



4 IN THE FAMILY

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
S.E. LAW

FOUR IN THE FAMILY


A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE

S.E. LAW
S.C. ADAMS

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About S.E. Law

About S.C. Adams

ABOUT THIS BOOK

Gorgeous twin brothers + a pair of sassy twin sisters = 4 in the family

Emily:

I've had a crush on our neighbor Jason since forever. He's tall, with broad shoulders, a sculpted chest, and washboard abs that make all the women in our little town drool with desire.

Too bad Jason's 45.

Too bad that I'm still in high school.

But that's not stopping my twin sister. You see, Janine has been secretly dating Jason's twin brother, Tucker. Yes, it's two sets of twins ... who want each other.

What could possibly go wrong?

Jason:

There's no way I'm getting involved with the little girl who lives next door. Emily's innocent and sweet, even if her twin sister is crazier than all get-out. You see, my brother Tucker has been dating Janine, except I wouldn't call it "dating" exactly. I'd call it dirty as fuck, crazier than a bat out of hell, and filthier than your dirtiest porn fantasy. Like Emily says, it's two sets of twins ... *so what could possibly go wrong?*

Is this for real? Yes indeed! My romances keep getting more insane, and this book is no exception. In this story, we meet Emily and Janine, sassy identical twin sisters who set their sights on the handsome identical twin brothers who live next

door. For the umpteenth time: WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG? Even worse, they end up going to a naughty festival called Twin Fest where crazy shenanigans happen. Yes, it's a wild ride to say the least! No cheating, no cliffhangers, and an HEA guaranteed. This book is a follow-up to Obsessed with the Man of the House, but all of my books are standalones and may be read in any order.

Emily.

It's a perfect summer day in Hartsville. Hot enough to wear the cute new t-shirt I bought on sale yesterday, but breezy enough to avoid getting all gross and sweaty like on some of the most sweltering days around here. And I don't want to get all sweaty, not today. Today I need to look cute, even though I feel ashamed of the reason - my parents are hosting a barbecue and have invited our neighbors. Our insanely handsome neighbors, Tucker and Jason Roberts, who also happen to be identical twins. Of course, Tucker and Jason are in their mid-forties, whereas I'm eighteen, so it's shameful to think about them this way. But I can't help it because any woman with two X-chromosomes would be ogling the men non-stop, salivating with desire.

Then again, we've been living next to the Roberts for years, but I don't know them at all. In fact, I only recently started noticing them in *that way*. Maybe it's because I'm growing up, and the hormones are starting to make me squeeze my thighs together at night, under the cover of darkness. Or maybe it's the fact that Jason Roberts is a hunk, hands down. He's always wearing a suit when I see him leave for work in the mornings, and as I wait for the school bus, I can't help but watch him out of the corner of my eye as he jumps in his shiny sedan and drives off in the opposite direction. I'm pretty sure he's never noticed me, and I'm grateful for it. I'd be so embarrassed if Jason knew how attracted I was to him because I'm sure the

women he dates are all models, and I'm... well, nothing like that.

I have curly brown hair that takes a lot of taming to fall just right, and I'm what people call "curvy" these days. I have wide hips, a big ass, large jiggly thighs that rub together when I walk, and boobs so huge it's hard to find tops that don't make me look inappropriate at school. I don't want to get into trouble, after all. I just want to be left alone with my books so I can keep up my GPA. I'm close to securing a scholarship for college, and I *need* that scholarship because there's no way my parents can afford tuition.

Plus, I'm desperate to leave for college because it's lonely as a nerd in Hartsville sometimes. I feel like I'm the only bookworm in town (*other than the librarians of course*), and the only person who even knows what *Dungeons and Dragons* is. There must be other people out there who share my bookish interests. Don't get me wrong - I love my family, but none of them truly understand me, not even my twin sister Janine. *Especially* not my sister, Janine, because it's crazy how different we are, even though we literally sprang from the same womb. Whereas I'm shy, cautious, and take pleasure in reading, Janine acts like she's never heard the word "book" before. She's always scrolling through social media on her phone, and is outgoing, loud, and doesn't mind male eyes on her everywhere she goes.

At the moment, I watch my twin admire her reflection in the window of the back door as she hikes her miniskirt up a little higher to show off even more leg. She's a pretty girl, and looks different from me, even though we technically have identical DNA. Janine's brown hair always curls in the right way, and never gets frizzy when it's humid out. Her features are sculpted with carefully applied make-up, and she always wears figure-flattering clothes that highlight her assets, while masking any liabilities. I blush as I see my twin adjust her giant boobs inside her bikini top so that her cleavage bulges out. Honestly, she's giving Pamela Anderson a run for her money right now.

Meanwhile, my dad is oblivious. Even though Harry's only a few feet away from Janine, stoking up the barbecue, he doesn't even notice my sister preening like a peacock. Then, the sliding door opens and out comes my mom carrying a plate of meat, disrupting Janine's primping session.

"Stop being so vain, honey," Joan laughs. "I swear, teen girls today!"

Janine simply rolls her eyes and skips over to where I'm pretending to arrange snacks on the table in the shade of the parasol.

"The guests are late," she whines impatiently. "Where is everyone?"

I smile.

"Janine, there's still some time before the party officially begins. No one's technically late yet."

My sister pouts.

"Yeah, but I can't wait for Tucker to see my new bikini. What's keeping him? He's just next door, so it only takes two minutes to walk over." I roll my eyes because Tucker is Jason's identical twin brother. Yes, there are two sets of twins living next door to one another: me and Janine, and Tucker and Jason Roberts.

But Tucker Roberts is a piece of work because he has no qualms when it comes to robbing the cradle. He and my sister have been dating in secret for the past few months, even though he's forty-five and she's eighteen. Yes, the man is literally more than double her age, and it doesn't bother either of them one bit.

Not only that, but Tucker and Janine are downright shameless, and I mean that in the worst way possible. I understand that they're dating on the sly, but they take it to new levels because sometimes they have sex in our childhood bedroom! Yes, Janine and I still share a bedroom after all these years, and when she thinks that I'm asleep, she texts Tucker. Then, within fifteen minutes, there's an unmistakable *tap-tap-tap* on the window, and Tucker climbs in like he's a fifteen-year-old boy.

Even worse, they try to be quiet while making love, but it's hopeless. I can hear my sister's muffled moans of pleasure, not to mention Tucker's labored grunting from the other side of the room. The creaking of the bed as he fucks her can get really noisy, and finally, one morning after Tucker was long gone, I confronted my sister about it.

"Can't you get a hotel room?" I demanded hotly, sitting on my bed as Janine examined her figure in the mirror. She had love bites on her breasts, as well as some light bruising on the inside of her thighs. Immediately, my sister turned around, her brown curls flying in an arc.

"You know?" she gasped.

I rolled my eyes.

"Of course I know! Janine, I'm only fifteen feet away and you guys can be *loud*. I've known you guys were going at it since practically Day One!"

Janine pouted.

"Look, we didn't mean to wake you, okay? And it will be only for a while longer. Until I graduate from high school, and our relationship goes public."

I shake my head.

"Why don't you go public now?"

"Because I'm in high school!" my sister exclaimed, throwing up her hands. "Why else? Tucker doesn't want to be labeled a pedo, so we want to keep things on the downlow until then."

I sighed.

"Well, why don't you go over to his place then?" I ask in a miffed voice. "After all, it's just him and his brother, and I'm sure Jason doesn't care if you guys raise a ruckus."

Janine rolls her eyes.

"I *do* go over to his place some nights. Those are the nights when you're sound asleep, Emily," she smirked. It was then that I realized there was a lot I didn't know about my twin.

Hell, she'd been sneaking off to see her older boyfriend next door all this time? Why hadn't I noticed before?

But yes, now I'm in on the secret, and Janine's promised to stop having sex with Tucker with me in the room as soon as graduation arrives. I just wish it would come sooner rather than later, because they're still doing it in our bedroom, believe it or not. As I mentioned: my sister and her boyfriend are shameless, and lately, it's gotten worse because they don't even bother to pull the sheets over themselves anymore. They're literally going at it, totally naked and horny, with me lying mere feet away. I can't get out of this situation fast enough.

But as if she's read my mind, my sister's eyes suddenly flash with concern as she glances over at our parents.

"Do you think Harry and Joan know?" she whispers. "What if Tucker *knows* they know, and that's why he's not coming to the barbecue?"

"He's *coming*," I smile with an eye roll. "You're a hot teenage girl, sister. There's no way he'll miss this party for the world. Just relax."

"But I can't relax!" she whines, now nervously picking up some pretzels from one of my carefully arranged snack bowls and chewing on them. "I need to see Tucker. I need to *feel* him. Inside me. Maybe we can sneak off or something -"

"Janine!" I hiss worriedly. "Carry on like that and Joan and Harry *will* find out."

"You don't get it," she tuts in reply. Then her expression goes dreamy. "Once you've felt a cock as huge as Tucker's, you need it all the time." I feel my face glow hot at her words. "You don't know what it's like, girl. It's incredible. He's got me hooked."

She doesn't need to rub it in because it's true I've never had sex, and it's starting to bother me a bit these days. It's not because I'm still a virgin, and so I'm "behind." It's not that my sister is more "advanced" or "knowledgeable" when it comes to men, or anything like that. No. Instead, my secret is much

worse: *it bothers me that my sister's secret sex life with Tucker turns me on.* I'm so ashamed. I lie awake as I hear them kiss and whisper on their side of the room. And then the breathing that becomes quicker, shallower. I hear how Tucker grunts the word "fuck" over and over like he's in pain, but I know he's not. And neither is my sister. I hear her bury her face in her pillow as she moans in ecstasy, and I know that's the sound of an orgasm, even though I've never had one. I just lie there, my heart pounding and my pussy all slippery from hearing what I shouldn't be hearing, wishing someone would fuck me like that. Someone like Jason Roberts, Tucker's twin.

No sooner has the thought occurred to me than shame washes over me, right when the Roberts stroll into the backyard through the gate. They look incredible, but I only have eyes for Jason, who's wearing a blue polo shirt that is the exact color of his eyes, a pair of designer shorts, and expensive-looking loafers. His sunglasses are on, so I can't see his eyes, but I hope that they're not looking at me because I'm already beginning to sweat. My face must be bright red and it's probably shiny already. God, it's just my luck to look awful whenever the handsome man comes around.

But it seems I'm safe. If Jason notices me, he's not letting on, and instead makes pleasantries with my mom as he hands her a bottle of chilled wine as a gift. I can't help but ogle him - he's so attractive. His tall frame is all rippling muscle, the material of his clothes unable to hide the Adonis-like figure beneath. I wonder what it would be like to feel the weight of his hard, toned body on mine.

Meanwhile, Janine is flirting outrageously with Tucker, who is already being drawn into deep conversation about golf with my dad. I watch Janine as she bats her eyelashes at him and presses her arms in on the hugeness of her boobs so her cleavage becomes even more prominent. Tucker merely chuckles and focuses on whatever my dad is going on about. Fortunately, Harry is oblivious, as always. Thank goodness.

"Emily!" my name rings out across the yard in my mom's call, making me jump. "Why haven't you offered our guests a drink yet?" That's when I realize I've been standing there gawping,

probably looking like a complete idiot. “She’s not usually rude, Jason,” my mother says in an apologetic tone. “Our Emily is a good girl,” she adds before heading inside to put the wine in the fridge. “Now if you’ll just excuse me.”

Jason smiles at me, revealing a row of perfect white teeth. My legs go to jelly immediately, and heat blooms in my breast, but I manage to walk over to their side of the yard bearing a tray of chilled water glasses.

My dad and Tucker each take a glass, but when I turn to Jason, I can’t make myself meet his eyes. Oh my god, this is so embarrassing. I want to look at him like a normal person, and yet I’m staring at my feet like a dorky seventh-grader. Even weirder, he doesn’t move to take a glass of water, so I finally glance up for a peek.

“No thanks,” he says in his baritone voice, making the hairs on my neck stand on end. “I’ll have a beer instead.”

“A beer?” I ask stupidly. For a moment I don’t know what to say, and then blurt out, “Sorry, I’m underage. But I can ask my mom to get you one from the fridge, if you like?”

What the hell am I saying? This is a backyard barbecue, so no one’s checking ID! Immediately, my cheeks flame bright red, but Jason merely grins.

“It’s fine,” he chuckles and takes a glass of water. “Thanks anyways.” My stomach churns with embarrassment. We’ve never spoken before, and here I am turning our first conversation together into a legal dispute. What is wrong with me? Why couldn’t I just have said, “Let me go grab you a beer” like a normal person? That’s what Janine would have done. My hands shaking, I set the tray down on the table and pick up the remaining glass of water. I’m about to take a sip when I hear Janine shriek in delight and turn to discover Tucker goofing around with the hose.

I dimly wonder at what Janine could have done to get our dad to stop talking to Tucker about golf because Harry can become insistent when it comes to his favorite sport. But now, my dad’s stationed safely behind the grill, flipping burgers as

Janine and Tucker behave like two playful puppies on the lawn.

“Give me that!” my sister squeals while trying to grab the garden hose from her boyfriend.

“Come and get it,” he taunts, his smile brilliantly white.

She laughs and ducks when he tries to blast her, but it’s clear she’s loving it. Her wet brown curls stick to her face and neck, while the bikini top is now completely soaked. Her boobs bounce obscenely as she runs over to me, shrieking and laughing. Suddenly, I realize too late that what she’s trying to do is hide behind me while Tucker chases her, and I gasp when my sister ducks behind me. Of course, a huge gust of cold water hits me full in the face, drenching my entire frame.

“Oof!” I squeal. “Oh my god!”

“Whoops,” Tucker apologizes. “Sorry about that. Didn’t mean to get you. I just wanted to get Janine.” But he immediately turns away as Janine darts out from behind me and runs over to hide behind the shed instead. He’s close on her heels and douses her from the back, inciting a new stream of shrieking giggles.

Meanwhile, I’m left speechless, dripping, and frozen to the spot in shock as my new t-shirt clings to my curves, revealing the huge swell of my boobs. Even worse, I’m not wearing a bra beneath my t-shirt because the straps were cutting into my flesh and hurting me. But now, I regret the decision because my tits are totally visible. The white fabric is plastered to my giant Double Ds, and my nipples are obviously erect through the transparent material.

Gasping, I look up to find Jason staring at my breasts, his mouth slack with desire. He swallows thickly, unable to tear his gaze away, and then reaches down to adjust himself in his pants. It’s then that I start staring myself because it’s clear that I’m not the only one who’s aroused. He’s got a giant bulge at his crotch, so huge that it appears downright painful, and that’s when I realize that Jason Roberts wants me. I can feel the hunger emanating from the alpha male like a heat wave, and

for a moment, we both stand there, looking at each other's turgid anatomy.

"Oh my!" I squeal.

"Oh shit," he groans under his breath. Then, in a rush I cross my arms over my chest and dart inside, ignoring the surprised questions from my mom.

I don't stop until I'm safely upstairs in our bedroom, my heart pounding and out of breath. Replaying the moment over and over in my mind, the hammering of my heart is joined by a familiar throb in my pussy. There can be no doubt that that was a humiliating experience. Yet my handsome neighbor clearly liked what he saw ... and now, I just need to make my approach.

Emily.

I've got my homework spread out across my bed, but I'm only pretending to be reviewing the material for tomorrow's history test because actually, I'm already completely prepared. But I have my head down in the books, ear buds in because it gives me an excuse to avoid eye contact with Janine, who has been trying to catch my attention and draw me into conversation all evening.

From the corner of my eye, I can see my sister moving through the room as she throws sexy nighties onto her bed. No doubt she's expecting a visit from Tucker tonight and she's trying to decide what to wear. Or not wear. Or what to wear in order to appear as a seductive nymph.

I feel envious, wishing I was selecting a sexy nighty to prepare for a romp with Jason. But what am I thinking? He probably thinks I'm an idiot. An idiot with big boobs, to be sure, but an idiot all the same. The realization makes me groan, and I pull my pajama-covered knees up towards my chest, hugging them.

"What do you think?" Janine coos from her side of the bedroom.

At first, I don't respond. But then, Janine pulls one earbud out of my ear, and speaks directly into my ear.

"What do you think?" she repeats.

“Hmm?” I reply without looking up, pretending to be consumed with my studies.

“Emily!” she hisses, making me look up. She twirls around in a black shiny slip that pushes her boobs together to look like two huge melons. I can’t help but gasp because the negligee looks expensive.

“Where did you get that?” I ask in amazement.

“Tucker got it for me,” Janine replies with delight. “He got all of these outfits for me,” she adds, gesturing to the assortment of skimpy nighties strewn across her bed. “He wants me to be sexy and ready for him at any time.”

I swallow hard.

“Um, you look great,” I mumble. But Janine is oblivious to my mood.

“Thanks, Em,” she replies happily before admiring herself in the full-length mirror hanging on the wall. “You know,” she continues, “this could be your life, too.”

“What do you mean?” I ask.

She whirls on me, her hands on her hips.

“I *mean*,” she teases, “that I saw Jason watching you after you got soaked. That man was into it.”

“Really, you saw?” I ask in a dumbfounded voice. “But you were so busy goofing around with Tucker.”

“Nothing escapes me, Em,” Janine laughs. “You should know that by now. And I’m telling you, the man was practically coming in his pants.”

“Janine!” I say breathlessly, looking down at my books to hide my ferocious blush.

“What?” she laughs again. “You know it! You saw it too. You’re welcome by the way.” I roll my eyes. But I can’t deny that what she’s saying is true. I *did* see the effect my soaked curves had on Jason because his bulge was like Mount Vesuvius. Anyone would have noticed, and I wonder if he had to go home to hide it.

But so what? That doesn't mean he's interested in actually *doing* something about it. Besides, Jason probably sees me as some immature kid. He may have Tucker for a twin brother, but that doesn't mean they're the same in that way. Dating a voluptuous teen girl might be fine for Tucker, but Jason isn't into that sort of thing. After all, being twins just means that you share the same DNA. It doesn't mean that you share the same morals and values.

"It's late, girls, lights out!" comes our mom's voice from the hallway, breaking my reverie.

"Goodnight, Mom!" Janine calls out. Then, my sister sweeps the remainder of the sexy nighties unceremoniously onto the floor while I gather my books and place them in my backpack. The light clicks off, and Janine and I lay in the dark. To my relief, she's silent, and leaves me to my business of pretending to fall asleep before Tucker arrives.

It doesn't take long. Soon enough I can hear a tapping on the glass, followed by Janine's excited giggle as she tiptoes over to the window. I still can't believe that Jason, who is in his mid-forties, is willing to behave like a schoolboy just so he can enjoy sexy times with Janine. But then again, guys are dogs. They'll cross the Sahara with no water if it means getting to enjoy a voluptuous teen girl at the end of the trek.

Sure enough, my sister and her boyfriend get started right away.

"Mmmh," Tucker groans. "I've wanted to do this all day."

"Shhh!" Janine giggles. Some wet sucking sounds reach my ears, and I squeeze my eyes shut. Oh god, it's going to be bad tonight. At the same time, however, I wonder what it would feel like to kiss Jason. To feel the roughness of his stubble grate against my face. To feel his hot breath on my skin, as his hands roam over my curves. The thoughts turn me on, but my attention is pulled back to what's happening on Janine's side of the room.

"This looks incredible on you," I hear Tucker whisper as the material slithers sexily. Then, there are more sucking sounds, and my sister moans. Oh my god. Tucker's probably licking

her nipples now because Janine starts gasping, and sure enough, when I sneak a peek, his dark head is bent over her chest.

“Yes,” she sighs with ecstasy, arching her back to push her teat deeper into his mouth. “Mmm.”

I almost move to stroke my own nipples, just to imagine what it would be like to feel Jason’s tongue there, but stop myself because it’s too fucked up. What is wrong with me?

Then, there’s the sound of shifting bodies as Tucker moves away from Janine for a moment, positioning himself between her thighs. A sucking sound begins again, along with Janine’s sharp intake of breath, followed by another throaty moan from my sister. My heart thuds in my chest. What’s he doing to her? Something obscene? I sneak a quick peek, and sure enough, Tucker’s got his head between her thighs now. Janine’s pulling her knees up so that they’re practically by her ears, baring her slippery cunt for his enjoyment, and then there’s the distinct sound of squelching. Oh my god, Tucker must be finger-fucking her, and sure enough, my sister squeals with delight, the sound followed by a baritone chuckle.

“Oh, you’re a bad girl,” he groans, his voice thick with lust. “Come here.” I can hear the sound of Tucker pulling Janine over to him.

“Fuck me,” she moans. “Fuck me with your huge cock.”

“I made you come once already,” he grunts. “Are you getting greedy now?”

“Please,” she gasps. “I need your cock this time. Fingers aren’t enough.” The bed creaks, and then my sister gasps so loud I’m sure our parents will hear.

“Fuck,” Tucker moans in a drawn-out whisper. “You’re too tight, baby. You’re gonna make me come too soon.”

“Please, keep going,” she begs. “Don’t stop. Don’t stop!”

From the sound of the creaking bed frame, Tucker must be pushing the thick length of his cock in and out of Janine’s pussy. Slowly at first, and then faster. My own pussy contracts with lust at the thought of being fucked by Jason’s huge

member, and I slip my hand between my legs to feel my undies completely soaked.

“Fuck,” Tucker grunts. “Oh, fuck. You’re so tight.”

“Then don’t stop,” my sister pleads. “Fuck me harder.” He must be obliging, because I can hear the sound of his balls smacking against her ass now, as the banging of the headboard becomes more insistent. Janine’s moans grow louder, then become muffled, and I imagine Tucker covering her pouting mouth with his giant hand so she can’t cry out in pleasure. The thought of something feeling so good that you lose all self-control turns me on so much that I push my fingers into my slippery folds, ready to finger fuck my own virgin pussy to rid myself of this building, nagging pressure inside.

But shame stops me. I’ve never masturbated before. To do it now, as I lay listening to my own sister’s sexual release, feels so wrong. What kind of pervert would that make me? Meanwhile, Janine and her boyfriend continue their dirty escapade.

“Mmmhh, oh fuck,” I hear Tucker grunt again. “I can’t hold on much longer.” Sure enough, I can hear the tightness of Janine’s pussy sucking on Tucker’s swollen shaft as her moaning becomes louder into his hand.

“You’re gonna make me come,” he hisses wildly. My sister merely squeals beneath his hand, saying something that comes out as muffled gibberish. Then, she groans hard, animalistically, panting. It’s so close, so real, I can imagine my own pussy clenching around the thickness of a slippery rod as my sister orgasms for the second time.

“Unnnnph!” she cries out. “Oh oh oh!”

“Fuck baby,” Tucker rasps. “I’m going to come... I’m going to...!”

But Janine cuts him off.

“Don’t come in my pussy,” she whispers quickly. “You know I’m not on birth control. Put it in my mouth. Let me suck you dry,” she moans.

“Ugh, yeah,” Tucker grunts as there’s the sound of another shift of their bodies. “Oh, fuck, fuck,” he groans as Janine takes the length of him in her mouth. “Here it comes, baby. Oh shit!” He grunts hard with each pump of his load down her throat as I hear her sucking and swallowing every drop of his seed. There must be so much of it, because he keeps grunting, and she keeps swallowing as he empties himself down her throat.

“Ohhhh,” he sighs in his baritone voice. “That was amazing. I love you so much, sweetheart.”

“I love you too,” my sister breathes in return. I blink hard while fighting not to make a sound. What the hell? They *love* each other? I thought this was just some dirty hook-up and the terms “boyfriend” and “girlfriend” were mere courtesy titles. Yet, my sister and Tucker continue murmuring intimacies, and somehow, this is even worse than overhearing their sexual escapades. This is more personal, and my ears burn.

I lay back, my heart pounding. I still can’t get over it. Janine and Tucker love one another? What the hell? But a sudden knock on our door causes Janine to gasp in shock and the three of us freeze.

“Hello?” my sister eventually answers in a voice that is so obviously pretending everything is fine.

“Is everything ok?” comes our dad’s voice from the other side of the door. “I thought I heard something.”

“All good, Dad!” Janine calls out. “I just had a nightmare. I’m going back to sleep now.”

“Ok, honey,” he replies, and I feel terrible that he’s being lied to like this. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight!” Janine replies. She and Tucker hold still until our dad’s footsteps disappear, and then Tucker gets up off the bed. I hear him kissing Janine. Next, some footsteps, the squeak of the window frame, and then all goes quiet. My sister lets out a loud, satisfied sigh, rolls over, and begins snoring almost immediately.

But I don't sleep a wink that night because what in the world is going on? I knew my sister and her boyfriend were going to engage in a raunchy session, but I had no idea that there were actual emotions involved. Even crazier, it gives me hope because if Janine and Tucker are in love, then is there the possibility of a relationship for me and Jason? I hope that someday soon, I'll get to find out.

Jason

“I’ll have an old-fashioned,” I grunt as I slide onto the bar stool next to my buddy Gray. The bartender nods and starts preparing my drink without comment.

“You good?” Gray smirks, staring at me. He’s a handsome bastard with dark hair, penetrating blue eyes, and an athletic frame. Somehow, however, my bud gives off a “taken” vibe although there’s no ring on his finger.

“What are you talking about? I always order an old-fashioned at this place,” I reply. “It’s the only joint that knows how to do it right.”

“That’s not what I’m talking about, bro,” he grins. “You’ve met someone, Jason. I can tell. You look all...,” he looks me up and down with a squint as he pretends to search for the word. “*Feral*,” he finally settles on.

“Feral?” I echo, my brows shooting off my forehead. “That’s a little dramatic, don’t you think? Have you been reading too many romance novels recently?”

Then again, my bud’s not far off the mark. I do feel like a filthy animal given the way I’ve been lusting after the teenage girl next door. *Emily*. I was hoping to put her out of my mind by grabbing a drink with my friend, but it seems I won’t be afforded that relief.

“Yeah, feral,” he repeats. “So who is she?” he asks, taking a sip of his own drink.

“It doesn’t matter,” I hum dismissively. “It’s not happening.”

Gray whistles.

“You’re not usually one to pass up a challenge,” he says in a wry tone. “Why isn’t it happening?”

“Because, apparently,” I sigh through clenched teeth, “she’s underage.”

“Right,” Gray nods. He pauses for a moment, staring at his drink, but then turns to me. “How underage, exactly?” I shrug.

“Underage, my man,” I growl. “Does it matter by how much?”

“I’d say so,” Gray shrugs, crunching on an ice cube. “There’s almost twenty-one. There’s sixteen. That’s a five year gap.”

“Fuck, man,” I growl. “Sixteen? Now who’s feral?”

“I’m not saying I condone it,” he shrugs again. “I’m just saying there’s a difference.” The bartender places my old-fashioned on a little black napkin and I take a huge gulp, letting the alcohol sear my throat until it burns. “So, which is it?” Gray continues to prod. Seeing that my buddy clearly won’t let this go until I tell him, I let my guard down a little.

“In the middle,” I reply begrudgingly.

“So eighteen?” he asks, and I simply nod as I throw back the rest of my drink and immediately order another. Gray whistles again.

“Whoa, you’re really choked up about this girl, huh?”

“Look, it’s just wrong, alright?” I say through clenched teeth. “To want a woman so badly and to know it’s so wrong. I wish I’d known how young she was before I set eyes on her.”

“I get it,” Gray shrugs. “I’m forty-five and Vanessa’s only twenty-two. We’ve got this huge age-gap, too. It was taboo in the beginning, but you get over it.”

“Yeah,” I snort. “But at least Vanessa’s not in high school.”

Gray lets out a long, low whistle.

“True,” he agrees. “That’s a little young. But it could be worse. I mean, she could be in junior high.”

I merely shake my head with disgust.

“You’re a fucking perv, you know that?”

Gray merely chuckles again, not at all offended.

“Maybe, because don’t forget that Vanessa used to be my stepdaughter. So yeah, shit is pretty fucked up at my house.”

“No kidding,” I snort.

My friend merely shrugs his broad shoulders.

“What can I say? The heart wants what it wants. Besides, it’s not like my ex-wife cares. Renata was practically cheating on me when the ink was still drying on our marriage certificate.”

I nod, nursing the second old-fashioned as I decide to sip this one more slowly. Taking the edge off is one thing, but I’m not in the mood to get drunk.

“So what did Renata do when she found out you were dating her daughter? Wasn’t she pissed?” I ask, taking a small sip of my drink.

“No, not really,” Gray shrugs to my surprise. “Again, she was never interested in being married. At least, not to me. She met her current boyfriend, Jeremy, right after our wedding ceremony and decided to take off with him.”

I shake my head.

“Right, right. I forgot. He was your pool boy, right?”

Gray nods. He’s over his first wife, that much is clear.

“Yeah, and about twenty years younger than my ex too. But it’s working out for them. Have you heard? They’ve been doing porn together. They’re bona fide porn stars with their own channel on OnlyYou.”

“No fucking way! Renata’s doing that shit?” I snort in disbelief. “Like tits and ass on display? Isn’t she forty?”

“Forty-one her last birthday,” Gray says in a wry tone. “She and Jeremy don’t hold back, either, because they’re going full

penetration. Straight, anal, and oral. Apparently, their online handle is The_HippyLovers, and people dig that shit. They love seeing an older woman *au naturel*, getting banged by her younger lover. Apparently, Renata's got loads of tattoos now, not to mention dreds."

I stare at him.

"Are you fucking kidding me? People pay money to see that shit?"

He nods.

"Yeah, it's crazy right? Apparently, Renata and Jeremy love to smoke too, and sometimes smoke while they're doing the nasty. I've heard Renata even puts the joint in her twat sometimes to let it "smoke" on its own. What a fucking carnival."

I shake my head.

"Goddamn. You dodged a bullet, my man."

Gray snorts.

"You're telling me. But it wouldn't have made a difference, because I'd already moved onto Vanessa, her daughter. See? Things work out."

"Um yeah, that's one way to put it," I say in a dry tone.

Gray shrugs.

"Look, my point is, everyone's too wrapped up in their own lives to notice something as insignificant as an age gap. I mean, fuck, these girls grow up right? If you're serious about how much you want this woman, then you should just make a move on her. Even if it's just to get it out of your system. Like I said: everything works out in the end."

The suggestion of using Emily like that makes me snort because how could I do such a depraved thing? Yet, I'm bewildered by my emotions, and confused about next steps because I've only spoken to Emily once. How is it possible I feel this obsession with her?

Then again, I already know the answer. Her body is unlike anything I've ever seen before. She's been living next door for years, but until recently she was just some kid that I never noticed. Literally, I couldn't have told you her name until last year.

Then, she got hot. Holy fuck, but I can't believe how fucking hot she got. How she looked at the barbecue last weekend. Her huge tits and the way they bobbed under her wet t-shirt. The swell of her wide ass and the way her soft thighs rubbed against one another when she ran into the house in a panic. I can feel my cock hardening just from imagining how warm and wet her body would feel beneath mine.

But it's more than just an insane attraction. It's something else too. Something about Emily makes me want to fight any other man who might ever touch those sweet curves. *That's* new. This kind of protectiveness that makes me long to own her completely, mind and body, and treat her so right that she'll never want anyone else again. And yet all this, from only speaking to her once. Fucking pathetic.

But I can't deny Emily's got a hold over me. Look at me sitting here in a bar, mooning to my friend about a girl. I'm behaving like a sixth grade boy getting ready to ask the most popular girl to a Sadie Hawkins dance, and not a forty-five year old alpha male.

"Just do it," Gray says helpfully, like he can read my mind. "Age is just a number, my man."

"I'll think about it," I nod, and pay the bill. I'm all talked out for tonight and feel the need to stretch my legs and get some fresh air.

"Where are you going?" asks Gray.

"Home," I grunt.

"Yeah, but you just got here," he says. "Seriously, bro. Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, it's fine," I apologize. "Sorry. I'm just not feeling it tonight."

Gray nods, putting his palms up in understanding.

“No prob. We all need time to cool off sometimes.”

With that, I leave and step into the chilly night air. Thank fuck it's cold out because even thinking of Emily was making me overheat. Slowly, I begin to walk home in the hopes of clearing my mind a little. The moon is bright, illuminating the street, and there are few cars. Maybe I can shake this obsession somehow.

Then again, maybe I can't. *Emily*. Am I really this hung up on a teenage girl? I guess age is nothing but a number, but I can't get over her being in high school. Obviously, my brother doesn't care about this sort of thing. He's secretly been seeing Emily's twin, Janine, for a while now and that fucker has absolutely no qualms about plundering his teen girlfriend's curves.

Even worse, I can't imagine their relationship will stay a secret for long, especially with how loud and obnoxious Janine is. And that's the thing... how long can they keep things on the downlow? Then again, maybe they just don't care.

But it's different with Emily. She's not like her sister. She's shy, thoughtful, and innocent. The way she wouldn't meet my eye at first was adorable, but when she did, I saw how those big brown doe eyes were full of hope and sweetness, and the rug was pulled out from under me. Emily's face was so angelic and beautiful, unlike anything I've ever seen before. How could a girl have such a sweet, innocent face, yet also the type of ripe, womanly body just waiting to be plundered? Literally, Emily's curves turn me into a rampaging animal because this woman was built for filthy, rough fucks.

I just hope she didn't notice my body's response. What if I scared her and that's why she ran into the house? After all, when she came back down after the garden hose incident, she was wearing a huge, shapeless dress and wouldn't meet my eye for the rest of the afternoon. She probably felt violated by how I'd stared at her delicious curves. Of course. That's got to be it.

Self-loathing washes over me at the realization of my bad behavior, even though it was unintentional. I need to speak

with Emily, even if it's just to apologize. I want to explain my intentions, and I need her to know I'm not a danger to her. The thought of her being frightened of living next door to some creepy older man breaks my heart. I need to fix this.

My mind is made up. Tomorrow, I'll go speak with her.

Jason

Tucker left for work hours ago, thank god. That fucker was getting on my nerves, and I wanted him out of my hair. Of course, our house is big, but sometimes my brother gives off vibes that annoy the hell out of me. I guess that's how people know we're siblings – he knows exactly which of my buttons to push.

Meanwhile, I decided to skip work today – one of the perks of owning your own law firm - and I don't want to have to explain to Tucker why I'm taking today off. At least not until I've spoken to Emily and fixed the situation at hand.

After all, I don't want to make her even more uncomfortable than I already have by rolling up at her house with other people present, so I've been casually watching the Weathers's house all morning to make sure everyone's left. It's stalker-ish, but it's the best solution. Her parents, Harry and Joan, left for work about an hour ago, and I just saw Janine take off in her old Toyota. Perfect. Emily's likely home all alone now, and I should go over now to make the most of this opportunity.

But I need a reason to knock on her door. I can't just arrive and launch into a conversation about my behavior at the barbecue. That would be awkward, not to mention bizarre. No, I need to find an innocent excuse to go over, and then when Emily feels a little more at ease, I can apologize. But what excuse could there possibly be?

I look around our large chef's kitchen, and my eyes alight upon the ice cream scoop in a utensil cup. Perfect. What's more innocent than ice cream? All young girls enjoy ice cream, right? I'll ask to borrow their ice cream scooper, and use that as my segue into a conversation. Lame, yes, but whatever. I just need an opening.

I glance in the mirror and hastily rake my fingers through my black hair, then casually stroll out the door towards the Weathers's house. As I knock on the door, I feel calm and collected, ready to do the right thing. It's not long before the door opens, and suddenly, I'm standing there like a fucking idiot as Emily stares at me.

"Hi," she says in a soft voice. "Good morning."

Oh shit, what do I say? My heart's thundering against my ribs and I literally break out in a sweat because she's so beautiful. She's wearing a white sleep shirt covered in little pink hearts, and a pair of matching white shorts. Her feet are hidden in a pair of fluffy pink slippers, and her brown curls cascade over her shoulders in a glorious tangle. Oh shit. I can't stop staring at her long, golden legs, before forcing my eyes up to meet her amused ones.

"Um hi," I say hoarsely, "I'm Jason from next door."

Emily giggles.

"Right, I know. We've talked before."

I nod, feeling ridiculous.

"Um yeah. So I know it's still early in the morning, but do you have an ice cream scooper I could borrow?" Her face lights up with the most angelic smile I've ever seen and I can feel my insides go to mush.

"Yes, we do," she beams. "Everyone loves ice cream, right? Even first thing in the morning. Come on in." She opens the door wider, stepping back to let me into the small open plan living room before prancing into the kitchen. "I like your style," she giggles while opening a drawer. "Ice cream before 9 a.m. on a weekday! That's my kind of breakfast."

My heart sinks. I'm such an idiot. Why didn't I think about that? The timing must seem so fucking weird. But as the teen girl rummages through the kitchen drawers to find the aforementioned scooper, she's all smiles. If she *does* think I'm a loser, at least she's not showing it. Should I start apologizing for yesterday? Emily doesn't seem like she's scared or frightened. Maybe I read the situation wrong and this is all a mistake.

Yet, I can't stop staring. With the way Emily's moving, I can tell that she's not wearing a bra under her pajama shirt. Her huge tits are swaying gently, her nipples sticking out against the little hearts on the fabric. My cock hardens uncomfortably inside my jeans and I try to shift it so she won't notice.

"Now where is that scoop?" she muses as she continues to rifle through the drawers. "I love ice cream," she giggles. "I eat so much of it. Gallons and gallons, even. It's why I look the way I do."

"Yeah, but you look amazing," I rasp immediately, taking in her curvy figure. Emily looks up at me suddenly, blushing again, and I think I've fucked up. But then the girl smiles, flustered, and goes back to looking for the scoop.

Get a grip! the voice in my head screams. *The point is to NOT come off as a dirty old man, remember?*

Yet, it's impossible. I wish I could stop staring at Emily's tits, but it's difficult. And as my cock continues to harden persistently, I can't help but imagine her curvy form soaked through again. What her tits would look like showing through the thin fabric with the hearts as it clings to her like a second skin. The cleft of her ass when those shorts are plastered against her wide hips. What she would feel like in my arms, under my hands. Fuck this. This is getting out of control. I should just apologize for my inappropriate behavior and then leave, immediately. But I'm so turned on by Emily that I can't speak.

"Oh!" she suddenly exclaims. "Now I remember! I had some ice cream late last night and put the scooper in the dishwasher! It hasn't been run yet." She opens the dishwasher and bends

down to roll out the bottom tray to search for the scoop in the cutlery compartment. Her round, heart-shaped ass rises up in the air, facing me, and my mouth goes dry because the way she's standing, I can actually see the outline of her pussy in her pajama shorts as the fabric stretches across her figure. I can literally see the sweet furrow there, as well as the plush, swollen lips. Oh shit. This is too much for me to handle. My cock throbs painfully as it grows harder and longer inside my jeans, with nowhere to go.

"Here it is!" Emily giggles, finally locating the scoop. "Sorry about that. Let me just get it clean." I turn my body away in the hopes of hiding my enormous boner as she washes the utensil in the sink.

"Don't worry about it," I force myself to sound as natural as possible. "I can wash it at home." I'm desperate to get out of here before she sees the effect she's had on me because I'm out of control at this point.

"Nonsense!" Emily laughs. "I'm not giving you a dirty ice cream scooper to take home with you. What kind of neighbor would that make me? In fact, would you like some ice cream right now? We've got like five different flavors in the freezer, and now, the scooper's all clean and ready to use," she says with a bright smile.

"Yeah, but don't you have school?" I rasp breathlessly.

"Oh school!" Emily sighs. "Yes, I do, but not until later, because this semester I have first period free." Then she strolls over to the freezer, her big bottom shaking, and reaches into the freezer before pulling out a pink tub of ice cream. "How's strawberry shortcake?" she asks over one shoulder. I can only stare at her plump, pink lips as she says the words, wishing I could feel them on mine. I bet they taste like strawberry shortcake.

"That's fine," I manage in a semi-normal voice. The intensity with which I want her must be coming off me in waves of heat, and Emily shoots me a strange look. But then she smiles like a Cheshire cat.

“Jason,” she says, a little breathless herself. “Why don’t you take a seat?” She gestures to the chairs at the table, and I oblige, wincing at the painful way my cock is restrained inside my jeans. But at least I’m seated now, without my giant boner out in the open for her to see.

Meanwhile, Emily is scooping the ice cream now, the movement of her arms pressing her huge tits together and making her nipples even more prominent. I almost burst out of my jeans at the sight, shifting uncomfortably in my seat. Clearly, I need to leave now. This is getting to be a porno scene.

Suddenly, Emily lets out a little shriek.

“Whoops!” she cries as her hand slips, spilling ice cream all over her shirt. Her sharp intake of breath is followed by a nervous giggle. “Oooh, that’s cold.” But honestly, this really is a porno. Her shirt is wet and pink and sticky, clinging to her tits, except this time, Emily doesn’t make a run for it. Instead, she’s heading over to me carrying two bowls of ice cream, her tits swaying heavily as the wet fabric hugs them. She’s looking right at me, her pouting lips parting in a smile.

“Here you go, Mr. Roberts,” she purrs as she sets the bowls on the table. “Look what a mess I made of myself!” she exclaims with fake surprise. “I should go wash, or ...” she continues, “you could *lick* the ice cream off if you like, Mr. Roberts. What do you think?” The teen girl starts pulling the short sleep t-shirt over her head, revealing the pure white of her tummy.

“Stop,” I growl, holding out a hand and forcing myself to look away. “You’re too young, Emily.”

“I’m eighteen,” she mewls in return. “I’m legal.”

I let out a bark.

“Yeah, but do you know how old I am?” I answer, still keeping my face turned away. She says nothing. “I’m forty-five,” I continue. “That’s way too old for a young girl like yourself.”

“I don’t care,” she purrs, and I feel her small hand under my chin as she turns my face back up to where she’s standing over

me. "I find older men to be sexy, Mr. Roberts. Besides, I want you," she whispers. "Is that wrong?"

I'm powerless at her words. Emily pulls the t-shirt fully over her head, and suddenly, those huge tits are displayed in all their glory, mere inches from my face. Her skin is pale and creamy, and before I know what I'm doing, my tongue is gliding over the enormous roundness of her breasts, across her nipples, and into the valley her cleavage. She moans and my arm goes around her waist, pulling her closer to me so my face is buried in her flesh, my tongue twisting around her nipples. Her breathing quickens and she straddles me, reaching down to my zipper to unleash my throbbing member.

But before she can get it out, I clap one big hand around her wrist, stopping her movement.

"Have you ever been with a man before?" I rasp, my eyes fierce.

"No," Emily admits, slightly nervous all of a sudden. "But don't worry. Why don't you just sit still, Mr. Roberts? I'll do everything so you don't have to feel guilty."

Oh shit. Her words shouldn't make me feel better, but they do. I let go of her wrist and she unzips my jeans with one trembling hand, unleashing the member within. It's as thick as her forearm with bulging veins running along the left and right sides. The tip is shiny already, the sides dripping with my seed.

"Oh!" she exclaims breathlessly. "You're wet."

"Yes, sweetheart," I growl. "It's pre-come. Have you ever seen pre-come before? When a man's excited, his penis begins to leak just from arousal."

She shakes her head, unable to tear her eyes from my huge horse cock. The thought of pushing this monster into her tiny, virgin pussy makes my blood roar, but I'm also unsure. I don't want to hurt her.

But Emily doesn't seem intimidated. Looking right into my eyes, she lifts herself slowly, pushing her shorts to the side at the crotch so that her pussy, slick with lust for me, is revealed.

Her mouth opens breathlessly, her lips touching mine, as she positions my member at her tiny opening.

“Is this right, Mr. Roberts?” she mewls.

“It’s so right, baby,” I manage to rasp. “Take your time.”

Then, she lowers her wet pussy onto my throbbing head, making us both moan. For a moment, we don’t move, merely savoring the intimacy. Then, with a deep moan of surprise and delight, she pushes herself down onto the fullness of my bulging cock, inch by inch, as her tight pussy squeezes tightly around it and holds it.

“Oh, shit,” I grunt, feeling my balls contract. She winces a little as the head of my cock pushes against her hymen, then breaks through it. With a gasp, she sits fully down in my lap, all of me up inside her, my balls twitching already as they prepare to unleash themselves at the next movement she makes. Like a fucking schoolboy unable to hold it in. That’s what she’s reduced me to.

“Oh, hmmm,” Emily breathes into my mouth as she starts slowly gliding up and down my veiny length, making me grunt like an animal. It’s too much. Her tight, virgin pussy is sucking the seed out of my balls and my cock starts pumping deep into her, making her moan as my load is unleashed. I push her thighs all the way down so I’m inside her to the hilt, my balls continuing to contract against her ass cheeks. I can tell she’s close, and I’m not leaving her hanging. What would she think of me? Especially for her first time? I need to make this special. As a result, I reach down and find her clit, slick with her juices.

“Ohhhh, Jason,” she moans. “Oh, don’t stop.” Just a few more strokes of her clit while I’m still pumping her pussy, makes her contract so tightly on my cock that it hurts. Emily comes so hard she screams in satisfaction, then slumps forwards into my arms, my cock still deep inside her throbbing heat.

Oh shit, I’m in trouble. Before, it had been a question of ifs, ands, and maybes, but now that I’ve claimed the sweet girl, I know there’s no going back. Fuck. *What have I gotten myself into?*

Emily

“**Y**ou can stop pretending,” my sister giggles, making me look up. Janine’s drying her hair while watching me with an amused grin. She must have just come in from the bathroom, but I didn’t even hear our bedroom door close. The tiny little towel that’s wrapped around her body barely covers her curves, but of course, my sister’s not embarrassed at all. She’d probably strut around the house naked if she could.

“What?” I ask, pretending not to understand. Of course, I’ve been staring at the same page in my book for who knows how long, not reading a single word.

“Come on,” my sister says rolling her eyes, “why don’t you tell me about it?”

“About what?” I feign, still trying to put her off.

“You losing your virginity to Jason!” she laughs. “What else? Congratulations, girl!”

I gawp at her for a moment before going into a panic.

“Shhh!” I hiss. “Mom and Dad will hear you!”

Janine merely shrugs, still patting at her hair.

“Harry and Joan are oblivious, you know that,” she giggles. “I mean, look at how much I’ve gotten away with.”

She has a point. Giving up on the book, I sit up. The movement causes a twinge in my pussy, making me wince a bit. But it's a good twinge too, and I gasp with pleasure.

"Wow," Janine whistles, "it was that good, huh?"

I tut dismissively at her intrusion of my thoughts.

"How do you even know what happened?" I ask her.

Janine rolls her eyes.

"You think you're so sneaky, Emily, but you're not. Anyways, the explanation's simple: I forgot my phone this morning and didn't realize until I was already at school," she explains. "So I skipped first period to come home and get it, and goodness gracious me! Guess what I saw when I came in through the front door?"

I groan with embarrassment. Shit, I've been caught red handed and there's no way to explain it away because Jason and I went at it for a good half hour, right there in the kitchen.

"Relax, it's not a big deal," Janine dismisses in a light tone.

"How much did you see?" I whisper.

She grins devilishly.

"I walked in through the front door and I saw you lowering yourself onto Jason's cock," Janine says without a shred of shame. "It was *huge*. Seriously, girl, you are a champion for taking that monster. But his brother is better endowed!" she adds. "Tucker is at least an inch longer, and he's so fat that my pussy is sore for days afterwards sometimes. Not to mention my ass. Ooh!"

I roll my eyes.

"Thanks for the information. I needed that."

My sister just shrugs again.

"You're welcome, Emily. But seriously, I'm proud of you. What did it feel like? That was your first time, right?"

"It was," I say hesitantly. "It hurt a little, but in a good way."

“Don’t worry,” Janine says with an air of expertise. “There’s discomfort your first time, but it goes away. Then, it feels *incredible*.”

“It already feels incredible,” I murmur, blushing at the memory. Janine merely chortles happily.

“Did he make you come?” she asks like it’s no big deal. “You know, a lot of girls don’t come their first time because of the pain. Besides, I heard you scream but I thought maybe you were just laying it on thick, or maybe you’ve watched too much porn.” All I can do is blush and turn away, tongue-tied. I swear, this conversation is so embarrassing! My sister takes my lack of response as an affirmative and whistles again. “Oooh, Jason made you come, huh? You’re one lucky bitch because Tucker didn’t make me come until at least the third or fourth time we had sex. It was just too painful before that.”

I still can’t speak because this conversation is unreal. My sister’s giving me sex advice, and she’s not embarrassed at all. Then again, I guess it’s better to hear it from Janine than some stupid sex ed class.

“Anyways, I’m happy for you!” she continues, now toweling her body. “It’s about time because I thought you were going to be a virgin forever.”

Again, I roll my eyes.

“I’m eighteen, Janine, the same as you. We’re a little young to be called old maids.”

She shrugs.

“You never know. But yeah, now that the door’s been opened, you should really enjoy this. Explore doing more stuff with Jason. Especially with a cock as huge as his, imagine the fun you’ll have!”

“Janine!” I hiss again, shocked.

“What?” she feigns innocence. “Would you prefer to be a shriveled old lady that no one wants?” I don’t dignify that silly question with an answer, and my sister continues. “Besides, you’re in a good place, Emily. You lost your virginity to a super-hot older guy with a huge cock, who makes you come

super-hard from being inside you for two seconds. Other women would kill to be in your shoes.”

I roll my eyes.

“Look, I don’t know where this will go, okay?” I retort, throwing myself back into my pillows. “What if Jason doesn’t want to see me again?”

My sister snorts rudely, throwing her curls back.

“You’re a curvy eighteen-year-old girl,” she explains to me like I’m an idiot. “And you live right next door,” she continues. “Of course, he’ll want to see you again! What guy wouldn’t?”

I stare at her.

“You mean, because I’m easy access?”

She shrugs, not at all fazed.

“Yeah, that’s part of it. I mean, let’s face it: guys are lazy dogs. If Tucker had to drive an hour to see me, I don’t know that he’d be interested. But instead, he climbs through the window at night, so it’s perfect.”

I stare at her.

“Yes, I’m aware.”

She winks.

“You know it. Thanks for not telling Mom and Dad about our shenanigans, by the way.”

I merely shake my head.

“Yeah, you’re welcome.”

Meanwhile, Janine continues.

“Besides, you’re not the only one who came super hard,” she continues, ignoring me. “I saw what you did to Jason, and from where I was standing, you didn’t even need to try very hard because that man was in ecstasy. His cock was about to burst before you even touched him, he was that aroused.” I bite my lip because I know her words are true. Jason *did* seem really into me. I felt the effect I had on him, and he was

absolutely turned on and into it. But it doesn't mean he'll be interested in doing *more* stuff with me because he seemed pretty concerned about the age gap between us. What if, after the heat of the moment, he comes to his senses and I never see him again?

"Look at you," Janine tuts her tongue. "You're overthinking it, Em, trust me. You'll be off to college after the summer, so why not just enjoy yourself? Get all the experience you can by having sex with a hot older guy. Have fun. Have loads of insane orgasms. It doesn't have to be more than that, you know. Not everything has to be a sappy romance where you get married to a prince in the end."

"Thanks, I'll think about it," I drawl, but the irony is lost on my sister.

"Any time!" Janine chirps, and I can tell she's satisfied that I'll take her advice. "Now, which outfit should I wear?" she asks, holding up two mini dresses: one neon green, one black.

"Neon," I reply, not caring. She'll look incredible in either, anyway. "Where are you going?" I ask.

"To the movies with Tucker," she replies excitedly. "But Mom and Dad think I'm going to Britney's house to study," she snorts. "They're so clueless, I swear."

I just shake my head.

"Have fun," I say, and soon Janine is decked out in her neon mini, complete with high heels. She doesn't look like she's going to a study session at all, but then again, our parents are so blind all the time.

But after my sister leaves, my thoughts go back to my liaison with Jason. What we did yesterday was incredibly exciting and hot, and of course, I'm dying to see him again. And maybe Janine is right: maybe he'll want more, if only because I'm a curvy, available eighteen-year-old. And maybe I should stop overthinking things and try to hook up with him again just to "have fun." But that kind of thinking is more my sister than me because I'm not really a "casual dating" type of girl. Hell,

I'm not a "casual" type of girl at all, so that's another thing to consider.

Soon, my mind descends into rumination. If all Jason cared about was sleeping with me, then why did he protest when I made a move on him, saying I was too young? He must truly care about doing the right thing. He seemed genuinely pained by the fact that he wanted me so badly, and only let himself take my virginity after I took the reins. And even then, it seemed like he was holding back, trying to be gentle despite the animalistic energy I could feel coursing through him, throbbing just beneath the surface. What would it be like if he let himself go, and let himself ravage me like he clearly longed to do?

The thought makes my pussy throb, and I smile mischievously. There's only one thing to do: to see what happens because my life just got triple-X hot in the best way possible.

Emily.

It's been almost a week since my interlude with Jason, and I haven't seen or heard from him since, even though he lives next door. The soreness in my pussy has disappeared and I miss it in a weird way - it was a reminder of the moment we shared. But now, it's almost as if I dreamed the whole episode and it never even happened.

The thing is that I *did* dream about Jason that first night, and every night since. And with each passing night the dreams become more intense, until last night the Jason in my dream made me orgasm and I woke up with my panties soaked and my heart hammering in my chest. I didn't even know something like that was possible. Thankfully, Janine didn't notice a thing and carried on sleeping like a baby. Honestly, my sister thinks this is all normal, and it's only a matter of time before Jason comes back for more. Meanwhile, he's just "playing the game." What does that even mean? God, I'm so lost.

But I don't know why I haven't seen him, and it's starting to make me feel really insecure. Is it the age gap? Do I need to go knock on his door and beg him for more? After all, he was following my cues the first time we had sex. Maybe it's *him* waiting for *me* to make the next move.

Yet that doesn't really seem like Jason, either. As much as he was trying to do the right thing and hold back last time, he's

far from a timid person. I just know he's not the type to wait for something he wants.

So what's going on? I swear, I feel so confused.

But you know what they say: if you're not hearing from the man in your life, then he's just not that into you. That thought is so depressing it makes me want to curl up under my blankets with my favorite book, which is exactly what I do. I pull the covers over my head, and plug in my earbuds, squinting at the words. I barely even notice Janine getting ready to go out on yet another secret date with Tucker, and before I know it, my sister's gone, leaving the room quiet in the gathering dusk.

But instead of coming out from under the covers, I put my book aside and close my eyes. I suddenly feel so tired and drained. It's still a little early to go to sleep, but I just want to rest my eyes and think about something that makes me happy. Something that's not Jason. Or Jason's lips. Or Jason's electric blue eyes with their thick black lashes. Or Jason's jet black hair. Or Jason's huge, delicious cock. I groan at how insanely, painfully handsome he is, and roll over onto my stomach.

I force myself to think about the scholarship I'm about to land. About going to college in the fall, and making lots of new friends, ones who share my interests. About eating ice cream while getting lost in a new book. About the smell of chocolate chip cookies in the oven, and how much I love baking. Will they have an oven in the common room at college?

It's only when I startle awake that I realize I fell asleep. I sit up, blinking as I push my hair out of my face, totally disoriented. By now it's completely dark. What time is it? How long was I out for? Janine isn't back yet, but that's not necessarily an indicator. Sometimes my sister stays out until the early hours of the morning, climbing back in through our window so our parents are none the wiser. I'm about to start rummaging around for my cell so I can check the time, when I hear a tapping on the window and I freeze, listening. I realize now that this is the sound that woke me in the first place. The tapping continues, freaking me out a little, because it can't be

Tucker. He's out with my sister at the moment, watching that new Jeremy Renner flick.

If it's not Tucker, could it be ...? Taking a deep breath, I creep over to the window. I part the curtains gently and gasp – there's the silhouette of a man crouched on the windowsill, his muscular arm holding onto the drainpipe for stability. It's Jason!

He taps again and I hastily open the window.

“Sorry, sweetheart,” he growls as he climbs athletically through the window, making it look absurdly small with his hulking frame. It should be awkward for him, and yet he makes it look like he does this every night. “I didn't mean to scare you.”

“You didn't,” I lie breathlessly. My heart is hammering in my chest. I can't believe Jason's here, standing in my room. “I'm just... well, I wasn't expecting you.”

He turns to me, fixing me with penetrating blue eyes.

“I had to see you, Emily,” he rasps. “I haven't been able to stop thinking about you.” Really? I'm speechless even as the blood thunders in my veins. Jason's standing only two feet away from me, his broad, muscular shoulders framed against the light from the street. His cologne is musky and masculine, and I can feel my body respond to the familiar, arousing scent. I long for him to crush my body to his. I can't see his face but I can see his chest rise and fall as his breathing quickens. “Tell me you feel differently, and I'll leave, Emily,” he breathes. “Tell me this is wrong, and I'll never bother you again.”

I stand there, hardly able to breathe.

“You're the one who had a problem with the age gap,” I whisper. Butterflies erupt in my belly even as I try to stay calm. His blue eyes flash as he answers.

“I know,” he growls gently, raking his hands through his hair in frustration. “And that's why I've kept away this past week. I tried to do the right thing. I thought that by not seeing you, I could get over how much I want you because it felt so wrong. But I can't do it, Emily.” My breathing quickens at the sound

of pained passion in his baritone growl. He's holding back again. That animal energy is being kept caged, for my benefit. But I want him to unleash it. I want it so badly.

"I thought maybe you weren't interested," I say in a low tone. "I was starting to wonder if I'd imagined it."

"You didn't," Jason growls, pinning me with that fierce blue stare. "But I need your permission, Emily," he adds, and I can see his jaw clenching with the effort of holding himself back. "You have to tell me you want it because it's the only way I can justify this, once and for all."

I don't hesitate at all.

"I want it," I whisper immediately. "I want *you*."

Jason crosses the distance between us in one fell stride, one arm encircling my waist and crushing my body to his hard, muscled frame. His other hand is behind my neck, his fingers tangling in my hair so he can lift my face up to his. My heart is beating so hard I'm convinced he must be able to feel it through my chest. I can feel his lips graze mine, and for a moment I think he's holding back again, but instead I realize he's savoring the moment.

"I didn't get to kiss you last time," he growls, his lips brushing mine.

"Then do it," I whisper in invitation, and his fist tightens around my hair with passion. Then, his lips are on mine. They're full, perfect, and delicious. Soft, but the coarseness of his stubble grating on my skin is a complete turn-on, just like I imagined. His tongue hungrily explores mine and I feel fire erupt inside me. I instinctively encircle my arms around his neck and suddenly, Jason lifts me as my legs wrap around his waist. I've never felt so light before.

He's kissing me hard, our tongues licking along each other's, making me moan longingly for what comes next. He puts me down before joining me on the mattress, and the weight of his body on mine feels so complete, so right.

Then, Jason rips my night shirt open, sending little buttons flying off into every direction.

“Oh!” I gasp breathlessly as the buttons scatter on the floor.

“That’s right,” he growls against my lips. “That’s how much I want you, Emily.”

But I don’t care about my night shirt, or the buttons. I care about Jason’s hands cupping the soft flesh of my boobs as he moans into my mouth. He presses his pelvis instinctively against my pussy, and the thin fabric of my pajama bottoms isn’t enough to protect my womanhood from the roughness of his jeans. I groan as I reach down to fumble with his zipper.

“Please,” I pant.

“Sweetheart, you don’t need to beg,” he chuckles hoarsely. “It’s all yours.”

Within seconds, his hard, throbbing shaft is out. It’s so erect and long that it’s reaching halfway up his waistband and into his shirt.

He groans longingly as I close my hand around his hefty girth, my thumb and the tips of my fingers unable to touch, with several inches to spare. It’s just as huge and thick as I remember.

“Please,” I beg him, gasping, “please fuck me.”

“Again, sweetheart,” he groans in response as his cock pulses in my hand. “This is all yours. You don’t have to beg because I’m more than happy to do the honors.” Then, he takes his mouth off mine and starts kissing my neck instead. I guide his cock tremblingly to my slippery pussy, and as soon as his throbbing head makes contact, he starts pushing his way into my tight, wet hole. I gasp at the enormous pressure as it slides into me, inch by inch.

“Oh, baby,” he grunts into my neck, his teeth on my skin. “You feel so good. So tight, and so wet.”

I can’t reply. My eyes roll back in ecstasy as he pushes his huge staff deeper and deeper into my tiny pussy, filling me up. When he’s finally all the way in, he starts fucking me gently, pulling his rod in and out in a soothing rhythm.

“Harder,” I beg him, clinging to his broad shoulders. Jason lifts himself up a bit, just enough to be able to look into my face. His blue eyes flash with caution, but I can see how close he is to orgasm.

“Are you sure?” he growls.

“Yes,” I gasp. “Fuck me harder.” He needs no further invitation. My man thrusts hard, looking down into my face for a reaction, but when he sees only pleasure, he thrusts again, and again, bringing me close to orgasm. My boobs bounce into my face with the force of his ferocious fucks, and he cups one of them while licking the other.

“HmMMM,” I moan. “You’re going to make me come.”

“Oh, fuck,” Jason grunts into my tits as he thrusts so hard his balls are pressed into my ass cheeks. Then, he lifts his face up to mine and kisses me with passion as his rod drills my squelching pussy. Fire erupts deep inside and all my muscles clench up as orgasm rips through my frame, my pussy squeezing his cock tightly.

“Oh!” I scream, my eyes rolling back to show the whites. “Oh oh oh!”

“Unngghh,” Jason grunts into my mouth, “you’re so tight.” His cock throbs intensely as he comes, pumping a load deep inside, grunting and groaning into my mouth. “Oh, fuck,” he rasps as he continues to fill me with his load. I can feel his seed spilling from the sides of my pussy and dripping down my ass cheeks in a sticky, delicious mess.

Eventually, we fall into each other’s arms, out of breath. My pussy is still contracting on his cock, buried deep inside me, with the aftershocks of my incredible orgasm.

“Oh my,” I sigh blissfully. “Yessss.”

Jason chuckles before ducking his head down for another kiss.

“It was that good, huh?”

I merely smile peacefully, although I want to tell him I love him. I want to tell him that I loved *this*, but that would be insane. So instead, I settle for the satisfying weight of his huge

body on mine, as he lays his head on my chest and listens to the gradual slowing of my heartbeat. Yet what's going to happen? Is Jason going to keep sneaking in through the window like an interloper? Can we continue this dirty liaison, even though I'm in high school, and he's the older man? Even crazier, we didn't use protection ... *and I don't care.*

Emily.

I walk into the school cafeteria and let my eyes scan the large room, which is filling up fast with chattering, laughing teenagers with backpacks slung over their shoulders. I'm looking for Janine, and soon I locate my sister lining up in the lunch line as she scrolls on her cell. Making my way over to her, I join her in line.

"Please don't ask me how the test went," she mutters without looking up from her phone. Janine looks pale and wan, and her brown curls look limp for a change.

"That bad?" I ask, flinching a little. I helped my sister study for a biology test she had today. We pored over an entire term's worth of material in the space of a week, but I guess it didn't really work. Unlike me, Janine isn't exactly the academic type. She's let her grades slide all year and she's now on academic probation. Unless my sister gets her GPA up, she could be expelled.

By contrast, a few days ago I received notice that I got a full-ride to State this fall. My acceptance letter was flowery and filled with congratulations, and the financial aid offer literally made me tear up. Yet even though this is what I've been working towards for forever, I feel so guilty that I haven't even been able to share the news with Janine, or my parents. Instead, I've thrown myself into helping my sister improve her grades, in the hopes of avoiding the impending doom of her

dropping out of high school, which seems inevitable if this continues. Knowing Janine, my sister would sooner drop out and save her pride, than face the humiliation of getting kicked out.

“So was it that bad?” I probe gently again. “The test, I mean. You don’t have to say if you don’t want to.”

Janine looks down at her feet.

“I just froze,” she mutters, and I can sense the note of panic in her voice, which is new. Usually, nothing can get my sister down. “I literally forgot everything I’ve been cramming all week. Poof, gone,” she sighs.

“It’ll be okay,” I say soothingly, putting my arm around her. “You still have the rest of this term to make it up. I’ll help you.”

“Thanks, Emily,” she says as we arrive at the pizza bar. We each help ourselves to a slice, and then I point to some yummy-looking cupcakes at the next station.

“Take one of those as dessert,” I encourage Janine, “it’ll make you feel better.” She nods and selects one with vanilla frosting, while I choose a strawberry one. We pay, and then go to sit down in the crowded cafeteria.

“Tell me something nice,” she sighs as we slide onto the benches of an empty table. “I don’t want to think about that stupid test anymore because it’s so fucking depressing! School sucks!”

I smile wanly.

“It’s not that bad.”

Janine snorts.

“Says the straight-A student.”

“Yeah, but you know I work hard for my grades. I have, since I was in the first grade and won the effort award.”

Janine snorts.

“I remember. The only thing I won was nothing. I got nothing.”

I smile and take a bite of pizza.

“It’s not that bad, Janine. You *will* graduate from high school, I promise.”

My sister looks skeptical as she bites into her own slice, and then smiles.

“So what’s going on with Jason? Tell me, because I can’t take any more of this school stuff.”

A host of butterflies flutter in my stomach.

“Well, Jason and I have been getting together,” I say shyly, “and it’s been amazing.”

My sister nods.

“Yeah, but what does getting together mean?”

I pause for a moment.

“We’ve been having sex.”

Janine nods her approval.

“That’s good. I mean, I don’t think a forty-five-year-old dude would be okay with just some kissing and hand-holding. Besides, I know you’ve been having sex,” she says in a lofty tone, “because you’re not as quiet as you think.”

“You’re one to talk!” I exclaim in a hushed tone. It’s crazy that we’re even having this conversation because of course, my sister knows that Jason and I have been making love. After all, he’s been climbing in through our bedroom window on a nightly basis. Sometimes, Janine’s out with Tucker, but sometimes they’re there in the room, having sex as well. That’s the most insane part about this: I’m literally getting it on with my boyfriend, while my sister does the same thing with her boyfriend just a few feet away. Even crazier, we’re two sets of identical twins hooking up with each other.

To be honest, it was a little odd at first. I didn’t want to do it, but Jason kept murmuring in my ear and instructing me to ignore them.

“No one’s looking,” he whispered while cupping my breast. “I promise.”

“But they can see!” I protested.

“Yeah, but they’re not looking. Janine and Tucker are busy, see?”

I snuck a glance over at my sister, and sure enough, she was already riding her boyfriend reverse cowgirl, her breasts bouncing in the air as she bit off a particularly loud moan. So I gave in. Now, I regularly make love to Jason with Janine and Tucker in the same room, and it’s become “normal,” if you can believe it. Meanwhile, my sister shoots me a lascivious grin.

“And from the sounds of it, Jason really knows what he’s doing,” she continues, teasing me. “He makes you come so hard sometimes that I get worried for you, Em!”

“He does,” I say, blushing. “But...”

“What?” Janine asks, chewing on her pizza.

“Well, you know how you sneak out and meet Tucker sometimes?” She nods, listening. “Those dates... well, I’d love to go on one too. But Jason hasn’t asked me. Not once.”

“Give the guy a chance,” Janine snorts. “You guys just met.”

“What?” I protest. “We’ve been living next door for years! We’ve known each other for years. Well, at least known of each other’s existence.”

Janine rolls her eyes.

“Yeah, but you’ve only just started seeing each other,” she explains. “You’ve never really *talked* until what... two weeks ago?”

“Yes,” I agree thoughtfully.

“Relax, Em,” Janine says, biting into her pizza again. “Jason is *so* into you. He literally can’t get enough because he keeps climbing through the window, right? We’re on the second floor too, so he’s risking his life.”

I laugh because I know she’s right about that. Each night Jason comes back for more, scuttling up the drain pipe and creeping across the shingled roof. Even better, each night he’s rock hard for me, shaking with lust as if he’s been saving it up all day.

And when he finally gets to put his hands on me, well, it's electric.

"But," I muse insecurely, "what if that's all it is? What if Jason's just using me for my body?"

My sister puts her pizza down.

"You're seeing it wrong," she explains patiently. "Why isn't it that *you're* using *him*? We talked about this. A gorgeous older man is climbing into your bed every night to service you. You're enjoying some huge dick and getting loads of experience, and then you're off to college. So actually, it's the other way around. At the very least, you're using each other."

I bite my lip and think. I guess there's some truth to my sister's words although to be honest, she doesn't really get it, even though she's in a similar situation. Janine may act all tough, but I know that she and Tucker are in love, which makes all the difference in the world. No matter how much she tries to re-frame my situation, deep down I know that Jason hasn't said that he loves me. Hell, this man hasn't even taken me out on a *date*.

Yet Jason and I have a connection. I can feel it in the way he kisses me, and by the respect he's demonstrated while wrestling with the age gap between us. So why hasn't he tried to see me outside of our nightly exploits? Is he embarrassed to be seen in public with me? I've wanted to ask him, but each time, the words die on my lips because he starts kissing me, and then I lose my train of thought.

Plus, as much as I'd love to date Jason properly, what we've got going is so insanely good that I'm scared to jeopardize it. I've finally gotten him to relax about the age gap, and he now willingly comes to me every night. Just thinking of our nightly liaisons makes my pussy contract with lust. What if by asking him about the dates, I remind him of how young I am, and he starts worrying that it's wrong again? I think I'd actually lose my mind if I *didn't* get to enjoy his insanely hot body every night.

"What you need is to *talk* talk," Janine continues, her mouth full. "A real conversation in a setting that isn't sexual. Then,

you can ask him, but without the pressure of it being a date.”

“You think?” I ask, a little skeptical. “But where would that place be? In our bedroom at night? I mean, I don’t see him otherwise.”

Janine chews thoughtfully.

“Yeah, you’re right. Oh wait a minute, I know!” she exclaims. “Tucker is taking me to a party this weekend, so why don’t you and Jason come too?”

“I don’t know,” I groan, taking a bite of cupcake and letting the strawberry frosting melt on my tongue. “Doesn’t that count as a date? It might freak Jason out.”

“Not at all,” Janine dismisses. “The party is being hosted by a friend of theirs, this guy called Rich, so it’s a group setting. It’s not a date at all. It’s just a get-together.” I have to admit that my sister has a point because a random party doesn’t sound very date-like.

“Hmm,” I muse, nodding. “Yeah, that does sound like a good plan. But what about the age gap? What if people at the party think it’s weird? What if word somehow gets back to Mom and Dad?”

“Don’t even worry about it,” Janine replies, “I’ve been going loads of places with Tucker and no one cares. Besides, this party is going to be *huge*. There will be so many people there, no one’s going to notice a young woman talking to a forty-five-year-old man. Hell, so many guys date younger that it’s nothing. I wouldn’t be surprised if there are eighty-year-old geezers talking to fifteen-year-old innocent girls at this shindig.”

My eyes go wide.

“Are you serious?”

My sister laughs.

“No, there will be no fifteen-year-olds, or eighty-year-olds, for that matter. That’s too crazy, and I wouldn’t want to be at any party where that’s happening. But you guys should come

because it's the perfect setting for the two of you to finally have a real conversation."

I think about it, and decide that my sister's right.

"Okay," I smile, suddenly a little shy. "I'll ask Jason about it."

"Actually," Janine says, putting her hand on my arm, "don't do that."

"Why not?"

"It should be a surprise," she grins. "Imagine: he's not expecting to see you, and then you suddenly roll up looking incredibly sassy and beautiful. You'll knock his socks off, and it'll be great!"

"Yeah, but what if Jason doesn't go?" I ask, concerned. "You didn't sound sure that he was definitely going. You said *probably*."

"Just leave it to me, Em," Janine winks. "Trust me, I know exactly how to make this work."

The thing is, I know I can count on my sister to pull this off because while Janine isn't great with academics, she's really talented when it comes to her social life.

"Okay," I murmur. "Just tell me when and where, and I'll be there."

Janine nods and begins chattering about other subjects, from her friend Rhonda who just got a nose job for her eighteenth birthday, to her other friend, Daisy, who's allegedly sleeping with our history teacher.

"Are you serious?" I ask with a wrinkled nose. "But Mr. Hemsworth is ... I don't know, just so *ancient*!"

We both crack up then, and my heart gives a leap because maybe lots of people are dating older ... and maybe this thing with Jason could actually work.

Jason

I pull up to Rich's mansion, adding my sedan to the other dozen or so cars already scattered in the circular driveway.

The manor is a sight to behold. Even though I've been to Rich's countless times over the years, the sheer size of his home with its grand entrance; sloping, manicured lawn; and tinkling fountain looks impressive against the backdrop of the night sky. This place must cost a fortune which can only mean one thing: business must be good for my buddy.

Of course, I'm in the same boat. My law firm has been around twenty years now, but business has been booming recently, and I've been browsing on-line for some new real estate. Maybe in the near future, I could impress Emily with a mansion like this. Then I squint and frown. Would she even care? Would I be interested in a woman who fawns over stuff like this? The thought takes me by surprise because I don't usually think of women with any kind of long-term perspective. I throw money, jewels, cash, and gifts at them, and usually, the ladies scoop it up with glee in their eyes. But something tells me that Emily would be different. *Everything* would be different in fact, so I shouldn't be surprised at all.

Shaking my head, I toss my keys to the valet who's waiting to park the car, and head inside. The party's already well underway, and as I look around, I feel a little underdressed. Whereas everyone is done up to the nines in tuxedos and long

gowns, I'm only in my blazer and slacks. They're designer, of course, but still, I stick out.

Well, fuck it. I came here straight from the office, and only because my brother called me and berated me for twenty minutes, saying that I had to come. What the hell is Tucker's problem? I'd been planning on heading home for a quick dinner, and then liaising with my lady love as soon as it got dark. But my twin just wouldn't let it go. He said it would be worth my while, and that I would regret missing the party. What the hell is he talking about? Perhaps a business opportunity? I figured I'd check it out, and still be able to get back in time to make sure I get my fix of Emily's curvy, voluptuous body and her impossibly tight pussy, always wet and ready for me.

My cock throbs thinking about it. I hope that Tucker gets here soon so we can get this networking thing over, and I can go where I actually want to be, which is Emily's arms.

"Jason!" Rich's voice booms across the music, and I turn towards the sound to see our host striding across the foyer towards me. Rich Cutler is a handsome bastard, and dressed to the nines in an expensive tuxedo that highlights his athletic frame. "Great to see you!" We bear hug briefly, then he looks me up and down with a mocking grin. "What the fuck are you wearing?"

"I came straight from the office," I grunt. "I didn't have time to go home and change."

"Right," he teases. "My friend, you've got to get out more often. The money will make itself."

I shoot him an ironic look.

"Really? Is that right?" After all, Rich has been in the news recently for artificially inflating the price of a critical diabetes drug. His actions are technically legal, except that people are calling him utterly classless and unsympathetic to the people who actually need this life-saving drug. But Rich ignores my comment, bastard that he is.

“Ladies, over here,” he calls over his shoulder, and three beautiful women in expensive-looking gowns seem to materialize out of thin air. As always, they have huge tits, tiny waists, and adoring eyes for my friend as they swarm around his large frame.

“Yes, Rich?” burbles one.

“What is it?” another lisps.

Rich chuckles.

“This man is usually the best-dressed at any party, but he got b-i-z-z-y! Don’t even look at him right now because the dude is in rags.” The women simper and giggle as I try not to roll my eyes. But then Rich lowers his voice as he turns back to me.

“Tracy here’s available,” he says with a wink before nodding towards a buxom blonde standing behind him. “I can make it happen for you if you want.” I glance at the woman behind Rich. She’s gorgeous, of course, and she’s definitely flirting with me given the way she’s batting those long, fake lashes. But I’m not interested. I want to get lost in Emily’s soft curves, gently squeezing her big thighs as I lick and kiss her huge tits. Meanwhile, there’s something manufactured about the woman in front of me. It could be her too-round tits, or the curve of her nose. Doesn’t she know that ski-slope noses are so 80’s? Someone needs to talk to her plastic surgeon.

But then I berate myself. No woman can compare to Emily, and there’s no need to be rude.

“Hi,” I say politely to her with a nod. “It’s nice to meet you, Tracy.” Small talk done, I turn back to Rich. “I’m looking for my brother. Has he arrived yet?”

“Not that I’ve seen,” Rich shrugs. “You know Tuck – he takes his time. Meanwhile, yo, I see some hot shit over there. Catch you later!” And he’s off, with the three women trailing along behind him, including the aforementioned Tracy. The blonde looks coyly over her shoulder at me, but I pretend not to see. Instead, I scan the room full of beautiful people for my twin brother’s face, hoping to find him so that I can go home.

Fortunately, I see Tucker walk into the foyer just then, dressed appropriately in a tuxedo and with Janine on his arm. She's wearing a shimmering purple gown with an obscene leg split and a neckline so low that it goes almost all the way down to her navel. My breath briefly stops in my throat when I see her because she's identical to Emily, and my body responds instinctively to the sight of that luscious figure. But the difference between them is immediately obvious, and I recover quickly, because Janine's walk is confident, her smile a wide grin as she looks around. When Tucker whispers something in her ear, she laughs loudly and smacks him on the arm, drawing attention from the crowd. Meanwhile, I know Emily would never be so loud and obnoxious. Emily is grace under pressure, and a river of soothing energy. The sisters couldn't be more different if they tried.

I start making my way over to Tucker but then stop in my tracks because oh shit. My girlfriend *is* here. What the hell? Why didn't she say anything to me? Why didn't *anybody* say anything to me?

I gawk at Emily like a seventh grade boy, captivated by my girlfriend's angelic beauty. Her long brown curls frame her features and cascade over sloping, naked shoulders. She's wearing a gold, strapless mini dress that probably belongs to Janine because it's so small. All the same, she looks incredible in it. Her huge tits are accentuated by the low décolletage, and the material emphasizes her narrow waist and clings to the roundness of her ass, hugging her thighs. Emily looks slightly uncomfortable and out of place as she crosses her arms across her chest, but this only makes her look more seductive. Meanwhile, those big brown eyes dart around the room, reflecting the lights from the overhead chandelier, until they come to rest on mine.

Her milky skin blushes pink when she sees me, but she doesn't look away. Our eyes lock, and I can see her breasts rise and fall as her breath quickens. My breathing accelerates as well, and I realize that my heart is hammering in my chest. Meanwhile, Emily's perfect, pink lips curl into a pouting smile as she raises a dainty hand in an awkward wave.

I somehow find the wherewithal to stride over to where the three of them are standing.

“Hey,” I rasp, longing to take Emily in my arms. My girlfriend’s eyes sparkle up at me, but it’s Janine who cuts in.

“Hi, Jason!” she purrs. “Fancy seeing you here!” She sounds extremely pleased with herself, and from my twin brother’s satisfied grin, I immediately understand that this was a set-up.

“This is why you dragged me here, isn’t it? There is no business contact,” I growl at him, but I’m not actually upset. In fact, I’m very happy.

“Who said anything about a business contact?” Tuck laughs. “I said this would be worth your while, and I think you’ll find that to be true.”

“Have fun, you two!” Janine cackles, and then she grabs Tuck’s arm and steers him away, disappearing into the crowd. Meanwhile, I look down at Emily as she blushes. I clear my throat awkwardly.

“Let’s go to the bar,” I suggest, and start walking to the high stools a few paces away. She follows, teetering a bit in her stilettos.

“I’m glad you’re here, Jason,” she says almost inaudibly, wobbling like a fawn. I seize her elbow.

“Steady there, sweetheart. You look like you could use some help. But yeah, it seems our siblings set us up,” I grin. “I’m glad you’re here though,” I add in a low voice, making her look back at me through her thick lashes. “This party just got ten times better.”

“I didn’t have anything to wear, and this dress is Janine’s,” she says, gesturing down at the outfit. “I feel so out of place.”

“You look incredible,” I growl, unable to disguise my lust. “Trust me.” This makes her beam. “But if it makes you feel any better, I feel out of place, too.”

“Really?” Emily asks in surprise. “How come? You always seem like you belong, no matter where you are.”

I chuckle, touched by her sincerity.

“Thanks honey. I appreciate your vote of confidence. But I’m underdressed tonight because I came straight from work,” I gesture down to my own attire. “Look at these gray pants. Everyone else is in a tux.”

“I guess you’re right,” she giggles. “We can feel out of place together, then.” I grin because Emily’s too adorable, *and* I’m forgetting my manners.

“Let me get you a drink,” I offer. “What would you like?”

“Um, can I get a soda?” she asks shyly. She bites her lip. “I’m not legal to drink yet. I know, embarrassing, right?”

I shake my head.

“No, there’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” I growl. “It’s fine sweetheart. Is Coke okay?”

She nods. Then, the bartender comes over and I order two colas because I don’t want to drink if Emily can’t. I want us to be on the same page. I can tell the gesture doesn’t go unnoticed, and I see Emily smile from the corner of my eye.

“Sometimes I forget your age completely,” I confess, “but every time I remember how young you are, I just feel so…”

“What?” she asks, a little hesitant. I decide to be honest.

“Filthy,” I growl. “Like I’m a dirty old man lusting after a young girl.” This makes her giggle.

“You’re not dirty,” she says sweetly, laying a soft hand on my arm, sending shivers down my spine. “And you’re not old. You’re just older than me, that’s all.” The bartender hands us our drinks, and Emily takes a sip from her straw. I’m too distracted by the way her pouting lips close around it to even consider drinking mine.

“It’s really okay, Jason,” she says, swallowing. “Age gaps happen, and people make it work. It’s working for my sister and your brother, for example, and they have the same gap that we do.” I nod, knowing she’s right. Tucker seems so happy with Janine, and he’s not letting the May December factor interfere, that’s for sure. And then there’s Gray and Vanessa,

who also managed to overcome their age difference. Perhaps it's time I got over this, once and for all.

"You're probably right, sweetheart," I drawl. "Older men have been preying on younger women since the dawn of time, so I won't be the first, and I won't be the last either. But let me ask you this: how do you feel about twin brothers dating twin sisters?" I ask her, watching her beautiful features in the flickering party lights. "Does that seem strange to you?"

Emily thinks for a moment.

"It's a little strange, I guess," she smiles. "But hey, it happens! It's kind of cool, if you think about it. We might even qualify for the *Guinness Book of World Records* as twins dating twins." This observation makes me chuckle.

"Probably not," I say, and I find myself moving a little closer to her curvy body. It's involuntary, as if I'm drawn by a magnet. "I think to qualify you need be something like identical octuplet brothers dating identical octuplet sisters, or something insanely crazy. Twins dating twins would be too commonplace." This makes Emily laugh, which just about makes my heart explode with pride. Overcome with affection for her, I lean down and gently place my lips onto hers.

Emily responds eagerly to my kiss, her lips parting to let me gently lick along her tongue. She tastes of cola, and it's a good taste, actually, reminding me of my own high school days. But for the first time, it doesn't freak me out, and I go with the sensation.

Sensing my capitulation, Emily's hand grazes my cheek gently, and then slides behind my neck to pull me closer to her. My hands circle her waist, and I kiss her hungrily, my thickness hardening into her thigh. I can feel her breath quicken, and I know I need to get her alone. I break away to stare down into her upturned face. Her mouth is open, panting, wanting more.

"What do you say we ditch this place?" I growl. "I can think of something fun to do."

Emily smiles brilliantly.

“Sounds perfect, lover boy,” she purrs. “I look forward to it.”
Then, I spirit the curvy girl away, determined to possess
Emily’s beauty once and for all.

Emily

“**T**here they are!” Janine squeals, jumping up and down with excitement. Then, she runs over to where Tucker and Jason are waiting for us by the entrance of the festival. She literally leaps into Tucker’s arms, making him stagger, and then they lock lips and start making out passionately despite the people streaming all around us.

“Oh, it’s so good to see you,” my twin moans into her boyfriend’s mouth. “I’ve missed you so much.”

Meanwhile, I take Jason’s hand and gaze up into his azure eyes.

“I’ve missed you,” I say in a whisper, smiling. He leans down to give me a peck.

“Missed you too, sweetheart. And maybe we aren’t about the PDA like Tucker and Janine here, but you know I’ll make you feel it later in bed.”

I giggle because it’s true. Jason is a very passionate man, and we enjoy our time together a lot. Plus, it’s been about a month since the party at the mansion, where we finally broke through on the age gap thing. Since then, Jason hasn’t been as hesitant about our relationship. We’re still not going public until I graduate from high school, but something shifted inside him, and he’s more relaxed. In fact, the age thing doesn’t come up anymore.

But today is a special day because the four of us have just arrived at Twin Fest, an annual fair held each year to celebrate twins. Janine and I have always talked about going, but our parents wouldn't let us because it's a three hour drive each way. But this year, we begged and pleaded, and when we said we'd get a ride from Jason and Tucker Roberts, they relented. Of course, our parents are still clueless about our romantic relationships with the brothers, and I feel so guilty about that, but I'm getting used to the idea. Jason and Tucker are good guys, and we're safe. It's not like we're off doing drugs and committing crimes. It's just a little passion, that's all.

Jason kisses me lovingly as we enter the fairgrounds.

"So what kept you guys?" he growls teasingly. "You were in the women's restroom for so long."

I roll my eyes.

"The line for the ladies is *always* long," I reply. "You know that."

Meanwhile, Janine looks around with eyes like saucers.

"What should we do first?" she gasps excitedly. There's a Ferris wheel, a couple music stages, food stands, the raffle booths, and multiple rides. This looks like so much fun! Even crazier, it seems that the entire fairground is filled with twins. This is Twin Fest after all, so I guess it's not that surprising. Still, a lot of twins are actually dressed in identical outfits, and some are even walking in sync to emphasize their similarities.

We're in line for the Ferris wheel when a couple, a man and a woman of about thirty or so with striking features and blonde hair, approach us. The woman holds out her hand, and she's holding a stamp.

"You four want to have some fun tonight?" she winks.

"What kind of fun?" Janine asks eagerly. I roll my eyes. My sister would buy a time-share, or invest in a MLM scheme, without a second thought.

But the couple just laughs.

“Let’s say it’s the best kind of fun,” the man rasps. “Something that will blow your socks off.”

“Ohhhh,” replies Janine, giggling. “Is it a party?”

“You’ll see when you get there,” replies the woman mysteriously. “Look for a black tent in the back of the fairgrounds. It’s not set up yet, but it’ll be there by around 8 p.m. or so. Then, show them your stamp, and join us.” Janine holds out her wrist eagerly, and the woman stamps her skin: it’s the imprint of four entwined hearts, in pink ink. Curious now, I hold out my own wrist, and Jason and Tucker follow suit.

“See you tonight,” the woman sings again, and then the two strangers disappear into the crowd.

“Okay,” I say in a slow voice. “That was weird.”

“Yeah,” Tucker shrugs. “But who knows? Maybe there are free drugs.”

I roll my eyes because everyone knows how much I hate drugs. But still, it can’t hurt to check it out, so I put it out of my mind.

The rest of the day passes in a blur. Twin Fest is fun. It’s nice conversing with other sets of twins and sharing our experiences. We enjoy ourselves going on rides and eating delicious food. As dusk descends, Tucker turns towards us.

“So what do you say? Black tent?” he asks, gesturing to a dark tent in the distance.

Jason squints his eyes at the apparition.

“Shit, it really exists,” he marvels.

“Come on, let’s check it out!” squeals my sister, pulling at Tucker’s hand. Before I know it, the four of us enter the darkened space.

The tent is smaller than I expected, and a little claustrophobic, to be honest. We pass through a series of interior openings, before finally coming to a wooden door.

“What in the world?” I ask. “How did a door get in here?”

Jason squeezes my hand.

“They can build anything anywhere these days.”

Then, our wrists are checked for stamps, and the door opens. A low music hits my ears, and at first, I can't see anything. But then, my eyes adjust and I see that there are Edison bulbs strung at random intervals, casting a faintly reddish light. I blink a few times as I start to take in what is unfolding before me. About a hundred or so people are dancing to the trance-like music that was creating the droning sound, totally immersed, their bodies swaying almost in unison. Even weirder, it's clear that everyone in the cloud is an identical twin. Bless Twin Fest.

“Weird,” I murmur. Meanwhile, I feel Jason's arms wrap around my waist as he comes to stand behind me, kissing my neck.

“What do you think?” he growls. I'm not sure what to answer. The twins on the dance floor of the tent are dancing, and it's starting to get uninhibited. Now that my eyes have adjusted to the lighting, I can tell that people are twisting and writhing in an increasingly sexual way. Holy cow. This is a party where twins are going to hook-up with other twins, which means that we definitely belong.

Sweat glistens on muscular chests. Huge breasts sway as women grind against their partners. Moans begin to rise in the air, and the temperature in the tent skyrockets.

“Is this really happening?” I ask breathlessly. “I feel like I'm in a dream.”

Jason kisses my neck again.

“Yes, sweetheart. I guess this is a part of Twin Fest every year too.”

“Well, I like it,” I say, swallowing. “I think.”

“Do you want to join them?” he asks in a low growl. I look up and see that Janine and Tucker are already starting to dance, grinding along with the rest of the crowd.

“Yes, I think so,” I breathe, excitement building inside me. “I *know* so.”

With a chuckle, Jason takes me by the hand and guides me through the panting, swaying crowd of people. Against the backdrop of flashing lights, I catch a glimpse of an erect cock, but when I look again, I realize I must have been imagining it. Maybe I’m just seeing things because of the erotic charge in the air.

Soon, we’ve located Janine and Tucker, who are downright grinding on the dance floor.

“Come on, baby,” my boyfriend whispers in my ear. “Let’s join them.” Then, Jason’s hands are on my hips as he presses his pelvis into my ass. He’s moving effortlessly with the deep bass of the music, and I relax, letting my hips loosen. It comes easier than I thought it would, and I let go of my inhibitions as I bend over, grinding my ass against Jason’s hardening cock as I sway to the music.

Then I realize I didn’t imagine the erect cock just now. Just a few feet away are two sets of twins, fucking in the middle of the dance floor! Their clothes are entirely gone, and I watch with amazement as one of the men picks up one of the women before turning her around so that they’re doing a vertical sixty-nine, with her pussy in his face, and his cock buried in her throat.

“Wow!” I whisper, my eyes going wide.

“Wow’s not all,” Jason rasps in my ear. “Look at our siblings, sweetheart.” I gasp in shock as I glance over Janine, who has her legs wrapped around Tucker as he lifts her off the floor while they thrust to the beat of the music. Then, Tucker’s cock springs from his pants and he’s moaning into Janine’s neck while reaching under her miniskirt to move her panties aside. I watch him lower Janine’s pussy onto his cock with a groan, impaling her on his rod as they dance.

Janine’s moans of pleasure get lost in the music as my pussy contracts wetly with the lust. This is crazy. Is this really happening? It seems too perverted to be true. After all, it was weird enough to have sex in the same room as Janine and

Tucker, and they're our siblings. But now, I suppose we've hit next level. It's like being in a hall of mirrors, where dozens if not hundreds of twins, are getting it on with each other.

"I want you," Jason growls in my ear, his breath hot on my skin. His cock is hard, pulsing against my ass cheeks as I arch my back. "Does the scene freak you out?"

"No, I'm okay. Besides, I can tell you want it," I giggle teasingly. Then, I reach behind me to unleash his veiny rod from his pants. Jason moans in anticipation as he lifts my skirt, exposing my ass, and I feel his fingers slide along my pussy to make sure I'm wet enough to receive his huge girth. But obviously, my lips have been sliding wetly together since we first got here and my thong is drenched with my juice.

"Fuck yeah," Jason grunts with approval as he pushes his rod into my tight hole. My eyes roll back in my head, but I don't stop dancing. I'm inspired to keep my ass bouncing on his cock as I move to the music, like I'm in some dirty video. I'm in heaven, his rod sliding in and out of my twat, and even crazier, we're in the middle of dozens of other twins *who are doing the exact same thing*.

I see cocks moving in and out of mouths, pussies, and asses while tits bounce and swing, the music acting like an aphrodisiac. There are a couple threesomes, and even an orgy in the back corner, from what I can tell. Meanwhile, Janine and Tucker have retreated to one of the tent poles. Tucker is fucking Janine up against it as her legs continue to stay wrapped around him, keeping him impaled inside her. His hands are groping her ass cheeks as his cock rides in and out of her, her breasts bouncing furiously. It looks so hot that I wonder if this is what Jason's cock looks like as he fucks my pussy.

I grab onto Jason's broad shoulders to stabilize myself as I bounce my ass harder up and down Jason's cock. Even over the music, I can hear him grunt as he pulls my hair and squeezes my ass. I arch my back further so my clit rubs against his balls as I grind on his cock, feeling an orgasm building inside me. But Jason needs more because he's too close. His

balls are tight against my clit, and I can feel how tense his thighs are.

“Come here,” he growls through clenched teeth. Then, he pushes my lower back down so that I have to grab my ankles. “Hold on tight, baby.” Without warning, Jason thrusts his cock deep inside me, so sudden and powerful that I’m literally lifted onto my toes. I scream, coming hard, and Jason grunts with pleasure before his cock twitches and shoots.

“Shit baby!” he howls. “Oh fuck!”

Jason thrusts a few more times to take me through my climax, all the while unleashing a massive load inside, his balls pumping against my clit. I’m crying out with ecstasy now, but I don’t care because I came to Twin Fest to have fun ... and ended up getting more than I expected.

Emily

Janine clicks something on her laptop and then squeals with excitement before jumping up and down. The rapid movement startles me so that I smear the pink nail polish I'm applying all over my cuticle.

"Hey, watch it!" I complain. "Now look what you made me do." I start cleaning up the mess, but Janine is still bouncing up and down in excitement.

"Will you stop?" I laugh, trying to focus. My sister is very excitable, and anything can set her off, so I think nothing of it. But in the next second, she tackles me so hard that we land on the bed together.

"What the hell?" I giggle, trying to get her off me. "What happened? Why are you acting so crazy?"

She's laughing so uncontrollably, she's almost crying.

"You'll never believe it," she says in elation. "They just posted our grades. I passed my chemistry test. *With a B+.*"

"Well done!" I say, hugging her. After all, my efforts to tutor Janine were a flop, so we switched tutors. Tucker's the one tutoring her now, and believe it or not, it works. Something about her boyfriend giving her extra sexual favors if she passes. I guess we all need motivation!

“No, you don’t get it,” Janine continues with a grin, propping herself up on her elbow so she can look me in the eye. “I passed the other tests as well. This has pulled my GPA up by so much that I’m not on academic probation anymore! I’m going to graduate on time!”

“Whoa,” I say. “That’s amazing news!” I’m filled with happiness for my sister because she deserves it after working so hard. “Let me see,” I demand excitedly. We sit up and Janine pulls her laptop over to show me the school portal’s interface. I beam at all the B’s and C’s flickering on screen. Janine will never be a straight A student and that’s okay because not everyone is destined to be a stellar performer. It’s just not my sister’s thing. And by the looks of it, it’s not necessary either: all she wanted to do was graduate on time, and now that will come to pass.

“This is great!” I exclaim. “Wait, what’s that?” I ask as I see an email notification pop up.

“Oh, just an email,” Janine dismisses, wanting to get back to the celebration of her grades.

I squint.

“No, look,” insist. Just before the notification times out and dissolves, we both see that the email is from Twin Fest, and the subject line is “NSFW – Not suitable for work.” How intriguing.

“Quick, open it,” I say, blinking with curiosity. I have no idea what it is, but I have a strong feeling it has to do with that crazy party we ended up at. It was so wild and hot, and I still can’t believe it really happened. Janine nods, and opens her email account with lightning speed before going straight to her inbox, and clicking on the icon from Twin Fest. Our eyes race along the lines. The email is short. All it says is:

DEAR VIP GUESTS,

THANK you for taking part in our exclusive event. Please find your event photos by clicking the link below. Your password xp34j^. Please do not share this link or your password with anyone else.

REGARDS,

Twin Fest

JUST LIKE THE EMAIL SAYS, it ends with a link.

“Click it, click it!” I whisper, my heart starting to race. Janine is excited too, and I can tell by how her hand trembles as she operates the scroll pad. She clicks the link, enters the password, and we watch as a download bar appears on the screen. Then her laptop screen suddenly goes black.

“Shit!” Janine curses, getting up. “Stupid crappy laptop.” It’s a very old machine, and it wasn’t great even when it was new. Just a cheap one our parents could afford. These days, it needs to be plugged in to handle large files, so if this is such a large file, does it mean the download contains pictures? Or even videos? I’m impatient to find out.

“Come on,” I egg my sister on as she fumbles with the power cord.

“I’m trying!” Janine protests, sitting down at her desk as the screen lights back up. We both sigh with relief. What’s more, now that the power cord is connected, the download bar fills up quickly.

Janine clicks on the file once it’s done. I’m standing behind her, looking at the screen over her shoulder, but I lean forward impatiently as the laptop whirs, taking forever to display the file’s contents. Janine thrums her fingers with anticipation.

Finally, after what feels like forever, a list of .jpeg files appears, listed in numeric order on the screen. Yep, they’re pictures, alright!

“Oh my gosh,” I breathe, as Janine hastily clicks “open all.”

“Holy fuck,” my twins gasp.

“Wow,” I chime in, my eyes like saucers.

At first, it seems okay. There are a couple of innocuous photos in the beginning. There’s me holding hands with Jason, and Janine with Tucker as we laugh and smile with the Ferris wheel’s sparkling lights in the background. But after the first few shots, our screen is filled with raunchy photos from the secret party at Twin Fest. My heart is in my throat as I take in the contents.

I see about a dozen of me dancing, leaning forward with my hands on my knees as I bounce my ass on Jason’s cock. My face is a mask of rapture, my eyes closed and my mouth open. My huge tits have half fallen half out of my top and are almost completely exposed. Jason is looking down at his hard shaft disappearing into my pussy, his eyes aroused as he bites his lip. I can’t believe how graphic these pictures are. It’s so incredible that all of this was captured.

“Wow, it’s in really high definition,” Janine whispers. She’s right. The throbbing veins on Jason’s cock are visible and the skin of his cock shimmers wetly with my juices. “You look so hot, like you’re in some filthy rap video,” she gasps, a note of admiration in her voice.

“It’s funny you say that,” I hum, “because that’s exactly what it felt like to me. Like I was in some kind of dirty porn almost.” I’m trembling slightly from the arousal these pictures are causing me, and the memory of that night.

In one of the pictures my pussy is in full view, the slick lips of my swollen vulva wrapped tightly around the girth of Jason’s staff. One of his hands has the material of my miniskirt bunched in his fist, up on my lower back. He’s leaning backwards slightly with his other hand by his side, watching my huge ass wobble as I grind on him. I’m in mid-thrust in this picture, his cock only half inside me. I think this picture must have been taken towards the end, when Jason was close to orgasm, because his balls look swollen and tight, like they’re ready to blow their load inside me.

But then, Janine keeps scrolling, and a new set of photos appears.

“Oh look, there’s you and Tucker!” I breathe.

“Ohhh,” Janine breathes, clicking through the pictures, “we look *good*.” And they do. Janine’s hair is all sexy and damp from sweat and is covering part of her face, and her mouth is open in a perfect, pornstar pout. Her huge boobs are falling out of her skimpy top and her legs are up around Tucker’s waist, exposing how his cock is sliding into her dripping pussy. In a couple of pictures, I can see his hands cupping her ass cheeks where he holds her as he fucks her up against the tent pole.

“Holy shit,” Janine whispers, her voice thick with lust. She’s feeling just as aroused as I am.

“This is crazy. I don’t even remember seeing anyone take pictures,” I whisper. “Do you?”

“No,” Janine snorts, “but someone could have pushed a camera right into my face with the flash on and I still wouldn’t have noticed. I was in another world.”

“Same, honestly,” I agree. “Oh my gosh,” I gasp anew, pointing to the screen. It’s a .mov file.

“Holy shit,” whispers Janine again, seeing it. “They filmed more?”

“Quick, open it!” I urge unnecessarily, because Janine is already clicking. The video file opens and starts playing.

The clip is of the part where I’m gripping my ankles. Jason enters me from the back, and I lift my face towards the camera for a moment, my eyes closed with ecstasy. As we watch, a long moan escapes my throat, almost like a grunt. But it’s not gross. It’s hot, and unbelievably arousing.

“Wow,” Janine exclaims breathlessly. “You can even see me and Tucker in the background.” It’s true too. Somehow, this angle captures all four of us, and I’m utterly speechless because both of our men look so hot, the way they’re so into us. Jason’s washboard abs are glistening with sweat where his shirt hangs open. My huge, wide ass is smacking and wobbling against his lower abs as I slide the tightness of my

pussy along his enormous rod. Both Janine and I are moaning musically, our huge boobs swaying as we fuck our men.

Then, the video gets even more graphic. I see myself arch my back on the screen, and then cup my swaying boobs as Jason thrusts into me especially hard. I see his cock drilling into my pussy as I scream, orgasming like a banshee along with Janine and Tucker. Thick, glistening seed drips from both our pussies as our men continue to pump them full with hot, sticky loads.

“Wow,” my sister whispers. “Twin Fest was incredible.”

But then, a sudden gasp sounds out from behind us, and we turn around sharply in surprise. Standing at the doorway is our mother, pale as a sheet. Joan’s eyes are round with shock and she’s unable to peel them away from the screen where her twin daughters can be seen on their knees, licking sticky seed off their older boyfriends’ cocks, getting ready to go again.

“*Mom?*” I gasp in horror. “It’s not what it looks like, I swear!”

Joan merely lets out a bone-rattling scream, her thin fingers gripping the edges of the door frame. Then, she bolts down the stairs while shrieking, “Harry, Harry!”

Clearly, it’s too late. Our mother’s seen everything that she needs ... which means our secret is out.

Emily

My heart seems to stop as I turn to face Janine. She looks just as pale as our mom did. We stare at each other in disbelief, speechless.

“Now what?” I whisper, on the verge of tears. Janine takes a few breaths, slumping back in her chair. Silence hangs in the air. I lower myself onto the bed because I’m suddenly so stressed out, I’m worried I might faint. Janine rubs her face in dismay, but she’s the first to recover.

“Well,” she says hesitantly. “I guess the secret is out. Our parents had to find out at some point.”

“Yeah, but this is not how I wanted it to happen!” I groan, replaying the moment Mom walked in at a particularly graphic moment in the video. The only way this could have been worse is if she’d walked into this room while we were literally having sex with Jason and Tucker.

Actually, no, I quickly realize. This is worse because if she had walked in on us having sex in our room, then at least it would be without the added taboo of us having sex with our older boyfriends at an *orgy*. Ugh, this is utter disaster.

“Look, we can’t have it all,” Janine says in a firm tone.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I whimper, wishing I could turn back time so we could have been smart enough to at least

face the screen away from the door while we opened that email.

“It *means*,” my sister asserts, “that we’re very lucky. Tucker and Jason are both amazing men. They’re unbelievably handsome and hot, they’re both successful, and they’re both absolutely and completely smitten with us. How many girls can say their boyfriends are as devoted as ours are? They’d do anything for us.”

“Right,” I say. “But that’s not helpful right now.”

“No it is!” my sister protests. “What I’m saying is, maybe we don’t get to have this kind of happiness *and* have our parents root for us as well. They don’t see what we see. All Mom has seen is us having sex at some dirty orgy with two men in their forties. And that’s what she’s going to tell Dad. What’s she’s probably telling him right now, actually.”

I groan with embarrassment at our dad knowing about what we’ve been up to.

“So what’s your point?” I ask Janine, hoping she’s got some clever plan. My sister pauses for a moment, biting her lip.

“My point is, we have to explain it to them,” she says confidently, like it’s so simple. “We have to tell Harry and Joan about our happiness, so they understand. How else will they ever accept this?”

I stare at my sister.

“You think Mom and Dad are going to accept this? Seriously, Janine, what planet are you on? We’re high school girls, and our boyfriends are in their forties. Not only that, but they took us to an *orgy*. Harry and Joan aren’t going to be into this at all.”

“Then we have to *make* them see how happy we are!” she answers immediately, her eyes flashing. “We have to fight for our men. Our lives. We’re not kids, anymore, Em. We’re eighteen, and we’re about to graduate high school. There are people our age fighting wars. Surely, we get to choose who we love?”

I can't deny she has a point. Maybe it's time we stepped out from under our parents' shadow. After all, I'll be off to college in the fall and on my own after that. I may as well show them now how independent I am. And if they don't accept it, Janine and I can handle the consequences, so long as we have Tucker and Jason at our sides.

"Okay," I say. "You're right. We should at least try and explain. Let's go talk to them."

Janine nods and stands up, taking my hand. We traipse downstairs to find our parents sitting at the kitchen table. The atmosphere is heavy, like a gray cloud is weighing us down. Dad's face is in his hands and he doesn't look up when we enter. Mom looks straight at us, her eyes full of tears.

"What was that?" she wails. "That video that I saw you in?"

Janine and I look at each other, wondering how much to disclose.

"Answer me," Mom pleads. "And be honest, girls. Was there an orgy at Twin Fest? Is that the filth I just saw?"

"No, it wasn't," Janine says in a firm voice, earning a sidelong glance from me. We had just decided to come clean! What is she doing? "At least, not exactly," she amends, noting my look. "We were invited to a VIP party at the end of the festival. We didn't know what it was, but we went because we were curious. It didn't start out as an orgy..." her voice trails off, remembering how it happened. At least this is all true. "It just sort-of happened."

"*Sort-of happened?*" our father echoes in disbelief, finally lifting his hands from his face. "How does that go down?"

"And there just happened to be *videos* of it?" Mom trills. "What if those get out? And the wrong people see?"

"We actually didn't know they were filming, Mom," I interrupt. "The organizers just sent us a link today."

Mom shakes her head and stares at us. None of this makes her feel any better.

“Clearly, you girls have no idea what the word “consequences” means. And those men you were with,” she breaks off suddenly in disgust, searching for the word she wants to use for what she saw us do. “Did I see that properly? Was that really Tucker and Jason Roberts from next door?” My mom starts becoming emotional again as she speaks, the truth too horrible for her to comprehend.

“Yes,” I whisper. Dad clears his throat angrily and looks up at us at last.

“We invited those men into our home,” he says, trying to keep his temper in check, “and they repay us by defiling our daughters?”

“Dad, please,” Janine snorts, “settle down. It’s not that dramatic. There was no *defiling*, okay? We’ve been *dating*. Emily and I are in love with Tucker and Jason Roberts.” At those words, Mom gasps and buries her face in her hands, sobbing.

“You think that makes this better?” Dad challenges.

“Yes, actually,” I say as gently as I can. I can sense Janine’s surprise at the resolve of my tone, but she doesn’t say anything. “Tucker and Jason are good guys.”

“But they’re so much older than you!” Mom wails, lifting her face up to show tears streaming down her face. “What were you thinking? What were *they* thinking? How could they do this? You’re teenage girls but they’re grown men!”

“Jason and Tucker make us very happy,” I reply in a calm voice. “Not only that, but Janine and I are in love with them, and they’re in love with us. So yes, I would think that’s better than them simply *defiling* us, as Dad put it.” My tone remains confident, and I hope they can sense that I never wanted to hurt them. But my parents just stare at me in disappointment.

“I might have expected something like this from Janine,” Dad grunts in disgust. “But not from you, Emily. I would have thought you’d have more sense.” Janine has the grace to accept this insult in the face of what’s happening.

“I’ll ignore that for now,” she says in an even voice. “But like Emily said, Tucker and Jason make us very happy. And we make them happy, too.”

“Oh, I bet!” Mom spits. “A couple of forty-five-year-old perverts preying on our teenage daughters. I have no doubt in hell you two make them very happy!”

“Clearly they’ve taken advantage of you girls,” Dad concludes. Janine rolls her eyes and I elbow her in the ribs. We need to be patient with our parents if we want them on our side. “They saw a couple of impressionable young women who conveniently, lived right next door, and thought they’d have their way with you.”

“*Have their way with us?*” Janine echoes, almost laughing now. “What is this? The Victorian era? Should I go put on my petticoat now?”

I flash my eyes at her in warning. Clearly, my twin is losing her cool, and I need to step in.

“Look, Mom, Dad,” I say, again trying to keep my tone level. “We understand this is hard for you to accept. We know the May December thing is a surprise. Trust me, we’ve been grappling with that too,” I share. “Plus, the fact that they’re twins as well is maybe a bit strange, but we got used to it. And I know the fact that they live next door and you invited them in makes it all seem very disrespectful. And I know this is a difficult way for you to find out about our relationship. We’re sorry for all of that. But please, can you just trust that what we’re telling you is true?”

“And that is?” Mom demands tearfully.

“That we know what we’re doing,” I state in a calm tone. “That we’re not being taken advantage of. Please, can you just accept this and be happy for us?”

Harry and Joan shake their heads.

“While you live under this roof, we don’t have to accept anything we don’t want to,” Dad thunders. “You will stop seeing those men immediately.” Janine and I exchange a glance.

“What?” my twin gasps.

Harry’s brow darkens.

“You heard me. I pay the bills here. I put a roof over your heads, and food on the table. I buy you everything you need, so while you live here, I call the shots. And you will stop this sordid relationship with the boys next door. They’re not even boys! They’re predators,” he spits with disgust. “I’m going to report them to the police.”

Janine and I share a look.

“No, Dad,” I sigh. “You won’t report them because there’s no crime. Janine and I are eighteen, so we’re legal. Besides, we’re going to keep seeing Jason and Tucker.”

“*What?*” my mom gasps. “Why?”

Meanwhile, my dad continues like I haven’t said a thing.

“Text them and tell them it’s over,” he grinds out, his voice hardening. “*Now.*”

My sister and I share a look, knowing what has to be done.

“Mom, Dad, I hate to say this,” my sister says in a slow tone. “I respect you, and I know how much you love for us. But we can’t live according to your rules. We *refuse* to. So from this moment on, Emily and I don’t live here anymore.”

I burst into tears, knowing there’s no other choice before us, but it breaks my heart to leave my childhood home. Janine puts one arm around my shoulders as I sob, and uses the other hand to fish her house keys out of her jeans pocket. Our parents stare at us, surprised, as Janine drops her keys onto the countertop with a clatter. Then she turns away from them, steering me towards the front door.

“Girls, where are you going?” my mother pleads. “Come back!”

“If you leave, you’re not welcome here anymore!” my father rages. “You’re dead to me if you leave this house, do you understand?”

But Janine merely shakes her head, still steering me by the shoulders. Then, she opens the front door, and we step out into the sunshine. I turn to my sister to say something, but stop because there are tears streaming down her face. My beautiful, courageous twin is crying, and it breaks my heart.

Jason

I step out of the shower and grab a towel, but before I have a chance to start drying myself, there's a frantic knocking at the door. I glance at my watch, lying on the side table by the sink. It's not even 5 p.m. yet. Who's banging our door down in the late afternoon like this?

I'm not even supposed to be home right now. I left work early for a quick workout at the gym because I'm planning on seeing Emily tonight, and god knows, I won't have the energy for a work-out afterwards. She's insatiable, that one, and she wears me out. Then again, maybe it's the difference in our ages. Emily's young and horny, and likes it deep in her pussy all the time. I like it too, but still, she's utterly insatiable. Then again, a cock-hungry younger girlfriend is the best. That's my Emily.

The frantic knocking increases, and I sigh. Then, I jerk the water off, and wrap a towel around my waist, before stepping out of the stall and into the hallway. I'm dripping water everywhere and curse inwardly at the thought of having to mop up the mess later. Annoyed, I wrench the door open. But my annoyance disappears immediately when I see Emily on my doorstep, crying. Janine's arm is around her and she's in tears, too.

"Can we come in?" Janine asks. It's clear Emily is unable to speak through her sobbing.

“Of course,” I growl, immediately stepping back to let the girls into the house.

“Who did this?” I demand, my eyes flashing. “What’s happening?” My urge to protect Emily has only grown since we started seeing each other. The thought that someone reduced her to tears like this, without me there to step in, sends a ripple of anger through my frame. Fuck, I’m practically bristling with rage.

“It’s not like that,” Emily sniffles, wiping her eyes.

“Then what happened?” I demand.

“Our parents found out about us,” she replies. “That’s what.”

“Oh, shit,” I sigh, knowing this must be hard for her. “Sit down, sweetheart,” I add gently, gesturing to the couch. The girls take a seat as I head into the kitchen. “Do you want some coffee or something?” I ask, opening a cabinet. “It’s late in the afternoon, but a hot drink could help.”

“No thanks, but do you have any hot chocolate?” Emily replies, sniffing. I can’t help but smile as I reach into the back of the cupboard where a long-forgotten box of cocoa sits, gathering dust. Tucker and I don’t drink this shit. I think it’s left over from some ex-girlfriend, but I don’t really remember. I check the date on the box, and see that it’s fine.

“Sure,” I say, setting about making the hot chocolate. “Coming right up.”

“Is Tucker here?” Janine asks in a small voice uncharacteristic to her.

“Not yet, but he’ll be home from work any moment,” I reply. “Why don’t you two tell me what happened? How did your parents find out about us?”

The twins share a look, and then Emily bursts into tears again.

“In the worst way possible,” she sobs. “You know that party we went to at the end of Twin Fest?” she asks. She doesn’t need to remind me because that incident was depraved, but in the best way possible. I nod.

“Yeah, what about it?”

Janine fixes me with a look.

“Well, it turns out that they took pictures and videos of the guests, as party favors.” This makes me whistle in astonishment, my eyes wide.

“Really?” I ask. After this is all over, I’ll need to see those. I bet Emily looks insanely sexy in them. She always looks her best when she’s coming hard, and I’d love to see a photo of my huge dick buried in her snatch as she trembles with climax.

“You didn’t get them?” Janine asks, quirking her head to the side.

I shake my head.

“No, but Tucker’s the one who bought our tickets on-line. Maybe he got them.”

Janine nods.

“Yes, well they were sent to us today,” she continues. “To make a long story short, our mom walked in on us when we were looking at them, and she saw everything.” I glance at the girls, tears streaming down their faces as they replay the memory.

“What do you mean, everything?” I breathe.

“*Everything*,” Janine emphasizes through gritted teeth.

“She told our dad, and they totally freaked out,” Emily says, wiping her eyes again. “Not just about the orgy and us having sex in public, but we told them that we were dating you guys, and that only made it worse.”

I squint.

“How so?”

Janine fixes me with a look.

“They think you and Tucker warped our minds and took advantage of us because of how young we are,” she states.

“They called you perverts,” Emily adds. “They were angry and threatened to call the police.”

Fuck. That hits home. My heart sinks as, suddenly, my misgivings about getting involved with Emily come flooding back. I thought I'd gotten over it and accepted that I'm not some dirty old man, and that it's fine. That this isn't wrong in every way. But clearly, it's still an issue.

"We tried to explain otherwise, but Harry and Joan basically gave us an ultimatum," Janine explains.

"Let me guess," I growl. "End things with us or move out?"

"Yes," Emily whispers, looking down at her hands.

"But the choice was obvious," her sister states in a stronger voice. "So here we are."

At that moment, the front door opens and Tucker strolls in, oblivious to what's going on. But when he sees the girls on the couch, his face lights up, and then drops a split second later when he sees they're crying. Janine rushes over to him and throws herself in his arms, sobbing.

"What happened?" he breathes into her hair as he wraps his arms around her. "Sweetheart, what's wrong?"

I can hear Janine's muffled voice as she buries her face in Tucker's chest, recounting the tale, while I carry the two hot chocolates to the coffee table, where Emily is still sniffing. I set the steaming mugs down and wrap my arms around my girlfriend, feeling her melt into me with a sobbing sigh.

"Don't worry," I growl, hating myself for putting her in this position. "Your parents will come around, honey. They love you."

"I don't know about that," she replies in a muffled tone.

"They will, you'll see," I state in a firm tone, if only to convince myself. "And until they do, you can live with us."

My brother overhears and nods in agreement.

"In fact, you two should move in straight away," he rasps, walking to the couch with his arm around Janine's shoulder. "There's no sense in trying to talk them around. Joan and Harry are upset right now, and they're not going to bend in the next hour or two. For now, you should live with us."

The girls share a look.

“I suppose so,” Emily murmurs.

Janine nods.

“We have no place else to go,” she says, being practical. “But we don’t have anything with us at the moment. No clothes, no make-up, no nothing. And I couldn’t spend another moment under the same roof as those fossils,” she scoffs, referring to her parents.

“Don’t worry,” Tucker says, kissing her. “Jason and I will sneak in through the window tonight, as soon as it’s dark, and get you what you absolutely need. School materials and stuff. Everything else, like clothes, we’ll buy you new. Right, Jason?”

“Of course,” I growl. I’d be willing to do anything to help make this easier on Emily. Janine beams at this offer, but Emily looks concerned.

“But what if you get caught?” she breathes. “Harry and Joan will have you arrested for trespassing.” She blinks up at me with her huge doe-eyes, her eyelashes stuck together with tears. I long to scoop her up and carry her into my bedroom.

“We won’t,” I grin, and brush my lips along her temple. “Don’t worry about us. It’s ridiculous that we’re forty-five-year-old men going in through a window, but if that’s what got me your curves, then it’s worth it.” I feel Emily shiver at my touch.

“We’ve climbed into that window a million times by now,” Tucker adds. “We’ve never been caught before, and we sure as hell won’t be tonight. Not least because it’s the last thing your parents will expect.”

Then, I turn to my beautiful girlfriend.

“Are you okay with this set-up, baby?” I growl into Emily’s hair. “Would you like to come and live with us?” I ask her, lifting her chin so she turns her face up to me. Her eyes are sparkling with love and lust for me.

Her hand goes to my washboard abs, totally dry by this point. Now that she's recovered from the worst of the shock, it's clear she's starting to get aroused by the fact that all I'm wearing is a towel, and her fingertips skim lightly over my flat abs.

"Yes," she whispers, and I lower my lips onto hers as a surge of happiness courses through me, quenching the fire of guilt from before. None of that matters now. We'll get to be together, the age gap be damned. We're never looking back.

"Good," I growl, staring into Emily's warm brown eyes. "Because you belong to me, baby."

"And you to me," Tucker growls as he pulls Janine in for a kiss on the other side of the room. Then, I feel Emily's hands on my towel, releasing the fabric, and suddenly, the air in the house grows humid and charged. But my heart races because it means that Emily's okay. My girlfriend is happy, content, and at peace, and that's all that matters to me.

"I love you," I murmur against her lips. "More than you know."

"I love you too, Jason," she whispers back as that small hand grips my shaft. Then, our actions descend into frenzied lovemaking, and we both groan with pleasure because this was an unexpected ending. But all will be well because we know our love will flourish no matter what challenges are thrown in our path.

EPILOGUE

Emily

I can hear the quiet murmur of the crowd coming from the church as Janine and I wait in a side room. Butterflies flutter through my stomach, making me feel pleasantly light-headed and giddy with happiness. Today is our wedding day. In fact, it's *both* of our wedding days because Jason and Tucker proposed to me and Janine shortly after we moved in, following the falling out with our parents. They said it was important to them that we truly know how devoted they are to us, and how serious they are about wanting to spend the rest of their lives with us.

Of course, Janine and I said yes. With all our souls, covering our handsome fiancés with kisses. It was the happiest day of our lives.

But it was a little awkward living right next to Harry and Joan, so we moved out soon after. Living mere yards away was too close for comfort, and Harry had a way of glowering in our direction whenever he stepped outside. We left, none too soon, and moved into a huge mansion on the edge of town. It's nicer and bigger than the old house, with double master suites, as well as a pool in the back and even a sauna for steamy times. Janine, Tucker, Jason and I enjoy the amenities on the reg, and our new home is a genuine love nest, if I dare say so myself.

“Are you ready to get married?” Janine breathes with a smile, taking my hands in hers. My twin looks beautiful, her brown

hair curling as it frames her face, her tasteful make-up accentuating the winsome expression in her brown eyes. I know I look good too because we're twins! Not only that, but Janine and I are wearing identical wedding gowns. They're made of white lace, but in a stretchy material because at this point, we have tummies. My sister and I have burgeoning baby bumps that we've decided to emphasize on our wedding day, instead of hide. It's wonderful. We didn't plan the pregnancies, but when Janine and I found out that we were expecting around the same time, joy suffused our forms.

"A baby?" Tucker rasped, grasping my sister's waist.

"We're going to be fathers?" Jason echoed, looking deep into my eyes.

"Yes!" my twin and I exclaimed in unison, our faces wreathed in smiles. "Good news, right?"

Our men didn't even answer. Instead, they covered us with kisses, vowing to be the best fathers ever. And I know they will be because Jason and Tucker cherish and treasure my sister and I more than any man could. But now, it's time for our wedding, and my sister and I take one last moment to chat.

"Do you think Harry and Joan are outside?" I ask Janine, referring to our parents. When we got pregnant, we got in touch with them to tell them they were expecting grandchildren. They seemed to open up a bit, although things aren't completely back to normal. But after I told them that I was still focused on pursuing my education, Joan and Harry seemed more accepting of our untraditional relationships. I hope it's enough so that they'll attend today.

"I don't know," my sister says. "But regardless, you and I are getting married, Em, with or without their blessing."

I nod.

"I'm glad we're doing this, because nothing's more important to me than marrying Jason and having his baby."

"Me too," my sister adds, squeezing my hands. "But with Tucker, of course!"

We giggle, and then the chords of the organ resonate through the church. Both Janine's and my eyes grow wide.

"This is it!" I whisper, and knees shaking, we head out of the room and into the central nave of the church.

As soon as we're seen by the crowd, they get to their feet, turning around with beaming faces. Lo and behold, our parents are here! They're a little stiff, perhaps, but at least Joan and Harry are present. Mom and Dad nod at me and Janine as we begin walking down the aisle, our arms linked.

My sister and I hold our bouquets, smiling at the crowd as we make our way to our future husbands. Jason and Tucker, in matching dark blue designer suits, stand at the altar, on either side of the officiant. They look strikingly handsome and very male, and seeing Jason turns my insides to jelly, as always. His piercingly blue eyes brim with tears as he sees me approaching, and it's clear he can't believe how beautiful I look. For once in my life, I feel like a true princess. A queen.

Janine and I arrive at the altar and take our places beside our men. Jason's hand twitches, and I know he longs to touch me, hold me, and love me. But we'll have the rest of our lives together to do that.

As the four of us stand facing the officiant, I'm conscious that behind us, is the rest of the world, on which we have turned our backs. Because age gap or not, twin taboo or not, we've turned towards the rest of our lives together, and nothing else matters anymore, nor will it ever again. After all, I have my husband, my baby, and a bright future in front of us, and that's all a simple girl could need.

THE END

BUT WAIT, IT'S NOT OVER YET!

Emily, Jason, Tucker, and Janine are still up to no good! They meet up with two more sets of sexy twins, and are soon

enjoying themselves to the eighth power. Pick up your extended epilogue [here](#) (digital download). *Warning: MFMFMFMF romance ahead!*

WHAT ABOUT RICH CUTLER?

Rich is Jason's friend who always has two (*or three or more*) women on his arm. But what happens when he goes to jail and then breaks free, before stumbling upon the girl of his dreams in a log cabin? Soon, he's taken her prisoner, but not before she falls in love with her handsome captor. Stay tuned for Rich's story, coming soon.

GET THE PREVIOUS BOOK IN THIS SERIES: OBSESSED WITH THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

Vanessa's going to save her stepdad's business ... but for a filthy price. Because if Gray wants her assistance, then he's going to have to show how much he loves the naughty brat, on camera to boot! Pick up your copy of *Obsessed With the Man of the House* [here](#).

3 TIMES THE HEAT

Tamara's a bad girl who likes to ride men out in the open. Okay, so it's not *totally* out in the open. She only plays like that in the high rollers room at the Corinthian Hotel, but what happens when the men lock the door and decide to use her curves in a filthy gangbang? They've been teased long enough, and now, there's no way for the curvy girl to escape. Pick up Tamara's Story in *3 Times the Heat*, available [here](#).

HE'S MY FIANCE'S DAD

I fell hard for my fiancé's gorgeous father. Taboo? Absolutely. But our chemistry is off the charts in *My Fiancé's Dad*, available [here](#).

TWO EX-STEPFATHERS WHO ADORE ME

Even worse, I decided to fall in love with both of my mom's ex-husbands. It's filthy, but I still like calling them "Daddy."

About My Daddies is available [here](#).

MAID SERVICE, ANYONE?

I'm a maid for the billionaire, so he saw me scrubbing the floor on my hands and knees in a skimpy maid's outfit that covered little to nothing. Evidently, Mr. Connery liked what he saw because now he wants me to come over again, but this isn't about cleaning the house. Instead, he's making me take it hard in my backdoor ... and I love every second of his deep an*1 penetration. *Trailer Park Daddy* is available [here](#).

FILTHY TWIN CARPENTERS

Alyssa goes to a party with her boyfriend Liam and they start making love in a random bedroom. All cool, right? But what happens when she looks up and sees Liam's friend Bart WATCHING them? Even crazier, her boyfriend's good with it and even invites Bart to join in the steamy double pound. *Filthy Twin Carpenters* is taboo MFM romance at its best!

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RAW AND READY

Hunter Lindstrom is a hot alpha male who falls for his daughter's curvy, sassy best friend. The catch? Dani's an escort who loves the wild life, and she's got a trick or two up her sleeve. Soon, she's got Hunter moaning and grunting, his hands tunneled in her hair as she shows him why working girls are worth every cent of their fee. Pick up *Raw and Ready* [here](#).

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SNEAK PEEK: 2 CHERRIES FOR MY DAD'S BEST FRIEND

In this excerpt, Leah sees her dad's best friend's TWO big tools.

“Yes, Uncle Killian,” I breathe. “I want it. Pop my cherries, and make me a woman.”

He lets out a feral snarl, and then suddenly, the huge man is on me. His head swoops down to claim my lips and I'm lifted into his strong arms.

“Don't worry about that, baby,” he rasps harshly. “Because you're getting it tonight.”

I don't reply because this is what I've wanted for a while now. Maybe I didn't have a conscious awareness of Killian as a virile alpha male before, but I certainly do now. I can smell his masculine scent, spicy and musky all at once, and my body responds reflexively. I go limp and soft against his hard frame, wetness pooling between my thighs as my hard nipples graze his chest.

“Yes,” I murmur, kissing him hungrily. “This is what I want. This is what I need.”

Then, before I realize it, I'm nude in his arms on the sofa. Of course, I shouldn't be surprised because what an alpha male wants is what he gets. But Killian works quickly, and I look down with dazed confusion at my clothes lying discarded on the floor. Is this really happening? I'm just about to say something when my eyes alight on his members, and suddenly all thought leaves my mind.

“Oh!” I gasp. “Wha... wha... *what?*”

Killian grins, those blue eyes flaring as his big hand grasps the shaft on the bottom, squeezing gently.

“Cat got your tongue, baby? Or are you just shocked to see my anatomy again?”

I swallow thickly, unable to tear my eyes from his double dick because it’s even better than I remember. He’s gripping his lower shaft in one big fist, and the ten inch member pulses angrily, the tip already glistening with seed. Meanwhile, his upper member strains towards me, the glans slick and shiny even as a pearl forms at the tip. My pussy moistens in answer and I mewl with need. Heck, it more than moistens. My cunt gushes with arousal and Killian groans when he sees the slick of nectar on my thighs.

“Fuck baby, you’re beautiful,” he rasps in a hoarse voice, those blue eyes going from my big breasts, over my narrow waist and to my glistening slit, before roaming back upwards. “*You’re better than my wildest dreams.*”

To be continued ...

Curious how 2 big tools work? Then pick up 2 Cherries for My Dad’s Best Friend [here](#). Available in Kindle Unlimited!

SNEAK PEEK: LOVING THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

In this excerpt, Harris witnesses his stepdaughter being naughty.

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.

"Ooomph!" 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.*

To be continued ...

Loving the Man of the House 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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