

A pregnant woman with long dark hair, wearing a black leather motorcycle jacket and a black bikini, is the central figure. She is looking down and to the left, with her right hand on her head and her left hand resting on her belly. The background is dark and moody, featuring a motorcycle helmet with a visor on the right side. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, blacks, and reds.

THE CLUB PRINCESS

B.SOBJAKKEN

The Club Princess

B.Sobjakken

Copyright © [2023] by [Brooke Sobjakken]

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, email author@bsobjakken.com

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Cover Design by [@aflowersreads](#)

All images used have required licenses.

Contents

Author's Note

Dedication

Mikayla

Gage

Mikayla

Mikayla

Shaw

Gage

Mikayla

Shaw

Gage

Mikayla

Mikayla

Shaw

Gage

Shaw

Epilogue

Acknowledgements

About the Author

Also By

Author's Note

Hello my lovely friends,

There are a few things to know:

1. If you do **not** like pregnancy in your books, this is not the book for you. The pregnancy is the plot. And porn. Always porn over plot. HEHE
2. While the men are **not** blood-related to her, they raised her and often refer to each other by their familial titles (daddy, brother, sister). The official term is pseudoincest. If that makes you uncomfortable, turn around now.

Okay, now that that's out of the way. Let's get into the fun stuff.

This content includes, but is not limited to:

- pseudoincest(SMALL REMINDER IN CASE YOU SKIPPED IT THE FIRST TIME)
- age gap

- breeding
- lactation
- exhibitionism
- pregnancy/preggophilia
- somnophilia
- degradation
- double-penetration
- blood/gore/mention of murder.

If you find any typos, please do not hesitate to contact me directly via email or Instagram. Please, I beg you of this. Reporting directly to the Zon endangers my author account.

Thank you, and enjoy the show ;)

*Because I didn't know if I wanted her to be with stepdaddy or
stepbro... and then I was like "why not both"*



Mikayla

Settling further onto his lap, I lick off the salt I just sprinkled on his neck. I swallow the shot of tequila as Sean tilts his head back, his fingers digging into my hips. He thrusts up into me, his hard dick pressing against my pussy. It isn't anything impressive from what I can feel between our swimsuits. I just have to hold onto the hope he knows how to use whatever he's working with.

I shake my head and withhold the grimace as the bitter alcohol slides down my throat. I don't understand why anyone enjoys drinking; it all tastes horrible. But it's my 18th birthday, and I need to forget that the two most important people in my life left me alone...*per usual*.

"Another one, bitch?" my best friend Tali asks, holding up the bottle of Patrón.

Sean grabs it from her, takes the shot glass from my hand, and sits both on the hot tub's side.

"Lean back," he instructs, pouring salt between my breasts.

Smirking, I do what he asks as his hot tongue licks the wet skin, and he downs his own drink. He smacks his tongue with a grimace and hands Tali back the bottle. “God, it’s nasty.”

“But I made it taste better, right?” I ask, fluttering my lashes.

He smiles, his heated eyes flashing. “Of course, babe.”

Tali laughs, splashing some water toward us. “Don’t go getting any romantic notions. This one doesn’t get tied down.”

I flip her off and wrap my arms around Sean’s neck. “Shove off, bitch. He knows the score.”

Sean squeezes my waist, pulling me further into him. “You still joining your father’s club?”

I shrug, glancing away from him. People littered my backyard for the unplanned party Tali had thrown together at the last minute. I was impressed so many showed up, but I knew most were looking for an ‘in’ with my dad or brother. “I doubt they’ll let me.”

“Well, honestly, if it was my sister. I wouldn’t want to watch her fucked seven ways to Sunday, either.”

Tali snorts, drinking straight from the glass container again. Her movements are starting to get a bit more sluggish.

I frown, wondering why she’s drinking so heavily. I turn back to Sean and roll my eyes. “It’s not like that. People aren’t just fucking wherever and whenever they want. Most of the men have jobs during the day, ya know? It’s mostly just knowing you’ll have a warm body next to you when you come home.”

“Yeah, but most of the men work for your dad, right? So it’s not like *really* a job.” He laughs, and I untangle myself from him.

“It is. My father owns multiple businesses. The rumor mill may run wild, but this isn’t some TV drama. He’s not a criminal. The club just gives the men a sense of brotherhood, *a belonging.*”

Sean reaches to pull me back, and I scoot away, no longer interested in hooking up with someone who thinks so poorly of my family.

“Come on, babe. I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“I—”

The music cuts off, and a murmured silence sweeps throughout the yard. My head swivels, and a shiver of excitement runs through me when I see the thunderous scowl of my brother at the gate. It was childish, but I only got his or my father’s attention when I was doing something I shouldn’t. My mother fucked off when I was little, and neither was prepared to handle a little girl so young.

“You fuckers have one minute to get the fuck out of my house.” My brother snarls, his gaze locking on me and then sliding to Sean with an even more murderous glare.

“Oh shit!” Tali squeals with a giggle. She struggles to stand, leaning heavily on the pool wall.

I nod at Sean. “Grab her and take her home, will you?”

He pauses, looking between us with uncertainty.

Smiling, I fold my arms across my chest. “You don’t want to be near me when my brother catches up.”

Sean’s eyes track something behind me, and he scrambles to get out of the water, pulling Tali up. He waves bye as he walks the long way around the pool and toward the back gate. I face my brother, who is storming towards me, pushing any bystanders out of the way.

“What are you doing, Mik?”

I climb out of the hot tub, fixing the straps of my white bikini as I move to stand before him with a raised brow. “Enjoying myself. Is that a crime?”

“Dad doesn’t like randoms in the house. You know that.” His eyes burn a path down my body. Gage swallows visibly and fixes his attention back on my face.

“And?” I say dryly.

His gaze sharpens, watching me for a moment. “What’s got your panties in a twist?”

My throat burns as I try to hold back the tears stinging my eyes. We stare at each other before I step back, wanting to get away from him. I can see a few of his crew loitering around near the house.

“Do you really not know what today is?” I can’t keep the hurt out of my voice.

His brows scrunch in confusion, and he pulls out his phone, checking the date. I watch his face collapse in horror, and he turns back to me. “Mik—”

I laugh, throwing up a hand. “Fuck you both. So what if Dad cares that I threw a party? Tell him I don’t give a fuck, and he can shove it up his ass.”

I move around him to make a dramatic exit, but Gage grabs me around the elbow, spinning me back toward him. I don’t waste the opportunity and punch him in the face.

“Fuck!” I cry out, shaking out my aching hand as Gage rubs at his jaw. He grabs my wrist, checking my already bruising knuckles with a scowl.

“Why would you do that?” He asks.

I shrug, hissing with pain as he presses down. “Because you deserved it.”

A few men behind us snicker and Gage glares them into silence. He rubs at my hand for a few more seconds before pulling me into his chest, wrapping his arms around me.

“I’m sorry,” he whispers into my hair. His smell of leather, oil, and crisp pine is overwhelming but settles something inside me. It reminds me of home.

Sighing, I hug him back. “I don’t forgive you.”

His body shakes as he chuckles, squeezing me tighter. His hands rest on the small of my back as he drags one up to cup the back of my neck. Tilting my head back, he looks down at me as his green eyes sparkle with mischief.

“How can I make it up to you, princess?”

My insides twist with the endearment. I've been called it my entire life; it was a thing of honor among the men. But it turned nasty and condescending outside the club. It felt like something else entirely when it fell from my brother's lips.

"Nothing, it's too late. The day is over." I push at his chest and step away. "I bet Dad won't even remember without you telling him."

Gage grimaces. "The club—"

I snort. "Yeah, I know, okay? The club always comes first. I get it. But... I just wanted one day."

His body slumps, and I know I'm hurting him, but I bet it's only a fraction of what I feel. "You could have reminded us."

"Right...Because that's not pathetically desperate."

Gage groans. "Mikayla. We love you, but we're busy. We would never intentionally forget about your birthday."

Rolling my eyes, I grab a towel and wrap it around myself. "Duh. That's how forgetting works, dumbass."

I don't wait for a response, and I turn and walk back to the house, ignoring the club members watching me.

"Princess!" Dodge calls, setting down the beer he grabbed from who knows where. I look at him and give him a small smile. He's one of my favorites and also one of my brother's best friends.

"Dodge." I smile. He steps closer, pulling something out of his back pocket and handing the white envelope to me.

“Ain’t much, but my lady’s always goin’ on about ‘em. Happy birthday, kid.”

My chin quivers as tears gather, blurring my vision. Clearing my throat, I hold it close to my chest. “Thanks, Dodge.”

He frowns, looking over my face. “It ain’t anythin’ special. No need for the waterworks.”

I can feel the heat of Gage pressing into my back. “So far, it’s my only present today. It’s special to me.”

Dodge glances over my shoulder warily. He nods, grabbing his beer and stepping away. We both know his old lady remembered my birthday and got me a present. Either way, it was nice to be thought of.

Gage growls low, moving to grab it from my hands, but I scurry away from him as he follows.

“What is that? What did he get you?”

Walking into the kitchen, I throw the towel on the counter and turn to face him. “I didn’t exactly have time to open it!”

“Then hand it over.” Gage steps closer, his eyes clouding with fury and something unmistakably darker.

I hold the envelope closer. “No, it’s mine.” I sound like a child, but it is mine. And I want it, no matter how small it is. Somebody thought about me on my birthday, and I want to savor it.

“Mik, I swear. Something serious is going down. It’s why we dropped the ball. I’m sorry.” Gage runs a hand through his

dark hair, pushing it off his forehead. I love it when he keeps it longer.

I frown. “What happened?”

He stares at me, his lips thinning. I wait momentarily before huffing out a humorless laugh and shaking my head. “Of course. You won’t even share why. You and *President Shaw* can go fuck yourselves.”

“You know—”

I take off to my bedroom, not wanting to hear his excuses anymore. I hear the scruffing of his boots against the tile as he hurries to follow me.

“Mikayla!” He growls. The low tone has a sliver of fear coursing through me.

I sneak a glance as I run up the stairs, gripping the railing to propel me forward. When I see he’s practically on my ass, I screech and miss the last steps, tumbling to the hallway floor leading to the bedrooms.

His hands grip my waist, flipping me over and onto my back as he crashes his body over me. Snatching the envelope from my hand, he tosses it over his shoulder and gathers my wrists, slamming them on the floor.

“Why are you acting like this?!” Gage grits through his teeth. His nostrils are flared, his eyes dilated with the adrenaline of the chase.

I try to buck him off, but he just uses the movement to press his knee between my legs. He moves his body further between

them, settling his hips and pushing my thighs open.

“Get off! I just want to be left alone like I always am.” I hiss.

His face softens. “I said sorry, Mik.”

“Okay? And I don’t forgive you. I don’t have to just because you apologized.”

Gage squeezes my wrists, his anger coming back. “Fine. Then what the fuck was tonight? You just throwing a party? Inviting strangers into our home.”

I snort. “*Our* home, sure. What does it matter who I invite?”

“And that fucking loser who had his eyes all over you. What was your plan for that? Just gonna give your virginity away to scum like him?”

It takes a moment for his words to process, and I can’t stop the grin that stretches across my face. “Who says I’m still a virgin?”

Gage flinches, his gaze roaming over my face, looking for a lie. “What the fuck...”

I arch an eyebrow. “Was I supposed to save it for something? Someone? Use me as a bargaining chip to forge an alliance with another club?” I’m taunting him now. They would never do that to me, nor would they need to. The closest club was almost another state over; we mostly only got nomads rolling through.

He lets go, rolling off and sitting next to me. I slowly get up, resting my head on my raised knees.

“We would never do that, Mik.” His voice is low, and I close my eyes to avoid the hurt I’m sure is shining in his.

“I know.”

He sighs, moving closer, and his arm wraps around my shoulder. “How can we make this up to you?”

My stomach is restless as I take a deep breath to ask for what I want. I look at him, biting my lip. “I want to join the club.”

His eyebrows furrow. “We don’t have—”

“As a club whore.”

“Fuck no!” Gage furiously snaps out, his eyes narrowing to slits.

Pushing him away from me, I stand up. “Then fuck off. I’m joining the club, or I’m leaving and never coming back.”

He stands, stepping into my space ‘til he backs me into a wall. I swallow down my unease at the look on his face.

“Do not threaten me, Mikayla.”

His palm covers my mouth before I can reply. His hard body presses into mine as he leans into my ear. “I’m going to give you the night to cool the fuck down, but you’re not leaving, and you’ll become a club whore over my dead fucking body.”

I glare at him as his hand squeezes my cheeks in warning before letting go.

“Don’t even think about trying to sneak out or sneak others in. I’ll have brothers watching. I’ll see you in the morning.”

His gaze drags down my barely covered body again, the white bikini glowing against my tan skin, before stomping down the stairs.



I slam through the door, not bothering to glance at the curious gazes of the men spread throughout the clubhouse. Climbing the stairs to the second floor, I don't knock as I open my father's office.

He looks up from the paperwork sprawled on the desk with a frown, setting his glasses on the scattered mess. "Boy, who do you think you are opening my door like that?"

Dropping on the couch, I rub my hands down my face with a long groan. Dealing with Mikayla is more draining than a full-day ride. "She's fucking crazy."

He chuckles as I glance up at him. Crossing his arms, he leans back onto the chair. "Mik has always been a handful."

I grimace. "We forgot her birthday."

His boots drop back onto the floor as he checks his phone. "Fuck!"

"Yeah, she wasn't happy." I nod, dragging my tongue along the back of my teeth, not wanting to admit the other part.

My father runs a hand through his peppered hair with a sigh. “She’s going to punish us for weeks. Fuck, I don’t have time to cater to her tantrum.”

My knee bounces, and I stare at him till he looks back at me.

“What?”

“She proposed something.”

He scowls. “What do you mean she proposed something?”

Swallowing down a grimace, I look at the floor. “She wants to join.... as a clubwhore.”

“Absolutely not!” he roars, slamming a fist on the desk. I glance at the fury spanned across his face; my father was gone, and President Shaw was in his place.

I hold up my hands. “I told her the same, but she threatened to leave town since she’s eighteen.”

He growls, rubbing at his beard. “And where the fuck’s she gonna go? With what money?”

“I didn’t entertain the idea,” I say with a shrug. “But we know her, she’s serious.”

“Mikayla isn’t going to become a fucking whore. Nothing wrong with our ladies, but Mikayla isn’t in a situation where this is a better life than the streets.”

Nodding, I lean back on the cushions, resting my foot on my knee. “Dad, I know. I’m just saying she doesn’t make idle threats.”

A chuckle falls from his lips, and President Shaw fades away as the softness of my father's features returns. "What are we going to do?"

I think about the feel of her against my body, and my cock twitches. When Mikayla was sixteen, I was quickly reminded that she wasn't my blood sister and she had grown up to be a fucking wet dream. On her birthday, she had drunkenly climbed into my lap and kissed me, saying she had the biggest crush on me. I had never gotten harder than when I could feel her soft curves after she had fallen into me. The look on her face when I pushed her away and told her I didn't feel the same still haunts me. We've tried to avoid each other ever since.

My father is no better either, too caught up with the club's businesses to realize weeks have passed since the last time he checked on Mikayla. I know she deserved better than the two of us, but we were all that was left when her crack-addict mother skipped town and left a five-year-old unattended.

"What if... we pretend to vote her in?"

My father frowns. "How would we pretend that? She's aware of the process. She has to be tried by members of the council and approved."

I lick my lips, my heart pounding as I watch his face. "We're two members of the council."

He blinks before his eyes harden, and his skin flushes red. "What the fuck are you suggesting exactly?"

“I’ll fuck her, and you watch. That’s two. I’ll claim her as my old lady.” I stammer out quickly as he stands, stalking towards me. I’m barely on my feet when his hand wraps around my throat, and my back slams into the wall.

“She’s your fucking sister.”

I cough, swinging at his side to let me go. Shaw grunts when my knuckles collide but doesn’t release his hold. “Not.. my real..sister.” I sputter out.

He drops me, pushing my chest so I fall back into the wall again. “We’ve raised her since she was a little girl. This isn’t happening. No!”

I laugh humorlessly. “Be fucking real. We’ve barely spent time with her over the years. I know you saw the photo on Jack’s phone from her sweet sixteen. I beat his ass for having it. She’s not a little girl, and you barely even acknowledge her as your daughter.”

“The club would never accept it.” he tries again.

Smirking, I rub at my neck. “You’re the fucking president and a fucking good one at that.”

“Because they believe in me. They trust me, and I earn their loyalty. This could tarnish more than our reputation, son.”

The noises of the men downstairs float through the closed door as we sit in silence. It shouldn’t matter who I want to claim as my old lady. Mikayla and I weren’t related, and we’ve barely been the happy-go-lucky family.

I walk over to his desk, and he follows me back to his chair.
“Find anything?”

“Yeah, we’re getting closer to narrowing it down.”

“How much has the fucker stolen?” I ask, clenching my teeth at the betrayal coursing through me. It hurts differently when someone you thought you could trust with your life might be the first to stab you in the back.

“Almost a half million over the past two years. He’s clever, I’ll give him that.” My father sighs, moving the paperwork into neat piles. The dark circles under his eyes make his features gaunt, showing his age and exhaustion more.

We were getting ready to start changing some of the businesses into my name when we saw the discrepancies in the book. He didn’t plan to step down as president any time soon, but it was better to be prepared beforehand than scrambling after the fact.

After everything my father has done for this club, the fact one of the brothers was willing to steal from him makes me angry enough to kill someone. And I know no matter how angry I was, the hurt in my father was twice that.

“Have you thought about bringing the others in this?” I ask.

He grunts. “How am I supposed to trust any of them?”

“Razer, Dodge, and Bear. They’ve been with us for our entire lives, and we would all kill for each other. I trust them.”

My father’s jaw tics. “I thought I could trust all of them.”

“I don’t think it’s any of the council. They helped you found this club, they wouldn’t betray us. But a brother we brought on from a word of another. He wouldn’t put you on a pedestal like we all do.”

He shakes his head, raising his eyebrow. “No one puts me on a pedestal, boy.”

Shrugging, I sit on the edge of his desk. “A lot of those men were headed for a long road of drugs after you guys got out of the service. Their gratitude is obvious every day. Dodge and I used to share the same crib when you and Bear didn’t have much money, and our moms fucked off.”

His shoulders slump, and he rubs a tired hand down his face. “I’ve been thinking of asking Razer. He’s better at this computer bullshit than me.”

“Then that’s what we’ll do.” I nod. “Now, back to Mikayla. If I claim her as an old lady, it will protect her if this goes south with whoever is betraying the club.”

My father sits up. “Does she even want to be your old lady? Does she even see you like that?”

“What if I can prove it to you? Would that help you bring it up to the council?” I lick my lips and arrange my hardening cock in my jeans.

He scowls. “Prove what?”

“That she doesn’t think of me as a brother. Like I said, we’re two members of the councils. She knows if she joined as a whore, any members can fuck her.”

“And I’m sure she excluded us from that list.” He glares at me.

I smirk. “How sure are you? Because I can bring her tonight, and if she says no, that’s the end. I think you’re scared of her *not* saying no.”

“You’re ready to put that to the test now? This can’t wait ‘til after we find the rat?”

I swallow, my stomach tightening. “We’re losing her. I can feel it.”

He slams his palm on the wood of his desk. “Fuck. You’ll do it either way. Bring her in then.”

Pulling my phone out, my hands shake as I send the text.

Me: Get dressed, princess. Your birthday wish has been granted.



Mikayla

Shaking out my nerves, I knock on the door of my father's office. The men downstairs were silent as I walked up the stairs, unfamiliar with the sight of me at the clubhouse so late. Some part of me wonders if they knew what is going to happen. I also wonder which members of the council they will choose. I know my father would never choose Bear because of how close they are and how close his son, Dodge, is to Gage.

My brother opens the door with a taunting smirk, waving me forward, and quietly shuts it behind me as I walk into the room. My father sits behind the desk with a grim expression. He clearly is not happy about my request, so I give him my back and face Gage.

“Strip.”

I tense, confused, and unsure if he's joking. “R-right now?”

Gage nods, his face stoic. “You know the rules. We're a part of the council, are we not?”

My heart skips a beat, excitement swirling in my belly. I'm sure they are trying to deter me, but they will be surprised to know this won't stop me. I've had fantasies about Gage since I was old enough to know what sex was. An odd thrill runs straight to my pussy when I think about my father in the way he plans to use me tonight if they follow through, and this isn't some cruel prank.

I grip the hem of my white sundress near my thighs, pulling it over my head and dropping it on the floor. It leaves me in my pale blue lacy bra and panties. Gage's eyes roam over my body, and his chest starts rising and falling faster.

"Everything." His voice is hoarse. Reaching back, I unclip my bra, slide the straps off my shoulders, and let it fall to the ground. Hooking my fingers into my waistband, I shimmy out of my panties, bending slightly to push them down. There's a small, sharp inhale behind me, reminding my father is still watching.

Standing up straight, I stare at Gage, who watches me back. His throat bobs as he swallows.

"Show me."

The deep voice from behind has my nipples hardened further, heat gathering in my tummy.

Gage strolls forward till he's right in front of me. His fingers brush the underside of my breasts, and goosebumps pebble along the skin. His hand skins down my waist till he grips it and turns me to face our father. He pushes me to walk until we're standing at his desk.

My father's eyes are locked on the rosy pink tips of my breasts. His tongue peeks out to rub along his bottom lip. He glances behind me at Gage and nods. "Continue."

A rough hand wraps the nape of my neck, pushing me down, and I catch myself with my palms flat on the desk. A foot kicks my legs apart, and there's more pressure to arch my back as my hips are pulled away from the desk.

Fingertips graze my pussy, teasing along my folds. It clenches at the emptiness.

"How does it look?" My father asks. I glance up at him. His hand is rubbing against the large bulge in his pants, his gaze locking into mine.

"Pretty *princess* pink," Gage answers.

"And how does it taste?"

There's a rustle of movement before a hot tongue licks at my entrance and down my center to my clit. I gasp, my eyes widening.

"Like the nectar of gods," Gage mumbles against my pussy.

My father hums, unzipping his jeans and pulling his hard cock out, stroking it. I can only see half of it, but I inhale at the size. No wonder the women at the club are always begging to fuck him. It's thick, long, and the large red crown has a ridge around it you know you would feel drag along your walls.

Gage sucks at my clit, and my body jerks with a yelp, not used to the sensation.

“How does it feel?” My father asks.

Gage’s tongue pulls away, and I try to relax for the press of his fingers when I hear another zipper being undone. My stomach drops, and my hands curl into fists.

Hot, hard flesh rubs along my wet center. I desperately want to touch it, feel it. Gage seems to have inherited his size from his father. My legs tremble with anticipation of my brother fucking me.

“I don’t know if her little pussy can handle it. I might just wreck her cunt,” Gage taunts.

My father grips his cock tighter, stroking around his head, and nods. “That’s what she wanted, right?”

“Right,” He answers before pushing into me with a harsh thrust. My mouth falls open in a silent scream as my walls ache and flutter to stretch to his size.

Fingers dig into my hips, squeezing hard.

“Oh *fuck*. She’s so fucking tight,” Gage groans. He rocks gently, pulling a few inches out and pushing back in repeatedly. I pant, moaning when I feel the press of his pelvis against my ass cheeks. He’s inside me; my brother’s cock is buried in my pussy. It is big, hot, and throbbing as we stay locked like that for a few seconds.

“You feel so good. Fuck your little sister’s pussy,” I beg.

“Jesus,” Gage grunts, his dick twitching. He pulls out and slams back in. The movements cause me to lose my hold, and

we fall. The desk digs into my hips. Gage doesn't miss a stroke as he pounds into me.

“Look at me, baby girl,” my father coaxes, and I lift my head. He's standing before me. His hard cock is jutting out, his hand still wrapped around it. “Open your mouth and suck your daddy's cock.”

My pushy clenches, and Gage groans.

“Fuck she liked that.”

“Let her catch her breath,” my father demands, and Gage pauses his thrusting, keeping himself notched as far as he can inside me.

My father steps forward, thighs pressing against the desk. The smooth skin of his head brushes against my lips, and I lick at it. Opening my mouth further, I suckle the tip of his dick, and he guides it in. One of his hands rests on my cheek, fingers curling under my jaw and in my hair as I suck on his cock.

Gage lifts me, pushing my upper body onto the desk and angling my ass up. It slides our father's cock further into my mouth, and I groan at the pressure on my jaw. I'm not, like, a master of blowjobs, but my father's dick is so beautiful...it isn't hard to love it.

His other hand lets go of his shaft, pushing my hair off my shoulder and neck, wrapping it up in a twisted ponytail.

“Our little princess wants to be our whore. Let's make sure she knows what that entails.” My father growls, staring down

at me as I blink up at him.

Gage pulls out and slams back into me while my father thrusts almost his entire cock down my throat. His hands tighten around my head and are unrelenting as I try to pull back when I gag. My eyes water as Gage sets a punishing pace behind me. My pussy is already aching from the abuse. I can't breathe as my father holds me in place for a few more seconds before pulling out my mouth as I cough and splutter.

“You think you can handle our cocks, little girl?”

I nod, letting the tears stream down my face. “I'll learn to. Please, Daddy.”

“Fuck.” Gage groans, picking up the pace as his cock swells. “Are you on birth control, Mikayla?”

“No,” I croak. His fingers tighten, and he thrusts harder and deeper into me.

“Do it,” my father says. “Come inside her pussy. Make her ours.” He lets go of me and steps back.

I gasp, and Gage lets out a deep moan as the tip of his cock presses against my cervix and floods my pussy with heat. I clench as I feel the unfamiliar sensation of my walls being drenched with cum.

“Oh god,” I cry out as Gage throbs with each pulse of his cock spraying his seed inside me.

My forehead drops to rest against the wood as we catch our breath. I didn't come, but it was still hot, and I couldn't wait to

feel it again. Gage pulls out, his fingers replacing his cock as he pushes his cum back inside me.

“Come ride your daddy’s cock, princess.” My father calls, and I turn to see him sitting on the couch, pants pushed to his ankles.

Gage helps me up and walks me over to the couch. I straddle my father’s lap, my leaking pussy resting against the hard cock on his thigh. My father wraps a hand around my throat, tilting my head to face him.

“You enjoy your brother’s cock?”

I lick my lips and nod.

“Yeah? And now, are you going to be a good girl and come all over your daddy’s lap?” He asks, his heated eyes roaming all over my body.

I nod again and reach between us. I put the head of his cock at my entrance, settling down on the tip. His other hand pinches at my nipple, twisting it. I gasp and sink further down. He lets go of my throat to cup my other breast, leaning forward to pull the taut bud into his mouth. My fingers curl into his salt-and-pepper hair as I continue to push down onto the monster that is his cock. It stretches me so full that I swear it will burst through my belly. Even with the extra lubricant of Gage’s cum, he’s pushing my limits.

“That’s it,” he coos around the mouthful of my breast. “Nice and slow.”

“I don’t know if it will fit,” I say pitifully, glancing at Gage, who is watching us with curious eyes.

My father’s hands glide to my hips, fingers flexing as he thrusts gently. “It will, baby. You’re taking it so well already.”

The ache between my legs burns. I stop and shake my head. “I can’t, Daddy.”

He pulls my face to him, kissing me softly. His tongue coaxes its way in and devours my mouth. His thumb drags down to my clit, circling it. When my pussy clenches around his cock, it’s borderline painful. There’s no room for the squeeze. I’m already stretched full.

My father pulls away, and his hands slide to my waist to push me back. When I start to lean, he grabs my thigh, lifting it over his lap and turning me around. I grasp onto his knees, facing away from him now. He had barely even moved out of me.

“Get your sister ready to take all of me.” He commands, and Gage walks over with a smirk, dropping to his knees in front of me.

“Gage?”

“Shh. Relax, princess. We got you,” He says.

My father’s hands grip my chest, fingers squeezing at my breasts, and he pulls me ‘til my back is flush with his front.

Gage rubs at my clit, my pussy clenching on the top of the cock still buried inside. “Just got to get her a little wetter, hmm?”

He leans forward, sucking the swollen bundles of nerves. I jerk forward, but my father clamps down on my hips to hold me in place.

“No, no. Too much,” I cry out, my orgasm searing through me quickly and lingering at its peak.

Gage chuckles, swirling his tongue right above where his father is slowly starting to slide further into me. “There we go, baby girl. Stretch around that cock.”

“Oh god.” I lean back, and my father’s fingers drift up to pinch and twist at my nipples. I gush at the attention from all fronts, his hard length pushing in more.

My pussy is being stretched to a painful limit, and I rock my hips towards Gage’s face. When I finally feel my ass cheeks meeting my father’s pelvis, I let out a shaky sigh. “Is that all?”

Gage nods. “Yeah, princess. You did so good taking all of him. Look at how red and swollen you are from taking this monster.”

Our father grunts behind me. His hands guide my hips to lift halfway before he pulls me back down. I gasp at the motion of his cock dragging along my walls.

“Tell him,” Gage encourages.

I frown. “Tell him what?”

“Tell him you want him to lay you out and pound into your tight little pussy until he fills it with his cum.”

I flutter around my father's cock at the imaginary Gage painted.

"Please," I whimper.

My brother smirks, looking behind me. "Please what, Princess? Use your words."

I'm pushed forward, my arms wrapping around Gage's neck as my father's hands slide under my knees. He lifts me up before dropping me back on his cock as he thrusts up.

"*Ahhhhh*," I scream. The pleasurable pain from the stretch of his girth has my vision spotting.

Gage swipes the hair off my forehead, pressing soft kisses along my face. "You have to be quieter, princess."

I whimper as my father continues to pummel my pussy, my nails clawing into Gage's neck. "*Oh god. Oh my god.*"

"Fuck, she's strangling my cock," my father groans.

Gage laughs. "It's been a minute since you've broken in such young cunt, hasn't it?"

I feel him twitching inside me, and I gasp, dropping my head onto my brother's shoulder. His hands drift between us, rubbing at my clit.

My head snaps back to stare at him. "No, no." It's too much, I can't possibly come again.

My father grunts as I clamp down on the cock, trying to move in and out of me. "Make her come. You want my cum, baby? Milk it from me."

I try to shake my head, but Gage devours my mouth with his, pushing his tongue in. His fingers play at my clit, making my body tremble as it starts to tighten from my impending orgasm. My father picks up his pace, his thrusts deep.

I feel him start to swell inside me, his hands tightening on my legs in bruising strength as I feel the first pulse of his cum spilling. Gage bites at my bottom lip, pinching me with his fingers in the sensitive bundle of nerves, and I jerk. The waves of pleasure crash through me as I come again, my father cursing behind me as he pushes his cum deeper with slow strokes.

Gage pulls away, leaving me panting with loud heaves. His gaze drops to where my father's cock slips out of me, leaving my sore pussy empty and aching.

“Look at you. So full of cum you're painting the floor with it.” Gage whispers tenderly. He kisses me again before grabbing me under my arms and pulling me into his chest. My father lets go, and I cling to Gage.

Looking behind me, I see him tuck his cock back into his pants as he walks to the desk and grabs some towels. My father pauses when he notices me watching, and I can see the swallow of his throat.

“You okay?”

I nod, nuzzling my face into Gage's neck.

My father sighs and kneels down to our level. “Happy Birthday, Mikayla.”

Smiling, I close my eyes as Gage holds onto me, falling asleep in the comfort of his arms.



Mikayla

It's been a few days since my brother and father fucked me in the clubhouse. I had woken up alone in my bedroom at the family house with care baskets of soaking salts and instructions to take care of myself. Other than that, I hadn't seen either of them, and I was getting more upset with each passing day since they had gone as far as taking my cell phone and any other devices.

So I was surprised when I was awoken by the sensation of something hot and wet on my breasts. Blinking, I look down at Gage suckling on my nipple on his side and his hand resting on my stomach.

“What are you doing?” I whisper, voice groggy.

His tongue flicks at the taunt bud before he kisses the skin and looks up at me. “Do you think we did it?” he says, his hand flexing.

“What? Knocked me up?”

He nods, his fingers drifting and slipping between my legs. I had only an oversized T-shirt on with no underwear. He seems to have pushed the shirt up to my collarbone, leaving me bare to the room.

“It’s too soon to tell.”

“I know.” he smiles, his eyes glittering with heat. “I guess we’ll just have to keep trying.”

His finger pushes into me, and my hips arch into his hand. His mouth is back on my nipple, and I cry out when he bites it.

I grab onto his wrist. “Wait.”

He pauses, looking up at me as I scowl and try to push his hand away. “You guys left me for days. You can’t just sneak into my room out of nowhere and think I’ll open my legs.”

His lips pop off my breasts, and he grins, sitting up. His hands grip my thighs, ripping them apart, and he climbs between them. He lets go, resting his palms on either side of my head as he leans over me.

“You wanted to be our whore, did you not?”

I stay silent, and he laughs. He shifts so he’s leaning on one arm, undoing his jeans with the other, and pushing them off. He settles between my legs, dropping all his weight onto me. I huff out as I lose my breath but wrap my arms around his neck. His hard cock brushes against me, sliding against my shamefully wet folds.

“That means you’re ours,” he whispers against my skin.

Gage kisses under my jaw, nipping at my chin. His hands slide down my back, cupping my ass and tilting my hips up as he rubs his dick against me. The tip of it bumps into my clit in uncoordinated strokes.

He lets go momentarily to arrange himself at my entrance before gripping my ass again as he pushes in.

“Ours to *fuck* whenever we want.”

I wrap my legs around his hips, my mouth falling out at the stretch as we stare at each other.

“Ours to *breed*.”

He thrusts forward, filling me almost entirely and grinding against my pelvis.

“Ours to *protect*.”

His voice turns gravelly, and an unreadable emotion swirls in his eyes. He pumps in and out of me a few times. He pushes as far in as he can, reaching the end of me as he pauses.

“Ours to *love*.”

I inhale sharply, and his mouth crashes to mine. It's frantic and passionate. My nails dig into his shoulders as he pounds into me. I cling so hard to him as if I'm trying to crawl into his skin. His breaths are ragged and fan across my neck when he pulls away, grunting with each stroke. His hands squeeze so tightly I know I will be peppered with bruises. But I think he feels the same... like we need more. We need to get so close that there's no beginning or end to the two of us as we fuck.

“Come inside me,” I whisper against his lips. Gage groans, picking up his pace.

“Say it again.”

“Come inside me.” I squeeze down on his cock as my orgasm titters on the edge. He curses, pumping a few more strokes before the heat of his cum floods me. Our erratic breaths fan across our faces as we stare at each other. His softened gaze makes my chest ache before he rolls off.

I move to my side and place my hand on his chest. “Why’d you guys disappear on me?”

Gage sighs, entangling our fingers together. “We had to figure out what to do.”

“With what?”

“You.”

I sit up quickly, frowning. “What do you mean with me? I told you I wanted to join the club.”

“And I told you it wasn’t happening,” Gage states, his face impassive.

Scrambling off the bed, I wrap the sheet around me, leaving him naked on the bed. He smirks as he starts to stroke his wet dick.

“That was the whole point of the other night.” I grit out between my clenched teeth.

He shrugs. “We lied.”

“You lied?”

Gage pushes off the mattress with a grunt, coming to stand before me as I scowl. “Calm down. Princess.”

My mouth drops open as rage starts to boil inside. “Do not fucking tell me to calm—”

“I want to claim you,” He smirks, tucking some tangled hair behind my ear.

His heated eyes drop to my lips, and he pushes a finger into my open mouth, smearing the taste of us on my tongue before he pulls it out and sticks it in his mouth.

The previous anger disappears, leaving me with warmth around my heart. I breathe out a small gasp. “Claim me?”

Gage nods. “You want to be a part of the club? Then you’re mine and *only* mine. You okay with that?”

I nod, unable to say anything and trying hard to contain my smile. My heart is actively trying to escape my chest with how hard it is pounding. I never thought Gage would want me like that.

Gage pulls me into his chest, his hands drifting to squeeze my ass. “You sure? You’ll be my old lady. There will never be anyone else for you?”

I rest my head on his shoulder. “Not even Dad?”

Gage goes rigid, his fingers digging into my ass. “Do you want him?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never really thought about him like that. It’s only ever been you, but the other night...”

“It was hot,” Gage agrees and then lets go, stepping back. He runs a tattooed hand across his jaw. “I would be okay with him, but no one else.”

My heart skips a beat. “Gage, I’m not saying—”

“No, I get it. We opened this door; it’s not right of me to close it.”

Swallowing down the emotion threatening to close my throat, I shake my head and then admit. “I want to be your old lady.”

He laughs. “Good because Dad is already telling the council, and we need to go in there and put on a show.”

“Wait, what?”

“Sorry, princess. The little private show between the family didn’t count,” He taunts, his lips curling on one side and a small dimple popping out near his chin. He doesn’t seem sorry at all. In fact, his eyes turn heated, and he grabs my shoulders, turning me toward the bathroom.

“Go shower, and then I need to show off my lady,” he says, tapping my ass gently.

I’m tempted to argue with him. Tell him that I don’t agree with it, but I would be lying. A hum of excitement runs under my skin at the thought of Gage publicly claiming me like that. So I take a shower, unable to stop smiling.



Staring at the men around the table, nerves slide down my spine. It's been a long time since I've felt nervous, but I know what is about to go down is going to have me losing a lot of respect among the men.

I clear my throat and stand. "We've been together a long time now."

The men holler, banging on the table at the nostalgia of the times we've been through. My chest aches, and I run a hand through my beard.

"And I've led this club to a lot of success. I hope you guys take into consideration what I'm about to confess."

"What the hell is goin' on, Prez?" Bear grumbles.

"Gage is proclaiming an old lady today—"

Another round of hollers goes out, and I hold up a hand as I grimace. "He's claiming Mikayla."

Silence falls throughout the room before Scruff smacks a hand on the wooden table. “Mik just barely turned eighteen, she—”

“Nothing happened before she was of age,” I confirm.

“So what, your boy just been counting down til midnight if that ain’t just as fucked up,” Bear sneers.

Anger pulses, and I take a deep breath. “No, it just happened. *Mutually*. They’ve both expressed that this is what they want and are consenting adults. He’s asking to make her an old fucking lady, and that tells you the extent of his feelings.”

Bear scoffs again, crossing his huge arms across his arms as he stares at me with contempt. I let my own fury show on my face, and I glanced at my men.

“That boy has a solid head on his shoulders, and you fucking know that. He’s been the driving force behind a lot of what makes this club run, and he doesn’t deserve this judgment.” I stab my finger into the table with each point.

“He’s gotta have our votes,” Scruff says, a few other men muttering in agreement.

I nod. “Yeah, he does. And what about the time you needed the money to pay off your mother’s rent? Who gave it to you so you didn’t have to approach the club for a loan?”

Grinning when a few men start to pale at what I’m implying, I turn to Bear. “Or when you needed the cash for your old lady’s second rehab attempt.”

He shifts in his seat, his face angled down.

“I can go on. I’m sure I can pull an example of each one of you fuckers. The point is my family bleeds for this club, and you fucking know this. Whatever makes Gage happy, he fucking deserves it.”

I slide into my seat as they’re silent, thinking over what I said.

Bear clears his throat. “How’s he want to do this? Show or celebration?”

“Show,” I smirk, sending Gage a text to bring Mikayla up.

Scruff sits up. “And his second?”

My impish grin deepens. “That’s up to Mikayla.”

I had no doubts in my mind she would be choosing me, and they would have to just accept it. Mostly because it’s been years since an old lady has chosen to be fucked into the club while the council watches. Instead, they’ve chosen a celebration where she flirts with alcohol poisoning.

Gage knocks once before walking in, dragging a smiling Mikayla behind him. He clears his throat, standing at the end of the table.

A small amount of appreciation runs through me at the blank faces the men hold. The previous judgment and apprehension are wiped clean from them.

Gage wraps his arm around Mikayla’s waist. “I’m not asking for your permission. She’s going to become mine regardless of what you say. But... it would mean a lot to me if you gave us your blessing. I know it might seem a bit odd given the

circumstances, but Mikayla has always meant more to me. She never really felt like my sister.”

“And you want this fuckwad, Mik?” Bear nods toward Gage.

She smiles, snuggling into his chest. “I do.”

Scruff snorts, then smacks his lips. “Alright, get the show on the road.”

Gage glares at him and turns Mikayla so her back is facing them. His hand cups her face. “You trust me?”

“Always,” she replies instantaneously.

He pushes her to lie down on the table. Her head resting close to where I’m standing. Gage’s hands drift up her dress, resting at her thigh before his gaze locks on Scruff. “Clothes are staying on. She’s mine.”

Scruff grunts, waving at him to continue. And I bite back my smile. It isn’t required for Mikayla to be naked, and I’m struggling with them seeing her myself. So, I’m proud of my son’s possessiveness.

Gage looks at me and then slides his hands up Mikayla’s dress, pulling her panties down. She fidgets on the table, the nerves obvious as she holds her arms to her chest.

I lean forward. “You okay, princess?”

She nods, gasping when Gage’s hand disappears under her dress again.

His arm pistons between her legs as her eyes roll shut. My cock grows hard at the sound of her wet pussy, leaking all over

my son's fingers.

He unbuckles his pants, having no shame in pulling out his cock and stroking it.

“You want me to fuck you? Claim you?”

Mikayla looks at him. “Yes.”

“Tell him what you want, princess.” I guide her, suppressing my smile at the reference to the night we've already shared.

“I want you to fuck me. Make me yours, Gage.”

Gage groans, holding her dress for coverage as he steps forward and slides into her. Mikayla bites down on her lip hard, and I know she's trying to contain any noise.

He starts to pound her hard, unrelenting in his strokes as the slapping of skin and the sloshing of her juices echo in the room. Gage leans forward, one palm on the table next to her, the other collaring her.

“Should I tell the boys how else I'm claiming you?” He kisses her, her legs wrapping around his waist when he thrusts harshly. Her dress starts to slide up, exposing more of her bare legs. A quick glance around shows me that none of the men are even looking there but at the passionate kiss Gage & Mikayla are sharing.

He pulls back, his fingers dragging down her chest as he stands straighter. Gage's hands grab onto her thighs, pulling her closer to him with a quick tug. “Should I tell them that this is the second load of my cum you're taking today? That your desperate little pussy is just begging to be filled.”

Mikayla whimpers. Gage's hand disappears under her dress and her body jerks.

“Should I tell them that I've been coming in your fertile cunt, and it's been keeping my seed nice and deep,” he whispers, his gaze flicking up to finally acknowledge the room. “Should I tell them that there's no doubt in my mind that come next month, you're gonna be growing my kid in that belly?”

Mikayla nods.

“Good girl. Now choose a second, princess.” He commands.

Her eyes fly open, and she looks immediately at me. “Daddy...”

My chest swells with affection, but I keep my face impassive as the council registers what she says. Bear gives a low chuckle that actually has my shoulders relaxing. It's the type of support I was looking for.

I glance around, daring anyone to object, as I unbuckle my pants, pulling my hard cock out. “You sure, Mikayla?”

“I'm sure,” She nods, reaching out as I step closer to the table. Her hand wraps around my shaft, stroking it as I swipe her dark hair away from her face. Mikayla stretches her neck as her lips wrap around my cock, suckling it gently.

“Jesus,” Scruff mutters under his breath. I scowl at him, and he throws his hands up, motioning a zip across his mouth.

Her hand drops as Mikayla leans up on her elbow and pulls me further into her mouth as her tongue swirls around me. I

stroke the base of my hardened length, wanting desperately to bury myself down her throat. But I couldn't come in her mouth, the point of this show is only to prove she's comfortable in front of the brothers; only Gage is allowed to claim her with his cum. Her head bobs as she struggles to stretch her jaw fully around my girth.

"I'm close," Gage warns as if he read where my mind went.

I nod, staring down at Mikayla as I pull out of her small mouth. "Push your tits together, princess. I'm gonna come on them."

Her fingers pull at the top of the dress, and Gage growls. "Keep them covered."

She cups her breasts, pushing them up as I fuck my fist faster. Leaning forward, I swallow down the groan building in my throat as long white ropes splutter across her tan mounds.

Mikayla gasps as a few more strands land all over her chest and neck. Stepping back, I push my half-hard cock back into my jeans as Gage starts to thrust faster into her. A few more strokes, and they moan together as he stills.

I grab a towel, handing it to Gage to clean his woman.

Turning back to the men, I smirk at their appraising glances. "Any objections?"

There's silence for a moment before Gage whispers, "You're all mine, princess."



Grinning, I shake out the leather jacket. I run my fingers over the patch on the back of my name. The thought of her riding bitch with the jacket on her back stating *Property of Gage* makes me hard as fuck. I need to fuck her in this cut as soon as possible. Glancing at the front window, I wonder if she'd allow me to slip it in before her appointment.

It's been a few weeks since we fucked her in the office, and she's late. Instead of buying a cheap test from the store, she wants to see her gynecologist and possibly get an ultrasound.

I run up the driveway, closing the front door softly and hanging the jacket.

“Mik, you ready? Because if you're not, bend over and let me fuck you, princess,” I shout, stomping up the stairs.

She laughs when I enter the bedroom. She's fully dressed and finishing up the last touches of her mascara.

I pout as I take in the white dress flowing around her, glowing against her tan skin. Her dark hair curled down her

back.

“Dress? We’re taking my bike.”

She shrugs. “Then don’t crash.”

“I would prefer you to wear jeans.”

“They’re gonna ask me to take them off. The ultrasound thingy has to be shoved up my vagina since the little bean would be too small to see through my stomach,” she explains, sitting on the edge of the bed as she slips on her Doc Martens.

My head snaps back. “What do you mean they’re gonna shove something up your pussy?”

“The wand stick that does the x-rays.” Mikayla rolls her eyes. “I don’t know. I’m not a doctor. I just googled if I could get an ultrasound this early.”

I narrow my eyes but let it go for now because I’m excited to show her my gift. Smiling, I step closer and hold out my hand to pull her up from the mattress.

She smiles as I cup her face. “I have something for you.”

Her crimson-red lips thin out. “I swear if you say your dick...”

I laugh, twisting my fingers into her hair and tilting her head back. “If I say my dick, you’ll get on your knees and suck it. Won’t you, princess?”

Her pupils dilate, and her pulse picks up in her neck. “I don’t want to be late, Gage.”

“Alright. Let’s go find out if you’re having my baby,” I smirk, pulling her out of the room. When we get down the stairs, I step behind her and place my hands over her eyes. I had left the jacket hanging on the doorway to the left of the front door.

“Gage!” she yelps excitedly, her hands wrapping around my wrists.

I stop us right in front of it, and I take a deep breath. She’s already said yes, but I’m still nervous to present it to her. This is the start of our forever, a piece she’ll always carry with her.

I lean into her ear. “I love you, princess. I think a part of me somehow knew you were always meant to be more.”

Mikayla’s nails dig into my skin, and her swallow is audible, so I let my hands drop before she can say anything. She inhales sharply, stepping forward and caressing the back of the leather.

“What do you think?” I ask. My stomach churns with nerves. Her putting on that jacket means more than a wedding proposal, and she accepts me as the one for her.

She pulls it down and faces me with tears in her eyes. She holds it out for me to help her put it on, and my heart skips a beat.

Grabbing the jacket from her, I shake it and then flip it so she can step in. Mikayla swipes her hair to one side and puts her arms in, and I pull it up to rest on her shoulders.

“I love it,” she whispers, turning back to me. The emotion reflecting on her face has me wanting to tear up myself.

I clear my throat and cup her cheeks. “Even without the claim, you know the club would have taken care of you if anything happened. But this gives me peace from some jackass trying to swoop in and steal you.”

She rolls her eyes, smiling. “Don’t be stupid, I’ve only ever seen you.”



Mikayla

Twisting my body in the mirror, I rub my hand over the small bump protruding just above my underwear. A strange giddiness runs through me at the sight of it.

Even after the ultrasound photos they handed us weeks ago, it doesn't feel as real as it does now. I'm growing a baby. I'm growing *their* baby. My cheeks are warm, and my smile is bright with happiness.

"Jesus," Gage breathes out behind me, and I look at him through the mirror, but his eyes are on my belly. "It just popped out overnight."

I roll my eyes and turn to him. "Don't say that stuff to a pregnant woman."

He smirks, walking to me and cradling my face in his hands. "You're my sexy little mama."

He kneels before me, kissing down the bump and rubbing his hands across it. His fingers hook into my panties, pulling them down my legs. I hold onto his shoulders as I step out of them.

His hands glide up my thighs, squeezing my ass as he looks up at me before standing.

“Get on your hands and knees,” He commands, nodding at the bed. I skip to the mattress, already wet. I’m insatiable for him.

I climb on, presenting my pussy as he steps up behind me. His jeans are rough against my skin as he rocks me against his erection. “You have any idea how much I fucking *live* for you?”

My breath catches, and warmth spreads in my chest. He unzips in his pants, and I feel the familiar stretch of his tip breaching my entrance as he slides into me.

“That kiss when you were sixteen. You took my soul with it.” he continues as he slowly thrusts. His hands drift from my hips to my belly. His fingers gently caress the taut skin, and my throat burns with emotion.

“And to know you’re having my baby. Seeing your belly swollen with my child... leaves me breathless.” He pushes into me harder, picking up his pace as he rubs my stomach.

“God, it turns me on. Just the thought that I filled you with my cum and you’re pregnant makes me so fucking hard I can barely walk.”

“Gage,” I moan, my fists clenching at the sheets as I rock back into him. “Please.”

He fucks me relentlessly; the sound of our skin slapping echoes in the room.

“Touch yourself,” he demands, “come on my cock, princess.”

I press my face into the mattress, leaning on my shoulder to reach back. A thrill runs through me at the thought that he doesn't want to let go of my belly as he pummels me with his dick.

The fact he is so turned on by my pregnant body brings me closer to my impending orgasm. I barely have to rub a few circles before I clench down on him, screaming as my legs tremble from the force of it.

Gage moves faster, chasing his own release through mine. “Fuck, fuck. You feel so good. **Every. Damn. Time.**”

The last few words are each emphasized with a deep thrust 'til I feel the heat of his cum flooding into me.

My pussy clenches, the greedy hussy dragging his seed deeper inside me. Even after getting knocked up immediately, Gage coming inside makes me throb. The way he fucks me is raw and animalistic, as if he can't control himself.

He collapses on top of me, shifting to the side and pulling me into his chest. “I don't think I'll ever have enough of you.”

“I hope not,” I tease and tap his hand to let go of me. I climb over him and head to the bathroom. “Wanna shower with me?”

“Nah, I'll grab one later.”

Rolling my eyes, I shower quickly, not wanting him to be alone for long. A bored Gage is a dangerous Gage; he'll find

something to occupy his time, and I need to get out of this house.

He's resting on the bed, watching me with a smile as I slip on the tight dress. It's light blue with small yellow daisies and shows off my small bump.

"You have me all day, princess. What do you want?"

I blush, knowing he's hinting at another round, but my hand rubs at my belly. "I want to get some things for the little peanut."

His eyebrows raise. "You don't want to wait until we know what we're having."

"Nope, I'll just get some neutral colors 'til then," I smile.

He groans. "Are you talking about clothes shopping?"

I laugh, moving to put on my boots. "Yes, and look around at some other stuff. Babies require a lot. I need to get an idea of what we need."

"I think Dad said something about shit in storage." Gage offers, and I try to withhold my grimace. I wasn't against hand-me-downs, but it's been over two decades since Gage was a baby. Who knows what that stuff looks like?

He must catch my look, and he leans over, grabbing my chin and kissing my lips.

"I think Dodge wanted to grab something out of there. Maybe some stuff can go missing." He says with a wink and stands, grabbing both our jackets and helping me into mine.

“Let’s go shopping, princess.”



There’s a sense of uncontained joy stepping into the baby boutique. I’ve seen it downtown multiple times but never had the need to step into it.

The associates greet us with large smiles when we walk through the door, which is another welcomed sight. Most would take in our leather and snub their noses.

“Hello! Are you guys looking for anything in particular or just browsing?” a tiny blonde asks, walking up to us with a clipboard.

Gage drops his arm over my shoulder. “Yeah. Do you have a tiny motorcycle for kids? I gotta teach ‘em young.”

I smack his stomach and shake my head at the associate. “He’s joking. We just wanted to browse the clothes. It’s never too early to start the stockpile.”

She giggles, sneaking peeks at Gage but trying to keep her attention on me. I can respect her attempt at being respectful to me and not ogling my baby daddy, even though he’s ridiculously hot.

“Oh! Do you guys have books about pregnancy and all that? He’s a little clueless?” I ask sweetly.

Gage groans, his fingers squeezing at my arm. “I hate reading.”

“That’s too bad,” I look at him, fluttering my eyelashes. “Don’t you care about everything I’m going through?”

He narrows his eyes. “Don’t make that face.”

The associate giggles again. “The books are on the far right wall, and most of the newborn clothes are going to be on the racks over there.”

I tell her thanks and pull Gage toward the clothes. His hand pinches my ass as he follows, and I throw him a scolding look over my shoulder.

“Behave yourself.”

“Around you? Never,” he smirks.

Gage actually isn’t a bad partner to shop with. It’s like the minute his eyes catch the first onesie, a switch flips, and suddenly, he’s in extreme daddy mode. While I had only planned to get an outfit to bring home from the hospital, Gage’s arms are now full.

Even the associate’s eyes widen when she sees the multiple blankets, burp rags, and clothes ranging up to 9 months laid out on the counter.

“I think you enjoyed shopping more than I did,” I tease him.

Gage smiles and rubs my little bump. “Got to take care of my girls.”

The associate makes an ‘aw’ noise as she rings up, and I roll my eyes. “You don’t even know it’s a girl.”

“Wishful thinking?” he snickers, not even glancing at the final total as he swipes his card.

“Thank you! Make sure to come again before the baby is born.” Her cheeks turn red as soon as the words come out of her mouth.

Gage snickers, and I pinch his arm. Smiling, I thank her and hand the bags over to him.

“Don’t even make a comment.” I hiss at him as I move quickly away from the register.

Gage laughs loudly as he wraps his arm around me, and we walk out the door, his hand flexing on my bump and his other arm full of bags.

“Mikayla?”

I tense, looking at my old best friend. A friend that hasn’t bothered reaching out to me once in the past few months. “Talía?”

Her eyes drift to the merchandise Gage is holding, and her face twists into judgment. I tilt my chin up, knowing whatever is about to come out of her mouth will be nasty.

“That certainly was quick, wasn’t it?”

Gage lets go, coming to stand next to me. “What the fuck did you just say?”

Talia scoffs. “Come on, Gage. You can’t supposedly be happy that your club knocked up your sister.”

“Shut up, Talia. You’re jealous that none of the guys wanted you. You were always the first to talk about how hot they were.” My fists clench.

“And for the record, I am happy. I love Mikayla, and I’ll love our child.” Gage says, his tone leaving no argument.

“Isn’t he your brother?” another voice exclaims, and I only just notice the man standing next to Talia, their hands clasped together. I glance at that and then at Sean’s face. The skin on his neck turns red, and he lets go of her. Talia scowls at him before turning back to us.

“Gage, really?”

I smirk, moving to grab onto Gage’s arm. “He even made me his old lady.”

Talia flinches, knowing exactly the many times she had gushed about being Gage’s old lady. Though she was my best friend then, I never liked that she had set her eyes on Gage. It was one of the reasons I stupidly tried to kiss him at sixteen, needing to stake a forbidden claim before Talia tried.

“Wait, you got knocked up by your brother?” Sean exclaims.

Gage goes rigid, and I’m tempted to let him kick the judgmental prick’s ass.

“He’s not my real brother, dumbass.”

Talia laughs. “Might as well have been. I mean, he took you to school more times than Shaw ever did.”

Gage pushes me behind him and steps closer to the two people I once considered friends. “You got something to say, you say it to me. Got it? You keep your goddamn mouths shut to Mikayla because I swear to god, if I find out you guys upset her, I’ll fucking kill you.”

My eyes widen. I grab his hand. “He’s joking.”

Sean pales, pulling Talia away from us. “We won’t say anything to Mikayla. Don’t come near us, or I’ll call the police.” He pulls on Talia harder when she goes to speak, jerking her across the street.

“You can’t just threaten people,” I hiss.

Gage faces me, his eyes still hard with anger. “I didn’t like what they were saying, especially to you.”

I smile, stepping into his chest, and his arm wraps around me. “It doesn’t matter what people say, okay? It doesn’t bother me. At the end of the day, it’s just me, you, and the baby.”

He sighs. “You still want to get more shopping done, or you want to go home?”

“Home. I think that’s enough peopling today.”



Gage looks up from the couch where he's lounging with a book as I walk in the back door. I nod toward the stairs. "She asleep?"

"Yeah, she had an eventful day and took some medication."

I pause. "Like medication to stay asleep?" My cock hardens at the idea lingering in my mind.

Gage raised an eyebrow. "Yes?"

Grinning, I head up the steps to their room and hear Gage quietly following behind me. When I open the door to the room, the moonlight drifting from the window gives Mikayla a luminous look over her bare skin. The white panties glow, and the tight tank leaves nothing to the imagination.

I tilt my head as I step closer to the bed, thankful she has opted to sleep over the covers. Climbing into the bed, I push her legs apart and turn her more onto her back.

She sighs, moving easily. Gage comes to stand near the pillows, watching her with the same admiration as me.

“Our whore whenever we want, right?”

He grins, his heated gaze sliding down her body with a more provocative appreciation. “She’s probably all wound up too. She wanted to get off before bed, but I told her no.”

Raising an eyebrow, I take my shirt and jeans off, leaving me in my tight briefs. “You told her no?”

“She was being a brat. I get pregnancy hormones, but she doesn’t need to scream at me because I chose the wrong cheese for her salad.”

I suck my lips in, trying not to laugh. “We have a long way to go, son. I don’t think withholding sex is the answer.”

Gage shrugs. “Believe me, it hurts me more than her.”

“I was just going to look at her while I got off, but I can’t have my princess ending the day unsatisfied.”

Leaning over, I brush my fingers down her thighs, tracing up to her covered pussy. “You got your knife on you?”

Gage reaches into his back pocket and hands me the blade. I click it open and slide my fingers under each side of her panties, lifting it off her body and cutting through the material.

“She’ll be mad you ruined her clothes,” Gage says, shrugging off his own shirt and jeans.

I shrug. “Then buy twice as much to replace them. Here, free those perky tits.” I return his knife and focus back on the glistening folds before me.

Running my finger through them, I gather up her wetness before pushing two fingers into her pussy. Mikayla's eyelids flutter a bit, but otherwise, no response.

"How far are you taking this?" Gage asks, licking his lips.

I pump slowly, scissoring my fingers open to stretch her. "The only place I'm coming is right here."

He nods, stroking his hard cock before moving to squeeze her breasts. "She'd probably be pissed if she woke up covered in come."

"Look how swollen her clit is. Think we can get her off?" I smirk.

I lean forward, sucking it into my mouth. Mikayla's chest rises and falls faster as I continue to play with her pussy. Gage alternates between pinching and twisting at her hard nipples as she starts to tighten around my fingers. I pick up my pace, flicking at her swollen bud.

Her legs tremble as her pussy flutters around my fingers, a soft whimper exhales from her lips.

"Who knew she could be so quiet?" Gage teases.

Grabbing her thighs, I pry her legs open further and stroke my cock. It hardens as I rub my leaking head across her sopping wet folds. Lining up to her hole, I push in slowly. Even with her relaxed state, I know I'll be stretching her.

"Fuck," I whisper, staring down at where I'm disappearing into my step-daughter's pussy.

Gage grunts, his hand moving faster as he watches me. “You should have seen her today. Her stomach had the perfect little bulge.”

My cock throbs, thrusting further. Her warmth pulls me in as I try to imagine what he’s saying.

“Yeah?”

He nods. “All swollen with my baby.”

“Or mine.” I taunt, holding her knees up as I start to pump in and out of her without disrupting her slumbering body. Mikayla staying asleep as I fuck her has my cock swelling, bringing me to the cusp of my release. I’m not sure if it’s the thought of her leaking my cum all night or her belly growing round that has me coming. I groan, my head tilting back as I splurt her insides with my seed. A small part of me wishes I could get her pregnant again.

Catching my breath, I pull out after the last pulse and roll to the side. Gage settles between her legs, pushing into her with a quick thrust.

I climb off the bed, grab a towel from the bathroom, and clean myself. Grimacing at the sight of my son squeezing his ass cheeks as he fucks Mikayla, I turn away. I grab my clothes as Gage picks up his pace, uncaring as her breasts jiggle with each pump. His deep moan comes with a few more strokes, and his palms slam on either side of her head as he rocks his hips into her.

“The whole point is to keep her asleep, stupidfuck.” His head snaps up to me, and he flips me off as he pulls out of her.

Handing him the towel as he moves off the bed, he cleans himself and pulls on his clothes. I clean Mikayla of the excess cum leaking from her red, puffy pussy and tuck the sheet over her bare sleeping body.

I kiss her temple and nod toward the door. “Let’s go back downstairs. I need to tell you about what we found.”

He follows me to the kitchen, and I grab a beer for us.

Swallowing some of it down, I clench my jaw. “Razer found him.”

Gage tenses, setting the bottle down. “Who? How?”

“He was able to trace the money to two separate accounts... in Jack’s name.”

He closes his eyes, his fist clenching, and takes a deep breath. “We’re sure it’s Jack?”

I nod, finishing my beer down, and then hold out my phone for Gage to take. “Here. Razer is printing out copies, but I needed to show you tonight. I think he and Dodge are about to leave for their annual trip soon.”

Gage mutters they are as he grabs the phone. We stand in silence as he looks through all the evidence of Jack’s betrayal. Years of fraudulent charges to accounts and him keeping the money. When Gage’s face pales, I know he got to the worst of it. He slams the phone on the counter, breathing heavily.

“I’ll take care of it.” He growls out.

Frowning, I try to pat his shoulder, but he pulls away from me. “Son, let’s take a day and think this through. He doesn’t know that we know.”

Gage shakes his head. “No, he’s a part of *my* crew. I’ll fucking handle it.”

“Son-”

He turns to me, his eyes wild. “This isn’t a fucking discussion anymore. He was my responsibility; this is on me. I have to make my amends with the club.”

I bristle at his tone. “Watch who you’re fucking talking to, boy.”

Gage’s throat bobs. “I need to do this.”

“Alright. You’ll let me know if you need help?” I ask, my body aching with the stress of the entire situation.

He nods and grabs his cut hanging off the chair before pausing. “Will you stay here with her? I need to know she’s safe.”

“Of course.”

Gage sighs before smirking. “There’s some pregnancy books on the coffee table. In case you need a refresher, old man.”



“Fuck,” Dodge whispers, glancing at the paperwork. His eyes water before he hands it back. “I don’t understand why he didn’t just ask for the money. I would have loaned it to him.”

My jaw clenches, and my stomach drops as I push one more piece of paper to him. Dodge reads it over before crumpling it and punching the wall. He punches it again and then rests his forehead against it. His shoulders shake, and I wait for him to get it all out. Jack has been stealing money because he didn’t want to admit to the photos and videos he was purchasing on the dark web.

“I’m sorry, brother,” I whisper, patting Dodge on the back. Sometimes, we don’t know what our own family is capable of. Jack is his last link to his mother.

Dodge clears his throat, turning to face him with his head low. “You look through the files?”

“Razer did.”

“Was... was my baby girl in there?” his voice breaks, and my throat aches with my own emotions.

“Not in any that Razer found.”

Dodge releases a long breath and blinks up to me, his red-lined eyes burning with anger and disgust. “What’s the plan?”

“Bury the motherfucker.”

He nods, pulling out his phone. “Let me call him.”

I grab his hand. “Nah, no traces. When’s the last time you spoke or texted him?”

Dodge frowns. “I think like two days ago. You know how I am on long work days.”

“Good,” I nod, texting a few more of our crew. “That’s good. He’s already distanced himself from most of the club. It was just you, and I’m not putting you at any risk.”

His jaw tics. “Don’t sideline me. I need to be a part of it.”

“Do you? You have the most to lose if we get caught.”

Dodge growls. “So do you. You got a goddamn baby on the way, don’t ya? So we don’t get caught.”

Our gazes don’t stray from each other, and both our eyes water.

“Forever, brother,” I say, holding out my hand. Dodge grabs it and pulls me into his chest, his hand clapping me on the back.

“Forever.”

We let go and step back. I nod at the door, hearing the rumbling of bikes as the rest of the crew nears Dodge's house. "Let's go. We got a long night ahead of us."

We find Jack in the back of the clubhouse. I kick the door, causing it to swing open and slam into the wall. He and one of the clubwhores break apart.

"Get lost, Dee." I catch her arm when she starts to scurry past. "You don't remember anything. You were alone the whole night if anyone ever asks."

Her throat bobs as she swallows, and she nods. One of the men hands her a shirt as she makes her way down the hallway.

Jack scrambles off the bed with a glare. "What the fuck? You could have—"

I squeeze his neck as I slam him into the wall. "You think we wouldn't figure it out."

He tries to gurgle out a reply, so I tighten my grip. His face is starting to turn red, his lips tinting blue, and he tries to push me away. Dodge steps up behind me, and Jack's pleading gaze falls on him.

"Why?" is all Dodge asks. I let go of Jack.

He sputters and coughs as he slides to the ground. "W-what are you talking about?"

My boot connects to his face with a sickening crack. Jack's head flies back, blood spraying as he falls onto his back.

“Try again, stupid fuck. We know everything. Every lie that falls from your mouth only prolongs your death.”

He turns, panting as he comes up to his hands and knees. Blood drips onto the floor as his head hangs. My lips turn in disgust at the sight of his limp dick swinging. Grabbing the sheet from the mess of the bed, I throw it at him.

“Cover yourself. I don’t want to stare at that disgusting shit.”

Dodge kneels down next to Jack. “Why?”

Jack turns to him, the skin under his eyes already darkening. “I had to.”

“Because you were forced or because you couldn’t afford to pay the prices you needed for your vice.”

He pales, shaking his head, and a hiccuped sob falls from his swelling lips. “I can’t help it. There’s something wrong with me.”

I look behind me to Razer, who is watching over it all with a grave expression. His gaze locks with me, and he shakes my head. That’s all I needed to know: Jack was buying the worst of it and would probably offend soon if he hadn’t already.

“Yeah... I’m sure you tried really hard not to look,” I say.

Dodge stands, rolling his shoulder forward. “He hasn’t even bothered trying to apologize, tells me all I need to know.”

“No! No, wait. I’m sorry. Please, Dodge. Don’t let them do this. You’re my cousin. We’re family.” He pleads.

Dodge spits at him. “The fact we share blood sickens me.”

“Is that how you really want to go out? Begging on the ground like the pathetic piece of shit you are?” I taunt as one of the men behind me hands me a knife.

I nod to Dodge and Razer. “Hold him down. He doesn’t deserve to wear our patch into the afterlife.”

Jack tries to stand, but Dodge and Razer pounce on him, pushing him on his stomach. He squirms, trying to buck them off. I hunch down, tracing our club’s logo on his right shoulder with the tip of the knife. Jack flinches at the cold of the metal, an incoherent blubbering mess before Razer pushes his face into the carpet to silence him.

“If you think this will hurt, imagine what it will feel like when we cut off your dick,” I whisper down to Jack. I pinch right above the tattoo, pull on it, and bring the knife down, starting to skin our brand from him. He lets out an ear-piercing wail as Dodge and Razer tighten their holds. Blood pools down my hands and his back as I pull the flap of skin away, holding it up for the men to see. I stand, and one of the crew holds out a bag for me to throw it in.

“You all know why he’s been stripped. Dodge gets the final blow, but you’re all welcome to a piece.” My gaze lingers off the gathered men inside the room, and I know a few more wait in the hallway.

I walk into the attached bathroom to wash my hands and take a deep breath as Jack’s screams start up again. Watching the blood swirl in the white porcelain bowl under the water, I allow myself one moment of grievance for the man I thought

was a brother. Then I push him away and exhale in relief, knowing the long nights of research and waiting are over. I could focus entirely on Mikayla and our baby.



Mikayla

“Are you excited, Mama?” Nurse Jackie beams.

“How about you, Grandpa?” She glances at Shaw, her cheeks tinting with blush.

Shaw laughs. “We’re so excited. I had to basically fight Gage to be here instead.”

Jackie giggles and hands me the cup to collect the urine sample. She barely glances at me as she does, her eyes still bright as they’re focused on Shaw.

Jealousy burns in me, and I glare between the two. Shaw smirks as he catches the look, and I huff, tossing my hair over my shoulder and going to the bathroom.

I know I’m being ridiculous and that I technically have no right to even assert some claim over him. I’m more with Gage than him, even if he likes to fuck me in the middle of the night while I’m sleeping.

Once I relieve some of the pressure on my bladder and write my name on the cup, I wash up and go back into the room in a

lighter mood. Jackie can flirt all she wants; my daddy is hot, but he is mine.

She pats the chair when she sees me. “Let’s find out what we’re having, Mama.”

I smile, adjusting my leggings to my lower hips. Laying down, I lift my shirt and look at Shaw. His eyes roam over my swollen belly, his unmasked heat burning in them, making me horny.

His tongue peeks out between his lips before he leans back in the chair, opening his legs further. I smirk, knowing he’s gotten hard.

Flinching when Jackie applies the gel to my stomach, I glance at the monitor on the wall in front of me as she pulls out the ultrasound wand.

“Alrighty, let’s see if Baby wants to cooperate today.”

All of us watch the monitor as she moves the wand around on my belly. She clicks around on the keyboard in front of her, making comments on how the baby is measuring well and within normal range.

“Jesus,” Shaw says.

I glance at him, smiling at his awestruck face. “It’s crazy, huh? Seeing them makes it so real.”

He swallows, nodding.

Jackie laughs. “Men don’t get the fun part of feeling the little bugger moving around, stretching out that belly, and trying

hard to crack those ribs.”

“Ha, no,” I agree, having to hold back my hand from rubbing my stomach. “They haven’t gotten that bad yet.”

“There we go! Good baby, flashing us and making it easy.”

Shaw makes a choked noise, and I snicker.

Jackie puts the wand back and hands me some towels. “You want me to tell you? Or just print it out.”

“Print it out,” Shaw says, and my eyebrows crease, looking at him in confusion. He winks, and I frown again.

She puts the ultrasound photos in an envelope, and Shaw snatches them before I have a chance. I narrow my eyes. If he thinks he can keep what I’m having from me, he has another thing coming.

“Anything else?” Shaw asks.

Jackie shakes her head. “Nope, we’re all set. I’m sure Diana will call to set up your next appointment. Have a good day, Mama.”

He holds his hand out for me to grab, and I scoff at him.

“Don’t start, princess. Let’s get some food and buy you some new clothes, yeah? Gage said you’ve been bitching about things not fitting.”

I open my mouth to snap that I haven’t been bitching but take a deep breath and then nod. “And then you’ll show me the photos?”

“Of course,” He grins, and I don’t trust it for a second.



He takes me to the mall thirty minutes away from town. His hand rests on my lower back as we walk through ‘til I find a shop with a huge maternity section.

I’ve reached a point where even my dresses feel tight as they stretch over my stomach. Shaw stays a few steps behind me as I browse the racks of clothes, torn between more dresses or just grabbing some leggings and large shirts.

“Hello! Can I help you or... your husband find anything?” An associate asks warmly, her hesitant glance flickers over Shaw.

He chuckles. “She’s my daughter.”

I frown. A strange hurt aches in my chest at his immediate dismissal of being my husband. We could be if that’s what we decided was best for legal purposes.

“No thanks,” I say curtly, unable to control my tone. “Me and my *daddy* are just fine.”

The associate blushes and nods, leaving us alone. I push at the clothes harder, scraping the hangers against the metal as I linger on his dismissal.

“Mikayla. You okay?”

I give him a saccharine smile, grabbing some random shirts and dresses and walking around him. I can feel his watchful gaze as I continue to shop before he finally grabs my elbow.

“You seem a little angry, princess.”

Shaking my head, I give him all the clothes. “Nope, just being the dutiful daughter and milking my daddy for all he’s worth.”

He licks his bottom lip slowly, his eyes narrowing before he starts walking me towards the back.

“Dressing room?” He asks the associate. She points, the blush still evident on her face.

Shaw leads me into the room, hanging all the clothes as I watch with crossed arms ‘til he turns to me.

“Alright, what’s the attitude?”

I clench my teeth and then sigh. “You didn’t even entertain the idea of being my husband.... It hurt.”

His face softens. “Mikayla, you know I want to be with you. But we can’t be together *like that* in public.”

My throat tingles with an unfamiliar rejection. “What do you mean *like that*?”

He sighs, tugging at his beard. “You and I wouldn’t be accepted like you and Gage. It would be better for all our sakes if we kept us,” his hand points between me and him, “behind the safety of closed doors.”

I know what he’s saying makes sense. And maybe it’s the hormones causing it to hurt more than it normally would. With a nod, I move to grab and try something on.

Shaw lingers behind for a second as if to say more before finally leaving me alone in front of the mirror. His legs are spread, arms running across the couch as he watches me undress.

“They could think you’re my sugar daddy or something,” I tease, trying to let go of my earlier hurt.

A low chuckle rumbles out of him, stopping short when I pull off the t-shirt. It leaves me standing in white lacy panties and a nude bralette. My boobs are getting too big for my bralettes, and I might have to upgrade to a real one soon.

“Fuck, baby. Look at you,” his voice is rough, and I turn to face him.

“What?”

He gets off the couch, standing before me as his hand rubs at my belly. I forgot he probably hasn’t seen it entirely bare in months now. His other hand squeezes my ever-expanding waist and moves to the mirror, my back flush against his chest.

“Now I know why Gage has been screwing off lately. You’re fucking irresistible. He’s a strong man to walk away,” he whispers into my ear, kissing the shell of it as his fingers drift to pull at my panties. The other is still sprawled across my swollen stomach. “If it were me, I would never leave your tight cunt. Stay buried overnight.”

Licking my lips, I help take off my underwear and breathe out. “You should.”

His hand pushes at my thigh, and I open my legs so he can push a finger into my already soaking pussy. “Should what?”

“Keep yourself inside me all night after you’ve already had your fun,” I gasp when he adds a second one.

“Hmm. Who told you about that? Gage?”

“I feel how sore I am the next morning, but you’re never there,” I pout.

He sighs. “I know, baby. Next time, I’ll stay all night and won’t even share with Gage. How does that sound?”

I nod, losing my ability to talk as my chest rises and falls rapidly with his increasing touch. It’s getting harder to do anything as my belly grows, including catching my breath.

“You’re carrying our boy,” he whispers, kissing my hair as his fingers pump in and out of me. “You know how incredibly sexy it is to see you pregnant.”

“Shaw,” I whisper, hating that he just told me about our son like that.

He clicks his tongue. “Is that what you call me, baby?”

My pussy clenches around his fingers. “No...Grandpa.”

He growls in my ear and pulls his fingers out. He kicks at my feet. “Open your legs, hands on the mirror, and bend over so I can see that ass, fucking brat.”

I do what he says, keeping my head straight as I watch him. His fingers run along my white panties before he pulls them

down and bares me to the cold room. Metal clinks as he undoes his belt and unzips his jeans.

“I’m dying for a taste of your sweet pussy, but we don’t have a lot of time, and I need to be inside you.”

“Please fuck me,” I whimper as he steps up behind me, his huge cock running along my wet folds. He pushes into me, stretching me so deliciously before pausing. His fingers twist into my hair, and he pulls my head back, I gasp.

“You think you’re cute calling me grandpa when that very well could be my damn kid?” He seethes, his dark eyes staring at mine through the mirror. “Huh? I’ve come inside this greedy cunt as much as Gage has, haven’t I?”

I try to nod, but he keeps my head still as he thrusts forward, forcing me to take the majority of him. I moan, uncaring if we’re heard.

“You’re a fucking slut for your daddy’s cock, aren’t you?” He rasps his gaze at where he’s disappearing between my legs. I gush at his words; it shouldn’t turn me on that he talks to me like that. But just like when Gage taunts me for being his whore, I’m getting wetter.

Shaw thrusts deeper, and I cry out, my fingers and toes curling. His cock throbs as I tighten down on him.

“Aren’t you? Answer me,” he demands.

“Yes!”

He smirks, pulling my hair a little more. “Yes, what?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I moan, pushing my ass into him for more.

He groans, letting go of me to slide both hands onto my belly and burying himself fully inside me. “You’re a fucking sight.”

His fingers knead at the taut skin of my stomach as he starts pumping in and out. I close my eyes, enjoying the feeling of him.

“You think you can reach yourself, princess?” He rasps, picking up his pace.

I shake my head, uncaring if I get off. “Just come inside me. *Please*,” I beg, flicking my eyes to his and smirking. “Then you can taste your little princess’ pregnant pussy full of your cum when we get home.”

“Fuck,” he growls, his cock throbbing as he comes. Each spurt of his seed coats my walls in warmth as he holds himself deep against my cervix. “Who taught you to talk like that?”

I bite my lip. “You and Gage are the only men I’ve fucked.”

He pulls out, reaching down and pulling up my panties. Shaw taps my pussy with a silent command to keep it there. His face is contorted in confusion as he buttons his pants. “You didn’t bleed that night.”

I slip my dress back on, and my cheeks blush. “Yeah. I, erm. I got a huge dildo, okay? I broke my hymen a long time ago.”

He laughs. “Does Gage know you have that somewhere in the house?”

Shaking my head, I point my finger at him. “No, and you’re not going to tell him.”

Shaw steps forward, kissing my lips, and then stares down at me. “I’m definitely going to tell him. And you know why, princess?”

“Why?” My eyes narrowed to slits.

“Because I’m going to tell him to use it to train that ass so you can take both of us.”

My breath wooshes out of me, and my pussy throbs.

He smirks, his gaze roaming over me. “Yeah, you’re a filthy girl, aren’t you? Look how you’re already hot for it.”

Huffing, I rub my burning cheeks. “Your monster cock is not going anywhere near my ass.”

“We’ll see,” He says, tapping my ass as he gathers the clothes from the yes pile. “Let’s go, princess. I think we’ve desecrated the place enough for today.”



Mikayla

“Mikayla, I love you, but I swear to god, if you make me move this again,” Gage snarls at me.

I flip him off. “You’ll do whatever I say ‘til it’s fucking right. Look what your son is doing to me! I can’t even see my feet!” I scream back, pointing at my stretched stomach.

I’m 6 weeks away from birth and can barely walk out of the room without losing my breath. Gage’s eyes roam over my form before he shakes his head with a sigh. “Go sit down and point to where you want the damn crib.”

Sniffling, I rub my belly. “No, sitting is uncomfortable too. It pushes him into my ribs. And I want it over there.”

I motion to the wall across from the closest, and Gage’s face turns red.

“Are you fucking kidding me? That’s where we had it the first time!”

Scowling, I go back to folding all the washed clothes we bought earlier. “And? I wanted to be sure it was the right spot

before committing to it.”

“Woman,” he growls, sending a shot of arousal straight to my pussy. Everything to do with Gage and Shaw made me this way. I swear they could breathe in my direction and I would be one touch away from an orgasm.

I smirk and taunt back. “Baby Daddy.”

Gage’s anger fades as I see a different type of heat bleed in. “Sexy Mama.”

His eyes drift to my chest with a smirk, and I cup my breasts, knowing exactly what happened. I blush, hating the fact that for the past week, I’ve been leaking milk every time I get horny.

He steps closer, placing his hands over mine. “That’s so fucking hot every time.”

Glowering at him, I try to turn away, but he keeps me in place. “It’s not. It makes me feel like a cow.”

“Want me to milk these teets, Mama?” his fingers pinch at my nipples.

My neck flushes, and I smack his chest. “That’s not funny!”

He laughs, pushing down the dress and cupping my breasts. “I’m not joking.”

Gage dips down, pulling a nipple into his mouth and sucking hard. I cry out; they have been overly sensitive lately. His touch is almost painful, but my pussy gushes from the stimulation.

“That doesn’t look like decorating,” Shaw rumbles behind us.

Gage pops off my breasts with a smirk. “Our little princess is gushing from two ends. I think she needs to be fucked.”

“Gage...” I hiss. His teeth scrape down my hard nipple, and milk sprays all over his lips. My eyes widen in embarrassment.

Shaw steps next to us. “Jesus, I didn’t know she was leaking like that.”

“Recent,” Gage mumbles. His gaze turns feral as he stands back and grips my dress, ripping it straight down. He lets it go, and it pools around my feet in shreds.

My mouth barely opens in shock before Shaw’s chest presses into me from behind, his hands rubbing my belly. His mouth brushes against my ear. “Feed your brother from your milky tits while your daddy plays with your pussy.”

I close my eyes as Gage’s mouth latches onto one of my nipples again, his fingers playing with the other. Shaw’s hand dips between my legs, tapping them to open further. I try but struggle a bit to shift them open.

“I don’t think our princess can handle us in this position,” Shaw teases. He starts to push me towards the side.

“No! Not in the rocking chair. Actually, not in this room at all.” I grimace, uncomfortable with how far we’ve already gotten.

Shaw chuckles, lifting me into his arms and carrying me across the hallway to the master suite I’ve recently started

occupying with Gage. He sits on the foot of the bed, and I face them, watching as they quickly strip off their clothes. Shaw cups my face and kisses me attentively, his tongue swiping at my lips before he climbs on the mattress.

He taps his thighs. "Come here, princess."

Gage chuckles and smacks my ass as I crawl toward Shaw. I straddle his hips as his hands roam over my protruding belly. His thick hard cock is pressed against his stomach, my wet pussy resting on it. My fingers caress the soft steel shaft, smiling when he twitches from my touch.

"Put me inside you, baby. Ride Daddy's cock."

Palming his erection, I notch him to my entrance and sink down onto him, panting at the stretch as always. He groans, his fingers caressing my belly as I continue down till my thighs meet his pelvis.

"God, you take me so well now," Shaw praises. Gage moves onto the bed next to me, his hand stroking his cock, and I reach over to pump him myself.

"Milk her tits, get your cock nice and slick to slip into her ass," Shaw says.

"What?!" I exclaim, trying to move away, but Shaw keeps me in place.

Gage groans, and I gasp when he pinches my nipple, cupping his hand so leaking drops start to pool in his palm. He brings it to his cock, lubing the hard shaft with my breastmilk.

“Oh my god...” My pussy clenches as I watch him, and Shaw throbs inside me. Gage does it a few more times before moving behind me, and I exhale slowly.

They’ve fucked my ass a few times over the months, but always separate. I’ve never taken them both like this.

“Lean forward as much as you can without putting a lot of pressure on the goods,” Shaw instructs me, and I lightly press my belly to his.

I jerk when Gage’s rigid head pokes me between my cheeks. I hear him spit and feel the wetness spread against my hole. He slips a finger in, and I clench in response, already feeling fuller than ever.

Shaw watches my face as Gage works a second finger in, slowly pumping in and out. Then he pulls out, and the burn of the stretch of his cock working its way inside my ass starts. I squeeze my eyes shut as I hiss out a cry.

“Too much?” Shaw asks, and Gage pauses.

I shake my head. “No, no. Keep going.”

Gage pushes forward, making it past the small ring of resistance before he starts to slide in more easily.

“*Fuuucckkkk*,” Gage grunts. “I can feel you. She’s so fucking tight.”

Opening my eyes, I stare down at Shaw’s face, twisted in pleasure. I struggle to breathe, I’m being stretched so full.

“You good, Princess?” Gage asks, his hoarse voice causing me to clamp down on Shaw again.

I nod, my nails digging into Shaw’s chest as I struggle to stay up.

“Move, please,” I plead, and Gage starts to pump in and out. I moan as he fucks me. Shaw stays still under me for a few moments before slowly starting to thrust up every time Gage pulls halfway out. Neither of them fully extract themselves from where they’re buried.

My release builds so fast that I don’t even have time to warn them before I’m screaming as I tumble over the edge. Waves of ecstasy wash through me, and I even try to move my hips to fuck them back. I know I tighten so much that I trigger their orgasms.

Shaw comes first, stilling as he pumps it deep inside of me, spraying my walls with his hot cum.

“Jesus, fuck,” Gage sputters before I feel his own pulsing as he comes in my ass. The same warmth burns within me.

“Oh god, oh my god,” I chant, my eyes rolling back as I feel myself being filled to the brim in both holes with their seed. I pant as their cocks throb ‘til they’ve drained every drop. Gage pulls out and collapses to the side.

“Shit,” Shaw curses and lifts me off his cock as Gage’s cum starts to leak between my cheeks. It drops onto the bed between his legs, and he moves to miss the combined mess. I lay on my side, placing a pillow under my belly.

Gage cuddles into me from behind, kissing my ear. “Someone is a little afraid of cum, as if I didn’t feel his dick moving inside you.”

I laugh as Shaw scowls at us. “There’s still something separating us, I ain’t your cum rag to be dripped on.”

We laugh harder as Shaw rolls out of bed and walks over to the restroom, grabbing stuff to clean us.



Mikayla looks radiant as she rubs at her swollen stomach, surrounded by the men and women of the club. The other old ladies have transformed the entire backyard of our house for their baby shower.

I look over at my son, watching over Mikayla with a smile of his own. To the club and the public, she is his and only his. No one knows what we get up to in our own home. Today is one of those days I wish I could walk over and kiss her on the lips. But it's better if everyone assumes that she is only with Gage.

Sipping the beer, I turn away and walk inside to snack on some of the food scattered on the counter.

“Prez, can I have a second?” Dodge follows after me into the house.

I nod, grabbing some of the tasty little pickles off the plate as I stare at him.

He shifts, tugging at his cut. “I wanted to apologize for Jack.”

“Why?” I ask. “You’re not responsible for others’ actions.”

Dodge nods, but his jaw tics. “Still, I’m the one who brought him in. He stole from the club, my brothers, *my family*.”

“And he paid for it, did he not?” I raise an eyebrow and then pat his shoulder. “No apologies, Dodge. I’m just glad we handled a piece of shit like that, and I’m not talking about the money.”

He sighs. “Yeah, that was a shock. I wasn’t expectin’ that.”

I grunt, grabbing some more food. When he doesn’t say anything but continues standing there, I turn back to him. “What? Got more to say?”

Dodge smirks. “Just congrats, I guess.”

“Congrats?”

“Yeah, on another son or grandson. Who knows, right?” He jokes, and I step closer. He raises his hands.

“I’m just sayin’. I don’t care, but if you want to keep it a secret... I would be careful how you’re starin’ at her.”

I scowl. “What are you talking about?”

Dodge nods to the backyard. “I saw it before we came in. You looked ready to devour her or as if she hung the fuckin’ moon. It was obvious.”

“Obvious, my ass,” I scoff, checking him with my shoulder as I walk around him. “Only obvious to you because you know. Mind your business, dumbass.”

Dodge is like a second son to me, having raised him side by side with Gage and Bear. I know he's telling me from a place of love and protection.

He smirks. "Whatever you say, Prez."

"Dad?" Gage calls out, poking his head in through the door. "Mikayla wants you out here for the presents." He looks between Dodge and me with suspicion before heading back to her.

"I'll say one thing." I turn to Dodge, clapping him on the back. "I'm glad we got all that handled before Mikayla gives birth. That's all that matters to me."

I move to stand next to Bear, who is off to the side from where everyone is gathered but watching.

He glances at me. "Can you believe it? Our kids are having kids. Makes me feel old as fuck, but god damn, do I love seeing that little girl smile at me and call me papa."

Shaking my head, I smile at him. "We are old as fuck. And it kind of makes me proud, you know?"

Dodge's booming laugh can be heard as the little girl in his arms wipes the frosting from her cupcake onto his nose. My heart warms at the sight, and I turn my attention to Mikayla. She's dabbing tears from her face at Lacy's custom blanket, and my chest aches at the entire family we've created.

"Proud?" Bear grunts, sipping his beer.

I nod back towards Dodge. "Look at the father he is. We could barely get them bathed or fed at that age, but he makes it

look easy. I'm not taking all the credit, but we sure did the best we could to give them this life."

Bear clears his throat, his loving gaze watching his son and granddaughter. "Yeah. I'd never wish what we went through for them, but I'm happy as hell they have a whole club of people to help support them."

Knocking my shoulder against his, I give him another smile. "Forever, brother."

I look back at Mikayla, catching Gage's suspicious eye. Refusing to acknowledge it, I take a sip and avoid his gaze. The conversation I need to have with them can wait for another day.



I line up the shot and smirk at Razer, bringing the stick forward without tearing my eyes from his. The clank of the ball falling into the pocket has me standing straighter. “Still think I’m out of practice, asshole?”

Razer flips me off, grabbing the balls from the pockets to rack them. I hand my pool stick over to Dodge as I sit to the side.

Dodge chuckles, patting Razer on the back as he waits for the man. “Just because he’s not here every weekend anymore, doesn’t mean Gage can’t kick your ass.”

I raise my beer and salute. “Amen, brother.”

“Your old lady already got you on a tight leash, and it’s only been a few months.” Razer rolls his eyes, polishing his stick with some chalk.

“The only thing tight about my old lady is her fucking pussy and ass. Who knew pregnancy makes women even more horny?” I laugh. But also, if Mikayla wanted me to spend

every minute with her, I would. No questions. I love my brothers, but she's my life.

Dodge groans. "I swear my dick got road rash from my old lady riding it so much when she was carrying our baby girl."

"No shit, that's a thing?" Razer asks, glancing over to where his wife is drinking with a few of the clubwhores at the bar.

Snickering, I finish my beer and shake my head. "I'm pretty sure she would neuter you if you knocked her up without asking."

"Yeah, she would." Razer grimaces, pressing a hand over his balls.

"GAGE! Mik says answer your fucking phone," Lacy shouts across the clubhouse, moving back behind the bar.

I frown, pulling out my phone to multiple missed calls and texts. "Fuck!" I call her back as I'm already heading towards my bike.

"Where the hell are you?" She shouts as soon as she answers. The desperation in her tone sends a shot of unease through me.

"At the clubhouse, I didn't realize my phone was on silent, princess," I tell her, climbing on my bike and starting it. Dodge and Razer rush out the door, moving to start their bikes behind me. "What's going on?"

"The baby is coming, obviously! Fuck!"

I nod to Razer. "Go wake up Shaw. Mik is going into labor!"

Razer's eyes widen as he shuts off his bike and runs back into the clubhouse. Dodge scrambles to get off his bike and pulls the truck keys out of his pocket. He tosses them to me as we both move to the car instead.

"We're coming with the truck. Five minutes, baby. How many minutes apart?" I push my phone on speaker and hand it to Dodge as we peel out of the parking lot.

"I-i don't know. I can't count them," Mikayla cries. "It hurts." Her hushed confession slashes into me.

"That's okay, we're okay. Remember what the lady taught us? Breathe in through your nose—"

"No! I don't remember anything. Why aren't you here?!"

"Mikayla," I rasp, my chest caving at her defeated tone. My hands tighten on the steering wheel. I shoot through the last intersection before the neighborhood, uncaring if it's a red light. Horns blare around us.

"Gage! You getting into an accident won't help her right now," Dodge hisses.

"I'm sorry," She sobs over the phone. "I'm scared, Gage."

"I'm almost there, princess. Take some breaths for me," I tell her, my throat aching from trying not to succumb to the fears filtering through my mind.

She's silent as we pull into the driveway. I barely manage to put it into park, and then I sprint to the house. She's leaning over in the kitchen, hands braced on the counter. She moans as

I rush upstairs, kicking myself for not moving the hospital bag closer to the door.

Grabbing the duffle bag, I hurry back downstairs, and she's waddling towards me. "Want me to carry you to the car?"

"No," She snaps, rubbing at her stomach. "Don't touch me, just hold me."

My mouth opens and closes, unsure what she wants. Dodge whistles from outside as I open the door, and he holds up the car seat.

"Put it up front for now. I'm getting in the back with her," I tell him as her hand comes to grip my arm with a strength I didn't know she possessed.

I look at her, and the fear swimming through her watery eyes has me pushing my own away. "Bag, check. Car seat, check. Babymama, check. I think we're good to go."

Mikayla lets out a small laugh. "You would be the one to forget me."

"Probably," I say, walking her to the truck and helping her into the backseat. I climb in after her.

Dodge is backing out as soon as the door closes, grabbing the bag from it and shoving it in the front seat. "How you feeling, Mik?"

"Like something the size of a watermelon is trying to tear through my vagina." Her eyes squeeze shut as her nails break the skin of my arm.

Dodge grimaces. “Shaw texted and said he’s heading to the hospital.”

Mikayla breathes out loudly. “Good, good. That’s good.”

I glance at the dashboard, clocking the few minutes before she’s ripping into my arm again. I kiss her temple. “You’re doing so good, princess. A little less than five minutes apart now.”

Dodge meets my eyes in the rearview mirror, knowing we’re a good twenty minutes from the hospital.

“How long have you been having contractions, Mik?” He asks, pressing a little harder on the pedal.

She shakes her head. “I don’t know. All day? My water broke right before I called you.”

My head feels like it’s splitting with all the information I’m trying to remember at the same time. I wish I had written it down for easy access because it’s drawing a blank now. I just know five minutes apart is hospital time.

“Anything else you guys need while you’re there?” Dodge asks, trying to distract both of us.

“Nah, I don’t think so.” My mind is still too scattered to think clearly.

Dodge shrugs. “None of us will probably leave the hospital anyway.”

“You don’t– no one has to. Labor can take a long time,” Mikayla grits out as her contractions start again.

He smiles. “I know, my lady was there for almost a full night before she brought baby girl into the world.”

“They all want to be there for us, for you,” I tell her gently.

Mikayla’s watery eyes blink up at me. “Thank you.”

“For what, princess?”

“For always being there for me. For letting me join the club when I knew you and Shaw didn’t want me to.”

My heart twists, and my throat aches. “Mikayla, we always wanted you. We just didn’t see it clearly at first. We were never going to let you go. You are a part of this family, you always have been.”

Dodge clears his throat. “We’re here. I’ll park the truck and be in the waiting room. I’m sure Shaw will be looking for you two.”



Mikayla's eyes shine with uncontained happiness as she watches Gage hold the small baby. Gage's face is wet with tears as he rocks softly from side to side with the bundle in his arms. The hospital had a limit of only one person in the delivery room with her. I was upset at first, but after a while, I realized I couldn't take this moment away from either of them.

Her gaze locks to mine, and her smile deepens. "Hi, Daddy."

"Hi, princess," I say, stepping around the bed to kiss her temple.

Gage's hands tighten slightly on the blankets before he nods to me. "Hey, old man. Want to hold him?"

Swallowing down the emotion, I shake my head and sit on the edge next to Mikayla. "Maybe later. Have your moment with your son."

Mikayla frowns, her small hand reaching out to hold mine. "We don't know...who is—"

I bring her knuckles to my lips and kiss them. “It’s not mine, sweetheart. I entertained the idea for a bit, but I got confirmation from my doctor. My vasectomy hasn’t failed at all. I’m shooting blanks.”

Her mouth opens, and she glances at Gage before turning back to me. “We were never going to test to find out. It’s *our* son.”

Shrugging, I smile at her and then Gage. “I’ve raised a kid already. Two actually. I think it’s time to step back.”

I clear my throat and get off the bed. Mikayla tries to reach for me but winces and presses a hand to her stomach. I push her to lie down. “Stay, sweetie.”

“No. You’re freaking me out. It feels like you’re saying goodbye.” Tears stream down her face.

“It does,” Gage agrees, moving to set the sleeping infant into the small plastic crib to the side. “What are you saying?”

“I’m not saying goodbye, I would never leave. But I think I need to step back,” I give them a half-smile. “It’s always been you two. I’m just trying to slot myself in where I shouldn’t.”

Mikayla lets out a choked sob. “I don’t understand. I thought you wanted to be with me.”

Gage’s eyes sharpen as he sees how upset she is, and he turns to me with a hard glare. “Is this really the appropriate time to do this?”

My chest caves in. “You’re right. God, I’m sorry. Fuck.” I rub a hand down my jaw.

“How long have you felt like this?” Mikayla asks, wiping at her face.

Gage folds his arms across his chest. “Since before the baby shower, huh? I knew something was up with you.”

“We can talk about this when you guys get home from the hospital.”

Mikayla shakes her head. “Please, I’ll just worry about it the entire time. Plus, we’re just waiting around at this point.”

I sit on the edge of her bed again, grabbing at her hand. “I never meant to hurt you, baby. I just think you and Gage are good together, and I don’t want to screw it up.”

Gage scoffs, moving closer to Mikayla’s side. “I didn’t take you for an insecure coward.”

I tense. “Say that again.”

“Gage...” Mikayla whispers.

“Nah. Listen, old man. Neither of us has said or done anything to make you feel like we don’t want you here. And honestly, I would prefer you with Mikayla than one of those greedy bitches at the club. Love those girls, but they are so desperate for a man, it’s sickening.”

Mikayla pales. “But if that’s what you want. If you want to be with them instead of... if that’s what you want.”

I shake my head. “No, princess. That’s not what I want.”

“Then I don’t understand.”

Sighing, I flick my gaze between them. “How’s this going to work, huh? The club may have allowed me to be with her for the initiation, but I doubt they’ll be okay with anything past that. What will the town think?”

“Fuck the town, and frankly, fuck the club if they try to shame you. We’ve done everything for them,” Gage seethes.

“It’s not that simple. We have multiple businesses here. We rely on their respect for their business.”

Mikayla squeezes my hand. “If you’re worried about our image, then stay with us. It will look like you’re helping with the baby to the outside world.”

Gage sighs. “She’s right. You were ready just to walk away entirely. What would it matter if you continued to only be with her behind closed doors.”

I know they’re trying to comfort me, and it warms my heart that they still want me to be with them. I glance at the sleeping baby, my chest filling with love and wanting to be a part of his daily life.

“You’re really busy anyway. I would rather have a home you feel comfortable in and know you’re welcome. I would rather you come to me the nights you’re looking for relief,” she blushes, tilting to face Gage.

He smiles down at her. “We know you enjoy the mornings you wake up full of cum, princess. Your greedy pussy begs for it even when you’re asleep.”

“Shhh!” she snaps. “I don’t want the nurses to hear you.”

Laughing, I stand and walk over to watch my grandson sleep. “He’s perfect.”

“You know, you’re the only one with experience with the newborn thing. We could use the help,” Gage says, bumping into my shoulder.

I roam over my son’s face, looking for any resentment. “And the minute you two want privacy, you’ll tell me?”

Gage holds up his hand as Mikayla begins to say something. “The minute I want you out, I’ll tell you, old man.”

Epilogue

Mikayla

With a gasp, I sit up and blink at the clock. I scramble out of bed when I realize it's been over six hours since I checked on the baby, and the monitor has been turned off. I run down the hallway and come to a stop at the doorway.

Jax is sprawled out on Shaw's chest, both of them sleeping in the rocking chair. Shaw's hand keeps Jax plastered to his bare chest. My shoulders slump in relief, and I shake my head at the adrenaline slowly leaving my body.

I smile at them, wishing I had my phone to take a picture. It's been two weeks since Shaw has moved in full-time, clearing out his room at the clubhouse. It's been an adjustment to not wake up in the middle of the night since Shaw's night owl tendencies have been allowing Gage and me some extra sleep.

Frowning, I realize that I had been alone in bed and wonder where Gage had snuck off to. As I walk downstairs, I groan at the sweet smell of coffee drifting from the kitchen.

He smiles at me as I walk up and wrap my arms around his waist. "Good morning, princess. I didn't expect you to get up so early."

"Coffee, please."

Gage hands me his cup but pulls it away when I try to grab it. I pout at him.

“Remember that thing I wanted to try?”

“No?” I frown, confused.

Gage smirks. “You said I wasn’t allowed to use what you pumped and put in the fridge.”

My mouth falls open. “Are you really holding the coffee hostage unless I allow you to use my breast milk as a creamer?”

“Yes,” He says, his expression serious.

I narrow my eyes. “The answer is the same. The milk in the fridge is for Jax.”

He nods at my chest. “Lemme grab it fresh then.”

“Gage... are you serious?”

His hand comes up and pinches at my hard nipple through the shirt, causing a few drops to leak. “Don’t you want to feed me too?” His bottom lip pushes out in a pout.

“You have the weirdest obsession with my milk,” I say breathlessly as I pull my shirt off, cupping my heavy breast. If I were to be honest, I loved Gage’s obsession with my tits. He’s always had it since I could remember. I’ve woken up many mornings with him resting on my chest, sucking on them as he scrolled on his phone.

When he reaches out to grab them again, I step back. “Remember what I asked for two days ago?”

His face twists. “It’s too soon.”

“No, my doctor cleared me,” I tell him with a shake of my head.

“Cleared you to have sex, but advised you to give your body time to heal before getting pregnant again.”

I smile, stepping forward and pressing my breasts against the hands curled around his cup.

“Are you saying you don’t want to put another baby in me?” I taunt him.

Gage’s eyes narrowed to slits. “You know I do, princess. You’re not going to get my cum in that tight little pussy for a few more months, at least.”

I pout. “I could always ask Daddy to reverse his little snip job.”

“Do it then,” Gage counters. “You still won’t be getting a baby from either of us any time soon.”

He reaches out and plays with my leaking nipple, his heated gaze watching the white drops roll over his fingers.

“I think you severely underestimate the allure of my pussy.”

He looks up at me. “Mik, I love you, but I will always put your safety over my needs.”

My heart swells at his love, and I lick my lips. “Fine, I won’t push. Hurry up and get your milk.”



Shaw

Pacing the room, I wipe my sweaty palms down my jeans. Gage and Mikayla should be returning from dinner soon. We had decided to have separate time with her for her birthday this year.

Except my present to her was a little selfish on my end. It would be for both of us, all of us. The last couple of months of living full-time at our house and taking a step back from the club have put a few things in perspective. I want to be with Mikayla, and if I can't publicly claim her, there is something else I can do.

Her laughter echoes up the stairs as they come in the front door. Jax was at Dodge's, and I know Gage will be going to pick him up soon. I wait at the top of the railing as they make their way in.

Gage's eyes catch mine, and he nods, turning her to me after a quick kiss. "Night isn't over, princess."

Her smile is wide, and her eyes are bright with warmth as she hurries up the stairs to me. I catch her when she jumps to me, wrapping her legs around my waist.

"You have a good birthday dinner?"

She kisses me, and I can taste the faint vanilla traces of whiskey on her lips. "Soooo good."

I laugh, carrying her to my bedroom. “You’re not drunk, are you? I had planned to have my wicked way with you.”

Giggling, she slowly slides down my body as I set her down. “Not drunk, maybe a little tipsy. I just really love my life right now.”

The love for our little family spreads in my chest, and I cup her face. “And I love you, princess.”

Her rosy mouth opens in an ‘O’ shape, and then she rises on her tiptoes to kiss me before twirling away to sit on the edge of the bed. She tilts her chin up and folds her hands into her lap, resting them on her knee crossed over her leg.

“Okay. I’m ready for my present, Daddy.”

I scratch the back of my neck, my cheeks flushing. “It’s not exactly something I can hand you.”

Mikayla frowns. “What do you mean?”

Clearing my throat, I step close to her. “I got my vasectomy reversed.”

She inhales sharply, her eyes glittering with tears. “Don’t tease me...”

I hold out my hand to pull her off the bed, and she stands. Pushing the straps of her dress off her shoulders, I drift my fingers down the inside of her arm till I reach the side zipper of the dark blue material. Mikayla doesn’t say anything as it pools at her feet, baring her sexy white lingerie to me. She steps out of the dress and then kicks off her heels. I would

have demanded she keep them on, but I have a better idea for tonight.

Shrugging off my cut with the club's logo and my president patch, I hand it to her. "Take off your bra and put this on."

Mikayla's pupils dilate as she hurries. Her tits bounce as they fall from their restraints, and she slips the leather jacket on. My cock hardens painfully at the sight of her naked chest in my cut, and I unbuckle my jeans to relieve some of the pressure.

"You want another baby?" I ask her.

She swallows, her throat bobbing and her eyes misty. "Yes."

"You want *my* baby?"

"You know I do."

Smirking, I strip the rest of my clothes off and stroke my hard cock. "I hope you don't mind...your birthday present is me coming in that pussy for the rest of the night. 'Til you're so full of my seed, there's no way I haven't knocked you up."

Mikayla pushes her panties off, scrambling onto the bed and showing me how wet she already is. I let out a long whistle as her hands squeeze at her breasts, pinching and twisting her leaking nipples. Her hips rise and fall lightly as she plays with herself.

"You and Gage already get started at dinner?" I climb onto the mattress, kneeling between her thighs.

She nods. “He wouldn’t let me come. Said I needed to be ready for tonight.”

“If we start this tonight, you know Gage will have to keep his little dick away from your fertile hole ‘til we know you’re pregnant with my kid.”

Her lips purse, clearly unhappy with the statement, before she nods. “Fine, but any kids after this is a free-for-all.”

My heart skips a beat. “We haven’t even given you a second one yet, and you’re already thinking of more?”

“Always,” she purrs. “A day doesn’t go by without the thought of you two breeding me.”

“Fuck,” I grunt out. I grab her thighs, pull her towards me, and thrust my cock into her ‘til I’m buried to the hilt. Both of us release a long moan, it’s been weeks since I felt the searing heat of her pussy wrapped around me.

Mikayla lets out a low laugh. “I thought once I pushed Jax out, I would adjust to your size better. But oh my god.”

I lean over, kissing her softly as I wait for her pussy to stop fluttering. Reaching between us, I rub at her clit, and she pulls her face away.

“Don’t. I’m so close. I want to come together,” she whispers.

I trail down her neck, sucking on one of her hard nipples. When I taste the sweetness of her milk, my cock throbs.

“We have all night,” I say, muffled against her skin.

“It’s my birthday,” she pouts, her hands tangling into my hair and keeping my face smashed against her chest. “And I want to come together.”

I pull out of her pussy ‘til my thick crown remains barely inside before thrusting forward. “Your wish is my command, princess.”

Mikayla doesn’t get another word out as I raise above her, setting my palms on either side of her head, and start pounding into her. Her chest arches up, and I’m unable to look away from her bouncing tits.

“Touch yourself,” I growl, fire already licking up my spine. I knew this first time would be quick after the confirmation of the successful reversal. Knowing I could plant my baby inside her had me coming almost instantaneously the past few days.

Her hand rubs at her clit as she cries out, her pussy clamping down on me. My cock pumps in and out of her tight cunt, the greedy thing particularly begging me to paint it with my seed.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” I hiss out as I feel the beginning of her orgasm. “Take it, princess. Take all my cum.” I spill inside her, groaning as my balls draw up to my body, pushing every drop into her pussy. Her pulsing walls milk my cock as I keep coming, feeling each throb of cum flooding her.

I fall into her, keeping us lodged together as I turn us on our sides. We stare at each other as our panting calms, and I sweep her hair off her sweaty forehead.

“Happy Birthday, Mikayla.”

Acknowledgements

Thank you to Ashley for designing this beautiful cover. One day, I will convince you to make all my covers and continue to share your talent with the world.

Thank you to Emily and Rachel, who are the absolute best beta readers anyone could ask for and keep me humble (‘-__-’). I love you guys, and you’re **never ever** allowed to leave me

Thank you to Justine, who said “lemme just try this proofreading thing” and then absolutely knocked it out of the park. Sorry chica, you’re about to be harassed for life (*by me if that wasn’t clear*).

Thank you to Andrea for listening to my constant ramblings about everything book-related. I hope you enjoyed your little break. You’re about to be tagged back in.

Thank you to Amanda, my little gremlin erotica partner in crime. You keep me sane when I question what’s wrong with me. (*hahaha*)

And finally, thank you to everyone who reads all my crazy stories. I love all the tags, the messages, and, when I can brave it... the kind reviews. I write because I find it fun and it offloads a lot of space in my brain, but the community really inspires me to continue so thank you guys. From the bottom of my little black heart, I would be nothing without the continued support.

Also, mommy if you're reading this. Thank you for your unconditional support, even with the batshit things I add that would have our family shunning us. Love you long time.

About the Author



Stalk Me

In third grade, this boy took my brownie (THE LAST BROWNIE IN THE CAFETERIA). So I beat him up, even kicked him when he hit the ground. My dad framed the very sternly worded letter from the principal.

Also By

Hired Series

C*mslut

Be my Daddy

Standalones

Secrets in the Dark

Irredeemable