



*Dad's*  
**BEST  
FRIENDS**



**SYLVIE HAAS**

# **DAD'S BEST FRIENDS**

# Sylvie Haas Shorts

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## DAD'S BEST FRIENDS

I'm fifteen minutes early for a meeting with my dad's three business partners. With any luck, I'll score a job that gets me out of waitressing...and into my dad's life.

Forty-eight hours ago, I found out who my dad is through one of those DNA testing companies. At the supposedly *grown-up but not ready to be entirely alone in the world* age of twenty, taking the test had been a desperate attempt on my part to see if I had any living relatives since my mom passed away.

Twenty-four hours ago, I met my newfound dad for lunch since we happen to live in the same city. That's when I learned that aside from looking nothing alike, he hadn't contributed anything to my impulsive personality. Possibly the only impulsive thing he's ever done was to have a one-night stand with my mom.

Little did either of them know when they parted ways in the wee hours of the morning, he'd left her with a lot more than just his name. But without a way to contact him, all she could do was pass a girlie version of his name on to me.

At barely five feet tall with black curly hair and green eyes—a carbon copy of my mom—if I'd stood face to face with the reserved, lanky, brown-haired, brown-eyed, science geek, I wouldn't have given him a second thought. The only features we seem to share are that our ring fingers are longer than our index fingers and we both think cilantro tastes like soap.

And somehow, while meeting my dad over lunch, I convinced him to give me a chance at the sex toy company he owns. He wasn't excited about the prospect of employing his daughter even though a day prior he hadn't known I existed, but I can see how it feels weird.

Thankfully, he disliked the idea of me waitressing in a pub and getting hit on by strangers even more. Honestly, waitressing is exhausting and I'd been looking for an opportunity to do something with more potential and more fun.

I cross my arms over my chest since my perky nipples make it clear that my sundress is too thin to keep me warm against the air conditioning in his company's conference room. Not exactly the first impression I want to make.

I also have a thing for older guys—potential daddy issues—and the thought of meeting three older men stirs up something in my core. That's not helping any.

And to round out the trifecta, I've worked nonstop the last couple years. I'm long overdue for dating, and losing my virginity. Isn't that a hoot...a virgin working at a sex company.

A huge man, decidedly not my father, enters the conference room, and suddenly I'm overheating. I didn't know they made button-up shirts to span that wide of a chest. How did my lanky dad end up with a friend like this? This guy could be a linebacker for a football team.

A second man enters. He's taller, like my dad, but not lanky by any means. The man dominates the room as he circles to the other side of the table, looking down at me with suspicion.

Did my dad respect my wishes that we not reveal our relationship? I don't want to come across as a sympathy hire or charity case. I want to prove my worth to his partners.

I haven't finished ogling him when the third guy enters. The leanest of the three, he has dark hair, chiseled features, and looks like he's ready for a GQ photoshoot.

Marketing tip... They could charge top dollar if any of these three offered to test the sex toys on women.

The linebacker sits and rakes his fingers through his brown hair. It's not cropped as close as I first thought, and tousles just enough to give him a sultry bedhead look.

My nipples refuse to relent.

With the three of them sitting across the table, I feel like I'm the bachelorette in a perverse game of, "These guys are off limits, but you're going to work with them every day."

I draw a breath to give my brain a second to remember why I'm here and introduce myself. "Hi, I'm Charlie. I'm sure



my...” Crap! I’m so distracted by the way they’re all staring at me, I almost dropped the dad bomb.

The weight of their gazes is so wickedly intense, I question that my secret fantasy is deceiving me. They can’t really want to claim me, can they? That’s what I’m reading from their eye language, if that’s a thing.

“I’m sure my interview was explained.” That is a lame attempt to regroup. “And you know that I’m here to be used at your mercy.”

Oh my... I scan the room, wishing there was a water cooler. I really need a drink right now, only I need that drink to be vodka. And I need to have another birthday to do it legally.

The middle guy, Mr. Skeptic answers. “Charles is running late. You’re going to have to fill us in. What’s going on? We hadn’t talked about hiring anyone new. All he said was to meet you and see if we could think of a good role for you, like office work.”

Office schmooffice...product tester is now at the top of my list of desirable jobs.

“I met Charles yesterday. When I found out he and three guys run a women’s sex toy company, I pointed out that I might have useful insights.” The simplest version of the truth.

Mr. GQ smirks. “I didn’t think gender mattered anymore.”

I roll my eyes, then quickly wonder if my dad would’ve gotten on my case for doing that. My mom never much cared for it, but didn’t stop me.

Mr. Skeptic plunks a handheld box onto the table and slides it my direction. His hand lingers as our eyes meet, and I sense a challenge—the kind that makes special parts of me tingle.

“Here’s our latest toy. Try it out before judging whether four guys can make toys that drive women crazy.”

Since I’m a *jump-right-in* kind of girl in a room full of testosterone with three men who fit my daddy vibe, I reach forward. My fingertips disappear as I slide them between his hand and the box. He squeezes just a little, and his tongue drags out over his lower lip.

I might be glistening...in my panties.

“These are our newest Kegel balls.”

GQ winks. “It’s the latest technology. Completely silent, even in ludicrous mode.”

I chuckle then try to sound professional. “And you know this because you tested them where?”

Linebacker shakes his head. “That’s the wrong question, Little One. Silence was easy to test. We need to see how good they are at making women come.”

A nickname...okay, no need to keep things professional. I’ll be his—Gah! No. What am I thinking? I’ll be his coworker, that’s it.

His expression is wrought with tension. Basically how I feel. If these balls can make me come, one of us will have a problem solved. Hotter topic...can we test them before my dad shows up?

Is this why my dad runs the company with men? His partners would interfere with test results? He hadn't warned me they were so daddy-ish. I would suppose that he doesn't think of them that way, but anyone with eyesight would know it at first glance.

Time to prove I can be an asset to the company. I slide the box toward myself and open it. There are two gold, metallic balls connected with pink silicone, and a matching remote control affixed to the lid.

GQ says, "We were going to talk about testing and marketing in our meeting today, but—"

Cutting him off, I volunteer as tribute. "Let me give them a test drive...for marketing credibility."

Linebacker chokes. I really should get their names, but I'm not about to break the mood.

"You don't waste any time. Are you over eighteen?" Linebacker is my dad's age as are the other two so I'm sure I look overly young.

"Charles vetted me. Let's do this." I snap the box shut. It will be a little awkward knowing that they're waiting for me to come back with a report, but I'm game. "Point me to the bathroom."

Mr. Skeptic grabs the box from my hand.

"Wait...I thought..." My words trail off as he opens the lid, removes the remote, and winks.

Snapping the box shut, he nods to the side. “Bathroom’s down the hall on the left. See you back here as soon as you’re ready to show us how good our product works.”

Does he want me to... Oh hell, he doesn’t need to ask me twice. I rush out of the room.



Safely inside the bathroom, I question my sanity. Will this be the best-ever tally mark in my *Take the Bull by the Horns* column or will I piss off my single remaining family member by playing sex games with his best friends?

And there’s the flip side to that. Will his best friends be pissed when they find out they didn’t know an important detail?

Far be it from me to be anything less than myself.

Cleaning the balls, I scrunch up the front of my sundress. My panties are already soaked.

I pause and use my slow-down tactic of breathing deeply while counting to five to let the urgency pass. Every once in a while, it stops me from doing something crazy. Not today.

This hardly feels appropriate for the workplace. If they’d maintained bored, cubicle-dweller-style stares and not taken the remote control out of the box, it would feel more professional.

This is personal. I’m sure of it. And I’m not complaining.

Obviously, we won't play with the balls in front of my dad. That might give the poor guy a heart attack. But we're all adults—even if I'm barely one compared to them being my dad's age.

Sliding one hand into the front of my panties, I maneuver the balls into my slit, inserting one then the other. A few deep breaths help temper the initial shock of fullness.

It's different than my vibrator, which even though it's penis-shaped with veins and all, can't possibly be as good as a real cock.

Is there a possibility one of these guys is as interested as he looks? Or will I be their best friend's little girl? Off limits.

They're everything I want—successful businessmen, handsome, and probably all of the other things that I can't think of right now because my mind is consumed with wondering whether the remote control can activate the balls from the conference room.

Smoothing my skirt down, I fuss with my hair, pinch my cheeks, and smile. I'm about to have my first male-provided orgasm. Not how I envisioned it would happen, or how I expected to get to know my dad's business partners, but this is an excellent ice-breaker.

As I near the doorway to the conference room, the men's mumbles filter into the hall. I make out my name, along with shock that Charles would bring someone like me into their business, and something about wanting to do more than product testing.

Same, buddy. Same.

They all snap to attention as I calmly return to my seat. The remote is nowhere to be seen. I take a deliberate second with the box still in my hand to fan my skirt over my lap. Not that they can see, but a sense of power washes over me. They may have the remote, but I am their queen. Yes, my fantasy life is vivid.

Smiling at each one of them in turn, I'm thankful my father hasn't arrived yet.

Assuming a highly theoretical relationship with one of them could last longer than our time in the conference room, how is this supposed to work? I'm attracted to all three of them.

I gently set the box on the edge of the table and then, the same as it was presented, I slide it as far as I can, extending my arm.

Mr. Skeptic's large paw lands on the back of my hand. His eyes lift from where his hand dwarfs mine, and he smiles. "Change your mind? We promise we don't bite."

"I didn't come here to be bitten. I came here for an orgasm."

"You put them in?" Linebacker says.

I reluctantly slide my hand back and tease. "Yes, but you're welcome to try other ways."

He opens the box and they stare at the emptiness.

GQ says, "You're serious? You're going to let us do this right now?"

“I like that you’re big on consent. Yes, I want you to make me come.” The room practically spins. It’s not that I’m afraid to speak my mind, but these are my dad’s business partners.

GQ smiles as he reveals the remote in his hand. His thumb taps and a digital display lights up. Anti-climactic. I’m not sure what I expected, that the balls would start vibrating like I’m sitting on an unbalanced washing machine?

He says, “Since this is a workplace experiment, I won’t try *other ways* just yet?”

It takes a second for me to process that he’s acknowledging my tease. “Let’s see if your little toy is up for the task.”

Linebacker chokes again. I like that I surprise him. GQ’s thumb moves over the remote, pushing a button and pausing.

A slight sensation from deep inside of me amplifies my tingles. The balls have definitely started doing their job. It’s not much, but it has my attention. “Is that all you’ve got?”

Mr. Skeptic grabs the remote, pauses, and I nod. He clicks once. A tiny increase. I need more, nod again, and he clicks again.

“I’ll bump it up slowly, but if you want to be satisfied in *other ways*, we can talk.”

Linebacker elbows him and takes the remote. “Hey, she’s an employee, not...”

I glance at the open door, grateful that we’re at the end of a hallway so no one wanders past, and wave off his caution.

“From what I understand, there’s no fraternization policy. So what were you saying?”

“You won’t need toys if you hang out with me.” Mr. Skeptic isn’t so skeptical after all.

The increasing vibration of the balls winds me tighter. Linebacker must be doing that but I’m in a dead stare with the former skeptic. I’m pretty sure my panties just melted.

If I squeeze my thighs just right, I could push myself over the edge, but I resist. The balls are in just the right spot to fill my insides with need. A long moan shoves my sanity aside as my orgasm grows.

Linebacker vies for my attention. “Can’t change how thick these balls are, but if you need something thicker, I’m here for you.”

“Prove it or turn that remote up.” My words hinge on desperation. My fingers are clamped on the edge of the table.

His laugh booms through the room and he reaches a hand to the front of his slacks.

Fuck, would he really? I glance at the door again, then at the clock. How late is my dad?

“We better hurry.” Linebacker sounds disappointed as he stands. “I can prove it whenever you’re ready, but I need to see an orgasm on your pretty little face before we get interrupted.”

He rounds the table, takes a seat beside me, and makes sure I’m watching as he clicks the button. My fingers blanch. My body buckles forward. I’m so close.



“Is it too much?” GQ asks.

“More.”

The beast beside me narrows his gaze then complies until he angles the remote my direction, showing me that it’s on the highest setting.

In about thirty seconds, they’ll have proof that their product is amazing. My body is ready to surrender as I let my eyes fall shut. “It’s perfect.”

“Sorry I’m late. Good to see you guys are getting to know each other,” my dad’s voice calls from the doorway.

In half a heartbeat, I snag the remote and press buttons until the vibration stops. The urgency inside of me spirals into desperation. My hips buck forward, straining for something they can’t have.

“Did you come up with a position for Charlie? She said she’s ready to jump right in.”

Linebacker coughs, “Yeah. She jumps right in.” It’s cute how he seems so eager yet so surprised.

“So, you were talking about something being perfect. Fill me in.”

I gather myself quickly. “Wow, I jumped in so fast, I forgot to ask their names.”

Will the guys follow my lead and not scar my dad just yet by telling him what he interrupted?

“Really? Why don’t you guys do that while I check out the prototype? I thought it wasn’t going to be ready for a few more days.”

Dad extends a hand toward me but keeps his eyes diverted.

Linebacker snags the remote before my dad can. Not-so-skeptic takes it from him, then GQ grabs it. It’s as far away from my dad as possible.

“Or not... Toss me the box. I want to check out the—”

Former Skeptic says, “Too late, man. We’re in the middle of a rather personal test with Charlie.”

My dad turns to me, his brow furrowed, his eyes narrowed, as the puzzle pieces click into place.

“Are you...” Dad reaches across the table to grab the box. My arms are too short to stop him. He opens it.

The clenching of his jaw in response to it being empty confirms that all of the discomforts he had in letting me work here are playing out in real time. Will he blow my cover?

“They said the product hadn’t been fully tested yet.” I sound like a child trying to push blame rather than an employee going above and beyond.

“This is my daughter.” His mild-mannered tone is gone.

We all freeze, but my anger helps me pull it together. “You weren’t supposed to say anything.”

“You weren’t supposed to demo the products in the conference room...with them.”

“That wasn’t a rule.”

“It should have been. This is why we can’t work together. Why I don’t hire women. Look at these guys, they’re...” My dad is clearly disgusted. Will the other three be able to get over the reveal?

GQ says, “Since when do you have a daughter?”

“Since twenty years ago, but I only found out two days ago. The only way she can work here is if there’s no product testing.”

GQ is firmer than before. “I love you like a brother, Charles, but you better leave.”

“No. Everybody out. No one’s testing anything on her. And Charlie, you’re not doing this.”

“You said I could figure out where I best fit.”

The three guys voice their desire for me to stay. GQ hovers his thumb over the power button. “Are you going to leave the room, or do we have to carry her out of here and find somewhere more private?”

“Dad, please, just leave.”

He looks at me. I can tell he’s in agony...a very different kind than I’m in.

“Testing the toys is part of this company. Let me do it and be one very happy woman.”

“That’s TMI, Charlie.”

“You’re going to get a lot more TMI if you stay in here when my finger hits this button,” GQ warns.

Linebacker whispers in my ear. “We’ll sort this out. We’re going to take care of you, in all ways.”

My dad rushes out in a huff yelling over his shoulder, “This isn’t the end of this discussion.”

Linebacker is already up, slamming the door shut. GQ turns the unit back on and bumps the vibration level up.

Linebacker returns to my side and strokes my hair as Skeptic takes a seat on the other side of me, turns my head, and kisses me.

“I want you to come while we’re kissing. I want to feel your moans on my lips, and then I want my mouth on other parts of you.”

That’s all it takes. His lips crash onto mine as I come undone, moaning as his tongue enters me, exploring me, tasting my surrender.

My entire body is consumed by the orgasm. I’ve never had one like this.

GQ takes the vibrations up and down as Linebacker reaches his hand under my sundress and caresses up my thigh until he’s at my center. A couple thick fingers sneak under my panties and dip into my sex. He’s inside of me while wave after wave of climax washes over me. With his fingers and a tongue, two guys are inside of me while I come, and yet it’s still not what I most crave.

A cock.

No one's questioning the situation. Am I crazy to believe I can have it all? They don't give a fuck that I'm related to their best friend. Thoughts. Wow, I'm coming down from the bliss enough to have thoughts. GQ has taken the vibration down to almost nothing.

I pull back from the kiss. "I need to get these balls out of me."

Linebacker scoots my chair back. GQ says from across the table, "Time to get her skirt up and her panties down."

I couldn't agree more. They make quick work of the demand. I'm stepping out of my panties and don't know where they end up. GQ rounds the table, saying, "I'm going to pull the balls out. Let me know if I do anything that's uncomfortable."

He's easily able to retrieve them with the silicone tab. I don't know where those end up either.

"You remember that thing about consent, Charlie?" he prompts.

"I consent. I want everything. I want all three of you. Is that horrible?"

Former Skeptic is standing beside me. He reaches down and lifts my face to meet his gaze. "That's the best thing I've heard all day. You want to wrap those plump lips around my cock while he fucks you?"

"I want to do everything."

He whips his cock out while GQ unzips his slacks behind me. There's no doubt Former Skeptic is all in. Pre-cum beads on the tip of his rigid shaft. I swipe it with my thumb then taste it. Masculine and musky, a perfect blend to make my pussy clench.

"How does this work?" I ask.

"Lean over the corner of the table. He'll take you from behind. I'll stand in front of you."

Linebacker's not to be left out. His pants are already off as he steps next to his friend. "Little One, I'm going to stroke my cock until I come all over that pretty face of yours. Is that okay?"

"Yeah, but I want you in me. I want to experience all of you."

"You will. Don't worry. After the way you just orgasmed, I'm going to need to come at least ten more times."

"Is that even a thing?"

"Is what a thing?"

"Guys having more than one orgasm?"

"You've never been with a guy who did?"

"Apparently not." I shrug and lean over the corner of the table, hoping they won't pursue it further.

GQ slaps my ass. I'm shocked by the rush of excitement that shakes my entire body.

"How many guys have you been with?"

I hesitate and get a harder swat. “How many?”

“Zero.”

Linebacker coughs. “You’re fucking kidding.”

“No, I’ve never had sex. No one’s even given me an orgasm before. I have a vibrator. I’ve done it on my own.”

GQ’s tip prods at my sopping wet entrance. I scoot my hips back. “Please be my first.”

His fingers tense around my hips. “I’ll go slow.”

“No, I’m pretty sure that’s the last thing I want. I want to be ridden hard. You had to put those balls on the highest vibrating speed. I want you to give me everything.”

“I will, but I’m bigger than that toy, and I bet I’m bigger than your vibrator.” His tip presses against my lower lips. I feel my body open for him, stretching to accommodate his mass. He gives me time, lets me catch my breath, and waits for me to nod before adding inch after inch.

Former Skeptic steps forward and spreads a bead of pre-cum on my lips. “If you let us come inside of you, you’re ours forever.”

Ours? They’re not going to make me choose? Swiping my tongue over my lips, I pause for a second. The tension on his face and Linebacker’s grows. Yes, control. I love having it. I’m going to love teasing them with it. I’m also going to love having three cocks for the taking.

Little shakes of my head drag my lips back and forth across his tip.

Linebacker's voice strains as he watches. His fingers wrap around his shaft and his thumb swirls over the shiny drop of pre-cum. "Please, Little One, take his cock. Accept that you're ours."

The orgasm GQ's building inside of me threatens to take over. I part my lips, extend my tongue, and welcome a huge cock into my mouth, diving headlong into the best way imaginable to lose my virginity.

Linebacker's shoulders relax and his fist strokes up and down his shaft. "Good girl. You better get used to calling the other guy Charles, because we're your daddies now."

I'm too full to answer properly, so I offer my complete surrender as my agreement.



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