



# A One Man Job

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, New Adult

**Description:** Since Joe's wife passed away, he's gotten a lot closer with his stepdaughters. Bella and Charlie are interested in getting a whole lot closer, but with college kicking off in two short weeks, their window to convince their police sheriff stepdad that their love for him is authentic is rapidly closing. Time to turn up the heat and finally make Joe give into their charms...and they're nothing if not determined.

**Total Pages (Source):** 28

# Page 1

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1

Joe

Mrs. Wilson is mowing the lawn again. Without pants on.

Sighing heavily, I lift the two-way radio to my mouth. “Dispatch, why do I always get sent on these calls?”

“Because you’re always on the clock, sheriff,” chirps the voice on the other end. “You never take any time off for yourself. When was the last time you sat on the couch in sweatpants and binged a show on Netflix?”

My lips feel stiff when I respond. “About a year ago.”

A long, heavy silence follows, and I wish like hell I’d just made a joke, instead. Now it looks like I’m fishing for sympathy, which is definitely not the case. Hell, I’m allergic to too much compassion. I’m also mad at myself for using the passing of my wife, Aileen, as an excuse for working myself to the bone. Because it’s only a small part of the reason I stay out of the house as much as possible these days.

The main reason is them.

The two stepdaughters she left behind for me to contend with.

When an uncomfortable weight settles between my legs, I clear my throat loudly and sit up straighter. Nope. Not thinking about Bella and Charlie when I’m trying to

work. I might only be the sheriff of a small town, but I take this job seriously. And I've got a pants-free lawn mower on the loose.

"Sorry about that, Joe," says the dispatcher. "I know it's been a tough year."

"It's fine."

"And those dang girls aren't making it any easier." A sniff on the other end of the radio. "Hellraisers is what they are."

That might be true, but I don't react well to my girls being called names. I'm the only one who gets to call them hellraisers. Which, incidentally, is exactly what they are. "They lost their mother. They've had a tough year, too—"

"Streaking down Main Street topless last night. Breaking into the diner and stealing the leftover pie for all their friends. Spray painting male genitalia on the Welcome to Portsmouth sign. And that's just a week's worth of shenanigans! They're running you ragged, Joe, not to mention every other member of this town's law enforcement."

"They're just bored and restless, waiting for college to start. Two more weeks and they'll be somebody else's problem." I ignore the rough churn in my stomach that I get when I think about them leaving. Off at school where I can't guard them, feed them, care for them. Bail them out, lecture them, attempt to punish them.

Give in to their tears.

Apologize for yelling.

Feel their bodies against mine when they give me one of their famous double hugs.

I hold the two-way radio away from my mouth, so it doesn't capture my winded

groan. Goddamn you, Bella and Charlie. I shouldn't be having these thoughts and feelings about my stepdaughters. At forty-two, I'm more than twice their age. I met and married their mother during a whirlwind courtship when they were eighteen and recently graduated from high school, but when Aileen passed away last year after a workplace accident at the local car factory, they took a gap year from college to grieve. We've been sharing a roof since then.

I've gotten closer with Aileen's daughters out of necessity. They needed a shoulder to cry on after the tragedy that took their mom. They needed someone older to give them stability and reassurance. I was the only one left to do the job. But the more time passes, the more their soft skin against mine makes my pulse pound. The more their soft kisses on my cheek and mischievous smiles make my cock uncomfortable.

I'm ashamed of myself. That's why I stay out of the house. Away from them.

Maybe I should be arresting myself instead of Mrs. Wilson.

Two more weeks. I can make it two more weeks.

"Joe, we've received two more calls about Mrs. Wilson's bare beaver."

"Jesus," I say, disgusted. "I'm on it, all right?"

"On her beaver? Or on the job?" one of my deputies quips over the static two-way connection. "Just looking for clarification, boss."

"Sure, let me clarify. You're fired."

"Ah, come on, Joe."

I hang up the two-way radio without responding. Getting ready to push my door open

and go handle the situation, I catch sight of my reflection in the rearview mirror. My graying black hair brushes the ceiling of my patrol car, on account of my height of six-foot-six. There are dark circles beneath my eyes where none existed, once upon a time, when I was the town football hero. Now, I'm an exhausted widower with a little extra weight around the middle and rapidly fading tattoo sleeves.

## Page 2

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Getting hot for pussy half my age is a midlife crisis symptom.

That's all it is.

But I'm going to triumph over the urge. I refuse to give in to the immoral impulses I've been experiencing more and more recently. For instance, when I did laundry yesterday and I had to fold twenty tight little thongs, I wanted to stuff one down the front of my jeans and beat a round of semen out of me, but I didn't do it. I simply left their laundry on the ends of their beds, shut their bedroom doors and left. Went to work. Worked until five am, trying not to think about those thong strings tangled up around my erection.

I hate myself for wondering if their young bodies would shake during an orgasm. If they could handle my weight on top of them. If they're too innocent to be fucked hard, the way I've always liked it, or if I'd need to go easy. I've never been plagued by these kinds of obsessive thoughts before. My marriage to their mother was short-lived and more of a friendship. A convenience for both of us. At least, that's how I'm remembering my relationship with Aileen now, because I never had this deep, dirty lust for her.

Not like I have for them.

It's sickening.

"Mrs. Wilson," I say, a little louder than I intended, hands on my belt. "You forgot your pants again, ma'am."

She smiles and waves back at me, obviously unable to hear me over the lawn mower. Christ, she's going to make me walk all the way over there. Right up to the beaver.

A Netflix binge sounds pretty good right about now.

Except they would be there. Snuggled up on the couch in oversized sweatshirts and panties. Tanned thighs stretched out. Golden highways leading to those tight, ripe pussies.

Fuck.

Hastily, I wipe a bead of sweat where it rolls down the side of my face. "Mrs. Wil—"

"Uh, Sheriff?" It's my two-way radio, crackling with life inside of my car. "We've got a bigger problem than Mrs. Wilson's naked mole rat."

Dread sinks in my stomach. "It's the girls again, isn't it?"

"Afraid so, Sheriff."

2

Bella

Oh my God. Whatever.

We go skinny dipping in the mayor's pool one time.

"You're not going to put handcuffs on us, are you?" Over my shoulder, I bat my eyelashes at Portsmouth's newest deputy, Wendy, but her grimace doesn't budge an inch. She's not amused by our antics, as evidenced by the fact that she is leaving us

standing here in nothing but towels, instead of offering to retrieve our clothes where we left them by the pool. “You know our stepdad is the sheriff, right?”

Finally, her lips change position, but only a smidge. In order to smile. “He’s the one that told us to handcuff you.”

“Wendy, I didn’t take you for a liar,” Charlie, my sister, deadpans. “Joe would never.”

“The hell I wouldn’t,” booms a familiar voice behind us. “Put them on tight, deputy.”

My mouth falls open at the same time as my sister’s. No way.

“Joe, why would you betray us like this?” I say, my tone giving way to panic. “It was just some harmless fun.”

“The mayor doesn’t seem to think so,” my stepdad says, phone up against his ear now. “He’s seriously considering pressing trespassing charges.”

Charlie winces as the cuffs clink close around her wrists, followed by mine. “You won’t let him, though, right?”

“Daddy?”

“Come on, Daddy.”

“Zip it, you two.” He gives us both a hard look. “I mean it.”



## Page 3

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He turns around and strides away to take his phone call. Charlie and I wait until his back is turned before passing each other a secret smile.

“Finally got his attention,” murmurs my sister.

“It only took a little breaking and entering.”

Charlie bites her lip to sedate her smile. “He’s really mad this time.”

“This lecture could go for hours.”

“Hours,” she sighs happily, hip bumping me.

We’ve never really talked about our fascination with our stepfather, Joe, out loud. We’ve never needed to. The day my mother brought him home for dinner, me and Charlie communicated everything with a single breathless glance. Our mother had introduced us to a handful of men since her divorce from our father, but there was something special about Joe. Something real and flawed and honest.

We did everything in our power to make sure Joe stuck around, including being on our best behavior during his courtship with our mother. We planned date nights, cooked for them, pretended to be perfect angels—and we snagged ourselves the best stepfather two girls could ever hope for. He’s the big, strong, silent type. Protective. Honest.

Hot. As. Sin.

Might as well admit it. I've always had a little crush. But as we've gotten closer over the last difficult year, I've really started to notice everything about Joe. His looks, his strength, his confidence and character.

Do I have an older man fetish? Doubt it. None of the other forty-somethings walking around Portsmouth make my mouth water like Joe does. He towers over me, and his body is thick in all the places. His face is grizzled and gruff, hands scarred and calloused. And he does this loose-hipped walk paired with a head tilt when he sees me coming down the hallway of our house. Almost like he's coming down to my level to check in and see if I'm okay. Lately it has me climbing the walls.

Boys my age are weak, emotionless husks compared to him.

I've kissed three boys and they all made me want to brush my teeth.

Joe wouldn't. He'd know what he was doing.

"Why are you looking at Joe like that?" Charlie asks me.

"What?" Wendy is trying to knot my damp towel tighter around my body, but I shake her off. At roughly the same time, I realize I'm staring hard at Joe's ass in his snug uniform pants. Stop. "How am I looking at him?"

Charlie narrows her eyes at me. Blue ones, so similar to mine, even though we're not related by blood. "I don't know. I've never seen you look at anyone that way before. I'm not sure what it means."

I scoff. "You're imagining it."

"No, I'm not. I have Bella sense." She steps closer, studying my face with a touch more scrutiny than before. Sometimes I do think Charlie can read my mind, despite not

being natural sisters. She was adopted by my mother and father before I could even walk, because they wanted me to grow up with a support system, but they also wanted to help a friend who couldn't raise her baby. Whatever the circumstances, I consider her my sister and best friend. "Tell me why you're looking at Joe funny," Charlie says now. "I'm going to find out anyway."

I tilt my head in Wendy's direction. "Can you wait until we're alone?"

"Good timing," Wendy says brightly. "I was just about to load you into the back of the police car."

"Oh, goodie," Charlie responds. "Is there a phone charger I can use?"

"No," Wendy answers with a smile, circling around behind me and Charlie, ushering us toward the back of the police car. She puts her hand on my head and ducks me into the opening. Charlie follows me into the backseat, silence prevailing for a whole three seconds before she fills it.

"You were checking out our stepdad."

No use in denying it. "Fine. I've been noticing him in a...different way, lately, I guess."

Charlie stares at me in horror for a few beats, before whispering, "Me too."

I jolt forward in my seat, the awkward position causing my towel to unknot, revealing one of my breasts and half of the other. I've just gone skinny-dipping in broad daylight, however, so obviously nudity isn't high on my list of concerns. "You think Joe is kind of...sexy, too?"

"No," Charlie says slowly. "I think he's extremely sexy. A certified smoke show."

“Oh. Okay. Youwanthim.”

“Yes.”

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“So do I.” Jealousy nips at my cheeks out of nowhere, making them smart. I disguise the green monster with a high-pitched laugh, however. “But we’re not going to do anything about it, right? I mean, we misbehave to get his attention once in a while, because it forces him to spend time with us...which we love. But anything more would be weird, right? He was married to our mom. We call him Daddy.”

“Yeah,” Charlie scoffs. “It would be totally weird.”

I settle back. “Right.”

“But, like...what if something accidentally happened? Like there was a terrible storm and I crawled into his bed because I’m scared. And when I reach for his hand, I hold his dick, instead. We look at each other while lightning flashes—”

“Okay, you’ve thought about this a lot.”

“But now that I’ve crossed the line, we just cross them all. You know?”

I frown at my sister, the green monster thrashing around now, highly agitated. “I’m older than you. If he crosses the line with anyone, it’s going to be me.”

“Oh, right, a couple of months makes a huge difference when he’s twenty-four years older than both of us, Bella.” Joe is off the phone now and walking toward the vehicle while Charlie wets her lips, watching him approach with a growing flush on her face. “No. It’s going to be me.”

I gape at Charlie. “Care to make a wager?”

“A what?”

“A wager.” What in the name of everything holy am I doing? I don’t know, but two things are occurring to me at once. One, now that I know Charlie wants to sleep with our stepfather, too, I am inundated with permission to go there myself. To a place where he’s not quite so off limits. “Whoever seduces Joe first...” I begin.

“What is the prize?”

We let out a breathy sound simultaneously. “Heisthe prize.”

Said prize nearly rips the door of the police car off the hinges in the process of opening it. He props a meaty forearm on the roof of the vehicle and leans down to speak with us, but when he sees my breasts have been exposed by the slipped towel and my back is arched, presenting my tits to the air, he inhales an unsteady breath, his Adam’s apple moving high and low in his throat. I curse the fact that his eyes are hidden behind his sunglasses, because I would do anything for confirmation that they’re glued to my breasts. My thighs. All my exposed parts. “I got the mayor to drop the charges,” he says, finally. Then he slams his fist on the roof of the car. “But don’t feel too relieved. Wendy is going to drive you home. And you’re not going to like dealing with me there, instead.”

“Doubt that,” Charlie murmurs.

“Bring it on,” I say out of the side of my mouth.

3

Charlie

Bella and I sit side by side on the couch in our living room, trying not to smile too

broadly while Joe paces, reading us the riot act in that unbelievably deep baritone, his boots leaving impressions on the rug. Wendy dropped us back off at the house a half an hour ago and we were allowed to shower and put on fresh clothes. Bella opted for a tank top with no bra and yoga pants. I'm in a bralette and gym shorts. Our hair is still wet and neither one of us is happy about that, but we're thrilled about what's coming.

Joe rakes five frustrated fingers through his hair. "Out of all the houses with pools in Portsmouth, why would you pick the goddamn mayor's, girls?"

"He has the best pool," Bella says, blinking up at him innocently.

"There's a slide," I add in a whisper.

This is our favorite game. Make Joe angry, make Joe yell.

Sniffle and give him puppy dog eyes until he feels guilty and gives us what can only be described as a miracle drug. Joe being sweet and apologetic. Guilty for yelling at us. This whole recurring scene is what causes us to go out and make mischief every chance we get.

If I'd really stopped to think about why we engage in this nonsense, I would have known long before today that me and Bella both want Joe. In the biblical sense. There are a whole lot of daddy issues wrapped up in this kind of ridiculous behavior, but neither one of us seems to care. We lost our mother a year ago and everyone gave us too many free passes in our grief. Now we're drunk on power.

At least we're aware of our own flaws, right?

"You have passes to the public pool. It's very nice," our stepfather points out. "You couldn't have gone there?"

“Not naked,” I say. “We wanted to skinny dip, Joe.”

“And when you want something, you get it, right?” He stops in front of us, planting his hands on his hips. “You girls must indulge every single whim that flutters into your heads?”

Bella blinks. “Is that a trick question?”



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“No,” he growls. “It’s not.”

“Oh.”

“You’re lucky it was the mayor’s wife who caught you and not the mayor himself.”

“Why?” I ask.

“I’d be a lot more pissed if he’d seen you—” Joe cuts himself off, scrubbing at the stubbled lower half of his face. “Never mind.”

Sure. As if we’re going to let that go. “You wouldn’t have liked him seeing us naked?” Bella asks—and I can see goosebumps have lifted on her arms, her nipples clearly outlined against the front of her tank top. “Why, Joe?”

“He’s a man,” he says, as if that should have been obvious. “And you’re...beautiful young girls. Last thing I need is someone getting ideas.”

I trace the lacy edge of my bralette with my middle finger, down into the space between my breasts, taking Joe’s attention along with it. “What kind of ideas?” I ask, softly.

Bella gasps gently. “Do you think he’d want to fuck us if he saw us naked, Joe?”

I try my best to look purely curious. “Both of us at the same time?”

His chest is puffing up and down, redness creeping up the sides of his neck toward

his face. “You’re making the conversation inappropriate when it doesn’t need to be. All in the name of distracting me from my lecture.”

“We wouldn’t do that,” Bella insists, looking wounded.

“Joe...” I call forth an army of tears into my eyes. “Sometimes I think you assume the worst in us. Do you think we’re bad people?”

His hulking shoulders deflate slightly. “Now, sweetheart, you know that isn’t true.”

We’ve got a “sweetheart,” ladies and gentlemen. He’s right where we want him. “All we ever wanted was for you to love us,” Bella says in a wobbly voice.

“I do.” Joe takes a quick step toward the couch. Halts. His hands flex at his sides. “You know I love you, girls.”

So close. “B-buthowdo we know?”

Exasperation streaks across Joe’s features. “I feed you. I put a roof over your heads, don’t I? I’m helping pay for college.”

Bella bows her head, chastised. “You’re right. You do everything for us.”

“We can’t even cook, let alone stay out of trouble.”

“We’re useless,” Bella chokes out.

All right, we’re laying it on a little thick. I nudge my sister with my elbow to signal a retreat. Joe might be weak in the face of female tears, but he’s not clueless.

Thankfully, the tears have won.

Joe lifts his hands toward us, pausing for two breaths, before he cups the sides of our faces. “You are the opposite of useless. You’re good girls. You...” He swallows. “I don’t know what I’d do without you brightening up this house. Maybe...I don’t know.”

“Maybe what?” I ask, turning my face into his palm and rubbing my cheek there.

Joe watches as Bella performs the same action, each of us reveling in his touch. Like two felines being stroked by their owner after he returns from a long day at work.

On the heels of a long pause, Joe continues, his voice deeper than before. “Maybe it’s a good thing you girls stir up so much trouble. Maybe keeping you in line was the exact distraction I needed this year.” I’m not expecting it when his fingers slip into our hair, his calloused thumb sifting through the strands, as if he’s luxuriating in the feel of us. “Two perfect distractions sent by God himself. Angels.”

I purr into his hand, sort of wishing he would wrap it around my throat and choke me, but hey, that’s a problem for a different day. Right now, we just want to succeed in making Joe stay. That’s always the object of the game. To stop him from blowing out the door like Portsmouth’s one and only superhero.

“Joe, will you watch our show with us?” Bella asks, her eyes half closed in the bliss of his touch. “Pretty please?”

“We can’t make any trouble if you’re with us, right?” I add.

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“Is that so? Or do you make the most trouble when I’m with you?”

Bella and I exchange a surprised glance.

“What do you mean?” Bella asks.

“Nothing.” I’ve never seen such a conflicted look on Joe’s face before. He massages our scalps with his big, capable hands, eyeballing the couch like it might be hiding snakes. “I should really get back to work.”

“No, Joe,” we whine simultaneously, both of us reaching for him, urging him to sit down on the couch, which he resists. “Watch our show and cuddle with us.”

“I can’t, girls,” he rasps. “I shouldn’t.”

“You’ll love The Summer I Turned Pretty. We promise.”

“I seriously doubt that.”

Our eyes pool with tears on cue, Bella’s bottom lip trembling. I blink back the moisture in my own eyes, as if I’m trying to put on a brave face at the prospect of his desertion. That being said, I already know we’ve got him. He freezes at the sight of our unhappiness, the fight going out of him.

“Fine, I’ll stay. But just for a little while.”

Bella and I beam at each other. We can work with that.

As long as she understands I'm going to win the seduction challenge?

Nobody gets hurt.

4

Joe

Oh, my lord.

This is the exact situation I should be avoiding.

I'm sitting between my half-dressed stepdaughters on the couch watching this show for teenage girls and my dick is hard as a rock. Worse, they've snuggled up beneath my arms on each side, their fingertips roaming up and down my chest, playing with the buttons of my uniform shirt, smoothing my collar, fingering my badge.

Charlie with her see-through lace bra, her nipples stiff and most importantly, visible. I can see her gorgeous little tits and how she rubs them against my side when she settles in, looking me right in the eye while she does it. And not for the first time, I wonder if she's been fucked yet. God, I should not be wondering that. She's nineteen. A legal adult who can do what she likes. It's none of my business.

Except my hands bunch into fists at the thought of what I'd do to anyone who lays a fucking finger on my Charlie.

That goes for Bella, too. Sweet Jesus, how many times did she roll up those gym shorts? When she leaned sideways and opened her thighs to retrieve the remote control, I could nearly make out her pussy hole against the seam of those molded-on shorts. Has she let anyone fill up that hole yet? Seems awful small. And she seems criminally clueless about my reaction to that flash of sweetness.

Fuck. I need relief. Need it so bad. Beating off during my morning shower isn't cutting it anymore. I need some down and dirty filth.

But I can't have that filth with Bella and Charlie.

Uh-uh. Don't even think about it.

My denial doesn't lessen the pressure in my cock, though. Pressure that builds a little more every time they cuddle closer, their palms wandering up and down my chest.

"I want to be kissed like that," Charlie sighs at the television.

"Like what?" I ask, barely aware of what's happening on the screen. I've got too much happening in real life to watch anything fictional. But when Charlie's comment starts to sink in, I toss a glance at the screen to find two teenagers making out on the beach. "No one has ever kissed you like that?" I say, knowing full well it's a bad idea, but needing to appease my curiosity. When I tell you I've lost countless nights of sleep wondering if Bella and Charlie are virgins, I'm not exaggerating.

And if they are, what it would feel like to take it from them.

Wrong on so many levels.

Their mother obviously deserved a much better man than me.

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“I want to be kissed like he’s kissing her,” Charlie explains, playing with the button of my shirt. “All smooth and rhythmic. With tongue.”

“Guys our age suck at kissing,” Bella pouts.

“So, you’ve both been kissed,” I say.

They look at me like I’m crazy. “We’re nineteen, Joe. Of course we have.”

An unholy ripple of jealousy travels from one side of my chest to the other.

I do everything in my power to swallow my next question, but the envy has taken too much of a toll. “Is that all you’ve done? Kissing?”

They look at each other, then up at me with wide, blue eyes. “Are you asking if we’ve had sex, Joe?” Charlie asks, very softly. Too softly.

And she flicks open the button she’s been playing with.

Alarm bells start going off in the back of my mind, but I can’t move. Even if I wanted to stand up, I couldn’t. My dick is off-the-charts hard. They would see it. They’d know I’m nothing but a pervert in one single glance at my lap.

“Forget I asked,” I say, hoarse. “I don’t want to know.”

Bella turns and plants a knee on the couch between my outstretched thighs, levering herself up. I’ve barely caught my breath from the sight of her nipples nearly showing

over the neckline of her low-cut tank top...when she leans down and drags her lips against the side of my neck, making my cock jerk. “We haven’t had sex yet, Joe,” she whispers. “But we’ve practiced together with our pillows. I call mine Joe.”

Red. Alert.

What the fuck is happening here?

Bella is joking. She must be. There’s no way this young goddess is attracted to me.

“Bella, enough. Let me get up.”

She trails her lips along my cheek, rubbing them side to side against my mouth while every blood cell in my body storms south. Especially my brain cells. “I’ll let you up if you kiss me like they do in the show. Just once. I want to know what it feels like.”

“I want a turn, too,” Charlie says in a hushed voice. As if we might get caught.

“No,” I protest raggedly, grabbing Bella’s hips, intending to move her. But she either anticipates me or she’s quicker, because that knee in between my thighs moves and now she’s straddling me in her tight fucking shorts, that fantasy ass dropping onto my stiff cock before I can stop it from happening.

She gasps. “Joe.” Her hips wiggle around, and I hiss a curse, coming very close to emptying my balls right there in my uniform pants. “Charlie, Joe’s penis is sticking up!”

“Get off,” I beg her.

Bella continues to wiggle around, riding my cock side to side though her gym shorts and my pants, worsening the pain until it’s almost life threatening. “I think...you



want to kiss me, Joe,” she says, leaning close enough to rest her tits on my chest, those hips moving in a figure eight pattern from heaven. God help me. “I think you’d like to do even more than kiss me.”

“Bella.”

“Hurry up,” Charlie breathes, her face flushed. “I want my turn on him.”

“Shut up, Charlie,” Bella gripes at her sister, her pussy grinding on my aching cock. “Don’t rush me.”

“You have one minute to get off him.”

“Or what?”

“Or I’ll throw you off!”

Bella’s eyes flash with malice. “Fine!”

My brain is imploring me to put a stop to this madness. I’m their stepfather—and a cop. I’m more than double their age. And now I’m starting a fight between these two when I’ve never seen them in anything but perfect harmony. All of these things combined are unforgiveable. “Bella, I’m getting up now—”

Her lips silence me, along with her hips pressing down hard at the perfect angle and all I can do is bury my fingers in the couch cushions and groan brokenly. I feel her triumphant smile against my mouth a split second before she slants her head and sips at my lips, teasing, testing, while her sister gasps beside us. Then she goes in for the kill, lapping her tongue into my mouth and finding mine, touching it and coaxing a fire inside of me that I’ve been trying my damndest to subdue. But oh fuck, the flames erupt once our tongues start to circle and dance, her thighs getting impatient

around my hips as I grip the back of her hair roughly and pull her flush, so close, showing her how a man kisses.

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“I can’t believe you’re kissing Joe,” Charlie whispers.

I can’t believe it, either, and that shocked admission should remind me to stop, but it’s impossible, because Bella is sweeter than the finest sugar, her curiosity giving way to confidence and now we’re going at it hungrily, her tight little cunt raking up and back on my stiff cock, humping it eagerly, her tits bouncing right out of her tank top.

“Oh Jesus Christ, I’m going to have to beat that pussy up, ain’t I, baby?”

“Yes, please,” she whimpers, reaching down for my zipper.

“Nope, time’s up,” Charlie announces, shoving her sister clear off my lap. I barely have time to catch my breath before she’s taking Bella’s place, her plush tits swelling out the lace bra she’s wearing, her pupils dilating as she focuses on my mouth. At the same time, she’s scooting as close as possible, a sob popping her lips open when she feels my wood, her fingers digging into my shoulders—hard—her hips starting to writhe, that pussy discovering the feel of me while Bella watches, trying to catch her breath.

“I want more. I want another turn.”

“I just got on!”

“Joe! Make her move.”

“Girls,” I growl. “No fighting.”

I'm playing with fire here. Suddenly I've got these angels fighting over me and I wasn't supposed to touch either of them in the first place. But when I should stop, when I should apologize for allowing us to make a big mistake, Charlie tugs down the lace cups of her bra and reveals the hottest little set of tits I've ever seen on anyone, apart from her sister, who has a nearly identical pair that are equally hypnotizing.

Charlie fingers her nipples, frowning. "I don't know if I want him to suck my nipples or kiss me."

My cock strains violently, making me grit my teeth in pain. "Charlie, no." I sit up, determined to put an end to this, but she plants her hands on the back of the couch, levers herself up and leans in close, shaking her tits right in front of my face—and a twisted kind of lust sinks its teeth into me, refusing to let go. "Just a little, Daddy?" More pouting. God, why can't that be annoying, instead of hot? "Since Bella got to kiss you first?"

"Charlie..." I rasp, right on the cusp of losing control. "You know I can't. We can't."

"Why not?"

"I'm your stepfather. Yours too, Bella. This is wrong. This..." I break off on a moan when Bella reaches between her sister's legs from behind and begins a slow, firm cock massage that I can feel in the back of my fucking throat. "Bella, baby, no."

"You like it," Charlie whispers, leaning in to press her peaked nipple against my lips. "Admit you like us. More than you should."

"Girls, please..."

"Suck, Daddy," Charlie whines, pushing closer, her nipple tasting like honey against the tip of my tongue. And I don't suck, I gorge myself. She's been driving me to drink

for months by strutting around the house in these paper-thin yoga pants and now I've finally got her ass in my hands, kneading those bratty cheeks while her sister jacks me off through my uniform pants, my mouth noisy on Charlie's tits, sucking and licking and biting those plump, palm-sized globes. "Bella, it feels so good."

"He's going to suck me next," Bella breathes, excitedly.

"Fine. I'll suckhim."

"No, you won't. I'm doing that first." My zipper comes down and she's gripping me bare, giving me a mind-blowing stroke, just as Charlie dives for my mouth. Oh my God. My God. My God. I'm being jerked off by my nineteen-year-old stepdaughter while I make out furiously with her sister, my hands down the back of her pants, gripping those sweet, bare cheeks that have kept me in a chokehold all summer. Any minute now, I'm going to blast off and I have no idea where my come is going to land. The urge to pump it inside one of them leaves me shaken and horny, unable to stop driving my tongue into Charlie's delicious mouth. I'm going to flip her onto her back and fuck her until I ejaculate, while her sister watches.

Wait. What the hell am I doing?

What would their mother think of me now?

That jarring thought has me breaking the kiss and lifting Charlie off my lap with shaky hands. I settle one stunned sister on the couch besides me, groaning raggedly at the sight of Bella on her knees in front of me, pulling her long blonde hair back into a ponytail, clearly preparing to suck me off. But I can't let that happen. I can't.

Using a pillow to cover my rampant erection, I lunge off the couch to my feet, crossing the room with determination, keeping my back turned while I catch my breath.

“Bella. Charlie,” I say, eventually, dropping the pillow to secure my still hard cock inside of my pants. “That won’t be happening again.”

As I grab my keys off the table by the front door and slam out of the house, I’m positive I hear them say, in unison, “That’s what you think.”

If I thought they were making trouble before...

Something tells me they were only getting started.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 5:50 am*

Bella

I'm not giving up that easily.

In fact, now that I've gotten a taste of Joe's experience, I'm hooked.

He's not one of the bumbling, stumbling dumpster fires that my generation has to offer. He's a man. He knows how to kiss and do it well. He anticipates when to pull back and when to delve deep. His hands are everywhere at once. Skilled hands. Rough, knowledgeable hands. And his dick. Is. Huge.

As a virgin, it makes me a little nervous, but everyone in the world seems to want a man packing heat, so I assume his size is going to come in handy. He could probably satisfy both me and Charlie, no problem.

Except I want him all to myself, so too bad.

I've shared everything with Charlie my whole life. I want Joe to myself. I want all of that grumpy intensity laser focused on me and only me. I want to kiss him without a time limit. I don't want to take turns.

Mine.

Unfortunately, he hasn't been home in three days. I've called the station and been informed by Wendy that he's been sleeping at his desk or in his patrol car. Perhaps I should take this as a sign to back off, but his reticence to come home only encourages me. He's avoiding us because he wants to finish what we started, and he thinks it's

wrong.

Well, I need to convince him otherwise, because I've never been so aware of the weight of my heart inside my chest. I loved Joe before as a father figure. Now that my body craves him, too, it's like an implosion of physical lust and emotional adoration that is almost too intense to withstand. I need him to come home, hold me and make sense out of it. But if he's not going to do that, I'll have to go to him.

With Charlie out getting her nails done, there's no better time to sneak away and get some alone time with my stepfather.

I turn in a circle, looking at myself in the full-length mirror, smoothing my hands down the tight rear end of my skirt. My gaze travels higher, over the neon pink bikini top I've decided passes as a shirt. It's a ninety-six-degree August day, so if I was ever going to get away with that, it's now. Not to mention, this town is well used to my antics. After my skinny-dipping arrest, they'll probably count themselves lucky I'm wearing clothes at all.

With a final smirk at my reflection, I skip out of the room, but I stop in my tracks when I hear Joe's police cruiser pull into the driveway that runs all the way alongside the house, ending in the backyard. He backs down the concrete strip and reverses into the rear yard, cutting out the engine. I tiptoe to the kitchen and watch through the window as he strips off his uniform shirt and begins to hose down the vehicle.

He's washing his police cruiser.

Shirtless. Mature and weathered to perfection in the sunshine.

And obviously, because the car I share with Charlie isn't in the driveway, he thinks no one is home.



“Oops,” I murmur, unbuttoning my skirt and letting it slink down my legs to the floor, leaving me in my matching micro bikini bottoms. “RIP Joe.”

The little string resting against the slit of my pussy is already soaked before I walk out of the kitchen and into the backyard. I take a moment to admire Joe’s husky, muscular body and his dozens of tattoos, before I cough to get his attention.

My stepdad does a double take, dropping the hose in his hand, his widening eyes skating down my nearly nude body. “Get inside right the hell now in that thing, Bella.”

I bite my lip, twisting side to side. “I’ll go inside if you come with me.” When he hesitates, a line snapping in his cheek, I laugh. “You just realized you’re safer out here.”

“Bella...” He seems to float in my direction without realizing it, wetting his lips as he gets closer. “What do you want from me?”

“Do you want a list?”

He tears his attention from my body and looks away, not bothering to hide the way he adjusts the fly of his uniform pants. “I can’t give you what you need.”

“Really?” Slowly, I saunter around back of my stepfather, approaching him from behind and reaching around to drag my nails down his pecs, his abdomen, gratified by his shuddering hiss. “Because I think you’re the only one who can.”

“You’re too young. You’re my stepdaughter.”

“I don’t care.

“You’re wasting time on me, when you could be out there finding Mr. Right.”

“You’re the only man who has ever made me feel right. Like I’m a good girl with an even better heart. Potential. Like I’m worthy of love.” My hand slides down to play with his belt buckle and he stops breathing. “My heart always knew it was you. My body just had to catch up. And it has.” I tug on the leather belt strap, going up on my toes to whisper in his ear. “I’m a big girl, Joe. Enjoying me is legal. I’m asking you for it.”

His breath is coming faster now. “It might be legal, but it’s still wrong. I’m the closest thing you girls have got to a father. I’m not going to behave like a bastard for the sake of satisfying this...lust.”

Keeping my body pressed tight to Joe’s, I drag myself around to the front of him, looking up at him through my eyelashes. “But what about satisfying mine?” I outline one of his tattoos with my index finger. “What if I give up and go away...and then someone else satisfies me?”

A muscle flicks in his cheek, his nostrils flaring.

I wait for a response, but he seems unable to unclench his jaw to form one.

“While you’re making up your mind...” I turn around so I’m facing away from Joe, slowly bending forward to pick up the still-running hose, knowing how little of my bottom is covered by the bikini, his guttural groan bringing a bloom of color to my cheeks. “I’ll just help wash your car.”

I never thought of myself as an exhibitionist, but hosing down Joe’s cruiser in a micro bikini while he stares at me is pure decadence. Now that I’ve felt Joe’s erection between my legs and confirmed he’s attracted to me, I have even more confidence in my ability to tempt him—and that’s what I set out to do. I soap down the cruiser, leaning across the hood to reach imaginary spots of dirt, feeling his rapt attention on my butt. I “accidentally” get myself nice and soapy, making it necessary to hose myself off which I do leaning against the vehicle while Joe watches, his interest clearly outlined in his uniform pants.

“I can’t reach the roof, Joe,” I call over my shoulder. “Come help me.”

He shakes his head adamantly and retreats a few steps toward the house. Before he can reach the door, however, he stops, cursing. His chest heaves up and down in the sunlight a handful of times, then he’s on his way back toward me. He comes closer, closer, spinning me around and shoving the front of my body up against the car, yanking my butt back into the curve of his lap.

“Dear God, you are the most beautiful thing on this earth,” he pants in my ear, tilting

his hips to let me feel bulge in his work pants, making me squeal as I'm hefted up onto my toes and pressed more securely to the side of the wet car. "Might as well be buck naked."

"You like my bathing suit?" I breathe, exhilarated by his up close and personal attention. Hearing the word beautiful in his sincere baritone. "I've never worn it before."

"You ain't ever wearing it again, either."

"Why not?" I pout, even though I want to celebrate.

"It doesn't even cover that hairless little cunt." He humps me up against the car, his open mouth suctioning to the side of my neck, taking a long pull. The kind that leaves a mark. Yes. "Doesn't cover much of that pretty asshole, either."

Color me shocked that a conversation about my asshole is making me hot. Or hotter, I should say. I'm so wet, I can't tell if the moisture on my inner thighs is natural or a product of the hose. "You...like looking at my asshole, Daddy?"

"Yes, goddamn you."

"Is that how you want to fuck me?" I whisper, rubbing my backside against him in teasing circles.

"There's no limit to the ways I want to fuck you, Bella. That's the problem."

I need to take his focus off the cons of taking me to bed, before he puts a stop to this incredible moment, the way he did last time. His hands roam over my hips, his teeth and tongue taking turns tasting my neck, his shaft throbbing between my buns. My body is primed for sex, my thighs quivering in anticipation of being filled up by this

powerful man. Desperate to take the encounter further, I drop my head back onto his shoulder, allowing him to look down at my breasts, both of them on the verge of popping free of the tiny bathing suit triangles—and his big hands close around them without delay, massaging the mounds while his breath rasps in my ear.

“If you take me inside and come in my pussy,” I whisper, feeling his sex jerk, listening to him hold his breath. “I’ll let you put it in the other way afterward.”

I’m rammed up against the side of the car, his hips pumping. “Stop,” he begs, his panting mouth in my hair. “You’re breaking me.”

“I bet my mom never let you do that,” I purr, leaning back to accept his tongue in my mouth. For a split second, I think I’ve made a huge mistake, bringing up my mother, but there’s only the slightest, stunned hesitation before the pace of the kiss turns wild, animalistic, and the string of my bikini bottom is being ripped to the side, his shaking hands fumbling between us for his zipper.

“Won’t make it inside,” he grunts. “I don’t even give a fuck right now if you’re on birth control. You’re getting my come in that pink young thing.”

“Do it, Joe,” I whimper, clawing at the car, opening my thighs, rejoicing—

An outraged screech from the other side of the yard makes Joe go still behind me.

It’s Charlie. And she’s seething.

6

Charlie

I’m hit with a lot of emotions at once.

Chiefly among them is betrayal, yes, even though I agreed to the seduction challenge. My sister taking full advantage of my absence to entice Joe shouldn't surprise me. But I can't help but feel betrayed, nonetheless. Secondly, though...I'm surprised to find myself turned on by the sight of Joe on the verge of planting himself inside of Bella. She's in her ridiculous, teeny tiny pink bikini, covered in suds from apparently washing the car. Her hair is in fresh waves, cat eye on point. I can't really blame Joe for giving in.

But I'm not about to lose this competition. Bella will hold it over my head for the rest of our lives, same way she gloats about being older and thus, wiser. Eventually, her bragging about seducing Joe first will become unbearable and I'll have to kill her. So really, by cock blocking her right now, I'm saving her life. You're welcome, bitch.

"Joe, how could you?" I sob, throwing down my purse. "I got my nails done in your favorite color and everything! You left me out because you don't love me."

"Now, Charlie, you know that's not true," he struggles to say, because he's breathing so heavy, his hips still grinding on my sister, though it's obvious he's trying to make himself stop. "We got carried away. I—"

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“He just can’t help himself around me,” Bella says, tossing me a wink. “Some privacy would be nice, please.”

“Do you actually think I’m going to leave you alone with him?” I scoff, approaching them while an idea starts to form. It’s not much of a plan, but it’s all I can think of while my bones are turning brittle with jealousy. And reluctant lust. Because, oh wow...seeing Joe’s long, thick erection in his hand, poised to enter my gorgeous sister, is a sight I’ll never forget. If I wasn’t determined to win the competition, I might even stand there and watch what happens next. I bet it would be incredible. Instead, however, I strip off my light cotton dress, drawing Joe’s hungry attention, playing with my tits while he slides his bare arousal up and down in the valley of Bella’s water-and-soap-slicked bottom. “Are you going to fuck my sister, Joe?”

Conflict tangles with need in his eyes. “She’s not giving me a choice.”

“You always have a choice,” I murmur, pinching my nipples and rolling them between my thumbs and index fingers. “For instance...” I lift onto my toes and tease his mouth with a lick, then a deeper, groaning kiss. “You could put it in my mouth,” I say, lapping at his tongue, my fingertips trailing down his belly to wrap my hand around his shaft. “All the way to my throat.”

“We’re kind of in the middle of something, Charlie,” snaps Bella, wiggling her hips between Joe and the car. “Joe, please, I’m so wet. Don’t stop.”

I kneel at Joe’s side, shaking my hair back. “Put it in my mouth first. I’ll get you ready.”

“Liar!” Bella plants her feet on the ground and turns to face Joe, drawing him forward by the lapels of his uniform shirt, taking his mouth in a passionate French kiss while she winds her legs around his hips. “She just wants to make you come, so you won’t be able to take me. Don’t fall for it, Joe.”

Once again, from this angle, I’m reluctantly turned on. His big hands on her ass, kneading it hungrily, his cock straining toward the juncture of her thighs, the pink bikini strip shoved to one side, leaving her sex awash in sunlight. If I had a camera, this would be the idea porn angle. But this is not a movie we’re making. My pride is at stake.

And Bella is winning the battle because she already had the advantage before I arrived. He’s groaning into their kiss, jacking his incredibly large sex in his right hand, preparing to put it in her shiny hole, muttering about what his tight girl is going to feel like. How he’s been dreaming of getting inside of her. But he’s looking down at me in between kisses, his eyes brimming with yearning. He wants me, too. Badly.

I can only let him have me, though. So I pull the failsafe switch.

“We challenged each other to see who would seduce you first.” I shove to my feet, just in time for Bella to break to kiss and give me an outraged look. “Are you going to let her win so easily?”

Joe pulls back very slowly, his narrowed gaze traveling between my sister and I. “You girls did what?”

Joe

I shouldn’t be surprised.

Bella and Charlie are menaces in so many ways. They’ve wreaked havoc on my



patience with their antics for just over a year. Now they're tormenting my body, day in and day out, forcing me to sleep in the office, lest I come home and make this mess worse. Even now, knowing they made some silly wager, I'm considering banging my stepdaughter against my police cruiser. The one that says "sheriff" along the side.

In other words, I'm very close to giving in and setting this terrible behavior loose.

Bella is flexible and smooth and kisses me in a way that proclaims she'll be a dirty whore in bed. Haven't even taken her virginity yet and she's offering me up that ass on a silver platter. I want my cock inside of her so bad, I'm starting to drip.

At the same time, I want to cram myself between Charlie's plump lips and put my come in her belly from a different direction. She's always wearing this raspberry-colored lip gloss and her mouth is slathered in it now, giving me visions of my balls slapping against her chin while she struggles to drink her fill.

My God, I am so close to the edge, I'm full of cracks.

Lust drowns out the shame a little more every time they come on to me.

Am I a lost cause? Is there any point in resisting?

Yes.

Yes, I have to. I need to. I'm not this man. I'm not going to sleep with my stepdaughters when their mother has only been in the ground for a year. When they only blew out the candles on their nineteenth birthday cake a couple months ago.

I have the respect of this town. My deputies.

I'm better than this.

Right?

I'm not so sure when Bella reaches down between our bodies, her tongue in my mouth while she tries to guide my cock home, to that perfect little hole.

“If I win, you win, right?” she breathes, her blue eyes excited. MyGod, she's sexy.

So is her sister, who is guiding my hand to her tits, her tongue licking my bicep.

I'm seconds from fucking my stepdaughter in the backyard. In broad daylight.

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While I'm on the clock.

After finding out they made a bet to see who could bag me first.

No.

My self-respect saves me just in time.

They thought getting me to cave would be easy?

Not happening. And it's time they learned they can't play fast and loose with me.

With a burst of frustration—with my painful physical state, with them, with myself—I break free of Bella's drugging kiss, haul her off my car and position her under one arm, stuffing Charlie under the other and carrying them both like a couple of sacks of potatoes into the house while they sputter and flail.

"Joe!"

"What are you doing?"

I don't answer until we're in my bedroom and I'm kicking the door shut behind us, as if the ghost of my wife might catch us in the act. I toss Bella onto the bed, but keep hold of Charlie, as I turn to sit down on the edge of the mattress, draping the girl face down over my lap. "Your mother didn't punish either of you enough," I growl, landing a loud slap on her tight ass. "Now you're nineteen, doing whatever the fuck you please." Another harsh spanking that makes her gasp and clutch at the bedclothes.

“Not on my watch. You’re going to learn a hard lesson, girls. You play with a bull, you get the horns.”

I continue to spank Charlie another several times, disquiet stirring inside of me when my red handprints rouse an even more untenable heat in my stomach, my balls throbbing like a son of a bitch, wanting for all the world to put Charlie on the floor on all fours and plow her from behind. I’ve accidentally seen the vibrators in her panty drawer. Overheard her using them in the shower. She’d be down to take me doggy style. Of the two sisters, she’s the slightly less innocent one and God help me, I want to exploit that quality.

“You want me to fuck your smartass mouth, huh? You wouldn’t fit half of this cock between those glossy little lips, sweetheart.”

“Yes, I would,” she cries out.

“No, I’d fit it. I’d be in charge. Not you, brat.” I take a handful of her ass as I’m explaining this to her, squeezing it until she hisses in pain. “I’d wrap your hair around my fist and make you look up at me while I work it down your throat.”

I’m tempted as hell to execute the plan I’m voicing out loud. Bella is next, though, and soon enough, I can’t resist putting her in Charlie’s place, throwing her face down over my lap while she whimpers, slapping the breathtaking curve of her backside which is still damp from washing my car, that tiny pink string not covering a goddamn thing. “This ain’t a fucking bathing suit, baby, it’s a request for cock.” Slap. Slap. Slap. “You hear me? You go out in public wearing this, you’ll be begging for a spanking by the time I’m finished with you. You cover yourself up when you’re not in my house.”

“Yes, Joe. I’m sorry, Joe!”

After a few more spanks of my palm, Bella scrambles off my lap, joining Charlie where she stands at the door, shellshocked. The energy in the room is fraught, the air charged with a kind of electricity I've never experienced before. My cock is rigid and straining in the unzipped V of my uniform pants, and I can see they're confused by the combination of need and anger. And by what just happened. My God, I just delivered spankings to my grown stepdaughters. I didn't ease them into the punishment, either. I slapped those asses good and hard.

Guilt swarms my middle. "Girls, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have—"

Charlie and Bella trade a sly look.

It's so brief, I almost miss it. But it's followed by them both bursting into tears.

And suddenly, their behavior over the summer begins to make sense.

Too much sense.

I can't believe I didn't detect this pattern before now. Bella and Charlie get into trouble, I bring them home and shout at them. Then I immediately regret being harsh, apologize and...cuddle with them until they feel better.

They've been pissing me off on purpose.

"Why?" I ask, slowly coming to my feet.

Bella sniffles. "Why what?"

"Why have you been making me angry on purpose?" I ask, enunciating each word.

They trade a startled look, confirming my suspicions.

They both open their mouths to lie, but fibs aren't going to work anymore with me. I keep walking until I have them both sandwiched between the door and the hot press of our nearly naked bodies makes them tremble and moan.

The tears are gone. They were bullshit.

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 5:50 am*

They've always been bullshit.

"You think it's funny to manipulate me?" Their surprise over my astuteness should be insulting, considering I'm a cop, but I can't focus on that right now. "All of the shit you've been pulling, all the crying... was so I would touch you?" I breathe into their hair, my fingertips brushing up and down each of their outer hips. "Is that right?"

Bella chews her lip, exchanging another glance with her sister. "Not only so you would touch us. We wanted you to give us attention."

"It just..." Charlie scrubs a hand in the center of my pecs, her eyes glazed as if she's in heat just from touching me. "It just took us a while to realize the kind of attention we needed. One day... cuddling wasn't enough."

Understanding dawns. "Girls," I sigh, sliding my palm up and down their spines. "You're just getting older and developing certain needs. I just happen to be the closest man. It's not me you want. Your bodies are searching for... relief."

They're both shaking their heads no, but I know I'm right.

There's no way these beautiful creatures feel something authentic for me. They're just confused by their bodies growing needs. "Did I hurt you when I spanked you?"

"No," Charlie breathes, leaning in to kiss my shoulder.

"I loved it," Bella admits in a murmur, her tits starting to rise and fall faster.

“You were only crying so I’d...”

“Touch us more,” Bella whispers, crowding closer to my body and levering onto her toes so she can lick a path up my neck, the drag of tongue on flesh making my balls tighten. “We only want you, Joe. Please keep touching us.”

My cock pulses, my skin growing feverishly hot.

Perhaps I’m making excuses to keep going, but the path to hell is paved with good intentions, right?

“I’m just going to give you girls some relief, to prove that’s all this is. It makes sense you’d come to me for pleasure, because I’m your provider and you trust me. But I’m not supposed to provide sex. So I’m only going to relieve you this once, so we can stop the games. Okay?” I grip my pained dick and begin to stroke it, my flesh swelling when they both watch my movements eagerly. Obsessively. “Go sit beside each other on the bed.”

7

Bella

I don’t know what is making me hotter.

The spankings. The dirty talk. Joe’s authoritative demeanor.

Or the fact that he called us on our bullshit.

In nineteen years of life, not a single soul has managed to decipher the mind meld constructed by me and my adopted sister. Joe did. He figured out our logic and he didn’t look at us like we had nine heads. I was already wildly attracted to him, but



now?

I'm borderline feral.

Charlie is feeling the same way. My sixth sense is telling me so.

We're sitting on the bed in front of Joe, docile and ready to do as we're told, almost like we've been placed under hypnosis.

Joe's zipper is down, his erection stretching the material of his briefs. He's shirtless and covered in a light sheen of sweat that is making his big boy physique glisten in the dimly lit bedroom. His belt is causing his unzipped pants to sag, so he whips the leather through his beltloops with a snap and drops it on the ground, making Charlie and I whimper. Oh, my goodness, our stepfather already had us, but now we're in his thrall.

"Lie back and spread your legs. I want to see how wet your pussies are."

Charlie and I blink at each other, our expressions groggy with need. Inch by inch, we lower ourselves onto the bed and easing our knees apart slightly.

"More."

My stomach hollows with that single command, my nipples beading painfully in the bathing suit top. I pull my feet up, propping them onto the edge of the bed and spreading my legs, closing my eyes as his palms skim down the insides of my thighs, his thumb tracing the seam of my sex, up and down until it parts naturally.

"Very nice, Bella," he rasps, sucking my wetness off his thumb. "I'm going to enjoy licking the rest of that up."

I make an anticipatory sound at the same time as my sister, our hips starting to writhe, fingers twisting in the comforter, now that we know what's coming. Joe is going to use his mouth on us. There.

“Charlie, let me see.”

My sister is still wearing her panties, but she lifts her lower body now, Joe aiding her in sliding them down her thighs and I’m surprised to find my sex squeeze just watching the intimacy between them. His older, scarred hands on her lithe legs, rough fingers taking her frilly underwear past her ankles and shedding them on the floor. Eyes on our stepfather, Charlie parts her thighs, sucking in a shaky breath when Joe spans the juncture of her thighs lightly a couple times, knuckling his way into her wet slit and rubbing there, continuing while she arches her back, breathing faster and faster.

“There you go, sweetheart. We didn’t get to play as much outside, like your sister and I, so you needed a little more teasing, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” she whispers.

“Now you’re sweet and creamy, just like her.” He gets down on his knees in front of Charlie and kisses the insides of her thighs, one by one. Lingering, his gaze locked on her wet flesh. “Go lay on top of Bella.”

“What?”

“Lay on top of her. Face up. I want to eat them at the same time.”

I’m so overcome by what’s happening, it takes me a few beats to understand the position he wants us in, but when I do, I can barely believe we’re about to participate in something so erotic. So illicit. Charlie looks at me with a question in her eyes and I

nod, sliding an arm beneath her waist and helping ease her onto me, her butt pressing down on my sensitive pelvic region and making me bite my lip at the full, terrible/wonderful pressure she applies, her back coming down to align with my front, her head finding its place on my shoulder. We breathe like that while Joe watches us, his attention starting on our faces and carrying downward to our stacked hips. Our bare privates so close together.

“Open Charlie’s legs wider for me, Bella,” says Joe. “Open yours, as well. So similar in looks, in shape, you girls. Let’s see if the similarities go lower.”

His voice, the situation, the pace...it’s all sending hot shivers through my body. My hands are trembling as they grip Charlie’s knees and guide them open, pushing mine wide at the same time, all three of us struggling to breathe in the quiet bedroom.

Joe is knelt directly in front of us and we’re hiding nothing. I don’t want to hide a single thing from this man. He’s earned the right to see every part of us. “Yup. Golden and slick, the both of you. Would you look at that? Goddamn. Charlie, you’re dripping onto your sister,” Joe chides, leaning in so we can feel a gust of his warm breath on our wet pussies. “Does that mean you want some tongue?”

“Yes, please,” she heaves. “I mean, I think so. I’ve never—”

She jerks on top of me when Joe’s face disappears between her legs, a ravenous rumble muffled by what I can only assume is my sister’s flesh. Yes, it has to be, because she’s whining his name, her knees flexing in my grip.

“Oh,” she hiccups. “Ohhhh!”

“What’s he doing?” I breathe in her ear.

“He’s...he’s...!” Her breath catches and droplets hit my face. Tears are leaking down

her temples. Her buttocks continue to grind and wiggle down on my pelvis and its starting to feel good. Uncomfortably good. So good I must concentrate on not letting myself enjoy it too much. “Right there, Joe. Don’t stop. No!”

My entire body erupts with heat when Joe’s mouth moves to my flesh, slapping his tongue down on the top of my slit, slithering it downward into my parted wetness and lapping me up with a snarl. Up, down, up and down until Charlie cries out because I’m squeezing her knees in a death grip. He flattens his tongue, pressing tight to my opening—and I start to cry, too, big, gloppy tears rolling down the sides of my face. It’s like someone has found the release valve for tension I didn’t know I’d been holding and the other side is in sight now. Joe is in control and Joe knows everything.

Oh, mylorddoes he know everything.

“Charlie is a little spicy, like cinnamon. And this angel is all sugar, ain’t she?” Joe leans back, licking his lips while looking us over, our awakened flesh flushed and waiting for more, our thighs trembling excitedly. “Put them together and it’s the kind of perfect taste most men only get to dream about.” He spits on Charlie, then me. “Your Daddy isn’t most men, though, is he?”

“No,” I whimper.

Charlie shakes her head adamantly. “No.”

He goes back to work on Charlie and she gulps in violent breaths, her butt lifting to meet his tongue’s strokes sometimes and other times, she’s confusing me with that sustained pressure on my lower body. I turn my face to the side and close my eyes, biting my lip until I draw blood, not sure what else to do. My head is delirious and I’m clenching uncontrollably, so sensitive that I scream when Joe’s tongue rakes down my clit, up, down, then worries it between two lips, not pinching or tugging, just rubbing, and it’s heaven, it’s heaven and hell because I need the storm to break so

bad. So bad.

“Joe. Joe. No please, no please, no please. Be inside of me. Inside of me, please.”

“Me too,” Charlie sobs, both of us reaching for him.

“No, girls. I’m already crossing too many lines,” he says, his voice muffled by Charlie’s flesh. “Already so close to being an addict for these hot little cunts. We fuck once and I’ll be mounting you every chance I get.”

“That’s what we want,” I inform him breathily, lifting my hips eagerly when he lowers his mouth, finding my clit again. “Don’t you get it?”

“You might think that now...”

“No,” Charlie says, moaning when Joe’s thumb finds her sensitive gathering of nerves and starts to strum while he licks mine, staying like that while a crescendo builds inside of me. “W-we’re a-always going to want you. Joe, Joe! I’m...ohhh.”

My sister shakes on top of me with the force of her orgasm, Joe lifting his face briefly from his ministrations to catch Charlie’s moisture on his tongue, moaning low in his throat, before he brings that wetness to my sex again and softly agitates my clit, faster, faster, my pleasure blinding me, prickles washing over my scalp and spiking my blood pressure with raw ecstasy.

“Joe,” I chant over and over again. “Joe, Joe, Joe.”

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“Keep these legs wide fucking open,” he growls, rising to his full height.

I watch over my sister’s shoulder as Joe strokes a fist down his shaft, then back up, once, twice, his movements jerky. His eyes blaze a path from my sister’s pussy to mine—and our sixth sister sense kicks in, because we each push a finger inside ourselves and Joe stumbles forward, groaning like an animal, his semen spurting all over our naked bodies.

“Son of a bitch.Son of a bitch,” he pants, fapping himself in a blur of fist on flesh.

“Good Daddy.”

“Cover us in it, Daddy.”

Pain screws up his features, a huge pump of white fluid slopping down his wrist, his stomach hollowing with a vibrating shudder. “Fuck. Fuck.Fuck!”

All at once, our legs collapse, or I stop holding Charlie’s or the world tilts. I don’t know. Only that I’m sideways on the bed a second later and Charlie is no longer on top of me. We’re covered in Joe’s essence and he’s sitting on the corner of the bed, back muscles bunched, breathing heavily.

“We can’t let him get away,” Charlie mouths at me, her eyes dazed, hair in disarray.

I nod and we both converge on our stepfather, dragging him back into the pillows and snuggling his extra-large body until the tension begins to lessen, me and Charlie smiling contentedly at each other over the impressive expanse of his chest.

“I’m just going to rest my eyes,” he says firmly.

We nestle closer, planting kisses on his shoulders and face, thanking him, murmuring words of praise for the indescribable bliss he just gave us, our fingers stroking his hair soothingly.

He’s snoring in no time.

8

Joe

Isplash cold water on my face and let it drip off into the sink of the police station bathroom. Can’t bring myself to lift my head and look myself in the eyes, which are probably bloodshot, since I haven’t slept in three days. Every time I close my eyes, I see Bella and Charlie, opening their thighs for me. Moaning. Calling me Daddy.

I’ve been avoiding the house again. What are my other options? If I go home, they’re going to coax me back into a bad situation. It’s only a matter of time before I lose all restraint and fuck them. God almighty, I want to fuck them. My body feels alive for the first time in...I’m ashamed to admit how long. Admitting to myself that I wasn’t even close to being this physically inspired during my brief marriage to their mother makes me a bastard, but it’s the truth.

I’ve never wanted anyone or anything the way I want Bella and Charlie.

Lust is a ferocious monster pacing inside of me at all hours, roaring at me to go claim what’s mine. Fuck them. Breed them. Keep them to myself.

But they’re nineteen. Finally about to leave for college after a break year to mourn. They have barely begun their lives and I’m not about to stand in the way of that, am



I? No. I've already tarnished the memory of their mother enough by putting my hands on her daughters. I'm not going to unleash this instinct that's growling in the deepest region of my chest and make them mine permanently. That would be beyond the pale.

So how do I survive the next week until they leave for school?

How do I make it out alive?

The door of the bathroom opens and one of my senior deputies steps inside. While I dry my face off with a stiff paper towel, he makes no move to use the urinal or enter one of the stalls. He simply leans back against the wall, crosses his arms and looks at me.

"Help you?" I ask, sounding more than a little irritated.

"We're worried about you, sheriff."

"Don't be. I'm fine."

"You're not fine. When is the last time you slept?"

"Caught a nap in my patrol car this afternoon."

"That doesn't count."

I sigh. "Look, I've just got a couple of things going on in my personal life, but the issue is...temporary. I'll be back to normal soon."

The way my throat tightens at the thought of being without them scares me. So does the hollow feeling in my stomach. The girls might drive me insane, but when they leave completely, I don't know what I'm going to do. They breathe life into

everything.

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“I know what’s going on with you,” the deputy says in a conspiratorial tone, followed by a sly wink.

Panic hits. “You do?”

“Yup.”

“Enlighten me.”

“It’s woman trouble. That’s the only thing that can throw a man off his game like this. Is she somebody from Portsmouth? Anyone I would know?”

All I can do is stare. I should probably shut this conversation down before it turns into a rumor, because the station loves to gossip, but I’d rather they think I’m dating a woman than hooking up with my stepdaughters. “Uh...no. You don’t know her.”

“Interesting.” He rubs his grizzled chin. “Well, I’ve had three wives. If you need some advice I’m your man.”

I doubt he’s qualified to give me advice on my problem. Who is? But it can’t hurt to hear what the man has to say. After all, I’m not making the best decisions on my own.

“How do I let them...her down easy? How do I let her know we can’t continue?”

“Ahh. I see. You want to break it off.”

Don’t want to. Have to. “Something like that.”

The deputy shrugs. “Just tell her you’re interested in someone else, sheriff. That ought to help her take the hint.”

My mouth turns down in disgust. “That’s terrible advice.”

“What’s the alternative? Be honest with her?”

I stare at his reflection in the mirror. “Yes.”

He shrugs. “Suit yourself. I’m heading into town to pick up my dinner.” On his way out of the bathroom, he stops short. “Oh, I forgot to tell you. One of the girls is here to see you.”

All of the oxygen in my lungs evaporates. “What?” I ask, winded, my balls already started to tingle and grow stiff. “Who is here?”

“One of your stepdaughters. Charlie, I think.” He chuckles. “Nice to have one of them here without having to bring them in wearing handcuffs.”

Charlie is here. My Charlie.

Why?

“Is something wrong?” My pulse starts to hammer at the thought of her being hurt or in trouble, my legs growing so lethargic, I have to grip the edge of the sink. “Is she okay?”

“Oh, sure. She seems right as rain, just chatting to some of the officers. You should see them blushing and stumbling over their words. She’s a beautiful girl, sheriff. Same with her sister.” With a low whistle, he opens the door to leave, pausing with one foot back on the station floor. “You’ve certainly got your hands full!”

I can only stand to wait a beat before I'm storming out of the bathroom. I'm seeing red at the thought of Charlie talking to other men, which is dangerous. So dangerous. She's about to be in college, surround by horny young bucks in the primes of their lives. Her and Bella are going to be at frat parties. Boys are going to ask them out constantly. It's ridiculous to feel like I'm going to explode over Charlie chatting with my officers, but I can't help it. I want to knock heads together.

Especially when I see her.

She's leaning against the wall of the reception area in a chocolate brown tube dress that barely hits the tops of her thighs. Those long, tan legs lead to a pair of white sandals. She looks sun-kissed and sandy, like she just came from a day at the lake. Except she's not wearing a bathing suit beneath that dress. It's easy to see she's not wearing a bra or panties, either. Two of my officers are trying to carry on a conversation with her, but their eyes are damn near bugging out of their heads, for chrissakes.

"Charlie," I bark, bringing her wide-eyed attention zipping over to me. "In my office. Now, please."

With a toss of her hair, she walks past me like she's strutting down a runway, leaving the scent of sunshine and tanning oil in her wake. "Anything you say, Joe."

The two officers are watching her ass retreat like it might be their last vision on this earth, one of them making no attempt to hide the tented crotch of his uniform pants.

"Get back to work," I say, my voice deadly quiet. "And don't even think about it."

They knock into each other on their way to jog in separate directions. That's when I take a deep, centering breath and follow Charlie down the corridor where my office is the last stop on the left, thanks to me liking peace and quiet from the buzzing station.

I know I'm in huge trouble the second I walk into my office and close the door.

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Charlie is sitting on the edge of my desk, leaned back with her hands planted behind her. The reclined position naturally arches her back, giving me an ominous eyeful of those beautiful braless tits.

“Hi, Joe.”

“You shouldn’t be here, Charlie.”

“I know,” she murmurs, sounding genuinely contrite. “But I missed you.” There’s a sheen in her eye that doesn’t strike me as contrived at all—and that plagues me with immediate guilt. “I miss you so much.”

I’m melting like butter in a skillet. “I’m sorry, sweetheart. Work has been busy.”

“Joe.” She shakes her head, causing a tear to escape. “You caught us manipulating you in order to spend time together. You get me. You get Bella. Let’s not go back to lying to each other.” She wets her lips. “We know you’re avoiding us.”

She’s right. There’s no need for pretense here. Not anymore. “I can’t be around you, Charlie.” Despite my best efforts, I gravitate toward her anyway, like a moth to a flame, stopping just before her knees can brush my belt buckle. “I need you to take your beautiful self home. You haunt me enough when you’re not here. Having you in front of me looking like that...” I swallow a groan. “It’s too much.”

She shakes back her hair, the action making her titties jiggle side to side. “What do I look like, Joe?”

I'm crumbling. Ready to get down on my knees. Again. "Edible," I manage, my upper lip already starting to get sweaty. Jesus.

"I am edible," she whispers, swinging her legs. "You would know."

"Stop." I drag a hand down my face, mentally shaming myself when I take another step forward, inserting my hips between her parted knees. "When I heard you were here, I thought something bad happened. Or you might have been hurt."

"No. I'm fine." I open my eyes to find her sitting forward, her right hand lifting to cradle the side of my face, and that simple touch scatters my common sense. "I just needed to see you, Daddy."

My balls squeeze in pain. "Charlie."

"Shhh." She twists her hands in the front of my shirt and draws me closer, wedging my lower body between her delectable thighs. "No one will ever know if you give me a little kiss." She blinks her big eyes up at me. "I haven't touched you in so long."

A bead of sweat rolls down my spine. "We shouldn't be touching."

"Says who?"

"Everyonewould say so."

The tip of her tongue meets my upper lip. "It's just you and me here."

A shudder wracks me, my dick cocked like a pistol. "Charlie, this is getting messy. You, me, Bella. We have to get some distance from each other. Perspective."

"We don't want distance," she whispers, sipping at my mouth, slowly beginning to



undulate her hips on the desk, widening her thighs, making it so easy to tuck my cock into that sweet little notch and feel her movements. The friction of her bare cunt humping gently against the distended fly of my uniform pants.

Oh lord. Save me.

But when my mouth presses hers open and the kiss accelerates like a match on a puddle of gasoline, I know it's too late.

9

Charlie

Just like that, everything is right with the world.

Joe's hard body is wedged between my thighs and his tongue is starved for my mouth, telling me he missed me just as much as Bella and I have missed him. He's thick and ready to end this standoff here and now, on the edge of his desk. More and more moisture seeps from my pussy every time he sinks that skilled tongue into my mouth, his hands massaging up and down my thighs, then up the front of my body where he jerks down the top of my tube dress, uncovering my breasts.

"So ripe, sweetheart," he grates, fondling them, his gaze marveling at what he touches. "Goddamn, they're so high and ripe."

"All yours, too."

"No, they can't be mine."

"Joe, stop resisting," I hiccup, heat swarming upward from my toes, all the way to my hair follicles. Enlivening me. Making me feel every inch a woman, like only my

stepfather knows how to do. But I can tell he's starting to second-guess the wisdom of being with me like this in the station. Or maybe at all. I have to convince him to keep going or I'm going to die from disappointment. "One little suck?" I pout, arching my back. "Daddy, please, I need them sucked."

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“Dear God. Stop calling me Daddy.”

I bite my lip and let my gaze trail down to the huge outline behind his zipper. “Are you sure you don’t like it?”

Being called out pisses him off a little and next thing I know, he’s growling his way down to my breasts, lapping at my nipples, before slurping them into his mouth, groaning hoarsely with his eyes squeezed closed and suckling, suckling while my pussy tightens in the same hot rhythm. “You’re making me so wet,” I gasp, delving my fingers into his hair. “I’ll probably come the second you’re inside me, I’ll be so excited just having you there.”

He buries his face between my breasts and moans, the sound muffled as it vibrates through me. “I’d come fast, too, sweetheart. In you, then again in your sister.”

Oooh. Me first?

I almost say that out loud and with definite delight. That’s when I realize there is still a teeny tiny part of me that wants to win the contest, even though me and Bella technically agreed to set it aside. I guess I’m even pettier than I thought.

“I’m so slippery, Joe,” I whisper, sinking my teeth into his bottom lip and pulling. “It would feel so good.”

“No.”

“Just some of it?”

“No, you’re not even on birth control. I don’t have a condom...”

“I don’t care,” I breathe, scrubbing my palm lightly down the bulge between his legs. Cupping his heavy erection and massaging it, aroused in the extreme just watching his jaw slacken, his chest heave. “Fuck me. Get me pregnant. I don’t care.”

Hesitation sparks in his eyes and he grips my wrist, drawing it forcefully away from his bulge, but when he tries to step back, I lock my ankles behind his back.

What is this man’s willpower?

“Charlie, you don’t know what you’re saying.”

“Yes, I do. Me and Bella don’t want to go to college,” I blurt, because I’m not thinking straight. Even though this is private information discussed in secrecy between me and my sister. Oh well. Cat is out of the bag now. “We want to stay with you, Joe. We belong with you.”

He’s shocked by this revelation, yes. But he’s also...relieved.

There’s only a pop of it in his expression, but I catch it. Relief.

He doesn’t want us to go, either.

When determination overrides his relief and I can see he’s getting ready to shut this encounter down, for the good of me and my sister, I know I can’t let him. I need to give him more. I need to give him everything. Show him how devoted I am. Show him how good it could be, if he just gave in and let it happen.

I slide off the desk in a hurry in front of my stepfather and flick open the button of his trousers, quickly untucking his shirt so I can breathe in the scent of his belly, softly

biting him below his navel, distracting him from the fact that I'm unzipping his pants, my mouth open and panting over the nearness of his stiff cock to my mouth. Finally. I've fantasized about servicing Joe this way long before I should have. While he was still married to my mother, even. Fantasized while playing with my vibrators on the other side of their bedroom wall, as much as it guilts me to admit that.

"God help me, I can't...I can't resist this," he growls through his teeth. "I can't."

I hear a clatter of something on his desk and realize he's knocked the picture of my mother face down. Something twisted I didn't know I had inside of me rears its head, though, and I find myself pausing to reach back and turn it right side up, so her smiling face is looking right at us. "She'd want to see you happy, Joe."

His head falls back on his shoulders, a groan rumbling from behind his clenched teeth. "You dirty little brat—"

I cut him off by wrapping my lips around the head of his shaft, my fist closing around the sturdy root and beginning to pump in time, my mouth salivating at the salty, hardworking taste of him and helping me glide my mouth halfway down, his stiffness punching me in the throat and bringing tears to my eyes. Maybe he's right. Maybe I won't be able to take it. But I can feel my mother's eyes on the back of my head and it makes me determined to suck him off better than she did.

I loved her, but I love her man now, too, and he's mine.

Mine and my sister's.

So I breathe deeply through my nose and focus on how heavy and smooth he feels, I listen to his choked grunts of pleasure every time he hits my resistance and I force my throat muscles to give way, to allow the pulsing length of him to sneak past that barrier that is so narrow, he nearly gets stuck, before I exhale him back out, both of us

gasping.

“Oh, motherfucking hell, sweetheart, do that again.” He fists my hair roughly and shoves my face into his lap. “Do it again. I’ve never felt anything like it.Fuck!”

A sly smile curves my lips as I tickle his slit with my tongue, then take him deep again, no longer minding the sensation of choking. Enjoying it, actually. And I do it over and over and over until he’s so swollen in my mouth, I can feel him about to unload.

“Joe?”

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“Yes?”

“Tell me I suck it better than my mom,” I whisper, his tip poised on my bottom lip.

“You suck it better,” he pants. “You suck it a million times better.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” I purr, letting him slide slowly to the back of my throat and swallowing, swallowing, massaging him like a good girl, watching his face turn red, his fingers twisting in my hair, followed by him yanking himself free with a guttural curse and spurting his seed all over my face, jacking himself roughly, his balls bouncing every which way. It’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen or felt in my whole life.

Joe is still leaving hot droplets on my face when there’s an urgent sounding knock on the door. “Sheriff, we’ve got a bad accident down on the interstate.”

My stepdad jolts, but can’t seem to form words, his breath coming in shallow pants.

“He’ll be right there,” I call to whoever is interrupting us, maintaining eye contact with Joe when I use my tongue to swipe some of his spend off my bottom lip and bring it into my mouth, moaning softly at the perfect taste. “Mmmm.” I run my reverent palms up the hairy thickness of his thighs, letting him see appreciation shining in my eyes. “Whenever you want this, Joe, I’ll give it to you. Me and Bella.”

“Dear God,” he breathes, hurriedly fastening himself back into his pants with shaking hands. “How am I supposed to withstand this kind of temptation? Times two.”

“You’re not,” I say, looking up at him through my lashes.

Another jarring pound on the office door.

Swiping the sweat off his face, he backs toward the door. “Clean my come off your gorgeous face and go home, Charlie.”

“Yes, Joe.”

He hesitates with his hand on the knob. “And don’t talk to any of my officers on the way out. Is that clear?”

My heart and hope swells at his display of possessiveness. “Yes, Joe.” I palm my breasts, wanting his final image of me for the day to be seared into his brain. “I’ll see you at home.”

But I don’t see him at home.

What happens instead? I could never have predicted.

10

Joe

Is it in the driver’s side of my car, staring at the flashing lights of an ambulance. The car wreck—a three-car collision—was particularly brutal. Lives were lost. As I stare out at the scene, feeling like I’ve been punched through with holes, all I want to do is go home.

To the girls.



I want their presence, their comfort, their soothing voices in my neck.

I want to lose myself in the softness of them.

This urge to seek refuge in Bella and Charlie is what alerts me to the fact that I'm about to fall through some thin ice. It's no longer a case of lust, as badly as I want to rock my cock into their bodies and listen to them moan. I'm emotionally bonded with them. In a way a man connects with his partner. His other half. But in my case, I have two of them.

And they both have my heart.

Me and Bella don't want to go to college.

We want to stay with you, Joe. We belong with you.

Man, it would be so easy to keep them. Well. Not easy. They would drive me out of my mind, day in and day out. They already have me wrapped around their pinkie fingers. I can't even imagine how much I would dote on my girls once I'm coming in their pussies every night.

Once I'm waking up between them. To their beautiful smiles across the pillows.

I realize my heart is booming in my chest and punch the steering wheel, full force.

Christ. It happened. I let myself fall in love with Bella and Charlie.

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But I can't let them know I've fallen or they'll give up college to stay with me. They'll waste the best years of their life on a man past his prime. By the time they realize there are better men out there that can give them a life of adventure, they'll have lost so much time. So many chances. As much as I want to keep the girls to myself and never let them go, I can't be the reason they deprive themselves of experiences.

My deputy's advice comes back to me, unbidden.

Just tell her you're interested in someone else, sheriff.

That ought to help her take the hint.

My phone is ringing in my lap. It's Bella. Probably calling to ask if I'm coming home.

The advice my deputy gave me might be terrible, but I'm desperate. Staying away from Bella and Charlie is only making them try harder to bring me under their spell. I need to make them realize a relationship with me isn't in the cards. I need to snap this growing bond between us in half, before it can no longer be broken and they insist on giving up college.

Not giving myself time to second-guess my decision, even though it feels deceitful and wrong, I answer the phone.

"Bella."

“Joe! You’re at that terrible accident, aren’t you? It’s on the news.”

“Yeah, I’m here. Getting ready to leave, though.”

“Oh, good.” Her voice drops to a purr. “Are you coming home now?”

Her sweet, eager voice in my ear alone is giving me an ungodly cockstand, even after the tragedy I’ve witnessed tonight. My hands ache to be on their skin or cradling their faces. If I had all the freedom in the world, I would lay them down, side by side on the bed, stripped bare and I would kneel between them, playing with their clits at the same time. Stroking those little things with my thumbs, watch their skin grow pinker and more flushed, their eyes unseeing as they gasp and whine up at the ceiling.

I’m sweating now.

I’m losing it.

The need to fuck them is so severe, I’m shaking.

I’ve got to put an end to this before my obsession becomes unmanageable.

If it hasn’t already.

“No, I’m not coming home,” I force out. “I’ve got a date.”

The silence from Bella is deafening. I hang up before I can take back the lie, throwing my car into drive and burning rubber toward a sports bar I know at the edge of town where I can kill some time. And nurse my injured heart.

Bella

I stare down at the phone in my hand, the world around me bubbling like hot lava.

That did not just happen. No way.

I'm being strangled by an invisible rope, hellish heat engulfing my body.

Jealousy like I've never experienced in my life boomerangs around my skull, leaving righteous anger in its path.

"What's wrong?" Charlie yawns from her sprawl on the couch. "Is Joe coming home?"

"No," I choke out.

Obviously sensing my distress, Charlie sits up, the strap of her frilly nightgown slipping down one shoulder. "What's wrong?"

"He...he said..." A screech shoots upward from my belly, straight from the devil himself and I throw my phone a hundred miles an hour across the room, putting a hole in the drywall. "He has a date."

Charlie goes eerily still, but even from a distance, I can see the pulse going wild at the bottom of her neck. "Um. Excuse me?"

"That's what he said!"

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*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 5:50 am*

My sister stumbles to her feet, twin splotches appearing on her cheeks. “Are you sure you didn’t misunderstand him?”

“I didn’t!”

Charlie’s eyes flood with tears. “Even after I gave him a blow job this afternoon?”

I nearly double over in shock. “You didwhat?”

“Bitch, you tried to seduce him in a bikini while I was getting my nails done!”

“Yes, but I thought we were past this competition stuff. I thought we moved on once Joe figured out our game!”

Charlie winces. “Maybe there was still in a tiny part of me that wanted to win.”

I march closer to my sister, shoving her off balance. “Judas!”

“If it makes you feel better, he wouldn’t have sex with me. And believe me, I tried.”

A sob wrenches from my lips. “Nothing is going to make me feel better right now. Joe is on a date.”

“Not for long,” Charlie responds, ominously. “We’re going to go break it up.”

A sense of purpose begins to swell inside of me, but it’s tempered by common sense. “We don’t even know where the date is happening.”

“Amateur,” snorts Charlie. “You don’t track Joe’s phone?”

“What? No. Do you?”

“Hell yes, I do.” She scrambles for her phone on the coffee table. Mine is inside the wall. After a few seconds, she waves the glowing screen at me. “They’re at Mongo’s.”

“A bar?” Tears are tracking down my face. “What if they get drunk and go home together?”

“We’re not going to let that happen. Go put on your white leather dress and some heels. I’m wearing black, because it’s going to be this bitch’s funeral.” As my sister drags my numb body toward the bedrooms, I thank God she has the ability to operate under stress, because I would be lost without her. “She’s about to find out that Joe is ours.”

“Yeah!” I cry out, finally gathering the wherewithal to rifle through my closet. “But Charlie,” I say, before she can leave my room and enter her own.

She stops in the doorway and looks back. “What?”

“No more going behind each other’s backs. If we’re going to make this work, if we’re going to win over Joe, we have to be a team. Not opponents.”

Charlie’s expression warms. “Deal.”

I'm only on my second beer, but the television above the bar has already begun to blur. The dark establishment is loud and messy around me, stools being knocked over due to drunkenness, skirmishes taking place by the pool tables. A biker and his missus make out in the darkness of the dance floor while a country western band plays at a raucous pace. I'm dead still in the middle of the chaos, making no move to stop any of it. I'm off the clock. And I can't feel a thing besides guilt.

Yearning for my girls.

A sense of dread.

"How about another one, sheriff?" asks the bartender, who is around ten years younger than me. She's been attempting to flirt with me since I arrived, but the idea of flirting back makes my skin crawl. I only see Bella and Charlie. I only want to feel their touch. No one else's. Hell, at this stage, if their mother came back from the grave, I'd still burn for Bella and Charlie. I'd still be lost for them, unable to resist. I'm starting to forget what my late wife's face even looks like, they dominate my mind so completely.

"Yeah, I'll take another," I rasp, sliding my empty bottle across the bar.

She sets a new bottle in front of me, on top of a napkin. Her phone number is clearly written on the edge. She waits for my reaction, but I don't even make eye contact with her. When she doesn't seem to take the hint, I stand up. "Going to the men's room. Don't let anyone take my seat."

"I'll be right here waiting, honey."

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“Shut up,” I mutter, weaving my way through drunk people toward the bathroom.

I’m not even in there for thirty seconds—and halfway through a piss—when I hear it.

Or them, rather.

“We’re looking for our stepdad!” Charlie yells over the music.

“Joe!”

“Joe!”

The band stops playing. Men immediately start catcalling. “Are you the bitch?” That question from Bella.

“We’re going tokillyou!” There’s Charlie.

Glass shatters.

Jesus Christ. I give myself a shake and zip up, just in time for a man to enter the bathroom with a goofy grin on his face. “Holy smokes. Some girls are out there with bats. They’re pissed off and hot as fuck.” He elbows me aside at the urinal. “I need to drain the lizard so I can go shoot my shot. Bet they’re hellcats in bed.”

“Whoever came here on a date with Joe better run,” Charlie shouts. “Last chance.”

More glass shatters, followed by a chorus of oooooohs.



I've been in a state of shock until now, my senses dulled slightly by the beer, but now I mobilize, nearly ripping the door from its hinges in order to reach the girls and mitigate any more destruction. I can't deny the way my heart beats erratically knowing I'm about to have them in my sights. Can't deny the stiffening in my briefs or that low, starved twist in my loins. Fuck it, I'm thinking. Fuck it.

And my surrender only becomes more imminent when I see Bella in a white leather dress that barely covers her ass, her tits boosted by the strapless corset top. Charlie in a black mini skirt and a bra. That's what she's wearing. A fucking bra. They're a male fantasy come to life—and they're waving a bat at a woman, demanding to know if she's on a date with me. Hell if a small smile doesn't play around the corners of my mouth.

That's my girls.

I need to get them out of here before they start a brawl. Or a feeding frenzy.

Men are practically salivating at the sight of them.

"Bella," I bark. "Charlie."

When they both turn to look at me, their dual attention impacts me in the chest. I've been fighting something inevitable, haven't I? I'm not doing that anymore.

They're mine. That's how they're going to stay.

And so, despite the fact that a lot of people in this bar know me, know I'm the sheriff and these are my stepdaughters, I stride toward Bella and Charlie, anyway. I scoop them both up with a forearm beneath their juicy little asses, and I kiss them both in turn, my lips twisting over Bella's, pressing them open to earn a whimper and the sweep of her delicious tongue. Charlie, refusing to be left out, grips and turns my

face, planting a moaning kiss to my mouth, the rightness of holding them both sending a dramatic ripple through my engine.

Goddamn, the way I'm going to plow these two brats tonight.

"Where is your date, Joe? Who is she?" Bella demands to know.

"We're going to kill her," Charlie informs me with a serious nod.

"There's no date. I lied." They give me an identical blink. "I was trying to push you away for your own good. But I can't do it anymore. I need my girls."

"Oh, Joe!" Bella sobs, both of them throwing their arms around my neck.

"I love you, Joe," Charlie whispers into my neck.

"I love you, Joe," echoes her sister, railing kisses all over the side of my face.

Mongo's is at a standstill, everyone watching us with their jaws on the floor, but I don't give a shit. I'm a spoiled man, my cup overflowing with riches. They wish they had what I've found with Bella and Charlie.

It's the stuff of dreams—and I never want to wake up.

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“I love you, too, girls.” Still holding them in my arms, I head for the rear exit of the bar, where my cruiser is parked. “It’s finally time I show you how much.”

Charlie

We’re in Joe’s bedroom and it’s a breathless scene.

We crashed in here moments ago and now, Joe is taking turns making out with us on the bed. His shirt has been clawed off his body, his boots toed onto the floor. He’s on top of Bella, ransacking her mouth, his hips rolling, rolling, riding her pussy through his pants and her thong, their lips frantic. The skirt of the white leather dress is bunched around her waist and her tits are nearly free of the corset, her mouth growing redder and more swollen every time they come for air.

And then, it’s my turn again, Joe rolling off my sister and pinning me, his fingers unsnapping the front of my bra, my breasts bouncing out for his pleasure, his eyes darkening dangerously, his mouth attacking them with a grunt, suckling my nipples loudly while I squeal happily and Bella strokes her fingers through his black hair, murmuring his name, encouraging him.

“Suck her so good, Daddy. You suck her so good.”

“I love your mouth, Daddy.”

He breaks away with a groan, humping his hips between my open thighs, that long, impossibly thick part of him proof how badly he wants us. “My God,” he mutters hoarsely, reaching over to fondle Bella’s breasts while raking his teeth down the

middle of my cleavage. Visibly eager to feel more of the magic only Joe is capable of giving us, Bella scoots closer and offers him both mounds in her hands, which he leans over and laps, sucks, bites. “Never tasted anything sweeter than you girls in my fucking life.”

“Do we taste like yours, Joe?” asks Bella, looking up at our stepfather through her long eyelashes.

“Hell yes, you do,” he pants.

“That’s what we are,” I say, sliding my palm down into the back of his pants, gripping a handful of his butt cheek and yanking him more securely between my legs. “Please, Joe. It’s time to make it official.”

He drops his face into my neck and groans. “How am I going to stay hard long enough to satisfy you both?” He rolls back onto Bella, slanting a French kiss over her mouth, their tongues catching the light and making me clench with eagerness. “Just kissing your pretty young mouths and I’m ready to bust.”

“If you have to bust, do it inside of me,” Bella flirts against his mouth.

“Do it, Joe,” I say, biting his ear. “Bella first. It’s only fair, since you came all over my face today in your office.”

He grits his teeth, as if holding back his body’s reaction to my words. “Jesus, don’t remind me of that now. How beautiful you looked licking my come off your lips.”

“It tasted so good.” I reach between Bella and Joe, unfastening the button of his pants. “Put some inside of my sister now. She needs it.”

“Yes, I need it,” agrees Bella, receiving a hungry round of kisses from above. “I need

it, I need it, I need it.”

“I’m going to have two greedy pussies to contend with, aren’t I?” Joe grits, helping me lower his zipper. One shove of his boxer waistband later and his cock drops out of the opening onto Bella’s tummy, hard and straining. “You girls are going to be my new full-time job.”

“And satisfying you is ours,” Bella breathes, opening her legs. “Be my first and last, Daddy. It’s all for you. It’s always been for you.”

Watching Joe kiss Bella while he drags the tip of his erection over the opening to her body, over and over and over, works me into a feverish state. So hot that I have to reach into my panties and stroke my clit, feeling it swell when he looks over at me, his expression heating at the sight of me masturbating, even as he prepares to enter my sister. He’s looking at me when he eases an inch inside of her, his mouth falling open on a gruff moan.

“Oh my God. She’s so tight, Charlie.” Bella is whimpering beneath him, her thighs restless. “Hold her hand. Help her take me.”

I can’t stop touching myself and I don’t want to. Not when he’s finally putting himself inside one of us. Instead, I roll my cheek into Bella’s palm, cooing to her. “It’s okay, Bella. Relax. It’s going to be so good once you get used to him.”

“Listen to your sister,” Joe rasps against Bella’s mouth. “You’re going to live and breathe for this cock in just a few minutes. Let me break you in, baby, so I can get to banging this bratty little body.”

Bella nods bravely. “Yes, Joe.”

He suctions his mouth over the top of Bella’s, his hips slowly plowing forward,

Bella's thighs shaking more dramatically the further he drives himself inside of her—and the mingled sound of his hoarse moan and Bella's anxious whimper is so hypnotic, the moment his girth is fully planted inside of her, I orgasm out of pure joy, lust, relief, homecoming.

“Son of a bitch, that's fucking unreal.” He flexes his hips and a shudder wracks him. “Oh my God! How are you taking my whole cock in this tiny thing?”

“I don't know.” Bella's head rolls side to side on the mattress. “I don't know. I feel it everywhere. It makes me feel f-funny.”

“Funny how, baby?”

“The way I felt when you licked me, but b-b-better.”

“Good girl. That's good. Don't move yet or I'm going to hurt you.” Slowly, he starts to rock his hips between my sister's thighs. “Don't move your little hips or I'm going to forget to be sweet.”

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Obviously ignoring his instructions, Bella stretches her arms up over her head and wraps her fingers around the metal slats in the headboard, shifting her lower body enticingly. “Maybe I don’t want you to be sweet, Daddy.” Her voice falls to a whisper. “Maybe I want to be fucked like a whore.”

My gasp draws my sister’s attention, and we share a feline smile, pride burgeoning in my chest over her new boldness. Because that’s exactly what it’s going to take to keep Joe. To withstand all the gossip and judgment sure to come our way, now that he has kissed us in front of a bunch of loose-lipped locals. It has taken boldness to make us his obsession and it’s going to take even more to convince him to keep us forever.

“You...” He starts to ram his hips with more and more force between Bella’s legs, the veins beginning to stand out in his neck. “You watch that smart mouth, young lady.”

My sister is getting sweaty, too, her eyes glazing over. She likes him inside of her. A lot. In fact, when I lean back and peruse the place where their bodies join, I can see how soaked she is, more and more juice slicking down the curve of her buttocks, not to mention the squish sound Joe’s dick makes every time he crams her full.

“What if I don’t want to watch my smart mouth?” Bella is lifting her hips to meet his increasingly forceful drives now, her tits shaking like crazy, due to our much bigger stepfather moving closer and closer to a frenzied state. “Are you going to teach me a lesson?”

“Yeah, a lesson,” he grunts, visibly entranced by her. “Just like this.”

“Then my mouth is going to be smart as can be,” she breathes, dragging the tip of her tongue along the seam of his panting mouth, her body growing more eager, her grip solid on the headboard—and it’s a good thing, because he’s not holding back at all now, the backs of her knees hooked beneath his elbows, his big, sturdy butt humping, humping while the bed rattles underneath us.

I thread my fingers through his hair, lapping at his sweaty ear. “Joe?”

“Yes?”

My tongue is below his ear now, letting out warm breaths, biting gently, listening to him pummel my sister’s sex with his older, experienced cock and I find myself needing to satisfy my shameful curiosity. “Did you ever think about us while you were lying in this bed with our mother?”

“No!” he roars, but wouldn’t you know it? He fucks my sister harder after that question, clamping a hand around her delicate throat, his eyes rolling into the back of his head as her pussy grows redder and redder from being invaded. “N-no. No.” His head falls forward. “Yes.”

Right or wrong, triumph streaks through me. Lights me up.

“Shhh, it’s okay.” I bite my lip to hide my smile, sending my sister a sly look, which she tries to return, but she’s too busy trying not to scream with pleasure. “And we definitely weren’t fingering ourselves to sleep thinking about our new Daddy, either. Big.” I lick his neck. “Bad.” Reach behind him to gently squeeze his rebounding balls. “Joe.”

“Oh God. God help me, I’m going to lose this load.” He slaps his cock deep, closes his eyes and breathes in and out through his nose while grinding. “Am I putting it in Bella?”



“Yes,” I say, rolling his heavy balls around in the palm of my hand. “Give it to her. You can give me what’s mine later.”

Bella lowers her right hand from the headboard, slipping her fingertips down her belly, gasping as she starts to play with her clit, tears starting to leak down her temples. “I can’t believe Joe is finally going to come inside me.” Lust appears to be slurring her words, her eyes unfocused, heated. “I’ve wanted it so bad.”

“Me too, baby. For too goddamn long,” he groans, beginning to thrust once again, his tongue licking into her mouth repeatedly until she’s raising her hips in a delirious fit, screaming for his seed, her heels digging into the flesh of his butt. “Lord almighty. I’m about to make a mess in you, little girl. This tight thing ain’t even going to hold half of it.”

“I’ll try, Daddy,” Bella whispers, biting her lip like she has a secret—and Joe rears his head back and yells. “I’ll try and hold as much as I can.”

“Keep flexing it, Bella. Oh yeah. OhGod, yeah.” Joe is out of control now, pinning Bella to the bed with his chest, his hips rearing back and slamming home, moisture spraying everywhere, even onto me, as I’ve slipped down the bed to watch Joe’s eruption. “Keep squeezing that hot-ass cunt around me. I’ll give you anything you want. Anything.”

“I’ve got everything I want. Wedo. We’ve got you, Daddy,” she pants into a kiss, but that’s the last coherent thing she says, her mouth forming an O, her back arching dramatically off the bed, Joe’s big hands scooping beneath her bottom to hold her fast to his pumping cock as she writhes and wiggles and screams through her climax.

“If you’re old enough to take this cock, you’re old enough to take every drop of this come, too, you hear me? Spread those nineteen-year-old legs and take what you begged me for.” Joe’s back and thigh muscles ripple and flex, his face screwing up

with pain as he orgasms, his alternating curses and words of praise loud enough to hear in another dimension, let alone down the street. He flattens my sister onto the bed, violently ramming upward between her thighs while he rakes his open mouth over the top of hers, her fingers tangled in his hair, sobs wrenching from her chest. “Good girl. Good girl. Good girl.”

I’m struggling to breathe watching them reach the crescendo, my nipples in aching spikes, my fingers back to playing between my legs, rubbing my clit, which is still so sensitive from my first orgasm. When Joe collapses on top of Bella and starts to kiss her eyelids, her sweaty forehead and mouth, I assume they’ll be in repose for a while. I’m crawling over to cuddle and celebrate with them when Joe sits back on his knees, his back starting to heave faster, faster.

When I travel on my hands and knees around to the front of him, he gives me an incredulous look and we stare down at his still erect cock, which drips with his essence, along with my sister’s.

Bella sits up, too, woozy and flushed, but clearly dumbfounded.

“It’s still so hard,” she praises, kneeling down as if praying to the altar of our stepfather, running a marveling hand up Joe’s bare chest. “Didn’t you put all the come inside of me?”

“I’ve never come that hard or that long in my life,” he says, breathing hard. All three of us glance at the photo of my mother on the other side of the room, as if to apologize, but none of us are sorry. Not anymore. We’re too wrapped up in the here and now. Each other. “But God, I already need to go again.” He strokes himself, moaning, his hot gaze zeroing in on my naked breasts. “Christ, maybe I need both of my girls to be satisfied.”

“Charlie,” Bella urges, beaming at me. “It’s your turn.”

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Bella

Joe is a god. That's all I can assume.

## Page 25

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 5:50 am*

He's fierce. A protector. Gorgeous. Honorable.

His stamina is apparently otherworldly.

He's our Daddy. Forever and ever, amen.

My body is languid and sated after his raw, ferocious treatment of me and the subsequent orgasm that has changed me for life, but he's a duty-bound man. He takes his responsibilities seriously and his body must recognize that Charlie and I require equal attention, that we hunger for his awareness evenly, because he is carrying my sister across the room and putting her in front of a full-length mirror on her hands and knees. Her eyes close in bliss as he massages her backside in roughly reverent hands, his arousal still standing straight up like a monument to sex.

"You want something a little different than your sister, don't you, sweetheart?"

"I want whatever you give me."

"Good answer." He gathers her hair around his fist and pulls her head back, speaking against the crown of her head. "I know what that fuckable body needs, don't I?"

"Yes," she sobs, trembling.

I've never seen Charlie so enthralled in my life. Her wide, excited, obedient eyes are pinned on our stepfather's reflection, her fists twisting in the carpet, her sides heaving.

“I’ve seen those vibrators in your drawer.” He lands a sharp smack against her right ass cheek. “If you haven’t taken care of that cherry all on your own, I’d be shocked. And that’s okay, sweetheart. That’s better than okay. You’re just a little bit hornier, aren’t you?”

“Yes. Yes.”

“I’m going to take such good care of my girl’s extra-needy pussy. Aren’t I? And the fact that you’ve been playing by yourself means I can be a little rough now, doesn’t it?”

Charlie is nodding vigorously, her hair starting to stick to her forehead and neck, because she’s sweating so hard, purely from his words. This man. Is. A. God. All I can do is languish on the bed and admire him while his come dries on my inner thighs and he prepares to fuck my adopted sister.

“Show me how a horny girl behaves, Charlie.” He spits on her backside and spansks it, making me swallow a moan. “A girl who needs three different shapes of toys in her panty drawer. Show me how she tempts a man to fill up her pretty wet cunt.”

My sister bites her lip in hesitation, looking over her shoulder at me, but Joe only massages her scalp soothingly, his voice dropping another octave. “She’s going to see us fucking every chance we get, Charlie. Get used to not hiding. From either of us.”

Briefly, Charlie closes her eyes, and when she opens them again, they’re smoked out, glassy. Her knees open wider on the ground and she starts to circle her butt in our stepdad’s lap, her skirt hiked up, but still covering the top half of her butt cheeks. “What were you doing in my panty drawer, Joe?”

“Putting laundry away,” he rasps, swiping sweat off his upper lip.

She lets out a low, husky laugh. “Liar.”

He yanks on his fistful of her hair and swats her buttocks with the opposite hand, causing her to cry out with weak-kneed pleasure. So he does it again. And again. Leaving huge red handprints on her upturned bottom. They move in a flow, the way I did with Joe, as if the three of us were built with each other in mind. He presses her cheek to the ground, levering her backside toward the ceiling and she gasps, her fingers coming up between her legs, plunging into her soaked pussy, drawing them in and out for me and Joe to see.

“There she is,” he says, squeezing her ass cheek in his grip and pulling it to the side, so he can watch the way she’s slipping wet fingers in, out, in, out, in, in, in. “So good at masturbating yourself, Charlie. I’ve gotten good at it, too. Can’t even imagine how many times you were playing with your toys on the other side of this wall while I fucked my fist.” He snags her wrist and pins it to the small of her back, shhing her while she whines. “Next time you want to play, come sit in my lap with no panties on and I’ll give you a treat. I won’t let you up until we need a towel to clean up what you did.”

“Daddy,” she implores him, pressing her bottom against his lap. “Fill me up. Fill me up, please!”

“Almost.” He bends over Charlie and trails his tongue downward from the top of her spine to the hem of her skirt where it rests against the valley of her behind. To my delighted surprise, he uses his teeth to lift her skirt higher, to her waist. Then he nestles his mouth between her buns, appearing to lick her there. “Tell me the truth, sweetheart. Have you ever put one of those toys in your asshole?”

Cheek still pressed to the floor, she bites her lip and nods. “Y-yes, sir.”

“How far in?” he asks, his breath coming fast and thick.

“Most of the way,” she whispers, face reddening.

Joe curves himself over Charlie, his ribs puffing in and out like a bull preparing to mate. He reaches down and circles his erection with his fingers and pushes it into Charlie, rutting into her with a long, guttural grunt, her gasp mimicking mine. “Ah Jesus. You might have been playing with yourself a while, but you’re as fucking tight as your sister.” He pulls out and drives in again, his jaw losing tension, even as it builds in his back and thighs. “Going to pump here for a while, Charlie, then I’m going to finish in that candy apple ass.”

“C-candy apple?”

“On account of me wanting to bite into it.” He sets into a rhythm, his balls high and tight, but still swinging back to front. “And that stick goes right up the bottom doesn’t it? Just like mine is going to do. Bet you’re a lot juicier than an apple, though, ain’t you?”

Wow. Charlie is rifling her hips back to match his thrusts, making her bottom smack off Joe’s belly, whimpers kindling in her throat, her eyes focused on his in the mirror. She’s incredible. “Only for you, Daddy.”

“That’s right. Nobody else touches what’s mine now. My gorgeous girls, my gorgeous pussies. All fucking mine.” He’s riding her for broke now, reminding me of a Wild West cowboy, chest damp with perspiration, his hair in a sweaty sideways mess that I find as endearing and sexy as the rest of him. His head is thrown back, eyes closed in bliss as he gallops, his enormous length appearing and disappearing inside of Charlie with sharp sucking sounds, her mouth open, her cries growing more and more high-pitched. “Squeezing that dick, little girl, ain’t you? You close?”

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“Uh-huh,” she hiccups. “Uh-huh.”

Growling with satisfaction, Joe reaches between my sister’s legs and starts a gentle massage of her clit, moving her flesh around on the pads of his fingers, and I can see it all happening in the mirror, like the best pornography money could buy, Charlie’s pussy dripping on the rug, her breasts shaking from the force of his pumps, eyes glazed, but definitely focused on reaching her climax.

“You’re going to put it back there?” she asks him, pouting out that lower lip.

“That’s what I said, Charlie.”

A small head tilt. “Did my mom let you do...thatto her, Joe?”

He makes a sound, part guilt, part lust, nostrils flaring. “No.”

Charlie gives me a conspiratorial smile in the mirror, but hers starts to waver almost immediately, because Joe is strumming that spot between her thighs and it’s taking the best toll, her teeth sinking into her bottom lip, trapping a scream, followed by Joe fucking deep as possible and grinding his cock while she groans and shivers uncontrollably, her orgasm letting out onto the floor while his fingers continue to tease and play and learn her.

I roll onto my back at this point and start to stroke the come-soaked valley of my own pussy, letting my head dangle backward over the edge of the bed, so I can watch Joe pull out of Charlie’s sex and put the smooth tip of his shaft between her cheeks. Into that forbidden entrance. Giving easy, shallow thrusts of his hips, but even that seems



to be providing him unimaginable pleasure.

“Oh God, oh God, oh God,” he chants, sweat dripping off his face.

“Does that feel good?” Charlie watches him in the mirror, her face alive with excitement. “Go deeper, Daddy. Do to me what you weren’t allowed to do to her.”

“Stop,” he grunts, sinking in a little deeper. “Ohhhhhh.It’s so fucking good.”

“Who wouldn’t give a man like you anything he wanted?” she purrs, angling her hips higher, cheek to the rug. “You going to let him have you like this, too, Bella?”

“Yes,” I whimper, sinking two fingers into my entrance. “I’ll start playing with your toys to get ready. I want to please Joe in every single way.”

“I’m going to blow again,” Joe heaves, hips beginning to lose rhythm. “One more inch, Charlie. Please, I’ll give you anything you want.”

She shakes her bottom in his lap, smiling at him over her shoulder. “Take two inches, Daddy.”

He comes apart at the seams, bucking once, holding fast while tremors move through his powerful body, spend puddling on the floor beneath their joined bodies, more and more and more, still, when Joe pulls out of Charlie’s rear entrance and uses his fist to jack the rest onto her smooth back, leaving a trail of white milky semen on her spine. I find my second peak, nowhere near as delicious as the one Joe gave me, but enough to calm my need, and I crawl over to them where they sit in a heap in front of the mirror, laying on my side and settling my head on Joe’s thigh. Charlie rests her head on the other and he strokes both of our hair until we fall asleep.

Joe

I drag myself into the kitchen and set about brewing a pot of coffee. Catching sight of myself on the glass of the microwave, I wince. For a man who has spent the last forty-eight hours fucking two energetic nineteen-year-olds, I look like hell. There are bags under my eyes from lack of sleep. Hickeys all over my neck. Nail marks down my chest and back. My back and hips and jaw are sore. My hair has been pulled and fisted, leaving it in ninety directions. Yeah, I look like shit.

But damn right there's a smile on my face.

Over the course of the last two days, I've had to make use of the times Bella and Charlie were asleep. I had work to do. After all, I'm driving them to college in a few days and there's a lot of shit to resolve.

I make myself a cup of coffee and carry it to the kitchen island, leaning forward on my elbows to take a sip, visions from last night going off like fireworks in my head. Both of them on their knees, taking turns sucking my dick. Oh yeah. That's a memory that's going to stay with me a long time. Although, they seem intent on making a newer, hotter memory every three hours or so.

It's a tough job, but somebody has to do it.

Across the room, there's a picture of my late wife standing in front of a waterfall. It was taken on our honeymoon. She was a good woman. I'm never going to forget her and I won't let the girls forget her, either. But as soon as possible, I'm going to set about taking more pictures of Bella and Charlie. I want hundreds of them. I want them smiling, pouting, causing trouble, being angels. They're extraordinary and I want every single snapshot of their personalities recorded.

I'm sure their mother would be horrified to know some of the things I've done to her

daughters over the last two days...and all the things I intend to do to them in the future. But that's a burden I've decided to set down. Bella and Charlie don't just make me happy...they make me feel young. Like I could conquer anything. Scale the highest mountain. Before them, even in my marriage, I was just going through the motions. Doing what a man in his forties ought to do. Work, provide, smile, sleep, repeat.

Now my two obsessions have breathed life back into my body.

I'm not going to live in shame for accepting their gift of a second lease on life.

And I plan on rewarding them every single day for making me their man.

I hear whispering in my bedroom—Bella and Charlie are awake, and my dick hardens to stone in my briefs, ready to perform. If I'm keeping proper track, it's Bella's turn to go first again. I'm going to throw her up on this here kitchen island and eat her pussy for breakfast, that's what I'm going to do. I'm already salivating at the thought of her glistening pink flesh, her cries of pleasure. How Charlie will watch me lick Bella off, getting turned on the whole time, meaning she'll be soaked by the time it's her turn—

I frown when I hear the girls start talking louder and I hear distress in their tones.

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Whatever is wrong, I'm going to handle it. They should know that.

A second later, Bella and Charlie enter the kitchen, the former wearing my uniform shirt, unbuttoned, the latter in nothing but white panties. They're so goddamn beautiful in the morning light of the kitchen, my arm is momentarily too weak to lift the coffee mug to my mouth. Lord, I'm the luckiest son of a bitch alive.

"Joe, we...we've been talking," Charlie says, shifting side to side on her bare feet.

"And considering. Doing a lot of serious considering."

"We're not being impulsive."

"Okay..." I draw out, pretty sure I know where this is going.

"As you know," Bella continues. "We want to stay here with you in Portsmouth and before you tell us no, we have a proposal."

Charlie folds her hands at her waist, as if she's preparing to recite a poem. "We're going to do online college courses."

"And we're both going to get jobs, so we can contribute."

"No," I say bluntly, draining half of my coffee and setting down the cup.

"No?" Bella starts to wring her hands. "Just...no?"

“No, you’re not getting jobs,” I qualify.

Their brows furrow in the cutest way when they trade a confused glance. “But it’s not fair that you should have to support us, Joe. We’re expensive.”

“You’re worth every red cent and more,” I growl, my chest feeling heavy. Close to bursting. “Girls, you’re going to college. That’s the end of it.”

Bella’s blue eyes fill with tears.

Charlie’s bottom lip starts to wobble.

“I’m going with you, that’s why,” I say, my pulse picking up with anticipation. Optimism and excitement for what the future holds. “I put in for a transfer to a different department yesterday. One near campus. It’s going to take a little time to sell the house and find a new place up there, but everything is in motion.” I shake my head at their stunned expressions. “I told you, Bella and Charlie. I love you. Did you think I was just going to let my girls go?”

Charlie sucks in a deep, gulping breath. “Oh, Joe,” she says on a sob, running across the kitchen to throw herself into my arms. “Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.”

Bella is close behind, wrapping her arms around my torso from behind, her tears of happiness wetting my back. “We were going to be so miserable without you.”

I don’t have a chance to respond, because Charlie is pressing her tits to my bare chest, coaxing me into a long, groaning kiss, while her sister’s hands trail down to my cock, beginning to stroke me through my cotton briefs, as if I could get any stiffer.

“Tell us again you’re not leaving us, Daddy,” Bella whispers against my shoulder, her hand delving inside my underwear now to beat me off skin to skin. “Tell us again

how much you love us.”

“I love you more than I can comprehend,” I say thickly, the blood draining from my head and flowing south, their magical touch taking me away to a place very few men are lucky enough to travel. Heaven on earth, that’s where I am. Because it’s where they are.

And I’m never leaving.

## EPILOGUE

Joe

One Year Later

I drain my protein shake, doing a disbelieving double take as I see myself in the mirror on the way out of the bedroom. My God, I’m barely recognizable. I’m in the best shape of my life—and it’s no wonder why. I had no choice but to condition my body to keep up with the insatiable demands of Bella and Charlie, meaning daily trips to the gym and consuming three times the amount of protein I used to eat.

Apparently, I’ve been too busy working, exercising and tending to the girls to notice how different I look. My gray sweatpants hang off the V of my hips, my stomach ripped and toned. My tatted arms are jacked out of pure necessity. Both girls love to be picked up and manhandled, fucked in a standing position. Or up against walls. And I’ll happily spend hours training my body to be able to fulfil those requests.

I leave the bedroom and deposit the empty protein shake glass into the sink, checking my watch, need tightening my loins when I see the girls should be home in ten minutes from their morning classes. A year ago, I transferred into the sheriff position of our new town and I like the people I work with, but I keep to myself. Men have a

disgusting reaction when I tell them I'm in a relationship with two college-aged girls. They ask me for my secret. How I managed to get so lucky. They ask for scintillating details I refuse to give.

And women? They react with pure loathing.

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 5:50 am*

I don't say much to anyone. Just do my job and go home, to the new house I bought not too far from the college campus. Which is exactly where I want to be. Where I'm meant to be. Waiting for my girls to come home, so they can tell me about their day. Lay their problems on me, knowing I'll take care of them. So they can take turns getting what they need from my body and I can get my fill of theirs.

Reaching down, I adjust my erection, gritting my teeth over the pressure that builds so quickly now. It's little wonder I need to fuck so often now when they've trained my body to do exactly that without getting tired—

Two car doors slam in the driveway and I hear the telltale signs of a squabble between Bella and Charlie. Uh oh. A moment later, they burst through the front door and throw down their backpacks, carrying the energy of twin hurricanes.

“Joe, Bella thinks she gets you first today. Tell her it's me!”

“I told you. You had him first yesterday, Charlie.”

“No, I didn't!”

I scratch my belly absently and sigh through a smile. Bella and Charlie don't usually feel the need to fight over me, because I devote a lot of energy to making sure they're getting equal attention, but they are still sisters. Occasionally, sisters are going to have a bad day and get into an argument. That's life.

They're going to forget all about it once I have them moaning.



“Charlie,” I say, stepping between her and Bella to cup her cheek. “You’re forgetting about this morning. I’m not surprised since you were still half asleep.” I take hold of her ponytail, tilt her head back firmly and fuck her mouth with my tongue until the tension starts to leak out of her. “You crawled on top and rubbed one out on my cock while your sister was asleep beside us.”

“I was only half asleep,” Bella sniffs. “I know you snuck a turn, Charlie. That’s how I know it’s me first today.”

Charlie is rubbing her palms up and down my bare chest, looking contrite, but her eyes are bright, probably remembering this morning. How she took me deep, leaned forward and went passionate kiss for passionate kiss while she worked her clit on me with tight jerks of her hips, masturbating with the use of my dick. “Fine. I guess that’s fair.”

With a squeal of victory, Bella grabs hold of my arm and turns me around, tempting me into a slow, thorough exploration of her mouth, me stripping off her little tank top when we come up for air from the kiss, while her sister plants love bites on my back, her hands stroking me everywhere. My ass, abdomen, pecs, her fingers moving in my hair.

“Can I just have it hard and quick, Daddy?” Bella whispers against my mouth. “Right here? I just need to feel you so bad. Nothing feels like you. Nothing.” I’m already taking her panties off from beneath her tight-ass skirt and picking her up, planting her bare butt against the front of the counter. “I hate every second we spend away from you.”

“Hate it,” Charlie whines, her fingernails scraping over my nipples, making me grit my teeth on a hot shudder. “And we hate when you go to the gym. All the women stare at you and hit on you. We know it.”

“We’re going with you next time,” Bella says, screaming behind her teeth when I

enter her wet pussy with a single thrust, slamming her ass up against the counter and rattling the wooden doors, my balls, as always, ready to implode from the slick tightness, the way her thighs lock around me like missing pieces, my heart swelling over the act of being joined with someone I love to a desperate degree. “We’re going to remind everyone you’re taken.”

“You can come with me to the gym whenever the hell you want,” I rasp, banging her roughly with scooping slams of my hips, her pussy juicing eagerly around my shaft. “I’m only there to stay fit. To service my girls. No other reason.”

“And you service us so well, Daddy,” Charlie whispers in my ear, her fingers sneaking down the back of my sweatpants, and I hold my breath when she teases the entrance to my ass, her finger damp in a way that tells me she licked it first. That digit rubs and plays, and finally slides inside of me, all the goddamn way, while I ram my cock into Bella, my lusty groans filling the kitchen, along with Bella’s whimpers, the wet squeak of her cunt.

There’s pressure everywhere now. Front and back.

In my throat, my head, my chest.

I’m pouring sweat, delirious with unspent hunger, awash in an embarrassment of riches watching my stepdaughter’s tits bounce in sync with my pounding thrusts, her eyes projecting nothing short of hero worship onto me while I fuck her like an uncaged beast, her ankles knocking into my outer thighs and her sister’s finger buried in my ass.

“Get me pregnant, Joe,” Bella whispers, while Charlie grinds her finger higher, then adds a second, making me choke out a curse, my balls twisting up into my undercarriage. Lord have mercy. “We decided I’m going to have a baby first.”

“What?” I say raggedly, my hips unable to stop rutting, rutting, rutting, she’s so

fucking tight and perfect and drenched. Belonging to me.

“She stopped taking the pills you put us on. She stopped last week,” Charlie murmurs in my ear, licking the lobe. “It’s time, Joe. We want this so bad. We want to make our Daddy a father.”

Looking into Bella’s eyes and feeling Charlie’s warm, loving breath on my back, I realize...yeah. I want to start a family with my girls, more than anything. I’ve been keeping the desire at bay, but now that the moment is here, imagining them with swollen bellies, everyone knowing I’m the father, pitches me over the edge into oblivion and I look Bella in the eye while I blast off, her orgasm pulsing around me, her screams of joy joining with Charlie’s reverent whispers of encouragement. And I know three things simultaneously.

That without a doubt we’ll be welcoming a child in nine months.

That Charlie will demand a turn immediately afterward.

Lastly, until the world stops turning, I’ll love Bella and Charlie with my very soul.

They’ll love me back, too.

And wouldn’t you know it? All of my predictions come true.

THE END