



Pregnant By

MY DAD'S
BEST FRIEND

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

S.E. LAW

PREGNANT BY MY DAD'S BEST FRIEND

A TABOO AGE GAP ROMANCE

S.E. LAW

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ABOUT THIS BOOK

Some girls like their coffee black, but I take mine with a helping of salty, frothy cream.

Jamie:

I work for my dad's best friend as a barista at one of his cafes.

It's fun and easy. I wipe tables, clean the counter, and pull shots of espresso during my shift.

Except the gorgeous Dane Kenneally himself stops by one day, taking my breath away. My dad's best friend is huge. Handsome. Incredibly dominating with blue eyes that see everything, and a milk frother so big that it drips non-stop.

Even better, Dane's milk frother makes a special type of cream ... that he thinks I'll adore!

Dane:

Yeah, I'm a dirty f*ck. I hire pretty young baristas to work at my cafes because customers appreciate it.

Jamie is no exception. My buddy's daughter is curvy, ripe, and so beautiful that my eyes hurt just looking at her.

Even better, Jamie's learning the ins and outs of the java business ... ***and it's up to me to teach her to take her joe with cream!***

This is a follow up to Pregnant By My Best Friend's Dad (Ed and Kimber's Story). In this tale, we're following along with Jamie (Ed's daughter) and Dane (Ed's best friend). Yes, Dane's got two decades on his pretty barista. Yes, Jamie's dad would kill them if he found out. But do our star-crossed lovers care? Not at all! In fact, they want to get down and dirty, and to hell with the stars! Get ready for a load of fun because if you like natural, 100% organic cream straight from the source, then this is your story. Not only that, but there's a special double wedding in the epilogue that's better than any fairy tale ending! As always, no cheating, no cliffhangers, and always a HEA.

Jamie

“Hey Jamie, can I get a hand here?” my co-worker Colette calls from across the store.

“Sure,” I respond. “Just give me a sec.” I finish wiping up my tables in the back section of Dane’s Coffee and stroll behind the counter where Colette’s staring at a puddle of sticky mystery substance on the floor.

“What is that?” I ask, wrinkling my nose.

She throws me a wry look.

“It’s the new strawberry-caramel-bubble gum syrup they sent over from headquarters. It came in a big gallon container that leaked! There was literally a crack in that thing, and now we have this.”

I shake my head with disbelief.

“Man, oh man. Corporate has to do better choosing plastic containers. I know they want everything to be biodegradable these days, but some of the stuff they use is just low quality.”

“Yeah, and now look!” Colette exclaims, gesturing to the mess on the floor. “Besides, do coffee drinkers really want strawberry-caramel-bubble gum

flavored drinks? It sounds gross if you ask me.”

I roll my eyes.

“I don’t know. That’s why I take my joe black.”

“I know!” Collette squeals. “That’s so hard-core, Jamie. I mean, seriously, not even a tiny drop of cream? Just a smidge?”

“Nope, black is good,” I retort. “Coffee connoisseurs always drink their stuff straight because you want to taste the original flavor of the bean itself, without it being diluted with milk, oat, soy or what have you. But let me get the mop from in the storeroom, and I’ll get this mess sorted. Customers are waiting,” I say, eyeing one particular lady tapping her foot while glaring at us. “You take care of them, and I’ll take care of this.”

“Thanks, Jamie. You’re a doll,” Collette whispers before whirling back around to the register with a big smile on her face. “How can I help you today?” she asks the lady in a voice dripping with polite sarcasm. “May I suggest our newest strawberry-caramel-bubble gum latte? It’s the best, and a personal favorite of mine.”

I grin while trudging to the storeroom in back because it’s just another day at Dane’s Coffee. I work at a specialty cafe out in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, with a hip vibe and lots of far-fetched flavors. Maybe the drinks cost an arm and a leg, but hey, if there are people who will buy, then why not sell the goods at that price point? It makes total business sense.

But I like it at Dane’s. The vibe is good, the customers friendly, and I enjoy my co-workers too. I’m on shift most often with Colette, and she’s a nice girl. Maybe we’re not super-close friends, but we don’t have to be because I don’t buy that shit about co-workers being like a second family. We’re here to make money, and hopefully, Colette and I will rake it in during this shift.

Not that I *need* the money. The truth is that my family’s well-off. Or more accurately, my dad is well off. Ed is a venture capitalist with his own company called Encore Partners. He’s always pulled a nice salary, and as a result, we live in a huge house back in Wyoming. Now, my dad’s funding my education at NYU, and tuition costs an arm and a leg. Still, we can afford it, and Ed doesn’t understand my desire to work.

“Why don’t you focus on your classes?” Ed asked in a puzzled voice. “Or take some extracurriculars. Dance? Italian? Spanish? I know you’ve always loved the Romance languages.”

I merely laughed into the phone.

“No, it’s fine, Daddy. I like working, and besides, I don’t want to stick out as some rich girl that gets everything handed to her on a plate. I’d rather blend in with the other kids, and take on a part-time job. It’s fine. I like coffee anyways, and being a barista is rewarding in its own way.”

“You mean, you enjoy dealing with irate customers?” my dad asked in an amused tone.

“No, it’s not that,” I replied. “It’s just nice to keep busy and feel productive. School isn’t always like that, you know. Four years is a long time, and all this studying feels like it’s for nothing sometimes.”

“It’s not for nothing,” my dad said in a comforting voice. “Life is a marathon, not a race, Jamie. School is just one part of it, so take it easy. You don’t have to work, but I understand if you want to. In fact, I’m proud of you, honey. Enjoy yourself in New York, and just reach out if you need anything.”

“I will, Daddy,” I replied. “Now, go enjoy time with your new baby! Lily is so cute. Tell Kimber I say hi too.”

“Will do,” my dad murmurs as the baby wails behind him. “Oops, Lily wants me now. Okay, I’ll go tend to your sister. Bye honey! Have a good time in New York.”

Then, my dad was gone and I hung up, still bemused. After all, my dad married my best friend from high school and has his hands full these days. But we all adore the baby, and it’s wonderful to see how my dad dotes on his new daughter.

Even more scandalous is the fact that I know how my dad met Kimber. Neither Kimber nor my father have said anything directly, but I’ve heard the rumors. Evidently, there’s a secret club called Club Z in that area of Wyoming, and Kimber attended one night to participate in a breeding party. Yes, it’s exactly what it sounds like. Kimber got naked and let three strange men come in her pussy, hoping to be impregnated. Even crazier, *my dad was*

one of the three men.

So yes, obviously, the breeding party worked. I don't know how they figured it out, or how they ended up in a stable relationship, but I guess Kimber is now my new "stepmom." She and Ed aren't married yet, but I wouldn't be surprised if my dad proposes to her in the next few months or so.

Even more, I'm not really bothered by the relationship. So what if Kimber's my high school friend? So what if there's a twenty-five year age gap? Love has no number, and I'm glad my dad has found happiness with my best buddy from Hooper High. Even more, I'm so excited to have Lily because I've always wanted a sibling, and the baby is so cute. She keeps my dad on his toes, that's for sure, and it's kind of funny to see Ed run ragged by a tiny little creature.

Besides, I'm not so innocent in the romance department myself because I have a secret too. I've had a crush on my dad's best friend, Dane Kenneally, since what feels like forever. In fact, I even left Wyoming because I didn't want to be constantly reminded of my attraction to the older man. It seemed like Dane was always coming over my last year of high school, and it was so embarrassing whenever he was around! My nipples would get hard, my pussy would moisten, and I swear, the older man *knew*. Even when I was wearing a sweater during the cold Wyoming nights, I swear Dane could tell that I was lusting after him, and he'd shoot me that knowing smile while calling me "Pet."

Why "Pet," you ask? I suppose it's because we've always had a cute relationship. The nickname came about a long time ago when I was just a little girl. There was one summer when I was a dog for the whole three months. It must have been when I was six or so, and I wanted everyone to refer to me as Jamie the Jamison Poodle (as if Jamison Poodles even exist). I spent the entire summer crawling around on my hands and knees and begging adults for treats, which most often came in the form of potato chips and candy.

But my dad's friend was a good sport. Dane merely laughed when I nudged his hand with my head one afternoon, begging for another mini-Snickers bar. He said, "Who is this? Is this my new pet?"

I nodded and panted like a dog, pretending excitement while pawing the air with my hands. Dane chuckled and passed me another mini-Snickers bar as my dad grumbled.

“You spoil her, Dane,” Ed said. “Seriously, Jamie will have so many cavities after this summer.”

“I’m sure it’ll be fine, buddy. A little sugar never killed anyone,” Dane replied. Then he winked at me. “Run along, Pet. Have a good time.”

I scampered off with the candy bar between my teeth, overjoyed at the sugary treat. Of course, as soon as my dad was out of sight, I tore into the wrapper and devoured that Snickers in one gulp. But even after the summer ended, I stayed “Pet” to Dane. My dad’s friend continued calling me by the nickname, and I don’t mind. It’s special, and like a secret code between him and me.

But the thing is that the attraction between us just kept growing stronger. By my senior year, I felt like it was consuming me from the inside out because whenever Dane came around to our house, my cheeks would inevitably heat up and I’d feel a warm flush going down my neck and all over my décolletage. My nipples would harden as my pussy moistened, and I swear, I could barely talk. Whenever Dane asked me about school or hobbies, I managed to get out garbled replies that didn’t make sense. Then, I’d practically flee the room, with my dad throwing him a shrug that said, “Teenagers. Can’t live with ‘em, can’t live without ‘em.”

The whole thing is embarrassing to remember, but at least, now in New York, I don’t have to deal with such humiliating encounters anymore. Don’t get me wrong: I came to New York because I love NYU and its School of Independent Study. I want to craft a major that combines my love of European language with the arts in some way, although I haven’t exactly figured out how. Plus, the city is magnificent, and being here provides an electrical charge that you can’t find anywhere else in the world. They don’t call this place the City that Never Sleeps for no reason.

But it’s also a relief to be out of Dane’s orbit. Sure, the powerful alpha male hooked me up with a barista job at his company, but let’s be honest. Dane’s Coffee is based in Wyoming, and that’s where my dad’s friend spends his time: at corporate, talking with investors while managing an international

empire. I don't exactly see my dad's buddy on a daily basis because Brooklyn is just a small satellite operation. Our neighborhood is nothing to Dane, and I'm safe here in the boonies.

Smiling to myself, I begin mopping up the floor in the café. Colette's right. This syrup is especially gooey and gross, and while it smells okay, the color is a disgusting dark brown that seems multi-colored at the same time. Seriously, would customers really want to ingest this? Maybe once it gets blended in with coffee, it won't look so much like toxic waste anymore. But the rainbow sliminess looks insanely artificial, and I make a note to check the other gallon drums for leaks before finishing my shift today.

Suddenly, Colette lets out a gasp behind me.

"Oh my god!" she whispers.

"What is it?" I ask. "Did someone leave a really big tip? Twenty? Fifty, even?"

There's no answer as I continue to mop. But then, Colette lets out a chirp.

"Mr. Keneally!" she squeaks. "Hi, I'm Colette Malvern. I work for you. I mean, of course I work for you because I'm wearing a Dane's Coffee apron, and I'm behind the counter here at your store. Oh, what am I saying? Welcome to Brooklyn, Mr. Dane! I mean, Mr. Kenneally."

That's when I spin around, every cell of my being suddenly aware of our new customer. After all, it's true. My dad's best friend has just shown up and his blue eyes gleam as he takes in my curvy form.

"Hey Jamie," he says in a cool tone. "Funny seeing you here. How are you enjoying Brooklyn?"

All the air whooshes out of my lungs as my cheeks heat up because my dad's best friend is here in the flesh ... and this time, I know I won't be able to resist.

Dane

I wasn't sure if I'd see her at the cafe. Of course, I knew that Jamie had been hired by Dane's Coffee in Williamsburg because I hooked her up with the job. Her dad, my buddy Ed, told me that his daughter was heading out to New York for college, and was looking for a part-time position while she attended classes. I snorted.

"Really? Jamie wants to be a barista? Are you not footing her tuition or something?"

Ed shrugged while burping his new baby across one shoulder.

"Naw, I told her that I'd pay for everything, but Jamie was insistent. It's just something she wants to do. What can I say? My daughter's independent."

I smirked again, but made it happen. Jamie was hired the next week as a barista at our outpost in Brooklyn, and it was no big deal. After all, who's going to question the CEO? Besides, servers don't exactly make that much so there tends to be a lot of turnover. Dane's Coffee is always looking to hire good people, and Jamie absolutely fits the bill with her cheerful personality and ready smile.

But I wasn't sure that I'd see her today, of all days. I'm on a tour of some of

our cafes on the East Coast because there's been a move towards unionization recently. Nothing's happened at Dane's as of yet, but a lot of big conglomerates are experiencing worker discontent. In fact, at Starbucks, a young woman who's a Rhodes Scholar is a lead labor organizer at one of their cafes in Buffalo. Can you believe it? If someone with a Ph.D. applied to work as a barista at any of my shops, I'd want to know why. She could get any job she wants, so why us? And why an entry-level retail job?

As a result, this "listening tour" is really important. I understand that a lot of people regard listening tours with skepticism because they want action, and we're not promising anything in particular. But management is trying to understand what our employees desire, and we want to work with them to fill those needs. Furthermore, me being on this tour, specifically, as the CEO and the figurehead of the organization, lends the whole thing credence. This isn't just random talking heads out to placate the masses. I'm the actual "Dane" of Dane's Coffee, and bottom-line, this business is my baby and I care about it.

But yes, the Williamsburg location wasn't on our original schedule. We were going to hit up the Manhattan flagship, as well as a café in Westchester, and another one in New Jersey. But looking over the itinerary, I told my VP to add the Williamsburg location at the last minute.

"Are you sure?" Greg asked, his eyebrows going up. "That location is pretty new, so I wouldn't expect them to know much of anything."

I shrugged.

"Just do it. Williamsburg is a hip neighborhood, with a different vibe from Manhattan. It'll be good to check in, especially since they just opened their doors."

Greg shrugged and acceded because it wasn't any skin off his nose. Besides, most people are excited to visit New York, and I know he was looking forward to a couple extra days in the city.

But now, I'm here in Brooklyn, and Jamie's staring at me with big brown eyes. She looks gorgeous, as usual. My friend's daughter is lush and beautiful, and even the black apron we provide our employees can't hide her curves. Those big tits push against the canvas fabric, and the strings of the apron are tied around her waist, showing off its narrow circumference. Cute

sneakers decorate her feet, and she's currently got a cap jammed down on her head. But even the baseball hat can't hide the curly brown locks underneath, wisping out from her braid to frame her face.

"Hey Jamie," I say again with a half-smile. "Cat got your tongue?"

The woman at the counter, whose name is "Colette" from her badge, immediately whirls around.

"Jamie, you know this guy? You know Dane Kenneally?" she asks in a surprised voice.

Jamie sputters for a moment, her cheeks going red.

"No, not really—"

I cut her off.

"What she means is yes," I say in a smooth tone. "In fact, Jamie and I have known each other for a long time because I'm an old friend of her father's. So actually, I've known her since birth."

Jamie grows even more red then, her face going a near-eggplant shade of purple.

"Dane," she sputters. "I mean, Mr. Kenneally—"

"Come on, let's chat in the back. Is there an office we can use? Can you handle the customers on your own for five minutes?" I ask Colette, who's staring at both of us with surprise. She jerks straight and nods quickly.

"Yes, of course. Here, I'll take that mop from you, Jamie. The office is straight that away," she says, jerking one thumb over her shoulder.

Then, I take the curvy girl's elbow in my hand and pull her with me, down a short hallway, and into what must be the office. It's not much more than twenty square feet, with a small metal desk pushed against the wall and boxes of supplies stacked against the wall.

"Ow, you're hurting me!" the curvy girl exclaims, jerking her elbow away once the door is closed. "Let go!"

I stare at the beautiful brunette. Her cheeks are pink and her bosom heaving,

but I like it.

“You look good, Pet.”

Jamie rolls her eyes.

“Hello to you too, Dane. What are you doing here, anyways? Shouldn’t you be wearing a suit and attending some corporate board meeting in Wyoming?”

I crack a grin while looking down at my blue sweater and dark jeans.

“Not every day as a CEO is spent meeting with the board, despite what people might think. But how are you?” I ask. “How are you enjoying New York? Your dad tells me you like it.”

For the first time since I’ve seen her, Jamie smiles too. Her brown eyes sparkle as she nods.

“Yeah, I do like it on the East Coast. School is good and the city’s exciting. But don’t try to change the subject, Dane. Seriously, Brooklyn? This is kind-of slumming it for a powerful CEO, right?”

I chuckle.

“I’m not the one slumming it, honey. *You* are. You’re the daughter of a billionaire businessman! When your dad told me you were looking for a position, I practically coughed up my coffee. Tell me: do you even *like* coffee, sweetheart? Or were you just using me to get a job?”

Jamie smiles despite herself.

“I wasn’t using you, Uncle Dane. But you’re right. I don’t love coffee, and hardly ever drink it.”

I fix her with a look.

“So you’re a barista who literally whips drinks up all day for customers, but you can’t stand the stuff yourself. It’s like being an ice cream scooper who scoops ice cream all day. How can you stand it?”

She shrugs.

“There are worse things in life. Besides, coffee’s not that bad. I could be

working with animal fertilizer or something gross like that. That would be a hundred times worse.”

I laugh despite myself because I love this woman’s sense of humor. She’s always been funny and sassy ever since a young age, and I’m glad to see that New York hasn’t stamped out that part of her personality.

“You’re right. That would be a lot worse,” I acknowledge. “So you never drink the good stuff despite getting it for free here?”

Jamie thinks for a moment, tapping her foot.

“No, I guess I’ll have a cup or two occasionally. But it’s *very* occasional.”

I chuckle.

“Okay, and do you load it with milk and sugar to hide the taste?”

She shakes her head.

“No, I take it black,” she says. “I gulp it straight because I’m using the caffeine to pep me up. The java tastes awful,” she emphasizes. “I don’t know how people drink five or more cups of this stuff every day. But then again, we have repeat customers who seem to spend their entire paychecks at Dane’s.”

I chuckle, amused with our banter.

“But that’s where you’re going wrong, Pet. You need something to cut the taste. Coffee is bitter, sweetheart, especially if you drink it black. Plus, you know there’s a trend towards Robusta beans, right? Arabica isn’t great for the planet, so we’ve been training our customers to savor Robusta instead. But of course, Robusta is especially bitter and so it often needs a bit of cream to temper the acidity.”

Jamie grins at me.

“Said like a true coffee expert.”

I grin right back.

“Hey, I’ve been in this business for a long time, honey. You know why they add condensed milk, and not just regular milk, to Vietnamese coffee? It’s

because they use Robusta beans in Vietnam, and they need to mask that bitterness.”

Jamie giggles.

“Wow, I had no idea. Who would have guessed? I learn new things every day.”

I nod.

“But that’s not all I can teach you, Jamie. I have a special type of cream that’s especially good for coffee. It can make your java taste like an elixir you’ve never had before. Or at least, I don’t *think* you’ve had it before.”

Jamie cocks her head at me, those big brown eyes sparkling.

“And what would that be?” she asks in an arch tone. “Is it a special type of condensed milk imported from Vietnam? Is the cream saturated with sugar so that it’s extremely sweet?”

I arch a black brow right back at her.

“Well, I don’t think it’s saturated with sugar because I try to eat healthy, and avoid most sugars except for those in fruit. But yes, it’s a creamy liquid that tastes best straight from the source. *Especially* if it’s warm and even a bit viscous, which I think you might enjoy.”

The silence in the small office rings in my ears as the curvy girl stares at me. Suddenly, the office feels far too small and hot. The walls are closing in, and yet there’s only me and the curvy girl as the temperature rises until it’s boiling.

“Are you saying what I think you’re saying, Dane?” Jamie whispers. “Are you serious?”

“I’m very serious,” I say in a deep voice that practically reverberates with promise. “It’s time we addressed the elephant in the room, honey. Why, does the thought of my cream titillate you?”

The teen girl stares at me, and her pink tongue flickers out for a moment to brush across her lips. I’m entranced by the movement, and my body hardens. Oh shit, oh shit. I have half a mind to ravish the teen girl right here, right

now, but my better instincts stop me. After all, Jamie's more than two decades my junior, and she's innocent too. I need to do better than claiming her on the floor of a dirty office.

"What time do you get off today?" I manage in a rough voice.

Jamie swallows audibly while gazing into my eyes, her big bosom heaving with arousal.

"Oh, um—"

I cut her off.

"*What time?*" I ask in a commanding rasp.

Her pupils dilate.

"Around 3 p.m.," she whispers.

"Come to the Wythe Hotel afterwards," I rasp. "I'm in Room 767. I'll have your drink ready for you then. In the meantime," I warn in a low voice, our eyes never leaving one another. "Be good. 3 p.m. will come soon enough. Until then, Pet."

Then, I lean forwards and plant a hungry kiss on Jamie's lips. She inhales sharply before kissing me back, and before I know it, we're in a passionate embrace. Jamie's melting against my broad chest, those big tits smashed against the hard wall of my pecs, and I groan aloud at how lush and curvy she is. But I can't do this in the back of the store because Jamie deserves better, and more. Besides, I've promised her a special type of cream, and I intend to deliver.

Gently, I disentangle our limbs and push her away. Jamie's unsteady on her feet, her pupils dilated as that enormous bosom heaves with arousal. I chuckle, and reach one hand out to steady her around the waist while pressing another kiss to her forehead.

"Be ready," I rasp. "3 p.m. it is then. Don't be late."

Then, I leave the office, long strides taking me out the back door of a café. Colette is rummaging in the storeroom area for some reason, and as I depart, I hear her call, "Bye Mr. Kenneally! It was nice meeting you! Come visit us

again!”

I raise one hand over my shoulder without looking back because Colette is besides the point. Instead, I’m completely focused on my best friend’s lush, beautiful daughter ... who’ll be drinking my cream in a matter of hours.

Jamie

The Wythe is a hip hotel in the northernmost reaches of Williamsburg. It's in a formerly industrial area, and in fact, there are still warehouses nearby, although now, they're covered with colorful murals and even painted advertisements for luxury goods. But all sorts of interesting-looking people wander in and about the hotel, dressed to the nines while going about their business.

I look down at myself and frown a bit. I fluffed out my hair after my shift, and ditched the apron, of course, but I'm not dressed like a Brooklyn hipster at all. Somehow, I just can't pull off that cool, vintage-y, matching but not matchy vibe. Instead, I'm wearing a baby t-shirt with jeans, and plain Keds decorate my feet. I know that Adidas sambas are the "it shoe" these days, but I've been wearing Keds since I was a girl, and I adore the canvas sneakers still.

I sigh. I suppose that's one part of New York that I love and hate at once. I love the fact that people get dressed up just to go about their lives. Where I come from, people wear the same style of Wranglers every day for *years*. Literally, my dad's probably never even bought a different cut, and he always pairs his jeans with a button-down shirt and fleece vest. It's a boring look, and furthermore, everyone in Hooper, Wyoming, dresses like Ed.

But the monotony is comforting too because here in New York, clothes are like plumage. A ride on the subway is a masterclass in pulling together an outfit with artistry, whether subtle or overt. There are folks with feathers in their hair, and others wearing pink nylon skin-tight jumpsuits. There are even people wearing Wranglers and button-down shirts, just like my dad. The diversity astonishes me, and sometimes, I feel pressure to live up to the vibe. Where this pressure comes from, I don't know. I guess I feel like New York is a big competition in some ways, and it's one that I'm constantly failing with my faded jeans and plain t-shirts.

Well, Dane can't expect you to be dressed up, the voice in my head reasons. You were just on shift! What does he expect?

I smile to myself while entering the hotel.

I just wish I looked a little cuter today, that's all, the other voice in my head argues. Sexier, too.

The knowledge makes me shiver with anticipation because I have to admit the truth – I'm attracted to my dad's best friend. Sure, Dane's decades older. Sure, he's probably taken too, since he dates up a storm back in Hooper. Sure, any relationship between us would be completely inappropriate given that he went to college with my father. Yet I'm attracted to Dane's handsome, patrician features; that incredibly athletic body; and the asshole personality that was on display earlier today when he came by the café. It makes me want to slap him, but then plaster myself to the alpha male while seeking his kisses in the next moment. Is that crazy? Am I going insane?

You are, Jamie, the voice in my head answers in a wry tone. You are officially losing it.

But instead of feeling out of control and scared, all I feel is a rush of anticipation while I make my way to Room 767. My body is alert, and every nerve tingles as I raise my hand to knock. What will Dane say to me next? Will he kiss me again?

The door swings open, and the sight of the huge man takes my breath away. Dane is still dressed in the same blue jeans and sweater from before, but somehow he seems bigger. More massive, even, as his head almost brushes the ceiling of the room.

“Hey sweetheart,” he says in a casual tone, stepping aside to let me enter. “Come on in.”

I enter the room, and then come to an abrupt halt.

“Wait, this isn’t a regular hotel room. This is a suite.”

“It is,” the dark man chuckles while shutting the door behind me. “We’re here in New York to visit a couple outposts of Dane’s Coffee, so I figured I’d get a bigger place. You know, spread out a little.”

I circle around because Room 767 is obviously not your average suite. The ceilings are high, and the huge windows along one side show off the sparkling waters of the East River. There’s a kitchen to the left of the spacious sitting area, and to the right is a hallway which likely leads to the bedrooms. There’s even a small half-bath that I glimpse off the foyer. Who knew that hotel suites could have half-baths?

Then again, I come from money, so I guess I should be aware of these things. Yet somehow, I’m not, and I suppose it’s because I lived in a bubble in Wyoming. My dad coddled me, and the result is that I’m pretty clueless when it comes to real life. Well, New York is going to change that because you’ve got to be street smart and clever to survive here.

“Take a seat,” Dane says in a low voice, gesturing to a caramel-colored couch. “Can I get you something to drink?”

“Sure,” I nod. “Lemonade?”

He chuckles.

“Well, I was thinking something more along the lines of alcohol, but you’re not legal yet, are you?” he asks, lifting one black brow.

I shake my head.

“Nope. I’m nineteen so I still have two years before I’m legal to drink.”

A shadow crosses Dane’s handsome features for a moment.

“Damn,” he mutters under his breath before reaching for the fridge door. “Even younger than I thought.”

But when he passes me a glass of ice cold water, the shadow has passed and he shoots me his trademark cocky grin.

“So tell me, how do you like New York?” the huge man rumbles, taking a seat across from me. The handsome man’s so big that he seems to dwarf the furniture with his size, and I feel myself going hot with arousal inside. Why, oh why, am I so attracted to my dad’s friend? Yet I have to keep it together because Dane’s technically my boss. Okay, my boss’s boss’s boss’s boss, but that’s even more pressure to come off as normal and pleasant.

“It’s good,” I manage in an even tone. “I mean, I’m getting my ass handed to me at school, but otherwise, I love the city.”

Dane nods.

“And do you live here? Or in Manhattan.”

“Here,” I say quickly. “Manhattan’s really expensive, so I decided to leave the dorms after freshman year, and come out to Brooklyn where the rents are cheaper.”

Dane lets out a low laugh, his blue eyes sparkling.

“Honey, that’s something that I’ll never understand. Your dad’s loaded, Jamie. Ed’s got money pouring out of his ears, so why are you slumming it? When he told me you wanted a job as a barista, I almost fell out of my chair.”

I merely shrug, even as my heart races in my chest.

“I just want to fit in, that’s all. I mean, back in Hooper everyone knew I was Ed Ventura’s daughter. I couldn’t get away from being “the rich girl,” and I guess I wanted to try life without that for once,” I say. “It’d be nice to be regular, without people looking at me with dollar signs in their eyes.”

Dane stops me for a moment.

“Did you get that feeling back home?” he asks in a nonplussed voice. “Seriously?”

“Not exactly, but everyone knows everyone back in Hooper,” I confess. “You know how it is. It’s just a small town where everyone’s up in everyone else’s business, and that’s part of the reason why I like New York. Sure, my dad’s

rich but no one here knows or cares. Plus, this city is one of extremes. There are folks here who have way more than my dad. They have so much that they own their own planes and vacation in St. Tropez every summer.”

Dane frowns a little.

“We could go to St. Tropez. Trust me, honey, I’ve been to the South of France and it’s not all that. There are so many tourists that it’s a little off-putting if you ask me. But if that’s where you want to go, why didn’t you just say?”

I giggle a little.

“No, I’m not complaining. I love Lake Hithitchee, Dane, and it was always fun to spend a week there with you in the summers. I’m just using St. Tropez as an example of what people out here do for vacation. There’s no “cabin by the woods,” or if there is a cabin, it’s actually a giant McMansion with a full staff who stays on the property year-round.”

“Wow,” Dane hums, his blue eyes thoughtful. “Maybe I should get myself one of those cabins. Could be interesting. Does it come with a private lake?”

I giggle again.

“You know what I mean! But I had fun with you at Lake Hithitchee, Dane. I wouldn’t trade those long, lingering summers for anything.”

He grins.

“I had fun too, sweetheart. Our families have been going a long time too, huh? I guess we missed last summer because your dad was expecting the baby, but we can pick up again. I still own the property.”

I giggle before asking in an arch tone.

“Will Marissa be there again? Or Katie? Or Angela?”

It’s a valid question because every summer, my dad would take me to the lake house to meet up with Dane and his date for a week. Dane and his lady love stayed in the main house, while Ed and I were given a guest cabin. But we all used the main house’s kitchen and laundry, and more often than not, Dane was banging his date at all hours. It’s crazy. I always thought that most

people reserved sexy time for at night, after everyone else goes to sleep, but not my dad's best friend. Dane's date was always moaning with pleasure, whether it was 6 a.m. or 6 p.m. My father would tell me to put earmuffs over my ears, but by the time I knew what those wails meant, I was already fifteen or sixteen and it was far too late.

Even more, Dane's date always seemed to be slightly dazed from all the sex. More than once, I'd be eating breakfast at the kitchen counter at the main house, and the gorgeous woman would wander downstairs, her hair askew and dressed in little more than panties and a big t-shirt. I'd push a plate of pancakes her way with a wry good morning.

Angela (or Charlotte or Tess) would startle for a moment when she saw me. But then she'd giggle and pour herself some orange juice before taking a few bites of pancake and then rushing back upstairs again to her lover. More than once, I saw hickeys on the women's neck, purplish and dark. There were even a few times when I noticed that her thighs glimmered on the insides. It was only when I was older that I realized she was leaking Dane's cream, and the knowledge always made me clench my pussy with jealousy and arousal.

It's bad, obviously. I was in high school when I fully understood what was happening at the lake house, but instead of being outraged and offended, I wanted more. *I* wanted to be the woman in Dane's arms, day and night, and to feel the huge man claim me. I wanted *my* moans to be the ones ringing out from his bedroom, and to be the curvy girl twisting beneath his big body as he ravished me with his lips, hands, and cock. I wanted to be the center of his universe, and the knowledge made me feel ashamed, but also filled me with longing. I've wanted this man for so long, and finally, I'm here. I'm sitting on Dane's couch, looking straight into those penetrating blue eyes as he smirks.

"So you wanted a new life, hm?" he asks in a smooth drawl, taking in my curves. "Like a secret identity."

My cheeks flush as I look down.

"Sort of. I mean, I'm happy to be Jamie Ventura, don't get me wrong. But it's nice to disappear into the anonymity of a big city at the same time."

Dane nods, his blue eyes assessing me.

“And has New York been everything you’ve dreamed of? Have you been going out a lot? Dating lots of guys, Pet?”

The question makes my cheeks flame cherry red because of course, there’s no one serious in my life.

“I mean, I’ve been asked out on dates, sure,” I mutter while staring at my hands. “But the boys at NYU are ridiculous. A lot of them are really dramatic. More dramatic than me, even. They throw hissy fits at the smallest things and sing “bumblebee, bumblebee” in order to warm up their vocal cords.”

Dane’s black brows practically shoot off his forehead.

“They sing what?”

I giggle a little despite myself.

“You know there’s a vocal agility exercise where you sing “bumblebee, bumblebee” over and over again for speed and articulation. Your voice goes up and down a scale, and it seems that this particular exercise is a favorite among the guys I’ve dated.”

Dane looks astounded, his black brows beetling in astonishment.

“Holy shit,” he growls. “I had no idea.”

“They’re not bad people,” I add in a rushed voice. “It’s just I haven’t met a guy who would put cream in my coffee, like you were saying earlier.”

Oh my god, what am I doing? My lips clamp shut as my pussy moistens because suddenly, *I’m* the one putting a sensual spin on things. Sure, Dane made all sorts of suggestive statements when we were back at the coffee shop, but that was two hours ago, and this conversation has been nothing but appropriate. Mundane, even. It’s my dad’s best friend asking me about my experiences in New York, with all sorts of questions about school, the city, and my new life as a co-ed. But now *I’m* the one who’s gone and flicked the switch to a mood of sensuality and sexuality. What the hell am I doing?

But Dane merely chuckles, looking very amused as his blue eyes gleam. His thighs tense a bit as he takes me in from across the coffee table.

“So you’re learning to like coffee, hmm?”

I nod.

“I figure, since I work at a coffee shop,” I reply in a small voice. “Your coffee shop, actually. I work for you.”

“You do indeed,” the alpha male says in a smooth voice. “And I’m just the man to provide the cream you need, sweetheart.” Before I realize what’s happening, Dane strides into the kitchen and then returns with a mug of steamy, just-brewed joe.

“Wait, where’d you get this from?”

He grins wolfishly.

“I put a fresh pot on before you arrived, Jamie. I was expecting this.”

I blink.

“But I didn’t smell it when I came in.”

He shrugs.

“You were distracted by other things, honey. But take this. Hold the mug with both hands, but don’t drink it quite yet because I have just the cream you need.”

With trembling hands, I obey, taking the ceramic cup from Dane while remaining seated on the couch. Then, the huge man stands in front of me, his powerful thighs in a v-shape. His blue eyes stare down at me from above, and I feel like I’m being swallowed by their intensity.

“Are you ready, Pet?” Dane murmurs.

Wordlessly, I nod, and then his hand goes to his zipper and my life changes forever.

Dane

Shit, I can't believe I'm doing this. Yet I am because I'm an amoral asshole of the highest order. My best friend's innocent young daughter is sitting before me on the sofa, and I'm about to ejaculate into Jamie's coffee. Yes, I'm going to stroke myself, and then have her taste my semen. It sounds disgusting, but judging from Jamie's sparkling eyes and heaving bosom, she wants it.

"Yes, Dane," she murmurs, looking up at me from below those long lashes. "Do it. I want it."

Oh shit. All thought flies out of my mind because those are the words I need to hear. Not that I have any morals, whatsoever. Those went out the window a long time ago, ever since Jamie started developing into a sassy, nubile young woman because I've noticed her for years now, and fantasized about having her in my bed. Sometimes, her father Ed would be in the same room, *and I didn't care*. Of course, I tried not to be too obvious, but I have a feeling Ed could sense the vibes anyways. After all, my buddy's attracted to nubile young women himself, and after hooking up with his daughter's best friend, I'm sure Ed was even *more* aware of the danger to his daughter.

But none of that matters at the moment. All that matters is that the curvy

girl's sitting in front of me as I reach for my zipper. She's got the mug of steaming coffee cupped between both hands as she looks up into my eyes, that plush pout slightly parted.

"Pretty please, Dane?" she mewls. "I bet it tastes so good."

With that, I release my zip and my member pops out. It almost hits her in the cheek because I'm so big and aroused that it springs from my groin like an iron club ready to do some damage. Not only that, but the vein along the top throbs with arousal, even as the head glistens with leaking pre-come.

"Is this what you want, sweet girl?" I rasp, fisting my shaft as I look down into Jamie's astonished features.

"Y-yes," she stammers, unable to tear her eyes away from my hammer. "Can I taste it Daddy? It looks so good."

I let out a low growl because as she speaks, a pearl of fluid forms at the top of my glans. Her pink tongue flickers out as the bead grows in size before slipping wetly down my nine-inch length, and Jamie literally pants then.

"Please, Daddy," she repeats breathily. "I'd love to sample it."

"Go ahead, baby girl," I grind out. "Take a lick and see if it's to your liking."

I don't have to repeat myself because immediately, Jamie's tongue flickers out and she's trailing that pinkness over the head of my shaft. It feels so good as she circles my slippery glans before plunging her tongue into the tiny slit at the top, and we both let out melodic moans while she savors my seed for the first time.

"Mmmm," I grunt. "Oh fuck."

"Daddy, did I hurt you?" she asks, looking up at me immediately. "I didn't mean to."

"No, sweetheart, you didn't hurt me. But you know what would make this better? If you took off your panties and bra. Show me what you have, Jamie, while you taste me and I think that would make this even more fun."

Again, the sassy girl doesn't hesitate. In the blink of an eye, she's put the mug down onto the coffee table and rid herself of her jeans and t-shirt, now

clad only in a tiny bra-lette and matching ivory g-string. But I want more, and as my blue eyes flare, I nod.

“That too, sweetheart. Leave the lingerie on the floor.”

Jamie giggles while reaching in back of herself to unsnap her bra, and then the air leaves my lungs because she’s ungodly beautiful. Those huge tits come tumbling out, ivory and lush, with pink tipped nipples that beg to be sucked. I growl with arousal, fisting my shaft, as Jamie giggles.

“You like, Dane?” she mewls, twirling her fingers around her hard nipples. Then, without waiting for an answer, Jamie lifts one big tit to her mouth for a lick, before doing the same with the other one. Oh shit, oh shit! This girl knows how to seduce a man, and my cock dribbles as I watch her dirty show.

“Fuuuuck, baby,” I grunt. “I like it very much. Now your panties too.”

The gorgeous brunette giggles again before inserting her fingers into the waistband of her thong, and then slowly, she pulls down the scrap of lace before revealing her swollen, dripping pussy. I’ve never seen anything so beautiful in my life. Jamie’s got thick thighs and cushioned between them is a pussy so wet that the lips gleam in the low lights. Her clit’s so big that it pokes from her pussy, the nub fully two-inches long and rock hard. Jamie giggles again while looking down at herself.

“Oooh, my clit’s still in its hood,” she murmurs. “Here, why don’t I get it out for you?”

Then, she sits down on the edge of the couch, balancing while bringing her knees up so that her feet are flat on the cushion. Those beautiful pink pussy lips splay open, revealing a tiny, dripping hole as well as her bulging clit.

“Here we go,” she murmurs, reaching down with one hand to gently rub the bottom of her clit. Her flesh jerks and trembles under her touch, and Jamie lets out a low moan of pleasure before gently stroking the hood back to show off that gorgeous pink nub of womanflesh. “There you go, that’s better,” she giggles. “Is this what you wanted to see, Dane?”

It’s more than what I want to see. I want to taste. To feel. To claim and to ravage until Jamie’s screaming my name as she comes hard on my dick. But it’s too early for that because I promised the sweet girl some special cream,

and I'm a man who keeps his word.

"That's exactly what I want to see," I rasp, unable to tear my eyes from the dirty things she's doing to herself between her legs. "But are you ready for some cream now, honey? The best kind. You'll never forget the taste."

Jamie nods, looking up at me while putting her feet back down on the floor. Oh fuck, oh fuck. How did I get so lucky? I have a totally nude, lush teen girl at my beck and call, with a wet cunt and a horny expression on her face. Those nips are like diamonds, and again, I want to fuck her so hard that her tits bobble as her pussy gets ripped.

But Jamie likes what we're doing too, and she reaches for the mug once more before cupping the ceramic cup between her enormous breasts.

"Yes, give me your cream, Daddy," she whispers throatily. "I'm ready."

With that, I begin to stroke. Oh fuck, this is dirty. I'm touching myself and squeezing my pole as a gorgeous girl mewls and whines in front of me, watching with avid eyes. My shaft hardens and enlarges even further, stretching to its full ten-inch length as Jamie stares with amazement.

"Oh my god," she whispers, her pink pout falling open. "My goodness!"

It takes every inch of self-control to keep going when all I want is to shove my cock into one of her orifices. Her pretty pink mouth, or maybe that sweet pussy that's currently dripping onto the couch. Even her ass, if the teen girl will let me. But summoning the last of my control, I continue to squeeze and tug myself while staring at her pretty features. My balls rise as my hand goes faster and faster, pushing myself to the summit.

"Fuck," I gurgle. "It's coming, baby. It's coming. Oh shit, oh shit, SHIT!" I roar while throwing my head back with pleasure. The come shoot at the base of my cock begins to pulse, and my shaft jerks as seed erupts from my throbbing member. Jamie squeals with pleasure as the first frothy arc hits her coffee, immediately diluting the deep brown color with its milky white streams.

"Yes," she murmurs while watching with avid eyes. "Give me more, Daddy. More, more, more."

“Your wish is my command,” I groan while continue to pull and tug at my dick. Meanwhile, powerful streams of viscous fluid continue to stream into her mug, liquid splashing everywhere as Jamie licks her lips with delight. In fact, the sweet girl is trembling with pleasure, staring with undisguised hunger as I empty my balls into the steaming mug of coffee.

Finally, with a last few tugs, I’m drained dry and the flow dribbles off to the last few drops. Jamie licks her lips again before looking up to meet my eyes.

“May I, Daddy? It looks so good.”

I nod breathlessly, still trying to catch my breath.

“You may, sweetheart.”

With that, Jamie lifts the mug to her lips and sips at the steaming coffee. By now, the liquid is a caramel-brown color with a spattering of bubbles. The fluid looks slightly viscous, but Jamie doesn’t care. Instead, she sips before moaning as her lashes flutter shut.

“It’s so good,” she whispers. “So, so, so tasty.”

“Then drink it all, baby girl,” I rasp. “Show me how much you like it.”

The beautiful brunette doesn’t hesitate. She lifts the mug to her lips again and slowly swallows again and again, draining the cup to its very last drop. Then, she puts the mug down before meeting my eyes and smiling coquettishly while licking her lips once more.

“That was so good,” she mewls. “It was filled with vitamins that I have a hard time getting on a regular basis, and I loved the texture too, Dane. Will you put cream in my coffee every morning? I would appreciate it so much.”

My blue eyes flare at her dirty suggestion.

“I’ll do more than that, honey. I’ll let you have it straight from the source next time,” I rasp, gently fisting cock again as it drips with the last of my lust. “Would you like that, Jamie? Would you like to taste Daddy’s seed while it’s warm from the source? Would you like to catch my cream on your tongue before swallowing? I’ll even put some in your tender pussy if you like, honey. What do you think of that?”

Her brown eyes glow with pleasure and excitement.

“I would love that, Daddy,” she murmurs. “Could you do it right now, even? Or do you need a few minutes?”

Holy fuck, is she saying what I think she’s saying? But my shaft is already hardening as I take in the nubile teen girl. There’s a bit of cream dripping off her chin, and as I watch, she lifts her hand to wipe at it before looking up at me with a coquettish smile.

“I’m ready if you are, Dane,” Jamie mewls. Then, it’s on. I’ve just done something incredibly nasty with my best friend’s daughter ... but now, we’re going all the way.

Dane

This is so fucking wrong. I was only supposed to be on the East Coast for a couple days as part of this listening tour, or a week at most. Instead, I've been in Brooklyn for two weeks now, enjoying Jamie's luscious teen body at every turn.

"Please," she murmured just this morning, spreading her legs in invitation. "Put it in, Dane," she begged. "My classes this morning are so boring, and I need a load of cream to get me through them."

I obliged, of course. Soon enough, Jamie was panting and screaming on my dick as her boobies bounced and her pussy got fucked. Not only that, but I ejaculated deep into her fertile fields without using contraception. I don't know what I'm doing, to be honest. With the other women I've dated, I was rigorous about using rubbers, almost to the point where I was a maniac. But with Jamie, something's different. I've been going unprotected inside the sweet girl, and then using the morning-after pill.

"Are you sure?" Jamie murmured, fingering the box.

"Absolutely," I rasped. "You're a fertile young woman, and I'm a very virile man, sweetheart, so we have to do something. But trust me, Plan B is the

good shit. We'll be fine, and this is a thousand times better than condoms. That latex crap is disgusting, and you know how much I like it raw. In your pussy, in your ass, and in your mouth, sweet girl."

And that was that. I've taken Jamie so many times now that her holes must be sore, red, and ravaged. Yet she always thanks me sweetly afterwards as together, we watch my cream trail from her orifices. Then, she jumps up and gets showered for class that day, before returning to my hotel room in the evenings. It's so fucked up, and yet so right too.

But tonight, Jamie has an evening seminar, so I'm meeting up with a buddy of mine in the city. Brad Thornton is a college friend of mine who moved out to New York shortly after graduation to work at a start-up of some sort. Then, he left to form his own company, and his business, Temu, does grocery delivery. I have no idea whether it's successful, but likely so given that Brad continues to live and work in New York to this day.

"Yo," I say after Brad enters the bar, making his way to where I sit on a stool. "How goes?" McNealy's is an ancient Irish pub in Manhattan, famous because it only began allowing women to drink on its premises in the 1980's. Pretty fucked up, right? Even forty years ago, women weren't allowed to come inside. Not that they'd want to, seeing that McNealy's is a dive with its sticky floors, dark interior, and peanut shells scattered on the bar. Whatever. The vibe is relaxed, and this is where Brad wanted to meet.

"I'm good," Brad growls, gesturing to the bartender for a pint. Then he turns to me and claps me on the shoulder, his giant bear paw practically knocking me over. "So how goes? What brings you to my part of the world?"

I shrug.

"Business."

Brad takes a sip of his ale.

"Yeah, I can tell because there are Dane's Coffees on every fucking corner of NYC now," he gripes playfully. "More than Starbucks even."

I let out a snort.

"Hardly. We only have a few locations in the city, and a new one in

Brooklyn. Also Westchester. We're getting started up there too."

Brad whistles with admiration.

"Nice. Hot divorcees tend to live in Westchester, so you'll definitely have a lot of customers there. You know the type: a fading blonde who's just divorced her billionaire husband, and hasn't worked a day in her life. He's set her up with a condo in Westchester, strategically located away from the mistress, where she sits around in tight yoga clothes while watching reality TV. They don't work, but have plenty of disposable income due to hefty alimony payments."

I snort with disbelief.

"Are you serious?"

"I'm so serious, bud," Brad drawls. "Hell, I have half a mind to go up to Westchester myself one weekend to get laid. I mean, the pussy's stretched out, but it's still decent."

"You're a dirty fuck, you know that?" I grunt while taking a sip of my own beer. "Even worse than college."

Brad just shrugs.

"You don't even know the half of it. But what's up with you, bro? You dating a divorcee? Fuck, we're forty-five. Divorcees come to *us* to get fucked."

I merely close my eyes for a moment. What's the point of this conversation again? My friend is just too fucking rancid sometimes. But I shake my head and exhale.

"No, I'm seeing someone, but she's not a divorcee. The opposite, in fact. My woman's young. Real young."

Brad looks impressed while swigging his ale.

"How young? Are we talking legal, at least?"

I shake my head with disgust again.

"Legal. But only nineteen."

He whistles with admiration.

“Shit, my man. Forget the crap I said about divorcees. Clearly, you’re tapping into a different pool.”

I nod.

“Yeah, but there’s a problem. She’s Ed Ventura’s daughter.”

That makes Brad stop in his tracks.

“You’re shitting me. Ed Ventura from school?”

“Yeah, the same. This is his daughter, Jamie Ventura. A little girl that I used to bounce on my knee. Who calls me Uncle Dane sometimes. She came out to NYU for college, and we hooked up.”

Brad lets out another admiring whistle.

“Shee-*it*. I’m impressed, bud. Nice work.”

I squint at him.

“Yeah, but you see how this could be a problem, right? Ed’s going to be furious. Shit, I would be if it were my daughter. I’d cut off the dude’s balls and feed them to him if I found out.”

“Hey, hey, hey,” Brad says, holding one hand up in protest. “Let’s not get too graphic here because I’m very protective of my crown jewels. But how the fuck did this even happen? I mean, did you plan it? Or did you just fall on her in lust and ravage that poor sweet girl?”

The story comes spilling out then. I didn’t realize how good it would feel to get it out there, out of the darkness so it’s not a dirty secret. Brad isn’t the most empathetic listener, but at least he has ears.

“Nice,” he whistles when I reach the end of the sordid tale. “So you’re still pounding her.”

“I am,” I growl. “I left Jamie with a pussy full of come just this morning. And I’ll give her another ass-full later tonight, after she gets back from class.”

He nods.

“Fuck yeah. The young ones can always take it. They’re tentative at first, but once they get into the swing of things, they’re old enough to get fucked hard.”

I nod.

“Yeah, but seriously, do I tell Ed? Or do I break it off?”

“Break it off?” Brad scoffs. “Why the fuck would you do that?”

I stare at him.

“Because I’m forty-five and Jamie’s nineteen, fuck face. Not to mention the fact that she’s my college friend’s daughter.”

Brad pshaws.

“Who the fuck cares?” he grunts. “Just go with it, my man. You’ve only been fucking her for two weeks. It’s not like you’re stealing her heart or something.”

My mouth slams shut because that’s the problem. I’ve been having feelings for the lush young woman, and my pulse races at the knowledge. It’s terrifying because my rendezvous with Jamie wasn’t supposed to be anything but a temporary thing. Sure, I was going to take special precautions because she’s my best friend’s daughter, but something’s gotten fucked up in the mix. Now *I’m* the one who’s on edge and nervous about what comes next. But not because I want to dump her. In fact, it’s the opposite. I’m afraid that *she’ll* dump *me*. That Jamie will see me for what I am – a dirty old dude who’s way too old for her, not to mention inappropriate and completely filthy.

But Brad’s not the right guy to talk about this with because he’s already moved onto something else.

“Yeah, this is why I don’t date young girls,” he says in a light tone. “It’s too much trouble.”

I guffaw.

“Yeah, let me guess. You’re doing the divorcee thing, right? Like you said, Westchester is where it’s at.”

He shrugs.

“No, actually. I don’t like that shit either because those women are used. Those ladies used to be married to eighty-year-old billionaires with canes, but they still get stretched out all the same.”

I snort again.

“Great. I needed that visual. Thank you for that. Let me guess then: women are useless, and you’re as celibate as a monk.”

That obviously can’t be true because my buddy’s a good-looking guy who works out like a gladiator. The asshole has women staring at him even now, at McNealy’s, but he merely shrugs and ignores them.

“No, I’m not celibate. I’m just not getting it from women in the same sense that you are.”

I quirk an eyebrow.

“From men, then? Shit man. I had no idea. Congrats on discovering your true self.”

“No,” Brad replies, not even ruffled by my comment. “I’m getting it from dolls. You know that shit. You order them online from Japan, and they come in a box. It’s the best, my man. They’re so life-like and realistic now, with tight pussies and even tighter assholes. Even better, they don’t talk back. How you like that, bro?”

I shake my head with astonishment.

“So you’re fucking sex dolls now.”

Brad shrugs.

“Yeah, I’ve got a couple at my apartment. It’s the bomb, bro. They take it in the ass all the time, and never complain about being too tired or uncomfortable. They spread their legs incredibly wide too. You wouldn’t believe the fucked-up positions I’ve had them in.”

“No, I *can* believe,” I retort in a dry tone. “I’m sure the dolls love it too.”

“Yeah, exactly,” my buddy chuckles, the irony lost on him. “That’s why I go

for dolls now. You should too, bro. It's not worth the pain in the ass that dating real women comes with."

"I think I'll pass," I grimace. "Thanks though."

But then Brad goes thoughtful.

"Although, the doll I was using last week moved a little. It was weird."

I guffaw again.

"Maybe it was a robot doll. You know, one that you can program to say, "Fuck me, Daddy."

Brad shakes his head, ignoring my sarcastic remark.

"Naw, none of my girls are animatronic. But I could swear that the doll last week squirmed a little after I put it in her ass. And I feel like I heard a couple gasps too."

I fix him with a look.

"Are you sure it wasn't your girlfriend?"

"No, I'm not dating anyone," he remarks. "I kicked Janice out after our last fight. She was such a ho, and probably banging other guys too."

"Then who was it?" I ask. "Or *what* was it?"

Brad shrugs.

"I have no idea. You tell me."

I snort again.

"You're a fucking caveman, you know that? You know it's not a doll. There's a girl in your apartment, and you've been ass-fucking her."

He shrugs.

"She was covered in a sheet. Only her butt was showing. It could be a doll."

I snort again, rolling my eyes this time.

"Get real, dude. It's a flesh and blood woman. Come on, my man. You know

it.”

Brad merely gets a sly look on his handsome features.

“Maybe. But it’s fun, and we’re both having a good time, so what’s the harm? Maybe I *don’t* want to see her face.”

I snort.

“You’re even more fucked up than when we were in college, you know that? Remember how you left that girl dripping during sophomore year Homecoming? I literally handed her some paper towels because she was leaking your come from every orifice, but you acted like she wasn’t even there. You got dressed and went out drinking with your buds after.”

Brad chuckles.

“Yeah, we were assholes then, weren’t we?”

I merely nod while staring into my drink.

“We were,” is my low reply. “Those were the days.”

Then, the conversation moves on to other topics, but my mind continues to swirl because our discussion has been so insane. Animatronic dolls? Women posing as life-size sex dolls? Even crazier, my relationship with Jamie is fucked-up because Brad’s right. I’ve always been a dick who used and abused women. I gave them a night to remember, and then pretty much moved on without a care in the world.

But somehow, that doesn’t feel right when it comes to Jamie, and it’s not just because she’s my best friend’s daughter. The sweet teen deserves better than my usual love ‘em and leave ‘em M.O., but what does she want? Does she want promises of forever? A future filled with lights and rainbows? I shake my head, disgusted with myself, because even I know that that’s not what Jamie’s looking for. But what if it’s what *I* want? What happens then?

Jamie

I love being with Dane, and these past two weeks have been the best I've ever experienced in my life. I thought Dane was supposed to continue on his East Coast listening tour, but instead, he changed his tickets and has been staying in Brooklyn while managing his business.

"Are you sure this is okay?" I asked diffidently when he told me the news. "I mean, I hate to mess up your plans."

The handsome man merely leaned forward to press a soft kiss on my lips before tenderly tucking a curl behind one ear.

"It's totally okay," he rumbled. "It's not an operational emergency, and besides, I enjoy spending time with you, Pet. It's been real meaningful getting to know you."

My heart leapt with joy then, and I wondered if the CEO could see the happiness in my eyes because the fact is that I love being with Dane too. We're getting to know each other on a new level, as equals, instead of as an older man and little girl. He's learning about my likes and dislikes, and what gets under my skin as well as what makes me happy, and I'm doing the same for him. To my surprise, there's a lot that I didn't know about Dane.

“So how did you meet my dad?” I asked curiously one day. “I mean, I know you guys met in college, but Ed never told me the specifics.”

Dane grins, his white teeth flashing as he pulled me close.

“There’s a reason for that,” he rumbled, his deep chest vibrating against my cheek. “Are you sure you want to know? We weren’t exactly choirboys.”

I giggle before slapping him playfully on one arm.

“Of course I want to know! What did you guys get up to back then?”

Dane chuckles.

“Well, it turns out that we were dating the same woman. We almost came to blows when he confronted me in the cafeteria one day.”

I gasp, my eyes going round.

“Are you serious? Was it my mom?”

Dane snorts.

“Of course not! I’ve never touched your mom in my life. This was way before her time. No, it was Luella Anderson with the big brown eyes and tiny pink panties.”

I gape at my lover a bit.

“So what happened? How did you and my dad work it out?”

Dane shrugs.

“It’s a little sordid, but we took turns with her.”

“*Turns?*” I stammer. “What does that mean?”

The huge man shrugs before grinning again.

“Luella was a total slut. She was dating both of us on the sly, and she proposed a compromise. One night with him, and then one night with me. We’d rotate bedding the pretty co-ed, and it worked out, actually. It turns out that neither of us were interested in dating Luella seriously, so this took the pressure off.”

I gape at my lover again.

“So you and my dad were sleeping with the same girl at once?”

Dane grins right back at me.

“Sure thing. But then he met your mom, and I ... hell, I don’t know what happened with me. I probably lost interest in Luella for some reason or another. I wonder what she’s up to these days? It’s been decades, but hey, some women never change.”

I merely shook my head, marveling at the shenanigans that used to go on. It’s believable though because both Dane and my father are incredibly handsome men. Back then, they were likely dynamite together, and pros at putting notches on their bedposts. But the thought makes me stiffen now.

“What is it, sweetheart?” Dane asks, stroking my curls fondly. “What’s on your mind?”

I’m curled up next to his big body in the hotel king-size, and we’ve just enjoyed another bout of afternoon lovemaking. I’m a little achy and sore, but in the best way possible, although I let out a gasp as Dane traces one big finger over my nipple.

“Well, I was just wondering,” I begin before looking up into his eyes. “Do you think we should tell my dad about us?”

Dane’s finger stops on its journey for a moment.

“Why? Do you want to?” he growls.

My heart hammers as I consider my words.

“Well, I mean, if this continues then I think we should. Don’t you agree?” I stutter like a fool. “It’s only right, don’t you think?”

To my relief, Dane doesn’t act like I’ve asked a stupid question. Instead, he nods seriously, his finger taking up its caress once again.

“I think that makes perfect sense,” he says. “If you’re up for it, then I am too.”

I let out an exhale of relief because joy of joys! Dane’s not embarrassed

about our relationship, and he doesn't think it should be hidden away like a dirty little secret. But then another thought strikes.

"But do you think my dad will be angry?" I whisper, looking at him hesitantly. "I mean, you're one of his oldest friends, so it's going to be a shock."

Dane shoots me a wry grin.

"Hon, I don't think Ed would be as angry as you think. I mean, he's now with your friend, Kimber, so it would be the pot calling the kettle black, right? Their age gap has to be just as big as ours."

I nod.

"Oh yeah. Ed's at least two decades older than Kimber because you know she's my high school classmate. But I guess... I don't know. I get worried about these things, that's all."

Dane merely taps my nose fondly with one big finger as his eyes gleam with amusement.

"Don't be worried about stuff that hasn't happened yet. There's no need for that kind of anxiety when what we're doing isn't wrong, sweetheart. We enjoy each other, and we enjoy spending time with one another. End of story. Your dad's opinion ultimately doesn't matter."

I swallow hard because of course, Dane's right. Ed shouldn't be the one dictating whom I choose to date, or whom Dane chooses to date either. I just think that my dad's opinion ... well, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Suddenly, I feel something warm and wet trickle from my pussy and sure enough, when I look down, there's cream oozing from my sweetest spot. Immediately, I leap up and dash across the hotel room for my bag, before taking out Plan B and downing a pill.

"Holy shit, baby," Dane rumbles as he watches my rush. "You were moving at light-speed there."

"I know," I mumble after swallowing the pill. "I just don't want to get pregnant, that's all."

Dane shoots me a curious look, his blue gaze direct.

“I get it, Jamie, because you’re only nineteen. It’d be early to be a mom. But is motherhood that off-putting? I mean, you want kids one day, right?”

I climb back onto the mattress and snuggle into the warm curve of his arm as I think.

“I guess so but I’m not sure, Dane. I don’t know. Pregnancy and motherhood scare me. It’s terrifying to think that I’d have to care for a tiny, squalling human being when I’m not even ready to take care of myself.”

He presses a tender kiss to my curls.

“But I think you’d be great at it, baby. I can see it now. Your belly swollen and bulging with a baby. It’s a sexy visual, Jamie.”

I blush even as my body goes hot because is Dane hinting that he’d love to get me pregnant? I laugh it off because the thought is too far-fetched. We only started sleeping together two weeks ago, so it’s way too fast to entertain that idea.

Yet a warm flush sweeps over me as we both stare at my tummy. I have a soft belly that bulges a little, and tenderly, Dane presses his huge palm against the flesh.

“You’d look beautiful pregnant, Pet,” he repeats in a low tone. “I can see my baby in here, definitely. You’d be a wonderful mother.”

That statement makes me gasp because I wasn’t imagining things! Dane does want to be a father, and he wants me to be the mother of his child! What in the world? Immediately, I pull away, my eyes like saucers.

“Dane, you can’t be saying—” I stammer.

But the alpha male doesn’t look flustered at all.

“No, I know what I’m saying. I’ve never wanted to be a father before, but when you meet the right person, the possibilities are endless. I could see it, honey. You and me, shacked up together, with a kid or two underfoot, and another one on the way. It could definitely happen.”

I gape at him as my pulse races at a hundred miles an hour.

“You can’t be serious.”

He merely shrugs, his blue eyes glinting.

“But I am. A hundred percent, Jamie. You’re young. We could have a lot of children together. What do you think? Four? Five? Six?”

“Six?” I squeak breathlessly. “Oh my god!”

Dane chuckles.

“Don’t look so scared, honey. I’m just teasing you. You don’t have to have six children. I’ll settle for five.”

But now, panic is setting in because this isn’t exactly the future I saw for myself. I put my head down between my knees as my head grows woozy. I’m not hyperventilating exactly, but at the same time, it seems hard to get oxygen into my lungs.

“Hey, are you okay?” Dane asks in a concerned tone, rubbing circles on my back as I try to breathe. “I didn’t mean to frighten you, baby.”

“No, I’m fine, I’m fine,” I wheeze. “This is a surprise that’s all.”

He chuckles.

“I was kidding about the big family, Jamie. Two kids is fine.”

I shake my head.

“No, that’s not it. It’s that I’m afraid of getting pregnant!”

That makes him stop, his blue eyes level.

“Why? Because of the pain? Because you’ll lose your figure? It’s not a big deal, sweetheart. You know I love my women lush and round, and if you put on a few pounds, so what? You’d be even more beautiful thirty pounds heavier.”

My head spins as I take in his words.

“No, it’s not that. It’s just pregnancy ... well, it’s *scary*. I don’t know how to

put it into words, but it's like your body doesn't belong to you anymore. Like you're harboring a parasite that literally feeds off your blood."

Dane chuckles, one big hand still rubbing my back.

"Well, that is technically what an unborn child does. But why the panic, honey? Women have been getting pregnant since time immemorial."

I lift anguished eyes to him.

"I don't know," I whisper. "I guess it's because my mom had a hard time giving birth to me, and I have a feeling that my very existence was one of the reasons why my parents divorced. I'm real scared, Dane. I can't even describe my level of anxiety."

Dane looks thoughtful then, his handsome features composed even as his hand continues to stroke my back.

"We'll figure it out then," he finally says in a low voice. "Don't worry about it, honey, because we have plenty of time. You're only nineteen, and as for dudes—well, we're virile until the very end."

I nod, still trying to breathe.

"I think Robert De Niro just had his seventh child, and he's almost eighty."

Dane throws his black head back with a shout of laughter.

"He did? Hell, Bob De Niro is incredible. I wouldn't think a septuagenarian, much less an octogenarian, would want to be a father to a small child, but hey, good for him. So you see? There's nothing to worry about, sweetheart. We'll take things a step at a time."

I nod, even as my heartbeat continues to race, because I'm grateful that this conversation is being put on hold. Still, I'm terrified of getting pregnant. It scares me more than anything else, and I haven't conveyed my fear to Dane to its fullest extent. But how can I tell a man who clearly wants a big family about my anxieties? I have a feeling he'd dump me if he knew the depth of my terror, and then I'd be left with nothing ... and no future to speak of.

Jamie

“**I** don’t know what to do,” I wail into the phone. “Am I crazy or what?”

I’m on a call with my friend Kimber from back home. At the moment, Kimber has my half-sister, Lily, cradled in one arm, but as soon as Kimber affirms that Lily’s asleep, she gently leans over to put the baby in her crib before reappearing on screen.

“You’re not crazy, Jamie,” she soothes. “It’s normal to feel this way. You’re only nineteen, and becoming a mom is a big change. It’s okay to be terrified.”

“Yeah, but you were nineteen when you got pregnant with Lily! Weren’t you frightened? Wasn’t it scary? I mean, it’s not like you and my dad were *planning* on having a baby.”

My pretty friend bites her lip as her eyes dart off-screen.

“Well, actually...”

I stare at her.

“Wait, you were planning on getting pregnant? Really? But you were in school at the time, and I don’t know. I guess I always assumed Lily was an accident.”

Kimber shakes her head.

“She wasn’t an accident. Your father and I wanted a baby together, and Lily’s a blessing. But it’s more than that, Jamie. It’s ... well, I was *hoping* to get pregnant.”

I stare at her.

“Are you serious?”

Kimber nods, biting her lip.

“I probably shouldn’t tell you this, but I guess now’s as good of a time as any. I went to a breeding party at a sex club with the intention of getting preggo, Jamie. I *wanted* to get knocked up.”

I stare at her before whispering, “So the rumors are true.”

My friend grimaces a little.

“I guess you’ve heard then. Hooper always is smaller than you think,” she sighs. “But yes, your dad and I happened to be at the same breeding party, and I was bred by three men.”

“*Three men?*” I squeal. “Oh my god! How do you even know that Lily is my dad’s?”

That makes Kimber laugh.

“No, no. I didn’t get pregnant that night. It’s only after, when your dad and I started up a relationship that I conceived. But yes, I was at a breeding party where three men came in me, and all of it with no protection too. So I had the opposite problem as you: I *wanted* to get pregnant, and was willing to do almost anything to make it happen.”

I gape at her.

“But a breeding party? You have to admit, Kimber, that that’s insane. Totally off-the-reservation crazy. What were you thinking?”

She shrugs.

“That’s the thing. When you want something that bad, you’re willing to do

anything to get it. I wanted to be a mommy, but you know that I don't have the money for IVF. And the boys I was meeting at Coleman U were ridiculous. They couldn't even take care of themselves, they were so immature. So a breeding party it was."

I shake my head, still stunned by the confirmation of the rumors. After all, there was gossip circulating about my dad and Kimber, and how they hooked up, but still. To hear it from the mouth of the horse makes me sit up with surprise.

Yet I shouldn't judge because I like being nasty and scandalous too. I've been making love non-stop with Dane, and we do everything and anything to each other's bodies that we please. He comes in my coffee almost every morning now, and I drink it all up before murmuring, "Thank you, Daddy." On other days, he's even able to come a second time into my thermos, and I take it with me to school and sip from it during my classes. Yes, we're disgusting and rancid, but nothing gets me through a boring lecture like the taste of Dane's savory seed. It makes me tingle and press my thighs together, anticipating what we'll be doing in bed once my classes get out.

But still, pregnancy is a whole different ballgame. Plus, it's clear from our last conversation that Dane sees me as a mommy, and the thought is terrifying. I'm only nineteen! I'm still a baby myself! I can't handle those kinds of responsibilities! As a result, I've called my friend Kimber to get her take on things. Yet, the revelation that she was desperate enough to participate in a breeding party blows my mind.

"Holy shit," I whisper, amazed. "My goodness."

"I know," Kimber murmurs on the other end. "It's shocking but it was the right thing to do because the breeding party is where I met Ed. Not met for the first time, obviously, but it's where we reconnected, and now, we have Lily," she says in a happy tone.

I nod.

"Yes, but it's just so insane! I mean, this whole Club Z thing is insane!"

"Why is it insane?" Kimber asks in a reasonable tone. "There are sex parties everywhere. Even in the boonies of Kansas. Maybe they don't have a fancy

building like Club Z, but trust me, those tales of suburban housewives gone crazy are true.”

I giggle despite myself.

“No, I’m not saying it’s crazy. I’m just saying that I never would have expected *you* to participate in a breeding party, Kimber! I always thought you were a nice girl.”

“I am a nice girl,” my friend winks saucily through the phone. “Who says I’m not? But seriously, Jamie, maybe you should participate in a breeding party just to get over your anxieties. You know what they say. Sometimes, exposure to what scares you helps you address that fear head-on.”

“Absolutely not,” is my immediate reply. “I couldn’t possibly.”

“Okay, okay,” Kimber says in a consoling tone. “What if you watched a breeding party in person? Maybe if you saw how much the girl wants it, and enjoys it, it would help you get over your hang-ups.”

I squint at my friend.

“Are you for real?”

Kimber shrugs with a smile.

“It’s a thought. I used to have a fear of heights, but my therapist said that I should force myself to go on a Ferris wheel and then look down. Confronting my fear was the first step to addressing it, and wha-la! I’m not afraid of heights anymore.”

I fix her with a look.

“Yeah, but a breeding party is way different from a Ferris wheel, Kimber. Come on. Let’s get serious.”

My pretty friend merely shrugs again.

“Maybe, but you never know. Besides, you’re in New York City, and there’s definitely a Club Z there. Let me hook you up with the right person, and see if I can get you an invite. Again, you don’t have to be the breeding girl. You can just watch.”

I squint at the pretty brunette.

“Do they let other people watch? Seriously, I thought these secret clubs were all about discretion.”

Kimber winks.

“They *are* all about discretion, but at the same time, I’ll say that you have a medical issue. I’ll tell them that you have a weird psychosis that makes it imperative for you to watch the breeding process. You’re undergoing therapy to address it, and this will be critical to your recovery.”

I giggle because my buddy is ridiculous.

“Okay, okay,” I say, rolling my eyes. “I mean, I’m not on-board or anything, but you can ask on my behalf. They’ll probably say no anyways.”

Kimber merely clucks her tongue before smiling.

“We’ll see what they say,” she replies in a light tone. “I have a feeling you’ll be at Club Z in no time, girlfriend. But I gotta roll now, okay? Say hi to Dane for me,” she winks before logging off.

I giggle to myself after Kimber leaves because it’s always fun to talk to my friend. Not only because of her hare-brained ideas pertaining to Club Z, but also because it felt good to tell someone about my secret relationship with Dane. Even better, Kimber didn’t judge me for it, and wants to help me work through my issues. But is attending a breeding party really the answer? Somehow, I don’t think it is ... although that won’t stop me from going.

Jamie

Wow, this place is fancy. Kimber must know the higher-ups at Club Z because the day after our conversation, she called me to break the news: I was going to be able to watch an actual breeding session in person at the Club Z location in NYC. I could hardly believe it, and said I wasn't going to go, but Kimber ragged on me until I agreed. I swear, my friend can be so pushy sometimes! She's just like a real stepmother who nags and gets on your nerves.

But now, here I am within the Club Z compound. It's an enormous granite building on an otherwise unremarkable street in Manhattan. You would never know that it houses a secret club inside because from the exterior, it looks just like any other building in New York: solid, with a slightly deteriorated facade, and people walking by as they mind their own business.

But now, I'm in one of the inner sanctums, and the room is lavish. It's a small, windowless antechamber with a small purple couch positioned in front of a screen that's currently covered in velvet drapes. Golden sconces on the wall give the room a Victorian feel, and I nervously smooth my skirt down while taking a seat on the sofa. Immediately, the sconces dim until it's dark in the room, and then the curtains part with a slight rustling sound, revealing a two-way mirror.

I let out a gasp because there's a girl in the adjoining room! But she isn't just any random woman. She's obviously young, judging from her creamy, unblemished skin and lush curves. She's got a mask on that hides her features, but otherwise the woman is completely nude with big breasts, a narrow waist, and wide hips. Even crazier, she's currently tied up. The woman's sitting on the edge of a metal table, but instead of having her legs dangling over the side, they're hoisted up and apart using leather straps so that her toes are pointed at opposite corners of the room. Her hands are tied too, and her back arched seductively. But she doesn't appear uncomfortable. Instead, as I stare, the woman's pink tongue flickers out to moisten her lips and she trembles a bit with anticipation. She wants it! Upon closer inspection, I see that her pussy is already moist, and even dripping a bit, she's so aroused.

Then, the inevitable happens. A door opens on the side of the room, and three hulking, muscular men appear. These must be the breeders, retained to impregnate the gorgeous girl. The first one steps into the room, and he's mindblowingly handsome, with chestnut hair and piercing green eyes. His jaw is sculpted, and he smiles at the curvy girl before making his way to stand by her head.

The second breeder is built like a gladiator as well. He's at least six three, with blond hair that almost brushes the ceiling, he's so tall. His blue eyes gleam as he gently tweaks one of the woman's nipples, and then skims a hand between her legs in greeting, making her squirm and writhe with excitement.

But then, my heart stops in my chest as my head goes light. I can't seem to breathe, and in fact, my vision goes blurry for a moment because what I'm seeing can't be true. The third breeder has stepped into the room, and I can't believe who it is. It's Dane! My lover. The man who was just talking about how he wants to have a passel of children together.

How can this be happening? I blink several times to be sure, but of course, it's him. The men aren't wearing masks, so I can see their features clearly, and this is my Dane. He's tall, gorgeous, and naked, just like the other men. His six pack abs are on display, as well as that wide chest and powerful thighs. Even worse, he has no idea that he's being observed through a two-way mirror by unknown individuals. Tears spring to my eyes. In fact, as I sit there on the edge of fainting, I almost retch because my man reaches between

the girl's thighs to gently rub her clit, causing her to throw her head back with a throaty, delighted moan.

That's it. I can't take this anymore. In a rush, I stand and dash out of the room, uncaring of what happens next. After all, my trust has been undermined and my dreams shattered into a million pieces. I thought Dane and I were in love. Or even if we weren't quite in love yet, I thought we had an understanding at least. I thought we were exclusively dating, and were on the brink of revealing my relationship to my dad. I even thought we were considering having children together!

But clearly, I thought wrong because this man has been leading a double life. Look where he is! I told Dane that I had an evening class today, figuring he'd stay at the hotel, or maybe get drinks with a friend in the city. But instead, he's at a breeding party ... as he prepares to impregnate another woman.

Dane

I'm real pissed. I can't believe Jamie's disappeared on me like we were never a thing. In fact, just yesterday morning, everything was fine. The sun was out, the day was beautiful, and we had crazy, dirty sex before she left for classes in the afternoon. The curvy girl told me that she would be back late because of some seminar at school, but it wasn't a big deal. I have plenty to keep myself occupied, and I'm sure she appreciated the time off as well. After all, I've been keeping the luscious teen girl up all night ravishing those seductive curves again and again, taking her hard until she screams.

But now, she's disappeared on me. What the fuck? What the hell did I do to deserve this? Instead of returning to the hotel, I get a text that Jamie's going to spend the night at her apartment. Now why the fuck would she do that? She lives in a shitty fifth-floor walkup on the edge of Greenpoint with a restaurant downstairs that stinks of BBQ 24/7. What the hell was wrong with my suite at the Wythe?

I texted her. I called her. I texted again, but all to no avail. Jamie wasn't picking up, and I saw red. As a result, I'm headed over to her apartment to confront the sweet girl. I haven't had my evening sex and it makes me pissed-off and grumpy. I can't think of anything but getting into that curvy body, and the moment I see her, I'm going to push deep into her sweltering pussy.

But first, this fifth floor walk up. I stare at the dilapidated building, astonished that something in such disrepair still exists. They don't tear down shit like this in New York? I guess not because as I stand on the sidewalk, a young boy comes out with a bag slung over his back. He doesn't look at me, and instead strides away. But not before I catch the door before it closes.

Then, I practically bolt up all five flights of stairs. Goddamn, New York will keep you fit because if everyone's doing this each time they have to take out the trash or buy groceries, the this city must be filled with Olympic athletes. Nonetheless, I'm at the fifth floor landing within seconds, and wrinkle my brow with disgust. It's dusty, dirty, grimy, and a chunk of the banister literally comes off in my hand as I grip the railing. Fuck that. I toss it over the edge with a grunt, and then bang on the door for Apartment 5b.

"Jamie!" I roar. "What the fuck?"

There's a shuffling sound inside, and then my curvy girl speaks.

"Go away, Dane! I'm busy!"

"Like hell you're busy! Open up," I shout again, banging with both my fists on the wooden door. The racket is ear-splitting, and sure enough a door down the hall opens and an elderly lady wearing a satin cap on her head glares at me with murder in her eyes.

"Get a hotel room if you want the young lady!" she screeches. "What's wrong with you?"

"I *have* a hotel room," I roar right back, uncaring that the elderly lady is hunched and frail. "But this confounding woman won't take my calls!"

At that, the door jerks open and my curvy girl stands there, seething. Jamie's so mad that her face is red in the cutest way, and her curls seem to stand on end, bristling with electricity.

"Come in, Dane" she says in a brittle voice. Then, Jamie pastes a fake smile on her mouth before leaning slightly out and giving the old lady a wave. "Sorry, Mrs. Piner. My friend just needs to use the bathroom really bad. He's about to pee in his pants."

The old lady grumbles something unintelligible but disappears as I step into

the apartment. Damn, this place is small. I have no idea why Ed won't pay for something nicer, but Jamie lives in only one room as far as I can tell. There's a narrow twin bed beneath a window, and a coffee table right next to it. A sink, microwave, and miniature fridge are lined up against one wall, and there's a small entryway that clearly leads to the bathroom. Jamie's decorated the space with colorful tapestries and a selection of potted plants, but the décor can't hide the overall dilapidation of the place, with its peeling paint and dirty walls.

"Damn," I marvel. "Your dad's a fucking cheap bastard. I'll have to talk to Ed about getting you nicer digs."

"Thanks, Dane," Jamie says in a sarcastic voice as she sits on her bed. "Your manners are so amazing."

I shrug.

"Just saying. Ed's a millionaire. He can do better for his daughter. Hell, *I'm* happy to help you if he won't. It's no skin off my nose."

Jamie merely harrumphs and crosses her arms over her chest. She's wearing loose sweats and her hair's a rat's nest, but I don't care. She's gorgeous to me, and the sweet scent of rose drifts to my nostrils, an aphrodisiac even in this slum.

"You're a snob, you know that?" she snarls, squinting venomously at me. "You're a rich bastard who insults other peoples' homes."

I gesture to the furnishings.

"Do you actually like this place?"

Her cheeks burn with color.

"It's not about liking or not liking. This place is close to Dane's Coffee, and near McCarren Park where I go to decompress. There also happen to be not one, but two branches of the public library nearby so yes, I happen to like my home. I know it's not as fancy as yours, but this is the place where I put my head down to rest each night."

I hold up one hand.

“Fine. I apologize for being rude. But why are you here?”

Jamie stares at me.

“Because this is my home.”

I shrug.

“Yeah, but you’ve been staying with me at the hotel. We’ve been joined at the hip for a couple weeks now, sweetheart. My bed’s cold without you. So are you avoiding me? What gives?”

I can tell Jamie’s about to lie. She opens her mouth and shuts it while plastering a fake smile on her face. But then something happens. Her features seem to collapse in on themselves as her shoulders slump, and suddenly, tears appear in her eyes.

“What is it?” I ask roughly, going over to her bed. “Tell me, baby. I’ll fix whatever’s wrong.”

She closes her eyes for a moment and breathes in deep through her nose. There’s a hitch to her breath, and my heart contracts upon hearing it. My girl is hurting, and I’ll throttle whoever did this to her. As soon as I get out of here I’m going to inflict some serious bodily damage on the asshole responsible for her pain.

But then Jamie’s eyes look at me, and they’re sparkling with accusatory tears.

“I saw you last night, Dane,” she says in a wooden voice. “Don’t pretend it wasn’t you. You were breeding that girl at Club Z.”

My heart begins thundering in my ears.

“You were there,” I state.

“Yes,” she nods, looking off at nothing. “Kimber set it up. She knows some people who know some people, and so the NYC branch of Club Z allowed me to observe a breeding party. Imagine how I felt when I saw you enter the room. You were *breeding* that woman.”

“You were there, looking through a two-way mirror.”

“Yes,” Jamie says in a faint voice, still avoiding my eyes. “Don’t try to deny

it, Dane, because she was wearing a mask, but you weren't. I saw you clearly. I saw you *touch* her."

I hold up a hand.

"This isn't what you think," I say in an urgent voice. "I can explain."

The curvy girl turns swiftly to look at me, and I'm taken aback by the disdain in her eyes.

"Oh really? How do you explain being naked at a breeding party? How do you explain your erection when faced with that girl? How do you explain touching her pussy to make her feel good?"

"Yes, but did you *see* me actually penetrate her?" I ask in a rush. "Because I didn't. You must have left before the breeding party got underway."

"*Who cares if you penetrated her?*" Jamie screeches, her cheeks bright red now. "You were fucking that girl! Fucking is fucking!"

"No, I didn't claim her," I say quickly. "I was there as a fluffer only. You know, someone who preps the girl so that she's aroused and ready to be bred. I didn't do more than that. In fact, I didn't do much of anything because as soon as I touched her, I knew it was wrong. I wanted that woman to be you, Jamie. I wanted to breed *you*."

Jamie stares at me, venom in her eyes.

"Do you expect me to believe that crock of bullshit?"

"I know it sounds crazy, but it's true," I say in a desperate tone. "My friend Brad was supposed to be the fluffer. Hell, he was probably supposed to be one of the breeders, but that dude's gotten way into sex dolls recently, so he pulled out at the last minute. He begged me to take his place, and yes, I exercised bad judgment. I should have said no, but I said yes. I regret every moment of it."

Jamie's turned her chin away again, her face set.

"Yeah, right," she says in a voice dripping with disdain. "You just happen to have a friend who dropped out at the last minute. So you went to the breeding party in his place."

“I know it sounds unbelievable, but it’s true. You can call Brad if you want,” I say in a rushed voice. “I swear, he’s become obsessed with sex dolls and no longer wants to touch living, breathing women.”

With a trembling hand, I hold out my phone so that she can dial. But Jamie merely turns her head away again.

“What a crock of shit,” she mutters. Then, she spins around once more, her face a mask of rage. “Even if your friend Brad is now off the reservation, it still doesn’t provide you with an excuse! You never should have been there! You never should have laid a finger on that young woman sexually! What the hell?”

I hang my head with shame.

“I know,” I say in a low voice. “That’s on me.”

“Then get out!” Jamie screams. “I hate you, Dane Kenneally! You’re just a sick fuck who likes to toy with girls. I never want to see you again! Oh, and by the way – I QUIT!”

Then, the curvy girl literally shoves me hard. Of course, I’ve got about seventy pounds on her, but I let her push me towards the door, and before I realize it, I’m back on the shabby fifth floor landing as Jamie slams the door in my face.

“Good riddance!” she screams from inside. Then silence. No crying, no footfalls, no nothing. I stand there for a moment, wondering if Mrs. Piner is going to show her face again. But even the old lady knows to stay out of a lover’s spat, and with slow feet, I make my way back downstairs. I’m dejected. I’m destroyed. I’m an utter failure ... and I did this all to myself.

Jamie

“Do you think it’s true?” I ask Kimber on the phone. “I mean, it’s just too fucked-up to be real, right?”

My friend pauses while burping her baby. Then, Lily lets out a satisfying belch and Kimber sighs while putting her daughter down.

“I mean, I guess it could be true. You know I’ve never actually been to a breeding party, so I don’t know if fluffers really exist. But *maybe* it’s true.”

I squint.

“But still, even if it’s true, the crock of shit about his friend Brad pulling out at the last minute because of some addiction to sex dolls! I mean, you can’t make this shit up. It’s so far-fetched as to be unbelievable.”

Kimber giggles despite herself.

“Sorry, I don’t mean to laugh,” she apologizes between more titters. “But yeah, that’s pretty insane, right? What did you say the friend’s name was again?”

“Brad,” I repeat in a glum voice. “Dane has some buddy named Brad. Brad evidently lives in the city somewhere, so they catch up whenever Dane’s in

town.”

Kimber looks thoughtful, her pretty features scrunching up for a moment.

“Wait a minute. I think I know Brad, or at least I know *of* him. Did he go to school with Dane?”

“Yeah, I think,” I reply in a glum voice.

My pretty friend brightens.

“Then Ed knows him too! You know that Ed, Dane, and a bunch of other guys all went to the University of Wyoming together back in the day. I think I’ve seen a pic of Brad before. It’s Brad Thornton, right? You know, he’s the founder of Temu.”

I squint my eyes.

“Temu? What’s that?”

“Only the hottest grocery delivery start-up since FreshDirect came on the scene, girlfriend! Brad Thornton is gorgeous too. I haven’t met him in person, but like I said, I saw their class reunion pic and this guy is seriously a god.”

“So he actually exists?” I ask, dumbfounded.

“Hell yeah!” Kimber laughs. “He’s not a ghost. He was *definitely* in that photo.”

I shoot my buddy a half-smile.

“Yeah, but does Brad Thornton seem like the type of guy who would develop an addiction to sex dolls? Seriously, I thought that was for teenage boys in Japan who are shut-ins. You know, the kind who never come out of their rooms, and their parents have to leave food at their doors.”

“Oh that,” Kimber says with an airy wave. “Yeah, those guys are weird, aren’t they? I’ve heard of them too. There’s a term for them: *hikkikomori*. Evidently, all they do is play video games and watch porn on their computers. It’s seriously strange, and their parents are at a loss for what to do about their sons.”

“*Hikkikomori*? It sounds more like an incel to me.”

“Well, I don’t think *hikkikomori* hate women the way incels in the United States do. At least, I don’t think so. I think they’re just hermits, except instead of living in a cave, they lock themselves in their childhood bedrooms.”

“Holy cow,” I muse. “There are definitely some weird peeps out there. With massive issues too.”

“I know,” Kimber says wisely. “So maybe Brad’s not all that weird. I mean, as far as I know he’s running a business empire during the day. That has to be stressful, and so what if he prefers sex dolls when he gets home at night? Sometimes, it’s easier to deal with a doll than another human being, especially if you’ve been trying to manage human beings as part of your day job.”

That makes me pause because it’s become clear that this person “Brad” actually exists. Dane didn’t make his friend up. But is the sex doll thing for real? And is it true that Brad called in Dane at the last minute as a replacement? I don’t know, but at the very least, I should try and find out. I take a deep breath before turning back to my friend.

“Kimber, can I ask a favor? It’s a big one.”

“Sure, shoot,” she says in a cheery tone. “You know I’d do anything for you.”

I inhale deeply.

“Do you think you could ask your contacts at Club Z if Brad Thornton was actually supposed to be a breeder two nights ago in New York? I know it’s a weird question, but that’s what Dane claims. He says that he only subbed in at the last minute because Brad dropped out.”

Kimber looks thoughtful as she nods.

“I’ll ask around,” she says. “I don’t know if we’ll get an answer because they can be pretty hush-hush when it comes to confirming identities, but it’s worth a try.”

“Thanks,” I say with a grateful smile. “I owe you.”

“You owe me double!” Kimber squeals. “One for getting you into the breeding party, and now this.”

“Okay, okay,” I giggle. “I massively owe you, Kimber. But I appreciate this so much because I have to know. Dane claims ... well, I already told you. My relationship with him hinges on this.”

Kimber looks sympathetic.

“I’m so sorry this happened to you, Jamie. He fucked-up by being at the club that night, but maybe it’s not as bad as you think.”

“Maybe,” I nod slowly. “But I want to get the details sorted out first, and then try to process everything. Because so much has happened in just a couple weeks! It’s insane.”

“That’s New York for you,” Kimber says with a wink. “You’re living in the fast lane out there.”

“It’s warp-speed,” I agree before giving her a wave and saying goodbye. Then we hang up, and I’m left to the silence of my small apartment. A pigeon on my windowsill lets out a gurgly coo, but for once, I don’t feel annoyed. After all, I’m consumed with thoughts of Dane. Was the older man being honest? Or were his words and actions all lies? Soon I’ll know ... and the anticipation makes me hopeful yet nauseous at once.

Dane

Life fucking sucks. Ever since I showed up at Jamie's apartment that day, it feels as if there's no reason to continue living. Don't get me wrong - I'm not going to commit suicide because I have a business empire to lead, but it certainly feels as if I'm walking around like a dead man. I barely hear any sounds, my vision is in shades of grey, and I can hardly be roused from my stupor most days.

"Dane," my secretary Cathy says in an impatient tone over the phone. "Are you still with me?"

"Yeah," I say, startling back to life. "Sorry, you were saying?"

She lets out another sigh of frustration.

"Do you want the car to come at 4 p.m.? Or are you comfortable with five?"

After all, I'm booked on a flight out of New York tomorrow afternoon. I was supposed to leave ages ago, but I kept postponing my departure because of Jamie. I loved being with the curvy girl, and we spent the better part of our days in bed together, enjoying each other's bodies. But I haven't seen Jamie in a week now, and my life's fallen to pieces. I don't even know who I am anymore. Sure, I'm Dane Kenneally of Dane's Coffee, but what does that

mean? Who the fuck cares, anyways? There are so many specialty coffee shops in the world, Dane's is just another, indistinguishable from all the rest.

I sigh into the receiver.

"Four is fine. Shit, make it three. The sooner I'm out of this hellhole, the better."

"Great," Cathy says, ignoring my curses. "Three it is then. There will be a town car waiting for you at the curb of the Wythe at three sharp. I'll text you the car's license number later today."

Then, we hang up and I gaze glumly out of the window in my suite. The East River continues to sparkle like nothing's the matter, the sun glinting off the roiling waves. Fuck. How can the Earth keep on spinning, when I've fallen so far off my axis?

But I guess I deserve it. I shouldn't have taken Brad's place at that breeding party. I never should have showed my face, nor touched that girl either. But even if Jamie believes me, it doesn't excuse my actions. I'm a fucked-up asshole who got used to doing whatever he wants, and now, I'm paying the price for my thoughtlessness.

Suddenly, the front door to the suite creaks open, and I look up in surprise. There's only one person with a key to the place, and to my shock, it's Jamie. The curvy girl's here, as gorgeous as ever in a yellow sundress with her curls springing about her shoulders. My heart contracts with longing, but I make myself stand and nod.

"Hey," I say in a low voice. "I didn't think I'd ever see you again."

Jamie nods as she shuts the door quietly behind her.

"I had some thinking to do," she says by way of explanation. "And some verifying too."

"Verifying?" I ask, one black brow raised.

"Yeah, verifying," she says, looking me straight in the eye as she puts her purse down. "I needed to make sure you were being straight with me, Dane. I had Kimber ask her contacts at Club Z, and they confirmed that Brad

Thornton was supposed to take part in the breeding event two nights ago. You were a last minute sub.”

I let out a relieved exhale.

“So you know what I said was true then. I’m not a breeder. I was just there because Brad begged me. Literally, begged. He said his sex dolls needed attention, and it was urgent.”

Jamie squints at me.

“And you’re friends with this person? He sounds like a perverted kook to me.”

I shrug, happy that we’re even having this conversation.

“Yeah, Brad’s gone over the edge with his fetish, but hey, we’ve all been there. I mean, not literally with sex dolls,” I correct hastily. “I’m just saying that a lot of people get unhealthily obsessed with something in their life, whether it’s SoulCycle, chess tournaments, or on-line gaming. In this case, Brad seems to be fixated on a certain type of woman who’s not actually alive, but again – to each their own.”

Jamie merely shuts her eyes while pinching the bridge of her nose like she can feel a migraine coming on.

“I don’t even want to know,” she murmurs to herself. “Dang, the world is so strange.”

Is that an opening for me? I’m not sure, but fortune favors the bold and I take the opportunity to seat myself next to her on the couch. A whiff of Jamie’s rose fragrance catches in my nostrils, and my heart softens. I want this woman. I adore her, and I’ve fucked up majorly, but maybe, just maybe, we can make this work.

“Jamie, I know that the events of last week have been distressing, but it’s only seven days. I want you to look at the breeding party within the scope of the time that we’ve known each other. Or even in the time that we’ve been intimate in New York. Surely, you wouldn’t throw our connection away because of that?”

She looks at me while shaking her head, and my heart stops. Oh shit. Maybe I misread her feelings. Maybe I'm completely wrong about everything. But then, Jamie sighs and wilts against my shoulder.

"I guess," she murmurs. "I mean, I don't even know *what* to think, Dane. Seriously, what were you doing at a breeding party? Even as a fluffer, it's just gross that you'd touch another woman."

I turn to her, my expression serious.

"I know, and like I said, I knew as soon as I touched her that it was wrong. I swear it. Look at the recordings of the session. I was probably in that room for fewer than five minutes because as soon as I fondled that girl, it felt wrong and I left. You must have left before me, because you would have seen otherwise."

Jamie looks thoughtful.

"They record those sessions?"

I shrug.

"I think so. Sometimes. Club Z takes every precaution as far as I know. But upon second thought, maybe not," I acknowledge, "because breeding parties are especially sensitive. I can see why people wouldn't want those sessions to be recorded."

Jamie wilts again.

"Yeah," she says in a small voice. "Maybe not."

Oh shit, I'm losing control of the conversation. I put a big finger under her chin, and tip her face to gaze into her eyes. Those caramel pools are full of pain, and I hate myself for putting that pain there. Swallowing heavily, I try again.

"Jamie, sweetheart, I adore you. I know my explanations have been filled with caveats, not to mention tall tales and pervy college friends, but trust me when I say I love you, and want to recover from this. Yes, I fucked up by being at the party. Yes, I fucked up by caving into Brad's pleas. But I fully acknowledge my mistakes, and please, please, please, let me make this up to

you. Give me a chance, sweetheart, because I love you so much and don't want to go back to Wyoming with our relationship in tatters."

Her eyes spill over with tears then, and a heartfelt sob rips from her throat.

"You love me?" she chokes.

"I do," I say in a low voice, thrumming with promise. "So much, sweetheart."

Jamie cries out again while throwing her arms around my massive shoulders. She sobs into my chest, my shirt growing damp with her tears, but I don't care. All that matters is her pain, and what I can do to make up for it.

"I love you too, Dane," she cries. "I was so upset when I realized you were a breeder, and I don't know. I lost my mind. But I want to work together on this as well. We need to see a therapist, and we need to talk honestly about what we want, and our expectations for the relationship. But yes – let's try to make this work because I adore you, you stupid man."

That's all I need to hear. My mouth swoops down on hers, hungry for her taste, her feel, and her sweetness. Passion mingles with tears as we embrace one another because so much has happened in just a few weeks. After all, I went from being her dad's best friend, to her employer, to her lover, all in one fell swoop. Then, there was betrayal, mistrust, and eye-popping pain. But now that we've cleared things up, I know the curvy girl and I can work things out because I absolutely refuse to let this relationship fail. Jamie Ventura is the love of my life ... and I'm holding tight for as long as she'll let me.

EPILOGUE

Jamie

“**Y**ou look gorgeous,” I rave to Kimber. “Absolutely amazing.”

“You too, girlfriend,” she giggles as she smooths down her white eyelet mini-dress. “I guess it’s a little weird that we’re both expecting, but hey. That happens to a lot of brides these days.”

It’s true because we’re having a double wedding at City Hall. After Dane and I talked, we decided to be brutally honest with each other. We sought therapy; we cried; and we fell even more in love. We also decided to reveal our relationship to my dad, and while Ed wasn’t exactly happy when he found out, he accepted it. After all, he’s in a relationship with my bestie, so who is he to judge?

Even better, I found out that I was pregnant by Dane soon after. At first, I was terrified. The whole reason I went to that breeding party was to face my fears. I wanted to see a girl claimed over and over again, hard and unprotected, with the purpose of being impregnated. I wanted to see her overflowing with the seed of multiple men, hoping and praying that she would conceive as a result of the breeding session.

But instead, things went off the rails, and my relationship with Dane was

shaken to the core. Yet we've recovered from that mishap, and while I'm still afraid of pregnancy, I'm less afraid than before, if that makes sense. I think it helps that Kimber's also expecting right now, and she's helping me face my fears.

"You're going to be fine," she soothes, patting my hand. "You look gorgeous, Jamie."

I stare at my short babydoll dress. Kimber and I aren't exactly dressed modestly, despite our bulging bellies. She has on a white lace sheath that stops just below her pussy, with a sweetheart neckline and high heels. Meanwhile, my babydoll doesn't leave much to the imagination. The flowy fabric stops at the top of my thighs, and I've paired my dress with strappy white stilettos.

But we're brides nonetheless, and Kimber giggles as she hands me my veil. It's a filmy circlet that I set on my head, draping the lace over my shoulders.

"Is this too much?" I ask.

"No, not at all," Kimber murmurs while placing a matching veil on her head. We survey ourselves in the mirror, and it's a sultry sight. There are two gorgeous young women looking back at us, with bulging bellies and short white dresses. We teeter a bit in our high heels, and convey innocence yet seduction at once. After all, it's obvious that we've been claimed by our men over and over again, seeing that their babies are already in our bellies.

At that moment, the door sweeps open, and both Dane and Ed come into the dressing room.

"Hey, this is private!" Kimber squeals, batting my dad on the shoulder. "What are you doing? It's bad luck to see the bride before she's married!"

"I had to get a taste," my dad growls, his eyes glued to Kimber's luscious bosom. He drops a kiss on her cleavage, and I smile even as Dane chuckles.

"I want a taste of my bride too," my groom drawls while he kneels before me. Then, uncaring that my father and Kimber are in the room, he buries his face between my thighs, licking me through my panties wickedly.

"You're wet already," he hums with a devilish grin my way. "Your clit's

already rock hard, baby. Are you sure you'll make it down the aisle?"

"Oh you!" I gasp breathlessly, swatting gently at his shoulder. "We can't be doing this now, especially with the officiant already waiting for us. Come on, we have to go!"

Dane winks at me before getting back to his feet. My groom is so handsome and tall that his black head almost brushes the ceiling. Meanwhile, his wide shoulders are emphasized by the perfect cut of his grey suit.

"The officiant can wait," he rumbles. "But guess who's going to be our witness?"

I cock my head at him.

"I thought it was going to be Cathy, your secretary. She flew in to help us prepare everything."

Dane nods, his blue eyes gleaming.

"Yes, Cathy's here, but I asked another witness to come as well. It's Brad Thornton."

"Eew, *him*?" Kimber squeals. "That perv?"

"He is a pervert," Ed acknowledges in a low voice while slinging an arm around Kimber's waist, "but he's also an old friend from college, so we thought he might like to come."

"Oh gross," I grumble. "Why Brad? Some random off the street would be better."

Dane and Ed look at each other and shrug.

"Yeah, but Brad's been instrumental in bringing us together. He was a catalyst, as they say. Also, he's an interesting guy. He was telling us just now that one of his sex dolls moves."

Kimber and I stare at our men.

"Sex dolls don't move," Kimber begins.

"At least not the kind that we've seen in porn," I add.

Both Ed and Dane grin, their blue eyes flashing.

“Yeah, that’s where things start getting hairy,” Dane drawls. “Brad seems to have a young girl staying with him. A woman named Chrissy, who’s his ex’s daughter. I have no idea why she’s currently living under his roof, but I’m sure there’s a reason for it. Nonetheless, I think we all know who this particular moving sex doll is.”

I gasp, my eyes wide.

“Brad has been having sex with his ex’s daughter? How old is she? And who does that?”

Dane shrugs, unbothered.

“Hey, we shouldn’t judge because a lot of people would be shocked at our relationships. After all, we’re forty five year old men, and you’re innocent young girls. Now, you’re knocked-up brides, and I’m sure a lot of people would have words about that.”

“Yeah, but we don’t care about them,” Kimber says smartly. “This is my second child! I’ve already been around the block!”

“Exactly,” Ed winks at my pretty friend. “Why let the opinion of strangers ruin your wedding day? You’re the only one who matters to me sweetheart.”

Then, my dad leans forward to kiss Kimber, as Dane leans forward to seize my lips with his own. My fiancé’s kiss is gentle yet punishing, passionate yet sensitive at once. I wind my arms around his neck while mewling into his mouth, even as my father and Kimber’s embrace grows heated as well.

“Alright, we’ve got to stop,” Ed rasps, breaking away from his bride for a moment. “We need to get these girls married.”

“That we do,” Dane rasps, his blue eyes dark with arousal as he takes in my flushed cheeks and heaving bosom. “The sooner the better because I adore you, Jamie Ventura.”

“I adore you too, Dane Kenneally,” I whisper to him, looking up into that clear blue gaze. “And I can’t wait to become Mrs. Jamie Kenneally.”

My fiancé rumbles his pleasure then, his voice full of promises. After all,

maybe our union was unexpected. Maybe he was never supposed to put cream in my coffee, when actually, I like it black. But with practice and acceptance, you can learn to like anything, and going forwards ... maybe Dane will even put some cream in my champagne!

THE END

WAIT, IT'S NOT OVER YET!

Watch as Dane, Jamie, Ed, and Kimber enjoy their wedding night with gallons of cream in the girls' bubbly! It's a naughty extended epilogue available [here](#) (digital download). *Warning: steam ahead!*

BUT WHAT ABOUT BRAD?

The handsome man isn't as pervy as you think. Okay, he is because he's got his ex-girlfriend's daughter staying with him, and he knows it's wrong to lust after the gorgeous young woman. Even worse, Chrissy's got tricks up her sleeve ... and that includes posing as one of Brad's sex dolls the next time the alpha male seeks release! Pick up Brad and Chrissy's story in *Obsessed With My Mom's Ex*, available [here](#).

GET THE PREVIOUS BOOK IN THE SERIES: PREGNANT BY MY BEST FRIEND'S DAD

Did you enjoy the double wedding in the epilogue of this book? Then pick up Kimber and Ed's story. In *Pregnant By My Best Friend's Dad*, Kimber submits to a breeding party ... only to find out that one of the three men breeding her is her best friend's father! Pick up your copy [now](#).

MAID FOR LOVE

Danielle's a naughty maid who likes to watch. But then she gets caught spying on a huge, hung hotel guest as he romps with two women ... and

soon, the billionaire invites her to join the party! Pick up Danielle's story in *Maid for Love*, available [here](#).

RAW AND CURVY

I met a man who seems to know all about the naughty things in life. After I pull out my lube, he says he'll help me apply it to my asshole because this is the kind of lotion that's perfect for an *l s*x. *Say what?* I don't even know him, but this really happened! Pick up *Raw and Curvy*, available [here](#).

ABOUT MY DADDIES

My mom has been married and divorced twice, so I have two handsome ex-stepfathers. We haven't really kept in touch, but when I'm invited to a photo shoot with both of them, things get out of hand. Even worse, it's so wrong but we end up in naughty poses that the camera was *never* supposed to catch. *About My Daddies* is available [here](#).

PREGNANT AND WILLING

I'm in my third trimester and desperate for money, so I sign up to be an escort. It's shameful, but it turns out that there are men with fetishes for women in my state because they don't have to use condoms, and can come hard, hot, and unprotected right inside. Scandalous and filthy? You bet! Pick up your copy of *Pregnant and Willing* [here](#).

HER HONEY POT

Marni's always had a crush on her friend's father because he's absolutely gorgeous with a chiseled physique and knowing blue eyes. But even worse, she's also got a crush on her friend's stepdad, who's uber-masculine with a rough laugh and broad chest. What will the sassy girl do? That's right, Marni hooks up with BOTH men in a steamy, filthy menage! Wish it were you? Then pick up Marni's story in *Her Honey Pot*, available [here](#).

SIGN UP

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SNEAK PEEK: BABYSITTER OF SIN

In this excerpt, Tracy teases her handsome new employer.

I haven't been babysitting Amelia for long, actually. Probably only about a month, but what's really interesting is that her dad, Rick Patton, is actually home when I'm over. It seems that Rick is a high-flying jewelry executive who's always buying gems from far-flung locations. Evidently, he needs to be on phone calls to India, Nepal, Hong Kong, and Saudi Arabia all the time, and because of the time difference, these calls can take place at 8 p.m. or later. As a result, he needs a sitter to watch his daughter, even though he's technically at home in his office.

Tonight's one such night. I can hear Mr. Patton's deep voice as I tiptoe down the dark hallway. Goodness, it's almost 9 p.m. already, and yet the conversation sounds quite animated. I walk soundlessly towards the sliver of light on the ground, and then pause on the carpet outside his door.

"Thirteen carats?" Rick growls. "That's not enough. You know the mines from Golconda produce twenty carats regularly."

I gasp soundlessly. Is he talking about diamonds? I know Golconda is a famed mining region in India that's known for its precious gems. In fact, twenty carats of anything would be remarkable, much less a diamond.

But it sounds like Mr. Patton's not getting the right response because his voice lowers into a snarl then.

“Fuck that,” he rasps. “If Cartier’s also looking to buy, then we won’t give an inch. They’re not going to steal this from under my nose.”

My eyes grow wide because as a dealer of fine jewels, Mr. Patton must be up against the most famous *maisons* in the world. Cartier must be one such competitor, as well as Buccellati, Verdura, and the like. Goodness, the competition must be cutthroat.

Then again, I know I shouldn’t be eavesdropping, but what’s the harm? It’s not like I’m going to open my own jewelry business to compete against his. In fact, as Mr. Patton’s deep voice continues to ring out, a hot shiver runs down my spine because this must be how an alpha male does business. Hard. Fast. Unrelenting, and with no mercy.

My thighs squeeze together as my insides go wet. God, my ex Neil was such a wet rag compared to Mr. Patton. Neil worked in IT, and his job was literally to answer the help line at a university. Literally, when students had problems with their computers, he was the guy who went out to fix it.

But clearly, Mr. Patton’s in another league, and I feel my nipples grow taut and stiff. One hand reaches up to circle a pink tip through my thin sweater, and I let out a small giggle while continuing to listen to him talk. Should I? It sounds so bad, but then again, he’s totally engrossed in his conversation. He’ll never know I’m here.

Just to be sure though, I lean forward to peek through the crack in the door, and sure enough, Rick’s staring at his computer screen with a phone pressed to his ear. That black hair is tousled with frustration, and his white button up is undone at the collar, revealing a length of hard, bronzed throat. Those blue eyes are intense, but they’re totally focused on the screen in front of him, even as the voice on the end of the receiver jabbars away in a tinny stream. Perfect.

With another silent giggle, I step back from the door a bit, and then slowly, lift my skirt. It’s just a silky black wraparound that resembles the practice skirts that ballet dancers wear. I undo the string-tie at the waist, and with a slight hiss, the material drops away, puddling at my feet.

Then, I turn so that my bottom’s facing the crack in the door and bend over before toying with the sides of my g-string. It’s a tiny white one, no bigger

than a patch of fabric at my crotch, but I've found that only my thongs fit me now that I'm pregnant. With another silent giggle, I pull the g-string down until it stretches about my knees, and then pull it lower still before stepping out of the tiny bit of fabric altogether. Shamefully, there's a bit of wetness connecting my pussy to the gusset, and I break the gooey string with one finger before putting it to my mouth. Mmm, the juice is tangy and very feminine, if I do say so myself.

But this is where the pedal hits the metal because I want to be bad. Maybe I haven't gotten my wild ways out of my system yet, but this is different because it's not like I'm hooking up with a strange man. In fact, I know that Mr. Patton can't see me, so it's okay. His deep voice is still rumbling, and if anything, it's growing even more agitated. I pause for a moment, breathless. Did he just say something that rhymes with panties? I pause, unmoving. But no, it must be my imagination because the phone call continues, that deep bass now cussing at the other person on the phone.

A naughty smile creeps over my face. Oh goody. Perfect for me. Slowly, I bend over lower until my long curls brush the floor, my big breasts hanging down and swaying within my loose sweater. Then, I reach two hands back and pull my bottom cheeks apart, the full moons giving way to reveal my swollen rose-colored pussy. The folds are wet already, and they glisten in the low light. But this isn't enough. I reach my hands even further back until my fingers are on my nether lips themselves, and pull those apart to show off my slick pink interior. Oh god, I'm already gushing, and to my delight, a gooey trickle of female nectar begins to drip down the inside of my thigh.

"Fuck!" Mr. Patton roars from within his office.

Immediately, I stand and back away into the darkness, afraid that he's seen me. But the handsome alpha male has merely slammed his phone down, and he's clacking away at his keyboard now, practically hammering the keys with rage. Wow, I wonder what just happened? But I know better than to press my luck, and with one last silent giggle, I pull on my panties before grabbing my skirt. Then, I tiptoe down the hallway and turn the corner even as heat continues to pour through my core. After all, I was just a bad girl, even if it felt good to do that. The problem? That I wanted my handsome employer to see ... *although my actions were totally wrong.*

To be continued ...

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**SNEAK PEEK: PREGNANT AND
DESPERATE**

RYDER

In this excerpt, Ryder assesses the beautiful girl staying at his house.

Ellen's been living in my home for a week now, and it's sheer torture. Don't get me wrong because I'm trying my best, but this is fucking agony. After all, having the nubile teen girl prance about my place seemingly oblivious to her own sex appeal has been driving me up the wall. Her huge tits often sway as she wipes down a surface, or her big round ass and thick thighs jiggle as she walks down the hallway. I live in a state of constant arousal and have been beating off in the shower each morning in an effort to control my urges.

After all, I want to treat the sweet girl right, and to provide a safe haven while she sorts out her life. But now, I realize it's a mistake because fuck, I might lose control at any moment. And once that happens - the animal in me will pounce, and I'll have to claim her.

But who does that to a guest? A pregnant guest, no less? The problem is that I love her pregnant body. If anything, Ellen's even more gorgeous because she's expecting. She's glowing, with the serene air of a Virgin Madonna even though she's clearly *not* a virgin, and I desperately want to bury my face in those impossibly huge, soft tits. I want to push the hardness of my cock deep into her tight little pussy and make her come. Then I want to hear her soft voice begging me for more.

The fact that she's so grateful to be here makes it even worse. Ellen's always going above and beyond by cooking meals, cleaning, and folding my laundry.

I know it's because she's trying to get on my good side, and I've told her more than once that it's not necessary. I know how to cook and clean as well as any other bachelor used to living on his own, but she simply demurs and keeps doing it. Even worse, I know she's doing it because she wants me to be happy, and yet I've been a complete asshole to her since she arrived.

It wasn't my intention to be a curmudgeon in her presence. But I knew that I had to throw up walls around myself if I wanted any chance at all at being a kind, decent, and honorable man, and not the douche trying to live out my filthy fantasies. Which, actually, is what I want. So much, in fact, that I basically have constant blue balls in her presence.

As a result, I avoid Ellen when I can. I try to keep our conversations as short as possible, albeit polite. And I certainly don't touch her, or allow her to touch me because that would be my undoing. But I can tell the standoffishness bothers her. I can tell Ellen feels rejected and bewildered by my actions, which tortures me. If only she knew how much I want her, and how much I want to get to know her. But I can't get involved because this is a pregnant teen girl staying under my roof, for crying out loud! The last thing she needs is a disgusting old dude trying to put his dick in her to make himself happy.

But it's tough to resist Ellen, and sometimes I slip up. It's impossible not to, and I find myself getting pulled into conversations with her, laughing at her sweet little jokes. Even more, I can sense Ellen relaxing as we settle into a comforting rhythm, which only makes me clam right up again. Then I feel like a complete dick, and rightfully so too.

So I try to strike a balance. I try to be polite and make eye contact, but not to overdo it so that the curvy girl thinks we're friends. It's a tough road to walk, but it's the only path that's appropriate and I need to keep on the straight and narrow.

At the moment, Ellen's cooking breakfast for me while I sit at the kitchen table. It's nice actually, and the curvy girl always insists. She says I need my strength for a long day at work, or for a hard workout at the gym, and what she makes is delicious, so I've learned not to put up a fight. But it's tough because even as I pretend to read the news on my phone, really all I'm aware of is Ellen's curvaceous body as she tends to the eggs.

She's wearing short shorts that show off a bounteous ass that literally resembles a juicy shelf. I can even see the bottoms of her white cheeks peeking out from beneath the fabric as she walks to and fro, getting this and that out of the fridge. Fuck me. I don't hear her small talk because all I can focus on is the jiggle of her thighs, and the gentle bounce of her breasts as she moves.

My mouth goes dry and I take a long drink from a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice.

"Delicious," I growl in appreciation. Ellen turns around in surprise. I haven't spoken much this morning yet, leaving that part to her, so she's probably wondering what I'm talking about. Her eye lands on the orange juice.

"Oh, I'm glad you like it!" she smiles. "I squeezed it this morning from the fruit in your yard." Oh fuck, oh fuck. Now that Ellen's facing me, I can tell that she's not wearing a bra underneath her loose t-shirt because beneath the thin fabric, I can see the full sway of her enormous tits, not to mention those hard nips poking out like beacons. What would it feel like to suck those pink crests? Closing my eyes, I groan involuntarily as lust ignites, *because things can't go on like this forever.*

To be continued ...

Pregnant and Desperate is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).

ABOUT S.E. LAW

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

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