



Step-Tease

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Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: I knew I was falling for the man my mom married all those years ago. Strutting around the house in barely there shorts. Bending over in front of him like a total brat. He's rough, wears a cowboy hat like it's X-rated, and has to duck to get through doorways. To him, I'm just his ex's kid.

So when I show up on Cade Burton's front porch with a bruise on my cheek and two big secrets under my shirt, I dial the teasing up to a ten just to see this hot cowboy sweat. Only, what I don't know is he has some feelings of his own and my teasing hasn't gone unnoticed.

But now I'm eighteen and living under his roof. Love doesn't care about rules.

And apparently, neither does Cade Burton.

Author's note: This is one milky, fantastical, totally unrealistic forbidden romp. Step-Tease is an exclusive novella in the Wanting What's Wrong series of best-selling step-relation stories. There's dirty talk, one colossal, hot cowboy, a little girl who's had a crazy year, and just the right setup for a happily ever after that absolutely shouldn't have happened... But it did. It does.

Total Pages (Source): 19

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

One

Jenna

My heart is breaking. My boobs are aching. I'm an eighteen-year-old lactating virgin.

Unpack that.

"It's only for a year." My older sister Renae bounces ten-month-old Morgan on her hip, her chubby fingers tugging at my hair as I bite back another deluge of tears. "I promise, you will always be the best auntie. You saved my life taking care of her. I'll never be able to repay you."

Sweet Morgan. The product of a less-than-ideal relationship my sister had with an old high school flame who quickly beat it out of town to California as soon as the pregnancy test turned up with two pink lines.

"She saved me too," I mutter through shaking lips as Morgan's hand moves to the neckline of my t-shirt, pulling, as that tingling, burning ache in my nipples nearly brings me to my knees.

"I gotta take this assignment, sis. And you cannot stay here." She shakes her head, rolling her eyes at the chaos of the small rental house my mom and her boyfriend call home.

"I'll be fine," I lie as the pain in my chest is overridden by the throbbing on the left side of my face where Mom's boyfriend-slash-supplier left a reminder for her that no

matter their relationship, she still owes him money.

“You are not fine. This place is not fine.” She seethes, raven black hair slicked back into a tight bun, her features crisp and clean. Morgan starts to fuss, her eyes on mine, telling our secrets.

The cubicle of a living room is strewn with beer cans and filth. Coming back here after the calm order of Renae’s on-base apartment has cut me to the quick, but she’s gotten her new, dream assignment in France as an air traffic controller for the Army base there, and what am I going to put on my resume for a job that pays enough to afford my own place?

Babysat my sister’s kiddo since she was an infant, then when sis had to leave for two months of security training, I decided to comfort nurse and holy shit, you know what?

Comfort nursing turned into the real deal.

My body responded like it found its calling. Now my tits are heavy, I have to double up on the nursing pads inside my bras, and I’ve been secretly pumping to relieve the pain and pressure. So if there is a job for someone with milk-making at an Olympic Sport level, I’m your girl.

I stare at the fist-sized hole in the blue-painted drywall next to the open front door. Summer sunshine streams through the dusty, musty air of the house.

It’s a not so gentle reminder of Roger’s preemptive strike before he landed his next punch on my left eye socket when I tried to get in between him and mom.

My stomach rolls, nausea curdling the Oreo Milkshake I had for our goodbye lunch dessert, sharing it with Morgan. A guilty pleasure I enjoyed sharing with her as her stand-in-mom.

“Come on.” Renae’s voice takes on that motherly tone. “I know you’re still packed from coming back here from my place. Grab your shit. I’m taking you to Cal’s.”

The world stops spinning.

Cal.

Six foot seven. Green eyes. Wears a cowboy hat like it’s X-rated. Walked me to school every day for a month when the mean girl crew turned their focus on me.

“I can’t—” My mouth turns drier than my bank account. “When did you talk to him?”

My curiosity is like a candle flickering in the darkness, quickly igniting the heat of a nuclear core meltdown downtown in girltown.

“Yesterday. He asked about you before I could even get to the point.”

“I never answered his letters. He probably hates me.” I scuff the toe of my knock off Birkenstock on the corner of the cracked linoleum square of the foyer as my mom’s voice seeps from down the hall, yelling about someone hiding her foil and lighter.

Renae shakes her head. “Nope. No hate. He’s back settled at the ranch. You’re going there.” I open my mouth to protest, but narrows her eyes, giving me that hard, big sister stare. “I’m not debating this. You are going. You are not staying here. I won’t sleep, I won’t be able to function knowing you are here with—” She releases one hand from where she’s holding the baby to wave it in an arc around the shabby disaster of a room. “Now, get your shit. I’ve got two hours to get to the plane, and I’m dropping you off where I know you’ll be safe. He’s expecting you.”

It’s ironic that she’s right that I’d be safe there, considering he’s just been released after spending six months in prison for domestic assault. I know he’s not dangerous.

Well, at least not in a way I need to worry about.

My mom concocted the abuse story, complete with self-inflicted bruises. But, Cal had a couple old convictions and even with his pricey attorney, the judge gave him six months.

See, Mom wasn't too fond of him trying to bring some order to her chaos. The boy she made a pact with in seventh grade, that if they weren't married by their thirties, they would marry each other.

I don't think he had any intention of keeping that pact, but when they had a serendipitous meeting in Vegas, it took a night of tequila and my mom laying out the sad state of her life for a man with a white knight complex to ride in and save her.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

I knew he was released last week. I knew I should have answered the letters he wrote while he was away. But my behavior while he lived with us was less than polite. In fact, if you take the word brat and multiply it by infinity, you'd be half way there.

“Fine.” I feign irritation. “Let’s go. Can’t be worse than here.”

An hour later with my eyes still burning from the final goodbyes with Renae and Morgan, I trudge up the long dirt path to Cal’s family’s ranch house, my boobs drenching the inside of my bra.

I did a quick pump before we left, but it barely took the edge off. Now I’m one breath away from leaking through the triple pads and announcing to the man that was my step-father that his virgin step-daughter is a lactating princess.

I didn’t even bother to say goodbye to my mom, whose bedroom door was closed and had in so many words blamed me for Roger’s fist meeting my face. My heart felt compressed in my chest, my boobs were leaking, the baby that had been my only bright spot for months was leaving, along with my sister who was my best friend and safe place in this world. I didn’t have the emotional capacity to take on my mom’s shit too.

I take one long look at the outside of the house before lugging my suitcases up the stairs, my backpack full of my pumping gear and a few of my favorite Manga books tugging my shoulders back as I take the three wooden stairs up to the home where he grew up.

He told me stories about it while he lived with us for those few months, but this is

better than I'd pictured.

It's not quite Yellowstone, but it's somewhere between a log home and a farmhouse. It's sturdy and warm, with thick pine pillars that support a weathered wood second story porch that runs the length of the low-slung two-story ranch. There's what looks like two additions added after the main house, with metal roofs and white siding. It's an odd contrast, but it's homey in a quirky way, and the fact that it's not perfect makes me love it even more.

Before I raise my hand to knock, the door swings open and the impossible happens.

He's even better looking than before.

And bigger.

So, freakin' huge.

Six months in prison has created a new hardness around his green eyes. His wide brimmed straw cowboy hat sitting perfectly on top of his dark hair. The off-limits dad vibes he had before have multiplied in the thicker musculature that covers his body, the lines deepening in his forehead as he lets out a low growl.

The invisible fire tickling around my toes shoots up like the Space Shuttle into my belly, exploding around my hips, before settling down between my legs in a panty-soaking finale that nearly takes my feet out from under me.

Cal.

The air leaves my lungs in one big whoosh.

He fills the doorway like it was carved for him alone. He's six foot seven, wide as a

damn barn, wearing a black T-shirt and faded jeans. His massive mitt of a hand tips then removes his cowboy hat as I note his beard is thicker than it used to be, jaw locked tight.

His spring grass-green eyes settle on mine, softening before they drop to my cheek.

And every part of him turns hard. All the parts I can see at least. My imagination does a damn good job of filling in the rest.

"Your mom's boyfriend do that?"

I nod as he grits curse words between his perfectly white teeth.

His mouth flattens to a hard line. "This all your stuff?"

I shrug my backpack, and nod and he steps outside to grab my suitcase, replacing his hat on the tousel of dark waves, lifting it like it weighs nothing. That familiar, grounding strength centers me. I follow him inside, legs shaking.

The house is cool and clean, bright with summer afternoon light. Smells clean with just a hint of that nostalgic scent that only old houses have.

"Granny wants to meet my stepdaughter," he says, jerking his chin toward the back door. "Truck's out back. We're going to the shop."

My heart stumbles. "The shop? Now?"

He glances back, jaw ticking. "She's been running it while I was away. It's getting to be too much. And she asked specifically to meet my step-daughter. I don't say no to Granny."

The air between us crackles. He doesn't say ex-step-daughter. Doesn't act like I'm not still part of his family somehow. I knew Cal would never disappear from my life, no matter what happened between him and Mom and no matter how hard I tried to make him go away.

He motions toward my backpack. "You bringing that?"

My cheeks flame as I nod.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

He doesn't say anything, just closes the front door, guiding me with a brush of his hand on my shoulder toward the back door, then swings it open, the heat of the day adding heat to my cheeks.

I remember his truck well. A lifted older Ford F250. Diesel. Steady, rumbling, strong.

Like him. I struggle with the first step until his hands are on my waist, lifting me like I weigh nothing, helping me up without a second thought.

The blush on my face spreads down my neck and blooms over my chest as his fingers dig into my waist. The reassuring firmness that connects to something deep inside me. My heart, maybe. My pussy for sure. He doesn't let go right away.

"You're smaller than I remember. I'd have expected you grew up a little. A big girl, right? After all, you're an adult now."

I choke on a laugh. "You trying to flirt with me? A big girl...you know how to pile it on, cowboy."

His gaze drops to my chest. Linger. Something dark flashes in his eyes.

"Well, I've never been one to not call it like I see it," he murmurs, voice low and rough. "But not every part of you is smaller."

My tits respond with a burning tingle, the same familiar let down feeling I would get when Morgan would cry.

I run my fingers along the v-neck of my denim cami. “Bet there are parts of you that aren’t getting smaller right now, either. Am I right?”

He snorts, eyes flicking to mine. “Still a brat, I see.”

He slams the passenger door shut and walks around the hood with that insanely sexy swagger only a man of his stature can pull off.

My heart is pounding so hard I can barely breathe.

I clutch the backpack with my pump inside to my lap, legs pressed tight together, as the truck rumbles to life and pulls onto the dirt road, praying the shop is close and I can beg off fast and take a pumping break. My body is on a Morgan the Voracious schedule, and without Morgan, my tits are a disaster waiting to happen.

I press my upper arms against the sides of my breasts on a little wince as Cal dangles his arm across the back of the seat, the tips of his fingers brushing on my shoulder whenever we hit a bump.

I remember his hands well. That first night when mom came home from her Vegas trip with her new husband in tow, it wasn’t his height or the size of his thighs or his chest I noticed first.

It was his hands. Jesus, those hands. The one he has dangling over the top of the steering wheel right now as only guys can do, with the veins shifting under his skin, is about to make me moan out loud.

As we chug down the dirt road to RR1, he doesn’t say much, but his eyes aren’t just on the road.

Every time he looks over, I can feel it in my dang nipples. Because he’s not looking

at my bruise now.

His glance dances between my bouncing boobs and the exposed skin of my thighs.

Like I'm the Country Buffet and it's all you can eat night.

My thighs clench. My nipples burn and tighten against the saturated cotton pads. I shift in the seat, but it only makes it worse as my backs of my legs sweat, sticking to the leather seat, pulling at my skin.

What would he do if I climbed into his lap right now? Pulled my shirt down and showed him my secret?

Secretsreally. Plural.

Dripping. Aching. Sensitive.

Would he be shocked? Disgusted? Or would he latch on like his life depended on it? Tugging my nipple halfway down his throat and pulling, pulling, pulling the sweetness from me like it's his saving grace?

God, I bet his mouth is filthy when he fucks. I bet he talks the whole time. The big, burly silent ones are the dirtiest talkers, I bet. Not that I have any real-world experience in that department, but some things, a woman just knows.

He palms the wheel, turning toward town as I imagine him gritting out every nasty word right into my skin as he bucks every inch deep, taking what he wants.

Would he call me his good girl?

Would he make me beg?

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

My breaths are coming in uneven sort of gasps between swallowing down the spit gathering under my tongue. I press my thighs tighter, like I can hold the heat in, but it's no use. It's flooding me. Soaking through the edges of my shame.

"You have a problem there, little girl?" Cal gives me this look, sort of bored, but not really. Like behind his eyelids there's a full-on porn show happening, and I'm the star.

I sit up in the seat, doing a quarter turn that has his fingertips now resting solidly on my collarbone. "I have a little problem, yeah." I gather my hair in one hand, and pull it down over the other shoulder, so there's nothing between his fingers and my skin. "You think you can fix it?"

I run my tongue along my lower lip, the old dance of teasing brat and stoic step-father coming back like we're both riding a bike.

I've imagined what it would feel like fucking him too many times to pretend I don't want it now. Every inch of him, from top to bottom, side to side and root to tip.

I wonder if I could take it. Would he take me on my side, missionary, bang me like a bitch in heat from the behind, shoving those thick fingers into my ass then making me lick his cock clean before my loosed-up ass takes his meat for round two?

Oh yeah, I've imagined it all.

"I'm pretty sure I can fix whatever ails you, yeah. My question is, is your teasing ass gonna be ready for what it's asking for?"

“Time will tell,” I answer as he turns the truck into the parking lot of The Last Shot, the gun shop his grandparents started, that I only ever heard about in stories. His parents were both killed when he was younger. That’s all I know.

As he throws the truck it into park and shuts off the engine, the fingers that were brushing my shoulder slide to the back of my neck, and he takes a handful of my hair to tug my head back.

I hiss on a shocked inhale.

“Listen here.” He smacks his lips together, eyes narrow, the green a thin line around the black hole of his iris. “I did my best to put up with your teasing when I was with your mother, but Imma tell you right fucking now, you keep that up? Shit ain’t gonna end like it used to, with me walking away. So, keep it up, little girl. Those big girl tits of yours grew about ten sizes since I went away. But so did my dick. You’re eighteen now, and my cock knows it.”

He's calling my bluff and with all my bravado, I’m not sure I’m ready for what he’s bringing to the table. But, at the same time, I’m not so smart I can’t get myself in more trouble. “Ever wonder what it would be like? Fucking the daughter after you had the mom?”

He shrugs one shoulder. “We’ll never find out. Me and your mom never consummated our union so to speak. You know what that means?”

I swallow hard. “I know.”

“Right. Never touched her that way. So, be a good girl and behave for three fucking seconds, okay?” he snaps, and my panties take a direct hit.

This is going to be a problem.

A dirty, soaking, delicious problem.

Two

Jenna

The bell over the door jingles as we step inside the gun shop, the smell of oil and wood cleaner curling around my senses.

I blink, adjusting to the dimness from the bright summer light outside.

“Well, you didn’t lie.” A woman’s sharp, playful voice grabs my ears as I get just inside the glass door. I swivel my head in the direction of her voice, taking her in as she points a crooked finger my way, nodding at Cal. “She is a tiny thing, ain’t she? You could carry that girl around on your hip like a baby.”

She’s leaning a locked arm on the glass-front case filled with black metal, stainless steel and boxes of what I assume are bullets. The shop is about the size of my mother’s rental house, but neat as a pin, well lit, manufacturers’ colorful logos painted on the walls with leather and canvas holsters, backpacks and what look like fancy fanny packs hanging in neat rows on stainless steel hooks.

I offer a little wave, adjusting the straps of my backpack on my shoulders, praying the pads in my bra hold out for another minute before I can make an excuse and find someplace to relieve the building pressure in my boobs.

Her white hair is twisted up in a no-nonsense knot, her face a patchwork of wrinkles and mischief. Her eyes cut straight to me, sharp and assessing. Then down. To my chest. Then back up again.

“Well damn,” she drawls, just leaving it hanging there, making my chest tighten as

Cal eases me forward with a hand on the back of my head like you would a toddler.

My cheeks ignite. The throbbing in my cheek and under my eye is replaced by a stronger throbbing between my legs. A clearer calling than when Cal first came to live with us for those few months.

“Jenna,” he says, voice firm, “this is Granny. Granny, Jenna.”

“Good ta finally meet you. You look decent enough. Your mother’s a right cunt, though.”

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

“Jesus, Granny, give the girl a minute.” Cal’s voice hardens but there’s a undercurrent of restraint and respect as well.

Granny shrugs as a wince of shame stabs my belly button, remembering how Mom concocted the whole story about how Cal was hitting her daily. Showing off bruises I know she put there herself or got when she fell down the stairs after five hours in her little attic hiding place smoking God knows what and chasing it with chugs straight out of her bottle of Coconut rum.

She always said it made her feel like she was on vacation. She was on something, that’s for sure.

“She’s gonna stay like I told you. For a while.”

“Mmhmm.” Granny squints. “Good. Glad she’s away from that—”

“Enough.” Cal cuts her off with a wave. “I’m gonna show her around. Your polite tank is running on empty, Granny. Better get a fill up. Jenna doesn’t need you pointing out the obvious.”

Granny clicks her tongue as Cal adjusts his hand on the top of my head, turning my face toward a set of swinging wooden slatted doors that lead into a back room.

I laugh nervously as we walk away. “Nice to meet you,” I manage.

Even with this older woman’s sharp tongue, I bet she’s the Pitbull you’d want to have in your corner when it’s fighting time.

She grins, eyes gleaming as the bells on the door jingle. Her attention shifts to a new customer, and I'm out of the limelight at least for the moment.

"You'll get used to her. She's leather tough but inside if she likes you, she'd swallow spittoon spit to save your life."

"Jesus." I squint, revulsion making me shiver. "You know how to paint a picture."

Cal coughs on a low chuckle as he walks me through the door, swinging and squeaking on their hinges as we move to the other side.

"Granny's been handling too much." His voice softens as we move into the back room, filled with shelves and boxes and locked cabinets. "My grandfather did most of the work when he was alive. We keep it going 'cause it's all we got left of him. And because Granny's scary when she's bored."

I chuckle. "She's kinda scary in general."

Cal concedes the truth of that with a tip of his head, his hand easing warm and heavy down my back as I soak in his nearness. The sheer size of him makes me feel like I did that first time he sat down at the breakfast table with me. Sliding a plate of two perfectly-cooked sunny side up eggs in front of me, with a link of sausage cut in half, in an inverted 'V' shape, and a curling piece of sizzling bacon at the bottom of the plate.

He made me a breakfast smiley face. And something inside me cracked. He was too good to be true. I'd never known a man that didn't want something or had some ulterior motive.

I wasn't buying what he was selling but he didn't even react when I went to the cabinet, pulled out my box of off-brand Cheerios, poured them in a coffee mug and

dumped the last of the milk on top. I stuck my tongue out at him, then proceeded to eat the bland, stale cardboard flavored wheat loops while ignoring him and his smiling perfect breakfast.

He steps away, messing with something on the top of a wooden desk to my left as I blow out a breath, trying to keep from crying from the burning pain in my rock-hard boobs.

Just as I exhale, he turns.

“You hurting?”

I blink. “What?”

He tilts his head. “Your chest. Something wrong?”

Oh, God. I look down and realize I’m pressing my arm across my breasts, trying to hide the damp spots blooming beneath the fabric.

“I—” I clutch myself tighter. “Is there a bathroom?”

He points to a white door on the back wall as Granny’s voice comes through from the front of the store.

“Cal! Need you to take out that Desert Eagle for Mr. Martin. Again.”

Cal grunts. “I’ll be back. I’ll show you some of the inventory. Figure as long as you’ll be staying with me, you’ll be earning your keep. You can work here when I’m here, then have time off when I’m working the ranch to figure things out for yourself. I’ll pay you well. You deserve to have something of your own. But, for now, you never go anywhere on your own, clear?”

He brushes his knuckles softly on my cheek as his eyes turn to nighttime black, jaw muscles standing out as he drops his hand, shaking his head, and stomps back through the doors to the front of the store.

I practically run toward the restroom door, hand on the cool brass knob, reading a hand-written sign taped to the wood.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

“Employees and Customer Facilities. Knock first. The lock is broke.”

Shit, no way.

I can't pump in here.

Panic closes around my windpipe. My panties are soaked and so is my bra and shirt. I need a place, somewhere a customer isn't going to come knocking.

I shuffle down the short back hall, my fake Birkies sliding on my feet. There are doors on both sides, and when I desperately try the first one, it doesn't budge.

Fuck. I swing around, both hands clasping the metal knob of the one across from it, twisting.

Click.

Thank the cowboyGods. It opens. I shoulder my way inside, feeling for a switch, flicking it with my fingers. A single dim bulb snaps to life in the back corner of the jail cell sized room.

There's boxes and inventory. Clearly not bullets or firearms, that's probably why the room across the hall was locked. This one is supplies and more backpacks and packs of paper targets.

But, oh hells yah, a chair. Not pretty, but it's like an old cushioned office chair, and on the floor next to it, I see a vintage Playgirl magazine and a pint of Jack Daniels,

half full.

Granny.

Right? No way Cal is reading a 70's Playgirl, and he doesn't drink, so yeah, okay, Granny's got some vices.

I settle into the chair, fumbling with the pump, tugging a couple boxes next to me to set it up.

I wince and hiss as I pull the fabric of my cami to the sides. My bra is soaked as I unsnap the hooks at the top of my nursing bra and let my boobs free.

They are like chest boulders, so heavy and full that as soon as I pull them free, milk starts to spray into the air, landing in drizzly stripes on the brown cardboard boxes, falling onto my thighs as I thank my lucky stars the pump runs off a/c or batteries, because finding an outlet in this room is not on my agenda right now.

My hands tremble as I unzip my bag and pull out the pump I bought at the thrift store after I realized I was this crazy milk super producer and Morgan's nursing wasn't going to be sufficient, but then I pause.

It's too much. The heat. The pressure. I manage to get the cups in place, holding one on with my hand, the other with my forearm, and push the pump button.

The suction makes me groan.

Relief. Bliss. Shame. Arousal.

That hissingpiiiiissst, piiiisssst, piiiisssstsound of the pump, is like hearing your favorite song when it comes on the radio.

I close my eyes, letting my head fall back, gritting my teeth with each painful but relieving draw of the machine.

I'm lost in thoughts of Cal's hands squeezing the milk from me. Spraying it on his cock and ordering me to lick it clean, then fucking my tits as milk sprays like the fountains at that big Vegas hotel all over us.

I wiggle in the chair, that tension building between my legs as I consider popping the button on my shorts and sliding one hand down inside—

Piiiiiiiissssstttt.....then, silence.

The flanges fall from my breasts, the pump stopping dead. The battery indicator light flashes red.

“No, no,nononono...”

Milk is streaming from my nipples, down my shirt, onto my legs as heat explodes over my skin.

Plug.I have to find an outlet—

I'm not even out of the chair when the door handle turns.

A beat of silence.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

Then a voice, low and dark: “Jenna. Are you in here looking at Granny’s Playgirls? You better not be hittin’ that bottle.”

My head snaps up, and there he is.

Cal.

“What are you doing?” he rumbles, eyes already tracking over my shame.

“I—I—” Shit, there’s no hiding this now.

His eyes are locked on my breasts, milk spraying onto his boots as I slap my palms over the source of the rebellious white cream, but it only drips down my palms onto my shorts.

A muscle in his cheek ticks. Nostrils flare as he swings a hand behind him, flipping a couple of boxes as a makeshift barricade at the door without taking his eyes from mine.

“You’re full,” he rasps. “I fucking knew it. I fucking smelled it.”

I can’t speak. My heart is thundering. My nipples pulse harder. I know what he sees. What I’m letting him see.

Cal steps forward, slow and dangerous.

“Morgan,” I start. “Um... Babysitting. My pump...”

I'm verbally flailing in the dark as he looms over me, a foot taller than ever before, chest filling his black t-shirt, his cowboy hat casting eerie shadows down his face as he blocks out the light from the bulb.

"I'll help you baby." His voice vibrates down into my belly, winding around my clit like an invisible tongue.

My breath catches. The pump slips from my hand, landing with a thunk on the cardboard box.

His huge hands reach down, taking the forgotten plastic flanges from my lap, holding them in one hand as he lifts the pump by the handle, dropping it all onto the linoleum floor with a loud thud.

"You won't be needing that anymore." His voice fills the small room as he raises his foot from the floor, bringing the heel of his boot down with mighty force onto the pump, shattering the plastic into pieces, the metal workings of the interior falling out in a heap of bent metal.

"I—" I stare up at him, terror pulling at my insides as I look down, the purple veins in my breasts snaking under the taut skin. "I have to pump. It hurts if I don't."

My bottom lip and chin start to quiver as he nods, removing his hat and bending the rim absently between calloused fingers as he sets it on a tall stack of the boxes.

"I'm your new fucking pump." He lowers to his knees, his face right there, milk seeping through my fingers as I try to hold it in.

I shouldn't let him.

But I want it too badly.

I want him too badly.

“This is my job now.”

He plucks my fingers away, settling them on the tops of my thighs as milk spray starts to decorate his face.

I bite back a smile at the sight of my step-father being sprayed between his eyes with breast milk.

“You think that’s funny?” he grouses, rough palms coming up to hold a breast in each hand, making my breath stutter in my throat.

I shrug, the spaghetti straps of my cami digging into my shoulders. “Your sense of humor always was a little lacking,” I say as he snorts some sort of agreement, but when his lips open, and he shoves my nipple between them, and holy shnikes.

Nothing. Else. Matters.

His warm mouth seals around me and he pulls. Oh, God, he pulls.

That tingling, fevery feeling of the milk letting down, hard, fast and generous, sets off a near orgasm as he latches on one side while the palm of his other hand takes the weight of my other breast, fingers wrapping around as he slides them from the top, down, top, down, over and over, relieving the pressure in a milking motion. The rough, callused fingers of my step-father milk me as I lean back in the chair and whimper.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

The groan that rips from his throat as he suckles and swallows over and over is the filthiest thing I've ever heard.

And I know this is it.

We've crossed the line.

And there's no going back.

Three

Jenna

I can't think. I can barely breathe.

He's still on his knees, still latched onto my breast like it's the first and last drink he'll ever take, and I'm drowning in the sound of it. His groans. The wet pull. The obscene, suckling rhythm that has every nerve ending in my body screaming.

My thighs rub together, desperate and slick. I should be ashamed. I should stop this.

But I don't move.

Because I want more.

"Cal," I breathe, the word coming out with a whimper. A plea.

He pulls back just enough to speak, his lips still brushing my nipple, swollen and glistening with milk. “You taste like heaven, baby.”

He says it like he means it. Like he’s high on me. Like he’d die if this suddenly went away.

His eyes are wild when they meet mine. Dark and possessive and starved.

“You keep leaking like this,” he rasps, “and I’m not gonna let you leave the house. Gonna tie you to the bed. I’ll be the one pumping something inside you, instead of that thing taking what’s now mine.”

Oh my God.

Heat surges through me, pooling low in my belly. My nipples pulse harder, milk drenching the shoulder of his shirt as he keeps milking my breast like a seasoned pro.

“Fuck. Look at you. Full of cream and making a fucking mess of those panties too, aren’t you?”

I nod. All shame is gone, replaced by all the lust I’ve been holding back since that first time Mom walked into the house with her new shiny husband in tow.

Shame cloaked me for those months he was with us. I teased him. Refused to listen to him. Desperate to hide the feelings I knew were wrong.

Every night when he would disappear into the bedroom, I would cry. Sob into my pillow, kick at the mattress thinking of what he was doing with my mother behind that door.

Things I wanted him to do to me. I wanted his cock inside me. I wanted to grab onto

his shoulders while he pumped me full of him.

Except, apparently, he wasn't doing those things with her either.

Now, here he is, my desperate, shameful secret exposed, with his mouth on my breast.

"I think about it," I whisper my sinful confession. "When I pump, I think about your mouth. Your hands. What it'd feel like if you made me come while I fed you."

His breath punches out of him. His hand is on my thigh now, slowly stroking, rough fingers on my soft flesh.

"I shouldn't," he mutters around his full mouth, then moves to the other side. "You're too young. My fucking step-daughter."

"I'm yours. I have been, I just never wanted you to know."

The declaration slips out, but I don't take it back. It's honest. Brutal, but true.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

His fingers flex against my thigh, drawing just a little stab of pain that makes me sit up straighter. “Say that again.”

“I’m yours. Your step-daughter, or whatever else you want me to be.”

He drops my nipple, his slick milky lips crashing onto mine. The kiss is hot and demanding and messy. Milk sweetens our kiss, coats our tongues, blends with the groan he rips from my throat.

He slaps my knees apart, shoving his hand between my thighs, pressing through my shorts, and I grind down on it without thinking, shameless and soaked.

“You ever touch yourself, baby?” he pants when he finally pulls back.

I nod, breathless.

“Thinking about me?”

“Yes. Always.”

He kisses me again, rough and deep. His thick, entitled tongue taking over my mouth and just when I think I can’t take another blissful second, he breaks away.

“Next time you do, you’ll be calling for me. You’ll yell for Daddy when you come. Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.” I answer as smooth as honey into tea.

His whole body jerks, but before we can go further, the faint sound of Granny's voice seeps through the door. "Cal. Need your help out here."

Cal's chest rises and falls. He looks wrecked.

"We're not done," he growls. "Not even close."

Then he cups my dripping breast, leans in, and takes one last slow, possessive suck.

"I took the edge off, but I'm already addicted. All that milk is mine now. You save it for me. You feed me when I tell you to. If I say get your tits out, you do it, understand?"

I tremble on a weak nod.

"Good girl. You make milk for me now. Only fucking me. Now, put yourself back together," he barks, before leaning down and grabbing my face, forcing my lips to pucker like a fish as he presses his to mine.

The kiss is softer this time, his warm, milky tongue working over mine as he lets out a rumbling groan, then releases me to sit here panting. He stands, putting his hat back on, and I see the distinct outline of a cock as big as my forearm pressing out on the denim in front of me.

"Just came in my fucking pants, baby. Guess the work day is gonna be short. I'll take care of what Granny needs, tell her I need to get you home, you're not feeling right. Then, I'm gonna fuck that teasing little cunt of yours once and for all. I'm done playing and you're done teasing."

He leaves me there, half-dressed and ruined.

My step-father is going to be my first. And, I'm pretty sure, my only.

Four

Jenna

By the time we leave the shop, the sun's dipping down from high in the sky and my legs barely work. I'm leaking again. My panties are soaked. And I can still taste his kiss. Who knew the flavor of milk and tongue and sin was going to be my undoing?

Cal opens the truck door and helps me climb in, but his eyes never leave mine. There's a promise there. A warning, too. I'm not sure which one makes me wetter.

The drive back is silent. Except for the way I breathe. Except for the way I squirm. Every bump in the road makes my nipples throb. Every look from him makes my thighs clench.

When we get to the ranch, he kills the engine but doesn't move. Just sits there. Watching me.

"You hungry?"

It's not food he's offering. I know it. My body knows it.

I nod.

He gets out, walks around, and opens my door.

I slide down, legs shaky as he guides me to the floor, and I'm already out of his arms heading for the door. The second my sandals hit the porch, he's behind me. Big Daddy. Hot Daddy.

Dangerous Cowboy Daddy.

Inside, the kitchen smells like old wood smoke, like it's soaked into the walls from decades of the cast iron stove heating the house. He sets my backpack down, opens the fridge, and pulls out a bottle of water.

Then he turns, holding it to my lips.

"Drink. You need to super hydrate if you're gonna produce enough for me. I'm not a fucking baby, you need enough to fill me up, so we're going to get you on a full new regime. You're my little milker now."

He tips the bottle upward as the cool liquid spreads over my tongue. I swallow greedily, unaware of how thirsty I was until the water washes down.

He pulls it away, letting me breathe, the hardness around his eyes softening as he holds my throat in his other hand.

"I want to feel you take in what I'm giving you. I'm going to be the one responsible

for all your needs from now on. And you will eat what I make for you. No more cereal, especially when I make you a happy plate of a healthy breakfast.”

I finish the next swallow as he lowers the bottle again.

“You remember that?” Embarrassment heats my cheeks.

“Yeah, I fucking remember that. You stabbed me in the heart that day. And many of the days after, but it’s okay. I’ll take all your demons, baby. I’m gonna slay them one at a time. No fucking reason anymore for me to pretend otherwise.”

I take a minute to let that settle in. Realizing my teasing and bratty behavior didn’t go unnoticed has me regretting some of the ways I tested him. Seeing if he would react the way most of the other men that moved through the revolving door of our lives had.

He never did though.

“Now, strip.”

The words hit me like lightning. My breath stalls. My heart jumps, then settles to a steady flutter. My belly clenches, but there’s no protest in me.

I comply, tugging off my cami, pulling down my shorts and sliding them over my feet after kicking off my sandals. My bra is soaked through as I reach behind to unclasp it, letting my breasts fall free. They’re full again. Red, heavy, desperate.

He watches every motion. His jaw ticks. His knuckles go white on the bottle.

“Panties too.”

I slide them down and step out of them, cheeks flaming at the dark wet spot, the stickiness evident on the light gray fabric. I'm blushing, but I'm not embarrassed. I'm desperate.

He takes the last drink from the water bottle and tosses it onto the counter.

"Kitchen counter," he growls. "Hands flat. Ass up."

My feet move before my brain can catch up.

The worn wooden counter is smooth under my palms, a sharp contrast to the rough way my heart is beating against my ribs. I bend and present, not even questioning the orders.

He grunts behind me.

"Look at you," he says, voice wrecked. "Dripping. Leaking. Sweet little body begging for Daddy's cock."

I whimper.

His hand slides over my ass, down my thigh, then back up to cup my heat.

"You need to come, baby girl?"

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

“Please,” I whisper. “Yes, please, Daddy.”

That’s all it takes.

He sinks to his knees behind me, and the first swipe of his tongue makes me cry out.

He eats like he’s starving. Like I’m his last meal. Like he needs my pussy to live.

“Such a good girl,” he groans, his voice muffled by my flesh. “Taste so fuckin’ sweet.”

I grip the counter harder. My legs shake. I’m close. So close I could scream.

“Don’t you come yet,” he growls. “Not till I’m inside you.”

I sob. “Please. I need it.”

He stands. One hand on my hip, the other sliding between my thighs to rub slow circles.

“I said no,” he growls. “You’ll take Daddy’s cock first. You’ll come when I say.”

He unzips, the sound a low rasp that feels like it vibrates right through every layer of skin and flesh right into my bones. Not gentle. Not hesitant.

“You think you’re gonna die if you don’t get what you want when you want it? Such a dramatic little girl. Always were.”

“A few minutes isn’t exactly cruel. I’ll live.” I add a bored sigh on the end.

He chuckles, a sound that sends a shiver down my spine. “Oh, darling, you have no idea what I consider cruel.” He tests the tightness, his thick head nudging my entrance. “So fucking tight. Been saving yourself for your old man, have you?”

My thighs tremble, already slick. A shameful, desperate wetness to the idea that he’s the father I never had and now, he’s going to fuck me like he owns me.

“You knew. Don’t pretend this is a surprise.”

He pushes forward a little more and I wince, my insides clenching. “You think I didn’t keep an eye on you when I was gone? I have people. You remember seeing a guy in a blue Chevy with flames down the sides? Tall guy, fifties, ball cap.”

I do. I wondered if he was coming around for my mom.

A shudder runs through me, starting in my toes. “You were stalking me from prison?”

“You bet your ass.”

More pressure, more pain, separating me, easing inside while I squeeze my eyes shut.

“Been a good girl for me while I was away. I was fucking patient, waiting for you.”

My breath hitches. It isn’t painful, not yet, but it is...intense. A stretching, a pulling, like a blunt instrument trying to push somewhere it shouldn’t be.

My muscles clench around him, a desperate attempt to hold onto the last vestiges of my girlhood.

“You don’t have to be gentle,” I breathe. “I want to feel it. I want to remember it.”

He shifts, stretching me further. “I’ll do this how I want to do this.”

My hips arch instinctively. “God, I’m so... I need it. Like a breath I can’t take, please,please.”

He chuckles, a low rumble that vibrates through me. “That’s my good girl.”

Then, with a slow, controlled thrust, he buries his thickness inside me. The lights seem to flicker, I slap my hands on the table, screaming for something, someone.

So. Fucking. Deep.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

A scream rips from my lungs as he pulls out, pushes back in, more, then more, then more.

“There it is,” he says, his voice a low growl. “Claimed by your old man. Your step-father, now your fucking Daddy.”

My muscles clench around him, holding him, keeping him. “Don’t stop.”

He shifts and rocks, settling into me, and the burn intensifies. “You like that? Taking all of that fat cock you’ve been teasing for so long.”

“It’s...perfect,” I manage, my voice a little shaky. “It feels like...everything is opening up.”

He is taking the last bits of me, sliding in and out, darts of pain expanding in my belly, his weight pressing down on me. “Good. Let it open. I’m gonna fill up that belly of yours. Make it match those tits.”

I scream into the counter, overwhelmed, owned.

And when he says, “Come for me now, baby girl,” I do.

Loud. Shaking. Milking his cock with every pulse of my body.

He holds me there, buried deep, groaning my name like a curse.

And I know he’s not letting go.

Not tonight.

Not ever.

Five

Jenna

The pink and orange of the horizon out the window is swallowing the sun.

I'm in the living room just outside the kitchen, curled in one of Cal's flannels, my thighs sore, my breasts heavy, still leaking. I don't know how long I slept on the worn leather couch in the corner. I just remember him carrying me there after we did what we did.

After he cleaned me with a warm cloth, then had me clean him with my mouth and kissed every inch of skin he'd ruined.

After he said I was his now. That he'd never let me go.

After he made me promises for a future I never imagined I could have.

I make my way back into the kitchen. The house hums with quiet, and in the dimmer light of the evening I see a note on the counter.

"Back soon. Don't move. Don't pump. You're mine to fill and drain. -C"

I shudder. My body responds like he's here, whispering that filth into my ear.

I pad barefoot across the floor, every step a reminder of how deep he was. How hard I came. How full he left me.

My breasts are aching again. Tight and swollen, and God, I need him. I need the relief, and I need to know that this is really real, that I'm really here and we did what I remember us doing. Because if it's all a dream, or I've gone insane and started imagining my fantasies coming true, I might just lose my shit.

Right then, the door slams open.

Cal strides in, his hat in place, boots clunking on the floor, carrying three paper bags from the store and a box of goddamn lactation cookies tucked under his arm.

"Jesus Christ," he growls the second he sees me. My breasts reacting like he's a baby crying, soaking the front of the shirt with new wetness. "You leaking for me already, baby girl? You're a good little cow. A super producer."

I nod, teeth sinking into my bottom lip.

He drops the bags and cookies on the long chrome and linoleum kitchen table and crosses the room in four long steps. "Get those tits out. Daddy's hungry."

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

I move. Because I'd do anything he says and because the demand in his voice brooks no argument.

I work the two buttons holding the flannel shirt closed, then it slips off my shoulders as I press my backside to the wooden table, hands flat, hips tilted to thrust out my chest.

He crouches in front of me, and starts to suck.

This time, it's slow. Worship. Wonderous. Intimate.

I'm feeding him. Giving him substance in a way no one else can.

His hands stroke my shoulder, my sides, my hips. His mouth stays latched as he drinks. Moaning every few seconds like it's the best thing he's ever tasted. Moving from one breast to the other, kneading them with his fingertips, squirting the cream deep into his throat.

"Good girl," he murmurs against my skin. "Such a sweet little cow, makin' all this for me."

I moan, my legs shaking.

"I'll take care of you, Jenna. Feed you. Breed you. Keep you full forever."

That word—breed—makes something inside me snap. I take hold of my own tit and squeeze, milking myself into his mouth as I cry out.

His hand works my hips, pushing, pulling me across the table onto my back, dropping his jeans and lines himself up again, I don't hesitate.

I just let my legs fall wide open, and watch his face as his eyes drink me in.

I want it. All of it. Every filthy promise.

"Say it," he grits. "Tell me what you want."

"Want you to breed me, Daddy."

His growl is pure animal as he takes me again, harder, deeper, pouring into me with every brutal, beautiful thrust. He reaches up, takes his hat from his head and puts it on mine.

"I can't see." I giggle as the blunt force of his cock probes at my entrance.

"That's the idea. I'm gonna fuck you blind baby. You just lay there, don't think, don't look. Just feel. Feel every fucking inch of Daddy."

He doesn't stop until I'm wrecked and dripping and marked from the inside out.

Until I'm full.

Exactly how he wants me.

Exactly how I need to be.

Six

Jenna

It's Sunday.

The shop is closed.

Which means, apparently, I'm not allowed to wear clothes. Big, bossy daddy has a lot of rules, and me and my red bottom are learning them slowly but surely. It's been four days and he's fucked me on every surface in the house.

I've fed him on a schedule that he laid out. Morning feeding in bed, his head on my lap, my breast dangling down into his mouth as I finger comb his hair and tell him all the things I dream of in life. Then, he eats my pussy, or fucks me until I'm boneless, then nurses again.

I wake with him latched on, I sleep through his fucking me slow and easy, feeling him leaking out of me when I wake. He even took me in the barn, latched to the crossties, on all fours making me moo for him.

I thought it would be humiliating but something down in my core wants to be what he needs. And forgive me, but pretending to be his cow while he mounted me from behind like a bull, hands squeezing my tits like udders, had me calling for God and praying for forgiveness.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

He left me with Granny for a few hours last night. Her home is in town, close to the shop. A nice Victorian house filled with pictures of Cal and her husband. A little sort of shrine to her daughter, Cal's mother and his father.

There were faded, worn Playgirls on the coffee table. A stocked liquor cabinet and a pantry full of edibles and Little Debbie snacks.

She says it's medicinal. For her glaucoma.

Whatever, Granny.

I don't care. She ordered pizza delivered and we ate and talked. She apologized for calling my mom a name, but I also told her I understood. I love my mom, but she's not done me right. Knowing I'm not going back there, a sense of future possibilities has started blooming inside me.

Something I never allowed myself before.

To dream.

When Cal came to pick me up, he looked different. His shirt was pulled, a button popped, and his knuckles were scuffed.

When I asked, he just kissed the fading bruise under my eye and said, "Just taking care of Daddy things, baby. Nothing you need to worry about."

Now, he's standing in what is now our bedroom, his hair damp from a shower,

looming over me.

“You got two jobs today,” Cal says, dragging me out of bed by my ankles. “Keep my cock warm. And don’t let those tits go dry.”

I should blush. I should protest. But after two days of Cal making me feel like the most important person in the world, I’m taking his demands in my stride.

I stretch like a cat, aching and needy, pretending I’m not listening, but his hand around my throat quickly advises me against that as he scoops me up like I weigh nothing and carries me down the stairs.

His beard scratches my bare shoulder as he mutters, “Gonna unload inside all your holes today. We’re going to consummate every fucking surface in this house, baby girl.”

He carries me first to the kitchen. The light is warm and golden, pouring in through the wide windows. The scent of coffee mingles with the faint memory of sex, and the hardwood is cool under my bare feet when he sets me down, then lands a stinging slap on my ass once and growls, “You stay put, baby girl. Gotta oil my saddle.”

“That what you’re callin’ it?” I tease.

“Fucking smart mouth,” he grumbles as he disappears into the mudroom, and I’m left standing there, naked and flushed, thighs pressed together, wondering what the hell just happened.

My nipples ache. My whole-body aches.

I try to behave. Really, I do, but oil his saddle?

Now?

Forget this nonsense. The second he's gone, I climb onto the dining table, stretch out like a feast, and let my legs fall open. I cup my breasts, roll my nipples between my fingers, and groan low in my throat, sliding my hand down between my legs.

If he's not going to take care of me, I will.

The sound of boots stops me. Then a low disappointed Daddy sort of snorting sound.

"I told you to stay put," Cal says, stepping back in with a leather strap in one hand and a glass of sweet tea in the other.

I glance at him from beneath my lashes. "You left me. Said you had to oil your saddle. With me standing there, ready and waiting."

"You think you just do what you want still?"

"I thought you were hungry, Daddy. Then you just left."

His jaw tightens. "I am hungry. But you need to do as you're told."

I frown. "Thought I'd serve myself up for you."

He crosses the room in three steps and grabs my jaw. Tilts it up. "Open."

Page 15

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

I part my lips on a grin, and he brings the tea to my mouth, letting me sip slow while his eyes devour me.

“You drink, Daddy’ll drink. But you’re gonna learn to mind me, too.”

He kneels right there at the edge of the table, between my legs, and latches onto my breast like it’s the only thing keeping him alive. One, then the other, slow and greedy, eyes never leaving mine.

I gasp, arching up, my thighs trembling. “You like your Sunday milk, Daddy?”

“Like?” he growls. “I fuckin’ need it. These fat dripping nipples are my addiction.”

When he’s had his fill, he lays me down flat, binds my wrists with the saddle strap, and spreads me wide with his rough hands. The leather creaks with every little tremor of my body.

“You’re my little hucow now,” he says, voice low and thick. “All mine. House, shop, land, milk, pussy. Mine.”

“Yours,” I whisper. “Always yours.”

He groans and dives in, eating me like I’m his holy ritual, like my pleasure is the altar and his mouth is the offering. I sob, shatter, spill over his tongue.

He flips me over, spans me until I’m crying and begging for him to stop.

After, he palms the redness, soothing me, lifting me against him, my head on his shoulder.

He carries me to the living room, lowering into a big, soft upholstered chair by the fireplace, sitting me on his lap facing him.

“Put Daddy inside you. Show me what my little milky daughter was born to do.”

I wiggle into position, reaching for him, my hand around the barrel of his shaft, standing his cock straight up as I lower myself, taking each inch with a hissing breath until he’s pushing up into my belly.

“There. Now, feed me and fuck me. Slow and easy. It’s Sunday, we take it easy on Sunday.”

Then he rocks me in his lap by the fire, as I slide him in and out of my body.

“I’m not going to last long with you doing that,” he growls around my tit as I tighten my inner muscles around him.

I giggle, even as my own orgasm starts to gather like sweet tension in my core.

“This is your spot now,” he murmurs, cupping my tits as they dribble milk down his chest. “Naked and needy, sittin’ on Daddy’s cock every Sunday while the world shuts up outside.”

I whimper, holding onto his shoulders, trembling from the inside out. “I’ll stay forever.”

“You better,” he growls, rutting into me. “Or I’ll tie you to the porch with your tits out and let the whole damn ranch know who you belong to.”

I cry out, clenching around him. “Yours, Daddy. Just yours.”

“You’re gonna be my wife, baby.” His voice is tight, eyes on mine. “I’m taking care of you forever. Your dreams will be my dreams. Whatever comes at you, I’ll be there to take it on.”

Wife.

“Yes.” I hiss as my orgasm topples over me. Rough hands bind around my waist, pushing me down as he empties into my clenching core. Be buck and jerk and I moan and call for the one man I already knew was somehow sent to save me.

He finishes in side me there, then on the couch, then in the porch chair while the sun sets, my milk wetting every surface he presses me against. He makes me scream, makes me laugh, makes me cry from how full and beautiful I feel.

We eat lactation cookies sitting naked on the living room floor as he fingers me. He feeds me bites between orgasms and I lick milk from his cock as he teaches me to take him down my throat, both of us so messy and milk drunk I’m wondering if tomorrow the hangover will set in and everything will go back the way it was.

If that’s what’s going to happen, I don’t ever want to wake up. I never want this to end.

I just know my body is his playground now.

My milk is his obsession.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

And I'm the luckiest, dirtiest girl alive.

Epilogue

Jenna

Two years later

The shop's closed for lunch like it is every day when Cal and I work together, the CLOSED sign swinging lazily in the window. It's quiet. Peaceful. Our one-year-old Emily is asleep in her crib in the back office, the monitor sitting on the counter next to the register, her soft little breathing mixing with the filthy sounds Cal and I are making.

I'm perched on Cal's lap behind the counter, moaning. He has one hand on my belly where our second baby kicks, his mouth latched on tight to my left breast as he finger fucks me under my skirt.

"Spread your fucking legs," he mumbles. "Put your foot up on that shelf, I want in this sloppy little cunt deep. I want my knuckles banging on that pubic bone. Spread, now."

"I'm leaking all over the register," I pant, lifting my foot to secure it on the shelf under the counter, widening my knees while holding the weight of my other breast as his hand makes sloppy slapping sounds moving in and out of my other dripping body part.

“Suck your tit. Feed yourself while you feed me. Get that nipple in your mouth.”

I groan as I bend my head down, the back of my neck straining as I push the weight of my breast upward, the milk spraying over my nose in a tickling pre-emptive strike as I latch onto myself and start to suck.

I’m bombarded with sensations. Cal drawing on me, my nipple practically tickling his tonsils as he latches on so hard, his fingers working my pussy, thumb grinding circles on my clit, and my own lips around my areola, pulling the warm sweet milk over my tongue.

It tastes so good. I understand why babies and Cal are so greedy about it. It’s true liquid gold, as he always tells me.

The world has adjusted to our relationship for the most part. Small towns are gossip farms and as if our age difference wasn’t enough, the fact that Cal was married to my mother makes it fodder for the old bitties of the town to scowl as we walk by.

Cal doesn’t care. When anyone stares, he grabs my ass or my tit, lifting me up to carry me facing him down the street with his tongue down my throat. You love who you love, as he says, and I love him more than I knew was possible.

My neck starts to ache from the angle as the orgasm builds from Cal’s fingers. He knows me so well, he pops off one nipple, nudging me away from the other one where I’m latched on with the side of his head.

“Come, baby. I love how hard you squirt when you come for me. From both places.”

He switches sides, tugging my nipple into his mouth and groaning again when a fresh stream hits his tongue, releasing for a breath as I arch my neck back, looking up at the ceiling fan doing lazy turns above.

“Fuck, baby. It just gets sweeter every time. I’m going eat your pussy out after. Then you’re going to pour some of your pumped milk on your cunt while I’m licking you. I want that sweet on sweet.”

He draws down again and that tingling let down hits every time as he takes that deep first draw.

I’m squirming on his lap, desperate for more. I know how hard he is, I feel every inch of him pressing into my ass.

He adds another finger to my pussy and the pad of his thumb strums hard, back and forth over my swollen clit. I’m bucking and twisting, the orgasm gathering in the backs of my legs then shooting up and outward, sending curse words from my lips as Cal’s teeth pinch at my nipple, sending shockwaves through my nervous system.

“Daddy!” I scream, so loud I’m sure they can hear me down at the courthouse.

White light sprinkles behind my closed lids as my toes curl. Cal’s mouth moves again, adding teeth to the side of my breast, and this time all I can think about is how soon he’s gonna bend me over the ammo cabinet and fuck me with the scent of milk and my pussy filling the air of the shop.

Cal noticed an uptick in sales since I came here. He’s kicked out more than a handful of male customers for putting their eyes on me, and even sent poor Dick Brunner to the hospital with a dislocated jaw for calling me ‘sugar’.

The world bleeds into softness around the edges of my vision as the orgasm ebbs. Cal’s massive hand cups the back of my head, pulling me down into a milky kiss, sharing the last draw from my breast as has become our tradition.

But then there’s a knock on the glass from the front of the shop and I startle, pulling

my shirt over my exposed breasts, Cal's fingers still stuffed into my pulsing opening.

"Relax," he murmurs. "It's your sister."

Sure enough, Renae is standing at the window, waving with a smirk.

Cal pushes a button under the counter, unlocking the door and buzzing her in.

She walks in carrying her new baby boy in a camo sling on her chest, looking annoyingly gorgeous for someone who also got no sleep. Seems her newest addition is more voracious than Morgan was.

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

She smirks at us. “Tell me you’re not feeding him again.”

“Don’t start,” I say, flushing but not bothering to finish buttoning up.

Cal wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and lifts his chin. “Hey, if she’s makin’ it, I’m takin’ it.”

Renae rolls her eyes.

“Where’s Morgan?” I ask, my heart always aching a little when I don’t get to see her.

“With Randy. She was all about getting ice cream at the park. They’ll come along in a bit, I’m sure. Anyway, I brought more lactation bars from my newest batch. And the infant diapers my big boy has already outgrown.”

She met her now husband about eight months after she went overseas. They were working together as air traffic controllers. High stress meets hot mess she said. He’s ten years older and treats her like a queen and Morgan like his own. She found her happiness and everything just feels like a fairy tale all around.

“Did you have any luck finding Mom?” I ask, but she shakes her head.

“No, and I’m not going to put any more effort into it. She’ll find us when she wants something.”

A few months back, a bounty hunter contacted me asking if I knew where she was. We’ve had little contact since Cal made a visit to her house just after I came here. I’m

not sure all that went on, but he came home quieter than usual saying until she made amends and proved she could stay clean, there was a no contact order in place.

I had asked if Roger was still at the house when he came back and he just gave me this look. All he said was Roger took a trip and there was something in the way he said it, I knew not to ask for details.

It hurt not having contact with mom, but I also knew it was the right thing. About a month ago, we saw in the local news there was a court case, some drug charge or something, and she skipped bail. Renae took it on herself to at least check she was okay, but when Mom doesn't want to be found, she can really disappear.

Renae comes to the counter, pretending not to notice Cal's hand under my skirt while she glances at my belly. "You're getting huge, little sis."

"Thanks. I guess."

"She's getting fucking more beautiful every day. I love huge. I want her big as a fucking house."

Renae chuckles. "She barely reaches your chest and for her, huge is most people's goal weight."

It's true. I eat everything, but besides my butt and hips taking on a couple more inches, Cal still carries me around like a toddler. Our size difference is another small-town gossip topic.

Let 'em talk. I see how the women of this town look at my husband. When I see them staring, I put my hands up like a toddler. He picks me up, and I stick my tongue out, wrapping myself around his massive body, knowing this man will never let me fall.

She sits down and quiets for a beat as she rocks softly back and forth, her arms wrapped under the camo bundle of baby. “I never did say thank you. For those months. For what you did.”

I stiffen, reaching out and brushing my fingertips along the small visible area of baby head peeking out from the fabric, brushing the single tuft of dark hair.

Cal’s fingers slip out of me trying to be discreet, his hand coming to rest on my knee as his other arm slides around my waist, giving me that sense of security he somehow knows I need right now.

I meet my sister’s eyes. “I wasn’t sure if you ever knew...”

“I knew. Morgan practically kept pulling my shirt off,” she says softly. “And I’m so grateful you took care of her like she was your own. You were her mom when I couldn’t be. And I’ll never forget that.”

Tears sting my eyes. Hormones. Gratitude. Love.

Then Cal shifts under me, his hard-on still hard, and I know it’s gotta be uncomfortable as hell.

“I thank you, too,” he says, kissing my shoulder and clearing his throat. “The day you dropped her off at my place all swollen and desperate. Changed my fucking life.”

Renae wipes her eyes, putting her hand over mine on Damon’s head. “Alright. Go do your filthy stuff. I can see I’m interrupting. I’ll go to the park.”

I give her a sheepish grin, wanting to get fucked as badly as I know Cal wants to fuck me right now.

“Come to the ranch for dinner, okay? Granny wants to see the new baby.”

“Got it. You cooking?” She screws up her face, darting her eyes to Cal.

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

“No, she’s not fucking cooking.” He says, “The only thing she knows how to make is milk. I’ll grill steaks, make some roasted red skins, some veggies from the garden. Now, get out. We only have fifteen minutes before we have to put the open sign back on.”

Renae leaves with a wave, Cal buzzing her back out then lifting me from his lap as he stands, mounting me against his chest as I lock my legs around his back.

“Now, let Daddy show you how good he is at weapon maintenance.”

He stomps through the swinging saloon style doors, their hinges screaming as they flap back and forth. I know where he’s headed, and my heart starts to speed as my pussy clenches.

Lowering me to the floor, he points to the desk, leaning into the other office for a second to look at Emily, then pulls the door shut.

“Bend over,” he orders as I swallow down the saliva gathering under my tongue. A blue folded bandanna appears in front of my face, quickly covering my eyes, the soft tugging of the fabric as Cal ties the knot at the back of my head.

“Now, don’t you fucking scream, or I’ll get the fucking gag.” His hand comes down with a heavy crack on the side of my hip, making me yelp. “What did I fucking say? Be quiet.”

I know I’m safe, but still, this little game always gets my pulse going like a Hummingbird’s wings.

It's not the best decision, but instead of doing as I'm told, shocker, I wiggle my ass and say, "You're so bossy. I'm not scared of you."

Even as the words leave my lips, I know it's a mistake.

"Fucking teasing brat." Cal's voice takes on that edge that makes my pussy weep.

He lands three more swats after he flips my skirt up, my senses heightened in my sightless state.

A growl comes from behind me as I hear him moving, the click click of the combination to the safe, the door opening then closing and his heavy footsteps returning until I feel his heat right behind me.

"You need a reminder of who's in fucking charge here. I may be milk drunk, but I still know when you're asking for attention. And attention is what you're gonna get, just maybe not the kind you wanted."

There's the heavy clunk of metal on the desk, then his fingers squeeze the sides of my jaw, tugging it open. The taste of rubber slicks against my tongue as the round ball lodges in my mouth, the snap snap snap as he secures the gag around the back of my head.

"Now, that's better. So pretty all gagged and blind for me. I'll do whatever I fucking want with you."

There's a soft scuffing sound, then freezing cold metal meets the warm exposed skin of my ass, lit up already where his hand came down.

I hiss on an inhale, the weight of the firearm dragging up to the small of my back, then tortuously lower, lower.

Cal makes that unmistakable sound of gathering his spit, then the sound as he releases it from his lips. A split second later, it's warm and wet at the apex of where my body splits to my ass, as he releases another wet ball of saliva.

I'm saying tiny, silent prayers as he makes little circles with the gun barrel through the spit, then the weight moves through the crease of my ass and there's a shuffle. Cal's warm breath is tickling against my warm butt cheeks.

"Think I'll have a little pussy feast while I remind your ass what not listening gets you."

I yelp and garble around the ball, saliva already dripping down my chin as Cal's thick fingertips dig into my ass cheek, pulling me apart.

Then, oh Jesus, then... The blunt pressure of the metal is against the tight ring of muscle, pushing, pushing, until it pops just inside and my legs start to shake.

"Be still." He growls as the first swipe of his thick warm tongue splits my bare lower lips. The world starts to spin, with a gun in my ass and my step-father's tongue in my pussy. I'm barely breathing. Every nerve ending is on fire, muscles locked lest I move.

His tongue drags through my folds, up and down as he holds the thick metal inside my puckered hole, pulsing it in and out. An inch maybe, as I tremble, listening to him lick and inhale, my breasts tingling and surely leaking like milk rivers onto the desk and floor.

My nipples draw tight as the gun stills. His tongue leaves me wanting as he draws away, the metal slipping from my ass as he laps upward.

"You're fucking filthy, aren't you? You like that gun in your ass. Your pussy is

dripping down your legs.”

I’m quivering all over as I nod, digging my fingernails into the hard wood of the desk. “Tell me you want my fat cock in your ass. You want to be fucked in that dirty little hole by your daddy, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I blurt out.

“And who are you?”

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 1:31 am

“I’m daddy’s good girl. I want to be a good girl. Please.” I’m already begging as more spit meets my asshole, his fingertips pushing into my opening, gathering my arousal and spreading it on my puckered back entrance.

The soft sound of his zipper lowering mixes with the clunk of what has to be the gun being put back on the desk, and before I can prepare—

“Oh shit,” I garble around the ball, the tip of his cock popping inside my asshole as his heavy arm brushes my hip, thick hard fingertips taking my entire pussy in a deadly grip, shoving my hips backward onto his girth.

“That asshole opened right up for Daddy. My dick’s harder than lead. Such a willing little girl for me. Wonder what all those people in town would think, seeing you take my dick up your ass, all blind and gagged, tits spraying milk everywhere, cunt dripping. They think you’re just a sweet little tease, but you’re really a filthy little girl slut for me. For—only—fucking me.”

He punctuates the last words with three hard thrusts, the thickness spreading my ass, making me wince, but I nearly come undone from the thrill of it all.

Cal starts to thrust, pumping in and out, inching his way inside me until his balls are slapping on the underside of my pussy lips, his hips meeting the flesh of my ass cheeks.

“So fucking tight. Jesus Christ. I’m not going to last ten fucking seconds in this baby girl ass. So good it should be illegal.”

The fucking turns lethal, hard and demanding and so fucking good. I barrel through my first orgasm as Cal takes my ass with zero mercy. It's not my first time. He's trained me well. He would never harm me, but a little pain gets us both off and with a cock the size of a prize stallion, he always does hurt a little.

So. Fucking. Good.

"Daddy's shooting his gun inside you, baby. Fuck, come with me. I love how your asshole squeezes me when you come."

His fingers find my clit, pulling another, harder, wetter, more demanding climax from me as he unloads deep in my back entrance. Holding his cock to the hilt as he spurts and fills me, my belly hanging down, the baby starting to roll around as the orgasm twists through me.

"Thank you, Daddy," I finally say as he releases the gag, swiping the spit from my face with a rough palm.

"You're welcome, baby. You needed to be fucked hard. You feel better?"

Emily starts to fuss from behind the office door, my tits responding with a new flow as Cal retreats, leaving my ass full of him.

"Turn around here. I want a snack before you feed the baby and I open the shop. You're my favorite flavor. All of you."

He turns me around, taking my breasts again, drinking, looking satisfied and happy as he shares a warm kiss, then turns, putting his cock away and heading back through the doors to the front of the shop, leaving me dripping from every hole.

Filthy. Fun. Forever.

Just like we promised.