



MY

Best Friend's

STEPDAD

A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

S.E. LAW

S.C. ADAMS

MY BEST FRIEND'S STEPDAD




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ABOUT THIS BOOK

Annie: My buddy Halsey is just so crazy. She invites me to her stepdad's place for Thanksgiving, but then tells us that her boyfriend's going to crash with us as well. That means four people crammed into a small apartment. That means, me and Halsey's stepdad in the same bedroom. That means, me and Mr. Salomon *in the same bed*. This is wrong because Curtis Salomon is two decades my senior, and incredibly gorgeous. He's a cop with muscled shoulders, a wide chest, and of course, a thick baton that he's not afraid to use. The problem is ... *it slips in by accident one night!*

Curtis: What the hell is my stepdaughter thinking? Halsey's setting me up with her best friend, but I can't go there. Annie may be beautiful, but she's young, nubile, and far too innocent. Hell, she's never even been with a *real* man before. But soon, I find Annie in my bedroom, luscious and irresistible while begging me to show her how to be a woman. Sure enough, my defenses are totally obliterated and soon, the sweet girl's calling me "Daddy."

This is a follow-up to Claiming His Call Girl where we meet Curtis, Ben Culver's best friend, once more. Curtis Salomon is one of New York's Finest, and trust me, the handsome cop doesn't hesitate to provide when called upon (especially if it's a beautiful woman who needs him!) But is their age gap too

much? Read and find out! Even better, the mysterious man at the auction makes a reappearance in this book, and you're going to love Travis because he's dark, dangerous, and far to devilish for his own good. Saddle up for a load of fun because this is a wild tale that goes way off the reservation, but you'll adore it, I promise! No cheating, no cliffhangers, and always a HEA for my readers.

CHAPTER 1



Annie

“*T*hanks for inviting me again,” I say with a smile at my roommate. “I really appreciate it.”

“Oh, of course!” Halsey exclaims, throwing her blonde hair over her back. “I wouldn’t leave you in the dorms alone, Annie. You know I’m not cruel like that because imagine how depressing it would be! You’d be so lonely, and forced to eat a TV dinner for Thanksgiving. I’d never do that to you.”

I smile gratefully at my friend because although Loyola’s not closing its dorms over Thanksgiving, I’m still happy that my roomie has invited me to her stepdad’s place to celebrate the holidays. It’s going to be awkward as a plus-one, but Halsey’s right. Even the most awkward plus-one is better than a sad holiday meal in front of the common room TV.

“I think I can do better than a frozen dinner because the cafeteria’s going to stay open. But yeah, I think the turkey they’re going to serve will taste like rubber,” I remark. “If it’s even turkey at all. You know how these industrial farms are. They’re putting food on the table for the masses, so they could be growing the meat in a lab, or maybe it’s not even meat at all.”

Halsey turns to look at me, her blue eyes surprised.

“Are you serious?” she asks. “It’s not meat? What is it then?”

I shrug.

“I hear there’s this thing called zombie meat,” I say. “It’s ‘meat product,’ or whatever that means. Just like how when you go to the grocery store, American cheese is labeled ‘cheese product’ and not ‘cheese.’ Have you noticed that? I’m not even sure what the difference is, but it’s something along those lines. We should check with a nutritionist, or a food scientist, just to be sure though.”

Halsey shudders, carefully placing a sexy red bra and panty set into her overnight bag.

“That’s gross,” she proclaims. “I’m so glad I’m vegan.”

I giggle.

“Yes, but you’re a vegan who also eats eggs and the occasional bite of bacon.”

“Details, details,” Halsey says in a lofty tone while waving her hand at me. “It’s just that I like my bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches, and if I take out the bacon and egg, then what do I have left?”

“Cheese and bread,” I say smartly. “Which still isn’t vegan because cheese is made of milk.”

“Oh you!” Halsey giggles, sliding a purple thong into her bag. “Vegan can be a state of mind, you know. It doesn’t have to be just about what you put in your stomach.”

I merely laugh again while folding my big sleep shirt carefully. Our clothes are quite the contrast because Halsey’s so feminine and gorgeous, with the best wardrobe ever, which is why she has a ton of expensive lingerie. Meanwhile, my sleep

shirt is an old thing that comes down to my knees. It's so threadbare that it's almost see-through, and there's a big Snoopy on the front, but I like it. Besides, no one's going to see. I'll make sure not to wear it in front of Halsey's stepdad, Curtis, who's our host this Thanksgiving.

My cheeks heat when I think of Curt because her stepdad is gorgeous. He married Halsey's mom when my friend was fifteen or so, and unfortunately, it wasn't a match made in Heaven. Halsey says that at first, things seemed fine. After all, her mom, Lynn, is really beautiful. She's an older lady, of course, but it's obvious who Halsey got her looks from. Both women are blonde and busty, with voluptuous figures and a sassy, flirtatious air.

But after a year or so, my friend says that her mom started becoming dissatisfied. Evidently, Lynn wanted more in life, and because Curtis works as a detective for the NYPD, he wasn't going to be able to purchase a mansion in the South of France or fund any fancy, far-flung European vacations. As a result, Lynn and Curtis divorced after about two years, and Lynn moved out. But here's the kicker: *Halsey didn't move out*. She and Curt get along great, and as a result, she spent the rest of high school living with him.

Weird, right? How many girls keep living with their stepfather even after their mother has long since left the picture? I guess Lynn hasn't totally disappeared because the older woman evidently lives across town on the Upper West Side now with a new boyfriend (who also happens to be filthy rich, albeit ancient), and reaches out to her daughter every now and then for the occasional lunch or dinner. But for all intents and purposes, Curt is Halsey's parent. She only lived with him for a few years during high school, but it was enough to establish a bond, and so we're headed to his place for Thanksgiving.

I pause for a moment, looking at the fancy lingerie Halsey's still packing into her bag.

"Do you need all that?" I ask curiously. "Hals, it's just your stepdad, right?"

She doesn't even look up, continuing to fold the sassy bits of lace.

"Oh yeah. You know me, I like to be prepared just in case. Some people pack light, but I pack heavy."

I squint, still confused.

"But how are you going to wear all that? And for whom? No one's going to see it except me, and that's only when we're changing in your room."

Halsey merely titters before reaching into her dresser drawer for a g-string that's so tiny that it's just two pieces of purple string connected to a purple-shaped heart in front. I stare with bewilderment, but my friend doesn't seem fazed at all. She folds the thong carefully before stashing it in with her other things before looking up at me.

"You never know what might happen," she says in a mysterious tone. "Like I said, it's good to be prepared. Besides, Annie, you should pack something other than granny panties and that big Snoopy t-shirt. Don't you have anything else?" she asks.

I shake my head.

"Nope, I don't," is my droll tone. "You know that Alex, I mean Alexa, was never turned on by lingerie, so I never invested in that kind of stuff. I wonder what turns her on now," I say in a rueful tone. "Hell if I know."

After all, my ex-boyfriend is now a woman. It's true. Alex was cute enough as a "he," and to be honest, we were good together. We got along great and at least to me, there was a spark. But a few weeks ago, he sat me down and confided that he was no longer a 'he.' Evidently, Alexa has known from childhood that 'he' is actually a 'she' and was going to begin the transition from male to female immediately.

I'm all for it, to be honest. I'm supportive of anyone suffering from gender dysmorphia, or who simply doesn't identify as strictly male or strictly female. But of course, that meant that our relationship was done because I wasn't really interested in dating a woman, and Alexa was too focused on her transition to date at all. We went our separate ways, and it was an amicable split. But still, the story's one for the ages, right? I love Alexa dearly, but I no longer 'love' her in a romantic way, and I'm glad to move on.

Halsey reads my mind and shoots a sassy grin in my direction.

"So Alexa wasn't about the fancy lingerie? Not for either of you?"

I giggle.

"It would have been weird to see Alex in fancy lingerie, but back when Alexa was Alex, he was more into boxers or boxer briefs. So nope, there were no g-strings or peek-a-boo bras or anything like that."

"Still, was the sex any good?" asks Halsey curiously, tossing her blonde curls back. "I mean, it can be hot if you're both into it, no matter the gender of the parties involved."

I look down and shake my head before sighing.

"Unfortunately, no. I mean, my first time was with Alex and I think it was his first time too, so neither of us knew what we

were doing. But it wasn't sexy at all. It was just ... *awkward*."

Halsey nods with understanding.

"Yeah, my first time was like that too. I was fifteen, and it was a guy from my high school. Let's just say I've tried to erase it from my memory because it was so blah. Not even bad, just blah. But surely, things improved with time?" Halsey asks. "I mean, I know you guys didn't date that long, but surely, you guys got the hang of it after a while? Practice makes perfect, after all."

I merely sigh again, my shoulders slumping.

"Not really," I say in a rueful tone. "I don't know what to attribute the bad sex to either. Alexa's gender dislocation? My shyness? The fact that neither of are particularly 'sexy'? Who knows? Maybe I should watch a video or something to learn. God knows I could use the tutorial."

Halsey giggles then.

"You *are* sexy, Annie! You have the figure of a siren, and guys are definitely attracted to you. You just need to dress sexier, and flirt a little more. You know, find the inner whore and let her out!"

I giggle too.

"I know, and I *want* to be sexier," I confess. "After all, that's what college is for. To meet hot men, and to let your hair down and explore. It's just ... well, the guys at Loyola are so young. To be honest, I wouldn't be surprised if the next one I meet is even more awkward than Alex, or worse."

"I know," Halsey says in a smug tone. "That's why I love being with Travis. He's older, amazing, and knows exactly how to please a woman. I swear, Annie, he made me come so many times the last time we were together. We've been doing

some super-naughty things too,” she says in a secretive tone. “Stuff that you wouldn’t believe.”

I stare at her.

“Really? Like what?”

“Oh, I can’t say,” my friend says in an airy voice. “You’d be shocked though. But anyways, back to my point. I totally agree that older men are the way to go because you know that Travis is in his forties, right? But he’s incredibly virile, and an animal in bed. I swear, sometimes when I visit him in San Francisco, we don’t leave his bedroom for the entire weekend. And then you know I fly back to NYC and I’m sore and achy just from the workout he’s put me through.”

I nod, eyes wide.

“Wow. Just wow.”

“But you should get your own older man,” Halsey hints, smiling a bit. “I mean, how about Curtis? I’ve seen you looking at him.”

I squeal then, throwing a pillow at her.

“Are you serious? He’s your stepdad, and he’s so old!”

“He’s not old,” my friend protests. “He’s probably thirty-five? Thirty-six? You know my mom is a lot older than Curtis, but he’s definitely learned his lesson since. I think these days, he likes them young. *Real* young, like he’s a pendulum swinging in the other direction,” she says emphatically.

“How young?” I breathe, my heart beginning to race. After all, I’ve only met Curtis Salomon once before, but he was incredibly gorgeous. He helped Halsey move in at the beginning of the school year, and the man is built. He’s got broad shoulders, a wide, sculpted chest, and arms so thick with

muscle that he lifted her boxes as if they weighed nothing. Plus, I snuck a look at his package and it was enormous under the stiff denim of his jeans. If he's that size while flaccid, then I can only imagine what he's like aroused. Mmm, it's sure to be wonderful.

But still, this is Halsey's stepfather, and not only that, but Curtis is hosting us for Thanksgiving. I can't be having these naughty thoughts about a man who's clearly off limits! Yet my friend won't let up.

"My stepdad likes them young," she repeats again. "I don't know what age exactly, but I'd say maybe like us."

"*Like us?*" I squeal. "Hals, we're nineteen! We're sophomores! OMG, your stepdad is dating college girls?"

She winks.

"I don't know if the women he dates are exactly 'educated,'" she says in a droll tone. "So at least you have brains on them. But you never know," she says in a mysterious voice. "This could be a fun vacation, right? I'd love for you to start dating my stepdad, girl. I think you could be good for each other, and it would get Curtis away from those hos he usually goes out with. Ugh, one more bottle of spray tan and I'm going toretch," she announces with a twist to her mouth. "I mean, really? Those Bratz dolls he calls his 'girlfriends' look like bronzed witches, and that is *not* a good thing."

I giggle but my heart's racing because I can't believe my buddy is talking like this. She thinks that me and Curtis could potentially be a match? It sounds wrong, but my thighs clench together as my pulse races because I'd love to sample the older man if given the chance. I know it's bad, but maybe something will happen this Thanksgiving. That is, if I ever work up the

courage to say more than “hi” and “bye.” Meanwhile, my buddy seems completely oblivious to my delight.

“Ready?” my blonde friend asks with a wicked smile, already dragging her suitcase towards the door. “You’ll see. The next few days are going to be fun, girlfriend. Just let your hair down and relax.”

With that, I nod and follow her to the door, my own bag on my shoulder. But my cheeks are slightly flushed and the space between my thighs tingles because maybe this will be more than just your usual turkey celebration. Maybe something will happen between me and Curt Salomon, although exactly how or what, I have no idea. Still, I’m looking forward to it and smile with images of the handsome man dancing in my head.

CHAPTER 2



Annie

“*H*ey sweetheart, how are you?” Curt greets as he opens the door to his apartment. We’re in a huge tower in the middle of Manhattan, and it’s nice, if not overly fancy. The doorman recognized Halsey when we arrived, and let us up immediately. The entire time in the elevator, my heart was pounding because soon, I’d lay eyes on Curtis Salomon himself.

And the moment he opened the door, the breath caught in my chest because true life is just as good as my fantasies. He’s tall, about six three or so, and his night-black hair almost brushes the door frame. Those blue eyes are a piercing azure color, and his male features are sculpted yet sensuous at once.

But it’s the body that really gets me because Curtis works out a lot, that much is clear. He’s got broad shoulders, a wide chest, and powerful arms that pick Halsey up like she weighs nothing and spins her around when she greets him.

“Ooof!” she squeals. “OMG, stop it! You’re going to ruin my hair!”

Of course, her blonde hair remains in its perfect curls, but Curt puts her down and turns to me.

“Hi Annie,” he greets in a low voice. “Welcome to my humble home. I’m happy to have you girls over for Thanksgiving.”

I murmur a shy “hi” as he steps aside, letting us into the apartment. I enter the hallway, and it’s nice. The wood floor is a shiny parquet, and I can see two doors to the left, which must be the bedrooms. Then in the distance is the living area, which looks to have comfortable grey and blue furniture, as well as a coffee table that I can just glimpse through the narrow hallway opening.

Immediately, Halsey makes her way to the second door on the left, her bag dragging behind her. I follow, figuring that this must be her bedroom and where we’ll both be staying. But when I make to enter, she spins around, blocking the doorway.

“Oh wait, I forgot to mention,” she says in a lighthearted voice. “Travis is coming for Thanksgiving this year, and he’ll be staying here. With me. In my bedroom,” she says. “Is that okay, Curt?”

Both her stepdad and I stare at the beautiful blonde, blindsided.

“Wait, he’s coming?” I ask in a surprised voice.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Curtis adds in a growl. “I had no idea. This is so last minute, Hals.”

But the blonde girl merely shrugs and prances into her room, before depositing her bag by the bed.

“It was a last-minute thing,” she says in an airy tone. “We were going to spend Thanksgiving apart because you know I just flew out to San Francisco to see him two weeks ago. But I missed Travis so much, and he finally gave in. Just two nights

ago, he booked a flight to NYC and he should be arriving any moment now,” she says with a glance at the clock on the wall. “It’s okay, isn’t it, Curt? He’ll stay here in my bedroom with me, so it won’t be a problem.”

We gape at the beautiful blonde who hums to herself as she begins unpacking like nothing’s wrong.

“But Hals,” I say in a confused tone. “I thought I’d be sleeping with you in your room. Where am I going to sleep if Travis is here?”

“Well, definitely not in my bedroom,” she says quickly, looking up as she pulls a filmy negligee from her bag. “I’m sorry there’s a change of plan, but I didn’t want to say anything until we got here because I didn’t want anyone to flip out. Travis is coming, for sure,” she says in a firm tone. “I want to be with him, and he’ll be here any moment actually.”

Meanwhile, Curtis stares at Halsey too, a look of confusion on his handsome features.

“But can’t Travis get a hotel room? Sweetheart, I thought you said he was a successful entrepreneur. He can afford to splurge.”

“Travis *is* loaded,” Halsey affirms with a smile. “He just sold his company to Microsoft, or someone like that. But when we tried to look for hotels, they were all booked up for the holidays, and you know that NYC doesn’t have AirBnB, not really. So we figured we’d just stay here for the duration of the trip. He won’t be here long,” she says hastily. “Just over Thanksgiving break, and then he’s headed back to SF.”

Still, I’m utterly thrown by this unexpected announcement.

“So should I go back to the dorms?” I ask with confusion. “I mean, I can come back for Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow.

That would be easier, wouldn't it?"

But Halsey jumps up then, waving both hands with a 'no' meaning.

"No, no, no, it's fine!" she says brightly. "Annie, just crash in Curt's room," she says by way of explanation. "It's no problem. Aren't you glad Curt has a two-bedroom apartment? There's plenty of space and it's perfect."

Her stepdad and I stare at each other with confusion even as my cheeks go bright red. My nipples begin to pebble through my thin t-shirt and I feel hot all over because this is sheer craziness. I can't stay in Curtis Salomon's bedroom! It would be incredibly rude to put the host on the spot like this, when really, I'm just a stray he's invited for Thanksgiving.

"Oh no," I say in a rushed voice. "I'll head back to the dorms then. I don't want to put you out of your bedroom, so it's no trouble."

But Halsey pipes up again.

"No, you won't be putting Curt out of his room. You'll stay there *with* him, Annie. It's fine because the master's really big, with wonderful views too. It's okay, right Curt? There's plenty of space."

The handsome NYPD officer looks just as stunned as me, but then a dark flush crawls over his high cheekbones.

"Halsey, we can't do this," he says in a low growl. "Absolutely not. Of course, I'll sleep on the couch and your friend can take my room."

But I stare in dismay at Curt's six foot three frame because I know that no sofa is going to be comfortable for a man as tall and broad as this one.

“No, no, no, I’ll go home,” I repeat quickly again. “It’s not a big deal.”

But Halsey takes charge then. She literally reaches for my bag and slings it over her own shoulder before stomping into Curt’s room and dumping it on the mattress.

“See? Plenty of space,” she says in a smug tone while gesturing to the masculine environs. “It’s perfect and this room alone must be five hundred square feet. You guys won’t even notice each other.”

By now, my cheeks are beet red and my thighs press together against the moist wetness there. Still, I can’t let this happen.

“Oh no,” I say hurriedly. “I’ll just take the couch then. Thank you, Mr. Salomon, but I can’t let you do this. Here, I’ll move my stuff.”

Curt’s large hand descends on mine, stopping my movement. A jolt of electricity shoots up through my arm and I look up into a flashing pair of blue eyes. Yet his voice is low and soothing when he speaks.

“It’s fine, honey. Let’s figure it out later, shall we? I don’t want this to devolve into a series of “me, no me’s,” so let’s just pause for a moment and catch our breaths. Halsey’s right, this isn’t the biggest apartment ever, but it’s not tiny either. We’ll figure something out without you returning to the dorms.”

I’m barely able to breathe because we’re so close. I get a good look at Curt’s proud, masculine features, not to mention the almost criminally sensual mouth. Not only that, but the alpha male’s cologne surrounds me then, and it’s a woodsy musk mixed with a scent that I can only describe as him. The combination makes me heady, weak, and turned on all at once.

“Yes, Mr. Salomon,” I murmur helplessly. “Whatever you say.”

Our eyes meet and lock, and it’s as if the world disappears, leaving only the two of us. The attraction between us is palpable and I can feel my nipples hardening even more beneath my thin t-shirt. Curt senses it too, and his blue gaze slides downward to my big breasts, before sliding even lower to my narrow waist and big bottom, encased in a pair of skin-tight jeans.

“We’ll figure it out,” he mutters again, more to himself than anyone as he absorbs my lush figure. “Hell yeah.”

Then, the doorbell rings and Halsey lets out a squeal of joy.

“Oh my God, it must be Travis,” she sings. “He’s here!” My blonde friend dashes out of the room before skipping down the hall and wrenching the door open. Then, I hear a low masculine growl and the sounds of a deep, passionate kiss. Her boyfriend must be just as happy to see her, judging from how long that kiss goes on.

Meanwhile, Curt and I stare at each other a little more, the air between us trembling with energy. Finally, the handsome man looks away before turning to greet our new visitor, but I can tell from the set of those broad shoulders, not to mention the bulge at his crotch, that this is going to be an interesting holiday. *Very interesting, indeed.*

CHAPTER 3



Curt

*F*uck. I can't believe my life has come down to this.

Don't get me wrong because my life isn't terrible by a long shot. It just happens to be a complete shitshow at this particular moment, and I wonder how I got myself into this mess. After all, I like to think of myself as a decent guy. Okay, maybe not quite "decent." Maybe I'm an asshole who uses his good looks to lure young, innocent women into bed. Then again, maybe they aren't so innocent, and that's a good thing because what we do together would make most women scream.

But I like it that way. I'm a dirty fuck, and after getting burned by my divorce, I did a one-eighty. Instead of dating my age or older (my ex-wife is a good ten years older than me), I started going in the other direction instead. With a vengeance too. As a result, I regularly date college girls, or sometimes even high school ladies. It's bad, I know. Plus, their parents don't exactly appreciate my actions because I'm a thirty-five-year-old man who's been around the block one too many times. They take one look at me and know that I'm not holding their daughters' hands and pressing sweet kisses to their cheeks. Instead, I've

got my head buried between their thighs, making them moan and scream as they come with a body-shaking orgasm.

So yeah, I'm kind of messed-up that way. I'm an old dude who loves his women fresh and nubile, and who can blame me? Young women have bouncy breasts, smooth, creamy skin, and of course the tightest pussies too. Plus, they seem more *alive* sometimes. I'll trail a big finger along the bottom of a teen's clit, and sometimes, just doing that makes her shake and wail with pleasure. That's how responsive the young ones are.

But today really took the cake for a messed-up situation. For one, my stepdaughter came prancing in like she owns the place. I get it. Halsey's not close to her mom, and chose to stay with me after the divorce. Although it sounds crazy, it's because my ex has always been incredibly selfish. Lynn had already met her newest boyfriend, Jerome Whitehouse, by the time she moved out, and so Halsey had a choice: she could either continue living with me, or move in with Lynn and Jerome in that monstrosity of a townhouse he owns on the Upper West Side. I'm sure it's lavish inside but Jerome gives me the creeps. The guy is sixty, but I have a feeling he's a perv, given his slicked-back white hair and leering glances. I suspect that Jerome would have no trouble coming onto Halsey if she lived under his roof, and I don't blame my stepdaughter for choosing to stay with me instead.

But yeah, Hals was out of control today. She showed up like she was the Queen of Sheba, her pretty friend in tow, and then announced out of nowhere that her boyfriend was going to stay for the weekend as well! What the hell? That guy is allegedly a billionaire so why the fuck does he need to crash in my two-bedroom? But Halsey merely spewed some bullshit about a last-minute trip and all the hotels in NYC being

booked because of the holiday. *All* of them? Really? Seriously, can't this guy just buy a hotel to solve the problem?

But against all odds, Travis is an okay guy. He's good-looking enough, with black hair and eyes only for my sweet stepdaughter. Since the moment he arrived, they've been inseparable, and in fact, they're getting ready for bed together in the bathroom at the moment. I hear the water running as Halsey giggles, and then they both emerge before disappearing into her bedroom.

"Goodnight Curt. Goodnight Annie," my stepdaughter sings, wiggling her fingers at us before shutting the door. "Sweet dreams."

Then, we hear the springs creak as Halsey and her boyfriend get into bed, as well as the low growl of a man's voice and my stepdaughter's answering giggle. Shit. They're obviously going to have sex tonight, and I think the only question is: how loud will they be? Is it going to be Earth-shaking thumps of the headboard banging against the wall, or maybe just some muffled grunts and moans?

Meanwhile, I turn to Annie, who looks like she's just swallowed a mouse. She's gorgeous sitting on the couch in the living room, but the pretty brunette's cheeks are flaming, and I don't blame her.

"Are you going to be okay out here?" I ask, patting the sofa like nothing's wrong. There's a pile of blankets folded at the foot, as well as an extra pillow with a fresh case on it. "I'm sorry this happened. Halsey's been incredibly rude, and I'm going to talk to her about it after our meal tomorrow."

"Oh no," Annie says quickly, throwing me an apologetic smile. "I'm the one who's sorry to be in your hair. Thank you,

Mr. Salomon, for inviting me for Thanksgiving. I never imagined that this would happen in a million years.”

“You mean our sleeping arrangements?” I say while quirking up one side of my mouth up in a smile. “Yeah, this has been really unexpected, but you know that I don’t mind sleeping on the couch. We can still switch if you’d like to take my bedroom.”

But Annie shakes her head again, her brown curls bouncing.

“No, I couldn’t,” she repeats quickly. “You’ve already been kind enough as is. Thanks again, Mr. Salomon.”

I want to stay and talk to the sweet girl. I want to watch as she licks her pink pout again, and I want to see how her pupils dilate when I pull her voluptuous form close to my broad chest. But instead, I make myself get up before rising to my full height in the living room.

“Well, then I’ll bid you goodnight,” I say with what I hope is a neutral smile. “Sweet dreams, Annie. And please, call me Curt. Mr. Salomon is my dad,” I add with another grin.

The beautiful brunette giggles, and I can’t help but watch as her big breasts shake in time with her mirth. But then I force myself to turn before striding into the master bedroom and shutting the door. This is not the time to fantasize about my houseguest because if my suspicions are correct, we’re going to be treated to a dirty soundtrack tonight.

Fortunately, Halsey and her boyfriend don’t start right away. Instead, I have enough time to get undressed and slip under the covers, turning off the lights while still fantasizing about the girl in the living room. I hear Annie rustling around a bit, probably getting ready for bed, before she too turns off the light in the common area. Then, the apartment settles into

darkness and silence. But not for long because after ten minutes, there's a light shuffling sound from next door. The mattress creaks, and sure enough, a soft gasp rings out.

"Oh," my stepdaughter breathes. "Yes, touch me there."

Travis responds in a low growl, and I can't make out his words, but my stepdaughter merely gasps again before letting out a thin, reedy hum.

"Mmm," she moans. "Yes."

Oh fuck. I can just see it now. The huge, dark Travis looming above my sweet stepdaughter as she takes him deep with her legs spread wide. There are some sucking sounds from next door, and then Travis lets out a grunt of pleasure as the mattress creaks again.

"Fuck baby," he whispers. "You're so tight."

My stepdaughter titters a bit before murmuring something in return, and unbidden, I get a vision of Annie in my head. I imagine my beautiful houseguest in bed with me, her curves stripped bare under the moonlight. I see the pale ivory of her skin, as well as her big breasts as she cups them, offering them to me with her lips parted.

"Here Mr. Salomon," she whispers. "Would you like a taste?"

Goddamn, I'd love a taste. I imagine my head ducking down, covering those plush curves with my massive form as I suck a pink nipple into my mouth, swirling my tongue around the hard nub. Not only that, but the soundtrack next door seems to keep pace with my fantasy. I can hear deep sucking sounds again, which are probably Travis nursing at my stepdaughter's breasts, before he drops down to run his tongue over the slickly wet folds of her cunt.

"Ohhhh!" Halsey sighs next door. "Mmmm!"

I palm my cock then, closing my eyes as I imagine lapping Annie's wet cunt. She's sopping, definitely, and her hole is so small that I can't even see it at first. But then, my tongue slips into her special space and she bucks as I edge my tongue deep into that tiny snatch. She creams hotly into my mouth, her flavor slickly sweet, and I moan as I palm my cock.

"That's it, baby girl," I rasp in the darkness. "See how good that feels? Now spread your legs even wider."

Meanwhile, Halsey and her boyfriend are continuing their love fest next door too.

"Grab onto the bedpost," Travis growls in a low voice. "I want to fuck you deep, sweetheart."

I can only imagine what's happening. He's probably got her on her knees, facing the headboard as she circles both hands around a wooden pillar. Then, Halsey lets out a high, keening cry as Travis enters her from behind.

"Yes, baby," he bites out. "Fuck, you're tight and so wet too."

I can just see it now. My voluptuous blonde stepdaughter's getting banged in the pussy from the back by a much older man. His large hands are on her narrow waist as he fucks her intently, the mattress squeaking in a rhythmic pattern now.

"Oh Daddy," Halsey moans breathlessly. "I missed this so much, and I'm so glad you came to visit."

"I'm glad I came too," Travis grunts in return. "Fuck Hals, you make it worth it and I can't hold back any longer. I'm going to come."

"Yes, come," Halsey pants. "Come deep in my unprotected teenage pussy. Come for me!"

Travis grunts.

“Shit! Here it comes, oh fuck fuck fuck!”

Suddenly, both of them let out loud moans, Travis roaring as he pours his seed into my sweet stepdaughter’s vag. Halsey lets out a high, keening cry that seems to go on for a full minute as he empties his semen into her wetly clenching cunt, both of them gasping and moaning as they soar over the edge. But finally, it ends and the two of them murmur and laugh a bit as they settle down for the night. There are a few more kissing noises, some happy sighs, and then finally, the apartment is still once more.

But I’m pissed and nowhere near sleep. Instead, I’m gripping my hard cock in one fist, frustrated and angry that this is even happening. What the hell? I’m an alpha male who has no trouble attracting pussy, so why am I even in this position? The blue balls are going to kill me, and before I know it, I swing my legs over the edge of the bed and get up. I’m going to relieve myself in the bathroom because fuck! I can’t fall asleep like this.

With a low snarl, I yank open my bedroom door and step into the hall, my fist still on my cock. But it’s then that I stop because in the gloom, I happen to look down the hallway and see Annie sitting up on the couch, clad in nothing but the thinnest of t-shirts. Even in the moonlight, I can see the enormous swell of her breasts as well as well as the lush outline of those wide hips.

Her mouth opens in a startled “O” as she takes me in, and it’s only then that I realize what she sees. Oh fuck! My shaft is out and bare, with one huge hand wrapped around it. The veins are pulsing wildly, and not only that, but the tip is leaking so much that a long string of semen drips slowly to the floor, landing in a small puddle as I continue to stand there, immobile.

“Mr. Salomon?” Annie gasps, one small hand going up to her mouth. “Oh my!”

Shit, I can't do this. I can't reply because what the fuck would I say? This is a totally depraved situation. Instead, I let out a low growl of rage before turning to re-enter my bedroom. Then I practically slam the door shut before collapsing on my mattress, my palm squeezing my dick so hard that it almost hurts.

“Fuck,” I grunt low in my chest. “Goddamn.”

After all, the sight of Annie nearly nude, those sweet curves cast in nothing but moonlight, turns me on. I want her. I want that fresh teenage cunt wrapped around my cock and I can't stop myself as my hand goes faster and faster. Then with one last final jerk, a loud roar erupts from my throat as I come hard, spurting reams of seed all over my palm and thighs. Fuck fuck fuck, that feels good! My balls pulse as they empty themselves, making a mess all over the bedsheets.

But after it's done, I collapse once more on the mattress, my limbs heavy. What the fuck just happened? I haven't masturbated in a long time because frankly, there was no need. There was always a nubile girl around, ready to take my come deep inside herself. And tonight was no exception either because I can tell that Annie's attracted to me. The problem is: am I ready to pull out the stops? Am I ready to become the dirty old man preying on my daughter's beautiful, innocent best friend?

CHAPTER 4



Annie

“*I*t’s so nice to be here, don’t you think?” Halsey smiles at me while prepping the creamed spinach. “I swear, I’m so happy we came.”

I shoot my friend a meaningful look.

“You mean you’re happy that *Travis* came,” I say. “Me and your stepdad are just afterthoughts.”

Halsey giggles while waving a hand at me.

“No that’s not true! I’m really happy to have you and Curt around too, although yes, of course being with Travis is what really floats my boat,” she admits, tossing her blonde hair back. “I know I only saw him two weeks ago, but it feels like forever. It’s wonderful to have him back.”

I merely shake my head while looking at the dough I’m kneading. We’re currently working on Thanksgiving dinner, and to my surprise, Halsey’s an amazing cook. She got up super early to prep the turkey, and the bird’s already been in the oven for hours, roasting in its own juices. Not only that, but we’re making a lot of things from scratch, including baking our own bread and peeling all the potatoes for creamy

mashed potatoes. As a result, there's a veritable mountain of spuds by the sink, just waiting for my attentions.

But I don't mind because the manual labor keeps me occupied. After what happened last night, I don't even know what to think. It was bad enough hearing Halsey and Travis make love, but even crazier was when Curt stepped into the hallway, his massive cock in hand. I don't think he expected me to be awake. At least, he definitely didn't expect to see me sitting on the sofa, with my eyes open while staring right back at him. But I couldn't help but gasp because the monster between his legs was enormous. It was fully erect, and must have been at last nine inches, dripping with need.

I lick my lips absentmindedly even as my fingers punch and prod the sticky dough. Goodness, what would it be like to have that club between my lips? I'd love to give that enormous shaft a kiss on the tip to say hello, before running the flat of my tongue along the massive length. Then, I'd lick up each one of his veins, gently trailing the crooked paths, before maybe sucking a bit at his balls. Would he like that? I think Curt would love it because he seems like the type of alpha male who appreciates women who suck. Hell, he might even ask me for some deep throat action before sliding that massive shaft into my wet pussy. Ooh, it would feel amazing!

But what am I thinking? This is so crazy because Curtis Salomon is my friend's stepdad, and definitely off limits. I sneak a look at Halsey as my cheeks flare, but my buddy doesn't notice because she's floating on her own Cloud Nine at the moment. The pretty blonde's literally humming a tuneless ditty as she washes her hands before getting started on the pie crust.

“This is going to be delicious,” my friend smiles. “Seriously, these guys are going to worship us after they eat our food.”

I smile at her.

“Well, I think Travis worships you already,” I manage in a droll tone. Halsey merely giggles again, not even embarrassed.

“Oh, were we loud last night?”

I roll my eyes.

“Girl, you definitely woke the neighbors. It wasn’t just me and Travis who could hear. I think the upstairs and downstairs neighbors will definitely be filing noise complaints today.”

Halsey just giggles again while pressing delicate thumbprints into the edge of the pie crust.

“It wasn’t that bad, was it? But yes, Travis is *soooo* virile and I love when he takes me from behind. He gets in incredibly deep that way, and I swear, I forget my own name when I’m on my hands and knees. But not hands, actually. He had me gripping the bedpost last night so that he could really give it to me hard.”

I merely giggle and pause in my work. Fortunately, Travis and Curt decided to play a round of golf before our late-afternoon Thanksgiving feast, so they’re not present to overhear our titillating girl talk. But I stare at my friend.

“Yes, but isn’t it weird for your stepdad to overhear? Like embarrassing?”

Halsey merely shrugs while continuing to work on the sweet potato pie.

“Not really. I mean, I’m nineteen now, so it’s not like I’m some underage jailbait. Not only that, but Curt and I have always been really open with one another. You know that he

used to bring women home when I was in high school, and trust me, he had those women moaning up a storm during the night. I'd even have breakfast with them the morning after sometimes, so it got to be normal, if you can believe it."

I stare at her.

"Normal? Are you serious?"

My pretty blonde friend merely shrugs.

"Anything can become normal if you do it enough times. By the time I left for college, it was plenty normal. I mean, don't get me wrong. These women would slink out of his bedroom clad in nothing but a silky robe in the mornings, and then they'd see me at the breakfast bar and shriek. But I'd introduce myself, and offer them a mug of hot coffee. That always helped break the ice. Pretty soon, some of the women got so relaxed that after breakfast, they'd go back into Curt's bedroom again and the two of them would start another round of bed-shaking sex. They didn't care that I was in the apartment anymore."

I gasp, my heart racing.

"Does he do that a lot?"

"Do what?" Halsey asks, a twinkle in her eye. "Bring women home?"

"Yes!" I squeal. "Is your stepdad catnip for the ladies?"

Halsey nods, but then pauses for a moment.

"I mean, he was back when I was in high school. I think sleeping with a lot of women casually helped him over the divorce. Not that he and Lynn were getting along by the end," she says with a roll of her eyes. "But yeah, my stepdad used to be a male whore because he's good looking, so he can, you

know? Ladies love that gun and badge, not to mention the fact that he works out like a fiend. But I don't think he does it as much anymore."

I try to look normal, even as my pulse races. This is valuable dirt on Curt, and I'm so curious that I feel like my heart's going to beat right out of my chest.

"What makes you say that?" I ask in what I hope is a casual tone. "Why would he change?"

Halsey shrugs.

"I don't know. Maybe he just got sick of it. Too much of a good thing can wear a man down, I suppose. But yeah, I don't think he's hooking up right and left anymore. Maybe all those bimbos got tiring after a while, and he's taking a break." But then, Halsey shoots me a playful look. "Actually, I think you should go for it, girl."

I pause and stare at her.

"Go for what?" is my slow reply.

"You know, go for Curt," she says in a light tone, like nothing's the matter. "You're exactly his type, Annie, and I think he could use a good woman."

That makes my jaw drop because is my friend actually encouraging me to hit on her stepdad? This Thanksgiving is just getting more and more bizarre.

"You must be joking," I say in a low voice. "Why would Curt be interested in a woman like me?"

Halsey merely shrugs while shooting me another sly smile.

"For a lot of reasons. You're young, beautiful, and exactly his type. My stepdad likes them curvy, Annie, and you've got plenty of junk in the trunk. Besides, I think he could use a girl

with a good head on her shoulders. Some of the ladies he brought home in the past had rocks for brains,” she says with distaste. “Seriously, I couldn’t even have a conversation with them. They were so distracted all the time, and probably couldn’t even spell their own names.”

The description is too over-the-top, and I just laugh it off.

“No, no,” I say. “Curt Salomon can get any woman he wants, and he wouldn’t be attracted to me.”

Halsey stops mixing the contents of the pie filling and shoots me an odd glance.

“Seriously?”

I pause.

“Why?”

Halsey merely blows out a breath of exasperation.

“Girl, my stepdad *is* attracted to you. Anyone can sense the sparks between you guys. I mean, the room’s practically combusting when the two of you are in it, and I see how he stares at your figure. He wants you, Annie.”

I shake my head, my cheeks going hot.

“Oh no, you’re just imagining things,” I demur. “I’m sure you’re just sensing the heat between yourself and Travis.”

Halsey won’t be deterred though.

“No, it’s not that,” she says in a firm tone while pouring the sweet potato filling into the pie crust. “Trust me, I know what I’m seeing, and Curt is into you, girlfriend. You’ve got to make your play.”

I merely laugh helplessly as I pick up the potato peeler.

“I can’t,” I say. “You know me, Hals. I’m terrible at that kind of thing, and besides, stuff like that just doesn’t happen to girls like me. I just went through the whole Alex / Alexa transgender situation. Now *that’s* the kind of thing that happens to me.”

Halsey pshaws.

“That could have happened to anyone,” she says in an airy tone. “Lots of people are exploring their sexuality these days, and you just happened to be dating Alexa when she decided to re-orient. But I promise nothing like that would ever happen with Curt because he is *all man*. This is your opportunity, Annie.”

Still, I can’t believe my friend’s even suggesting it.

“I appreciate your advice, Hals,” I say in a droll tone. “But I am not going to use this Thanksgiving feast as an opportunity to hit on your stepdad. What kind of guest would I be? What would that even say about me?”

Halsey winks.

“It just means that you’re a woman who knows a good man when she sees one. But if you’re shy, I get it. Besides, I have a solution,” she announces.

I stare at her.

“What is it?”

Halsey gets a sly grin on her pretty features as she winks on me.

“We’re all among friends here,” she begins in a casual tone. “And you know that Travis and I have no problem with things getting sexual. Hell, they already have,” she giggles, referencing her escapades last night. Uh oh. Something

naughty's coming down the pike and I can sense it as a thrill runs down my spine.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

Halsey merely winks at me again before tossing a long lock of blonde hair over her shoulder.

"I'm just saying that we should make this a Thanksgiving to remember for our men, that's all," she says in a lofty voice. "Let's give them a reason to really celebrate."

Then, she leans forward and begins describing her idea as my cheeks go bright red. Literally, sweat breaks out on my brow as my pulse skyrockets because Halsey's plans are filthy, steamy, and totally taboo ... and yet I'm titillated, and want to try it all the same.

CHAPTER 5



Annie

I can't believe this is happening.

"You must be joking," I say to my friend in a low tone. "Should we just get changed and act normal?"

Halsey fluffs her blonde hair before leaning forward to reapply her lipstick. Then she makes those funny duck lips in the mirror before backing off with a satisfied nod.

"No, it's fine," she purrs. "Curt and Travis are going to love this. Besides, you look sexy, girl! Why do you want to change?"

I stare down at my curvaceous figure, which is currently clad in nothing but a sheer lace bra and matching panties, borrowed from Halsey of course. My breasts are practically leaking out the sides, and the get-up is so sheer that the shadows of my nipples are visible. On my feet are stiletto heels in a matching black, and my hair's done in a wavy, wild fall down my back. The whole look screams "temptress," but the fact is that I'm so nervous that my palms are sweating, even if there's already a bit of wetness between my thighs.

“This is just so crazy, that’s all,” I say in a low voice while staring at my reflection. The girl there has flushed cheeks and a pout that looks utterly kissable. “I mean, are Travis and Curt expecting this?”

“Of course not!” Halsey mock-scolds while checking out her own bra-and-panty get-up. “That’s part of the surprise. They’re going to be so happy though because what could be better than a sexy Thanksgiving feast? We’re putting the ‘sex’ in ‘sexy,’” she winks.

I open my mouth to speak, but Halsey cuts me off. “Oh wait, I hear the men outside. Come on, silly,” she says, taking my hand. “They’re done with their showers, so we can make our entrance.”

My heart’s beating like a drum in my chest because this is insane. Obviously, Curt and Travis have no idea what they’re in for. They’re probably expecting us to show up in jeans and a nice blouse before enjoying a sedate meal together, but instead, me and Halsey are dolled up like ... well, like sex dolls. My friend and I look utterly delectable with our generous assets on display, but still, it’s insane. Who does this? I swear, the universe is spinning out of control and I must be living in an alternate reality.

But Halsey merely giggles again while pressing her ear to her bedroom door.

“Oh yeah, they’re out there,” she says with another titter. “Come on, girlfriend, it’s time to make our entrance!”

Then, she flings the door open and prances into the hallway, but not before grabbing my hand and dragging me along behind her. I’m not used to wearing high heels, so I trip a little, stumbling on the carpet, and pray to god that no one’s noticed. Fortunately, we’re still in the back where it’s somewhat dark,

but soon enough, Halsey's dragged me towards the doorway leading to the living room.

"Hi boys," she purrs, striking a sassy pose with one hand on her hip. "How was golf today?"

Both men stare at Halsey with shocked eyes before Travis growls, a low rumble emanating from his chest.

"It was great, hon. But what's this? Why aren't you dressed?"

Halsey merely giggles while throwing her blonde hair over one shoulder before prancing forward to press a kiss to Travis's cheek.

"Why, you don't like it?"

"No, I love it," he rumbles, pulling her close. "But are we eating? Or are we going straight to the bedroom? Or ...?"

Halsey merely giggles.

"Oh, you silly man! Of course, we're going to eat. Annie and I slaved away all day preparing a feast, but we're going to serve it to you wearing only lingerie, that's all. You're going to get amazing service like you've never experienced before. Come on out, Annie," she calls. "It's time to say hello."

I cower in the shadows of the hallway for a moment longer, but I know I can't stay here forever. As a result, I take a deep breath and then step into the light of the living room, a flush decorating my cheeks. I swear, Curt looks even more handsome than ever. He's tall and dark, with his black hair still wet from the shower. Even more, those blue eyes turn to me immediately, seizing on the lush display of utter femininity.

"Um, hi," I manage in a small voice as a rush of warmth pools between my legs. "Surprise!"

Curt doesn't say anything at first. He merely stares at my voluptuous form, two harsh streaks forming on his high cheekbones before he swallows hard.

"Surprise, surprise, indeed," he rasps. "You look beautiful Annie."

At the compliment, my nipples harden a bit and Curt's gaze sharpens as he stares at my breasts. Oh dang, you can see everything through this thin fabric, and my pink crests are no exception. I wonder if even my clit is visible, and to my embarrassment, Curt's all-seeing gaze drops to the shadow between my thighs, looking for a full three seconds before he tears his eyes away.

"Fuck," he swears lightly under his breath, adjusting himself a bit. "What the hell is going on?"

"It's funny you should ask," Halsey sings, pressing one last kiss to Travis's throat before skipping off to the kitchen. "Let's just say that this is going to be the best Thanksgiving you've ever experienced. Now, you two guys sit there," she says, pointing to two high-backed armchairs. "Things are going to be different this year because Annie and I are going to be your maidservants. We're here to serve your food and to take any requests, gentlemen."

Both men stand stock still for a moment before dropping into the armchairs. Travis already has a huge hard-on, and he adjusts himself as his eyes trail over my bubbly, bouncy friend.

"This is already the best Thanksgiving ever," he growls. "Thanks for organizing this, sweetheart. I never would have guessed that we had such a surprise coming."

“Hell, this is ten times better than golf,” Curt rasps, his eyes devouring me. “I would have come home sooner from the green if I knew this was waiting for us.”

“Oh you’re so funny!” Halsey sings from the kitchen. “Now Annie, come and help me grab the appetizers.”

Quickly, I step into the kitchen, my cheeks still flushed. Halsey’s waggling her hips as she pulls the artichoke dip from the warming oven before piling strips of pita onto a serving platter.

“Gentlemen, can you set up the TV trays? We’ll be putting the food on stands next to your armchairs.” Travis and Curt immediately comply, and then Halsey and I come waltzing out, her with the dip and me with the pita.

“Mmm, that looks heavenly,” Travis growls, nodding towards the dip but with his eyes fastened on Halsey’s big breasts. “Is it pine nut flavored artichoke spread? Or garlic? You know I love whatever you make, sweetheart.”

Halsey giggles before clambering into Travis’s lap, facing him while straddling his thick thighs, the bowl of dip still in one hand.

“That’s for you to find out, big boy,” she coos. “Come on, give it a taste.”

Travis flashes her a devilish grin before reaching up to pull one of her bra cups aside as a huge, creamy swell comes spilling out. Halsey’s pink crests are already hard, and as we watch, he takes one finger and dips it into the dip before smearing some onto her nipple. Then, the older man bends to lick it off her breast before savoring the flavor.

“I’d say it’s pine nut,” he rasps. “Fuck baby, you taste good.” Then, he takes her nipple into his mouth and begins to suckle

earnestly, laving his tongue over that hard nub.

“Ohhh,” Halsey moans, throwing her head back. “Mmm, that feels amazing! Quick Annie, take the dip and feed some to Curt too.”

Alarmed, I step forward and take the dip out of her hands before she drops it. Then, I turn and stare at Curt, unsure of how to proceed. OMG, can he tell that I’m wet between the thighs already? I want him to touch me so bad, and yet I remain rooted in place, butterflies fluttering madly in my stomach.

Meanwhile, Travis has popped Halsey’s other breast out of her bra and is now sucking at that one while he massages both creamy swells with his hands. My friend’s moaning and gyrating in his lap as she reaches in back of herself to unbuckle her bra, letting the lingerie drop to the floor.

“Oooh!” she squeals, now beginning to hump up and down in Travis’s lap. “Yes Daddy, just like that.”

Meanwhile, this whole scene has me so hot, and yet I have no idea what to do. This just isn’t me! I’m the girl in the library stacks with her head buried in some musty tome. I’m not one for public sex, much less the kind of sensual exhibitionism that’s going on right now.

But Curt can read my mind and he nods at me.

“Are you okay, Annie? You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to.”

I teeter a bit in my high heels as a full body flush descends over my form.

“Oh um, I just ... well, I don’t know what I’m doing,” I whisper in admission, wishing the Earth would swallow me up whole. “This is new to me.”

He raises one dark brow, his blue eyes almost glowing now.

“New as in how?”

I swallow because this is so embarrassing, and yet here I am, clad in nothing but the sheerest lingerie while holding a bowl of artichoke dip in my hands. It’s ridiculous, and I might as well tell the truth.

“Well, I’ve been with boys before,” I manage in a throaty whisper. “But it’s just ... well, let’s just say they were small, and it didn’t go as expected. Nothing felt good.”

Curt nods, the skin around his eyes tightening a bit as his gaze sweeps over my curvy figure.

“But do you want to find out more?” he asks in a deep voice. “Or did that experience turn you off from being intimate with a man?”

“Oh no, it didn’t turn me off,” I interject quickly. “If anything, I’m really curious and want to learn. It’s just that I don’t know what I’m supposed to do, Mr. Salomon. It would help so much if you showed me,” I manage before my voice dies off into silence. Oh my God, I’m so embarrassed. Another woman would be squirming and gyrating in his lap, breathless with whiny moans and pants, and yet here I am, standing in front of the handsome alpha male like a chastened schoolgirl. I wish the floor would open up and swallow me whole, but of course, no such thing happens. Instead, Curt merely nods before taking the dip from my hands and placing it on the TV tray next to him.

“I see. Why don’t we go slow then? Does that sound okay?”

I hesitate a bit before nodding.

“Yes, that sounds perfect, Mr. Salomon. Thank you.”

Then, the big man pats his laps, inviting me with those intense blue eyes.

“Come and sit, baby. Let me at least feel those curves in my arms.” Hesitantly, I approach him before sitting gingerly on his knee. But Curt pulls me in and I startle a bit, going stiff as a board, before relaxing against his broad, muscular chest.

“That’s it,” he rumbles, his deep voice hot against my ear. “Just let yourself feel, honey.”

By now, Halsey and her man are passionately having sex in the armchair next to us. Halsey has her hands on Travis’s shoulders as she rides him up and down, moving like a pro. Her body’s sinuous even as her big breasts bobble, Travis catching one pink nipple in his mouth.

“Mmmm, yes,” my friend gasps, tossing her blonde hair back as he suckles deeply. “Give it to me good.”

With that, Travis growls before grabbing her narrow waist with big hands.

“Can you hold still, baby? Just let me fuck up into you so that I can enjoy this succulent pussy. You don’t have to do any of the work.”

She nods breathlessly, going still as Travis groans beneath her. Then, his hips start pummeling up and down from the bottom, shafting into Halsey’s horny hot hole from below. Obscene wet slapping sounds fill the air, and to my embarrassment, my twat gushes hotly, right onto Curt’s lap.

But the big man doesn’t seem bothered by the warm fluids at all. Instead, he merely shifts in his chair, never taking his eyes from my curvaceous form, before running one large finger along the lacy edge of my bra. We both watch as my creamy

swells seem to grow beneath his touch, my breathing becoming labored.

“Is this okay?” he whispers in my ear. “Does it feel good?”

“It feels really good, Mr. Salomon,” I whisper in return, my voice barely audible. “Please, touch me more.”

He nods and then gently squeezes one big breast before pulling the lace down to reveal my enormous white orb. My ivory skin is almost glowing in the low light, and he growls as he takes in the hard pink crest.

“Oh shit, you’re beautiful,” he grinds out. “Even better than I fantasized.”

I giggle breathlessly.

“Have you been fantasizing about me, Mr. Salomon?”

He growls, those blue eyes still fixed to my big breast.

“I think you know the answer to that.”

Then, that dark head dives and he suckles the pink crest into his mouth. Hot jolts of pleasure shoot straight from my nipple to my cunt and I cry out, unable to contain the ecstasy.

“Mmm!” I mewl, running my fingers through his thick hair.

“Oh!”

“That’s it,” he mumbles against my creamy flesh. “You taste delicious, sweetheart. Just let me enjoy this a bit.”

Before I know it, he has my bra off and is suckling deeply at both of my breasts, pushing them together so that both nipples are crammed into his mouth. I can’t seem to think, and I gyrate in his lap, moaning and panting while begging him for what, I’m not even sure. But Curt knows, and after a minute or so,

he pops off my nipples before taking in my flushed cheeks and parted lips.

“You need it deep in your pussy, don’t you?” he rasps.

I can’t even reply because my body’s begging for relief and I merely mewl in his lap, twisting again.

“Please Daddy,” I pant. “Help me.”

“Oh I’ll help you,” he growls. “Let’s just get your panties off, sweetheart. Then I’ll definitely be able to pay my respects to your curvy form.” His big fingers are quick but gentle as he strips off the sopping lace, the fabric landing on the floor with an audible plop. That startles me, and I look up into his blue gaze, which is hot and hungry with desire.

“Yes, you need it, sweetheart,” he rasps, trailing one big finger along my swollen pussy lips. “Your kitty’s soaked because you need a man deep inside. Can you show me what you have, Annie? Just a little,” he coaxes.

By now, I’m sitting sideways in his lap, totally nude except for my high heels. A quick glance at Halsey shows me that my blonde friend is literally standing on the armchair now, one knee propped on the back as she rubs her bare pussy over Travis’s face. She’s moaning headily as he laps at her twat, and it’s wrong, but the sight turns me on so much. Oh my God, seeing another couple having sex is taboo, and yet it loosens my inhibitions, and soon, I’m acting like a slut too. With an inviting smile, I spread my legs, pulling my thighs apart so that my sopping pink slit is on full display for Curt’s gaze. Then, I reach one hand between my thighs and gently pull apart my pussy lips, showing off that glossy pink channel as well as the hard nub of my clit.

“Is this what you wanted to see?” I ask breathlessly. “Do you like it, Daddy?”

Curt growls, his cock jerking beneath my bottom.

“I love it, baby girl,” he rasps. “But let’s get your clit ready to play, shall we?” Without waiting for me to reply, he reaches one big finger down and gently strokes along the bottom of my hard bud. Tingles shoot straight through my cunt and I cry out, clasping his broad shoulders.

“Mmm! That feels good!”

“Don’t worry, this will feel even better,” he says in a hoarse voice. “Fuck, you’re responsive baby.”

With that, Curt trails his finger along my clit again, gently teasing it out of its hood before running his finger up along the right side, across the top, and then down along the left before beginning a slow, rhythmic rub on the stiffness there.

“Mmm!” I cry out again. My entire body feels like it’s on fire, but in a good way. Hot tingles are jolting through my cunt with each stroke of his fingers and the top of my head feels like it’s going to blow off at any moment. In fact, my eyes open wide and I let out a sharp scream as my pussy juices thicken for a moment. Then, my cunt convulses as I come hard on Curt’s hand, stars flashing before my eyes as everything disappears except for this man.

“Yes,” he rasps. “Climax for me, baby. You’re so responsive and so beautiful too. Let it all out.”

I’m too turned on to even care that my pussy’s spread wide on his palm as he strokes through my folds, niggling my nub before pinching my clit playfully. That rockets me into the stratosphere again and I scream once more, my boobies

jiggling as my twat clamps and floods, gushing hotly all over his thighs.

But Curt loves it and merely leans down to suckle a nipple as orgasm crashes through my frame.

“Fuck yeah,” he rasps. “You’re so sexy, baby girl, and you’re ready now. That creamy pussy’s ready to be fucked, so hold on tight.”

I don’t even know when he got undressed, but that huge cock springs up between us then, leaking copiously from the tip. I stare for a moment, unable to speak, as my eyes go wide. But Curt’s fast and before I know it, he’s notched the tip at my opening and is slowly helping me work myself down onto his shaft.

“Ooooooh,” I sigh, head falling back. I’m literally doing reverse cowgirl now as my thighs spread wide, the penetration deep as I sink down onto that enormous fuckrod. “Yes.”

Meanwhile, Halsey’s in the exact same position right next to us. She too is doing reverse cowgirl on Travis’s massive pole, and I watch with avid eyes as her boobs bounce up and down rhythmically, the older man’s giant anaconda disappearing into her slick folds.

“Oh oh oh!” she mewls, her lashes fluttering shut as her profile tips to the sky. “Mmm, yes!”

It’s so wrong to be turned on by the sight of another couple having sex, and yet I can’t help it. I stare at where Halsey’s cunt is being penetrated, even as my own pussy swallows Curt’s shaft whole. I’m being split in two and yet it feels good, and I moan headily as he helps me move up and down, lifting me by the hips before letting me drop onto that enormous member.

“Fuck, you’re so tight,” he rumbles in back of me. “I’m not going to be able to hold on long, baby girl. Are you ready for a solid fucking?”

I’m not sure what he means, but I nod my head even as Curt reaches around and gently pulls one nipple into his mouth. OMG, I’m being fucked as he sucks my tit! But it feels good, and I see Halsey’s cunt begin to swell and cream as she lifts her knees, holding them up while Travis drills again and again into her twat. Then, I literally witness Travis’s cumshoot swell and pulse as he pistons deep into Halsey’s horny hole before letting loose with a loud roar.

“Fuuuck!” he shouts. “Oh shit!”

Halsey’s head falls back as the cock in her pussy pulses again and again, clearly unloading gallons of sweet cream into her snatch. In fact, as I watch, there’s so much that the liquid literally begins to leak out from where they’re joined, dripping down her white cheeks before splattering onto Travis’s thighs.

“Mmm!” she squeals, still holding her knees up by her head. “Oh God, yes!”

Then, my friend’s back arches as she experiences a full-body climax. Her breasts shake as her cunt clamps down, making Travis moan in back of her, while her pussy visibly snaps and convulses, milking his dick of every drop of sperm.

“It looks good, doesn’t it?” Curt rasps from behind me, letting my nipple pop out of his mouth. “But why let them have all the fun? Now it’s your turn, baby girl.”

With that, the drilling in my own pussy ramps up, and I take Halsey’s cue. I, too, hook my legs over my elbows so that my knees are by my head, leaving myself open for the deepest possible penetration. Then, Curt snakes one hand around and

fingers my stiff clit while driving relentlessly into my vaginal opening.

“Fuck yeah!” he roars behind me, that giant cock pulsing and jerking before unleashing a lash of hot seed. “Goddamn!”

I soar over the cliff too, almost crying as hot tremors of pleasure seize my frame. “Mmmm,” is my delirious moan, my pussy dissolving into a series of deep, vibrating convulsions even as it’s filled with Curt’s virility. “Oh!”

Our pulsing and panting continues for a few minutes, Curt shafting me reflexively as he fully empties his balls in my body. Finally, it ends however, and he presses a kiss to the back of my neck.

“Shit, you’re such a good cockholster, baby girl,” he rasps. “Thank you.”

Instead of being offended, I merely giggle before squeezing my vag on the thickness within.

“I’m happy to be of service, Daddy,” I coo playfully. “You know I’m your little fuckdoll anytime and anywhere you want.”

Curt groans as he cock spurts reflexively at my words.

“Goddamn, when did you get so dirty?” he groans. “You’re going to be the death of me, sweetheart. I thought you were an inexperienced little girl.”

I merely giggle because how did this transformation happen? But the fact is that I love it, and I decide to speak the truth.

“I was, but I got slutty when I met you, Daddy,” I purr. “You know I’m your little plaything, and no one else’s. Use my curves to make yourself feel good. I love that massive horse cock, and my body is yours to use and enjoy.”

With that, the Thanksgiving meal continues and it's a feast for the ages because we never even get to savor the turkey. Instead, the hedonism continues through the night, with both men coming deep inside our fertile bodies again and again, and I swear, I've never been so happy before.

CHAPTER 6



Curtis

*A*nnie stirs next to me, and I take a moment to appreciate the curvy girl's form in the grey light of dawn. She's absolutely exquisite, wrapped in my sheets. Her brown curly hair is spread across the pillow, and as I watch, the woman sighs and twists a bit, a big breast popping out from beneath the fabric.

I can't resist. Even though I spent all of last night ravishing this beautiful woman, it's not enough. I need to have just a little taste, and I lean down, gently laving my tongue over that sweet pink nipple. She twists a little beneath me, moaning as the rosy crest hardens, and then turns over onto her back, giving me better access. Fuck yeah, this little girl wants to play even while she's sleeping.

But I know Annie's probably sore and achy from our time together because I took her every which way until Sunday. Her pussy was so tight that I couldn't stop myself, and soon I had her in all sorts of depraved positions as she came, and came again. Only after hours of uninhibited hedonism did we retreat to the bedroom for some much-needed rest, both of us falling into a dreamless slumber.

But then I snort silently. What the fuck am I doing? This is my stepdaughter's best friend from school, and I never should have touched her. Annie's innocent, and I know it. Her little confession last night that she'd only been with "boys" was my undoing, and I knew immediately that I'd need to push myself into her tiny pussy to show her how a man takes care of business. Sure enough, Annie was so tight that she felt like a virgin. At first, I couldn't even find her little hole as she sat in my lap, and it was only after she spread her legs and pulled her pussy lips wide, was I able to locate that delicious opening.

But despite being a newbie, the beautiful brunette's got the curves of a goddess that are made to be shared with a man. Her pussy gushed like a waterfall whenever I kissed it, and her clit was so hard and big that it resembled a tiny dick. Not only that but her asshole is begging to be penetrated. Annie doesn't know it, but I love backdoor action, and when I rubbed my finger teasingly over her pink pleats last night, they contracted with delight. Oh yeah, she'll be getting it in that sweet rump later.

But first, I need to make breakfast. I'm not a great host, but everyone must be starving because we ate next to nothing last night. Not only that, but the hours upon hours of intense sex means that we're going to have crazy appetites, and it's best to get some food started.

With that, I quietly roll out of bed before throwing on a t-shirt and some basketball shorts. Then, I open the door and step into the hallway before shutting it again. There's no sound from inside the bedroom. Good, because Annie needs her sleep for what I have planned later.

But when I make my way into the kitchen, my feet stop because actually, Halsey and Travis are already inside. They

seem to be in the middle of some heavy petting because Halsey's bent over the sink, her big sleep shirt pulled up over her bottom with her legs spread. Meanwhile, Travis is gently running his tongue over her pussy lips, caressing them tenderly with his mouth.

"Oh," my stepdaughter gasps as she grips the counter ledge. "That does help it feel better, Daddy. Thank you."

Travis backs away for a moment to inspect his work, and I see how Halsey's pussy and ass look raw and ravaged. Both holes glisten wetly with saliva, and Travis nods, pleased, before smacking Halsey's bottom gently and pressing one last kiss to her clit. Then he pulls her sleep shirt down over her ass once more before getting up.

"I can put some cream on your pussy, if you want," he growls intimately. "But sweetheart, I think with plenty of Daddy's kisses, your little holes will be just fine."

Halsey turns around, her blonde hair mussed and beautiful, before giggling and slinging her arms around Travis's broad shoulders.

"Oh, you're so bad," she purrs. "But yes, I think some more kisses on my princess parts will definitely do the trick. You know how much I love your kisses, Daddy."

With that, Travis growls and seizes Halsey's plush pout for a deep liplock, his hands running up and down the blonde's curvy form. But that's when I step into the light of the kitchen with a very obvious clearing of my throat. Halsey and Travis break away immediately, but they're not embarrassed at all. Why would they be? We all saw each other fucking last night, and this morning's pussy kiss was tame by comparison.

“Oh, hi Curt,” the beautiful blonde giggles. “We were just in the middle of making breakfast when we got distracted. It’s all Travis’s fault,” she says, sticking her tongue out at her boyfriend. The older man merely chuckles before smacking the curvy girl on her ass playfully.

“If you didn’t have a body made for sin, I wouldn’t get distracted, sweetheart,” he growls. “But how are you, buddy? Are you okay? Do you need aspirin, ibuprofen, or maybe some Advil? You know these young girls. They’re like Energizer bunnies, and can wear even the most athletic man out.”

I grin because it’s true. Annie was incredibly horny, hot, and hungry last night, and I was only too happy to provide. But it means that she needs to get some food into her system stat, and I nod.

“Naw, I’m okay, but we should definitely get some vittles going. Annie will be up any second, and my girl needs a nutritious breakfast because she burned a lot of calories last night.”

Speaking of which, at that moment the beautiful brunette enters the kitchen. Her hair is mussed and she’s wearing one of my dress shirts. The hem comes down practically to her knee. But the white fabric drapes lovingly over those soft curves, and immediately, my body begins to harden despite myself.

“Good morning, honey,” I growl before pressing a soft kiss to her cheek. “How are you feeling today?”

Annie blushes hard before gingerly sitting on a stool at the kitchen island, wincing a little.

“That’s what I thought,” I growl appreciatively. “Your body was used last night, and you’re feeling it now. Would you like an ice pack to sit on? A bag of frozen peas to press against

your sweetest spot? Or Travis here was just licking Halsey where it counts to make the ache go away. I could do the same, if you like.”

Annie’s cheeks flame red then, and I love it. She’s still so innocent even after everything I put her through, and it’s endearing.

“No, no, I’m fine,” she says in a small voice, hardly able to meet my eyes. “I’ll be okay. Just coffee, please.”

“Coming right up!” Halsey chirps, prancing around the kitchen. “It’s good that we’re up and hungry because we barely even touched our Thanksgiving meal last night! But it’s okay because we’re going to have incredible leftovers today. Turkey sandwiches for lunch, and maybe some cranberry potato salad too. But first, waffles for everyone, as well as some bacon and sausage. Does that sound good?”

Travis chuckles, unable to tear his eyes from the beautiful girl.

“You haven’t gotten enough sausage already?” he asks. “Maybe I didn’t do my job right.”

“Oh you!” Halsey giggles, waving her hand at him. “You have such a dirty mind.”

“And you love it,” he rasps, blue eyes glittering as he stares at my stepdaughter hungrily. “You know your mind’s in the gutter along with mine.”

Halsey merely laughs again as she begins to put together the waffle batter, and I turn to Annie again. She’s obviously not used to such openly sexual flirtation, but hey, she’s already come a long ways. Still, I want to be respectful of her sensibilities, and I seat myself next to her as we both sip at our coffees.

“So are you okay?” I ask in a low voice as Halsey and Travis continue their banter. “You can tell me if you’re having regrets.”

Immediately, Annie startles and looks at me, those big brown eyes huge.

“Oh no, I have no regrets,” she says in a low tone. “If anything, thank you, Curt. It was wonderful.”

I nod.

“Of course, sweetheart. I’m glad you had a good time because I want you to enjoy yourself. Last night wasn’t your first time, was it?”

She shakes her head, blushing while staring at her coffee cup.

“Oh no. I’ve been with boys before. Well, one boy,” she says with a wry twist of her mouth. “Or maybe I should say one girl.”

That makes me pull back with surprise.

“You’re bisexual?” I ask in a low tone. “I had no idea, honey, but it’s fine if you are. If anything, I find it very sexy.”

Annie merely shakes her head again, still blushing furiously.

“No, it’s not that. It’s just that the boy I dated decided that he was a woman at heart, and so he’s now a she. She’s currently in the middle of transitioning, and I support her, actually. She’s a wonderful person, but as you can imagine, when she was still Alex and not Alexa, our sex life left something to be desired. I didn’t know what it was at the time, but I know now,” she confesses, sneaking a look at me from under her long lashes.

“What is it?” I growl in a low voice. “What made the difference?”

She blinks innocently before blushing again.

“Well, Alex was really small and relatively limp all the time,” Annie confesses. “I couldn’t get him hard no matter what, whereas you’re different, Mr. Salomon.”

“You mean I’m always a bar of iron when I’m around you,” I rasp.

“Yes,” she murmurs, glancing at me from beneath those long lashes again. “I hardly had to do anything, and then you’d stay stiff for so long too, and it felt incredible. Like I was with a real man, and not a fake.”

I let out a pleased growl then.

“I assure you I’m all male,” is my hoarse rasp. “One hundred percent. But let me ask you this, sweetheart: are you okay with what we did? I know it must have come as a shock, and I know my stepdaughter put you up to it.”

At that moment, we both look over at Halsey, and of course, she and Travis are kissing as she fries up the sausage. How she’s wielding those hot tongs with her boyfriend’s tongue down her throat, I have no idea, but clearly my stepdaughter has her ways.

“Oh, it’s not Halsey’s fault,” Annie smiles shyly. “I wanted it, Mr. Salomon. You know that.”

I nod, inordinately pleased.

“And would you want to continue?” I ask, raising one black brow. “For the rest of the weekend, maybe?”

She nods, flushing again.

“I’d love that.”

At that moment, Halsey interrupts with a giggle. Her cheeks are rosy and her lips bee-stung, but my stepdaughter doesn't care.

"I hate to interrupt you two lovebirds, but breakfast is ready," she sings, serving up four plates of waffles along with some perfectly browned sausage. "Eat up, everyone! We've got a long day ahead of us."

Travis grins as he sits in front of one of the plates, eyeing the food hungrily.

"This looks amazing, sweetheart. Thank you for getting all this together. But yeah, we definitely have stuff to do."

I shoot them a look.

"Does it include leaving this apartment?"

Halsey laughs, tossing her blonde hair back with a twinkle in her eye.

"Of course, Curtis! What kind of slutty girl do you think I am? But tell them what we were thinking of doing, Travis."

The other man nods while helping himself to some orange juice.

"Well, believe it or not, I actually have some business in New York this weekend. It wasn't all going to be fun and games."

"Oh you!" Halsey twitters, waving her hand at him. "Being with me is the best part."

"It is," Travis acknowledges. "But actually, I'm here to look at some real estate too. The Kingston Manor out on Long Island is going up for auction, and I wanted to take a look. It's a great place that was recently re-done in the baroque revival style, and it could be a once in a lifetime deal."

I frown.

“You’re right,” I say. “I worked a case that had to do with the Russian mafia there just recently. I didn’t realize the house was up for sale though.”

Travis shrugs.

“Evidently, the U.S. Marshals are auctioning it. They seized it after busting the mafia, and it went through all the legal processes. I don’t know the details, but I heard those Russian dudes were trafficking in women, and they did up a couple rooms in a *very* interesting manner.”

Everyone turns to look at me then.

“Is this true, Curtis?” Halsey asks.

Meanwhile, Annie’s gone pale.

“I hope those girls are alright,” she whispers. “Goodness!”

I nod.

“It’s not anything that you or I can do anything about, but yeah, the bust was crazy. NYPD raided the place in the middle of a sex party, and there were nude girls everywhere. One girl was even fucking herself in the vag with a flute,” I remark with a wry lift of my eyebrow. “I won’t say who because I happen to know the young woman, but let’s just say everyone is aware of what happened because there’s a video of the act. You know cops these days. They record everything because they’re afraid of being sued.”

My companions are struck speechless as they stare at me.

“So bro, do you still want to buy the mansion?” I ask Travis in an amused voice. “Especially after hearing the history?”

The other man nods.

“Yeah, I want to take a look at least. Hell, I might be able to get it at a fire sale price, and it would be perfect,” he says, winking at my stepdaughter. “Would you like that sweetheart? A house to call your own, even if it has a sordid past? I’d have a place to stay when I fly out to NYC without having to deal with the hassle of hotels, and it’s an extravagant home, sweetheart. Very fancy.”

“Oooh, yes!” Halsey squeals, literally jumping up and down now while clapping her hands. “That sounds wonderful, Travis. I’m so sick of the dorms, and this will definitely make all my friends *sooo* jealous. I’ll be like Marie Antoinette: let them eat cake!”

Meanwhile, I turn to Annie and smile.

“How about it, sweetheart? Do you want to take a trip out to Long Island today?” I ask. “It could be fun.”

My stepdaughter interrupts before Annie can speak.

“It’s going to be more than fun!” she cries. “It’s going to be really bonkers! Maybe there are secret passageways inside the home, or a dungeon. Who knows? Wouldn’t it be cool if there were stairs that go nowhere, like in M. C. Escher drawings? Oooh!”

Annie giggles then, caught up in the excitement.

“It does sound fun,” she murmurs in a small voice before shooting me a sweet smile. “Let’s do it.”

“Field trip! Field trip!” Halsey sings, her breasts bouncing as she wiggles with excitement. “Oh yeah!”

With that, Travis pulls her squirming form into his lap before pressing an open-mouthed kiss to her neck.

“Yes, but first let me get a taste of this beautiful body before we leave,” he rasps. “Forty-five minutes?” he asks, turning towards us once again. “That gives me enough time to enjoy my girl one last time before we head out the door.”

With that, the breakfast descends into mayhem because it’s not just Travis who wants a piece of his woman. I want to enjoy Annie’s curves again as well, and soon, she’s riding me, clutching my shoulders with her head thrown back as I fuck up into that tight twat again and again.

“Yes, baby,” I say in a throaty tone. “You’re so beautiful like this.”

Annie’s pussy gushes hotly then, creaming all over my dick as she cries out, and my mind snaps a picture of the beautiful brunette mid-climax. She’s gorgeous, with her big breasts bouncing, her lips parted, and her face a mask of delight. Suddenly, I know that this gorgeous teen is what I’ve been missing from my life, even if our liaison is utterly taboo.

CHAPTER 7



Annie

“*Y*ou girls go ahead and explore the grounds,” Travis growls before winking at Halsey. “Most of the estate should be open, so there’s probably lots to see. Meanwhile, Curtis and I will stay out here in the main area for the auction. You know how these things are – boring, so I don’t want you girls to suffer.”

“Thank you!” Halsey smiles before lifting herself up on her tiptoes to kiss her boyfriend’s cheek. “Just come find us as soon as it’s done. We’ll be out back.”

I give Curtis a kiss on the cheek too, and the handsome man gently squeezes my bottom before swatting it fondly.

“Run along now, princess. The sale shouldn’t take too long, so go enjoy yourself.”

My cheeks flush because Curtis is acting like we’re together, and I love it. I love playing pretend, as if we’re a real couple that’s established and dating. Yet I know that’s not the case at all because we’ve never even been on a date! At least, not a genuine one. Yes, we sort-of enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner together, and yes, he’s had me spread nude on his bed in

multiple positions now. In fact, my body aches pleurably from his attentions, but that doesn't mean we're a couple. It just means that for one dirty weekend, Curt and I have been inseparable.

But I brush away those thoughts. This isn't the time to worry because the Kingston Estate is enormous, not to mention impressive. It's a huge stone manor that resembles a castle in Europe with its tall, skinny windows and a front door that bears a likeness to a drawbridge. There's the main building, of course, but also two wings flanking either side which probably triples the square footage of the estate. I'd love to explore, especially since this place was allegedly outfitted with some very questionable playrooms by the Russian mafia, but Halsey's already tugging my hand to lead me outside.

"Come on," she sings. "It's a gorgeous day and the gardens look exquisite. I want to explore!"

I nod agreeably as we step into the sunshine, gasping as a huge green lawn rolls on for what looks like miles.

"Oh my God, the maintenance cost must be incredible," I whisper, my eyes round. "I mean, I didn't know grass could be such a vivid emerald color."

Halsey nods, squinting a little.

"Yeah, right? It's almost like they colored it with food dye or something. I'll have to talk to the gardeners about that."

I smile as we start walking across a paved footpath towards a wooded area behind the lawn.

"Yes, but you don't own this place, Halsey. Someone else would manage the estate."

My friend just shrugs, unconcerned.

“You heard Travis and what he said. He’s going to buy it for me.”

I stare at my friend.

“Yes, but it was just a joke, right? I mean, Hals, this place must be in the tens of millions of dollars. We’re in one of the nicest parts of Long Island, and not only that, but that house must be thirty thousand square feet! What would you do with so much space?”

She shrugs sassily and grins.

“Fill it with furniture, I guess. Who knows? As soon as we pulled up this morning, I told Travis that I liked it, and I know him. My boyfriend’s going to buy it for me,” she says with conviction.

I stare again.

“But does he have that kind of money?” I ask in a disbelieving voice. “I mean, tens of millions is a lot, girlfriend. I know you said Travis was an entrepreneur, but you didn’t say anything about him being as rich as Midas.”

Halsey winks at me, still sauntering without a care in the world.

“Don’t worry, Travis is worth ten figures, girlfriend. And before you start counting zeroes, it means that he’s a billionaire many times over, so actually, the sale price isn’t even that much to him. It’s not a drop in the bucket, of course, but it’s also not something that he needs to worry about. Besides, it makes me happy, so I know he’s going to do it,” she adds as we stop for a moment in the shade of a massive oak tree. Then Halsey lets out a blissful sigh, her eyes dreamy. “It’s nice to have a boyfriend who loves you, don’t you think?”

I nod, still stunned by this new information.

“Yes, but Hals, if you move here, how are you going to go to school? I mean, this is a great place but it’s at least a three hour drive from the city. Are you going to stack all your classes into two days, and live here for the rest of the week?”

Halsey shrugs, unconcerned.

“I don’t know. Maybe. Or maybe they’ll let me do all remote learning. But my gut feeling is that I’m going to leave Loyola, girlfriend. You know me. I was never really into school to begin with, and to be honest, I wouldn’t be surprised if I get put on academic probation as soon as we get back. My midterm grades were awful, and I’m not exactly looking forward to going back and cramming for finals. It’s going to be a huge shitshow.”

I stare at her.

“So you’re dropping out of school?” I ask in a low voice.

Halsey shrugs and smiles, tossing a lock of long blonde hair over her shoulder.

“Yeah, probably. I mean, if Travis wins the auction, I’m literally going to be the lady of the manor. I know I’m projecting a bit, but I expect to have my hands full managing this place. There will be gardeners, cooks, maids, and cleaning staff. Not to mention,” she adds in a low tone, “Travis and I are trying to get pregnant,” she shares with a blush. “So soon, there may be the pitter patter of little feet, especially since I know that my boyfriend’s *very* virile.”

I stare at her, even more flummoxed now.

“But Hals, you’re nineteen and you just met this guy in September! It’s only been two months.”

The beautiful blonde shrugs, unconcerned.

“Yeah, but when you know, you know, girlfriend. I mean, I’ve been with a lot of guys in the past. Honestly, I could write a book on my dating experiences because you know I’ve always been into older men, Annie. Hell, when I was a sophomore in high school, I was seeing a guy who was sixty!”

I stammer with shock.

“*Sixty?* But you must have been only sixteen!”

Halsey giggles with a sly smile.

“Yeah, my parents were pretty taken aback. Hell, they were pissed. But you know I’m from Georgia, right? The age of consent there is sixteen, so it wasn’t like we were committing a crime, and besides, Howard was very kind to me. His wife had just passed away, and being with a pretty young thing was exactly what he needed as a pick me up.”

I stare at her.

“Yes, but what about *you*? You were nothing but an impressionable young teenager!”

“Who me?” Halsey laughs. “No, it was totally fine being with Howard! I enjoyed it and besides, you know that diamond tennis bracelet I have? The one that’s five carats? That’s Howard,” she winks craftily. But then my friend becomes serious. “I know not all women are attracted to older men, but I always say they’re like fine wines. They just need some time to settle in, and then we’re good to go.”

I merely shake my head, astonished. So evidently, Halsey’s been in relationships with older men before, including a relationship with a sixty year old just a few years ago. Even more, she’s planning on dropping out of school, in order to set up her castle out here in Long Island where she’s going to

have children with Travis and basically become a housewife. Holy cow, this is so nuts.

But then I realize that without Halsey as my roommate, I likely won't see Curt after this break ends. After all, she's the connection between the two of us, so why would he reach out to me if that connection's no longer there? Of course, there's the hot sex, but let's be honest. A guy like Curt can get hot sex from any woman he wants. They probably see his gun and badge and melt straightway into a puddle at his feet.

It makes me bite my lip, looking at the ground as I kick at an invisible root.

"What is it?" Halsey asks with a smile. "Something got you down? I know that yesterday and hell, even this morning, were pretty eye-opening, but it's fine, Annie. You're among friends, and it's not like we're going to spread it around that you're a nympho or anything."

I look up and shoot her a wavery smile.

"Oh no, it's not that. I just ... well, you know this weekend's events came as a surprise to me, but it was a surprise to Curt as well. Do you think he wants to...?"

Halsey looks at me expectantly.

"Wants to what?"

I bite my lip, fidgeting a bit.

"Well, do you think he wants to see me after Thanksgiving is over? I mean, of course we're having a good time together, but maybe it's just a short-term liaison. Maybe after we leave to go back to Loyola, Curt will decide that this isn't his thing, and he wants out."

Halsey shrugs.

“Maybe.”

I stare at her.

“That’s all you can say?”

The blonde shrugs again and smiles.

“It’s hard to say exactly what my stepdad’s going to do. I mean, I’ve known Curtis for years now, and you’re right because there have been women leaking out of his ears for as long as I can remember. Maybe he has no long-term plans, and merely sees this as a fun rendezvous that’s going to end as soon as we head back to the dorms. But in my experience, you just have to play it by ear, Annie. Men are impossible to read sometimes, and besides, you should give him time. Most likely, he probably doesn’t even know himself because you only started hooking up yesterday.”

I stare at her.

“Okay, that definitely doesn’t make me feel better.”

“Patience, girlfriend,” Halsey admonishes. “It’s the tortoise that wins the race, not the hare.”

But her words have gotten under my skin and I pout.

“But isn’t that the pot calling the kettle black? I mean, a little? You just started dating Travis in September, but you know you want kids with him already? I mean, seriously, Hals. I can’t believe you’re upending your life for him. I can’t believe you’re not using protection either!”

My friend giggles, not at all offended.

“Yeah, it’s crazy, right? And I’m not on any type of birth control either. I was on the pill for maybe the first month, but we stopped after that because we wanted to try for a baby. And one thing, Annie, is that the sex is so much hotter without

protection. I love having Travis bare in me, and he comes harder when he's raw in my pussy without all that latex." But then she cocks her head at me. "Have you and my stepdad been using protection? I know that I should know, seeing that I'm right there in the room with you guys, but I've been a little busy with my own thing."

I bite my lip and nod, flushing.

"Well, yes, sort of. I mean, we did use some in the beginning, but Curt's big. I think the condoms kind of pinched because he's so huge, and so we stopped using them late last night," I confess in a whisper. "And you're right, it does feel amazing to go bareback. I love how hard he is, and he gets even bigger when he's inside me raw."

Halsey shoots me a wicked grin.

"So who's the pot and who's the kettle?"

"Oh my god, stop," I say with a laugh. "Okay, so we've both been bad girls, and yes, it does feel good. But Hals, I guess I just can't believe that you're dropping out of school to potentially become a 'lady of the manor.' It's nuts!"

"It is, isn't it?" Halsey nods with satisfaction. "I can't wait, actually. Oh wait, I see Curtis and Travis coming this way. The auction must have finished. I wonder if Travis won? If so, then you can officially call me "Mistress Halsey" as befits the lady of the manor," she giggles.

With one last shared laugh, we run across the lawn to greet our dates by throwing our arms around their necks and pressing ecstatic kisses to their mouths. It feels so good to be in Curt's arms again that I completely forget to ask who won the auction. But it doesn't matter because I'm with my man now, and even twenty minutes was too long to be apart. Oh my god,

what am I saying? Clearly, I'm head over heels for the handsome cop, and it all happened at light speed.

CHAPTER 8



Curt

I look across at my stepdaughter and Travis, and of course, the man's already got his tongue halfway down the pretty teen's throat. Not that Halsey's complaining of course. In fact, the blonde bombshell's wormed out of half her top so that one big breast is swinging free as Travis plucks at the hard pink nipple.

"You guys want to get a room?" I ask in a wry tone. "After all, the Kingston Estate is officially yours now, so we could head back and you could use one of the rooms there."

That makes Halsey break off their kiss with a look of delight.

"You won the auction, Travis?" she squeals. "Oh goodness!"

He nods before dipping his dark head to kiss my stepdaughter again.

"I did, sweetheart. I bought this place for you so you don't have to stay in that tiny dorm room anymore. You can move your stuff out here, and I'll give you a redecorating budget, of course. Go crazy," he says in a fond tone. "Do it up like Versailles."

Halsey merely lets out another gentle squeal of delight before throwing her arms around his shoulders and peppering him with kisses.

“Thank you, Travis,” she breathes happily. “Oh my God, this is a dream come true! I’m going to be a princess.”

“Exactly,” Travis replies in a smug tone while smacking her bottom fondly. “And this is the castle that my princess is going to live in. But,” he says with a wicked look to his eye. “I propose that we christen this place first. To celebrate, of course.”

That makes Annie start next to me. The buxom brunette bites her lip as she asks, “You mean with champagne? Like we’ll get a bottle of bubbly and drink to the purchase?”

Travis grins, his smile devilish and instinctively, I know that something’s up.

“No, not exactly,” he says in a mild tone. “I was thinking of a chase, actually. You know, to get to know the grounds and such.”

That makes all of us furrow our brows with confusion.

“A chase?” I growl. “What do you mean?”

Of course, Halsey’s all over it.

“You can chase me anywhere and anytime you like, big boy,” she purrs, trailing one finger down Travis’s chest. “Let’s go.”

The other man grins wolfishly again while seizing Halsey’s small hand in his own.

“You’re on the right track, honey. I propose a chase over these grounds, actually,” he says, swinging one large arm wide to indicate the lawn and forest next to us. “But in the nude, of course. You girls will get naked, and then Curtis and I will

chase you. Only then, will the victor celebrate his spoils,” he smirks.

Annie gasps next to me, her brown eyes wide.

“But I’m not athletic!” she whispers. “Of course, you’ll catch me within five minutes. Two minutes even!”

I squeeze her waist, already feeling turned on.

“That’s the point, honey. You should run as fast as you can, but you know what’s going to happen after I find you, right babe? We’re going to have some depraved times right here, on the grounds of the Kingston Estate.”

Annie gasps, looking at me with wide eyes.

“In the open? What if someone sees?”

Travis just shrugs, already helping Halsey get undressed.

“Who the fuck cares? They work for me now because I own this place. If the Master wants to chase naked girls through his forest, who’s really going to say no?”

With that, Halsey loses her top, and within seconds, her shorts too. Then, Travis helps her out of her bra, so that she’s dressed in nothing but thin cotton panties as well as a cute pair of sneakers. Her big breasts sway as she teasingly runs a finger over one pink nipple.

“Come on, get undressed, Annie,” the blonde sings. “You can’t possibly run in that outfit.”

It’s true because my girl is dressed in a very pretty floral skirt with a matching pink top. Unfortunately, the skirt is going to hamper her strides, and I’d hate for her to get that blouse dirty.

“Are you okay with this, baby?” I ask in a low voice. “You know you don’t have to. This weekend has been one

hedonistic act after another, and if you've had enough, that's totally fine. We don't have to do this."

Annie bites her lip again and I want to kiss that plush pink pout. But I also have to admit that I'm turned on by the thought of this illicit hunt. It's something I've never engaged in before, and the thought of pursuing Annie through the forest before catching her and ravishing her nude form is titillating. I'd like to own that curvy body on the forest floor, with her legs spread wide as she moans my name.

Yet, I'm not going to force her to do anything, so I look deep into those coffee-colored eyes before squeezing her small hand in my own.

"It's up to you, sweetheart. No pressure."

Annie swallows hard, but then nods and smiles before turning.

"No, it's fine. Help me out of this skirt, Curt? The zipper always gets stuck a little."

Immediately, I relieve her of the pretty floral thing before helping her out of her blouse as well. Fuck, she's lovely. I can see that Annie's a little nervous, and I don't blame her because this is as new to me as it is to her, and I wouldn't want to be pursued by some monster over unknown terrain. But this woman is a good sport, and I appreciate how she unbuckles her bra, letting her creamy tits fall out, before stepping out of her panties too. Thankfully, there's a wet spot at the crotch, which means that this illicit chase turns her on.

"It's going to be fine, sweetheart," I growl reassuringly as my eyes eat up those luscious curves. "I won't let any harm come to you."

Annie giggles a bit then.

“That’s because you’re the big bad bogeyman yourself,” she says in a teasing voice. “You’re the one I have to avoid, and not some nameless, faceless thing.”

“That’s true,” I acknowledge in a low growl, already undoing my shirt. “But if you get caught, let’s just say I’ll make it worth your while.” Meanwhile, Travis groans beside us. The other dude’s already fully naked, his huge shaft erect as he palms it gently.

“You guys ready? I know we are,” he says, bending down to suckle quickly at one of Halsey’s teats. “Okay, three-two-one-GO!” he yells.

Annie starts because this was certainly unexpected. But Halsey pulls her breast from Travis’s mouth with a deep sucking sound and before I realize it, both girls are off and sprinting towards the forest, their luscious assets jiggling as they run.

I turn to Travis, shooting the other man a sardonic look.

“Did you buy this place in order to stage this hunt?” I ask. “Was that your true motive?”

Travis chuckles, his eyes still glued to Halsey’s form as she disappears into the brush.

“Of course not. Okay, yeah maybe. But hey, it’s worked out right? Halsey and Annie are both good to go, and this has been an amazing weekend.”

“It has,” I growl, watching as the girls enter the forest, Annie’s big bottom jiggling in the afternoon sun. “More than amazing. It’s been fucking crazy.”

“Yep,” Travis acknowledges, his eyes still fixed to Halsey’s buxom form as she scampers into the woods. “So do you think you’ll keep seeing Annie after all this is over?”

To be honest, I hadn't give it much thought. After all, I've been so obsessed with being nine deep in her body that I haven't had time to contemplate what comes next. She's going back to Loyola come Monday, I realize, but does that mean that we'll keep seeing each other? Do I even want to?

But then, I realize I do because the buxom brunette's gorgeous, curvy, and most of all, willing to try new things. She never anticipated Thanksgiving to turn out like this, yet she's rolled with the punches. As an old dude, I appreciate that. It's hard to open up sometimes, and yet Annie's been more than game to put herself out on the line.

"You know what?" I ask, my eyes fixed to where flashes of ivory female flesh appear and disappear between the trees. "I think I am going to see Annie again," I say. "Why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" Travis agrees. "These women are nineteen, beautiful, and total sluts too. I love it, and actually, I want to settle down a little. Halsey's my woman, and I can see a future with her, you know? She's exactly my type of slut, and it makes me happy."

Indeed, I think. Isn't that the whole point of life, in fact? To get happy? The truth is that I've been very happy ever since our illicit Thanksgiving began, and it seems the endorphins won't stop coming. Of course, it's been a series of X-rated events pretty much since the moment Annie stepped into my home, but I'd say our connection is real. So why not see where it goes?

With one last grunt of agreement, Travis and I both take off running across the field, intent on chasing down our prey. The two girls know that we want them for their luscious female flesh, not to mention the sweet peals of their laughter and ecstatic cries of delight. But I want more than that from Annie.

I want to see where our liaison goes, and this is just one more step towards getting to know her.

CHAPTER 9



Annie

I pause, breathless, with my hands on my knees. It feels like there's no oxygen in the atmosphere, and my lungs burn from exertion. Meanwhile, Halsey turns to me in the small clearing.

"Here," she says, holding a small clear tube out. "You might need this. Best put it on now before it's too late."

I stare, surprised, at the bottle of Astroglide.

"Really?" I ask. "You've been carrying that the entire time? But actually, I'm pretty wet already. I know I shouldn't be, but this 'hunt' turns me on and I'm slick down there."

Halsey merely giggles.

"Oh, I know, me too. But my guess is that the men are going to be animals, and whenever that happens with Travis, he "accidentally" slips into the wrong hole. Don't get me wrong because I love it, and he's usually plenty lubed from my pussy fluids already. But I've learned to be prepared," she says before squirting a bit of gel into her palm. Then, the curvy blonde turns around and bends over, pulling one big cheek to the side. She dabs her fingers at her asshole, and I watch,

astonished, as Halsey slides one finger in an inch or two, her pink pucker clenching around her digit.

“Oh yeah,” she moans, lashes fluttering shut. “Fuck, it’s going to be good when he takes me there. I’d prepare yourself too, Annie,” she says in warning to me. “The men become beasts, and it’s a good kind of beastly, but also ruthless and rough if you’re not ready.”

You know what? Halsey’s right. I take the bottle of Astroglide from her and gently squirt some into my palm. Then, I too bend over, pulling one big cheek to the side before gently dabbing my asshole with the lube. Oh my God, is this really happening? Am I getting ready to pop my anal cherry with Curtis? After all, I’ve never been taken back there before, so it’s bound to hurt. Yet, if it happens, I know I’m going to love it because he’s so enormous and hard, and I love the thought of that huge horse cock buried deep between my buttocks.

But these thoughts are wrong because it’s not like we’re on a path to happily ever after. If anything, this is just a dirty holiday hook-up, made all the more precarious by the fact that soon, Halsey’s going to move here, to the Kingston Estate. I’ll probably barely see her, and then my connection to her stepdad will slowly fade too. I’ll probably never see him again either.

My heart drops at that realization, and I feel sad, but then I force myself to buck-up. Even if this is the last time (or one of the last times) I’m intimate with Curt, at least it can be good. My body hums as I finish prepping myself, and Halsey nods before turning away.

“We should run in different directions,” she calls before beginning to jog through the forest. “That way, the game will last longer!”

I agree, and turn to sprint in the opposite direction, taking myself over a bed of leaves and branches. Thank goodness I wore cute sneakers with my outfit today because my Stan Smiths are turning out to be lifesavers. But still, this whole thing blows my mind because I'm literally being hunted in a forest by my lover before he overwhelms me and claims my ass as his own. Oooh, this is going to be fun.

I run for what feels like forever, but which is probably only a few minutes. Then, there's a tingle in my spine, and I can hear low growling sounds. Oh god, it's Curtis, and I know it. I can *feel* his masculine presence and a hot tension begins to build in my belly. My nipples harden and my pussy aches, even as it moistens in delightful anticipation.

Suddenly, it happens. There's a grunt, and a large mass tackles me mid-air, both of us hitting the forest floor hard. Fortunately, Curtis turns us mid-air so that he lands on his back, cushioning the fall, while I collapse on his muscular chest.

"Ooof!" I squeal. "Oh my!"

His arms are like iron bands around my curvy body.

"Fuck yeah," he rasps. "Right here, right now, baby. You belong to me."

Then, before I realize what's going on, he's whipped out some rope. Where did this come from? But soon, my hands are trussed behind my back as he pushes me face first into the forest floor. Thankfully, there's a bed of moss that cushions my form, but still, his savage ways are a surprise. But Curt knows what he wants, and Halsey was right. He's making a bee-line for my ass.

The huge man sits on my thighs, pinning me to the ground and I can literally feel that enormous pole bouncing against my ass

crease.

“Fuck,” he rasps in a harsh tone. “You’re so fucking beautiful, Annie.”

Then, he pulls my ass cheeks apart, inspecting both my gleaming slit and my tiny button.

“Goddamn, you’re soaked,” he grunts before hocking and spitting hard onto my asshole. “You’re getting fucked in the butt today, honey. You ready for that? Do you want some of that deep anal action?”

I don’t even know what to say because I’m so surprised and breathless. But then Curt lowers himself over my form so that his massive chest covers my back, both his legs pinning each of mine to the ground.

“There’s no way to say no,” he rasps softly in my ear. “You’re mine now, baby girl.”

I feel it then. That massive blunt head presses at my back opening and I let out a gasp. Oh my God, he’s not going to stir a finger in my butt first nor stretch out my anus in preparation for his cock! Instead, he’s going in straight.

“Oh! Unnnh!”

The pressure of his shaft is relentless, even as my hole resists. But Curt’s not giving up, and with an audible pop, my sphincter opens and he slides in a few inches.

“Fuck yeah,” the alpha male moans into my ear from behind. “You’re so tight.”

Slowly, he increases the pressure, feeding inch after inch of that huge horse cock into my asshole. I can’t believe this is happening! Yet, I want it too, and soon, my cries of bewilderment become heady cries of pleasure.

“Yessss,” I hiss, my eyes fluttering closed. “Mmm, fuck my butt, Daddy. Put that huge tool inside and make me take it.”

“You want an asshole filled with come, baby girl?” he rasps from above me. “Would that make you happy?”

“Yes, yes!” I cry deliriously. “Give it to me!”

But Curt changes tactics then. Instead of pounding me in the rear end immediately, he rolls us over so that we’re spooned together on our sides.

“You’re so beautiful,” he groans in my ear before taking my top leg in his hand. Then he lifts my leg to get better access to my holes, and begins moving in my butt. “Utterly irresistible, Annie. So fucking sexy, and you feel so good too.”

I can’t reply because this is just too dirty. My pussy drips, coating where we’re connected and I begin squirming as the pressure builds in my pelvis.

“Oooh yes,” I cry out. “Butt-fuck me, Daddy. Mmmmh!”

“Let your tight asshole jerk me off,” he croons in my ear. “Just let go, sweetheart, and Daddy will fill your bottom with come.”

The dirty words put me over the edge, and with a wild scream, suddenly I’m hurtling off into outer space. My vision goes dim as a full-body orgasm hits me, my back arching as my asshole clamps hard on the rigid staff buried inside.

“Mmmm!” I scream. “Oh oh oh!”

Meanwhile, Curt churns like a mighty machine behind me, driving that massive shaft into my bowels again and again.

“Fuck,” he groans. “Oh shit, oh shit. FUCK!”

Suddenly, his pole seems to enlarge within my bottom before letting out a jerk and bursting with hot, goopy seed. Splashes of man milk paint my interior even as my anal walls convulse again and again, pulling the hot semen deep into myself.

“Oooh!” I shriek again. “Mmm, yes!”

We soar into the stratosphere, wailing and screaming like wild animals. But I don’t care because all that matters is the man with me, and the incredible pleasure and happiness that he provides. Curt feels it too because he roars and pumps, dumping a heavy load into my bottom before finally subsiding with ragged pants.

“Shit honey,” he manages while pressing a kiss to my shoulder. “That was unexpected.”

But to my surprise, I’m beginning to cry. They’re just soft, mewling noises, but Curt hears, and he immediately pulls back, chastened.

“Oh fuck,” he says. “I hurt you, didn’t I? Here,” he says, pulling out of my bottom before undoing the rope at my wrists. “Oh shit, your wrists are chafed. I’m sorry, honey. And your asshole is red and ravaged. Shit shit shit. I took your anal cherry, didn’t I? Goddamn, I knew I was too rough.”

I cry some more, feeling ashamed at the uncontrollable emotions pouring out of my mouth at the moment. Meanwhile, Curt cradles me close, pressing soft kisses to my hair as he apologizes over and over again.

“I’m sorry, baby girl,” he croons. “Daddy was too rough, wasn’t he? I’ll make it up to you, I promise. Just give me a chance.”

It’s then that I decide to be honest. I’m sure I look terrible right now with leaves in my hair and dirt smudged on my face,

but I turn and manage to babble even through my sobs.

“No, it’s not that!” I hiccup. “I loved what we just did. It felt good.”

Curt nods, a guilty look still on his handsome face.

“I know, but it was new for you,” he rasps. “I should have prepared you at least. And I don’t know what I was thinking with the rope,” he says in a disgusted voice at himself. “Hell, you deserve to be treated like a princess, and instead, I fucked you like an animal in the ass after tying you up. I should be put behind bars.”

But I shake my head again, still crying and hiccuping at once.

“No, it’s not that,” I protest again. “It’s just ... I mean, is this even going to exist after the weekend ends?”

Curt looks confused for a moment.

“Well, it was Travis who bought the estate, but if you want to come back, I’m sure they’ll let us. I mean, Halsey’s going to be moving here full-time, so I’m sure she’ll let us use the forest on occasion.”

I hiccup again, tears still streaming down my face.

“No, not that!” I babble. “I mean, are we still going to see each other after the weekend’s over? Now that you’ve gotten what you want, are you really going to come to the dorms and we’ll date like we’re a couple? Or is it just going to be occasional hook-ups and hot times, like this chase thing?”

A look of understanding crosses my handsome lover’s features then. He reaches one big hand to brush back my curly hair before reaching down to cup a big breast in his palm.

“So that’s what’s got you worried, hmm?” he rumbles. “I get it now.”

“Yes!” I cry out. “I mean, I’ve basically given myself body and soul to you these past few days, and I can’t help but wonder if it’s just a roll in the hay. I mean, that would be convenient, wouldn’t it? A young woman who’s willing to let you use her body, whenever and wherever you want? Who begs you for it, even?”

Curtis nods, but then shakes his head, those blue eyes fierce.

“It would be convenient, but that’s not what I had in mind, Annie. In fact, as crazy as it sounds, I was hoping that we’d continue to see each other. That is, if you don’t mind an old geezer like me showing up at your dorm to take you out. You’ll be the talk of campus,” he adds in a rueful tone. “People will be asking you, who’s that ancient dude you’re with?”

I jerk my chin up to stare into his eyes.

“Really?” I whisper. “You mean that? So we’re going to see each other like normal people? You’re going to take me out to meals, and we’ll spend time together watching movies and doing boring stuff?”

Curtis throws his dark head back and laughs a little, flashing bright white teeth.

“Well, you know I’m not in school, so I won’t be hitting the books or anything like that. But yeah, I’ll come to the library with you sometimes. I’ll just be watching movies on my phone, but I’m here for you, sweet girl. We’ll try it out and see where this relationship takes us.”

“Really?” I ask in a faltering whisper. “You mean it?”

Curt winks at me.

“Hey, there are no rules about watching movies on your phone in the library, right? They can’t throw me out if I decide to

binge all ten seasons of *Game of Thrones* with my earbuds in.”

I giggle through my blurred vision.

“I think there are only eight seasons of that show,” I manage in a semi-teary voice. “But no, you can do whatever you like in the library so long as you’re quiet.”

Curtis gets a devilish look on his blue eyes then.

“Really? Whatever I like? Tell me, sweetheart: are there deserted areas in the library?” he asks, waggling his black brows at me. “Somewhere where I could give you a pussy kiss, at least? Mmm, imagine that. You, totally nude, with one leg propped up on a stack of books while I suck that bulging clit. Hell yeah,” he jokes.

I giggle then, swatting his massive chest.

“Oh, you’re so terrible,” I say through my hiccups once more. “You’re such a bad man!”

The handsome cop merely pulls me close before pressing another kiss to my forehead.

“Yes, but you love it,” he growls. “And I’m only bad for you, Annie. You know I’ve enjoyed our time together, and yes, I want to see where this goes. So if it means library pussy kisses, and ravishing you in your tiny dorm room bed, then so be it. I’m game.”

With that, I dissolve into happy laughter even as Curt growls and kisses me again because this is exactly what I was hoping for. I’ve had a crush on my friend’s father for months now, and not only did we make love, but he also wants to see if we can build something together long-term. What could be better? I run my hands through his dark hair while sighing with contentment.

“Happy?” he growls, those blue eyes flashing.

“Very much so,” I whisper with a smile.

Then we kiss again, right there on the forest floor, and I know that my future has only just begun.

EPILOGUE



Annie

*W*e're at the Loyola cafeteria, and Curtis was right. There are definitely people looking at us as we carry our trays to an empty table.

“See?” my boyfriend mutters, handsome in a blue polo shirt and casual denim. “They’re all wondering who that pretty young woman is with the ancient geezer following behind her.”

I giggle.

“I don’t think so,” is my coo. “If anything, I see other girls scoping you out. I think they’re wondering who that handsome guy is, and how they can get one for themselves!”

Curtis growls with pleasure, but my words are true because as we sit down, I see Jane Berry crane her neck so far to stare at Curtis that she literally loses her balance for a moment and topples over onto the ground.

“See?” I giggle. “Jane wants a piece of you, and so she just humiliated herself in front of everyone!”

But of course, the blonde girl’s not embarrassed at all. Instead, she merely gets up and dusts herself off, still staring at my

boyfriend the entire time. Goodness, how did my existence get so sweet? I can't believe that this is really my life because it seems like I'm the talk of the town these days, but for a good reason.

Plus, I just don't care what other people think. After I got back to school after Thanksgiving break, I was still a little nervous despite Curtis's reassurances. After all, Halsey didn't waste any time dropping out. As soon as the registrar's office opened, she was there handing in her notice of departure, and by that afternoon, my best friend was gone. I looked at her stripped-down mattress, and honestly had a mini-panic attack.

But Curtis was true to his word. He came around that weekend, and then the weekend after too. Most of the time he gets a hotel room near campus, but I also admit that we've made love in my small dorm room bed plenty of times. We're loud too, so the looks I get from the other students when I finally make an appearance after a round of loving are ones of shock and awe, not to mention disapproval. But I don't care because I have a gorgeous, handsome, older boyfriend, and they only wish that they could be me.

But it's been a couple weeks now, and I've been floating on Cloud Nine. I'm doing well in my classes, and I have uninhibited sex with my boyfriend every weekend. What could be better? I suppose sexy times with my boyfriend day and night, but we don't always get to choose, and finishing school is important to me.

"Oh guess what?" I ask while biting into my sandwich. "I forgot to tell you. After I came back to the dorms, there's this girl Paisley. Have you met her?"

Curtis shakes his head, chewing his steak.

"No, I don't think so."

“She’s cute,” I say. “Blonde and bouncy, with sun-kissed hair. But anyways, I’m not the only one with an older boyfriend because she was being dropped off by a guy who also looks to be twenty years older.”

“She has good taste,” Curtis muses with a devilish look to his blue eyes.

“She does,” I giggle. “But he had a kid with him too. The most adorable little girl, and to be honest, I think Paisley is their babysitter.”

Curtis frowns.

“Really? What makes you say that?”

I shrug.

“It’s just a vibe. Anyways, I think that she’s the older dude’s babysitter and that somehow, the relationship went from business to personal. Crazy, huh?”

My boyfriend grins at me.

“Not as crazy as our story, honey. I mean, I went from your best friend’s dad to your boyfriend, so anything is possible.”

I giggle while taking a bite of my dessert.

“That’s true. How is Halsey by the way? I haven’t caught up with her in a while.”

“Pregnant,” Curtis responds.

I drop my fork.

“Are you serious?”

He nods.

“Yup, and she’s nesting like crazy too. She’s redecorating quite a bit of their new place, and she’s building three nurseries

instead of one.”

I gape.

“Because she’s expecting triplets?”

My boyfriend winks.

“That’s it, exactly.”

I can’t believe my ears.

“Goodness,” I murmur. “I’ll have to give her a call to say hello. Who knew my friend’s wish to become a mom would come true just like that? And she probably got pregnant over Thanksgiving too!”

Curtis winks.

“You got it, sweet pea. The shit we did over that long weekend was insane, and hell, both Travis and I unloaded enough sperm in our women to last a lifetime.”

I merely giggle.

“Well, I’m not ready to be a mom yet, so don’t get ahead of yourself. But are you done? Why don’t we head to the library?”

Curt’s not finished with his food yet, but he pushes his tray away immediately and gets up because he knows that “library” is code word for “pussy kiss,” and my man is always intent on lavishing me with those.

“Of course, baby girl,” he growls, extending one big hand to me before pulling me to my feet. “To the library we go, sweet girl. By the way, I love you, Annie. Have I told you that lately?”

I giggle while being embraced in those strong arms.

“Only every time we’re together.”

Then, my handsome man kisses me right there in the middle of the cafeteria where everyone can see.

“Good, because that’s the way it should be.”

I sigh and melt with happiness because this is the way things were meant to be. Curt and I were destined to be together even if our liaison started out as raunchy hot times foisted on us by his stepdaughter. But it’s turned out for the better, and I adore the gorgeous alpha male more and more every day.

THE END

WAIT, IT’S NOT OVER YET!

Read a special extended epilogue where Curt takes Annie in the library for some shelf-shaking fun. Oh yes, you know what’s going to happen! Pick up your copy [here](#) (digital download) or [here](#) (read online). *Warning: steam ahead!*

CURIOUS ABOUT PAISLEY?

Paisley babysits for Brad Landry, but the older man’s a total asshole. He brings his dates home and goes at it LOUD in the bedroom while Paisley’s right outside with his child! But now, our heroine is going to get her revenge because she’s wanted a piece of Mr. Landry for ages, and she’s not giving up until she gets him! Pick up your copy of Paisley’s story in *My Not-So-Innocent Babysitter*, available [here](#).

GET THE PREVIOUS BOOK IN THIS SERIES: **CLAIMING HIS CALL GIRL**

Curious about the Kingston Estate? Well, Michelle’s a hostess at Club Z with a special talent for playing her flute. But yes, you guessed it. She doesn’t just make music, she uses the

gleaming instrument as a naughty toy when she's on stage, pounding herself hard as she takes that silver tube up the tw*t.

Even crazier (or maybe not crazy at all), her male clientele loves it! Got you excited? Then pick up *Claiming His Call Girl*, available [here](#).

FIRST TIME ESCORT

I wasn't supposed to be escorting that night, but my friend begged me to sub for her. I showed up expecting it to be a nothing-burger, but instead, my three holes were so stretched so hard that I couldn't walk the next day! How could that happen my first time as a working girl? Pick up *First Time Escort* to find out.

DADDY IN SECRET

The man from my past said he's been dreaming of me with my legs spread, taking it hard while my big breasts bobble. But it wasn't a dream because I had his baby in secret! Now, my babydaddy's back ... and even crazier, the billionaire wants to spray my pu\$\$y with his sperm AGAIN! What do I do? Pick up your copy of *Daddy In Secret* [here](#).

IS IT WRONG TO LOOK?

I like tanning by the pool, and one day I decide to lose my bikini while enjoying the sun. There are moans and grunts from the bushes, but I don't mind because I know it's my hot neighbor watching ... and sure enough, soon he's leaving me with an ooey gooey deposit that makes me scream! Pick up *The Soldier's Baby* [here](#).

SHE'S GOT A HUNGRY PUSSY

Britney lives in a trailer park and doesn't have a lot of options. So when it comes to getting off, she heads to the grocery store presumably to do some shopping, but you know what happens next! Oh yeah, the CEO happens to be in town, and soon Britney and her man are going at it in his office ... next to the canned peaches ... and even in the produce section! Pick up *Hunger*, available [here](#).

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SNEAK PEEK: DIRTY SEXY DADDY

SIMONA

In this excerpt, Simona services a new client who wants to test her in the ways that matter.

“Oh, I’m ready, sweetheart,” he rasps against my lips before catching them in a devastating kiss. “I think the question is: are *you* ready?”

A delicious shiver runs down my spine at the mere tone of his voice and sweet lord, my panties are already utterly soaked. But at the same time, this is what I’ve wanted because what’s disappointed me most about being an escort isn’t the pay or the shitty dates, but rather the lack of men who truly turn me on. I’m a dirty girl in my heart of hearts, and I’m starting to think that I might be able to explore this side of myself with James.

I turn my head so that our lips are almost brushing against each other. My heart is pounding in my chest, and all I want is to have him bend me over right now and take me in the elevator cube.

“Yes,” I whisper. “I’m ready and I can handle all of you because I’m a professional, just like you requested.”

He growls low in his throat and then seizes my lips once more. It’s a quick kiss, not nearly long enough to satisfy me, but I can taste the sweetness of the rum on his tongue, and feel the heat of an aroused male animal who craves me. My insides overheat and I melt bonelessly against his frame, sinking into the big man.

But then, the elevator pings at the top floor, and James practically drags me down the hall to a door on the right side. The moment the huge wooden slab opens, I gasp aloud because this is no simple hotel room. My gorgeous client has rented a suite on the top floor of the Roosevelt, and before us stretches a bank of floor to ceiling windows showing off the Manhattan skyline. Low-slung leather couches grace the modern living room, and to the side there’s an entire chef’s kitchen, as well as a hallway which presumably leads to the bedrooms.

But James doesn’t give me time to explore. Instead, his big hands find my hips from behind as he kisses the side of my neck, gently pushing me through the space so fast I almost stumble.

“You’re too sexy,” he growls. “I can’t wait, sweetheart.”

The words cause a hot shiver to run down my spine and my heart races as he bangs open the door to a lavish bedroom suite before pushing me down on the huge, king-size mattress. Those blue eyes gleam at me hungrily.

“Are you ready, baby girl?” he asks while stripping off his blazer. I stare at the man, almost unable to talk as he rips off his white dress shirt. Goodness, James really is built like a gladiator with a bronzed chest, six pack abs, and a torso that narrows to a delicious vee. Not only that, but his muscles look to be carved of wood, and my eyes flicker up to meet his hungrily.

“Yes, Daddy,” I whisper. “I’m ready for whatever you like.”

But then the words die on my lips because my client just shed his boxers, and his enormous tool springs out. The air whooshes from my lungs because he’s *huge*. His man meat is at least nine inches long, as thick as a Coke bottle, and already dripping slickly at the tip with need.

“Are you nervous?” he growls in a low tone, intuiting my emotions.

“No,” I whisper immediately, eyes wide. “But I’ve never seen or felt something so big inside,” I admit.

His blue eyes gleam.

“Then good, because guess what I like to do with every new girl?”

I shake my head wordlessly, still trying to process what’s coming in my direction. The billionaire’s voice becomes silky as he crooks a finger at me.

“I like to test each and every one of a new woman’s holes, just to make sure she can take me everywhere. Is that bad, baby girl? Unfortunately, it’s just what I like to do, and I put all my women through their paces. And the first hole I want to test of yours, Simona, is your mouth. Come here, honey.”

At first, I’m shocked and gaping at him like a fish. But then wordlessly, I slip off the mattress and onto my knees before this man.

“Yes Daddy,” I whisper, tilting my chin to look up at him while opening my mouth obediently. “Put it in.” His cock bobs against my cheek, leaving a trail of come against the soft plumpness, but the handsome man chuckles and pulls away.

“I appreciate your eagerness, baby girl, but I only like oral when the woman is completely nude as well. So clothes off, baby girl, and show me what you’ve got.”

My eyes open wide. Goodness, is he serious? But with trembling hands, I do what my client wants ... *because it's what I want too.*

To be continued ...

Dirty Sexy Daddy is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).

SNEAK PEEK: SIX MONTHS WITH MY UNCLE

In this excerpt, Hadley teases her Uncle Frank while trying on a skimpy bikini.

“Are you almost ready?” I growl. “Any day now.”

Hadley titters from inside the dressing room as clothes rustle.

“Just a moment, Uncle Frank,” she calls sweetly. “I’ll be right out.”

Then the oxygen evaporates from my lungs because I thought she’d come out in a new shirt or maybe a stiff new pair of jeans, but instead, when Hadley pushes the door open, she’s dressed in a tiny bikini. Make that a micro-bikini that’s bright red and so thin that it’s practically see-through. I can literally see her hardened nipples poking through the fabric as those creamy tits spill from the sides and bottom. Not only that, but the triangle of fabric covering her crotch isn’t much more than a postage stamp disappearing between her pussy lips connected by bits of string that circle her waist.

“What are you doing?” I rasp hoarsely, barely even recognizing my own voice. Fuck, Hadley looks even curvier than before, and my mouth goes dry with need. Her waist nips inward as her hips sway. Her thighs are thick and they jiggle

with every movement, making me long to bite into that heavy flesh. But Hadley merely giggles and does a three sixty, her blonde hair flying out in an arc. Oh fuck. Now I can see how her ass jiggles too, the red thong buried dirtily between her enormous ass cheeks.

“It’s a bikini, Uncle Frank,” she murmurs. “Do you like it?” Her voice is quiet and sweet, and I can tell that she’s trying to sound innocent, but she isn’t fooling me. The devilish little giggle she lets out as I make some kind of strange choking noise tells me that she knows *exactly* what she’s doing.

Oh shit. I’m not sure what to say. I don’t have anything PG in mind so I think it’d be best if I didn’t voice my thoughts aloud. Instead, I swallow thickly and clear my throat as I try (and fail) to drag my eyes away from her curves.

“Um, it’s nice, but there’s no ugh—” The air completely evaporates from my lungs again as Hadley bounces on the heels of her feet, doing a little shimmy with her hips. In fact, the movement is so vigorous that one big breast bounces right out the cup, revealing a turgid pink nipple, and Hadley’s mouth forms a round “O” as she quickly covers herself.

“Oh, that wasn’t supposed to happen!” is her breathy apology. “Goodness, this bikini’s a little flimsy, isn’t it?”

I swallow again, but it doesn’t help. My mouth is completely dry and I simply have no words. In fact, it takes a few moments before I’m able to remember my name as the ache in my groin becomes a rigid shaft of iron.

“What are you doing?” I finally manage to stammer like a dying man.

Hadley merely surveys herself in the mirror again with a smile.

“This is a bikini, silly! I’m trying it on.”

I shake my head desperately.

“Yes, but where would you wear a bikini? I don’t have a pool at the farm, and there’s no beach nearby.”

Hadley winks at me coyly over one shoulder.

“That’s no problem,” she shrugs. “I can just work on my tan out in the front yard, and when I want to go for a swim...well, I can take a dip in the horse trough because that’s water, isn’t it?”

Then with one more sassy giggle, Hadley disappears into the dressing room. I can see her bending over to pick her pants up off the floor before the door fully closes, and I have to remind myself to breathe as I sit there like a statue, the sight of that huge, heart-shaped ass making me go rock hard. What the fuck is going on? Is Hadley going to wear that red bikini in *my* front yard? Am I going to be tortured within an inch of my life while I work in the hot sun, those sumptuous curves on display for my eyes only?

Even worse, what am I going to do with my current erection? Furiously, I picture the desert, the mountains, hell, even a pile of stinking garbage, but to no avail. The damned thing is throbbing painfully in my jeans and I adjust myself uncomfortably before taking off my jacket and draping it over my lap.

At that moment, Hadley reappears.

“Okay, I’m ready, Uncle Frank,” she coos. “I’m definitely going to get the bikini.”

I simply nod.

“Sure honey. Just put it on my card. I’m going to run to the men’s room real quick, but I’ll join you up front in a few.”

Never mind that there probably isn’t even a men’s room in Angelique’s. All that matters is that Hadley strolls up front while I get a few moments of blessed peace to calm my body down. Then, with another groan, I get up stiffly before making my way to the register.

“Oh there you are,” my niece coos as the cashier hands her her purchase. “Thank you so much, Uncle Frank. You’ve made my day with this bikini.”

I merely nod, still walking a little stiffly as we exit the store.

“No problem, Hads. I’m happy to.” *Of course, that’s a fucking lie because I’d like nothing more than to throw the curvy girl to the ground before having my way with her.*

To be continued ...

Six Months With My Uncle is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).

ABOUT S.E. LAW

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

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ABOUT S.C. ADAMS

S.C. Adams is a romance author who likes her stories hot and unprotected. She grew up a Jersey girl but considers herself a global citizen now. She gives thanks to the gods of Paypal, Amazon, and Microsoft for allowing her to work anywhere in the world, including on the beaches of Bali and the mountains of Peru. Oh, and she also hates chocolate, but loves dogs. Currently toting her mutt Minnie to a new location every three months. Join my newsletter at www.scadamsromance.com and get a FREE book!

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