the door. Guilt washes over me that I'm not brave enough to get on stage like my friends, and now I'm shirking my soup-line duties.

All for what? To admit to one of my dream guys that I'm not the experienced wild child he thinks I am? To get all worked up only to disappoint him? Or maybe, my virginity would make it even more fun. And I could experience a first time with a guy who knows what he's doing.

I'm not exactly committed to my feeble effort, but I make it. "I'm supposed to be out there helping raise money."

"Of course." The kiss my principal, former principal, plants on my forehead sends electric shocks to my toes. I've never been so energized and confident. Angling my head upward, I'm ready to take a chance.

But he steps away and leaves. His absence rakes through me, tearing my heart out. A bit much for a foolish fantasy.

How can I already feel abandoned? Should I consider it lucky that I can escape further pain if I walk away now?

I pull myself together, trail a hand over the counter to steady myself, and walk to the door. There are too many people standing near the back of the room to see where Spears went. The soup line is no longer busy, and Mary lets me know they don't need me anymore.

A tinge of guilt is relieved, but did I miss my chance by not going into his office?

The PA system is alive with the auctioneer rapidly escalating the bids on Maggie. My heart, which must still be in my chest, is happy since she was afraid no one would bid on her. I snake my way through the people at the back of the room and spy Spears at the winner's table.

Bidding is ongoing, so he didn't win her. What's he doing?

I'll find out in a second because he storms back to me. My traitorous heart flips. The possessive, command in his entire demeanor has my panties soaked.

He stops barely a foot in front of me and balls his fists. “There, I donated three thousand dollars in your name. Your commitment is fulfilled.”

A shiver runs up my spine. “My name? What if people wonder why you donated for me?”

“Let them ask.”

For sake of sounding dense, I need him to clear up what’s happening. Nothing this good has ever happened to me. “What would you tell them?”

“That you’re mine.” He lifts a hand but halts it midair next to my cheek before lowering it. “The only reason I’m not touching you right here in front of everyone is because you haven’t agreed.”

How much power do I have over him? It’s intoxicating. And yet, I want him to take it all from me.

“Do you agree?” He prompts.

I worry my lower lip, and in a barely audible voice, say, “Make me.”

His mouth goes slack and his breaths are heavy. “Be careful what you ask for.”

Careful is exactly the opposite of what I’m feeling right now. “I want you to tell me what to do.”

He thrusts a pointer finger toward the room we just left. His eyes take on a darkness I’ve never seen. “Get in my office right now, Miss Johnson.”

I flinch. Adrenaline rushes through me. I don't like being in trouble, but my legs are practically jelly at his demand.

He's doing what I asked. And he's doing it perfectly. People around us are watching. My body vibrates with need.

"Yes, sir." I lower my head, letting my hair shield me from the onlookers, and pretend-sulk to his office. I'd swear my hearing has obliterated everything except for his footfalls and breaths, but I can't possibly hear them above the auction.

I'm barely inside the room when the heat of his body envelopes me from behind. One of his hands clamps on my waist and guides me forward.

His breaths are labored, much like my own, except mine verge on panting. I hope I don't ruin this by revealing that I've never had sex. He hinted that he knew I didn't date.

I accept that my virginity could be part of the allure, but it will be gone after this evening. Will his interest vanish too?

It will be worth it.

He reaches back to swing the door shut, and a sharp slap on the wooden door pulls me out of my head. Spinning toward the sound, I find a very angry art teacher in the doorway. Mr. Pierce also happens to be a star in my fantasies, but I've never seen him like this.

## Two

Guilt washes over me for getting turned on by his intensity and being in a room with the two of them. Pierce's hair is a few inches long and has the just-rolled-out-of-bed look, not the prim and proper short, infallible cut of Spears. Pierce's tattoos and relaxed-fit t-shirt and jeans are another contrast.

But they now have a common thread...they're both serious and stern.

Mr. Pierce composes himself enough to close the door, and doesn't leave time for me to wallow.

He practically growls, "You have no right to treat Jade like that."

He's defending me.

I had an art class with him my freshman year but told myself never to take another class with him because all of my projects ended up having something to do with a penis—in the planning stages. Thankfully, I forced myself to choose different topics.

My heart is getting a workout in all sorts of ways I'm not sure are healthy.

"Don't interfere," Spears demands, and the thickness of the tension makes me worry they could go to blows.

In stark contrast to his normally relaxed demeanor, the not-so-mild-mannered art teacher circles the principal, forcing his body between the two of us. I stumble back a step.

Dang. I'd rather be the meat in the sandwich...oops, more inappropriate thoughts. I'm a wanton mess.

"Don't talk to Jade like that ever again." Pierce is standing up to his boss.

*Oh no!* This could go wrong. Shoving an arm between the men, I say, "Wait. I asked him to do that."

"You asked to be in trouble?" Pierce's brow furrows.

Crap. Crap. Crap. "I've never been sent to the principal's office before. I wanted to—"

"Mind your own fucking business, Pierce." Spears cuts me off. "I made a private bid on her and we're going to discuss how she makes good on it."

"You're not in the auction," Pierce says to me. "I would have noticed."

Would have noticed? What is going on? Spears looks too mad to be considering a threesome. And I must be losing my mind for conjuring up that possibility.

“I said private, as in get the hell out,” Spears tries to keep from raising his voice.

My chest tightens at the thought of Pierce leaving.

“You’re taking private bids?” he asks me.

“I’m too shy to get on stage so it’s more like a donation.” I force a smile. Does he want to donate too?

The tension in his expression relaxes. “If I make a donation, I get four hours of your time.”

“Who’s counting?” I shrug, hoping to lighten the mood. Didn’t Spears tell me not to let fear hold me back?

Did I really just do that? Being desired by these men unleashes a side of myself I’ve never explored.

Spears hasn’t relaxed. “*I’m* counting. What’s going on here is none of your business, Pierce.”

He’s counting? Not great. That hints that this is a one-time thing, but okay. How can I spin this to my advantage? What if I put my active imagination to good use?

“What if I wish it was?”

Both men stare at me. Spears asks, “Was what?”

“His business...like we could be in this *business* together?” My bravado fades as the statement awkwardly detours into ridiculousness.

I force myself to stop before nervously furthering the analogy to say that we could run a sandwich shop and I’ll be the meat, or the filling, or well, yeah...best to shut up.

The sound from the auction is a distant ebb and flow. Everything I want is right here in my personal bubble, pressing into me from either side.

Pierce has an odd calm to his voice. “I’ll donate right now if you’re serious.”

“I want her for myself.” Spears grips my upper arm. Being objectified isn’t normally something I pride myself on, but a primal part of me jumps right in line for being his. I want to be his in every way. If I’m going big, should I ask him if I can call him Daddy?

“Have you asked Jade what she wants?” Pierce challenges, tapping into another deep-seated part of me that values his consideration of my desires.

They shift their attention to me. I’ve never been good at being put on the spot. Nor have I been good at analogies, or sports, but I think it’s time to swing for the fences.

“I want...” A quick mental check assures me that sanity must be with Elvis because it’s left the building. “I want both of you.”

“At the same time?” Pierce asks.

I nod.

“What happened to wanting me to tell you what to do?” Principal Spears’s voice hints at betrayal.

I smile sweetly at him, praying that he’ll go for it. “Every team needs a strong leader.”



He nods, pride and satisfaction glinting in his eyes.

Pierce shifts his gaze between us and says, “I’ll be right back.”

He’s out the door before either of us can respond.

Spears tightens his grip on my arm, moving me away from the door, then promptly shuts it, wrapping his arms around me, and kissing me with the full force of a man who fears he has something to prove.

And whatever that is...he proves it.

Every primitive, instinctive piece of knowledge my mind has about sex bubbles to the surface as his hands find their way under my short skirt and kneed my butt.

I’m yanking his buttoned-up shirt from his slacks, pressing my body into his while trying to make space to undress him, and if he had a ceiling fan in his office, I’d be tossing his tie onto it.

How can a kiss unravel me?

Was asking for Pierce to be included a mistake? I don’t want this kiss to end...except if Spears wants to put his mouth in other places. I shiver at the possibilities.

The rattle of the door handle intrudes into our perfect moment. “I’m in for four thousand. Is that enough or do I need to donate more?” Pierce booms as he throws the door open.

Wow! I’m thrilled, but Spears flinches. He’s been topped. Will he be content that I indicated he could be the boss of us,

and that the normally easy-going art teacher agreed?

Spears nudges me backward until I'm sitting on his desk. "Don't move."

His disheveled appearance with the loosened tie, shirt askew, and a smear of my lipstick on his lips is super hot. And his hair...when were my hands in his hair? He's always so perfectly groomed. I like this mussed, out-of-control look on him.

"Lock the door," he directs Pierce, who probably planned on it.

We're about to be alone. The ache between my thighs is nearly unbearable.

I'm anticipating the click of the door closing when a hand slides around the edge. A split second of worry passes through me that the hand will be smashed. Fear of being caught with a disheveled principal between my legs replaces the worry. My body tightens into a giant knot.

My eyes fly to Spears. Can we think of a different explanation for his appearance? My hands instinctively pat my hair. I glance at the buttons down the front of my cute Santa's helper dress to confirm it's still buttoned. What do my lips look like?

No time to find a mirror. The door swings wider as Pierce fails to overcome whoever's pushing from the other side.

## THREE

Coach Curtis looms in the doorway.

*Be still my heart!* This is either about to go seriously right or seriously wrong.

“What the fuck is happening?” His gruff demeanor extends beyond coaching.

I stifle a mix of giddiness and concern. If he’s willing to join in, can Coach Curtis be a team player and accept Spears as the boss of this scene? Spears is already his boss at the school.

I’m waiting for the principal to answer when I realize he’s staring at me.

Maybe I’m drooling. Oh well, as long as Curtis can be a team player, I’m going for the most insane night of my life.

“Let’s call this the VIP suite. Whatever you think you’re seeing, you’re probably right.”

He closes the door, and I boldly extend the challenge.

“This is a pay-to-play event, and the bidding is at...” I turn to Pierce. “Where did you leave off?”

Pierce points toward the door. “Four thousand. Make a donation at the winner’s table.”

Coach chokes and pats his back pocket then steps toward me, bumping Spears out of the way. That elicits a grumble.

Pressing one of his thick thighs between my legs, he towers over me. “Let me be clear, Jade...”

A hint of a squee escapes me that he also knows my name. My mantra had been to lay low, do the bare minimum, and graduate. Failing at laying low is one failure I’m okay with.

He loops his hands behind me and scoots me forward to the desk’s edge, pressing my sex against his leg. Sweet muscular Jesus. Now I understand why my peers grind on each other at dances. Absolutely sinful.

My skirt is bunched around my hips and there’s a chance my soaked panties are going to leave a wet spot on his athletic shorts. I’m strangely okay with that.

He continues, “I won’t be asking you to wrap presents or clean my house when I make this donation.”

With my neck craned, I wiggle my hips and boldly say, “Yeah big boy, I understand. We’re talking about sex.”

And with that statement, my mouth just got way ahead of my experience level. As if that didn’t happen a couple of guys ago.

Pierce chokes. Spears tries to move Curtis, but that's pointless.

Curtis continues as if we're the only two in the room. "You don't understand."

Crap. That's what I was afraid of. I shrug. "Well, since we're in school, why don't you educate me?"

"I'm not making this donation so I can stick my dick inside of you. I'm doing it because it will make you happy."

"Oh!" If I was built out of blocks of wood, I'd be a toppling Jenga tower. Surely the other two are on the sex page with me?

Curtis cups a hand around the back of my head and presses the lightest kiss on my lips. Not what I expected from someone who can bench press my car. "Then when I fill your pussy with my cock and make sweet love to you, there won't be any question about who you belong to."

The room sways and he pulls me into his hard, broad chest, kissing the top of my head. Now we're back on track, except for the *belong to* thing. That implies a longer term than just tonight.

"Wait a fucking minute," Spears says. "Once you earn your spot, you'll be third in line."

Curtis puts a few inches of space between us and stares down at me. I'm surprised but relieved that he lets Spears control him.

That's not what's happening though.

He slips a hand between us, goes straight under my skirt, strokes my panties, and says, “Cookie, I’ve been waiting for this day. I wasn’t sure how to make it work, but this is perfect. These two can get your virgin pussy warmed up so that you’ll be stretched and ready for my fat cock.”

I barely have time to swoon over the nickname, as I process his correct presumption that I’m a virgin, and that he’s aware of how wet I am and doesn’t balk.

Scoffs from the other two guys fade as Coach drags my hand over the giant erection straining his shorts.

“Thank you,” I say, immediately regretting how stupid that sounds.

“You don’t have to thank me, Cookie. Just keep your pussy ready because I’ve been dreaming of it every night, and I’ve got a backlog of baby juice for you. I can’t tell you how disappointed I was when your name wasn’t on the auction list.”

“Is he right? You’re a virgin?” Pierce corrals us back to the obvious question.

I shift my gaze from Pierce to Spears to Curtis. “He’s right. I am.”

Coach grins.

I’m aware of Principal Spears dragging his hands over his face in my periphery. Pierce, steps closer. No one’s addressing Coach’s comment about baby juice, which brings the inherent

assumption of babies, doesn't it? I've already confessed to Spears that I want to be a mom.

Pierce asks, "And you're offering to take all three of us?"

"Yes, she is. Let's give her what she deserves." Curtis winks, manages to get his erection to relax to a not-quite-modest swell in his shorts, and heads out to pay.

## FOUR

“Get everything off my desk,” Spears directs Pierce who gets right to work.

My breasts rise and fall against Spears’s fingers while he slowly unfastens one button at a time down the front of my dress. The top of it falls open wider and wider with each freed button.

Spears’s jaw tenses with each reveal and the corded muscles in his neck flex as the final button is unleashed and the fabric falls away.

“You naughty girl. Did you wear sexy bras and panties like this when you were a student in my school?”

I nod, unsure which answer he’s hoping for. My newly purchased matched set of a red bra and panty has me feeling extra sexy.

“Fuck.” He rakes a hand through his hair and steps back as if getting a better vantage point. “It’s a good thing none of the



high school boys touched you. I would have had to expel them.”

Pierce circles around, gasps, and stops in his tracks. “Pure beauty.”

Under his scrutinous eye, I feel like a work of art.

“Will you pose for me?” His question catches me off guard but Spears has a ready response.

“We’re not wasting time so you can play with watercolors, Pierce.”

“It doesn’t have to be tonight. I need to capture your curves, the softness of your femininity—shit! I need to capture your innocence, and that does have to be tonight. Can I take a picture of you before we go through with this?”

I glance at Spears whose eyebrows raise. So much for all the high school lessons about how dangerous intimate pictures are in the digital age. He gives a faint nod.

“Okay.” I start to slide an arm free from the sleeve since the dress is still draped around me.

Pierce reaches out, stopping me. “Hold on. I want this look...and would you mind if I keep taking pictures throughout the evening?”

That’s a huge request. But it’s infinitely fascinating. The men all have more to lose than me if the pictures get out. My Santa’s helper job at the mall ends with the season, and I doubt Yvette, my boss at Sugar D’s bakery will hold it against me since she shackled up with two lawyers.

The school district isn't likely to take kindly to three of their employees railing a newly former student.

"You don't have to agree to pictures," Spears says, rubbing the backs of his fingers over my thigh.

"Tonight isn't about *having* to do anything. It's about my wishes coming true. As long as I get a copy of each picture, take all you want."

Coach returns to the office and grins. "Documenting the evening in case we need an instant replay?"

"It's for art, you dolt." Pierce has little patience.

Curtis balls his fist in front of his mouth and fakes a cough around his response. "Spank bank."

Spears positions himself between my thighs. My bright red panties and bra are the only thing between us. He trails a tender caress over my belly as he addresses the guys.

"Let's get this straight. I'm only including the two of you because she asked me to. I was the first to make a move and the first to kiss her, and rest assured, I'll be the first to lick her pussy until she comes on my face, and I'll be the first to put my seed in her. Got it."

Seed? Hmm.

Pierce angles the camera, capturing the sternness on the principal's face. I shiver at how exciting that will be to look at later. I love his possessive streak.

Curtis smirks and strips off his tank top. “Like I said, warm her up.”

I stare in disbelief as his erection stretches the fabric of his shorts right before my eyes. The other two men stare also. Perhaps there is some truth to his claim of being big. Everyone in the room is impressed.

Curtis dips his thumbs into his waistband. “What are we waiting for?”

We might as well be statues as he unveils himself. The word girth always seemed odd to me, but staring at his cock, I’d say he’s got girth. And even though his game plan to warm me up is going to be necessary, I’m anxious to find out what it’s like to be that full.

Pierce snaps a closeup of Spears cupping my breasts, dragging his thumbs over my nipples. My head falls back, and after Pierce takes a few more photos, he sets the camera down and kisses his way up my neck.

The slow tease of his tongue over my lips, the gentle pressure as he slides into my mouth, and the delicate invitation he extends as our tongues explore, wrap me with love.

Warm breath on my ear comes from Spears as he leans in. Someone strokes a finger over my wet center, and I figure out who when Spears says, “What were you planning to do about this needy pussy?”

Pierce trails his kisses to my breasts and sucks on me through the fabric. Curtis towers at the end of the desk. His

clothes are gone. His cock is in his hand. And officially, his big fat cock is the first one I've ever seen in person.

I'm trusting that this is going to work.

I loll my head to Spears and my lips graze his. When did he get undressed? Not complaining.

"Answer me." His authoritative voice melts me.

Is he being demanding because I told him to, or is he just like this? Do I care?

On barely a breath, I say, "I would have played with myself."

"Show us," he adds. That gets Pierce's attention. He slowly withdraws his mouth from my bra.

I worry my lower lip, then say, "I wouldn't have panties on. Anyone care to help?"

Spears is on top of the task. Pierce notices that he's the only guy still dressed and quickly fixes that situation.

"Do you wear your bra to bed?" Spears asks.

I shake my head.

"Then we better get that off too."

Spears's erection rubs against my leg as he reaches around me to unfasten my only remaining piece of clothing. His precum slicks my skin.

For a tiny moment, I consider how many levels of wrong this is. But that tiny moment is gone. Leaning back on my

hands, I'm spread on the principal's desk, eager to be extremely naughty.

"Let me have a taste of that sweet pussy before either of them gets their funk on it," Coach says.

Apparently, he's forgotten I'm supposed to show them how I play with myself, but I'd rather they do all the work, so I let it go.

Spears shoves a hand against Coach's chest. "I said I was first. For everything."

"Instead of you bossing everyone around, why don't we let the lady decide."

Coach turns, and it occurs to me that I don't want to decide. I want them to own me. I want all of my cares to go away. No worry about my future. No pressure to do more with my life. No insinuation that somehow, I'm *being happy* wrong.

I just want to be cared for and adored, just like Spears wants to do. Just like a Daddy would do. They've given me nicknames, so I go for it.

"Daddy makes the rules." I bat my eyelashes playfully.

The room, and the people in it, might as well be frozen in time again. There's a surreal moment where I can take in everything at once. My senses are heightened. I'm happier than—

"The fuck if he's my daddy," Coach breaks the spell.

Principal loosely grips my chin, gently stroking his fingers forward until his fingertips land on my lips. In the same way I sense that he wants a kiss, I also know that he wants to be my daddy. I detect with every fiber of my being that he liked me saying that. And now that I did, it's not up for discussion.

“You heard my sweet baby. If you don't like what she's saying, get the hell out.”

He meets Coach's glare until it softens, then looks to Pierce, who hesitates for a moment then smiles and says, “Daddy, hmm... What's in a name?”

I love how accepting he is, but Coach is having a harder time.

“What's in a name?” Spears pauses as if struggling to understand the question. “Everything. I'm her fucking daddy. Got it?”

Pierce raises his hands in front of his chest in a show of submission. “Just having fun with a literary reference.”

“I'm familiar with Shakespeare, but the old bard may have gotten it wrong because Jade calling me Daddy changes everything.”

“Well, it's not supposed to matter. That's the point of—“

“Don't bother explaining, because it fucking matters.” Principal shifts his attention from Pierce to me. “Just for pretend, call Pierce, Daddy.”

It's a crazy thought. Pierce is wonderfully seductive in his own way, but he's not a daddy. As if I'm an expert. But far be

it from me to defy my principal daddy.

Turning my head to the side and tilting it so that locks of hair fall over my face, I stare through the strands, into Pierce's eyes for a prolonged moment.

He's captivated. He already knows the name matters.

Coach steps closer, his erection leading the way.

It bumps Spears's hand that's on my arm, and elicits a cautionary, "What the hell. Keep your dick to yourself."

"Not a chance. And if you two don't get to fucking, I *will* beat you to it."

"Nobody does anything until Jade does what she's supposed to." The firmness of Pierce's statement shocks all of us. More gently he focuses his words on me. "You were about to say..."

Spears huffs. "I thought the name didn't matter."

"Just. Let. Her. Say it." Pierce's insistence is uncanny. And super hot.

His overly-controlled expression hints that he's hiding how badly he'd like to hear it. Can all three be Daddies? They each just dropped a few thousand on me.

They've all admitted to wanting to take care of me. I'm not sure how far to push this, but having the three of them to myself is worth fighting for. It's not every day I get offered a fantasy—correction, three fantasies rolled into one!

I swirl my finger through the pre-cum on Pierce's tip and lock gazes with him. "I could simply ask you to fuck me,

Daddy, but I think we need to get something straight. Daddies have a big responsibility. How would you earn that title?”

Warmth coats my finger. I lower my gaze and see that a spurt of pre-cum pumped onto it. Time to kick this into high gear and find out what this supposedly salty stuff tastes like.

While he’s dumbfounded, I consider my finger deliberately, then lift it to my lips where I lick it with the very tip of my tongue. The planned moan ends up coming naturally as I dip my finger into my mouth and suck.

The room is frozen in time again. I thought Pierce’s photos would freeze-frame the moments, but it keeps happening in real life.

“Jade, I’ll take care of you and make sure your world is full of beauty, love, and happiness.”

Coach grunts and I thrust a finger to his lips.

“Shhh, big boy, you’ll get your turn.”

I give my attention back to Pierce. “I like the way that sounds, you’re such a romantic daddy.”

“Fine.” Coach grips my chin, forcing me to look up at him. “Pierce can be in charge of things like candles and rose petals. But when you need to be fucked to the point of forgetting everything that stresses you, I’m your fuck daddy.”

My splayed sex aches to find out what that would feel like. I clamp my legs around Spears, who kneels. Looking up at me, he says, “I’ll make sure *all* of your needs are met. Remember



that day you found tickets to your favorite band in your locker?”

I furrow my brow and nod. “That was you?”

“I can’t say that. But I might have paid close attention to who you invited to go with you.”

“So you’d know if I took a guy?”

He shrugs. “Then there was the time flowers were delivered to the school on your birthday.”

“You again?”

“Can’t say that...again.”

“They were beautiful. All of the girls were jealous.” My world is upended. I’d attributed the tickets, the flowers, and a few other goodies to my best friends feeling bad for me. I thought they were pretending to be a secret admirer.

“All of the *guys* should be jealous of this.“ Daddy grips my thighs, his fingers digging in, holding my legs firmly apart as he leans forward, plants a kiss on my belly, then drifts down to my sex.

Long, warm breaths keep me keenly aware of my vulnerability. They also add fuel to my fire. Anticipation to my eagerness. Then the touch of his tongue gently sliding along my slit, pressing further the moment he’s over my clit, has my breaths faltering.

Pierce steps to the far side, leaving Coach at the end of the desk. Pierce alternates snapping photos with light caresses.

I'm honestly torn as to whether I prefer he physically enjoy me right now or document the moment so we can all enjoy it later.

Coach doesn't split his attention. He cups his huge hand behind my head, tangles his fingers in my hair, and takes control. The tug on my hair fills me with insane need.

His lips lock on mine and I'm trapped between his kisses and his hand. His tongue explores my mouth with equal command, and I would be lost in surrender if Daddy's tongue wasn't licking me into a frenzy. Why does that feel so much better than my fingers?

A hand cups the bottom of my breast before toying with my nipple. Who is it? Without opening my eyes, I know it has to be romantic daddy. Coach isn't going to be tender like that, and Daddy's still holding onto my thighs like he's lost at sea and I'm his life raft.

Another tug of my hair is a little harder than before.

Crap. That did it. I'm plunging toward release. White heat obliterates my world. All sensations ball into euphoria. These men are the perfect combination of everything I need. Will I ever be able to replicate this night?

Reality flits back to my brain. I have a sense that time has passed. I'm still surrounded by their warmth but Coach's head rests on top of mine. Pierce's hand strokes back and forth over my belly. And Daddy's head rests on my thigh.

Opening my eyes, I bask in the glory that I'm not dreaming. Pierce is watching me.

“Your orgasm face is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.”

Embarrassment tries to rise within me, but the three of them fill me with confidence.

He continues, “Since this evening is all about you, what do you want next?”

“There’s so much to choose from.”

Coach rights himself and licks his lips.

With the reminder, I say, “You wanted a taste before they get their funk on me, right?”

He nods, and motions for Spears to move, which happens without a fuss.

I cover my sex with my hand so I can finish my thought. “That was exhilarating and exhausting, so I don’t want to be too wiped out before we get to the sex. Just a taste.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Even on his knees, he’s huge. He tosses my thighs onto his shoulders as he leans in. He kisses my curls before lapping at my sex over and over again. The groans coming from his chest practically shake the desk.

Giving in would be the easiest thing to do, but I’m seriously worried if I’m up for the number of orgasms these three could give me. I tap his head.

He ignores me.

I tap harder.

He shakes his head no, which drags his tongue back and forth over my clit. Damn him. Or should I say, thank you? No. I have to conserve energy.

His hair is too short so I grab the only thing I can think of, his ears, and pull him up.

“I said just a taste.”

He’s cracking up by the time our eyes meet. “I’m a slow taster.”

I shake my head and say to Pierce, “I suppose you want a taste too?”

“I want everything you’re willing to give, and if that’s just a taste for now, it’s perfect.” He extends the camera phone to me. “I want to know what this looks like from your position.”

Eyes closed was my preference, but okay. Everyone shuffles to reposition. Pierce takes my free hand and guides me to standing. “Be the goddess you are. Stand over me. Let me bow at your feet.”

“What the fuck?” Coach says.

I tap the corner of the phone to his lips. “Shhh. You had your turn.”

Spears busts out laughing but I can’t join him. Pierce kisses my foot and works his way up my leg.

Coach wraps his hand around mine that’s hovering in the air with the phone. “He gave you a job.”

I can't believe I'm taking pictures of the art teacher kissing my naked body. Kissing my sex. Looking up at me while his tongue is buried in my curls.

My attempts at fantasizing over these guys failed miserably. I had no idea it could be like this, and not just the three of them, but the way they tend to me.

I waver and Coach steadies me. Spears takes the camera and finishes the job, stepping back, presumably getting the big picture, as I come undone on romantic daddy's face.

"Hey, you said not to make you come." Coach is clearly keeping score.

I flop my head to the side. "So spank me."

"Hell yeah." Daddy thrusts the phone at Pierce.

Before I can figure out what's happening, Daddy's sitting in his desk chair, and I'm bent over his knee. I wiggle my breasts free from where they squished uncomfortably against his legs, and his hand flattens possessively on my back until I resettle.

"All right, Coach, she asked you to spank her." Principal daddy says.

"You're not going to claim the right to do that first too?"

Principal's hand slides over my exposed cheek before a thick finger rips his hand away.

"Don't you dare," Coach says. Seconds later his hand slides back and forth over my butt, then taps lightly.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Principal says. The words are barely out of his mouth when Coach lands a firm smack on my ass. My body flinches. My sex flinches. I didn’t know that was possible. Am I somehow wired to clamp around a cock in response to a spanking?

I didn’t pay much attention in Biology, or any of my classes, but I’m certain no one ever taught that. Or why I’m so turned on at having my hair pulled, which becomes apparent once again as Spears pulls my hair away from my face, twists it around his hand, and angles my face to look at Pierce, who’s taking photos of the scene.

Another firm smack taunts my body. Why on earth does that make my pussy tighten? I have to know how this will feel when a cock is inside of me.

“I need sex.” Yes, I do, but did those words come from my mouth?

“You better get on it then, Spears.” Coach grips my cheeks with both hands and spreads them.

Oh my. Is he looking? The fleeting embarrassment is gone before he lands a tongue-heavy kiss on my pussy lips from behind. Yet another new and amazing thing to learn that I like. This is the most intense note-taking I’ve done in years.

“Want to sit on Daddy’s cock?”

I nod.

Spears handles me with ease, lifting and turning me so I’m straddling his lap. “I want to be able to see your face while I

teach you what it's like to come on a cock.”

I close my eyes, reality sinking in that my first time is going to be with my principal and with spectators.

Coach's big hands wrap around my waist as he lifts me. Daddy positions his cock at my entrance. I do what I can to balance myself.

Daddy slides his hands under my hips. “I've got her.”

Coach drags his fingers slowly as he withdraws, leaving Spears to lower me while intensely studying my expression.

“Tell me if you need to stop.”

“I can't imagine I'll want to.” I shift my hips, moving on top of his cock, begging him to speed this lesson up.

He lowers me, parting my lower lips, easing himself into me. It's like we're meant to do this. My body stretches around him as I'm pressed to my limits, filled with sensations I've never experienced.

My walls alternate between taking him in and contracting around him. He swallows hard every time the latter happens.

“Are you trying to make me come?” he asks.

My hands settle on his shoulders. “That is the point.”

“I'm not wearing protection.” His words sound more like a taunt than a caution.

“I know.”

“And you're not on birth control.” He shifts his hands from under me to my hips.

Rather than ask how he knows, I assume he read my medical file. “Is that a deal breaker?”

“I’d rather think of it as a guarantee.”

“Of what?” My fingers tighten as my body begs me to move, to slide over his shaft, to inch closer to release.

“Of you being mine.”

Everything clicks into place the second his words hit my ears. This is real. He understands what we’re doing. Hell, he’s the leader. And I will follow.

Except where orgasms are concerned—I’m the leader there. His strokes push me over the edge. My body might as well cease to exist as the biggest orgasm of my life obliterates everything.

Pleasure becomes my entire existence. The only sensations I can detect are his cock and pure happiness. I’ve lost track of where my body merges with his, only sensing even more fullness as his groans invade my euphoria and he fills me even more.

It’s done. We’ve attempted to create a child—my favorite wish in the whole world, especially with a Daddy as responsible and able as principal daddy.

His arms are wrapped around me, holding me close when I regain consciousness. I’m not sure that I passed out exactly, but I was transported to another world. The meaning of mind-blowing sex becomes apparent.



Rustling from behind me encourages me to open my eyes. Pierce is positioning a coat on the desk. “When you’re ready, I want to make love to you right here.”

“Laying on the desk?”

“You can do anything you want. The coat doesn’t offer much cushion but I’m not taking you on the floor.”

Agreed. Not on the floor. “If all I have to do is lay there and accept another orgasm, I’m game. Otherwise, I need a minute.”

“I’ll do all the work, Jade, as long as you’re willing to carry my baby.”

A soft smile curves my mouth. “Deal.”

They help me onto the desk. Pierce, being the romantic daddy, stands to the side, dragging his fingers over my skin. A path of excitement follows his touch. His eyes leave a trail of love, and I’ve never felt so beautiful as the way he adores me.

A thorough caress from head to toe and back practically melts me. The ache between my legs is the exception. I should be satisfied after Daddy filled me, but I’m greedy and want the romance to hurry so I can get to Fuck Daddy. What have I become?

Is it ridiculous to want all three of them for myself? My brain is too fuck-hungry to care.

My legs press against each other.

“Tsk. Tsk.” Pierce says gently, sliding a hand between my thighs. “Don’t hide this pretty pussy.”

“I wasn’t...” I don’t have the energy or concern to continue as he climbs onto the desk.

His shaft presses at my entrance as he lowers his mouth for a kiss, then shifts to my ear. “I don’t want to rush with you, but we have to play nice.”

He angles his head to look at Coach who looks decidedly unimpressed that he’s still waiting. Cum drips from his erection.

“You better hurry or he might pull you off of me.”

“I love you, Jade.”

“I love you too,” I whisper, despite finding it hard to believe this all came together so quickly.

Grumbles of love come from the other two, which heightens how surreal this is. Can we really love each other? Why not? I’ve had my eyes on them for years, and they’ve been watching me. This is fate.

Pierce slides into me, the sensation less foreign than with Spears, but new in its own way. Pierce uses slower strokes, and the partial weight of his body makes me feel even more connected.

And my sex agrees. The building orgasm swells around his cock. The strain on his face is beautiful. Motion from beside us draws my attention and I realize Spears is taking photos. I hope he captures that look.

Pierce quickens his pace, catching me off guard, and I surrender, not even trying to make this last longer. I've got one more guy to go, and I doubt any of them will be done after one time.

He cries out as my fingernails dig into his back with the intensity of my release. Attempting to let go so I don't hurt him, I can't. His cock thickens inside of me. I'm coming so hard, my release is coating us, and the poor coat. Oops.

All romantic notions are gone as Pierce ruts into me like a wild beast. Can people in the auction hear him? Coach must have the same concern because a hand slaps around Pierce's mouth, who shakes his head free, lowers it next to mine, and continues to work his hips as we grind through our release.

Can all sex be this good? The question fades as I lose myself in the floaty bliss.

Until I can't breathe. Pierce has dropped some of his weight onto me. I wiggle and gasp.

"Sorry." He shuffles upward, kissing me before climbing off.

His absence leaves Coach and his huge grin in my line of sight.

Rational thinking tells me I'm not ready for this, but an extremely carnal part of my brain has awakened, and I can't get him inside of me fast enough. Plus, I'm super lubed with my own wetness and the slick cum of the other two guys. If I'm not ready now, I'll never be.

I pull from my exhaustion and raise on my elbows. “They did their part.”

He wastes no time scooping me into his arms, my body plastered against his broad, contoured muscles of a chest. He’s so much thicker up close. And I’m up so much higher than normal.

The cock prodding at my sex should probably be my biggest focus, but I’m not nearly this tall and it’s an interesting perspective.

Then his cock grabs my attention as he shucks me down a tiny bit and my pussy lips stretch around him. Oh my god.

“You ready for this, Cookie?”

“Mentally, I’m ready, but physically...go slow.” I smile.

“I’ll be good to you. Don’t worry. All you have to do is let that pretty pussy come all over my cock.”

“That’s my kind of checklist.”

He spins around, one hand under me, easily supporting my weight, and the other spanning my back as he presses me into the wall.

The security of being sandwiched between a wall of muscle and a wall of plaster is oddly invigorating.

Small pumps of his cock allow him to work his way inside of me while taking away the shock of how much I have to stretch around him. His shaft presses into everything inside of me. My G-spot. The other spot that I’ve heard most women

don't even know about. And my cervix. He's completely filled me.

My nipples bead hard as rocks as my breasts flatten and slide against his chest. His scent, fresh from the shower does unexpected things to me.

Stimulation comes at me from so many directions, I can't think. And without thinking, I lose control once again.

My body jerks as I contract around his girth. His jaw falls slack and his eyes become slits. A growl rips through him, and I completely shatter.

Physically? Mentally? Spiritually? Nothing makes sense anymore, except abandoning myself, and I do.

*Knock. Knock. Knock.*

My mind is forced back to reality.

"It's locked," Spears whispers.

"Shouldn't you answer?" I ask.

Before he can say anything, Mrs. Dupree's voice calls through the door. "Mr. Spears, we're locking up and noticed a few cars still in the lot. Yours included."

"Well, fuck," Coach grumbles and lowers me. Pierce hands me a wad of tissues, and we all scramble for clothes.

"Working late. Thanks for checking," Spears says.

"I also saw Coach Curtis's car along with Mister Pierce's and—"

They each pipe up that they're in the office.

“And a student’s car.” Her voice has gone ice cold. I fumble through my buttons and curse myself when the bottom of my dress is uneven. I backtrack to the missed button.

“We’re doing life coaching like you recommended.”

“This doesn’t feel right.” She rattles the door handle again. “Are you okay, Jade? Open the door right now.”

I inhale deeply to gather myself while Spears opens the door.

Presenting myself, I say, “I’m great. They didn’t do anything wrong. There were some embarrassing questions I had about my future, that were best handled in private.”

She raises an eyebrow. “In private with the three of them? I’m your guidance counselor. You could have come to me.”

“Yes, but they seemed to get me, to understand my desires. You never thought I was making good choices.”

“I’m not sure that’s changed.” She looks from one man to the next.

I rub a hand over my belly, hoping that changes are underway. “They’ve helped me realize that there’s nothing wrong with my life plan.”

Dupree purses her lips. “The only plan I recall you ever mentioning was to have kids. No thoughts about how you would pay for them or ensure you could support yourself if you end up divorced.”

I smile confidently. “Not only do I have a plan, I have two backup plans.”

“Feel free to head out. I’ll close up,” Spears tells her.

“May I see you alone for a moment, Miss Johnson?”

I’m fairly certain this will be over faster if I comply so I step in her direction, then follow her lead as she moves farther away from them.

“I’m concerned about all of you being alone without a female present.”

“You doubt Principal Spears has good morals?”

“It’s just that things happen sometimes, and I want you to feel safe.”

“Trust me, I’ve never felt more safe in my entire life.”

“I’d feel better if you left with me.”

I bite my tongue to keep from saying that I’d feel better if at least one of them was inside of me. “I appreciate your concern, but we’re not quite finished solidifying my plans for the future. I promise, if they do anything that makes me the least bit uncomfortable, I’ll let them know, and I’m one hundred percent confident they’ll respect whatever I say.”

She glares at them. “I don’t know what you’re up to, but I don’t like it.”

My shoulders slump forward. That’s my biggest concern... what will people think?

Spears moves beside me. “This is one young lady you don’t need to worry about Mrs. Dupree. Her future is rock solid.” He platonically sets a hand on my shoulder, filling me with courage, then he continues. “I’ll put my word on it.”

The other two step up and add their confirmation.

Is it possible to feel like our connection is magical, that the four of us are soulmates?



# EPILOGUE

## TWO YEARS LATER

Under the guise of my friend Maggie being free to watch our kiddos Christmas Eve morning, I suggested to Daddy, Pierce, and Coach that I would need them out of the house so I could do last-minute Christmas prep. Thus they're all currently at the high school wrapping up the semester. We spent so much time tending to our toddler and 3-month-old baby, on top of helping with the third annual Christmas Cherry Auction, that they had a few loose ends to knock out.

And yeah, I resigned myself to calling it the Christmas *Cherry* Auction as has everyone else. No point denying reality, even though it does bring plenty of cheer.

What my guys don't know is that I have ulterior motives this morning, and an important factor is that the school will be empty. The janitor won't even be there. I checked.

Sneaking into the school, I make a beeline for Pierce's art room and close the door quickly, pre-emptively lifting my finger to my lips for him to keep quiet.

He startles and scrambles to hide the canvas on his easel, but if I can trust the glimpse I got, he's painting me. Nice.

Acting as if I don't think it's weird that he freaked out, I say. "Shhh. I need you to help me with a surprise."

He rushes to hug me and eyes the closed door. Any time the guys get alone time with me, they appreciate it. "Our little secret."

"Can you cover the little window on the door?"

"I'm liking this more all the time." He has no idea how exciting this is about to get.

I'm buzzing with anticipation as it is. While he tapes paper over the window, I strip naked.

"What the..." he stammers when he turns around.

Even though I expected that reaction, it doesn't stop me from laughing. "We're going to have to work fast."

He grabs the button on his jeans but I motion for him to stop.

"It's not what you think." I ignore his disappointment. "I need you to paint something."

"I like where this is going." He winks and heads to his cabinet where he pulls out body paint, and I wonder if he's suspicious since I had him paint me for the last baby reveal.

Waiting a second for him to set the basket of paints down, I point to my belly and say, "I need a 'baby on board' sign."

His mouth drops open and he rushes to me again. “Jade, you’re all that I need, but another baby...that’s the best Christmas present ever. I can’t believe you’re pregnant again.”

“Merry Christmas, but it’s not that hard to believe, but enjoy it while it lasts. I’m taking a break after this one.”

We share a laugh.

“Fair enough.” He rubs my belly then steps back and studies me from head to toe. “Instead of a ‘baby on board’ sign, can I suggest a different idea?”

“Baby on board was pretty low-hanging fruit. That’s all my mommy brain can handle. What’s your idea?”

He brings his hands together up high, then makes a curvy motion as if moving them down my body. “I want to paint your entire body...turn you into a gingerbread woman with a little *babybread* on your belly.”

He’ll need to allow time for two of those babies. I glance at the generic wall clock.

“How long will it take? I have to pick the kids up from Maggie’s in two hours.” I cup my boobs. “Or things will get uncomfortable.”

I dropped milk off for the baby but my boobs won’t care. They’ll produce like clockwork.

Pierce grins. “You know we’re all more than willing to help you with that. We hate for you to be uncomfortable.”

“I don’t know what I’d do without such generous husbands, but Maggie has other things to do today, you know, it being Christmas Eve and all.”

“Fine. Instead of putting a base color over your entire body, I’ll only do the candy decorations, and keep them to a minimum...but would you be opposed to a shave? I want to paint a peppermint swirl there.” He eyes my sex.

I’m distracted by the idea that he has the necessary tools to do that in his classroom but he explains that they’ve shaved arms to do simple body paint at the local festivals. The classroom has a sink, so we’re all set.

Now to deal with the bigger issue. “Before you commit, I should caution you that we’ll need two of the little babybreads.”

His wheels turn as my statement sinks in. He encircles me with another embrace. “Fuck! This just keeps getting better.”

His hard cock presses into me and I’m tempted to skip straight to celebratory sex, but I love his gingerbread idea even more than my baby on board sign, and can’t wait to get started.

“So, how long will this take? You need time to shave me and paint. We have to call the other two in for the reveal. Then everyone will want to celebrate.”

Pierce rubs his jaw as he stares at me like I’m a blank canvas. “It won’t be my best work, but I can whip out the basics in an hour, we can do initial celebrations here, then grab

the kids, and when they go down for a nap, we can finish celebrating at home.”

Tossing a hand up, I say, “You’re forgetting something very important.”

His brow furrows.

“When the kids take a nap, I’m taking a nap, too.”

“You’ll get your nap, I promise. And you’ll need it when we’re done with you.”

“Deal.”

He kisses my belly then motions for me to sit on the counter by the sink so he can shave me. A few strokes in, I decide to tackle the task myself. I’ll let him try a different time when we’re not rushed.

While I’m doing that, he covers the classroom couch with a sheet and I get comfortable on it. This is a new addition from when I took his class six years ago, but the longer he teaches, the bolder he gets about embracing different ideas in his art classroom.

He starts with the babybreads, and it takes everything in me not to wiggle with the tickles of the paintbrush. Even if those two cuties were the only things he painted, it would be awesome, but he adds the red and white swirl on my sex.

Next, he goes for brightly wrapped candy covering my breasts, but while he’s working on the second one, someone tries the handle of the door, jostling it, presumably surprised that it’s locked.

We freeze, giving each other questioning glances. It has to be either Daddy or Coach.

I look toward the canvas and easel he turned away from me earlier. “Tell him you’re working on a surprise.”

Pierce blurts it out, a little clunky, but it works.

Spears says, “Cool. Can’t wait to see it.”

Then silence. Did he leave? That was easy. We snicker that our secret’s safe, and he goes back to painting.

For a moment. Then the sound of a key sliding into the lock and the door clicking open bring our secret to a close.

Spears is staring at us. “Like I said. I couldn’t wait. Are you pregnant? With twins?”

Shrugging, I smile. “We were going to do a Christmas reveal.”

“Consider it done.” He’s typing on his phone, slips it into his pocket, and before he’s done kissing my belly, Coach’s voice booms from the hallway.

“What’s the hurry?” he says as he enters the room. Stopping in his tracks while staring at my belly, he does a fist pump. “We got two in you at once! Yeah, boys, we did it!”

“I guess we can start the celebration.” Pierce waves his finger. “Watch out for the wet paint.”

Coach drops to his knees, slides my butt to the edge of the couch, kisses both babyheads, and dives into my peppermint center. His flurry of kisses and laps of his tongue send me into

a frenzy until he lifts his face, which is amazingly not covered with paint. Probably just my candy boobs are still wet.

He asks, “What are you two waiting for? This gingerbread mama needs to be decorated with some of that fancy white stuff.”

I chuckle. “You mean Royal Icing?”

“Hell no. I mean cum.”

We all break into laughter.

Pierce shakes his head as he and Spears undress. “You could have at least run with the analogy and been a little less blunt.”

“I call plays like I see them. If you want analogies, we’d have to bring one of the English teachers in.”

I hold my hands up. “Nope. Our family is perfect, just like this.”

“Other than a few more babies,” Spears mutters, then louder says, “But you’re right. We are perfect, and we’re going to keep it that way forever. I love you, Baby.”

“I love you too, Daddy.” The other two no longer vie for daddy status, as they’ve come to understand Spear’s need to be in control and that they fill other roles. That’s what makes us so perfect together.

As with any time an ‘I love you’ gets said, everyone jumps in. When we’ve all restated the obvious, Pierce strokes his cock and nods at Spears. “Let’s put the finishing touches on this Cookie while Coach eats her.”

“Good call, I love my Cookie,” Coach says, returning to my lingering urgency.

Spears fists his cock. “We’ve got all the Royal Icing she’ll ever need.”

The expertise of Coach’s mouth unravels me, and warmth streams onto my belly and chest as the other two finish the decorations.

All I have to do is relax and surrender to the love and hunger in their eyes.

They’ve given me everything I ever wished for and more. On the surface that might be the babies and life as a mom, we’re a perfect Family, but much deeper, they’ve given me a better F-word...Freedom from worrying about what anyone else thinks. And the promise of Forever.

And we lived happily ever after!

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And true to my initials, SHhhh, I'll let it be our little secret.

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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Sylvie Haas obsesses over dirty-talking heroes who fall hard and fast for the women of their dreams. And usually, you'll find heroes, yes plural, in one book because she has such a hard time making the heroine choose one possessive guy.

On most days, you can find Sylvie with the wind in her hair, her fingers on the keyboard, and her mind in the gutter as she thinks up new places her characters can get frisky.

Sylvie's books will always deliver a happily ever after, and even though they're short, they'll leave you satisfied!

If you haven't signed up for her newsletter yet, there's still room. The more the merrier!

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Also, she's on Facebook if you'd like to hang out there:

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