



LOVING
the Man of
THE HOUSE

A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

S.E. LAW
S.C. ADAMS

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A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE



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ABOUT THIS BOOK

Dear Mr. Burns:

You were kind to me when there was no one else.

You were there for me after the divorce.

You were there for me after my mom left.

You were there for me all throughout my teen years, when I was downright impossible to be around.

I'm grateful for everything you've done, including putting a roof over my head, food on the table, and of course, suffering through years of my annoying teenage angst.

But now, I'm all grown up and it's time for me to show my appreciation.

I may be going to college ... *but not without one last encounter before we say goodbye.*

Love,

Mari

This a romantic tale about the man of the house and the brat living under his roof. Never underestimate Mari Cook because she may be half-girl / half-woman, but she won't leave without acknowledging the man who's been a strong father figure all her life. This book is a follow-up to

Satisfying the Biker Gang, and as always, there are sensitive scenes inside which make this tale inappropriate for certain readers. HEA guaranteed.

CHAPTER 1



Mari

“*H*ey Benji,” I greet, opening our front door. My boyfriend steps into the house, his wiry frame clad in a hoodie and baggy jeans.

“Hey Mari,” he says with a smile while brushing away at his floppy brown bangs. “You look good.”

“Thanks,” I say with a shrug while fluffing out my chestnut curls. “I just washed my hair, so you’re in luck. You’re about to get a dose of jasmine shampoo that will bowl you over.”

But instead of burying his nose in my locks, Benji gets a worried look on his face.

“No doubt, but um, before we do that, can we talk?”

I shrug.

“Sure, of course. Take a seat,” I invite, gesturing to the huge sofa in the living room.

Benji shakes his head, his eyes darting left and right.

“Actually, is your stepdad home?”

I nod.

“I think so. Why?”

The young man clears his throat uncomfortably.

“Well, I just think what I have to say is best done in private. Not that I think Harris would be eavesdropping, but this *is* his house. He could appear at any moment, so can we go to your bedroom instead?”

I nod.

“Sure, no prob, Benji. You seem jumpy though.”

The teen boy doesn't answer. Instead, he makes a beeline up the stairs, and down the hall before stopping in front my bedroom. My stepdad's door down the hall is closed tight, and to be honest, I have no idea where Harris is.

It's an odd story because actually, he and my mom divorced four or five years ago. Jeanette left him for some guy who lives in the next town over, but the high school in their area isn't as good as the one here. As a result, I remained here with Harris in order to stay in the Oakdale school district.

I feel like most men would say no to this arrangement. They would tell their ex-wife to take her daughter and scam, but Harris isn't like that. He's brooding and domineering, to be sure, but there's a gentle side to him too. Back then, I was only thirteen or so, and he must have seen how destabilized I was by the divorce. As a result, I stayed put in my room upstairs, and visited my mom on weekends.

But over time, those visits grew infrequent because of ... well, *life*. I had band practice after school, as well as chess club, the soccer team, and of course, hanging out with my friends. Now, I barely talk to Jeanette at all. Harris is the man in my life, for better or worse, except that I hardly see him these days. Sure, we glimpse each other in passing, but for my whole senior year, he was basically MIA. The man of the house is always at the office, or when he's not working, he's in his study or at the gym, working up a sweat.

His efforts have paid off too because Harris is absolutely gorgeous. I'm not sure why my mom left him, but it definitely wasn't because of lack of sex appeal. My stepdad is built like an Olympic athlete with broad shoulders, a

developed chest, and thick, powerful thighs. I've seen him shirtless after his workouts, and wow ... what I wouldn't give to run my tongue along those sexy washboard abs. But these thoughts are wrong, I know. He's the man of the house, and I shouldn't be such a naughty brat by fantasizing about my stepfather.

Still, I don't understand why my mom left Harris because he's filthy rich on top of being godawful handsome. He has his own company called Burns Fabrication which manufactures and sells auto parts. All the biggest car brands buy from him, so his customers are companies like Ford, Toyota, and Volkswagen. Yet we haven't moved from this two-story house because Harris is modest that way. Even though my stepfather could afford a lot more, he feels no need to show off even if he could basically buy and sell this town all on his own.

But right now, Benji has something to tell me, so I push the thoughts of my stepdad out of my head. We enter my bedroom and Benji shuts the door firmly after we're both inside. My room's actually a little embarrassing because it's the cozy nest of a little girl. The walls are a pale peach color that I picked out when I was in junior high, and my narrow twin bed is covered in a quilt that I made during my days in 4-H. Not only that, but I used to have an obsession with sheep, particularly cute little baby lambs with lots of woolly fur. As a result, there are lamb stuffed animals scattered all over the place, including on my chest of drawers, on my desk, and of course, on my bed too.

But Benji doesn't comment on the lamb explosion because he's used to it. We've been dating about a year now, and it's been great. He's always been endearing in an awkward teen way, and I daresay that we're happy enough together. Maybe we're not Romeo and Juliet, the ultimate star-crossed lovers, but at least we're alive, right? Surely, that's better than the grisly demise that Shakespeare crafted for the most famous couple of all time.

But life in Oakdale isn't like that. Romeo and Juliet came from feuding families going through lots of drama, whereas in our tiny suburban town, the most happening event every year is the Fall Harvest Festival. They're so PC that they won't even call it "Columbus Day" or "Indigenous Persons Day." Both terms are "too loaded" (or so the mayor claims) and as a result, we have a bland moniker to describe the weekend of crafts, food, music and merriment. It's fine, if you ask me. Everyone can read the sub-text of "Fall

Harvest,” and again, most of us are just happy to live in the beautiful town of Oakdale, Illinois.

But now, it’s all coming to an end. Benji and I graduated from high school back in May, and it seems that change is afoot. I’m headed to Concordia College for my freshman year, whereas Benji’s enlisting in the Army. In my bones, I can feel that this conversation has something to do with these impending shifts.

Sure enough, the teen boy takes my hand, his expression serious as we sit on my bed next to each other. Benji’s good-looking in a charming way. His features still have a bit of baby fat on them, and he’s got some cystic acne on his chin, but it’s not too bad. We’ve made love before, and it was fine, even if I had to close my eyes and pretend that he was Henry Cavill from the *Superman* franchise. Is that terrible? I hear that married women use this technique too, so I think it’s very normal.

But right. My boyfriend stares deep into my eyes, his own hazel ones troubled.

“Mari, you know that I’m shipping out next week, right?”

I nod.

“Yep. To Fort Benning, right?” I ask, referring to the Army training camp in Georgia.

Benji nods, his eyes darkening.

“Yes, and I’ll be gone for a while. Everyone says that basic training only lasts ten weeks, but you know that I’m not exactly the most physically fit guy out there. I’ll likely have to stay for a couple extra weeks just to get myself up to the Army’s standards.”

I wince internally, even while trying to look sympathetic. I put a hand on Benji’s knee.

“It’s fine,” I say in a low voice. “After you broke your leg during that track meet last year, things were never the same. So what if your physical fitness levels fell? That would happen to anyone who’s injured.”

Benji nods, his eyes filled with sadness.

“But still, the Army has its minimum requirements, and I’m expected to meet them, injury or no injury. So I’ll probably have to stay extra just to get myself in shape. It’s going to be my own personal cross to bear.”

I squeeze his knee supportively.

“No, it’s fine! You’ll definitely get yourself into shape. You know I’m on your side, Benji. Always.”

My boyfriend nods, but his expression is somber.

“Well, that’s what I wanted to talk to you about, Mari.” This is where it comes, and I hold my breath. He inhales deeply, looking away for a moment before gazing into my eyes once more. My heart breaks because I know this is difficult for him, but it’s okay. We’re young, and I’m prepared for whatever changes may come.

“What is it?” I ask in a gentle tone.

Benji exhales in a gust.

“Well, it’s just that our lives are going in different directions,” he says in a low, trembling voice. “Don’t you agree, Mari? I mean, you’re headed off to college and it’s great. You’ve always wanted to further your education and I know you’ll have a wonderful time at Concordia. You know, getting drunk, meeting new people, and all that kind of stuff.”

“Don’t forget studying,” I add in a cheeky tone. “That’s a big part of college too.”

Benji nods, his expression still troubled.

“Yes, of course. But this is where our paths diverge. I mean, it’s been awesome this past year with you, Mari, and we’ve known each other since we were kids. But now, I’m headed off to Fort Benning, and afterwards, who knows? They’ll probably ship me off to Afghanistan for my first tour, and it only continues from there. I plan on serving my country, and you know I don’t get to choose where I’m deployed. It’s the Army’s prerogative, and that’s just the way things are.”

I nod.

“Of course,” is my gentle reply. “I understand. We have to break up, right? That’s what you’re trying to say, and I get it. It’s okay.”

Benji looks up, surprised.

“It is?”

I nod.

“Benji, we could both see this coming from a million miles away. We’ve been friends since forever, and we dated our senior year, but we both knew that life here in Oakdale would re-set after graduation. I mean, we’re only eighteen! We both have dreams: you to serve your country, and me to pursue a higher education.”

The young man nods.

“I know. But still, some couples stick it out, you know? Guys are shipped to Kosovo or Kandahar, and they still marry their high school sweethearts and raise families together.”

I squeeze his hand sympathetically.

“And that’s fine for them, but I think we both knew that we weren’t going to go that route. And that’s okay too! Sometimes, people just go their separate ways, and that’s the way life is. I’ll support you in Kosovo, Kandahar, Baghdad, Okinawa, or wherever you find yourself, Benji. You know I’m here for you no matter what, even if we’re no longer romantically involved.”

A look of relief crosses Benji’s face, and his shoulders slump as if he’s just let go of a lot of tension.

“Thanks Mari,” he says in a low voice. “I really appreciate it.”

I salute him merrily.

“Anything for our troops! Here’s to Uncle Sam.”

He shoots me a half-smile.

“Don’t even get me started on Uncle Sam because sometimes, I’m not sure

our politicians know what's going on overseas. But that's neither here nor there," he says in a firm tone. "I'm a patriot, and I want to do my duty. My dad was a Marine, and my grandad before him. Maybe I'm not Marine quality, but I'm Army quality, and that's enough."

I squeeze his hand with a supportive smile.

"It's more than enough, Benji. We appreciate your sacrifice."

But then the young man's shoulders slump once more.

"What is it?" I ask cautiously. "Are you okay?"

He shrugs.

"Well, it's just that ..."

I nod.

"What?"

He heaves a big sigh and slants his eyes away from me.

"Well, you know there are no women at Fort Benning."

I stare at him.

"Really? How is that possible though? I mean, female soldiers have to go through basic training too, right?"

Benji nods miserably.

"Yes, but the women go to Fort Leonard Wood, Fort Sill or Fort Jackson. There won't be any in Georgia," he says in a morose voice.

I squint.

"Really? It seems so old-fashioned, not to mention close-minded, to separate the sexes. I mean, it's not like there's a women's regiment that will deploy on its own."

Benji shakes his head.

"No, it's not like that. Those three facilities are gender-integrated, so there

will be men *and* women present. It's only Fort Benning and Fort Knox in Kentucky that are men-only. It's going to be rough."

I nod, squeezing his hand again.

"Yeah, I'll say. Oakdale's schools are all gender-integrated. Heck, we went to public school, so of course they were! I'm sorry, Benji. I had no idea it would be a sausage fest where you're headed."

He makes a face while staring at my pale peach shag carpet.

"It's going to be bad," he acknowledges in a low voice. "Except..."

"Except what?"

Benji heaves another low sigh.

"Well, maybe you could help me, Mari. As a sort-of going-away present."

I squint.

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

Benji nods.

"It's not that big of a deal, Mari. You support the troops, right? Think of this as one way in which you can support a soldier."

I stare at him.

"Um, I don't think this is what boosters have in mind when they say we support our troops."

Benji nods.

"Yes, but it is a contribution, even if it's a very personal one. Please, Mari," he begs. "You know I won't lay eyes on a woman for at least ten weeks, if not longer. Just a little," he pleads.

I take a deep breath. To be honest, I don't really want to because Benji and I are broken up now, so I shouldn't have to, right? But on the other hand, I do feel sorry for the teenage boy. I haven't heard the greatest things about Georgia, and God knows I would hate it if I were stuck in the barracks with

hundreds of other women.

“Okay fine,” I say, relenting. “But no vaginal or anal. Only oral.”

“Yeah, that’s fine!” Benji says, perking up. “I totally appreciate it, Mari.” Within seconds, he’s got his dong out, and he’s pressing on my shoulders so that I kneel in front of him on the floor. “This will just take a second,” he promises. “Thank you so much, Mari.”

I stare at the member before me. To be honest, Benji’s not too bad to look at down there. He’s a nice eight inches, uncut, and he’s as hard as a diamond right now. That’s the plus about being eighteen, I suppose. Even the promise of an oral session is enough to get him going within seconds.

“Thanks again,” Benji says in a breathless voice, his hazel eyes gleaming down at me. “I really appreciate this, Mari.”

Ugh. This isn’t what I want, but I suppose I’m taking one for the team. Slowly, I lean forward and lick at his tip. He immediately spurts a bit of pre-come, even as his head tilts back and his eyes close.

“Yeah,” Benji groans. “Mmm, more.”

Hesitantly, I place his head onto my tongue and then close my lips around the fat girth. He tastes okay, kind of like he just showered before coming over. Was this part of the plan? Probably so, but I guess it’s okay. Again, I’m supporting our troops.

Slowly, I lave my tongue along his length, gently tracing the bottom of his penis while squeezing his sacks with one small hand. Then, I run my tongue in spiraling circles around that hard shaft as Benji begins to pant.

“More,” he gasps. “Ooooh, yeah!”

Already, I can feel the cumshoot at the bottom of his staff begin to pulse. That’s the other great thing about teenage boys: they’re ready to blow in about ten seconds, and my ex is no exception. His hips are already beginning to buck on my narrow twin bed, and his eyes roll back wildly in his head, showing the whites.

“Just a little more,” he pants. “Ooof, oof, oof, *yaaaawwr!*”

It happens then. He places both hands on the back of my head and forces my face down so that suddenly, I've got that entire eight inch member buried in my throat. Tears spring to my eyes as I choke a bit, but the muffled gargle that comes out of my mouth doesn't deter Benji at all. The boy is lost in his pleasure and continues to hold my head in place forcefully, feeding me every inch of his dick.

"Mmmph!" he screams, ejaculating hotly into my throat. "Unnnngh!"

I can't say that his noises are very attractive, although the weird gargling sounds I'm making aren't exactly ladylike either. But my ex is having a great time as he pulses semen into my tummy, and I swallow furiously, gulping every drop. Fortunately, there isn't much and within seconds, it's over. Benji pulls his shaft out from between my lips, and I sit back on my heels, coughing a bit while wiping my mouth with the back of my hand.

"Oh no!" he cries. "Are you okay, Mari? I know I was a little rough."

I hold one hand up.

"No, it's okay. I'm fine. I just took one for the team, that's all. I'm a patriot, and contributing like every good American citizen should."

"You are," Benji agrees whole-heartedly. "Thanks again, Mari. You don't know how much I appreciate this."

With that, he stands and zips up his pants. Then, the lanky boy strides to my bedroom door and opens it with one last wave.

"Thanks again!" he says with a beaming smile. "We'll talk later, okay?"

I nod ruefully because obviously, now that Benji's climaxed, he's good to go. There's no need to hang out for conversation because I'm no longer a *real* girlfriend. But shortly after he exits, I hear a shrill scream and then a horrific crash. Oh my god. Did Benji just go tumbling down the stairs? I hope he didn't hurt himself too badly, and with a start, I jump up to investigate the catastrophe.

CHAPTER 2



Harris

Running a huge conglomerate isn't easy, but there are some benefits to being the boss, and one of those is working from home when I feel like it. So I was in my home office, innocently looking over some spreadsheets when the doorbell rang. I could hear the low murmur of voices as Mari let her boyfriend in, and then there was the thump of footfalls as they went upstairs to her bedroom.

I know what you're thinking: this is the perfect time for me to get out my shotgun in order to threaten the poor kid for despoiling my stepdaughter. But that isn't the type of relationship that Mari and I have because she's always had a good head on her shoulders. Even during the divorce from her mother, Mari kept it together. Sure, we were both surprised when Jeanette announced she was moving out, and into the home of Tom Fister (*I like to call him Tom Fucker, obviously*), but Mari took a deep breath and began planning her future. She asked if she could continue living with me because my house is in a better school district, and of course I said yes. Hell, better me than that fucker Tom Fister. He'd probably put the moves on my sweet stepdaughter as soon as Jeanette had her back turned.

After all, Mari's gorgeous. She wasn't when she first moved in, of course. Back then, the girl was an awkward mess of frizzy brown hair, spindly

elbows, and scabby knees. Her fashion choices were atrocious because she had a furry phase where she'd wear headbands bedecked with animal ears every day to school. I suppose it was cute enough, but I don't know how it didn't violate Oakdale Junior High's dress code. Fortunately, that phase passed, and soon, my sassy stepdaughter was wearing fuzzy sweaters, tight jeans, and high-heeled boots to school.

Therein lies the problem because the brat filled out, and as a red-blooded man, I couldn't help but notice. Mari's got big Double D breasts, a narrow waist, and a round bottom that begs to be spanked. In fact, there was one morning when I almost choked on my eggs when my stepdaughter pranced into the kitchen, bedecked in a white fuzzy sweater that showed off her pierced belly-button, as well as hip-hugging jeans that displayed her sassy ass and thick thighs to their best advantage.

"Hi Daddy," she said, grabbing a cookie from the cupboard.

I gargled something unintelligible in reply.

"Oh, don't worry, I won't overload on the sugar before class," she said with a wink. "These don't have frosting, so I'm okay."

Then, Mari was out the door with her backpack slung over a shoulder, and I was left with an erection so painful that I immediately went to the bathroom to rub one out. Fantasies of the curvy young woman swam before my eyes, but they can't put you in jail for thinking a few dirty thoughts, right? Even if they *are* about your stepdaughter.

But that's why I don't intervene when it comes to Mari and her boyfriend. I know that most eighteen-year-olds are sexually active, and I trust Mari to use birth control and to be safe with Benji. The boy's from a good family too. I've known him since he was a child, and the McFaydens run the local bait and tackle shop.

But when the choking noises began, I was alarmed. I dashed up the stairs to the second floor before skidding to a halt in front of Mari's bedroom. The door was slightly ajar, and that's when I saw it. This wasn't a CPR moment, nor did it call for the Heimlich maneuver. Instead, Benji was sitting on the bed with his jeans pooled around his ankles with Mari kneeling in front of him. She was facing away from me, but it was clear what was going on: my

sassy step was blowing her boyfriend, and he loved it. Low moans rang from the teenage boy's throat, and his expression was one of sheer ecstasy. But it was his dominance and aggression that surprised me because he had both hands on Mari's head, and he was pushing down with a lot of force.

Don't get me wrong because I'm not exactly the most gentle guy in bed either. In fact, I've been a lot worse around women, and it's not pretty. But then again, the ladies I date are in their twenties and thirties, and always up for a good time. Meanwhile my sweet stepdaughter is only eighteen, yet she was being manhandled like a common whore by this boy.

"Oomph!" she gargled uselessly. "Mmmph!"

Oh shit. Maybe I should burst inside to intervene, but Benji was too fast for me. He pushed her head down again even as his eyes rolled up into the back of his head. Then, the boy ejaculated hard, the tendons in his neck standing out as he shrieked his ecstasy to the Heavens.

"Oooh!" he squealed. "Mmm, yeah!"

Mari let out what sounded like a huge burp before swallowing furiously. Then she pulled off the boy's shaft, choking a bit. I saw how repulsed she was. The teenage girl's lips were swollen and her chin dripping with male come. Then discreetly, she spat in her hand, as if trying to rid her mouth of a bad taste. But my stepdaughter is a good actress because in the next second, she'd turned back to Benji with a big smile plastered on her face.

"Good luck in the Army," she chirped. "I suppose this is goodbye."

"Yes, but this is a wonderful goodbye," he cooed before leaning down to kiss her. "I couldn't ask for more." Then, Benji stood, zipped up his jeans, and began loping to the door. This is where things get confusing because to my shame, I'd been touching myself while watching the scene before me. I know. It's wrong. I shouldn't be aroused seeing my sweet stepdaughter give her boyfriend head, but there's just something about Mari. Maybe it was the svelte curve of her back or the long brown curls tumbling over her shoulders. More likely, it was the depraved sounds she made: the choking, gurgling, and pained moans rising from her chest.

But yes, I was touching myself and I'd ejaculated all over the wooden

floorboards outside Mari's room, forming a huge, slippery puddle. Unfortunately, things happened fast, and I guess I didn't expect Benji to say goodbye so quickly. I figured there'd be some kisses, a long, drawn-out farewell, and then finally an exit.

But teen boys can be thoughtless. Benji shook himself off, put himself back into his pants, and then headed for the exit. And when he came striding out, it was to see me staring at him with a look of horror. Fortunately, I'd had enough time to tuck myself back in, but not before the teen boy shot me a confused look and then *whoops!* He slipped and fell right there in my puddle of come.

It's so wrong, not to mention comical. I rushed forward, but Benji was already letting out an anguished cry as he flailed on the ground, one hand pressed to his lower back.

"Ow ow ow, it hurts!" he squealed. "Ooooh!"

"Oh shit," I growl. "Are you okay?"

It's only then that the door opens fully, and Mari stands there. My stepdaughter looks gorgeous of course, with her face flushed and even a small sheen of come still on her chin. But she takes one look at me, at Benji, and at the mess on the ground, and instinctively knows what just happened. Those brown eyes darken to an almost black as she fixes me with a smoldering look. But then Mari turns away.

"Oh my god, Benji are you okay?"

At this point, the boy's howling in agony.

"It hurts, it hurts!" he screams. "I think I threw out my back! How will I survive basic training now?"

"It's fine," I growl. "Don't move. Let me call an ambulance and we'll get you taken care of. Mari, can you get a towel and clean him up a bit? Thanks, hon."

She stands there for a moment with her hands on her hips, and her cheeks flaming. Hell, even her hair is going to burst into flames because she's so annoyed at my command. But then Mari turns on one heel and storms away

to the bathroom to retrieve a towel of some sort. She knows it's my come on the floor, and that her boyfriend just injured himself in a pool of my semen. Still, there are worse things to fall in, right? It could be a puddle of urine or toxic waste.

Things moved at light-speed then. The paramedics arrived, and fortunately by then, we'd gotten the pool of semen cleaned up. Even crazier, Benji seemed to have no idea what had fouled him up. I suppose he assumed it was just a wet spot of water because the bathroom is across the hall from Mari's bedroom, but there was no one taking a shower at the moment. Still, it's good that he doesn't suspect because what actually happened is depraved, and he obviously wouldn't appreciate knowing that Mari's stepfather has a craving for the pretty brat.

But still, Mari *knows*. After the paramedics left, she avoided my eyes and disappeared into her bedroom without a word. Yet we can't avoid the subject forever because I'm driving her to her new school tomorrow, and it's going to be a five-hour trip. In fact, we're staying the night at a hotel along the way, so there will be plenty of time for conversation. But will Mari acknowledge what happened between us? Or will she ignore the subject completely? After all, I know I should be embarrassed, not to mention ashamed and horrified at my physical reaction to her. But instead, the opposite is true: I'm attracted to the sassy brat, and suddenly, our road trip just got a lot more interesting.

CHAPTER 3



Mari

I open my eyes the next morning, and I'm not sure what to think. This is the day that I finally leave Oakdale for college, and my stepdad is the one who's going to drop me off. But do we acknowledge what happened yesterday? Or is he going to pretend like nothing happened at all?

I creep down the stairs, and even though it's only 7 a.m., Harris is already in the kitchen. He looks gorgeous, as usual. The huge man has a white t-shirt on, in addition to plaid pajama pants. His black hair is mussed, and that bronzed expression intense as he stares at whatever he's frying on the stove.

"Scrambled eggs?" I say by way of greeting, leaning one hip against the counter.

He turns, his features deceptively relaxed because beneath the superficial smile, I can see that he's stressed.

"I was thinking fried, but if you like scrambled it's no problem," he says, waving towards the breakfast bar. "Take a seat and I'll have your eggs ready for you in a sec."

But I can see how his eyes sweep over me before quickly moving away. I can also see how much Harris hates himself for it. After all, I like to sleep

comfortably, and that means that I'm dressed in my usual pajama set: a crop top that shows off my belly button, as well as short shorts that highlight my long legs. My hair is messed in that sexy, casual, Victoria's Secret kind of way, and my cheeks are still flushed from a good night's rest.

But Harris isn't like that. He merely looks away again before practically boring holes into the frying pan with his stare. His hand grips the spatula so tightly that it's white-knuckled, but then the alpha male takes a deep breath, like he's telling himself to relax. Sure enough, the muscles in his back unclench a bit, and the lines around his eyes soften. The man of the house is doing what's right, and I appreciate him for it.

But still, I don't know what I want because the truth is that I've been attracted to Harris for the past year or so. It came out of nowhere. One day, he was just my mom's ex, and then last summer, my friend Alice was over and we were in the pool in back. She giggled because Harris and one of his friends were grilling on the deck, and she kept throwing them flirtatious looks.

"Ali, what are you doing?" I whispered. "Don't you know Brandon is old? Like in his 40's old?" I said, referring to Harris's buddy.

Alice just giggled again.

"Yeah, but that's not too bad. I mean, I just turned eighteen, so it's a twenty-two-year age difference. That's not too much."

I stared at her.

"Ali, do you hear yourself? *Twenty-two years*? That's more years than we've been alive!"

But my friend wasn't dissuaded, and just patted her wet hair.

"No, it's fine," she cooed, still staring over at the men. "Besides, Brandon is *fine*, girl. Look at that six pack."

I looked, but it wasn't Brandon that my eyes were drawn to. Instead, it was my stepfather, and my heart did an unexpected flip. After all, Harris has always been 'my mom's husband' in my mind, and nothing more. He was just a presence in the house who paid the bills, worked in the home office, and occasionally grilled burgers for us. The older man didn't really register,

although I knew I should be grateful to him for putting a roof over my head.

But for the first time, my heart thumped as I took in the handsome man. When did he become so attractive? Harris's black hair seemed darker than usual that day, almost like it was absorbing sunlight. His form was tall and broad, with a muscular chest that was shown off in a fitted black T. His jeans hung off his hips, and as he tilted his head back to laugh, I caught a glimpse of flashing white teeth.

Who is this person? I thought as my pulse raced. *It's like I've never seen him before.*

But then, it was as if Harris could read my mind. His eyes suddenly caught mine, and I froze like an animal in the headlights. That blue gaze pierced my soul and my heart thumped so loud I could hear it in my ears. It was as if a veil had been lifted and I was seeing my stepfather for the first time as a *man*, and not just a parental figure.

Something clicked in his mind too. Our gazes locked for just a tad too long before he looked away, and when I finally came to my senses, I was panting and my skin was flushed.

"Are you okay?" Alice asked, throwing me a curious look. "Are you getting sunstroke?"

"No," I mumbled, looking down. Goodness, my hands were literally shaking, and quickly, I hid them in the water to mask the tremors. "It's probably just that hot dog I ate."

"Really?" Alice asked, squinting her pretty blue eyes at me. "Hot dogs are processed foods, girlfriend. Those don't usually have salmonella or anything like that. It's the only thing about cured meat that's good for you. That stuff has been through so many machines, and has so many chemicals and preservatives that you're pretty much not going to catch anything."

"Thanks," I said with a wry smile her way, still hiding my body's reaction to Harris. "I appreciate the assurances."

"No problem!" Ali said with an airy smile. "Trust me. You know I want to be a nutritionist, so I know all about these things. Any questions, just ask."

Fortunately, the conversation continued in a benign vein, so I was saved from the questioning eyes of my friend. Not that Ali's so perceptive, but still: no one wants to admit that they think their stepfather's hot.

But Harris really is, and the awareness between us never went away after that. We never acted on it, of course, but I could feel his eyes on me as I tiptoed about the house. Even worse, I started dressing sexier to get his attention by supplementing my wardrobe with mini-skirts, crop tops, and thigh high sheer stockings that are altogether inappropriate for a teen girl. Still, I'm a straight A student, so I think most people kept their mouths shut. Maybe I was in sexy attire, but I was also killing it on my exams and likely trouncing their kids when it came to the SATs.

But now, we're finally saying goodbye. Harris is dropping me off at Concordia College, my first choice school, and then it'll be a few months before I see him again at Thanksgiving. That's why I want to force an encounter between us. But how? He's a very principled man, and in the years I've lived under the roof, he's never done anything inappropriate. That is, until last night, of course.

But Harris doesn't acknowledge what happened. Instead, he turns around and slides a plate of bacon and eggs over to me.

"Toast?" he asks in a deep voice.

Looking into his blue eyes, I feel like he's asking me something more. But I merely nod and bite my lip.

"Yes please. Thanks, Daddy."

He jerks a bit at that name because I've never called him "Daddy" before. It just slipped out. But he doesn't acknowledge it, and instead, turns away to slide two pieces of bread into the toaster. Meanwhile, I crunch down into a strip of bacon.

"Wow, this is really good," I say in a musical tone. "Thanks for putting all this together. You didn't have to."

Harris shrugs, although I can see harsh streaks on his high cheekbones.

"It's no problem," he growls. "It's your last day here, after all."

I nod.

“Yeah, I’m going to miss Oakdale,” is my rueful remark. “I thought I couldn’t wait to get out of here, but now, I realize I’m going to miss the things that make it special.”

Harris shoots me an amused look.

“Like what? I didn’t know Oakdale had that much to offer its teen population.”

I grin.

“Well, I’ll miss the roller skating rink, that’s for sure. I know it’s for kids mostly, but I’ve always had a soft spot for the Roller Roo.”

The streaks on Harris’s high cheekbones merely deepen, and am I mistaken, or do his big hands grip the washcloth even tighter? But he nods even as those blue eyes flash.

“You’re really great on skates, Mari,” he acknowledges. “That first place finish I witnessed was spectacular.”

I giggle because he’s referring to the rink’s annual Summer Dance-Off. It’s not even really a competition, come to think of it. They just blast the music really loud, and then people put on their skates and boogie in the middle of the rink. Of course, I went with every intention of winning. I put on hot pink short shorts, a cropped tank top tied under my big breasts, and tied my hair in two pigtails. Then, fluffy pink pom-poms on my skates completed my picture, and sure enough, I was awarded first prize. Not that I did any skanky moves or anything because I actually *am* a good skater. It’s just that I know that the judges like girls who dress up, and I was a shoo-in for first place.

The real prize, however, was having Harris watch me for the entire duration of the two-hour competition. I don’t think he meant to stay that long, but my slithery dancing, infectious energy, and big booty swinging back and forth captivated him. I saw how he stood in the shadows, those blue eyes glued to my tits and ass for the most part. Of course, he made conversation with some of the middle-aged ladies of Oakdale who flirted him, but I know he never lost sight of me.

But again, nothing came of it. The electricity between us has flowed steadily for a year now, but he's never made a move, and neither have I. Am I going to go to college with this connection unacknowledged? It makes me a little sad, but if that's the way that life is, then there's nothing I can do about it.

Popping the last bite of my toast into my mouth, I shoot my stepdad a saucy smile.

"I'll go up and change, and then we can head out," I say.

"Sure thing," he says in that deep baritone. "Is this all your luggage? I'll put it in the car."

"It is," I say, nodding at the three suitcases by the door. "I've decided to leave Lady Lamb behind because I'm in college now. There's no place for her, so you can cuddle her when you miss me."

Harris's laughter trails me up the stairs, and I make sure to give an extra wiggle to my behind as I leave the kitchen. The image of my stepfather cuddling the plush lamb in his muscled arms is kind of sweet, actually. Is that how he would cuddle a baby? What if I had his baby? Would he want that?

Oh my god, what are you thinking? the voice in my head squeals. *Mari, you are one sick woman.*

But still, the thought of a baby with Harris makes my heart melt, and I pause at the top of the second floor landing. I'd like to be a mom someday, and the thought of being a young mother has always appealed to me too. I'd like to watch my belly grow big with a child inside, and it makes me flush to think of Harris putting his baby there. Would he want to father a child with me? Is having kids even part of his life plan? The truth is that I have no idea. I'm not sure if he and my mom ever talked about starting a family together, but my guess is that Jeannette was totally against it. She had me young, and always says that I took "the best of her youth." Thanks Mom. I appreciate the sentiment.

But now, the handsome older man and I are embarking on a road trip together. Harris and I won't see each other for a few months afterwards, so I'd love for something to happen on this journey. But will he make a move? Or will I have to take things into my own hands?

CHAPTER 4



Harris

What the fuck is going on? I can't believe it. Concordia is a seven hour drive from Oakdale, so our road trip includes a night in Clayburn, a small town on the way. I reserved two rooms at the Clayburn Inn, but now, the receptionist is giving me some bullshit about how one of the rooms isn't available.

"What do you mean?" I rasp, shooting daggers at the middle-aged woman. She doesn't look apologetic in the least.

"As I explained, Mr. Burns, we had a guest pass away in her room this morning. It's nothing to be worried about because she was eighty years old, but I hope you understand why we need some extra time to clean, sanitize, and just make sure everything's okay. The medical examiner was here, and there simply wasn't enough time to prepare for your arrival."

"What time did she die?" I rasp. "If it was early morning, then you've had plenty of time to clean up."

"Daddy, that's not nice to ask," Mari whispers, tugging at my elbow. "Come on, we'll find another place to stay."

But the receptionist merely shakes her head.

“I’m so sorry, but the Clayburn Inn is the only place around these parts, so you’d have to drive another hour or so to find lodging. But again, Mr. Burns, would it be alright to share a room with your daughter for one night? I assure you, our rooms are very comfortable and there’s plenty of space for you both.”

I shake my head with frustration because this is not what I anticipated. It’s already hard enough as is for me to be around Mari in our home, and the two-story is almost four thousand square feet. To share a tiny hotel room, on the other hand? To be almost on top of those sweet curves and to have her plump form breathing softly as she sleeps mere feet away? Hell no. I can’t handle it.

“We’ll find another place,” I growl, already turning from the desk. “Come on, Mari.”

But then, the receptionist sweetens the offer.

“We’ll comp you this night, of course,” she calls. “On the house. And did I mention there’s a sofa bed too? It pulls out into a comfortable double.”

The comping means nothing because money is no object. I make millions of dollars a year, so one night in a hotel isn’t going to break the bank. But the sofa bed on the other hand ... now *that’s* a game changer.

“So there are two beds,” I say in a low tone.

The middle-aged woman nods agreeably.

“Yes, absolutely, if you count the pull-out couch. I’m so sorry I didn’t mention it before. I had no idea it was important to you.”

I almost bellow with rage because that’s the *most* important detail, and she didn’t think to say anything until now! But Mari pulls at my elbow again.

“Come on, Daddy,” she whispers. “It’s fine. I’ll even take the pull-out, so you can have the big bed.”

Of course, no such thing is happening because I want my stepdaughter to get a good night’s sleep before she begins college. But I allow myself to be pulled to the elevator as Mari smiles sweetly at me.

“It’ll be fine,” she soothes. “Besides, isn’t this such a cute little hotel? I love

it.”

I look around. It seems okay. The elevator takes us up to the fifth floor, and Mari opens the room door with her key. Then we step inside, and I almost let out a bellow of rage.

“Are you shitting me? This room is fucking minuscule! There’s no room to even open the pull-out!”

“No, it’s fine,” says Mari, already running to the sofa bed. She struggles with the item, trying to get it to open up, but that thing looks like a behemoth from the seventies, and it’s not giving up its secrets.

“A little help?” she pants.

I stride over to the pull-out, intent on tearing the thing to pieces, but even my superior strength can’t get the damn thing open. What the hell? Not only is it from the 70’s, but it probably hasn’t been opened in the last thirty years either.

“Fuck,” I grunt while throwing my shoulder against one arm of the sofa while bracing my back against one wall. My hands reach deep into the sofa, trying to expand the damned thing, but my efforts are futile. “It must be stuck.”

“Must be,” Mari muses, panting beside me as she too strains. Then, the whole thing goes berserk, literally pushing us backwards as it pops out on its springs.

“Oof!” my stepdaughter cries, landing on her padded bottom, big breasts bouncing. I stumble back as well, only to narrowly avoid getting smacked on the head by a pillow that comes shooting out like a catapult.

“What the fuck?” I growl, staring at the mess before us. “What kind of sofa bed is this?”

After all, the contraption looks utterly crazy with a twisted wire frame, a mattress that’s literally spilling out its cotton guts, and sheets on top that look none too clean.

“I think it’s broken,” Mari says in a small voice. “I guess no one’s used it in a long time, and they didn’t know downstairs.”

“I’m going to call them and give them hell,” I bellow, already stalking over to the phone. But my sweet stepdaughter stops me.

“Daddy, you know there’s nothing they can do. Plus, you heard what the receptionist said. We’d have to drive an hour to get to the next hotel, and it’s late already. I think we should just make do.”

“Still, I can give them a piece of my mind,” I bite out, scowling. “What the fuck? This place is shit.”

Mari merely looks tired, and immediately, I regret saying those words.

“No, it’s fine, Harris,” she says in a soft voice. “I’ll sleep on the floor, okay? I don’t mind, and it can actually be good for your back.”

“You’ll do no such thing,” I growl. “We’ll both take the big bed. It’s fine, honey. It’s a king-size, so there’s plenty of room, and you’re right. It is getting late. We’ll just spend a couple hours sleeping before getting up bright and early to finish the drive.”

Mari smiles then, her pretty features lighting up.

“Thanks Harris,” she breathes before skipping over to her bag. “I knew this would work out. Do you mind if I use the shower first? I feel so grimy from the trip.” Then, without waiting for my reply, Mari slips into the bathroom with her toiletry bag in hand, and soon I hear her humming as the water starts.

I stand stock still for a moment in the middle of the room. How the fuck did this happen? I’m not supposed to be sharing a hotel room, much less a bed, with the sassy brat. But here we are, and with another frustrated shake of my head, I begin re-folding the pull-out as best I can. This thing is a piece of shit, but at least I get it (mostly) stowed away, and set out unpacking my own things. Maybe things will be okay. I only have to hold it together for another twelve hours or so, and then I’ll be in the clear.

But at that moment, the door to the bathroom opens, and Mari drifts out on a waft of warm steam. My pulse jumps as my cock jerks and I literally stare at the sassy girl because she looks utterly gorgeous. She’s wearing a thin nightshirt that comes down to the tops of her thighs, and I swear, it’s almost transparent. Sure, there’s a Peanuts logo on the front, but if I stare, I can see

the tiny Y-shape of her thong beneath, as well as the dark circles of her nipples.

“Mari?” I manage in a raspy tone.

She spins around and smiles at me, her expression innocent.

“Yes Daddy?”

I think of a million things to say. How this is inappropriate. How she looks so fucking sexy with her skin pink and damp, and her lush figure encased in nothing but the thinnest cotton. How I want to seize her mouth for a passionate kiss before doing the same between her thighs.

But nothing comes out except a low gurgle, and then I grab my stuff and rush off into the bathroom. After all, we’re drawing closer and closer to danger ... and I can feel my defenses cracking already.

CHAPTER 5



Mari

*I*t was promising at first. I could tell Harris wanted me when I got out of the shower by the way he stared first at my breasts, and then down at the shadow between my legs. My thighs grew damp as my stomach clenched in on itself, but my stepfather didn't *do* anything. He merely jerked his chin away before striding into the bathroom for his own ablutions, leaving me in the silence of the bedroom.

Fine. I get it. Harris has iron control, and I'm not going to break it. As a result, I get into the bed and turn out the light before snuggling under the coverlet. Of course, I'm not sleeping. Instead, I wait on tenterhooks until the shower creaks off, and within a few minutes, my handsome stepdad reappears, his silhouette outlined in the darkness.

He's huge. *Gorgeous*. That muscular body is still damp, with a towel wrapped around his waist. My mouth goes dry and my nipples harden as I pretend to be asleep, but Harris doesn't acknowledge me at all. He merely strides to his side of the bed in the dark, and then changes into his pajamas before sliding under the smooth sheets with me. The mattress dips and groans under his weight, but there are no other sounds. Then, sleep.

Well, not actually *sleep*, sleep. Instead, I hold my breath, wondering what's

about to happen. Is he going to stroke my hair? My thigh? Start talking? But unbelievably, Harris flips over to one side, and within a few minutes, his breathing becomes deep and even.

Cautiously, I turn to face him, and I can see the outline of his strong profile and broad chest in the moonlight through a crack in the curtains. God, he's handsome with a Roman nose, square jaw, and his black hair casually brushed off his forehead. The lines around his mouth and eyes have softened, and his mouth is relaxed in sleep. But that's the thing – this man is asleep! How can he be visiting dreamland at a time like this?

Huffing with annoyance, I flip back around and face the wall. I can't believe this. There's been so much sexual tension in the air lately that you could cut it with a knife. I swear the older man likes it when I call him "Daddy," and I could also swear that he was secretly pleased that the sofa bed was broken. But obviously, I was wrong because the alpha male is currently knocked out and dead to the world. Shows how much I know.

Ruefully, I toss and turn some more, but then my eyelids grow heavy because it's been a long day. Slowly, I drift off and then the next thing I know is that there's a low voice calling my name through the dreamscape.

"Mari," it rasps. "Please, baby. Wake up."

I blink sleepily, my eyes out of focus. Where am I? Oh right, the hotel in Clayburn. But then, my eyes adjust in the darkness and I see that Harris is no longer lying beside me. Instead, he's standing by my side of the bed, his form massive and dark, and he's looking down at my curves with unbridled lust in those blue eyes.

"Daddy?" I manage in a whisper. "What's wrong?"

His cock jerks in his underwear at that word, and my mouth goes dry because my stepfather's wearing nothing but tight boxer briefs at the moment. Those rippling abs are on display with acres of bronze skin to behold, and my fingers itch to touch him everywhere. His thighs are thick and heavy like tree trunks, and god, I'd love to kneel before him before nuzzling my cheek against the monster in his pants.

But at the moment, Harris seems to be almost in pain.

“Please sweetheart,” he rasps again in a whisper. “Will you show me?”

“Show you what?” I whisper. But I already know. Before he can answer, I pull my loose t-shirt over my head, leaving me clad in only a tiny white g-string. It’s the kind that forms a Y-shape before disappearing like a piece of floss between my pussy lips. Then I prop myself up on my elbows, my big breasts bare and trembling, and look him in the eye.

“Is this what you wanted to see, Daddy?”

Harris has his cock out now, and my mouth drops open at the sight. Oh my god, he’s *enormous*. The anaconda in his fist must be nine inches long at least, and it’s as hard as a steel pipe. A smear of pre-come glistens on the head, and huge veins pulse along both the left and right sides. I’d give anything to run my tongue along those snaking lengths right now, but Harris shakes his head, blue eyes almost glowing in the darkness.

“Take that off too, baby,” he rasps, never removing his gaze from my luscious form. “I need to see everything.”

With a breathless nod, I obey. After all, this is what I’ve waited so long for. Slowly, I pull my thong down my thighs before kicking the lace off. Now, I’m totally nude on the bed and push my curls over one shoulder before lifting myself up onto my elbows.

“Like this?” I coo, spreading my thighs to show him my glistening pussy. “Is this what you want, Daddy?”

Harris can’t reply because his eyes are fixed on the swollen pinkness between my legs as one big hand rubs up and down his stiff pole.

“Yes, sweetheart,” he rasps. “You’re even more beautiful than I imagined.”

I giggle breathily before jiggling my breasts at him a bit, making the girls bounce enticingly. Then I reach between my legs with one hand and slowly stroke down my pussy lips before pulling them apart to show him my stiff clit. It’s two inches long, and as hard and straight as a flagpole. It throbs with pleasure, and teasingly, I reach down to my little hole to coat a finger in female nectar before going back up and rubbing it over my tiny nub, teasing it out of its hood.

“Oooh, that feels good,” I moan, my eyes drifting shut as I run circles around the nub first clockwise, and then counterclockwise. “It would feel even better if you kissed it, Daddy.”

But Harris shakes his head, even though his blue eyes are on fire in the dim light now.

“I can’t. You know that, sweetheart. It would be wrong.”

I shoot him a mischievous smile.

“But everything that we’re doing is wrong, Harris. After all, I don’t think daddies are supposed to make love to their little girls.”

His eyes flare again, even as his hand moves faster and faster on his rigid pole. He’s dripping heavily from the tip now, and as I watch, a long stream of semen falls to the floor, forming a sticky string before breaking off.

“I can’t,” he rasps, eyes glowing as I part my pussy lips even further, showing off my glistening ruby red insides. “But you have no idea how tempted I am, sweetheart.”

I merely brush off the comment.

“Oh Daddy, it’s okay. It’ll be fun,” I coo while rubbing my nub again. “Please, just a tiny kiss? A little bit?”

Harris throws his head back, his eyes closed as the cords in his neck tighten. I can see every muscle in that hardened chest straining as he fights for control. His thighs bulge as his hand squeezes hard on his shaft, and then his eyes flick open.

“You’re going to be the death of me, Mari,” he rasps. “But no, absolutely not. I won’t cross that line with my stepdaughter.”

I nod, as if agreeing, but inside there’s heat blooming in my breast. After all, I have some tricks up my sleeve that I won’t hesitate to use, and as the alpha male stares at my luscious curves, I pull my knees up even higher so that they’re practically by my ears. The movement rolls my hips up, baring my back buttonhole, and that’s when I really pull out the stops. I reach two hands down to pull apart my big white cheeks, showing him my bottom rose,

winking it at him and then flexing the sensitive spot.

“You don’t have to do anything,” I mewl. “But look at what’s waiting for you, Daddy. This all belongs to you.”

Something in the alpha male snaps then. Harris can’t hold back anymore, and with a loud roar, the conqueror claims his prize. I mean that literally too because before I realize it, a huge arc of semen jets into the air before splattering all over my breasts and belly. It surprises me at first, but then I get into it.

“More,” I beg. “On my pussy and ass, Daddy. Everywhere.”

Harris obliges. He’s growling and shouting at once, pulling out long streams of come from his stiff staff as he aims lower, spurting the heavenly liquid onto my two blinking holes. I mewl and hold myself open, loving the deliciously dirty act.

“Yessss,” I moan while licking my lips. “Mmm god, yes.”

It’s messy. It’s depraved. It’s wrong and yet I love it so much because here I am, in a darkened hotel room with my stepfather as he showers me with his virile come. Not only that, but I’m showing him everything, and begging him to smear my curves with his manliness. The scene is so debauched in fact, that I begin to climax too, even though he hasn’t touched me.

“Oooh!” I scream, throwing my head back while tugging at my nipples. “Mmm, yes!”

“Come for me, baby,” Harris rasps, jerking out the last dribbling drops onto my pussy. “Show me how much you want it.”

Hot spasms run through my pussy and asshole, the two orifices flexing wildly as I see stars. Pulses of lightning run through my sweetest spots before shooting out to my fingers and toes, and my vision goes dim with ecstasy. Harris eats it all up too with avid eyes. The older man continues emptying his balls on my curves while staring at my nubile body trembling and heaving beneath his.

But all good things must come to an end, and after it’s over, we stare at one another in the darkness. For a moment, I’m sure Harris is going to kiss me.

The man of the house is finally going to break the ultimate rule, and proceed into taboo territory.

But instead, he turns on his heel and stalks into the bathroom. The water gushes from the faucet, and then the man reappears with a warm washcloth in hand before kneeling before me and gently pressing the cloth to my private parts. Hmm, this act is certainly very tender, and Harris even leans forward to kiss my thigh while gently tracing the cloth over my sensitive parts.

But he doesn't say a word. He merely runs the soft cloth over my skin before disappearing into the bathroom once more.

When that huge form reappears in the bedroom, I sit up, ready to talk. But the alpha male merely gets into bed and settles onto his side, facing away from me. Okay, I guess Harris isn't one for post-coital cuddles. Still, before I can open my mouth, a loud snore comes from his side of the mattress and again, I'm taken by surprise. Really? The man of the house is already asleep? I'm shaken, ecstatic, elated, and confused by what happened ... but I suppose we'll have to talk tomorrow, during our last day together.

CHAPTER 6



Harris

Oh fuck. I shouldn't have done that. Not that I'm acknowledging it at the moment. After all, what man jizzes on his sweet stepdaughter while they're in a hotel room together? Me, that's who, and it makes me a dirty old man. Yeah, I'm that asshole who can't resist the temptation of a beautiful young woman right beneath his nose.

Not that Mari looks troubled, to be honest. Instead, she's got the window open as we drive, bopping her head as the radio blares a peppy pop tune. Her curls whip in the breeze, and she's smiling slightly, her cheeks flushed a pretty pink.

Of course, that only makes the guilt in my chest sink in even further. After all, she should be reporting me to the police, or at the very least, calling her mom. But instead, Mari looks blissed out. She even hums a bit before taking a big bite of her hot sandwich.

"How's your bacon, egg, and cheese?" she asks, turning to me with an enormous smile.

I look down at the sub currently stuffed in the cupholder between us. To be honest, it's excellent. We didn't stop for breakfast this morning because I was

desperate to continue our drive. As a result, I asked the kitchen to pack us breakfasts to go, and we ended up with these delicious babies as a result.

“It’s great,” I growl. “Pass me a hash brown.”

Mari nods and reaches into the paper bag to grab what looks like a cross between a hush puppy and a chicken nugget.

“Here you go,” she says, holding the golden-brown cake out. “Ooof, this is going to be hard with you driving, isn’t it?”

Then, before I can do anything, she reaches forward and gently places the hash brown before my lips. The aroma is mouth-watering. It’s all salty fried potatoes, sizzling oil, and fragrant onion. But it’s the intimacy of Mari’s gesture that makes my stomach clench on itself, and before I realize, she’s fed me from her hand.

“Oooh, you got some grease on your cheek,” Mari says with a giggle before reaching forward with a napkin between her fingers. Then, she dabs my cheek and chin before shooting a mischievous smile my way. “There. You’re all good, Daddy.”

I start in my seat, glancing sideways at her, but choose to say nothing. Yet my sweet stepdaughter won’t let the issue go.

“Do you like it when I call you Daddy, Harris?” she hums in a low voice. “You know you can’t avoid the topic forever. We’ll have to talk about what happened last night at some point.”

My shoulders slump and I let out a sigh, even as my eyes stay fixed on the road.

“I know, sweetheart. We *do* need to talk about it, and that’s why I’d like to take some time off from our road trip. I mean, I’ll still be dropping you off at college, of course,” I add in a quick tone. “But how about stopping at one of these orchards?” I ask, gesturing to a sign that whizzes by. “It’s apple-picking season, and I think we could use the detour to talk, don’t you?”

Mari nods before whipping out her phone.

“That’s a great idea,” she says in an agreeable voice. “Let me just look up the

best orchard around here. Oh looky, there's one that got five stars from over a thousand reviews. It says it's called Killian Farms, and it's just seven miles up ahead. How about that?"

"Sounds as good as any," I say in a low growl. Sure enough, within fifteen minutes there's a wooden sign on a post announcing the existence of Killian Farms, and I pull onto a dirt road that leads through some grasslands before becoming a small parking lot. I stop the sedan, and Mari practically bounces out of the car.

"This is going to be fun," she says with a cheeky smile while pulling on her coat. "This is the best detour ever."

Her enthusiasm is contagious, and I let out a deep chuckle as a sense of well-being permeates my chest. Mari's right because it's a gorgeous fall day. The orchards opening before us are situated on gently rolling hills with apple trees covered in thick leaves. Pops of red, orange, yellow and even pink weigh down the boughs, and it seems that there are apples everywhere: on the trees, on the floor, and even in huge bins that the farm has collected for our convenience.

"Okay, let's get started," I say as we stroll to the front gate. "This must be where we get tickets."

"I can't wait," Mari enthuses with a breathless smile my way. "You know I love apples, Harris."

It's true because my sweet stepdaughter isn't much of a cook, but she's a terrific baker. All year round, the pretty brunette crafts pies, cupcakes, cakes, as well as fancy pastries that I can't even name. All I know is that I've sampled dozens of her sweet treats, and they're downright delicious. I'll definitely miss the sugar-laden desserts now that she's off to college.

I pay for the tickets, and then we grab our bag and head into the orchard. The sun warms our head and shoulders and as we walk, suddenly I feel Mari's small hand slip into mine. At first, I don't know what to think so I just continue walking. But after a few seconds, I realize how right it feels. Mari is amazing, and I'm lucky to be in nature with her now.

Finally, we come before a row of Golden Delicious apples, and Mari claps

her hands with pleasure.

“Yum, these are my favorite variety. And they’re in season too!”

I nod and shoot a smile her way.

“Really? Golden Delicious? I have to say that they’re always a bit too soft for me.”

She merely giggles while skipping ahead with the bag.

“Yeah, but you’ve eaten a ton of them, Harris. The softness makes them perfect for pies, so I’ve worked them into many of my recipes.”

I nod and follow along, my boots crunching on crackling leaves underfoot. Mari, meanwhile, starts picking away, and I watch as she stands on tiptoe to snag an apple from a high bough. Contentment spreads through my chest again because she’s gorgeous as her hair flows over her shoulders, with those pink cheeks and sparkling eyes. Not only that, but the red flannel shirt doesn’t hide her big bust, and her round ass is clad in tight jeans that show off her generous figure.

“What are you looking at, mister?” she giggles, turning back to me. I start because I didn’t even realize I was staring.

“Sorry, honey,” I growl. “It’s a beautiful day, isn’t it?”

The pretty brunette looks around and smiles as golden dust motes dance in the air.

“It is,” she agrees in a soft voice. Her eyes sparkle once more. “But are you ready to talk, Harris? You know you can’t put it off forever.”

I nod, growling.

“Sure. You want to find a place to sit somewhere? Or should we talk as we pick?”

Mari flashes a saucy grin at me.

“Only old men need to sit,” she teases. “Let’s keep going.”

Of course, I haven’t even attempted to contribute to our collection of apples

because I've been too busy watching my beautiful stepdaughter as she floats around the orchard. But I nod and snag a Golden Delicious off a nearby branch.

"Here you go," I say, offering it to her.

"Oh, this one's big," Mari murmurs, her eyes going round at the large orb. "Great choice, Daddy."

Her use of the moniker makes my cock jerk, and I realize I need to get this conversation on the road sooner rather than later.

"So about last night ..." I growl.

But before I can say anything else, Mari cuts me off. Her eyes are soft and gentle as she puts a small hand on my forearm.

"I loved it," she says in a quiet tone. "And I want you to know that I'm single too. Benji and I broke up, so I wasn't cheating on him or anything like that. I'm a free woman."

I blink hard because to be honest, Benji hadn't even crossed my mind. I've been so consumed with the beautiful brunette that any thought of Mari's ex completely slipped my awareness. Shit. My obsession is even worse than I thought, but obviously, I have to play it like this is a serious issue.

"Of course," I say in a low voice. "I appreciate that. Thank you for telling me."

Mari nods.

"Benji and I were never serious," she says in a gentle tone. "He always knew he was going to enlist, and I always knew I was going to college, so the break-up was really a question of when, and not if."

I nod.

"I appreciate his patriotism."

Mari nods as well.

"As do I. But it's this ... um, patriotism that you saw that last day at the house."

I nod thoughtfully.

“You mean when you were giving him a blowjob in your bedroom?”

Mari blushes at my frank words.

“Yes,” she murmurs, looking down at an apple in her hand. “I didn’t really want to, to be honest. But Benji begged me, and he pulled out all the stops. He said he was going to basic training, that there wouldn’t be any women at Fort Benning, and that he was sacrificing himself for our country. I guess I felt bad for him,” she says in a soft voice, still looking down. “I know I shouldn’t have compromised myself like that, but before I knew it, I was on my knees.”

I put a hand under Mari’s chin and lift her face towards mine. She’s gorgeous with her delicate features, even if her big brown eyes are currently clouded.

“It’s fine, baby,” I growl. “I understand, and at that point, you had no idea that I was interested anyways.”

She gives me a searching look.

“But *are* you interested, Harris? I mean, I can feel the electricity in the air, but we’ve never talked about anything until now.”

I shoot her a lopsided smile.

“But I’m sure you can appreciate why, right Mari? You’re my stepdaughter. You’re a teen girl who lives under my roof, and I didn’t want to be the disgusting old geezer who puts the moves on an unsuspecting young woman.”

Those words make her giggle.

“But you didn’t!”

I nod.

“You’re right, I didn’t. Well, not until recently,” I amend.

She giggles again.

“Besides, I know why Benji slipped that day,” she says in a singsong voice

with a mischievous glance my way. “I could tell what that puddle of fluid was. You were watching us, weren’t you? And it got you hard.”

I stare into her eyes, my gaze suddenly hot.

“It got me more than hard, sweetheart,” I growl. “It got me so fucking aroused that I jizzed all over the floor, seeing you like that. Even though you were with another man, I could visualize your lips parting around my staff, and your tongue stroking my cock. I wanted it so bad that you made me climax right there, outside your bedroom door.”

Mari’s eyes become luminous pools then.

“I did, didn’t I?” she says in a breathy voice. “I could tell the puddle wasn’t water from the bathroom because it was a milky-white color that sparkled in the light—”

I cut her off.

“My semen doesn’t sparkle, sweetheart,” I rasp. “That’s just in fairy tales.”

But Mari’s stubborn.

“No, it *did* sparkle a bit,” she insists. “And there was the most heavenly smell too, a musky male scent. I could tell it was your semen, Daddy, and ... well, it really turned me on,” she admits in a small voice. “Is that bad?”

I lift her chin to me again so that she can see the intensity in my gaze.

“No, it’s not bad, sweetheart. It just means that we’ve been aware of each other for a lot longer than is appropriate, and that the situation was reaching a breaking point. Hell, it’s obviously reached the breaking point now,” I add in a wry voice. “We’ve crossed a lot of boundaries, haven’t we?”

Mari bites her lip while staring into my eyes.

“We have,” she acknowledges in a soft tone. “But I like it, Daddy. I enjoyed what we did last night.”

I nod, a mix of elation and arousal expanding in my chest. Yet my conscience warns me to take it slow with the curvy girl because Mari’s young. She may not know the difference between love and lust yet, and I don’t want to hurt

her if I can avoid it. Then again, given the taboo nature of this situation, *I* might end up being the one hurt.

“I enjoyed last night too,” I say in a low voice. “But I want to be sure you know what you’re getting into, Mari. I’m not some teenage boy that you can brush off when you change your mind.”

Her lips tremble.

“Oh, I would never do that, Harris,” she breathes. “This is something I’ve wanted for a long time. Prayed for and dreamed about.”

Those words only make my arousal ratchet up, but again, I force myself to stay sane. Taking both of her small hands in my own, I gaze deep into those caramel pools.

“Me too, baby. I’ve wanted you a long time. But once I’ve had you, there’s no going back. I’m going to claim you as mine, honey, and my touch will be imprinted on your curves. My smell will be embedded in your skin, and your mouth will constantly feel the crush of my lips.”

Mari’s trembling now, her sweet pout slightly parted.

“That’s what I want, Harris,” she murmurs. “It’s what I’ve wanted for so long.”

My resolve breaks then. Right in the middle of the apple orchard, I lean forward and claim Mari as mine. Our lips touch as my big hands slide down her back, going down to caress her round rump. A breathy moan escapes her throat as she leans forward into my embrace, those soft lips parting beneath my own.

“Yes,” Mari murmurs. “I belong to you, Harris.”

Those words inflame me, and my body is shaking as I struggle to retain control. My blood pressure skyrockets as I harden to steel immediately. But I want to do this right. This is our first time together, and I’m not going to ravish the beautiful brunette in the middle of some fucking apple orchard as we roll around in the dirt. I want my sweet girl nude, luscious, and wet for me on a big feather bed ... and I won’t stop until Mari’s crying out my name with pleasure.

CHAPTER 7



Mari

I can't believe this is finally happening! Or rather, I can, and it's wonderful. After all, we didn't stay at the orchard to pick apples. Instead, Harris hustled me out to the car immediately after our conversation and we drove to a nearby hotel.

The place isn't bad, either. It's a cute bed and breakfast called the Mayberry Inn, and Harris plunked his credit card down for the largest suite. We're inside now, and I gasp with delight upon seeing the delicate floral wallpaper, antique wooden furniture, and attached en suite.

"This is so romantic," I breathe, trailing my hand along the soft duvet. "It's like a dream come true."

The man of the house merely sets my luggage in the corner before advancing on me, his huge form menacing and dangerous.

"Oh, we're not going to be romantic, sweetheart," he says before seizing my hips with those big hands. "This is going to be depraved and dirty because I've wanted you for so long, Mari," he breathes against my neck, inhaling the warm vanilla scent I spritzed on this morning. "I'm going to fuck you so hard, baby. You don't even know."

A shiver of delight runs down my spine even as my pussy tingles and my stomach clenches. I pull away from the handsome CEO to stare into his eyes for a moment.

“It’s fine,” I say in a shy voice. “I want it too, Harris.”

With that, it’s on. My stepfather has me on the bed in a moment, my curves flying this way and that. In the blink of an eye, he has my flannel plaid off and my jeans unzipped before tugging at the stiff denim.

“Fuck,” he grunts. “Girls wear their shit so tight these days.”

I giggle.

“They’re skinny jeans, don’t you know? But I’m not a skinny girl, as you can tell.”

Harris merely shakes his head, finally getting the denim off and tossing it to the floor. He takes a moment to stare at my curvaceous form, including my big, soft thighs and poochy belly.

“No, you’re perfect Mari,” he rasps. “Absolutely fucking ravishing. If anything, you could put on twenty pounds or so and be even sexier.”

I stare at him.

“But Daddy, that would make me a hundred and ninety pounds,” I whisper. “That’s too much, right?”

The huge man just shrugs, still devouring my giant breasts and pillowy thighs.

“I don’t judge shit by numbers,” he growls. “I judge things by feel, and fuck, honey, but you feel amazing.”

Then, he’s got my panties and bra off within seconds, and those lips are closing around one of my hard nipples.

“Oooh!” I moan, my eyes closing as I toss my head back.

“Fuck yeah,” he grunts against my soft flesh. “God, I’ve wanted to suck your tits for so long.”

Harris is a pro too. The older man cups my breast in his hand while laving the nipple with the flat of his tongue so that tingles shoot straight to my belly. Then he corkscrews his tongue around the hard pink nub before fastening on for a deep suckle. I cry out as moisture gushes out from between my thighs, my hands running through his dark locks

“Mmm!” I shriek, reaching one hand down to play with my pussy. “That feels so good!”

But Harris pushes my fingers away.

“Only I touch you tonight,” he rasps, those blue eyes glowing. “And fuck baby, but you’re going to remember it.”

I nod wordlessly, already soaring on a cloud of pleasure. It feels so good to be intimate with my stepfather like this, even if I know that it’s wrong on some level. But I just don’t care anymore. I was born to be nude, mewling, and aroused in this man’s arms, and Harris merely chuckles as he slips his hand down my belly before gently toying with my clit.

“Unnh!” I scream aloud. “Oh, that feels good!”

“It’s going to feel even better when I suck it, baby,” he rasps dangerously, before pushing my thighs apart and positioning those huge shoulders between my legs. “Here we go, sweetheart. Get ready to ride.”

Then, his lips close over my sensitive nub and I let out another glass-shattering scream as ecstasy shoots through my veins. Who is this man? He’s doing wonders to me, and I cry, pant and mewl as his tongue lashes my clit again and again. Harris sucks hard on the bundle of nerves before letting out a low chuckle, and then his fingers hold my pussy flesh open wide so that he can inspect my glistening insides.

“Beautiful,” he moans, before leaning forward to lick up one side of my cunt before coming down the other. “Absolutely gorgeous.”

I groan again, surprised at the animal sounds I’m making because this has never happened before. I’ve had sex, of course, because I was with Benji as well as a few other boys from my high school, but it was never like this. They never went down on me with the artistry of a master, nor did they make me feel as if every nerve was on fire and that I was going to fall apart. Instead,

my experiences with those teen boys were awkward, messy, and altogether forgettable.

But my stepdad clearly knows his way around when it comes to a woman's body. He forms his tongue into a point before sliding it into my honey hole, and I let out another guttural cry at the delicious tremors rocketing through my pussy. A huge gush of juice comes flowing out, and at first I'm embarrassed, but Harris doesn't hesitate. Instead, the older man swallows again and again, drinking it down while stroking his shaft with one hand.

"That's been a fantasy of mine," he rasps against my trembling flesh. "I've wanted to taste your nectar for so long, Mari, and it's just as sweet as I envisioned."

My eyes go wide as my breasts heave because are his words true? Has he been dreaming of licking me in my most intimate spot? But Harris merely grins as he nods, blue eyes gleaming.

"Oh yes, baby. I've dreamed of doing that and so much more."

Before I can ask what "more" entails, my stepfather kisses my hole again, making me shudder, before slipping his mouth down, down, down until he's at my dirtiest part.

"What are you doing?" I cry, sitting up halfway. "Oh my god, don't! That's only for output!"

But the man of the house shakes his head, blue eyes glowing.

"No sweetheart. No part of you is off limits to me, and if I want to suck on your asshole, then I will. Now relax," he growls, pushing my knees up so that they're practically by my ears. "I'm going to taste this sweet peach, and you're going to love it, I promise."

Then, the most depraved act begins. I can't believe it, and I shut my eyes because this goes beyond my wildest fantasies. But Harris merely smiles wolfishly before gently tickling my pleats with his tongue.

"Relax," he purrs. "Trust me, it'll feel good."

Then, he kisses my asshole, circling the tightness with his tongue before

gently licking at the sensitive spot.

“Fuck yeah,” he moans. “Goddamn your ass tastes good.”

I can’t believe this is happening but it feels amazing as my stepfather rims me with his skilled mouth.

“Unnh,” I moan. “Oh fuck.”

“Open your eyes,” Harris commands in a rough tone. “I want you to see exactly what I’m doing to you, sweetheart.”

Like a drugged woman, I do as I’m told and slowly, my lashes drift open as I gaze down at the man between my legs. His shoulders are so wide that my thighs are pressed apart as far as they can go, and at that moment, Harris looks up to catch my gaze with his azure one. Then, he deliberately lowers his head and presses another kiss to my anus before licking the tight drum with a hum of pleasure.

“Fucking sexy,” he growls. “It turns me on. *You* turn me on, baby.”

By now, his penis is leaking all over the coverlet. I’m not even sure when he got his clothes off, but Harris is a sight to behold with acres of bronzed skin and a wide, muscular chest. Not only that but when he finally raises his head and positions himself above me, I gasp at the sight of his cock.

“You’re big,” I say in a tremulous voice while staring down at the enormous organ. “I’m not sure if I can.”

His cock jerks at those words, spurting a bit of come onto the inside of my thigh. It’s warm and the gooey feeling makes my pussy swell and moisten.

“You can,” he murmurs into my ear before pressing a kiss to my neck. “You’re young, Mari. You can stretch to fit this.”

But then I put my hands on his broad shoulders and push him away for a moment.

“But Daddy, I’m not on birth control!” I mewl. “Do you have a condom?”

A look of consternation crosses Harris’s handsome features.

“I don’t,” he rasps. “Shit! Fuck! Making love to my stepdaughter was the last

thing on my mind when I packed. In fact, I swore to myself that it wouldn't happen," he adds in a ragged voice. "Why, do you want to stop, baby? Please say no because I don't think I can survive a second longer without being in your body."

My insides melt then as I gaze into his blue eyes, tracing one small finger against that hard jaw.

"No, it's fine," I whisper. "I've wanted this for a long time too. Just pull out, okay? When you're about to come, just make sure to pull out."

Harris nods, his jaw ticking on one side.

"Absolutely, honey. I will," he promises in a low rasp. "You have my word."

Then, the handsome man notches the tip of his cock at my opening and my eyes flutter shut with anticipation. Oh my god, he's already so big, and I'm apprehensive about how this is going to work. But Harris merely presses another kiss to my lips, murmuring encouragement.

"It's going to be fine, sweetheart," he rasps. "Trust me. Just relax and let Daddy make you feel good."

Then, the pressure intensifies at my sensitive spot and I let out a cry as he slides in an inch or two.

"That's it," Harris pants, dropping his forehead against my shoulder. "You're doing great, honey. Goddamn, you feel good."

I cry out again as he slides deeper. It feels as if I'm being split in two by his enormous shaft and I grip his shoulders, my expression tightening with a mixture of pain and ecstasy.

"Mmm!" is my breathless cry.

"Just a little further," Harris moans against my neck. "Hold on, baby. I'm almost there."

Somehow, I know he's exaggerating because I saw how thick and long his cock is. I know that he's probably only got half of it buried inside, but the knowledge arouses me and my pussy moistens again, gushing onto his shaft.

“That’s it,” he rasps, fighting to maintain control. “Lube me up, honey, and it’ll go in easier.”

Then, he increases the pressure again, working his cock into me with the utmost care. I feel like I’m a virgin all over again because he’s so huge that the experience is like being taken for the first time. I stretch and mewl, squirming around him, which only turns him on. Finally, however, Harris stops with his pelvis pressed against mine and his balls flush against my ass.

“You did it, baby girl,” he moans worshipfully. “Thank you, honey. I’m all the way in.”

I can’t move. I can’t breathe, even, because he’s taking up all the room I have inside. Yet as he begins to move, I let out a breathy moan of pleasure because this is what it feels like to make love to an alpha male. Harris strokes my pussy with his cock, making me cry out with ecstasy even as my hole gushes wetly again, the slide unbearably sensuous. The pressure in my pelvis builds and builds as the handsome man looms over me, his broad shoulders blocking out everything as I cling to his rigid forearms.

“Hold on, Mari,” he rasps. “Now shit is getting brutal.”

Then, the true fucking begins. Harris is relentless as he pounds into my pussy again and again, his hips churning as he stares at me with glowing eyes. Sweat drips from his big body to mine, but I don’t care because it just means that he’s working for it. I can tell the alpha male’s losing control too as harsh streaks form on his high cheekbones, the cords of his throat going tense as he continues to pummel my pussy with his cock. Then it happens. The huge CEO throws his head back with a shout as his shaft jerks inside me, spraying me with lash after lash of virile come.

“Fuck!” he roars. “Shit!”

I cry out too, but suddenly, my wails become ones of terror as I stare at him.

“Pull out, Daddy, pull out! You promised!” I scream with desperation.

Yet Harris can’t answer because he’s too caught up in the climax crashing down on him.

“Fuuuuck!” he bellows again. “Goddamn!”

I'm still pushing at his shoulders as I try to force him out of me, but it's too late. Hot spurts of semen are coating my insides even as my pussy convulses, bringing the virile load closer and closer to my fertile fields. Plus, the truth is that I love it, and I want it. It's arousing to feel my stepfather climax inside me because he's so out-of-control, and I cry out again while clasping those huge shoulders to me.

Finally, however, our orgasms subside and Harris leans his forehead against mine, both of us breathing hard.

"I'm so sorry, Mari," he pants. "I didn't mean to. It's never happened to me before—"

I place one small hand on his lips, shushing him.

"No, it's okay," I say. "I know you didn't mean to, and it was only once. I'm sure I won't get pregnant."

He nods gratefully, still dripping with sweat, before pressing a kiss to my lips.

"You were amazing, honey," he rasps. "More than amazing. Incandescent."

"Really?" I giggle playfully. "Why, you're quite the poet, Daddy. I had no idea."

He merely grins while pulling out, our bodies slickly sliding against one another. Harris is about to say something, but then he stops, his eyes focused on the space between my legs and I know what he's seeing. My pussy's been filled to the brim and as I crane my head for a glance, sure enough, there it is: his slick cream pie oozes out from my ravaged hole, the semen forming a trail down my bottom as it overflows from my sweetest spot.

Even more, a naughty idea strikes and with a giggle, I reach down to tap at the creamy stream before lifting my finger to my lips for a taste.

"You taste wonderful, Daddy," I say in a throaty tone while staring into his eyes. "But this isn't enough for me. I need a solid mouthful of the good stuff. Do you have more in there?"

The words inflame the huge man, and it's all over as Harris rears over me

again, his bronzed body hard and ready. After all, I just poked the bear ...
and now the CEO's going to make me pay.

CHAPTER 8



Harris

“Oh,” Mari moans beneath me, tilting her head back. “Yes, deeper, Daddy.”

“I’ll give you deeper,” I growl into her ear. “I’ll give you something to remember me by.”

After all, my connection with the brat is electric. So electric in fact, that Mari and I are actually making love in her dorm room, uncaring of who hears us through the thin walls.

It didn’t start out this way. We arrived at Concordia College bright and early in the morning, right in time for a scheduled orientation. Mari traipsed off with a wave with some other girls, and I retreated to her single to start unpacking things. But then, there was a knock on the door after fifteen minutes, and my beautiful girl slipped in.

“What are you doing?” I asked, my expression confused as I cut open one of the boxes. “I thought your RA was doing an introduction to the dorm, the library, and the student center.”

Mari nodded, her eyes mischievous.

“They are, but I don’t need to know that stuff. I can figure it out without a speech. What I *do* need, is you, Harris.”

Then, the pretty brunette flung herself into my arms and now, she’s on her hands and knees on the narrow twin bed as I ease my cock into that tight pussy. Mari lets out a breathy cry, her big breasts dangling to the mattress below as I stare with wonder at the sight before me. The brat’s got a slim back with a narrow waist that spreads into wide hips and a big, heart-shaped bottom. Even better, I’m currently fucking her slick pussy, watching with avid eyes as the pink of her vagina hugs my dick tight as it slides in and out.

“Fuck, I hope your classmates don’t overhear,” I manage to pant while gripping her swaying hips.

“They won’t,” she gasps back, burying her face in the mattress. “They’re all at the orientation, remember? We’re alone right now.”

Good. I chuckle deep in my chest because without an audience, we can be as loud as we like, and I plan on making the sweet girl scream.

“Excellent,” I rasp. “Because I’m going to give you a little taste of something new, honey. Are you ready for it?”

Mari manages to lift her head to look back over one shoulder at me. She’s never appeared more beautiful with her curls askew, those cheeks flushed and sweaty.

“Yes, I’m ready. Why, what is it, Daddy?”

With an evil grin, I hock before letting the saliva drop from my mouth to her bottom in a long, goopy string. The warm spit slides into her ass crack, and gently, I massage the liquid into her back hole.

“What are you doing?” Mari squeals her eyes going wide. “Oh my god!”

But I nod my head.

“Again, all of you belongs to me, sweetheart, so I’m going to touch and kiss you anywhere I want.”

With that, I gently begin easing my thumb into her backdoor.

“Unnhh,” she wails, squeezing her eyes closed. “Oooh, that feels weird.”

“No weirder than me kissing you in this spot,” I rumble in back of her. “Fuck, you look good getting taken in both of your horny holes.”

The teenage girl merely buries her face in the mattress, her hands scrabbling at the sheets.

“You’re so dirty, Daddy,” she pants. “I never thought it could be like this. Oooh, yes!”

“Well you have a lot to learn,” I rasp. “But don’t worry, honey, because I’m only doing two holes today. Three holes can wait for next time.”

Mari mumbles something unintelligible and I chuckle low in my chest because I’m slowly taking the little girl through her paces. We’ve been circling each other for so long, and finally, the stops have been pulled out. No way I’m leaving Concordia without pushing something into her behind.

Finally, my thumb sinks all the way into her sweet bottom, eliciting another muffled groan from the curvy girl.

“You’re doing great,” I rasp before leaning over to kiss her sweaty back. “Absolutely wonderful.”

“Thanks Daddy,” she gasps in return. “I just want to please you.”

Those words fill me with satisfaction because I love knowing that Mari wants to make me happy. I love knowing that she wants to be my fucktoy after dreaming of such a thing for so long. Of course, the timing could be better, but we’ll find a way. For now, however, I just want to fuck the teen girl deep.

Slowly, I pull my dick out while pushing my thumb into her bottom, and then I reverse course and ease my cock back into her pussy while pulling my thumb out of her asshole. Mari’s got a bit of gape and I can tell that once I get my cock into her backdoor, she’s going to gape real big. But for now, we’re starting with just my thumb, and I drop some saliva on where we’re joined for additional moisture.

“Relax, honey,” I rumble. “It feels good to be stretched both ways, doesn’t it?”

“It does,” Mari pants in agreement, her big breasts swaying as I begin a rhythm in her body. “Mmm, yes, Daddy. Stick it in deep.”

That’s when I pick up the pace and begin to fuck the brat for real. She’s curvy, gorgeous, and moaning with pleasure as I pound her two orifices, and even better, the brat’s murmuring phrases like, “Treat me like your fuckdoll, Harris,” and “Trash my pussy, Daddy. Give it to me.” Where did she learn such phrases? Holy hell, I had no idea that nubile young co-eds had such filthy mouths.

But soon, the peak arrives and I push my cock in deep while cramming my thumb into that round bubble butt. A roar escapes my throat as Mari lifts her head, her brown curls tumbling as she screams.

“Mmmm!” is her wild shriek. “Oh oh oh!”

I bellow my release as my cock jerks in her twat, releasing spray after spray of virile come.

“Fuck!” I shout. “Goddamn!”

We cry and writhe together, unable to escape the heady vortex that consumes us both. Stars literally burst before my eyes as my cock pulses again and again, dumping an enormous load into the sweet girl.

Finally, however, the pleasure subsides somewhat and I pull my thumb out of her asshole with a loud “pop.” Mari turns to look at me with wide eyes, still panting and sweaty, as I smile wolfishly.

“You want a taste?”

She stares at me, her mouth dropping open.

“I’m sorry?”

But before she can protest, I’ve pushed my thumb between her lips, making her taste her own ass.

“That’s it,” I croon. “It’s delicious, isn’t it? You like the taste of your asshole, honey?”

Her brown eyes are shocked and horrified at first, but then her expression

morphs into one of ecstasy as she sucks hungrily at my thumb.

“Mmm,” Mari moans, heady with pleasure. “Ummm.”

I chuckle.

“I knew you’d like it,” I growl with satisfaction. “That’s my dirty girl.”

After she’s sucked for a good two minutes, lapping my thumb clean, I pull it out of her mouth before pulling out of her sweet pussy too. My cock’s glistening with a film of her nectar and a cream pie oozes out of that used twat, making my chest puff out with pleasure. Shit, she looks good like this.

But when I lean forwards to kiss Mari, there are tears in her eyes.

“What is it, sweetheart?” I ask in a low voice while brushing her curls back from her forehead with one big hand. “Did I hurt you?”

She shakes her head, biting her lip.

“No, it’s not that, Harris. It’s that ... well, you’re leaving, and we only just got started.”

My heart thumps hard as I nod.

“I know, sweetheart, but this is the way it has to be. Your future is here, at Concordia, and this is the launchpad to the next phase of your life. Didn’t you say you wanted to major in early childhood education, and maybe become a teacher one day?”

The beautiful brunette nods tearfully, still worrying her lip with her teeth.

“I did, or at least that’s what I thought I wanted. I mean, I *do* want that,” she whispers. “But I want you too, Harris. I’ve dreamed of being with you for so long, and it’s just wrong that I have to stay here while you head home. Don’t you agree?”

I lean forward to drop a kiss on the tip of her nose.

“It is disappointing, baby girl, but it’s fine. Things aren’t going to end just because you’re here, while I’m in Oakdale. We’ll still see each other.”

That only makes the tears in Mari’s eyes spill over, breaking my heart.

“But when? How?”

I lean down to nuzzle her neck lovingly.

“Thanksgiving. Christmas. All the usual holidays.”

She shakes her head, hiccuping a bit with sobs.

“That’s too long,” she whispers. “I’ll miss you too much, Harris.”

I nod.

“Yes baby, I know, and I’ll miss you too. But that’s the way it has to be. I can’t come out here every weekend because you know I need to be in Oakdale for work. But we can do lots of Zoom calls, okay? How about that? It’s a sad substitute for seeing each other in person, but it’s better than nothing, right?”

That only makes the curvy brunette cry harder as her face twists with anguish.

“Zoom is nothing like seeing someone in person,” she sniffles. “It’s awful and fake and stilted.”

I nod.

“Yes, but Burns Fabrication is based in Oakdale,” I say in a serious tone. “You know I need to be there to manage operations, and the drive here is too long to do every weekend. But we’ll figure out a way, Zoom or no Zoom,” I growl. “I promise, baby girl. This is only the beginning.”

With that, I kiss her again gently as Mari cries her little heart out. My own heart is thumping painfully in my chest because the truth is that I’d love to keep the pretty brunette by my side. I’d love to sleep next to her at night while sharing meals and conversation during the day. I’d love to continue our lives together, and to see where this path leads, but we don’t get everything we want in life. Maybe we’ll only have holidays for the foreseeable future but it’s probably better that way because I have a secret that I’ve never revealed ... and I don’t want the brat to know.

CHAPTER 9



Mari

*J*hop off the back of the motorcycle before nodding at my friend Xenia.

“Thanks girl,” I say. “I appreciate the ride.”

Xenia merely waves back before revving her motorcycle.

“You’re welcome,” she smiles. “I was on my way back to Chicago, so it’s no trouble to drop you off. Have an awesome Halloween!” Then, she tightens her helmet and pulls away from the curb with one last wave, her black hair whipping in the breeze.

Xenia’s a special friend of mine because once upon a time, she used to be my boss. Well, not boss, exactly. She was a pre-K teacher at Apple Tots while I was an intern, but she was never really managerial. We were more friends than anything, and got to be chummy.

So chummy in fact, that I wasn’t surprised when Xenia told me she was quitting Apple Tots. After all, my friend had recently begun dating the five men of the Cannon Biker Gang in Chicago, and she’s utterly in love with them. They invited her to move into their clubhouse to be their full-time lover, and Xenia couldn’t pass up the opportunity. As far as I know, she

adores being with her boyfriends on a 24/7 basis, and yes, she's dating all five of them simultaneously. She takes them one on one, two on one, three on one, and of course five on one. Another woman wouldn't be able to handle the sensuality, but my buddy's not like that. Xenia is up for the challenge, and has never looked happier in her life.

But now, I need to focus on the situation before me because my friend's dropped me off in Oakdale, and I'm planning to surprise Harris. My stepdad has no idea that I'm coming, and excitement buzzes in my veins as I walk up the path to the front door.

I ring the doorbell, but no one answers. Hmm, that's weird. It's Saturday, so maybe Harris is running errands. With a smile, I fish my house key out of my pocket and insert it in the lock. Then, the door swings open and I step into the house I've considered "home" for years now.

It looks the same. I see Harris's blue coat draped over a chair in the kitchen up ahead, and yup, that's his golf set in the corner of the dining room. There's a mess of papers on the table too, so he must be working hard at his business.

Slinging my overnight bag on my shoulder, I stride into the kitchen. It's the same too, with marbled grey countertops and a comfy breakfast nook in one corner. But then, a flash of orange catches my eye, and I stop short. What is that?

Slowly, I walk to the breakfast nook and pick up what looks to be a child's Halloween costume. It's cute, certainly, because this is a pumpkin costume complete with a head piece that looks like a stem, and a puffy orange felt body resembling a giant pumpkin. But who would wear this? It looks about the right size for a small child.

I put it down, and then something on the kitchen counter catches my eye. Slowly, I move forward and see that it's an open lunchbox, but not just any lunchbox. This appears to be a Paw Patrol-themed lunchbox, complete with a cartoon bulldog riding in a bulldozer, and a spaniel flying in a pink helicopter. Even crazier, there's a packet of chips inside, as well as a baggie with half-eaten goldfish crackers. Who does this belong to?

My heart's thumping as I spin around in the kitchen. Clearly, a child's been

here, but whose child? And why would Harris have a child visiting? I know he has a sister somewhere, but I thought they were estranged. I'm not even sure if the sister has any children because I've never met her.

My heart thumps as my pulse races. The name on the lunchbox says "Harmon," and I squint. Wait a minute. What kind of name is Harmon? Do I know a Harmon? No, I don't.

But then, the door to the house opens, and I hear a telltale jingle as Harris tosses his keys in a bowl by the door and shucks his jacket off. To my surprise, the patter of little feet hits my ears, and before I realize it, a little boy has burst into the kitchen.

"Daddy," he lisps. "Who is this?"

He cocks his head at me, and as my heart pounds in my chest, I see that the little boy has Harris's dark hair and bright blue eyes. Not only that, but the shape of his mouth and nose are the same, as is the keen intelligence in his gaze.

Harris appears in the kitchen doorway then, and when he sees me, his face drains of all color.

"Mari?" he rasps. "What are you doing here? It's October. I thought we weren't going to see you until Thanksgiving."

I stare right back at him, my mouth agape.

"I decided to surprise you," I say in a low voice. "But it seems that I'm the one in for a surprise, aren't I?"

An anguished look comes over my lover's handsome features.

"Mari," he says, "I swear, I can explain."

I shoot him a piercing look with my mouth in a grim line.

"You better because if I'm not mistaken, Harmon is your child."

The statement rings sharp and true in the kitchen, and from the resigned look on Harris's face, I know that his big secret has just been revealed ... and that in fact, my lover has an illegitimate child.

CHAPTER 10



Harris

Fuck. Shit. Fuck. Things weren't supposed to happen like this.

"Harmon, go upstairs," I say in a hoarse voice. "Daddy has to talk to this nice lady."

My son raises his head to look at me with an innocent expression in his eyes.

"Can I watch Paw Patrol?"

"Yes," I growl. "Now go."

My son scampers off, practically skipping because he's overjoyed to watch his favorite cartoon. Most of the time, I don't allow Harmon to watch TV when he's at my house because I want to spend the precious time I have with him doing something a little more interactive. But today is an exception because there's a beautiful woman here with an accusation in her eyes.

After my son disappears, I take a deep breath before glancing at Mari.

"Sweetheart, I can explain—" I begin. But she shakes her head furiously.

"Explain *what*? That that boy is your son?"

“Yes,” I say in a low tone. “Harmon is mine.”

“Well, who’s the mother?” Mari demands in a belligerent tone. “And why didn’t you tell me?”

I take another deep breath before sitting at the kitchen table. This isn’t going to be easy to digest, especially since Mari’s been living at my house for the past five years or so with no clue that Harmon exists. The story’s long, but I know she deserves to hear it.

“Harmon’s mother is Ines,” I begin in a low voice. “Do you remember her? Ines Rodriguez.”

Mari shakes her head, her nose scrunching with confusion.

“No, I don’t know an Ines Rodriguez.” But then realization dawns on her face. “Do you mean the housekeeper who used to work for you? Like years ago?”

I nod, keeping my tone neutral.

“Yes, that Ines. The one from Sparkle Maids. Basically, we hooked up once or twice and the result is ...well, Harmon.”

Mari stares at me like she’s seeing an alien.

“You were cheating on my mom?” she asks in a whisper.

I shake my head immediately.

“No, this was after Jeanette had already moved out so I was single. But I have no excuse. I was feeling lonely, I was depressed, and Ines was around a lot those days. I gave in to my baser instincts, and it was only once or twice, I swear. But the result is that she got pregnant, and Harmon was born.”

Mari looks fighting mad now, her cheeks red.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” she demands. “You fucked the housekeeper because you were depressed after your divorce? Who does that?”

“Arnold Schwarzenegger,” I say in a matter-of-fact tone. “His son, Joseph Baena, is the child of his former housekeeper.”

“Yeah, but you’re not Arnold Schwarzenegger!” Mari hisses with her fists clenched. “You’re not a celebrity, or a movie star, or a billionaire politician. You can’t just go around fucking random women to get you out a slump!”

I hold up my hands with my head bowed in defeat.

“Trust me, I know that. But back then, I was genuinely broken and one thing led to another—”

“Do you know how many men say that?” Mari whisper-yells, trying to keep her voice down for the sake of the child upstairs. “You fucking asshole! What a douchebag,” she says with disgust.

This is my worst nightmare come true because I never wanted my secret to get out like this. I didn’t want Mari’s judgment, nor for her to see me in a negative light. But now, it’s too late.

“Besides, why didn’t you say anything?” Mari hisses again, sparks flying from her eyes. “Obviously, you knew about your son from the very beginning, and you’ve kept him hidden all this time. For *years!*”

I nod miserably.

“I did. But there’s a reason, and that reason is my divorce.”

Mari squints her eyes at me.

“You and Jeanette have been divorced for ages, Harris. Who cares what my mom thinks? Trust me, Jeanette’s already moved on.”

I nod.

“Yes, but you see, the divorce actually *hasn’t* been finalized yet, and I didn’t want the revelation that I had a son to affect anything. Not the division of assets, the negotiations concerning marital property, nor your ability to stay here. Although Harmon was conceived after Jeanette and I had already gone our separate ways, you know your mom. She can fly off the handle at any moment, and the realization that I’d fathered a child within months of her moving out was sure to be like tossing a grenade into the middle of a firefight.”

Still, Mari stares at me.

“Okay, I get it. But the divorce is over now. Done. Kaput. So why are you still hiding Harmon?”

I sigh again, my shoulders slumping.

“Because the divorce *isn't* over,” I say in a low voice. “We haven’t signed the papers yet.”

Mari stares at me with disbelief in her eyes.

“It’s been *years!* Are you kidding me? Jeanette is still stringing you along?”

I shrug, looking down at the table.

“Yeah. These things can take years to resolve, and as you know, I’m a wealthy man so there are a lot of assets in play. We’ve been negotiating on and off for a while now, but I think we’ve finally found terms that will work for both of us.”

Mari is still taken aback.

“So the entire time I was living in your house, you were in the process of divorcing Jeanette. You and my mom are *not* actually divorced yet. In fact, at this very moment, you are separated but still not divorced.”

“That’s right,” I affirm in a low voice. “But like I said, we’re almost at the finish line. I expect that we’ll wrap things up in a month or two, God willing.”

Mari’s mouth snaps shut as she stares at me with betrayal in her eyes. My heart sinks because this situation is the opposite of what I’d hoped for. In my heart of hearts, I was hoping that somehow, I could reveal the situation in a graceful way, and that it wouldn’t come as a shock out of the blue. But again, we don’t always get to choose the time and setting for how life unfolds, and clearly, this situation has gotten away from me.

“But why didn’t you tell me?” the curvy brunette asks again, her lips trembling now. “Why did you hide Harmon from me?”

I shrug helplessly.

“Again, it was the divorce. That, and the fact that Ines moved Harmon out of

state for a while. They went to live in Montana for a couple years, but I finally convinced them to return, and now I'm going to see Harmon on weekends. My son needs a father," I add in a low tone. "And I'm ready to be one."

Mari merely blinks because this is not what she expected. The curvy girl looks as if she's been doused in a bucket of cold water, and I don't blame her. After all, she's a sassy college co-ed carrying on a sordid affair with her stepfather. But the truth is that men in their 40's often have baggage, and I'm no exception.

"Please, Mari," I state in a low tone. "I know this has come as a surprise, and I don't expect you to understand."

"But you *want* me to understand, don't you?"

I shrug helplessly.

"I do," I acknowledge in a rumble. "Would that be so terrible, sweetheart? If I were a single dad?"

She narrows her eyes at me, her brown eyes suspicious.

"Being a single dad is fine, Harris," she says. "But lying to me about it for years? Even if was by omission? And for what purpose? Maybe you could have gotten a *better* divorce settlement if you'd revealed that you have a child to support."

"Trust me, that's occurred to me," I say in a dry tone. "As the years dragged on, that thought has definitely crossed my mind. But I don't want this to be a problem between us," I say. "I want us to keep pursuing what we've begun."

Mari stares at me.

"Yeah, but now you're a father," she says. "That changes everything."

"I am a parent," I agree in a calm tone. "But I've been a parent almost since the moment I met you. I didn't tell you, Mari, in part because you were a child yourself when Harmon was born. I didn't want to drag you into the painful divorce process, nor subject you to the depression and melancholy that I was suffering. You deserve better than that."

The pretty brunette fixes me with a look.

“Do I? Well, it definitely doesn’t feel like it given all the secrecy.”

I look down at my feet, realizing that defeat is on the horizon.

“Yes, I know,” is my low tone. “It’s fine, honey. You’re young, and I get it if you don’t understand.”

“Don’t start with that ‘too young’ stuff, Harris,” Mari says in a warning tone, her voice trembling. “You know I hate condescension. But yeah, this is quite the discovery, and I need to think things through,” she announces. Then, she grabs her backpack from the floor and heaves it onto one shoulder. “Let’s keep in touch, okay? I’ll find a friend to stay with this weekend because obviously, you’re busy for Halloween,” she says, nodding at the pumpkin costume draped over one chair. “See you around, Harris.”

Then, the curvy brunette is out the door, her curls flying. The door slams behind her and the house is oddly quiet without Mari’s presence, save for the tinny tinkling of cartoon voices floating down the stairs. But my heart wrenches as I grip the kitchen counter, my knuckles white. I lied in order to wrangle a better divorce settlement out of my ex-wife ... but it seems that it’s only caused me heartache in the end.

CHAPTER 11



Mari

*J*plop down on Ali's bed, staring blindly at the ceiling.

"This sucks," I groan.

My buddy pops a Dorito into her mouth, crunching loudly.

"It doesn't seem so bad," Ali says in a diplomatic voice. "I mean, things could be worse."

I close my eyes, trying to absorb the events of the morning.

"How could things be worse, Ali? Tell me."

My buddy shrugs while popping another chip into her mouth.

"Well, I mean, Harris could have three heads or something like that. Besides, you said his son is cute, right?"

I nod, still with my eyes closed.

"Harmon *is* cute," I say in a low voice. "He's the spitting image of his dad, actually. But this is just so crazy! I can't believe Harris has been hiding his son from me for years! It's insane!"

Alice shrugs.

“I think what’s insane is that his divorce has dragged on this long.” Then, she pauses and thinks, cocking her curly brown head to one side. “Actually, knowing Jeannette, I’m not surprised. Your mom can be so vindictive sometimes.”

I sigh because Ali’s known me since forever, which means that she knows Jeanette as well. We met back in junior high when we were both chubby girls with frizzy hair and a mouthful of braces. But now, we’ve both grown up and moved on. Me, to Concordia College, and Ali to the local community college where she’s studying nutrition.

“So what should I do?” I sigh, still with my eyes closed. If I could, I’d melt into this comforter and never come up again. This bed could sink into the bowels of the earth, and I’d be okay with it.

Ali pauses to think.

“Well, do you love him?” she asks.

I crack one eye open and peer at her.

“You mean Harris? Or Harmon?”

She laughs merrily.

“Harris of course! You’ve never even really met Harmon.”

I bite my lip, nodding slightly.

“I think so,” I say in a low voice. “I mean, I’ve had some time to think about it. After my stepdad dropped me off at school, I was pretty heartbroken. I wanted to see him, and I felt ... well, *lonely* without Harris there every day. It was tough.”

Ali nods.

“So if you love him, then...”

I stare at her.

“Then what?”

My buddy looks right back at me.

“Well, it doesn’t seem like Harmon’s mom is in the picture anymore, if she ever was. And I realize that the discovery of a secret child is bone-rattling, but it’s not the end of the world, right? Lots of guys are single dads, and I think you could be a great stepmom if you put your mind to it.”

I stare at Ali.

“Are you joking?”

My friend shakes her head, laughing merrily again.

“Of course not. I mean, you’re always talking about how you want to be a young mom, and how you want to have a passel of kids underfoot. Unless things have changed of course,” she says while fixing me with a meaningful look. “With the way the world is going these days, I don’t blame anyone for choosing to be child-free.”

I stop for a moment to think. The fact is that Ali’s right: I *have* always wanted to be a younger mom, there was just no significant other on the horizon to make it happen. But ever since Harris and I began our relationship, things began to look more ... well, rosy. I can see us now, living in a house together while our children play in the kitchen. There’s a baby in the highchair, banging his spoon on the plastic tray, while my belly swells with another child inside. Not only that, but Harmon’s at the kitchen table too. He’s a young boy with a thick thatch of black hair just like his father, and he smiles at me before turning to smile at his father as well.

Suddenly, I know I can do it. Or rather, that I can accept this new development because nothing so terrible has happened. I’ve just discovered that the man I love has a son whom he adores, and Harris wants do right by his child. Sure, Harris could have told me sooner, but at the same time, he was fighting through a divorce that was dragging on forever. It must have felt like sinking into quicksand, and my heart goes out to him.

“Uh oh. I can tell from the look on your face that you’re having some deep thoughts,” Ali says in a singsong voice while reaching for the chips again. I nod.

“I am,” I say in a low tone. “I think I’m okay with it, actually. The fact that

Harris has a son,” I add for clarification. “He wants to be a good father to Harmon, and I have to respect him for that. Besides, I can see myself as a stepmother. Maybe not immediately,” I add in a hasty tone. “But you’re right. I do want to be a mom sooner rather than later, and I think Harris would be a wonderful father.”

“A father to your children?” Ali asks, one eyebrow quirked. “Or just to Harmon?”

My heart begins to thump as I stare off into the distance.

“I think to my children as well,” is my reply. “This sounds so perverted, but Harris was a good father figure to me. Now our relationship has morphed, but I think he’ll be a good father to his son *and* our children, if we ever have any.”

Ali stares at me.

“You know your statement is kind of messed-up, right? I mean, Harris put the moves on you while you were his stepdaughter. That’s fucked-up.”

I turn to look at my buddy with a soft smile.

“And I’m still his stepdaughter in a way,” I say in a light tone. “But you’ve got it wrong there. *I’m* the one who put the moves on him, and the fact is that I *still* want to put the moves on him.” With that, I hop off her bed, suddenly feeling rejuvenated. “I have to go,” I say before grabbing my jacket and dashing out the door.

“Wait, wait,” Ali calls as I rush out of the room. “I have news too! I heard that there’s this prince who goes to a sex club in the city, and he chains young girls up and tells his servants to fuck them in the cunt and ass to train them! Doesn’t that sound sadistic?”

But I’m not listening and merely make a bee-line for the front door

“Can’t talk!” I yell. “Sorry!”

“Okay, okay but keep me updated!” Ali calls, her voice tinny as it drifts out from her bedroom. “I want to know what happens with your stepdad! And I’ll keep you up to date on the perverted prince too!”

But I don't reply because my heart's racing. I know what I have to do, and if all goes well, then then we'll have a solution to our conundrum once and for all.

CHAPTER 12



Harris

This is completely my fault, and I bend my head, looking down at the papers on my desk. None of this should have happened: not my relationship with Mari; not my long, drawn-out divorce; and not even my son's conception, although I can't say I regret that one. All I know is that my life is a fucking mess, and I only have myself to blame.

After all, I overestimated Mari. I hoped against hope that she would understand the reasons underlying my secretive behavior, and the fact that I conceived a son during a moment of weakness many years ago. But she stormed out of here, as many headstrong young women are wont to do, and who am I to blame her? I'd likely do the same at that age.

"Daddy?" a small voice asks, interrupting my reverie. "Can I have a juice pop?"

"Sure thing," I growl, getting up from my desk. "Come on, let's get you one from the freezer."

Harmon slips his small hand into my big one as we walk down the hall, and my heart pounds with a mix of love, gratitude, but also regret. I'd give anything to have Mari here with us, smiling at my son as she hands him a

juice pop. But that's just a pipe dream, and my expression hardens as I open the freezer door.

"Here you go," I say, holding a Disney-themed popsicle out to my son. "Is Goofy grape okay?"

Harmon nods, taking the frozen ice from my hand.

"Thanks Daddy!" he cries before skipping off, his tongue somehow already purple from the artificial flavoring. "Yay, Goofy!"

Then, a rustle at the kitchen doorway makes me look up, and to my surprise, it's Mari. She looks thoughtful as she watches Harmon leave, her eyes following the little boy before turning back to me.

"Hi Harris," she says in a low voice. "I let myself in just now. How are you?"

I straighten.

"All things considered, okay I guess," I growl, trying not to sound too despondent. "How are you?"

She nods slowly, her shoulder propped up against the doorjamb. Mari has never looked so beautiful before. Her curly brown hair frames her exquisite features, and her expression is thoughtful. Those pretty pink lips bow into a curve, and I have the craziest urge to stroke her cheek. But I stop myself because this woman isn't mine. She feels betrayed by my omissions and lies, and I have to respect that.

I take a deep breath, my blue eyes drinking in the sight of Mari's curvy figure. Is this the last time I'll see her? After all, now that her mom and I are finalizing the divorce, there's really no need for her to drop by anymore. Maybe our romp on her way to college was just that: a romp that will never be repeated.

"So what brings you home?" I ask, my heart beating painfully in my chest. Then, my mouth clamps shut. I shouldn't have referred to my house as her home because more than likely, Mari doesn't see it that way anymore. But she merely tilts her head at me, her big brown eyes gentle and liquid.

"I'm here to apologize, actually," she says in a soft voice. "I'm sorry, Harris,

about the way that I behaved. I judged you for having a son, and for keeping that knowledge from me, although like you said, I was only a child myself. Plus, you were going through a divorce, and I could see why you wouldn't want that information to get out."

I stare at the beautiful woman, hardly daring to breathe.

"You're sorry? No, *I'm* the one who's sorry, sweetheart. I should have known that you're mature beyond your years. I should have trusted you with the knowledge, and it's my fault that I didn't."

Mari nods, her brown eyes still a bit troubled.

"But I'm sorry about the way I behaved, Harris. It was immature and it must have been really hurtful."

I want more than anything to take the curvy girl in my arms, but I force myself to stay back. After all, maybe she's going to say she's sorry, and then leave. Maybe there's no future for us, and the pain in my chest makes me hyperaware of that fact.

"It's okay, sweetheart," I rasp in a low voice. "No apologies necessary. I love you, Mari, and you never have to apologize to me."

Hope alights in her eyes then, and to my surprise, tears tremble on her lashes.

"You love me?" Mari asks in a small voice. "Really, Harris?"

I can no longer resist, and stride forwards to pull her into my arms.

"Yes, I love you, Mari. Isn't it obvious? I've adored you for ages now, and I didn't act on it because of the nature of our relationship. But things have changed, haven't they? You've grown up, and I never want you to feel sad or apologetic about anything. Not when it comes to us," I rasp into her ear.

She lets out a small hiccup, her tears leaving dampness on my neck as she nuzzles closer.

"I'm so happy you said that, Harris, because I love you too," she murmurs in a choked voice as her hands wrap around my waist. "I was so surprised to find out you had a child, and I guess I sort of flew off the handle at the news."

“No, it’s okay,” I reassure her again, pressing a soft kiss to that plush pout. Her mouth opens beneath me, and I swipe my tongue along her teeth before kissing her again. “Anyone would freak out if they found out that their lover had a secret child, but it’s not a secret anymore. I want you to get to know Harmon and to become friends with my son ... that is, if you’re interested.”

She merely tightens her arms around me while sniffing.

“I would love that, Harris,” she murmurs. “I think that’s a great idea.” Then she pulls back. “But what about us?” she asks in a tinny voice.

I stare into those big brown eyes, my heart overflowing with love for the curvy woman.

“What about us?” I ask in a low voice.

Mari’s brown eyes shimmer as she looks at me.

“Well, are we going to tell my mom about us?” she whispers, her breath warm and sweet on my cheek. “Or the whole world? Or should we keep things under wraps for now?”

I take a moment to consider because this is unexpected. Of course, I planned on revealing my relationship with my lovely stepdaughter to the world at some point. It just wasn’t going to be now. It was going to be a slow, gradual process lasting months, or even years. But it seems that the door has been blown off its hinges, and I smile down at the gorgeous girl before pressing my lips to hers again.

“I want to tell the world,” I rasp against her lips. “I want everyone to know how much I adore you, and that includes your mother, your friends, our neighbors, and the entire Concordia student body if it comes to that. I love you, Mari Cook. You’re mine now, and it’s time for everyone to know.”

The beautiful brunette melts against me then as our lips join in passion because this is the way things were meant to be. Yes, she started off as my stepdaughter. Yes, I seduced her (*or we seduced each other*) during a road trip on the way to college. But all’s well that ends well, and even though we don’t have everything figured out just yet, I know that we’ll find a way, just as we’ve already found a way around our most recent challenges.

EPILOGUE



Mari

“*I*t’s so crazy that you dropped out of school,” Ali muses as she plays checkers with Harmon. The little boy doesn’t quite know what he’s doing, so actually, they’re just randomly jumping black and red pieces over one another. But I’m happy, and sigh with contentment, looking around the living room. After all, I’m taking a leave of absence from Concordia, and have moved back in with Harris. It’s wonderful. My man and I share the master bedroom now, and our days and nights are filled with love. Harmon comes to spend weekends with us, and it’s great actually. I see it as a preview of motherhood, and adore the little boy.

Meanwhile, I smile at my friend.

“I know it’s crazy, but it’s okay,” I say. “Besides, I just enrolled at Oakdale Community College with you! Isn’t that great? We’ll be able to see each other next semester!”

Ali merely shakes her brown curls with amazement.

“But still, Mari. I mean, your stepdad? I’m all for it, don’t get me wrong, but how did your mom take it?”

That makes me pause for a moment.

“Not well,” I state.

Ali lets out a very unladylike snort.

“I’ll say. Anyone would freak out if they found out their daughter was dating their ex.”

I shoot her a wry look.

“Well, the good part is that Harris and Jeanette really are exes now. The divorce was finalized, the papers signed, and the door’s shut on that one.”

Ali nods.

“Finally,” she agrees. “That took forever. But what does Jeanette think about Harmon?”

I pause for a moment.

“To be honest, my mom is pretty much okay with Harmon. I don’t think she thought Harris was celibate all these years, and I suppose you always realize that your ex will move on, sooner or later. Of course, she didn’t expect him to conceive a secret baby with the housekeeper, but it is what it is.”

“You didn’t expect that either,” Ali says in a low voice while skipping a piece over Harmon’s black one. The little boy lets out a wail, and she obligingly returns the piece back to the board just to make him happy. He lets out a snuffle and beams.

“Thanks,” he lisps. “Love you, Aunty Ali.”

“No prob, kid,” my friend smiles at the cute boy. But then she looks up, her eyes excited. “By the way, did I ever tell you about that prince?”

I frown, shaking my head.

“No, why?”

Ali practically lets out a squeal of excitement.

“Okay, put earmuffs over your ears,” she directs Harmon. Once the little boy giggles and obeys, she leans forward with a gleam in her eyes. “Remember I told you about that club in Chicago?”

I scrunch my nose at her.

“No, which club?”

“It’s this crazy club called Club Z,” she whispers with excitement. “Super dirty and sexy, and evidently, there’s a prince who goes there. He’s a member, and supposedly, he chains up young women and then instructs his servants to defile them as ‘training.’”

I stare at my buddy.

“I’m sorry? What kind of so-called training is this?”

Ali giggles.

“Allegedly, the prince has his bodyguards training the girl’s cunt and ass. Stretching her out, so to say. Breaking her in, so that she’s ready.”

I gasp.

“But for what? And where did you say this prince was from?”

Ali shrugs, her brown curls bobbing.

“I have no idea and I have no idea if he even exists. But I want to find out,” she adds conspiratorially.

I squint at her.

“You do? But why would a prince do something like chaining up young women and letting his servants defile them? That sounds really messed up.”

She nods.

“It is messed-up and rumor is ... well, I’m sure this is just a rumor, but it’s rumored that this prince has a deformity. A crazy one too.”

I squint at her.

“Okay, this is getting insane,” I say. “I mean, what is he, a troll?”

Ali’s eyes glint with excitement as she leans forward again.

“No, what I heard is that he has a double-pronged dick. He literally has two

dicks down there, instead of one, and it's a thing that runs in their family. You know how the Hapsburgs have a weak chin? Well, evidently in this particular royal family, the men are born with two dicks. Isn't that insane? It'd feel so good, don't you think, being taken front and back simultaneously by the same man?"

I stare at Ali, my jaw on the ground.

"I think you've been reading too much alien romance. Or monster romance. Or whatever this counts as."

My friend merely giggles.

"Just saying. I'm going to find out," she announces loftily. "I can't leave a rumor like this floating around. I'm going to make my way to Club Z and find a way to get to know this prince."

I shake my head.

"Be sure to take video," I say in a low voice. "I wanted to see this double-cock that you're referring to."

Ali shrugs sassily.

"It might just be an urban legend, but hey, I'm just the woman to get to the truth."

Suddenly, Harris appears at the door and Ali jumps up, brushing her hands on her jeans. "Okay, that's it for me!" she announces before waving goodbye to us. "It's been fun, Harmon. Next time, you let Auntie Ali win, okay?" With that, she's out the door with a waggle of her fingers, leaving a trail of perfume in her wake.

"I smell something brewing," my gorgeous boyfriend growls while pressing a kiss to his son's head before coming over to take me in his arms. "Tell me that woman isn't making potions."

"No, she's getting on her broomstick before flying away," I say in a deadpan voice before bursting into laughter. "Of course Ali's up to no good. You know how she is."

Harris looks bemused.

“Anything I should know about?”

I merely giggle again while nuzzling his huge form.

“I think it’s better if you didn’t,” I say. “It’s too shocking.”

“Daddy,” Harmon interrupts in a winsome voice. “Can I have some chips?”

My gorgeous boyfriend nods, his blue eyes shining.

“Of course, buddy. Go into the kitchen and help yourself. Bottom drawer.”

With that, the little boy skips away, and we’re left alone in the living room. I melt against the huge man, boneless with contentment.

“I’m so happy, Harris,” I whisper while running my hand over his. “You have no idea.”

He merely nuzzles my slender neck, darting his tongue out to lick at my earlobe.

“No, *you* have no idea, sweetheart,” he rumbles. “I’m so happy to have you back here with us, and I’m so grateful that you transferred schools to move home to Oakdale. It means the world to me, and well ... I love you, sweet girl, and I’m eternally grateful that you’re here,” he says in a choked voice.

I merely stroke my hand through his black hair, pushing the glossy locks back.

“No, *I’m* the one who’s grateful,” I murmur while staring into my lover’s dazzling blue eyes. “For everything, Harris. For the way we’ve worked through this together, and for the honesty and openness that we practice now. You’re a wonderful father and boyfriend, and I love you more than you know.”

Then, our lips meet as happiness bursts in my heart because this is the man for me. Sure, Harris used to be my stepfather, and he had a dirty secret under his belt as well. But now, the secret is out and it’s not anything to be ashamed of at all. I love Harmon as if he were my own son, and not only that, but we’ve announced to the world that the three of us are a family. We are the Burns household, and I adore Harris for making it happen.

THE END

WAIT, IT'S NOT OVER YET!

Watch as Harris and Mari engage in some dirty backdoor action in a special extended epilogue [here](#) (digital download) or [here](#) (read online). *Caution: steam ahead!*

BUT WHAT ABOUT ALI?

Ali gets her own adventure when she heads to Chicago to investigate the rumors of a depraved prince with a deformed monstrosity between his legs (*it's a double-pronged dick, ooh la la!*). But is she frightened? Of course not! Instead, the curvy girl wants to try it out for herself ... just for fun, of course.

Pick up Ali's story in *The Prince and His Bodyguards*, available [here](#).

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Sparkle Maids is the type of cleaning service that hires nubile young women to scour grand mansions. But Ines isn't the only one having fun! Kaylee's packed off to work at the Millbrook Estate, but soon, the curvy girl's taking Mr. Millbrook on every surface while moaning with pleasure! Pick up *Trailer Park Daddy* [here](#).

HARD AND BRUTAL

Ramona's not a shy girl who backs down without a fight. But plans go awry when she gets taken hard and brutal by her sworn enemy, and even worse, the

sassy woman ends up loving it as her boobies bounce and her pussy gets fucked. As I mentioned, shy Ramona is not, and that's exactly why we love her! Pick up your copy of *Hard and Brutal* [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](#).

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](#).

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SNEAK PEEK: DADDY'S HOLIDAY BABY

In this excerpt, Blake caresses our heroine as they watch a movie.

What in the world am I doing here? I'm a penniless student without a plan in life whereas he's a successful entrepreneur who likely has twenty projects going on at once. I live in this podunk town, barely scraping by, whereas he probably resides in a posh Fifth Avenue apartment with city views. How the hell did we end up on a date?

The answer is obvious. It's because Flora was desperate to meet up with Lonnie, so she asked me to show her uncle around. Still, I didn't think Blake Reynolds would be mouth-wateringly handsome and unbelievably arresting.

The alpha male's still looking at the screen, mesmerized by the action, while his left hand reaches for the popcorn bucket again. It's in my lap and trying to be helpful, I gently scooch it towards him a bit so that he doesn't have to reach as far. But instead, calamity occurs. He doesn't realize that I've shifted the bucket, and instead, his hand quests down between my legs – right at the juncture of my thighs in fact.

Holy shit! I gasp a bit and Blake jerks for a moment, his eyes darting towards mine. But to my surprise, the businessman doesn't pull his hand away immediately. He doesn't act like he's accidentally touched a hot potato. Instead, his hand goes completely still, merely resting against my warm mound. Oh god. Can he feel the heat and moisture emanating from it?

Evidently so, because a slow smile overtakes his handsome face, and his

hand moves a little. Or more accurately, his fingers wiggle a bit and I let out a gasp. That delicate touch niggled my clit and I let out a low, breathy moan of need as hot jolts of electricity pulse through my pussy. Mmm, it feels so good!

Blake lets out a low rumble of laughter even as the action movie continues to blare onscreen. Then, his hand dips lower so that he's lifting my skirt and he gently skates a broad fingertip up my thigh. I tremble a bit and part my legs willingly, begging him to touch me where I need it the most. Oh my god, is this really happening? Am I actually being fingered by a handsome male in public?

But it's true because obligingly, his finger skates up my thigh and straight to the crotch of my panties. To my shame, there's a blot of wetness there, and he growls again, lightly testing it with his finger.

"I like it when you're wet," he rumbles so that only I can hear. I gasp again, my breasts heaving as he taps his digit against that sopping patch.

But Blake doesn't stop there. Slowly, delicately, he hooks one digit into the crotch of my panties and slowly pulls the fabric to the left so that my steaming slit is bare for him.

"So beautiful," he rasps. "Wet and moist, just like a good girl."

It's true because the scent of aroused pussy is overwhelming between us now, and as I watch, Blake's nostrils flare as he inhales my aroma.

"Do you like being stroked where it counts?" he rasps.

"Yes," I mewl. "Please do it, Mr. Reynolds."

He chuckles again and slowly lets his finger drift to my clit. The clever man niggles it a bit, making me let out a sharp squeal of delight.

"Oooh! Unh!"

The man grins again.

"So responsive," he growls low in his throat. "But I know you'll like what comes next even more. Slowly, he rubs that finger against the bottom of my nub, massaging it, and the top of my head almost bursts off. It feels amazing

and my cunt gushes hotly, coating his palm in warm fluids.

“That a girl,” he groans. “You’re so fucking wet.”

I am, and now I’m gyrating my hips to try and get him into my little hole.

“I need it,” I pant. “Please Daddy.”

He growls low in his chest and obliges.

“Anything for my baby.”

With that, his finger trails down my pussy lips until it gets to my opening and slowly begins sliding inside. It feels amazing to be penetrated by that thickness and I tilt my head backwards, eyes closed, enjoying the slide.

“Mmmm,” is my breathy cry. “Oh yes!”

“You take it so well, don’t you, little girl?” he rasps again. “I can’t wait to be deep in you with my hardness.”

My eyes fly open then.

“Oh yes, Daddy,” is my mewl. “That’s what I need. This isn’t enough.”

His expression is teasing.

“Really? You don’t like this?” he asks, circling his finger in my hot tunnel, rubbing against my g-spot. It’s absolutely heavenly, but the truth is that I crave more. I shake my head even as my breasts heave.

“It’s not enough, Daddy. I need YOU. All the way, right here, right now.”

And I know from the flash of Blake’s eyes that *I’m about to get it hard, fast, and unprotected in the best way possible.*

To be continued ...

Daddy’s Holiday Baby is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).

SNEAK PEEK: CORRUPTING HER

In this excerpt, Stone samples the gorgeous Tanya for the first time.

“Lie back, honey,” I rasp, pulling away for a moment to rip off my shirt. “Just enjoy yourself.”

Tanya nods, watching with huge eyes as I rid myself of my pants as well, and it’s then that the pretty girl gasps, her eyes falling to my cock.

“Mr. Thompson,” she says in a choked voice. “You might be too big for me. Even if we’re just doing the Mormon Dick Soak.”

I rumble deep in my chest, fisting the huge tool between my thighs. A bead of come pearls at the tip, dropping lightly to form a long string before it hits the carpeting.

“No, it’s fine,” I rasp. “You’ll be fine, honey, I promise. You’re young and young pussy always stretches, so it’ll feel good.”

She blinks at me as that huge bosom heaves with anticipation. Her nips are tight against the fabric, and I can tell she’s aroused by the way she spreads her legs immediately, her back already arching as she lets out a deep sigh. Oh fuck. There’s a glimmer of pink beneath the short hem of her skirt, and I realize that Tanya didn’t wear any panties. Her pussy is completely bare for me and already coated in a layer of cream from her arousal.

“You want it, don’t you?” I intone in a deep voice.

She nods shyly.

“I’m excited for this,” she acknowledges in a whisper. “I’ve been thinking about this a lot and I want to feel you inside me,” she breathes, hitching up her dress even further so that her pussy comes fully into view. Oh shit, it’s glistening and so swollen already. Tanya, however, is anything but a good girl because she raises her knees up a bit before pulling the folds of her cunt open, showing me those ruby red insides and huge, stiff clit.

“This is all for you, Mr. Thompson,” she breathes as her little hole pulses. “Take what belongs to you.”

I growl, my cock streaming fluid now. Quickly, I maneuver myself between those thick thighs and then rub the tip of my shaft between the folds of her cunt a few times to get it nice and wet. She lets out a soft moan as I line myself up with her entrance, pressing at her sweet opening.

“Oohhh,” she breathes, her lashes falling shut. I lean forward to kiss that pretty pout then.

“I’ve been thinking about this a lot too, sweetheart,” are my raspy words. “There’s nothing that I want more than to feel just how sweet you are on the inside.”

Tanya moans, soft and melodious, but the sound is soon cut off and replaced by a sharp, indrawn gasp as I push my way inside that tender wetness, no longer able to hold myself back. My fingertips dig into her waist as I force myself to stay still, leaning down and resting my forehead against her chest. Tanya pulls down the cups of her cocktail dress, freeing those huge tits, and I latch onto one with my mouth. Fuck, she tastes good and the woman moans deliriously as I suckle hard.

“Oh Mr. Thompson,” she gasps. “Mmm, yes!”

Her nips are stiff against my tongue, and she’s so tight down there it’s almost unbearable. The velvety warmth of her soft snatch has me aching to move, but I force myself to remain still, biting on a hard nipple instead. Her back jerks, and then a warm flood of female nectar coats my cock, dripping all the way to my balls.

“You like that, don’t you?” I rasp. “Fuck, you’re so responsive, baby.”

But this is torture. I can tell that Tanya's suffering too from the way she clenches around me, her breathing shallow and raspy. The sweet girl rolls her hips a few times before coming to an abrupt halt, trying to stop herself from breaking her vow.

"Oooh," she wails, her eyes squeezed shut as her cunt clenches around me again. "Nooo!"

"I know, sweetheart," I rasp before kissing her nipple again. "You feel so good and it's hard not to move, isn't it?" Before she can answer, I pull back and thrust in once more, the friction almost killing me. We both let out low moans as I repeat the movement, but before I can begin a rhythm, Tanya slaps my shoulder, mewling while shaking her head.

"Mormon Dick Soak, remember?" she cries out in agony. "You can't move!"

Fuck. Right.

The muscles of my legs and back twitch as I force myself to stay still. A sheen of sweat breaks out on my brow as I hold myself within Tanya, enclosed by her but as still as a block of ice. Who am I kidding? There's no way I can *not* move because I've only been in this sweet woman thirty seconds, but I'm going to lose my mind if I don't fuck her soon. At the very least, I have to fuck *something*.

"I can't do it," I shake my head.

"But you're not allowed to move—" she gasps.

"You'll still keep your promise to God," is my grunt as I pull out entirely. Her cunt grips me, as if begging me not to go, and Tanya whines, her legs still spread.

"Please, Mr. Thompson," she begs. "I need it so bad."

I nod, smirking at how desperate the curvy girl clearly is.

"I know, baby. You're still a virgin just as long as you don't get your little pussy fucked, aren't you? But your ass, on the other hand..."

With that, she nods, rolling her hips up to show me that tight pink rosebud.

“Do it, Mr. Thompson,” she invites, spreading her cheeks so that the drum expands a bit. “Take me here.” *Oh shit, is Tanya serious? Yet I know she is ... and I'm not one to hold back.*

To be continued ...

Corrupting Her is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).

ABOUT S.E. LAW

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

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ABOUT S.C. ADAMS

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

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