



Dad's BEST FRIENDS



SYLVIE HAAS

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DAD'S BEST FRIENDS

I'm fifteen minutes early for a meeting with my dad's three business partners. With any luck, I'll score a job that gets me out of waitressing...and I can finally live the life my dad always wanted for me. It's not my dad's life.

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

Twenty-four hours ago, I met my newfound dad for lunch since we both happen to live in the same city. That's when I learned that aside from looking like my dad, he hadn't contributed anything to my impulsive personality. Perhaps the only impulsive thing he's ever done was to have a one-night stand with my mom.

Little did either of them know when they parted ways in the wee hours of the morning, he'd left her with a lot more than just his name. But with

way to contact him, all she could do was pass a girlie version of his name to me.

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

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

Thankfully, he disliked the idea of me waitressing in a pub and getting into my skin by strangers even more. Honestly, waitressing is exhausting and I'm looking for an opportunity to do something with more potential and money. I cross my arms over my chest since my perky nipples make it difficult to be discreet in my sundress is too thin to keep me warm against the air conditioning in my dad's company's conference room. Not exactly the first impression I want to make. I also have a thing for older guys—potential daddy issues—and the thought of meeting three older men stirs up something in my core. They're not helping any.

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

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

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

Dark-haired, Did my dad respect my wishes that we not reveal our relationship? I want to present myself as a sympathy hire or charity case. I want to prove my worth to his partners.

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

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

It's a hit The linebacker sits and rakes his fingers through his brown hair. He'd been cropped as close as I first thought, and tousles just enough to give him a more fun, sultry bedhead look.

I hear that My nipples refuse to relent.

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

That's not I draw a breath to give my brain a second to remember why I'm here to introduce myself. "Hi, I'm Charlie. I'm sure my..." Crap! I'm so disoriented by the way they're all staring at me, I almost dropped the dad bomb.

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

It spans to "I'm sure my interview was explained." That is a lame attempt to rescue this? "And you know that I'm here to be used at your mercy."

Oh my... I scan the room, wishing there was a water cooler. I really

means. drink right now, only I need that drink to be vodka. And I need to be at the table, another birthday to do it legally.

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

Of the Office schmoffice...product tester is now at the top of my list of dream jobs.

"I met Charles yesterday. When I found out he and three guys offered women's sex toy company, I pointed out that I might have useful in the simplest version of the truth.

It's not Mr. GQ smirks. "I didn't think gender mattered anymore."

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

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

"Here's our latest toy. Try it out before judging whether four guys here and make toys that drive women crazy."

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

I might be glistening...in my panties.

Mr. GQ. "These are our newest Kegel balls."

Mr. GQ winks. "It's the latest technology. Completely silent, even in loud environments. You need a mode."

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

You’re Linebacker shakes his head. “That’s the wrong question, Little
t hiring Silence was easy to test. We need to see how good they are at making
a good come.”

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

His expression is wrought with tension. Basically how I feel. If the
s run can make me come, one of us will have a problem solved. Hotter topics
sights.” we test them before my dad shows up?

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

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

ays can GQ says, “We were going to talk about testing and marketing
meeting today, but—”

ne with Cutting him off, I volunteer as tribute. “Let me give them a test drive
appear as marketing credibility.”

and his Linebacker chokes. I really should get their names, but I’m not a
break the mood.

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

dicrous “Charles vetted me. Let’s do this.” I snap the box shut. It will be
awkward knowing that they’re waiting for me to come back with a report

use you'l'm game. "Point me to the bathroom."

Mr. Skeptic grabs the box from my hand.

e One. "Wait...I thought..." My words trail off as he opens the lid, remo
womenremote, and winks.

Snapping the box shut, he nods to the side. "Bathroom's down the
—Gah!the left. See you back here as soon as you're ready to show us how g
product works."

se balls Does he want me to... Oh hell, he doesn't need to ask me twice. I r
ic...canof the room.



would

y-ish. I Safely inside the bathroom, I question my sanity. Will this be the be
ie withtally mark in my *Take the Bull by the Horns* column or will I piss
single remaining family member by playing sex games with his best fr
toward And there's the flip side to that. Will his best friends be pissed wh
th pinkfind out they didn't know an important detail?

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

in our Cleaning the balls, I scrunch up the front of my sundress. My pan
already soaked.

ve...for I pause and use my slow-down tactic of breathing deeply while cou
five to let the urgency pass. Every once in a while, it stops me fron
bout tosomething crazy. Not today.

This hardly feels appropriate for the workplace. If they'd mai
: is mybored, cubicle-dweller-style stares and not taken the remote control ou
box, it would feel more professional.

a little This is personal. I'm sure of it. And I'm not complaining.
ort, but

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Same, buddy. Same.

They all snap to attention as I calmly return to my seat. The room is now nowhere to be seen. I take a deliberate second with the box still in my hand, fan my skirt over my lap. Not that they can see, but a sense of power

t mightover me. They may have the remote, but I am their queen. Yes, my
ely onelife is vivid.

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

Assuming a highly theoretical relationship with one of them con
longer than our time in the conference room, how is this supposed to
ed withI'm attracted to all three of them.

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

Mr. Skeptic's large paw lands on the back of my hand. His eyes li
ie, andwhere his hand dwarfs mine, and he smiles. "Change your mind? We p
use mywe don't bite."

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

"You put them in?" Linebacker says.

ks, and I reluctantly slide my hand back and tease. "Yes, but you're welcom
how Iother ways."

y dad's He opens the box and they stare at the emptiness.

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

as filter "I like that you're big on consent. Yes, I want you to make me com
d bringroom practically spins. It's not that I'm afraid to speak my mind, bu
lo moreare my dad's business partners.

GQ smiles as he reveals the remote in his hand. His thumb taps
digital display lights up. Anti-climactic. I'm not sure what I expected,
mote isballs would start vibrating like I'm sitting on an unbalanced v
hand tomachine?

washes He says, "Since this is a workplace experiment, I won't try *other w*
yet?"

fantasy It takes a second for me to process that he's acknowledging my
"Let's see if your little toy is up for the task."

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

uld last A slight sensation from deep inside of me amplifies my tingles. Th
work?have definitely started doing their job. It's not much, but it has my at
"Is that all you've got?"

s it was Mr. Skeptic grabs the remote, pauses, and I nod. He clicks once.
increase. I need more, nod again, and he clicks again.

ift from "I'll bump it up slowly, but if you want to be satisfied in *other w*
romisecan talk."

Linebacker elbows him and takes the remote. "Hey, she's an em
not..."

I glance at the open door, grateful that we're at the end of a hallwa
ie to tryone wanders past, and wave off his caution. "From what I understand,
no fraternization policy. So what were you saying?"

"You won't need toys if you hang out with me." Mr. Skeptic i
" skeptical after all.

e." The The increasing vibration of the balls winds me tighter. Linebacker i
it thesedoing that but I'm in a dead stare with the former skeptic. I'm pretty s
panties just melted.

s and a If I squeeze my thighs just right, I could push myself over the edg
that theresist. The balls are in just the right spot to fill my insides with need.
washingmoan shoves my sanity aside as my orgasm grows.

Linebacker vies for my attention. "Can't change how thick these b
ays justbut if you need something thicker, I'm here for you."

"Prove it or turn that remote up." My words hinge on desperati

y tease. fingers are clamped on the edge of the table.

His laugh booms through the room and he reaches a hand to the front of my dress. My fingers are clamped on the edge of the table.

Fuck, would he really? I glance at the door again, then at the clock. The ball is in my court. Is my dad?

attention. “We better hurry.” Linebacker sounds disappointed as he stands.

prove it whenever you’re ready, but I need to see an orgasm on your face.

A tiny little face before we get interrupted.”

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

employee, “Is it too much?” GQ asks.

“More.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Are you...” Dad reaches across the table to grab the box. My arms outstretched, trying to stop him. He opens it.

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

Will he blow my cover?

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

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

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

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

“That wasn’t a rule.”

sk their “It should have been. This is why we can’t work together. Why I do women. Look at these guys, they’re...” My dad is clearly disgusted. \ng himother three be able to get over the reveal?

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

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

GQ is firmer than before. “I love you like a brother, Charles, but yo takes itleave.”

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

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

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

are too “Dad, please, just leave.”

He looks at me. I can tell he’s in agony...a very different kind than l at all of “Testing the toys is part of this company. Let me do it and be or al time.happy woman.”

“That’s TMI, Charlie.”

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

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

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

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

n't hire Linebacker returns to my side and strokes my hair as Skeptic takes
Will theon the other side of me, turns my head, and kisses me.

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

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

u better My entire body is consumed by the orgasm. I’ve never had one like
GQ takes the vibrations up and down as Linebacker reaches his hand
you’re my sundress and caresses up my thigh until he’s at my center. A couple
fingers sneak under my panties and dip into my sex. He’s inside of me
wave after wave of climax washes over me. With his fingers and a
nb overtwo guys are inside of me while I come, and yet it’s still not what
to carrycrave.

A cock.

No one’s questioning the situation. Am I crazy to believe I can have
I’m in. They don’t give a fuck that I’m related to their best friend. Thoughts
ne veryI’m coming down from the bliss enough to have thoughts. GQ has that
vibration down to almost nothing.

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

7 finger Linebacker scoots my chair back. GQ says from across the table, “
get her skirt up and her panties down.”

to take I couldn’t agree more. They make quick work of the demand. I’m sitting
out of my panties and don’t know where they end up. GQ rounds the table
the end saying, “I’m going to pull the balls out. Let me know if I do anything
uncomfortable.”

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

s a seat “You remember that thing about consent, Charlie?” he prompts.

“I consent. I want everything. I want all three of you. Is that horrible
; on my Former Skeptic is standing beside me. He reaches down and lifts r
to meet his gaze. “That’s the best thing I’ve heard all day. You want t
ning asthose plump lips around my cock while he fucks you?”

“I want to do everything.”

this. He whips his cock out while GQ unzips his slacks behind me. The
d underdoubt Former Skeptic is all in. Pre-cum beads on the tip of his rigid
le thickswipe it with my thumb then taste it. Masculine and musky, a perfect b
e whilemake my pussy clench.

tongue, “How does this work?” I ask.

I most “Lean over the corner of the table. He’ll take you from behind. I’ll s
front of you.”

Linebacker’s not to be left out. His pants are already off as he steps
e it all?his friend. “Little One, I’m going to stroke my cock until I come all o
. Wow, pretty face of yours. Is that okay?”

ken the “Yeah, but I want you in me. I want to experience all of you.”

“You will. Don’t worry. After the way you just orgasmed, I’m g
need to come at least ten more times.”

Time to “Is that even a thing?”

“Is what a thing?”

tepping “Guys having more than one orgasm?”

e table, “You’ve never been with a guy who did?”

g that’s “Apparently not.” I shrug and lean over the corner of the table, hopi
won’t pursue it further.

/ where GQ slaps my ass. I’m shocked by the rush of excitement that sha
entire body.

“How many guys have you been with?”

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

ny face “Zero.”

to wrap Linebacker coughs. “You’re fucking kidding.”

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

re’s no GQ’s tip prods at my sopping wet entrance. I scoot my hips back. shaft. I be my first.”

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

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

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

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

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

Little shakes of my head drag my lips back and forth across his tip. Linebacker’s voice strains as he watches. His fingers wrap around his cock and his thumb swirls over the shiny drop of pre-cum. “Please, Little, let me take his cock. Accept that you’re ours.”

The orgasm GQ’s building inside of me threatens to take over. I p

lips, extend my tongue, and welcome a huge cock into my mouth, headlong into the best way imaginable to lose my virginity.

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

I'm too full to answer properly, so I offer my complete surrender. "Please agree to my terms."



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touch my

my lips.

over my

grows.

'm also

his shaft

le One,

part my

lips, extend my tongue, and welcome a huge cock into my mouth, diving headlong into the best way imaginable to lose my virginity.

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

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



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