



The Gift that Keeps On Giving

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Description: Two men—one sculptor, one corporate god—will not stop fighting over Ruby Lang. She was their college Shakespeare tutor and six years later, they are still carrying a torch for her. Maybe a week in a palatial beach house with the spunky blonde is exactly what these intensely infatuated men need to work out their differences. But who will come away with the prize? Nobody knows. But their wives will be calling the shots.

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Chapter One

Ruby

I sift my fingers through the pile of past due notices with a lump in my throat.

Sip and Flip is officially going under.

I've barely opened the doors to my bookstore with the cozy tea lounge, and the overdue bills are going to turn off the lights. My dream is dashed before it was ever fully realized. The demise of my quaint little shop isn't for lack of style and warmth and selection. Really, my downfall started with a giant water main break on the street in front of the shop, which shut down the entire block for my opening week. Then a leak from the tenant upstairs caused half of my inventory to be damaged.

Sip and Flip never had a chance.

Coming out from behind the counter, I gaze across the street toward the ocean on the other side. People are leaving the beach, silhouetted in the orange California sunset. Maybe a tiny tea shop with little book nooks was wrong for this tourist destination? This is far from the first time I've wondered if I setup shop in the wrong place. Who has time to get lost in the stacks with their kids in tow? Or sandy from the beach? If I was selling ice cream or keepsakes, would I have done better?

Maybe.

But that's not my dream.

I begin to turn back into the darkened shop, prepared to lock up for one of the very last times, when I notice two women in their late twenties hustling toward me from across the street. They spy me through the glass door and wave.

“Are you closed?” one of them, a redhead, calls.

A little caught off guard, I still hold the door open with a welcoming smile. “Come on in. I can stay open as long as you need.”

“Thank you,” says the second woman, a tall brunette. “We are in desperate need of some reading material.”

“You’ve come to the right place,” I murmur, trying not to stare at their incredible purses. To say nothing of their Italian leather, luxury brand shoes. It’s not unusual to come across wealthy tourists in this town, but these women appear to be another level of affluent. “If you need any recommendations, let me know.”

The redhead sends me a blithe smile, then does a double take. “Hey. Why do you look so familiar?”

I rear back a little. “I don’t know. Have you shopped here before? This is my store.”

“No, we’re vacationing from the east coast,” she murmurs, staring at me for another beat before shaking herself, continuing to saunter through by the bestseller shelf. “And let me tell you, it is not going well.”

“Vacation from hell,” the tall brunette agrees. “The blame goes squarely on our husbands. They won’t even speak to each other. We had to spend the day on opposite ends of the beach.”

“Why won’t they speak to each other?” I ask.

The redhead drops her head back on a dramatic groan. “It’s complicated.”

Her friend snorts. “You can say that again.”

I don’t want to pry or ask about anything too personal, so I slide back behind the counter and busy myself with the bookmark stand.

“Tell her the story,” encourages the redhead. “It’s not like we’re in a hurry to get back to those dickheads.”

“Isn’t that the truth,” mutters the tall brunette, who approaches the counter twisting a Cartier bracelet around her wrist. “Buckle up, blondie. I bet you’ve never heard anything like this before,” she begins. “We have been best friends all our lives. Our dream was to marry, have babies and do everything together, including grow old. Simple, right? Well, our husbands had other plans.”

Her red-haired friend picks up where she left off. “We met our husbands during sophomore year at Yale.”

My chin pops up.

Yale.

I went to Yale, three thousand miles away in Connecticut. What a coincidence.

But I don’t want to interrupt, so I hold my tongue.

“They were best friends since childhood, like us. My husband is an artist who works with metal. Her husband played football and now works in the corporate sector. They’re very different men, but they were inseparable. In other words, perfect for our purposes. We had it all planned out. Snatch up these men, have pretty babies and

raise them together while the men go golf and make money or whatever. Well. It wasn't to be."

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“Nope!”

My body temperate is starting to drop.

An artist and a football player. Yale.

Oh God.

A swallow gets stuck in my throat.

This can't be happening.

“Senior year,” says the redhead, picking up the story. “This cute freshman girl arrives on the scene. Blonde, kind of nerdy. She tutors them for their final semester, because neither one of them can decipher Shakespeare...and they both develop a little crush on her.”

“Alittlecrush?” scoffs the brunette.

“Now, they didn't cheat on us, mind you. We probably wouldn't have married them otherwise. It was more of an...infatuation they both had.”

“Basically, this tutor came between our husbands. And now, here we are, six years later, and they still refuse to speak to each other.”

I'm battling the urge not to drop down behind the counter and hide.

These women. They are the wives of Dean and Cameron?

This is a nightmare. Almost worse than the past due notices on the counter.

Please, please don't recognize me.

"You know, I wish they'd just slept with her and gotten it out of their systems. We'd all be sharing an Aperol spritz by the pool."

"Seriously, I think the same exact thing all the time," mutters the redhead. "How much easier life would be if they'd just banged the tutor a few times."

My face is piping hot.

"We got everything we wanted. Attractive, well-educated husbands. Two beautiful children each. Houses across the street from each other in a nice Connecticut town." They look at one another thoughtfully. "It was never our intention to marry for love. We were taught to marry for convenience, and that's what we did."

"Exactly. But there's nothing convenient about our husbands refusing to be in the same room. Or even share the same sand."

"You said it, babe—"

To my horror, the tall brunette cuts herself off with a gasp.

And she's looking right at me. With dawning recognition.

"Oh my God, it's her."

The redhead frowns at the book she's holding. "It's who?"

“The tutor. That’s how you recognized her!”

I want to melt into a puddle. I think my body could actually pull it off right now, I’m so warm from embarrassment. Both palms press to my cheeks. “I’m sorry. I’m...oh my goodness, I had no idea they would...that this would still be going on six years later.”

They’re both standing in front of the counter now, gaping like they’ve seen a ghost.

“Holy shit, it’s her. Ruby Lang.”

“Holy, holy, holy shit.”

My face is so hot, I’m worried my skin is melting off. “I promise, I didn’t do anything inappropriate with either of them. I was only there to be their tutor. I didn’t realize a rivalry had formed until it was too late...and I resigned as their tutor right away. It was never my intention to come between Dean and Cameron.”

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I'm positive they're about to jump me.

I'll be discovered by the next customer who enters the shop. So, like, three days from now. Which is pathetic. There aren't even enough customers to find my corpse before it starts to decompose.

The redhead's gaze tracks down to the stack of overdue bills.

She nudges her friend. They trade a long look, their mouths curling into smiles.

"We have a proposition for you, sweetie," says the redhead, setting her Prada tote on the counter. "We are women of extraordinary means. We have everything we want in this world, except two husbands who can get along. Let us rent you a nice house on the beach for a few days. We'll send Cam and Dean over for a little...reunion."

I'm the most confused girl in the world. "I don't understand."

"Don't you?" pouts the brunette. "We're bluebloods from Connecticut. We're not fanciful about fidelity, Ruby, and like I said, we love our men in our own way, but these marriages were more of a merger than romance." She does a little shimmy. "Let our husbands scratch their itch, so we can all move on as friends. We want to go to Malta together in the fall, and that requires Dean and Cameron to be on speaking terms. We're tired of this nonsense."

"Exhausted."

My jaw is on the floor. "You want me to sleep with your husbands?"

“Yes,” they say simply, in unison. “In return, we’ll take care of that nasty little stack of bills. But only if they return home as friends.”

Her friend nods in agreement. “Oh yes, we need to get what we paid for.”

“Are you in?”

This is all happening so fast. I never expected to hear the names Dean and Cameron again. Though...I would be lying if I said I don’t think about them. Too often for comfort. Those two compelling men took up all my air that semester during freshman year. They barely let me breathe, they were such an overwhelming presence. They merely competed for my approval, at first. But the competitive fun took a downturn rather quickly, didn’t it?

Do I want to get wrapped up in that again?

I’m the product of a very contentious divorce and I will never be in a relationship of my own. That has been my vow to myself since childhood. Emotionally, it is far safer to be alone. I have fictional stories to entertain me. I don’t need real-life drama and turmoil.

However.

There is a physical need within me that has never been fulfilled. A physical need that was sparked to life by Dean and Cameron, two men I resisted at all costs. They were taken, so I ignored what my body begged me to investigate.

Is this my chance to explore my own desires and pull myself out of a financial hole at the very same time? Will I ever get another string-free chance like this?

“I’m in.”

Chapter Two

Dean

My wife, Polly, dangles a set of keys in front of me.

I sigh, sliding my hands into the pockets of my khakis.

Our kids are back at the hotel with the nanny. Polly asked me to bring her for a walk on the beach, but we've stopped in front of this modern, ocean-front property, complete with infinity pool and wall-to-wall windows. Now, she's handing me keys with an odd look on her face. A cat-who-caught-the-canary type of look.

Jesus. I wouldn't be surprised if she bought this place without asking. Wouldn't be the first time. Wasn't it just last year we became the owners of an Italian villa?

"What is this?" I drawl. "You like California enough to buy a vacation home here?"

"No," she responds in an extra-sweet tone. "Not exactly."

"Why are you being mysterious?"

Before she has a chance to answer me, I see them. Polly's best friend, Molly, and her asshole husband, Cameron. AKA my ex-best friend.

"What the fuck are they doing here?" I snap.

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“They’re on vacation with us, Dean.”

“I didn’t agree to that.”

“No, you didn’t, did you?” Polly sighs, turning her head to exchange an eyeroll with redheaded Molly. “He’s already being difficult.”

“Not for long!” sings Molly.

But I’ve stopped listening to the women chatter. I’m too busy keeping an eye on Cameron, that motherfucker. Shifty little punk. I’ve tried my hardest to put this hatred of my ex-best friend to bed, but every damn thing about him pisses me off. And I’m ashamed to say that every time I look at Cameron, I see him through her eyes.

Her. Ruby Lang.

Did she like him more than me?

If given the chance, if we’d taken our mutual obsession with the tutor further, who would she have chosen? I hate how much it plagues me. It’s wrong. This fire I still have in my belly for the bookish blonde makes me a horrible husband and father.

It’s not a secret that Polly and I married for convenience. Money. Pedigree.

Molly and Cameron did the same. These are not grand love affairs.

They are respectable matches.

Still, I'm not a philanderer. I don't have a roving eye. I'm a good man.

But to this day, I get uncontrollably hard when I think about Ruby Lang. I spank it to her memory more often than I'm comfortable admitting, considering I never even laid a finger on her. Neither did Cameron. She was the utmost professional, reminding us we were in relationships whenever things got...tense.

There was no hiding her refreshing nature, though. Her innocence.

Her angelic beauty.

Cameron is looking at me with a scowl on his face—and I can tell he's thinking about her, too. He thinks about Ruby as often as I do, and that never fails to enrage me.

Especially after what he did.

"Are you two paying attention?" Molly snaps, waving a hand in front of our faces. "We just told you, this is where you'll be living for the next few days."

"Together," sings Polly. "We'll be at the hotel getting pampered, instead of trying to enjoy ourselves in the midst of your ridiculous feud."

Cameron speaks for the first time. "I'm not staying here with him."

"Yes, you are, honey," Molly says. "And trust me, you'll do it happily."

"Have you both lost your minds?" I demand to know, ready to chuck the keys into the Pacific. "I'm done here."

Polly catches my elbow before I can storm off. "But you haven't heard the best part. You'll have a houseguest. Someone you might remember from senior year." My wife

cups a hand around her mouth, raising her voice to call, “Come on out, Ruby!”

Every muscle in my body tenses.

This must be some kind of joke.

No fucking way this is happening.

But it is.

Out walks Ruby Lang, exactly as I remember her. Long blonde hair, a simple blue headband. A short, white dress with a collar. High socks. Wringing her hands the way she always used to do when we fought over where she’d sit in the library. Beside me or beside Cameron.

My cock expands, stiffening to the point of near eruption, testing the fly of my khakis. I untuck my shirt as quickly as possible to hide the obscene reaction, but my wife sees it and giggles. What the hell?

“It’s okay, Dean,” she murmurs, already checking her watch. “For the next three days, you’re free.”

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“Free?” I choke out.

Molly squeezes her husband’s shoulder. “You, too, Cameron. Ruby is yours to play with for the next seventy-two hours.”

Cameron

I don’t believe what I’m hearing.

Or seeing.

This girl, who still haunts my daydreams, is standing ten yards away.

Ruby is yours to play with for the next three days.

I’m sorry, what? I’ve only been married for six years, but I’ve been married long enough to know this feels like a trick. Except, Ruby wouldn’t participate in something like that. She’s not the type. She’s more principled than any of us. Toward the end of our association back at Yale, Dean and I were both so desperate to fuck her, we were having Tiffany jewelry and half the Chanel runway delivered to her dorm.

She returned all of it. Every last piece.

“She didn’t agree to this,” I say, shaking my head. “Not a chance.”

“Quit talking like you know her so well,” Dean growls.

“I do,” I respond, rounding on him. “I...did.”

“You wanted to know her even better,” he steps closer and says under his breath. For my ears alone. “Remember that afternoon when you took it too far? Don’t make me remind you.”

Fire climbs the back of my neck and I shove him hard in the chest. “You don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about.”

“Don’t I? I saw what you almost got away with.” He looks past me, to Ruby, and I can see the lust building in his eyes. The way it always did. “She deserved better than you.”

“Better than me? At least she and I have the arts in common. You were just a knuckle-dragging football player. Still are. You just wear a suit now, instead of a uniform.”

He scoffs. “You wish you could have worn a uniform—”

“Enough!” Polly steps between us, placing a palm on both of our chests. “Thank you for both proving our point. You have some unresolved issues with Ruby. She has kindly agreed to let you work them out over the next few days, so we can all move on and live in peace. As friends, like we used to be.”

“Why would she do this?” I ask, still drowning in a sea of shock.

My wife is putting me up in a house for three days with Ruby Lang?

“Why else would she do this, dear?” Molly responds, rubbing her thumb and index finger together. “Because she needs cash. Good thing we have that in abundance, right?”

“Think of her as a gift,” Polly says, shrugging. “A shared gift.”

“I don’t know,” Dean says, dragging a hand down his face. “I don’t trust this whole thing. Seems like a trick.”

“We anticipated that,” Molly says, taking her phone out and hitting record. She moves to stand beside Polly and they both smile into the camera. “We, Polly Carmichael and Molly Jones, do hereby give our husbands permission to engage in consensual adult activities, including but not limited to sexual intercourse, with Ruby Lang for the duration of three days.”

Still filming, they wave to Ruby, gesturing for her to come closer.

Chewing her lip a moment, our former tutor does what they ask, stepping down off the deck and crossing the sand, her long hair blowing in the ocean breeze, her sugary-sweet scent that I remember so well filling my nostrils. The wind tosses the pleated hem of her dress around her tan thighs, plastering the garment to the same body that kept me permanently horny for the final semester of my senior year.

Now it’s my turn to untuck my shirt to cover my erection.

“Ruby, give each of our husbands a welcome kiss. We’re going to film you, just for our private records, so they won’t worry we’re going to extort them later.”

Kiss Ruby Lang?

I was never given the chance. It’s going to happen...now? In front of my wife?

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“Are you sure about this?” Dean asks Polly.

“Yes. We’re both totally sure.” Polly brushes a hand down Ruby’s hair, then lower, trailing her hand down to Ruby’s bottom, tracing the tight curve. “If anything, we commend both of you for having excellent taste.”

Dean and I are frozen after watching Polly touch Ruby’s beautiful ass.

If he’s in any similar state to me, he’s trying not to unload in his pants.

“I’ll go first,” Dean rasps, taking Ruby’s wrist.

“Fuck that,” I say automatically, shouldering myself between them. “Letherchoose.”

“I can’t,” Ruby whispers, blinking her cornflower blue eyes up at me. “Don’t make me pick between the two of you, Cameron. Everything we do together has to be fair or these three days will be for nothing.”

Oh God, just hearing her say my name is causing my entire body to pulse. Memories are rushing back to me in a stampede. And as always, I am plagued by the instinct to take her in my arms and shield her from the world. “So, it’s true. You agreed to do this?”

She nods, whispering, “Yes.”

“Just because you need the money?”

Dean comes up behind Ruby, sliding his hands around her waist, smoothing them down over her hips. Tugging her back into his body, while I step forward to keep her close, leaving our once-tutor sandwiched between us.

“Or have you always wondered what it would have felt like to give in?” Dean asks.

Ruby’s head falls back against Dean’s chest. “I’ve wondered,” she says, so lightly, the breeze almost carries her words away before I can hear them.

Reel from them.

“Good lord, their chemistry...” Polly murmurs, awed. “How about this? Just so we don’t have any fighting, me and Molly get to decide who gets to kiss her first? We’ll plan out the whole three days, in fact. That way, we’ll avoid any arguments about fairness.”

Molly uh-huhs. “What we say, goes.”

“Fine,” I grit out, the curve of my erection brushing Ruby’s stomach. “Choose.”

“I volunteer Cameron to go first,” Molly says, with a snicker. “Don’t worry, Dean. Whatever activity we decide on next, you’ll be first in line.”

Ruby tips her head back to look at me, wetting her lips, and I’m mesmerized. Years worth of fantasies have me weak in the fucking knees as I lean down and settle my lips on top of hers, watching her eyes smoke out as I sip the saliva from her lips, tasting sugar, slowly lapping into her mouth, groaning over her tremulous intake of breath. How she parts for me like a flower, letting my tongue in deep for one stroke, two, three, ten...

“My turn,” Dean pants, spinning Ruby around. Dragging his hands around and down

to her ass and lifting her up, her legs automatically clinging to his hips like glue, Dean's fingers flexing to tighten his hold while he slants their lips together, French kissing the twenty-four-year-old blonde, right there in front of his wife. Raking her mouth with his tongue, while his hands knead her taut butt, the hem of her dress nearly gathered high enough for me to get a glimpse of those succulent ass cheeks.

"See?" Polly says, to the camera, filming her husband with Ruby, then flipping it back around to herself. "All parties are in agreement."

"And a teeny bit turned on," Molly laughs, fanning her face. "Well. We have a hot stone massage in an hour, so we best be moving on. Listen, we checked and all three of you are healthy, plus Ruby is on the shot. Don't bother with condoms. Just have fun!"

The three of us stand there, breathing roughly, while the wives depart, leaving us with Ruby Lang, the girl neither one of us managed to shake.

And three consequence-free days to accomplish it.

Chapter Three

Ruby

Still standing on the beach between the two men I never fully exorcised from my system, my phone buzzes in the pocket of my dress. At first, I think it's my body still trembling from the emotional impact of those kisses, because goodness, I can still feel their tongues wrestling with mine, those big quarterback hands of Dean's fondling my bottom, a place I've never allowed anyone to touch me. Cameron's erection stabbing me in the tummy. And all of it in front of their wives.

"I think your phone is going off, angel," Cameron says, his breath on the crown of

my head, his fingers playing with the hem of my dress.

“Oh.” Swallowing hard, I try and reach into my pocket, missing twice before finally finding it. Could anyone blame me, though, when these two gorgeous men have made me the center of their sandwich? “Um. It’s Molly. She says they’ve decided I’m going on a drive with Dean first. To the Griffith Observatory to catch the view. Then tonight, I’ll have a swim date with Cameron.”

As expected, the grass is always greener to these men.

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They grumble at each other, frowning, as if trying to decide who is being given the better opportunity. While they're distracted, I take the chance to remind myself of the ultimate goal. Dean and Cameron need to walk away from this three-day experiment as friends. Or their wives are not going to pay me. Which would be bad.

Because if they don't pay me, I will have to close the doors on Sip and Flip.

All of my carefully laid out dreams will be dashed and I'll have to start from scratch.

In other words, I need to do whatever is in my power to give these men the satisfaction I denied them six years ago, thus giving them no reason to resent one another. It must be said, however, that there are far greater hardships than being handed the chance to explore my physical wants with two big, powerful men.

Dean with his 6'4" athletic build, impeccably honed at the gym. His light tawny eyes and expensively styled light brown hair. A jaw that could break a cinderblock.

Cameron is more like a sleek animal, all unruly black hair and soulful green eyes, his body cut and sinewy from metalworking his sculptures. A modern blacksmith.

Both are looking at me like they're one second away from snapping. Taking me down onto the sand and ripping my dress off with their teeth.

"Don't be like this, men," I say, kissing Dean on the chin, before turning to Cameron and kissing him in the exact same spot. "We only have three days. Let's enjoy ourselves."

“I’d enjoy it a lot more if he wasn’t here,” Cameron blusters.

“Likewise, buddy,” Dean returns with a phony smile. “Now, if you don’t mind, I’m going to get her out of here for a while. Away from you. Before you try anything weird with her and I have to kill you with my bare hands.”

“Shut the fuck up, Dean,” Cameron growls, reaching over my shoulder to poke his former friend in the shoulder. “Like I said, you don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, either. But whatever it is, let’s think about putting it behind us.” I rub circles onto both of their chests, giving them my broadest smile in an attempt to lighten the mood. “Don’t you remember all those Shakespearean grudges we studied together? I’ll remind you, they all ended in tragedy.”

“I remember every single thing you taught me, baby,” Dean says, reaching beneath my dress to tease my panty line. “And every minute I got to spend with you.”

“Me too,” Cameron says through his teeth, tugging me back in his direction. “But obviously one of us paid better attention. I’m the only one who got an A in Shakespeare.”

Dean flips him off.

“You both did amazing,” I protest, but it’s clear I need to get them away from each other, before there’s a fight and nothing gets accomplished. “Um. Dean, why don’t we go for that drive now? I’ve never been to the Observatory, and I’ve always wanted to go.”

“Good idea,” Dean says.

Cameron snags my hand before I can walk away, running his incredible lips over my knuckles and sending a sensual shiver down my spine. “I’ll look forward to our swim, angel.”

“I’ll look forward to it, too.”

It’s surreal to be walking hand in hand with Dean Carmichael, a man I never expected to see again. My pulse is a little wonky as we weave through the throngs of tourists at the Griffith Observatory, though. It feels like we’re doing something wrong. Really wrong. Even though I know it’s not the case, there’s a sense we’re going to get caught.

The majestic gray and white dome looms to our left, the green valley spread out in front of us, the jagged skyline of Los Angeles up ahead. Dean draws me toward the perimeter of the platform, positioning me in between him and the chest-high stone wall, wrapping his arms around my shoulders from behind.

“I can’t believe you’re here,” Dean says, nuzzling my hair. “I can’t believe we’re doing this.”

“Me either,” I confess, turning my face up to the sunshine and getting a kiss on my nose, instead, making me giggle. “I’m grateful we are, though. The way the three of us left things was...unresolved.”

He growls into a kiss of my neck. “I only want to think about the two of us right now.”

I send him a playful frown.

“There’s something I’ve been dying to ask you,” Dean says, his right hand moving to massage the nape of my neck. “You’re smart. Beautiful. Sexy doesn’t even begin to

cover it. How the hell are you still single, Ruby?"

I tilt my head left, releasing a silent moan when his thumb drags up a particularly tight tendon, further loosening my stress, along with the sunshine. "I like it that way."

"You don't want a relationship?"

"No." I turn to face Dean, excitement racing up and down my limbs at the familiar way he presses into me, chest to thigh, like we're a couple. And I know we have permission to be like this together, but oh boy, it's almost criminal how my soft body molds to this married man's muscle. It's a taste of something that could easily become an addiction, if we're not careful. "My parents had a really ugly divorce when I was nine. I went to live with my father and his new wife, only for them to go through the same thing a few years later. I've seen people who claim to love each other make one another miserable. I don't want to open myself up to that. I like my freedom. I like the quiet. Not having to be accountable to anyone. It just...works for me."

What I don't add is that I haven't found a single person who might make me want to change my decision. No one has ever quite lived up to...well, them.

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Cameron and Dean.

Dean strokes a hand up my throat, his touch trailing higher until he can rub the pad of his thumb side to side on my bottom lip. “That makes a lot of sense after what you’ve been through.” He shakes his head. “But I still think someone is going to try and snatch you up one day soon. And I’m sure I’ll hate his fucking guts.”

I send him up a smirk. “Well, if I happen to find a man who leaves me alone, doesn’t make me cook and stays quiet while I read, I’ll make sure to invite you to the wedding.”

“Thank you,” he chuckles. “Yes, please spare me.”

“You had a big, beautiful wedding, didn’t you?”

Dean nods. “A double wedding. Obviously,” he says dryly. “I agreed to it, as long as they kept that idiot on the other side of the banquet hall.”

“Dean,” I admonish, slapping his chest.

“Sorry.” His jaw pops once, then he turns me back around to face the green valley, his strong body crowding me up against the stone wall, my breath catching when I feel his hard ridge against my bottom. “I don’t want to talk about him. I want to focus on you.”

“I like having your focus on me,” I murmur, pushing up on my toes to lock my buttocks more securely to his lap. “Do you like the way I feel?”

His groan sends a warm shiver down my spine. “You have no idea, baby.”

“Just remember there are people around.”

“I’m incredibly aware of that.” His laughter is pained. “I think maybe this is my wife’s idea of a cruel joke. Sending me to a place where I can’t touch you how I want.” I can sense him checking our surroundings, his hips tilting needfully. “Most people are on the other side of the observation deck.” His hand slips down between my lower body and the wall...and I gasp when he cups my sex through the pleats of my skirt. “Let me just get a little feel, Ruby. I never got to feel you here. Goddamn, I’ve thought of putting my cock here so many times.”

His slowly circling fingertips feel incredible, even through the material of my skirt and the white silk of my panties. “I thought about it, too,” I whisper, blushing.

“Did you?”

“Mhmm. I felt so guilty about it.”

“You were too much of a good girl, weren’t you?” His fingers move beneath my dress, teasing the silk barrier of my panties with the tip of his middle finger. Sliding it up and down along my damn seam. “My Ruby wasn’t a rule breaker.”

“I’m still not,” I say, grinding gently on his lap. “I have permission.”

His harsh breath is stirring my hair. “Did you get excited? When she asked you to service her husband for three days?”

I bite my lip to trap a moan. “I might have gotten a tiny bit wet.”

He bites off a curse, the entirety of his hand cupping my sex now, molding it in his

palm like I'm his plaything. In a sense, that's exactly what I am. If I'm being honest with myself, that's part of what's turning me on the most. "Not such a good girl after all, huh?" Dean says, delving his fingers inside my panties, groaning in my ear when he feels how the contact with his body has affected me, along with the illicit conversation. "Oh God, it's even sweeter than I imagined it would be." His index finger rides through the damp valley, starting at my entrance, then slowly, slowly dragging to my clit. "Damn. Did you get this pussy waxed for me, Ruby?"

"Uh-huh."

"Oh, fuck. Fuck, that's so hot." His middle and ring finger begin a soft, targeted assault of my clit, working it clockwise. Luxurious strokes that make my bones tremble, then liquify. "I'm crazy to ask you this, but I'll regret it if I don't..."

My inner thighs are already beginning to feel like jelly, a knob turning tighter and tighter below my belly button. I don't touch myself frequently at all. No one else has ever touched me between my legs, either. It's like I've been waiting for this treatment for six years, my body secretly crying out for something it couldn't have. "Ask me."

"Would you...call me Daddy for the next three days?"

"Yes."

The word bursts out of me, as though that slick flesh he's touching so reverently already knew the question and the answer. Has known it ever since I tutored him in the library while he devoured me with his eyes, his frame a full foot taller than mine. Making me feel so dainty. "That feels so good, Daddy."

"Oh Jesus Christ." His erection throbs against me. "I can't believe this is real."

“It’s real. Rub me faster,” I gasp. “P-please.”

“I’ve got you, baby,” he rasps, dragging his tongue up the side of my neck and latching onto my ear. “Drip that young come right into my hand. Right where it belongs.”

I’m struck by a bolt of pleasure, my backside jerking back into his lap, my thighs shaking around his hand. The tension inside of me tightens, then snaps, the muscles between my legs working, working, pulsing, moisture seeping out and along his fingers.

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The release is so intense, I can barely stand afterward. Thankfully, I have Dean's big body holding me up, his knuckles moving to strum my tummy after fixing my panties back into place and shielding them with the bottom of my dress.

"I'm not ready for this to be over," he says gruffly, swaying me. "I've got the Maserati in the parking lot. Let's put the top down and have some fun with the winding roads in these hills. You can tell Cameron we spent an extra-long time admiring the view."

I turn in Dean's arms, letting him boost me up with two hands on my bottom, my legs wrapping around his hips as he carries me to the parking lot, past a dozen outraged faces. "Sure, Daddy," I whisper in his ear. "It'll be our secret."

Chapter Four

Dean

I can't describe the feeling of having Ruby Lang in the passenger seat of my red, rented Maserati with the top down, her long blonde hair tossing around in the breeze, her bare legs on full display on the white leather seat. Her nipples tight, like little pebbles. Face flushed like it was when I finished her off at the Observatory.

I'm so hard, I probably shouldn't be driving, because there can't be much blood left in my head with my cock this swollen.

We take a sharp turn, and she throws her hands up in the air, laughing into the oncoming wind, and I swear to God, I feel like I'm in college again. The stress of

being a productive adult is melting right off me, along with the responsibilities I've taken on over the last six years. Responsibilities I wouldn't trade for anything—hell no, I love my kids, my career is important to me and my wife and I? We're a good team, even if we're not the romance and flowers type. We're respected, and that's what we were both after.

But knowing my only worry for the next three days is giving this cutie the orgasms I've been wanting to give her for years, while she calls me Daddy?

Yeah, I'm not sure there is a man alive who is luckier than me right now.

We spend half an hour zigzagging through the hills of Mount Hollywood while the sun droops into the horizon, leaving ribbons of pink and orange streaked through fluffy white clouds. A sunset worthy of a unique evening. I return to the parking lot at Griffith Observatory and zip into one of the parking spots off the beaten track, intending to regroup before driving back to the beach house. Ruby is still breathing hard from the exhilaration of the ride, unhooking her seatbelt to scramble over the console and straddle me, planting kisses on my face, the mound of her sex wiggling around excitedly in my lap.

I press my hips up and hump her a few times against the steering wheel, groaning at the way her lower body melts and conforms to me, her teeth sinking into her bottom lip.

“That was the most incredible ride,” she whispers, falling onto my chest and kissing me, like I'm a fucking hero. “I could have gone for another hour.”

“We can do whatever you want, baby.” I sink my hands into the back of her panties and yank that cunt tighter to my lap, lust slithering in my veins like garter snakes. “Hell, if I didn't think I'd be pushing my wife's good humor, I'd take you to Harry Winston and deck you out in fucking diamonds.”

“That’s okay,” she murmurs, nuzzling our noses together. “This is way better.”

“Goddamn right it is,” I mutter thickly, sinking into a thorough pull of her mouth, lost in the way she gives herself over to the moment completely, not distracted, not impatient, just content to rub her pussy on my aching dick and join our tongues together on repeat. If the top of the convertible wasn’t down, the windows would be fogged up in seconds, which would be helpful right about now, because even though I parked toward the back, there are a lot of other people in this lot. And I know exactly how this looks—a man with a wedding ring in a Maserati getting it on with a younger blonde. I’m a long way from Connecticut where I might be recognized, though, and good lord, she’s so fucking sweet.

“Can we put my dick in while you keep up that wiggling, baby?”

She lifts her head, blue eyes dazed. “Like...sex? Already?”

“Please.” My balls squeeze with agony. “I’m ready to bust. I want to be inside that little pussy when I do it.”

“B-but...”

Her hesitation has me checking myself. Am I...rushing her? I thought we were on the same page. She’s practically fucking me through my khakis. I’m a married man with a demanding career. I have approximately ten minutes of free time for sex per week. When the opportunity arises and on the off chance my wife is agreeable, I get my business done fast. Have I already forgotten how to approach sex in six years of marriage? “But what, baby? Tell me.”

“Maybe I’m being too forward, it just felt so good. To have the permission to kiss you. But I thought we’d spend a while working up to sex,” she whispers, her face pink. “I still haven’t been with anyone, Dean.”

Did I mishear her? It sounds like she's telling me she's never been physical with a man. But that can't be right, can it? She was hired to spend three days with two very horny, very obsessed married men in peak physical condition. Not exactly a virgin move. "You mean, you haven't been in a relationship? I know. We talked about that, baby."

She leans in and speaks near my ear in a conspiratorial whisper. "No, I mean sexually."

"You're a virgin?"

Ruby winces. "Uh-huh."

Ruby

Flushed with embarrassment, I bury my face in Dean's neck.

What got into me? Of course he thinks we're going to have sex now.

I haven't been on an adventure, like the one he just took me on, ever before. The wind whipping my hair, the music blasting, his hand massaging my upper thigh. If the wedding ring gave me pause initially, I was quickly distracted by the hairpin turns and rev of the engine. The way the wind molded his shirt to his muscles, his eyes watching me from the other side of his sunglasses, making me feel desired. Treasured.

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I didn't really expect this bold behavior from myself. I've been on casual dates. I've spent time around men. But...wow. Those occasions were nothing like this.

With the pressure of a potential relationship off the table, I'm so free.

Free to explore all my repressed needs.

"I'm glad you said something, Ruby," he says on a shallow exhale, his chest still rising and falling against me, nearly lifting my whole body with his powerful breaths. "I don't want your first time in a parking lot. You deserve better than that."

I kiss his cheek for being so sweet. "Thank you for understanding."

His head falls back against the rest. "Christ. I don't know how I'm going to walk straight with this erection." He raises his hands, framing my breasts, his thumbs fondling my nipples through my dress. "God. I still can't even believe my wife is letting me do this."

"I love your wife."

He lifts my skirt up, observing the hard press of my sex on his arousal, the slow working rotations of my hips, inner thighs in a flex. "Right now, baby, I love her, too."

Dean

Before either of us can say another word, the people who are parked beside us return

to their car. It's two older men in their sixties, and until they're sidestepping down the space between my Maserati and their SUV, I don't realize I've parked beside a police cruiser. Jesus, they're cops. The gun belts around their hips are the final pieces of proof.

They're going to see Ruby in my lap and it's going to be obvious what we're doing. The last thing I want is this three-day vacation from my responsibilities to be ruined with a trip to jail.

"Face the windshield," I urge, lifting Ruby up. "Knees up, so I can turn you around. We'll pretend I'm giving you a driving lesson."

For the rest of my life, I'm going to think about how easy she was to maneuver in such a tight space, but I digress. Her ass is planted in my lap in no time, her hands on the steering wheel, my cock still stiff as nails, only now it's pressed right up between her butt cheeks, her sexy thighs wide open and draped over mine.

One of the police officers stops dead in their tracks at the driver's side.

"Fucking hell," I hear him groan under his breath, his attention dragging up Ruby's thighs to her hips. "What's going on here, folks? What are you doing sitting in your car? The Observatory is that way."

"Just showing her how to operate a Maserati, sir," I say, praying that's the end of it.

"That so?" I can see him eyeballing my wedding ring. And the fact that Ruby's ring finger is bare. He'd never believe me if I told him my wife gave me a three-day hall pass to fuck my college tutor out of my bones. Although, God, the more time I spend with her, the less I suspect it's even possible. "If you're teaching her how to operate this car, you better move the seat up. Her feet don't even reach the pedals, son."

“Right,” I say dryly. This son of a bitch has jokes.

Hoping to satisfy his bullshit sense of humor enough to make him leave, I press the button on the armrest to move the seat up—and immediately realize my mistake when Ruby’s hips wedge up against the steering wheel and her ass grinds down onto my stiff cock, a hot little whimper leaving her mouth.

“Oops,” says the officer.

She immediately tries to shift herself out of the predicament and oh shit, oh shit she can’t get free and struggles harder, harder, writhing that tight backside on me, all under the cops’ watchful gaze, both of us trapped. One strenuous arch of her back and a too-sharp tweak of that tush—and I come. I come harder than I have in a very long time, my hips convulsing involuntarily, slamming Ruby into the wheel, over and over and over, semen blasting into the crotch of my briefs, flooding, capsizing any thoughts of self-preservation. All I can do is hump, hump, hump her into the wheel, my balls storming with white-hot pleasure, my teeth gritted against the back of her head until it ends, leaving me battered.

“Goddamn.” The cop mops the sweat off his brow. “I’ll tell you something. I don’t blame you one bit, son.”

A moment later, the police cruiser is gone, and Ruby turns sideways into my chest with bright red cheeks. “That did not just happen.”

I grimace over the wet mess in my pants. “Oh, I promise you, it did.”

She laughs hysterically at my irritable expression, and by some miracle, I find myself joining her, weight dropping from my shoulders like sandbags. Weight I didn’t even know I was carrying. This is how Ruby always made me feel. Alive. Carefree. Young.

She leans up to kiss my cheek, and I feel like the ruler of the universe. “All part of the adventure,” she whispers. And as I drive Ruby back to the rental house, her eyes sparkling at me from the passenger seat, I admit to myself that I want a lot more than one adventure with her. What I’ve got is three days, though. Three days only. And one big problem named Cameron in the way of having Ruby all to myself.

Chapter Five

Ruby

We return to the beach house a lot later than expected.

The stars are out. Waves crash beneath the purple sky down at the shore.

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Dean is not ready to relinquish me yet and makes it known by kissing me up against the door of the house, his hips agitated between my thighs.

“Forget him,” Dean says, sucking on a patch beneath my ear. “Come to bed with me. I’ll make your first time so fucking good.”

“I can’t,” I gasp, the flat of his tongue licking the pulse at the base of my neck, his teeth razing me there immediately afterward. “I was brought here for a purpose, Dean. Fulfilling you in a way I wasn’t allowed to do before. But also, making sure you and Cameron leave as friends.”

“It’s never going to happen.”

“But it’s his turn, Dean,” I protest, even though...oh yes, I really, really just want Dean to bring me to his bedroom and undress me. I want to see him naked. Above me. I want to be his possession for the night. His reward for being such a steadfast husband and father. I want his larger body to take charge of mine while I call him Daddy.

I want. I want. I want.

More than I knew I was capable of wanting.

But I must remember why I was hired in the first place.

My bookstore is counting on me to remember the overall mission.

“Dean.” I twist between him and the door until he steps back with a curse, adjusting

the bulk behind his fly. “Fine. I’m going to be watching from the living room, though. I don’t trust him with you, Ruby.”

I’m so confused by his distrust of Cameron, and I want to question him more about it, but the front door of the house opens behind me. I turn to find Cameron in black, low-hanging swim trunks, loosely laced beneath his happy trail. His stomach is tighter than a drum, his abs more natural than those achieved at the gym, as are his pecs. Biceps. His right arm boasts a tattoo sleeve he’d only begun to ink in college. Spiderwebs tangle with words and rough sketches depicting form, the art of the human body.

My broody sculptor, staring at me with his heavy-lidded green eyes.

So different from the corporate god at my back.

“Hi, Cameron,” I say, turning without hesitation and stepping into his heat, sighing when his thick arms close around me, dragging me up against his hard chest.

“Sorry for keeping her out so late. We got a little...carried away,” Dean says, petting my backside with familiarity. Patting it. “You understand.”

“I understand you’re as entitled as you always were.”

“Guys,” I murmur, kissing the dip between Cameron’s pecs, my palms smoothing the tension from his chest. “You know, if you could just be friends, the three of us might be able to spend time together. Like it was in the beginning. Remember those early tutoring sessions?”

“You mean, when Dean would play dumb so you’d have to lean over and explain the same concept ten times?” Cameron scoffs. “Yeah, I remember that.”

“What can I say?” Dean runs his fingers through my hair, a rusted sound turning in his throat. “It’s hard to concentrate when she’s around.”

“Good thing you don’t have to worry about that for the next couple of hours,” Cameron growls, picking me up and carrying me out of Dean’s reach. Distracted by the taste of ocean salt on Cameron’s skin, I hook my legs around his waist and suck the flavor off his shoulder, letting him carry me to my bedroom. “I assume you brought a bathing suit.”

“Well, sort of.” Eyeing my suitcase across the room, I chew my lip. “Molly and Polly picked it out. I haven’t taken it out of the bag yet.”

“Interesting,” Cameron deadpans. “Let me take a look.”

I continue to cling to him, licking the saltiness from his tattoos and the sinew of his neck while he moves across the room. He kneels and flips open the top of my suitcase, stopping to shudder through a moan when I bite him lightly. “Dean is right about one thing. You’re a fucking distraction. A very beautiful, very sexy one.”

“Do you want me to get down?”

“Hell no.” I smile into his neck, listening to the crinkle of plastic behind me as Cameron unearths the bathing suit. “My God, I owe you one, Molly.”

Curious, I turn and glance behind me, finding a couple of interconnected silver strings dangling from Cameron’s long index finger. “Oh.”

“Ohyeah.”

With an impish grin, I slide off his lap, plucking the silver bathing suit up as I go. “I’ll go put this on in the bathroom and meet you outside.”

Cameron stands, the hunger stark in his gaze. “Hurry, angel.”

“I will.”

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A few minutes later, I look in the mirror and barely recognize the bedroom-eyed, tangle-haired blonde staring back at me. I'm in a silver micro bikini that covers almost nothing at all. My nipples and the seam of my sex are hidden beneath the shiny fabric, but there is not a lot left to the imagination. And I like this version of me, just as much as I like the girl who hunkers down in a blanket and reads, hiding if someone rings my doorbell.

The three-day time limit is an escape hatch giving me the ultimate chance to tap into the hunger I've been ignoring so long. Without shame.

There's a buzzing sound and I realize it's my phone vibrating in the pocket of my dress. Bending down to get it, I straighten with a smile when I see a text on the screen from Molly. Send me a pic of you in that bikini, girl. Need a visual.

"Good timing," I murmur, snapping a picture of my reflection in the mirror.

Several lines of emoji flames come back within seconds.

And so I'm smiling to myself on my way into the living room, my intention to continue straight to the pool where Cameron is waiting. But Dean steps into my path before I can make it out of the hallway, his starved eyes tracking down to my barely covered nipples, then down to the little strip running down the center of my most intimate flesh. "You trying to make me come in my pants for the second time today?"

"I didn't pick this out. Molly did."

"God bless Molly." He steps closer, wrapping my hair in a fist and turning me

around, the heat of his attention incinerating the curve of my butt. “Might as well wear nothing at all, huh?” Deanhisses through his teeth. “You think you’re going to walk back in here a virgin if you go out there wearing that thing?”

“I have incredible willpower,” I say, breathless from his manhandling. “Otherwise, you’d have taken it from me six years ago.”

He swats my ass hard with his free hand. “Been aching for it ever since, haven’t I?”

All I can do is whimper, moisture spreading on the string between my thighs. This is who I am, isn’t it? I’ve been repressing a lot of my wilder fantasies, but they unfurl now, refusing to be kept hidden. IlikeDean’s high-handed attitude. Ilikehis spanking.

“Remember who your Daddy is while you’re out there.”

“I will.”

Dean lets me go with a grating curse, but I can feel his eyes on me the whole way through the living room, as I step over the threshold of the sliding glass door...

Where I enter another world.

There are tiki torches lit around the edges of the pool, which glows like a blue jewel under the dark night sky. Cameron sits on the edge of a lounge chair, waiting, his hands folded loosely between his knees. But he stands slowly when I emerge, his chest shuddering up and down when he sees me.

“Holy shit,” I hear him breathe.

I go to him, carried by the magical atmosphere of the evening. The gentle coconut breeze and the rushing sound of ocean waves just below.

When I stop in front of Cameron, his arousal is already tenting the front of his swim shorts, his eyes pitch black. Blacker than the sky. He was always the darker of the two men. Mysterious, where Dean holds nothing back.

“I can’t believe this is real,” he says thickly. “I’m allowed to...touch your body, if I want to. No one is going to stop me. I’m not going to be served with divorce papers.”

“Your wife asked me for a selfie in this bathing suit,” I say, putting my arms around his neck and swaying against his body, letting the breeze stroke my hair. “She sent back fire emojis, so we’re definitely good to...”

“Play.”

“Play,” I whisper back, touching my tongue to his stubbled chin.

Taking my hand, he tugs me toward the pool, which is thankfully heated, the crystal-clear water climbing my thighs, tickling my nearly nude sex as I sink in deeper, floating into Cameron’s waiting open arms. He twirls me around and attacks my neck with a growl, both of us splashing sideways into the open water. When we surface again and I’m done laughing, I marvel again over the fairytale in front of me. A green-eyed prince with dark, dripping hair, surrounded by paradise, my body humming with arousal.

“I missed you, Ruby,” he says, playing with the strings on my hips, then ultimately pulling me into an embrace. It’s so like Cameron to be the more tender man of the two, and I smile against his wet shoulder, letting him sway me in the chest-deep water. “I’ve had weak moments where I’ve looked you up on social media, just to see if you were doing well, but nothing ever came up under your name. Were you trying to torture me?”

“Mmmm.” I nuzzle his ear with my nose. “You know I’ve always been a private

person. I have social media accounts under Sip and Flip, out of necessity. But running a personal account and a professional one? That would cut into my reading time.”

“Sip and Flip?” he murmurs warmly. “That’s what you named the shop?”

“Do you like it?”

“I love it, angel.” He gathers my wet hair and turns my head to the right, skimming the barest hint of his lips along my neck. “Tell me what it looks like. I assume the ‘sip’ part of the name refers to the tea counter you always wanted in install?”

I gasp. “You remember me telling you that?”

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“Everything, Ruby.” He tilts my head in the other direction, going to work on the opposite side of my neck. “I remember everything.”

“I remember everything about you, too,” I whisper, the long, low squeeze of my core making me languid, hot. “You always gave the best hugs. Always made sure I was being safe on campus, paying the security guards to watch me when you couldn’t.” A memory strikes me, and I perk up. “How is your father doing? I remember he was visiting during our last tutoring session. Such a nice man.”

His jolt is almost imperceptible. Maybe I imagined it. Or maybe Cameron and his father aren’t as close as they used to be and it’s a sore spot. My recollection is of him being a nice man, if a little...flirtatious. “My father is doing well,” he says, tone a little short. “Still heading the athletic program at Dartmouth.” He tilts my face up, examining me in the moonlight. A clear move to change the subject, though I’m happy to let him. “The Ruby I remember was a buttoned-up good girl with her nose buried in a book. I never expected to see you like this.”

“Like what?” I ask, playfully.

“So...at home in a micro bikini,” he laughs, and I join him.

“I’m still a buttoned-up good girl,” I say, letting myself lay back in the water, floating faceup in front of him, moonlight spilling across my belly, thighs and breasts. “And my nose is usually buried in a book. But...there’s another part of me, too. I don’t think I was ready to acknowledge it until now.”

He stands in between my spread thighs where they float in the water, his knuckles

dragging up the valleys of my sides, then back down to tease the strings on my hips again, tugging the material tighter against my core. Watching his handiwork from above with rapidly shallowing breath. “Why weren’t you ready until now?”

“I don’t know. I think I just needed the right opportunity. With someone I trust.” I allow him to pull aside the string shielding my slit, a shiver passing through me over the depth of his groan. “Two people I trust is even better than one. Four if we’re counting your wives, which I am.”

“Can’t believe we’re talking about my wife while I’m looking at your bare cunt.” He bends down to get closer, running his heated gaze over my mound. “God, Ruby. I could sculpt for a million years and never form anything so fine.”

“There’s that poet’s spirit I remember,” I whisper, warm...everywhere. I can almost feel my estrogen fizzing in my veins, energizing my extremities.

“I’m not a poet. You’re just fucking inspiring.” He sips a kiss onto my navel, his palms skimming seductively up the outsides of my thighs. “I’m proud of you for opening your own bookstore, just like you always dreamed of doing.”

I hum a yes. “The dream doesn’t match the reality exactly, but...I have hope that it will, one day. Good things take time.”

“Sometimes they even take six years.”

“Exactly.”

His hands are on my breasts now, tugging aside the little triangles to palm them bare, kneading hard enough to make me moan an encouragement, then massaging circles onto my perked-up nipples. “I could blow just from touching you, Ruby. My God. You’re so smooth and golden all over. I’m so fucking worked up right now, it’s

insane.”

A ribbon of trepidation slithers in my tummy.

It would be so easy and perfect to take Cameron inside of me right now. I’m so turned on from his touch, it probably wouldn’t even hurt that badly to have my first time right here, right now. In the pool beneath the moonlight in the presence of palm trees. But just like earlier, with Dean, I’m hesitant to have my first time in private with only one of them. Wouldn’t that only add to their vitriol? Wouldn’t that be unfair?

And wouldn’t that make my mission to reunite these best friends that much harder?

“Can we kiss for a while?” I whisper, sitting up in the water and snaking my legs around his hips, gasping when his rampant erection meets my sex. “I didn’t get enough of your kisses earlier on the beach.”

“Pretty damn sure I’ll never get enough of yours.” Cameron’s strong hands seize my bottom, and he turns, walking us to the side of the pool. Pressing me up against the smooth tile, crowding his hips in between my legs. “But I’m willing to kiss you until we find out.”

“That sounds nice,” I whisper against his lips.

Cameron’s kisses are more exploratory than Dean’s. Gentler, too, but no less arousing. He primes my mouth with side to side drags of his open lips, before plundering me slowly, his skilled tongue drawing hiccupping moans from deep inside of me, as if he’s reached into the bottom of some unknown well. As a freshman in college, I daydreamed about Cameron laying me down on a soft patch of grass and celebrating me with his mouth, his whispered poetry, gazing down at me with soulful eyes, whereas my daydreams of Dean were hot, furious fucking, usually in the back

of his truck.

How lucky I am to be gifted these contrasting men.

All I want to do is luxuriate in them.

And that's exactly what Cameron and I proceed to do. Bask in kisses that proceed to turn more starving, my body straining between his and the tile wall. I sense we're reaching a point of no return and I should stop us, but I can't, I can't, because I love being flattened against a hard barrier by this big man with no purchase for my feet and nowhere to go, his mouth molesting mine on repeat, the very taste of him smacking of hunger.

I'm not expecting him to rake his open mouth over to my ear and whisper, "Tell me what you did with Dean."

I don't process his words right away, because I'm dizzy from kissing, but eventually they sink in...and confuse me as much as they flush my lower body with humidity. "You want to know...that?"

Chapter Six

Cameron

Yes, I want to know what Ruby did with Dean.

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There is probably something sick about that, but so be it. If I only have three days to nurture the twisted needs inside of me, I'm not going to inhibit them. I'm going to take advantage. I'm not just a simple voyeur. Some dude who gets his rocks off watching other people have sex. It's a very specific scenario that gets me hard. And it all traces back to that day, that strange fucking day. Ruby's last tutoring session with me.

While my father was visiting.

Yeah, this sickness is all tangled up in Ruby, just like the rest of my libido.

God, maybe even my heart.

How else can I explain how my entire world was rocked by seeing her again?

How else can I explain how fast my pulse is racing now, my stomach in knots?

"Dean," she whimpers, loving the way I'm sucking her neck, that spinner body perched right on my stiffness, unable to keep still. Jesus, she's so sweet.

"Bet he couldn't keep his tongue out of this pretty mouth, either, could he?" I rasp, praying she doesn't think I'm weird for wanting a play-by-play.

For enjoying it.

"N-no, he couldn't," she whispers, tipping her head to the left so I can reach more of her neck, rubbing my scruff against the sensitive patch of skin beneath her ear.

“Tell me more,” I demand.

“We parked for a while and, um...” I hear her swallow. “Are you sure you want to hear about...this?”

“I wouldn’t be asking if I wasn’t sure,” I assure her, stroking a hand down her wet hair. “Dean and I might hate each other, but thinking of how he probably couldn’t keep his hands off you...it gives me an ache, angel.”

She blinks, but her gaze is free of judgment. “Oh.”

“Now, I want to know.” I press our foreheads together. “Did he pull your panties down in some dirty alley and fuck you, Ruby?”

“No,” she gasps, her pupils expanding in the moonlight. Holy shit, this is making her horny, too. As if I need one more reason to desire this girl. “No, he didn’t do that. Not yet.”

“Hmm. What did he do to our little Ruby?” Without warning, I heft her higher, bringing her perky little breasts on level with my mouth, the water splashing around us. I let myself enjoy their bounce for a moment, my balls throbbing over the barely there bathing suit top, how her hot tits are one good thrust from popping free of their scant coverings. Need to see them. Touch them. Using my teeth, I drag aside the silver triangles, one then the other, beginning to circle her pointed nipples with my tongue, groaning over the supple texture of her. “Did he take off your bra and suck on your tits?”

“N-no.”

“Tell me what you did with him, Ruby,” I beg, crossing to her other nipple. Taking as much of her breast in my mouth as I can, suctioning, wanting to fucking maul her.

“We...we parked for a while and I sat on his lap,” she says, breathing hard.

“Were you facing him?”

“Uh-huh.”

A sound stutters out of him. “I bet that made him hard, didn’t it? Our fantasy girl sitting on his dick, kissing him in her innocent pleated skirt.”

A breathy moan escapes her. “Y-yes, he was hard.”

“Did you like making him hard?”

An audible swallow. “Yes.”

I drop my right hand to the surface of the water where it laps against her hips, dragging my knuckle down the silver string of her bikini. “What about you, angel? Was your pussy wet and eager for a ride?”

She nods, her tits rising and falling faster.

“Did you want him to fuck you?”

“Yes.”

“But he didn’t.”

“No.”

“Whatdidhe do?” I trace my knuckle down to her slit and work the soft flesh open, rubbing the silver string on top of her clit, her body beginning to tremble against mine. “He had some fun with this tight, waxed cunt, didn’t he? Even if he didn’t fuck it.”

She can barely answer, she’s breathing so hard. “Yes.”

“Did he finger you, Ruby?” I yank aside the bikini string, pressing my knuckle to her entrance and twisting. “Did he stuff his wedding band up this single girl pussy?”

That part of her constricts, her back arching, as if involuntary. “C-Cameron...”

Dear God, I didn’t expect this to get her off, too, but it is. She’s almost hyperventilating, she’s so turned on by my sensual interrogation. Her incredible body, slick with pool water and moonlight, twists in front of me, her nipples erect, red from being sucked, and every time I rotate my knuckle, it brings her closer to the edge. There’s nothing but Ruby. She’s taking up my entire world, just like I always dreamed she would.

But there’s a movement past her shoulder, inside the house.

On the other side of the sliding glass door.

Dean takes an irritated swig from a beer bottle, watching me suckle her delicious nipples, my fingers between her splayed thighs. Rubbing. Teasing.

He's pacing. Pissed off.

This is no longer about him, though. It's about me and Ruby.

How her restless movements communicate to me that she needs filling up—and goddamn, I need that, too. My balls are heavy with unspent come, my thoughts and my breathing ragged. Listening to details about Ruby and Dean's date might have stoked my fire to an inferno, but visions of her beneath me—and me, only—dominate my brain now. And with that desperate throb between my thighs, I drag her out of the pool, carrying her a few yards and throwing her down onto one of the lounge chairs, my fingers fumbling with the ties of my board shorts.

“Spread your legs if you want it.” She drops her knees, the silver string pulled tight across that pink slit—Christ—and I shove down my wet trunks with a shudder, cock in hand. Jacking, jacking, as her eyes widen over the length of me. “I’d tell you I’ll be gentle, but I’d be lying. I’m about to break this motherfucking chair railing you, angel.”

I plant my knees on the lounge chair, my balls already verging on eruption just knowing I’m allowed to bang this beauty with no condom. The tip of my cock has barely touched down in her wetness when Dean speaks up behind me.

“Stop. Now.”

“Fuck off, Dean.”

“She’s still a virgin.”

“You’re lying.” I’m two seconds from getting up and swinging on this bastard for interrupting us. With a lie, nonetheless. “You just want inside of her first.”

“Tell him, Ruby.”

Her knees cinch together and she sits up, chewing her lip. “I...I am. I haven’t been with anyone like this.” She crosses an arm over her tits. “I guess I j-just got carried away.”

“Fuck,” I exhale shakily, in pure disbelief, my body still on fire. “How?”

“I asked her the same question,” Dean says, dryly. “I had to stop you, man. You were about to fuck her silly.”

“I’m still about to,” I wince, wrapping a fist around my cock, no idea how the hell I’m going to come down from this sexual high without Ruby beneath me. She’s the only thing that’s going to satisfy me. Maybe she has always been that—my only outlet for satisfaction. And I never got to have her. I need her now. “I’ll try and go slow,” I force out through the pain, reaching for Ruby’s ankle and pulling her down into a prone position, prowling on top of her, those big, blue eyes blinking up at me. Nervous but excited.

Dean moves into view beside the chair. “Why should you get to have her first?”

“She opened her legs for me.”

“She’d have opened them for me earlier if we hadn’t been in public.” Dean kneels beside Ruby, stroking her tangled blonde hair. “Whose dick do you want first, baby?”

Her gaze zips between us, troubled, even amid her arousal. “I...I...”

“I’ll lick your cunt first, unlike this idiot,” Dean says, pressing his open mouth to her temple. “A real man always licks it first.”

“Only if they’re not a good enough kisser to get her dripping wet, like me.”

“Go to hell, Cam.”

“I think we should ask your wives who goes first,” Ruby blurts.

Dean and I freeze, exchanging a measured look. We both know Ruby is right. We have to take the decision away from the three of us, or someone is going to get slighted.

I don’t give a shit about slighting Dean, but it would upset Ruby.

Before I can predict his move, Dean scoops Ruby up off the lounge, tossing her mostly naked body over his broad shoulder, fireman carrying her toward the glowing house. I waste no time jerking up my shorts and stalking after them, my vision grainy, thanks to the lack of blood in my head. I find them in the kitchen, Ruby still draped over Dean’s shoulder, her magnificent ass on full display—which does not help my condition—while Dean hits the button on his phone to call Polly, presumably.

A moment later, Polly’s face appears on the screen. Molly is beside her.

They’re in white robes, as if relaxing at the spa.

“Oh my,” Polly deadpans. “Guess the micro bikini went over well.”

Molly chuckles.

Dean strokes a hand up and down Ruby’s ass cheek, giving it a cracking spank. “We need you two to decide who sleeps with her first.”

Our wives' mouths drop open. "You haven't slept with her yet? I didn't even think we'd make it back to the hotel before she was spread eagle."

"It's complicated," I grunt, walking into the frame. "Choose fast, ladies. Who first?"

Polly taps her mouth with a manicured finger. "I have a fun idea."

"Explain," Dean demands, dragging Ruby down off his shoulder, her legs catching in a circle around his waist. They stare into each other's eyes for a beat before their mouths connect in a charged kiss. "Fast, Polly," he growls with Ruby's lip between his teeth.

Can my wife tell it's taking everything inside of me not to beat off, watching Dean and Ruby make out? The hastily done laces of my shorts are stretched to the limit. Do I want her myself? Yes. God yes. But I can't pretend my loins aren't in a pretzel watching him manhandle her, knowing what I know. Remembering how we got drunk together during senior year, before we stopped being friends, and Dean confessed he fantasizes about Ruby calling him Daddy. Beingher Daddy.

No matter what I do, I can't exorcise that from my brain.

"I have an idea." Polly says, primly. "Men. You're going to strip down and sit on the couch. Ruby, you'll kneel and suck them both off. One, then the other, then back again and so forth. Thirty second intervals. Whoever can hold on the longest gets to take Ruby first."

While I'm reeling from the thought of the oncoming pleasure/torture, Molly chimes in, cheerfully. "Before you get started, Ruby, go put on that sexy schoolgirl outfit we packed for you. Just to make things interesting."

"Bye, folks. Have fun."

Molly blows a kiss. “Bye!”

Chapter Seven

Dean

“Our wives are kind of fucked up for this,” Cameron says.

Both of us are sitting on the couch with pillows over our junk, but make no mistake, I’m hard as nails knowing Ruby is in her bedroom getting prepared to suck me off. “Definitely the weirdest game show I’ve ever been on.”

“It’s the only game show you’ve ever been on,” he remarks.

I start to laugh but turn it into a cough and give him the finger instead. “Look, I know our wives want us to walk away from this time with Ruby as friends, but we both know that’s not happening.”

“I don’t know what the hell they’re thinking. As if competing with you for the same girl is somehow going to make you tolerable.”

I’m nodding in agreement, too horny to be insulted at the moment. “Not going to lie, though, I’m fucking thrilled with their bad decision making. Another shot with Ruby Lang...”

“Agreed. It’s a once-in-a-lifetime chance.”

Unable to wait another second, now that I’m thinking about my sweet blonde obsession, I grasp myself under the pillow and give in for a couple pumps. “The amount of times I’ve imagined this over the years is obscene. I can’t believe it’s happening.”

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“No one would believe it,” Cameron rasps, jerking himself slowly under his own pillow, forearms flexing. “If she gives head half as good as she kisses, I’m toast.”

“Tastes like fucking sugar, that girl.”

“Sugar.”

Both of us tip our heads back and stroke, our labored breathing loud in the living room, the fireplace hissing and crackling in the background. My belly is starting to hollow out, which is a telltale sign I’m close to popping—and who wouldn’t be after having Ruby’s legs around their hips in a micro bikini, her mouth so eager to be Frenched? I almost came on the kitchen floor, right in front of my wife. Jesus, I never would have heard the end of it.

Cameron and I only stop working ourselves under the pillows when we hear footsteps approaching. I can’t believe my life is real when Ruby appears, framed in the hallway, dressed in what can only be described as a costume. White knee socks, a red plaid skirt that doesn’t even cover her pussy, and a white, see-through swatch of fabric tied up beneath her braless tits. Pigtails. Her hair is in pigtails.

The fucking room is spinning around me, I’m so ready to blow.

How the hell am I going to last long enough to win this competition?

Because I need to win it. This hunger inside me to be the experienced older man in her life runs deep. It’s not just the title of Daddy I want. It’s the reality. Being the first man inside of her would validate the instinct I’ve always had inside me for Ruby.

Our twin groans echo off the walls of the living space at the sight of her in the outfit, and they only grow louder when Ruby takes her place in front of us, kneeling down and removing the pillows, a pink flush appearing on her cheeks.

“Does someone have a watch?” she asks, settling her palms on top of the pillows.

“I do,” I manage through a torrent of heavy breathing.

“Then you keep time first,” she says, taking away Cameron’s pillow. And fuck, he’s straight up engorged, his cock standing at ninety degrees, his full-looking testicles hugging the base. I almost feel bad for the dude. After being a few seconds away from fucking Ruby by the pool, his balls must be bluer than an evening ocean.

“Oh Jesus,” he growls, when she lowers her mouth toward his lap, those bee-stung lips hovering right above his tip. Hands sweating, I fumble with my watch, taking it off and holding it in front of me, ready to time.

“Go,” I grunt, choking off my balls in my left hand, so I won’t blast off, before I get to experience the bliss of her mouth on me.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Cameron grits when her lips connect, her tongue roving around his tip lazily. Teasingly. His fingers fly to the arms of the couch, knuckles drained of color. And then a moan explodes out of him, when she begins to bob her head, sucking him in earnest, her mouth stretching around his shaft. I’m trying to keep my attention locked on the face of my watch, but there’s live pornography happening right in front of me.

She’s divinely inexperienced sucking cock.

That lack of experience is making her try twice as hard, her upper body bent forward over Cameron, showing off those ass cheeks beneath the short skirt. Her eyes water

from the pressure of Cameron in her throat, making her eyes luminous as she looks up at him for approval—can't she tell she's driving him insane?

"He loves it, baby," I rumble, wanting to reassure her. "He's trying not to come all over that pretty little face."

"Haven't had it sucked in so long," he pants, head falling back.

"Me neither, man.Fuck."

"Jesus, she's going to bring me off. Has it been thirty seconds yet?"

"Almost." Another three beats pass. "Time."

I toss the watch onto the couch beside Cameron.

Cameron yells when Ruby frees him from her mouth, his chest heaving up and down, in obvious pain from holding back. She walks over on her knees until she's in front of me and I fumble aside the pillow, urging her head forward with my left hand, my abdomen pulling taut when she sips the precome off my tip, then bathes me with that mouth, the texture of her tongue mind blowing. She brings me deep, her strokes nice and smooth, choking a little when I tap the back of her throat. "That's it, baby. Be good to Daddy with that mouth."

Cameron

As soon as I hear the D word, I know I'm in trouble.

Throw in the schoolgirl attire and I'm on the verge of losing this competition already.

There is a secret fantasy world no one knows about but me and it involves...exactly

what I've been given a front row seat to witness. Ruby with a Daddy. A father figure. An older man showing her what it means to give pleasure, and receive it. This scenario that has brought me to completion an embarrassing number of times throughout my life is being presented to me in 3D and it's more viscerally sexy than I could have imagined.

Dean can be bolder than me, perhaps because he isn't suffering from an intense case of interrupted coitus. He tilts his hips up and takes one of Ruby's pigtails in each hand, winding the long strands around his fist, twice, three times, urging her mouth lower and lower on his cock. "My balls need some attention, baby, after all you've put them through today."

She slides him out of her mouth, spit connecting her to his flesh. "Do I suck those, too?" Her tongue trails up the underside. "Teach me."

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My vision doubles. Sweat breaks out on my forehead.

Dean cups her cheek. “You want me to teach you how to be a good girl?”

“Yes, please,” she breathes against his dick, her eyes excited. Grateful.

I drop the watch I so recently picked up and start to pump my own cock. I can’t help it. She’s my dirtiest, most sinful thoughts come to life, on her knees with her hips tilted, her juicy, virgin pussy begging to be entered from the back, those tits spilling out of the flimsy top. And she’s sucking his balls now, dutifully, innocent eyes on Daddy.

Looking at him the way she looked at my father that day six years ago. Shyly.

Giggling at his jokes.

Blushing at his compliments, blissfully unaware of the effect she was having on me.

On him.

“Time,” I say, hoarsely, knowing I’m playing with fire. No way I’m going to withstand another round. But I try anyway, handing the watch to Dean, who is sweating, too, his jaw clenched. I watch him watch Ruby wrap both hands around mycock and start sliding those swollen lips up and down, twisting, while she suckles the tip noisily, eventually feeding my inches into her mouth, her throat, her skill developing in real time, and my God, my come starts to boil, a pained groan ripping up my throat. Her lips are tight, precise, her touch beautifully eager. I’m so close, but

somehow I make it the full thirty seconds. A miracle.

“Time.” Dean’s voice is ragged. “Come here, little girl.”

I watch, unable to look away, as Dean drags Ruby in front of him by her pigtails. With a few flicks of his wrists, he unties the flimsy shirt beneath her tits and wraps it around her head, blindfolding her while saliva drips down her chin and she struggles to breathe. “I can’t look you in those sweet blue eyes when I do this,” he says, his voice deeper than I’ve ever heard it. And then he stands up, wraps those pigtails in his hands and fucks her throat. “Ohhhhh fuuuuuuck,” he moans at the ceiling. “She’s Daddy’s little girl all right.”

Semen fountains from my dick, a power surge going through my entire body.

There’s nothing I can do to stop it, heavy globs of spend rolling down my jacking fist, my eyes glued to the lump protruding and retreating in Ruby’s throat, over and over and over, her lips stretched to capacity. Tears rolling down her cheeks from beneath the blindfold. But she’s not in distress. No, her hands rake up and down his abdomen and chest, as if she’s in a state of worship.

Dean is so lost in the throes of pleasure, he doesn’t realize he’s won the challenge at first, but slowly his gaze clears, and he pulls out of Ruby’s mouth with a curse, stroking her cheek to praise her. She leans into his touch, nuzzling him, while dragging in air.

“If you liked watching that—which you obviously did, you sick fuck,” Dean says, stooping down to pick up Ruby, once again throwing her boneless form over his shoulder. “You definitely won’t want to miss what happens now.”

He strides to the back of the house, Ruby’s blonde head dangling down near the small of his back, his hand laying a rough smack to her ass that echoes in my very blood.

Already getting hard again, I follow them.

Chapter Eight

Dean

In my everyday life, I'm a gentleman. A man of values. An Ivy League graduate.

A father who is patient with his children.

A scratch golfer. A connoisseur of scotch.

I'm none of those things right now.

I'm Ruby Lang's Daddy. There are no boundaries or societal dictates to hold me back. And as I throw Ruby down in the center of my king-sized bed in her knee-high socks and tiny plaid skirt and her lips curl into a smile beneath the blindfold, even more of my restraints dissolve. She's game for anything. She's loving every fucking second of this. A hot and horny virgin with a face like an angel.

She's perfection incarnate.

I don't watch weird porn or fetishize schoolgirl uniforms on a regular basis. Not at all. But I have wanted to play this role with Ruby—and Ruby alone—since I can remember. There is something about the way she looks up at me like I have the answers, like I'm important, like she needs protecting and pampering...it works me into a lather. I don't know where this night is headed. I'm just going to do what comes naturally.

I'm looking down at Ruby's tits and imagining my come all over them when Cameron walks into the room, observing us for a heavy moment, before taking a seat

in the corner, by the window. It wasn't lost on me that he climaxed while Ruby was giving me head. Now he's going to be a one-man audience while I take her virginity?

"Try and keep the applause to a minimum," I say.

Cameron shoves five fingers through his hair, looking a little rattled. "Shut up."

Something I don't expect tugs in my chest. Something like regret. I used to do everything with this guy. We got our driver's licenses together. Helped each other through tough times, like Cameron losing his grandparents or me tearing up my knee and requiring surgery, right in the middle of football season. We were always each other's biggest supporters and...I guess it's kind of bothering me that he's a mystery now. Just a little.

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“Do you...like to watch?” I ask Cameron, while running my fingertips down the valley of Ruby’s tits, down to her navel, slipping my index finger beneath the waistband of her skirt and teasing her tummy side to side.

Cameron looks at me beneath hooded brows, as if trying to determine whether I’m seriously asking or just want to ridicule him. “I...” He swallows. “Not normally.”

“You like watchingus.”

His chest rises and falls. “Yeah. It’s complicated.”

“Explain it to us, Cameron,” murmurs Ruby—and just the sweet sound of her voice makes my balls squeeze. Goddamn.

“I liked what he was saying to you in the living room,” Cameron says slowly. “And I like Ruby telling me what you to do together. How you touch her.”

“You’re like a...what?” I say, puzzling it together. “A voyeur?”

“Something like that. But it’s only with...”

“Us,” Ruby finishes.

There’s a memory that is never far from my consciousness and it drifts to the forefront now. Arriving at Cameron’s off-campus house that fated afternoon of senior year and finding Ruby there, drunk, sandwiched between Cameron and his father, barely dressed. I’d never seen her like that. She was never a drinker. So how did she

get like that? And how dare Cameron touch her or allow his father to touch her, in that state.

I didn't wait for explanations. I simply got her out of there. Took her home and tucked her into bed. The fabric of mine and Cameron's friendship had already begun to tear, due to our rivalry over Ruby, but that afternoon was the straw that broke the camel's back. Why I fully stopped speaking to Cameron.

I'm not sure how that long-ago afternoon relates to now. Does it?

It's hard to think too clearly when Ruby is stretching out in front of me like a happy kitten in her cock tease skirt and my dick is the consistency of concrete, though. So I put the curiosity away for another time and focus on the girl who got away.

She's not getting away tonight.

"Ruby..." I drawl, my voice taking on a fatherly quality without any premeditation. "You're in the wrong bed. Your room is down the hall. This is Daddy's room."

"It is? Oh, my goodness," she gasps, no hesitation. Slipping right into the role she's been playing in my head for years. Has she been playing it in hers, too? "I couldn't see with the blindfold and I must have picked the wrong door."

"That's okay." I tickle her ribs gently, making her squirm and laugh breathlessly. "Easy mistake. But..."

"But what?"

"Well. This is a very short skirt. And I can't help but notice you're not wearing panties beneath it." I frame her hips in my hands, pressing my thumbs into her hip abductors. "Are you sure you ended up in here by mistake?"

Her tongue emerges to wet her lips. “What do you mean?”

“I mean...” I flip up the hem of her skirt, revealing the entirety of her smooth, golden mound and a hot shudder wracks my frame. “Maybe you wanted me to see this little temptation between your thighs. Maybe it’s been getting wet lately and you’re not sure what to do about that, so you came to Daddy, because he always has the answers.”

Her flushed cheeks tell me I’m correct. “Am I in trouble?” she whispers.

“I’m the one in trouble, little girl,” I rasp, easing her thighs apart. “There’s no going back, now that I’ve seen this pretty thing, sealed up so tight.”

Across the room, Cameron makes a hoarse sound and starts to stroke off.

Maybe another guy would find that off-putting or strange, but fuck me, I like it. I like the encouragement that this is as hot as my body tells me it is. That I’m fulfilling the purpose of the title she calls me—and doing it well. I’m well versed at being on the field with an audience cheering for me. Same thing, kind of, right?

“I’m going use my tongue in your pussy now,” I say, my voice a baritone scrape I’ve never heard before. “Keep the blindfold on. I’m not ready for you to see how much I’m going to enjoy licking it.”

“Okay,” she whispers, her tits heaving up and down. “B-but are you s-sure you should?”

“I’m sure not even the law could stop me,” I breathe, down on my chest now, kissing her slit and watching the blessed moisture seep out, gathering every ounce of it with the flat of my tongue. Listening to her surprised intake of breath, the tremble of her thighs. “Drop them wide for me.” Her knees open slowly, like an accordion, the

movement parting her flesh naturally and giving me access to all the untapped pink I can stand. “There’s my little leg spreader,” I croon, taking my first thorough lick, trying to explore every sugary inch in one taste. “Goddamn, that’s a sweet girl.”

“Am I doing it right?” she whimpers, tilting her hips up for the next lick.

“You can’t make any mistakes with Daddy, as long as you keep your thighs spread and do what you’re told. Can you do that?”

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“Yes,” she says, nodding. “I can do that.”

“Know what else you can do?” I use my thumb to fondle her clit, my tongue testing her entrance and barely fitting. “You can take away all my stress when we’re alone in the house. Just by coming in here and spending time together.”

“I’d like that. I like spending time with you.”

“Good.” I settle my mouth on top of her clit and worry the very tip of my tongue up and down, side to side, distracting her while I pump my middle finger into her entrance, feeling those untried muscles spasm around me, trying to reject the invasion. “Soon enough, you’ll have me wrapped around your little finger. I’ll be paying for alone time with jewelry, new clothes. A car. Keep me spoiled and I’ll spoil you back, baby.”

“Oh-ohhh. Okay.” Her hips are twisting now, and fuck me, her cunt is drenched. Gets increasingly so with every rough lap of my tongue, every targeted twist of my finger inside of her. “That feels so...so...I don’t know!”

“This is what good feels like.” There is no description for how hard I am right now. I’m so hard, I’m humping the goddamn mattress, my tongue tangled in her slippery pussy, my heart slamming up against my ribcage. And yet, somehow, I’ve never been more in control in my life. “Good means giving your come to Daddy.”

“Is that what’s happening?” she sobs, bucking her hips toward my mouth.

I growl a yes against her flesh. “This is what you’re built for. Let it happen.”

Recognizing she's on the verge of an orgasm, I cram a second finger through her entrance, jiggling roughly, knowing this is my only chance to stretch her enough to accept my cock at its largest. Then I use my tongue on her clit, tickling and teasing and finally rubbing it for all I'm worth, pulsations traveling from her core down the length of my tongue, straight to my chest like an arrow. Humbling me, arousing me, wrecking me.

She pops like a cherry, crying out, her thighs shaking around my face, her cunt beautifully clenched around my fingers, her torso twisting as she floods my lips and chin. I revel in that proof of her pleasure, rolling my face around in it and panting, wanting to beat my fucking chest. But there's no time. I'm a good minute from busting and it's the fault of her tight little pussy. I'm compelled to fill it hard and punish it for being so soft.

I lift my head, swiping a forearm across my mouth to clear away her juices, prowling up her body and ripping away the blindfold.

"Look me in the eye while I take ownership."

She nods, still gulping air, blue eyes glazed over. "Yes, sir," she whispers.

Oh, I fucking love that. So much I almost blast off before I'm inside of her.

Cameron is beating himself off so hard in the corner of the room, he's grunting like a lecher, a layer of sweat covering his face and chest. And the fact that he's obviously turned on by what I'm doing to Ruby gives me the highest tide of confidence imaginable. Gives me an explosion of determination. I settle my aching inches against her hole, gritting my teeth as I work the head inside, then suction her mouth to mine and rear my hips back...

Cameron

Oh shit.

I'm almost delirious with lust watching this scene play out in front of me.

Yanked straight out of my wildest, most guarded fantasies.

Dean is huge on top of petite Ruby, muscling his cock inside of her while her white, knee-high socks flail, the skirt rucked up around her belly.

"Too big!"

"No. It's just right, baby," he growls. "Because I fucking say it is."

She starts to protest again, but he silences her, using his tongue on her mouth with the same carnality he used between her legs, hitting her with deep, dominant strokes until her knees go limp and she's purring under his care. I'm leaking from my tip watching it happen, and I know I need to slow down, because I don't want to finish before this is over, but I can't slow down, despite how ominous the weight in my balls feels. Sweat is dripping down the sides of my face, onto my shoulders and pecs.

I'm trapped in the perfect, golden dream.

I never want to come out.

My breath accelerates as Dean's hips move in a slow lurch forward. He growls into Ruby's mouth as he meets resistance, his hand closing around her throat, then he punches home, driving her tight body up the bed. And he bellows like a conqueror while she whimpers, her back arched beneath him. Butt scooting right to left to find comfort.

"Are you hurting, baby?" he asks thickly, throat muscles straining.

“A little,” she says, clutching at his shoulders.

He nuzzles their mouths together. “That’s the price you pay for being so fucking sweet, isn’t it? You made a big dick hard and now you have to take it.”

“You think I’m sweet, Daddy?” she whispers, accepting his tongue, trailing her nails along his broad shoulders.

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“Do I think you’re sweet?” His ass is starting to flex with the need to thrust. “You’re the sweetest creation on the face of the earth.”

She shifts around beneath him, gasping.

“Keep that up and I’ll start banging like a fiend, little girl,” Dean manages between pants. “Once I start, I ain’t stopping, so lie still and get used to me.”

“I’m...almost...r-ready...” She breathes in and out for another few moments, then raises her arms up, settling her crossed wrists above her head. And she rolls her hips in a way that makes Dean bray like a beast. “There. I’m ready for my owner.”

“Oh Jesus Christ,” he grits out, bearing down on her, his lower body lifting up and scooping down, shuddering as he grinds deep, deep inside her pliant body while she wails his title. “There’s my girl. Give Daddy what he’s been aching for.”

“No more aches,” she pouts.

Holy shit. If I hadn’t ejaculated so recently, my spend would be all over the floor by now. As it is, I’m hanging on by a thread, watching Dean fuck Ruby, harder and harder, the bed rocking faster, faster, the headboard crashing off the wall. His breathing is ragged, jaw slack, his balls bouncing off her young ass. And it’s the way she’s looking up at him in awe, with the utmost respect and hero worship, that turns my crank the hardest. She’s having her body ransacked with no quarter and all she can do is look horny and grateful.

“I want to be the one who shares this bed with you,” she purrs, lifting her snug-

looking cunt in time to his drives. “That’s how I want to be spoiled. Not with clothes and jewelry. I want to be your favorite.”

“You are, little girl.” He flattens her with a growl, tight slams of his hips that grow progressively violent. “Believe me, you and this little fuck hole would be any man’s favorite.”

“Show me you mean it,” she murmurs, opening her knees wider and allowing him to plow another inch deeper. “Move me in here.”

“Baby...”

“Kick her out,” she whispers, barely audible, but I can read her lips. Can read the wicked intention in her innocent blue eyes. “Make me the mommy.”

A saint would come after that—and Dean is far from a saint. That becomes clear a second later when he drives Ruby up the bed with a monster drive, grinding deep and rough, roaring into her neck to signal the overstimulation of his body. He comes so hard, I can hear the thick liquid squishing into her little cunt, his hips rocketing up and back to stuff it in deeper, deeper, deeper.

“Daddy!” she gasps, her own climax rendering her stiff, arched, then shaking. “Oh Daddy, your come is so hot. It feels so good!”

Good lord. That’s my cue.

One more tight slide of my fist and I fire a spurt of semen across the hard wood floor, followed by another, another, my throat straining from the volume of my moans. It’s a three-way euphoria filling the room, lighting it in a violet haze, all of us collapsing under its power, delirium stealing through the tutor and her two obsessive lovers.

Chapter Nine

Ruby

I crack one eyelid open to a dim bedroom, warmth cradling me from behind.

Dean. It must be Dean, because Cameron is sprawled out, asleep, in the chair on the other side of the room in a pair of boxer shorts. A gorgeous, messy-haired prince in repose, while the king breathes deeply behind me, a possessive hand high on my outer thigh, my naked backside snug to his sticky lap.

I'm not sure if I've been asleep for hours or minutes, so dense was my loss of consciousness, but I don't feel as though I've gotten too much rest. In fact, I'm exhausted...but in an exhilarated, naughty kind of way.

A smile paints itself onto my mouth as snippets of my lovemaking session with Dean come back to me.

How unfettered and wild I felt beneath him, his sex so thick and throbbing, his lust sharper than barbed wire, all for me, all for the little girl act that slipped over me like a second skin. This persona that comes so naturally to me can work for Cameron and Dean...for different reasons. There's something here. Something magical I never expected and it's taking shape, moment by moment.

They probably don't even realize what's happening.

To be fair, they've been a little distracted.

With a silent laugh, I scoot out of bed and pad out to the kitchen, topless in my rumpled plaid skirt and knee-high socks, stretching and yawning as I go. It takes me a few minutes to track down my phone, but when I do, I check the time—1:15

am—and decide to check in with Polly and Molly in a three-way text.

I weigh the phone in my hand before I start to type, hesitating. Because for the first time since arriving at the house, I'm feeling...guilty. Before I agreed to do this, the women assured me a million times that there was no reason to feel an ounce of guilt for sleeping with their husbands. After all, it was their idea! They condoned it. However...

I think I underestimated the feelings I still have for Cameron and Dean.

Feelings I developed as a freshman in college, when we all got so close.

Did I ever truly let go of them?

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I'm starting to wonder if I've been unwittingly carrying a secret torch all this time. In fact, I never could explain the need to move to California, away from the Northeast. Now I'm wondering if I did it to avoid the married men I accidentally fell in love with at eighteen. There's no avoiding them now. I don't want to, either.

Hence, the guilt.

Swallowing hard, I text Polly and Molly, surprised when they respond.

Ruby: Hey there. Just checking in. Dean won the contest. LOL.

Polly: Aw! Proud wife moment.

Molly: Can't believe I married such a loser. Just kidding!

Ruby: Hahaha

Polly: But I'm sure there were no losers tonight, right, Ruby?

No, I want to say. But it's more complicated than that. Because me and Cameron haven't actually had sex yet, the way the wives would assume. He's only watched me and Dean, able to bring himself to completion by witnessing me please my Daddy.

MyDaddy?

When did I start thinking of him as mine?

Feeling a little winded, I start typing but stop again. Telling Polly and Molly about the circular kink we've accidentally stumbled into feels wrong. Like I'm betraying a confidence. A secret that should only be between me, Cameron and Dean. Is that...bad?

Ruby: No losers indeed.

Molly: Good. Are they starting to play nice with each other?

Ruby: Starting to. Yes. They're speaking without arguing.

Polly: That's great news. Keep up the good work!

Molly: I knew this would pan out.

Ruby: Any instructions for tomorrow?

Polly: Yeah. Make them take you on a date! You deserve it after all the hard work!

Molly: Wear that itty-bitty, pink corset dress. It'll look insane on you.

Polly: Don't forget the white heels.

Ruby: A date it is. I'll check in tomorrow!

I plug my phone into the charger and head for the bathroom, taking a long soak in the tub to ease my sore muscles, washing my hair, shaving my legs right before getting out. Then I lotion myself all over, quietly dry my hair in waves and creep back into Dean's room. But I don't leave Cameron in the chair by himself. I wake him up and beckon for him to follow me. Then I settle into sleep, clean and naked, wedged in between two very different men, both of whom I suspect I've needed for six long

years.

What on earth am I going to do about that?

Dean

I wake up to Cameron's stupid face nestled into a pillow not two feet from mine—and it instantly pisses me the hell off. Especially because I was expecting to find a certain blonde looking back at me. Jackknifing in bed, I shout for said blonde, a little panicked that she's not here. Did she leave? Was I too rough with her last night?

“Ruby!” I bellow, lunging out of bed, only pausing for a moment to put on a pair of boxer briefs, before continuing out into the kitchen. “Ruby.”

“Dude,” Cameron gripes. “Some of us were still sleeping.”

“I didn't sign up to sleep in the same bed with you.”

“I didn't sign up for it, either, but that's where Ruby was.” He sits up in bed, scrubbing at his hair with a jerky movement. “Therefore, that's where I wanted to be.”

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“Seemed pretty content to watch from the corner last night.”

To my surprise, color deepens along his cheekbones. “Well, I’m not going to be content with that today. You’re not going to have her all to yourself.”

“Watch me.”

“Your gatekeeping Ruby wasn’t the plan.”

“The plan?” I scoff, pacing away and rounding on him again. “The plan itself is fucking crazy. Three days with the girl who we never got out from under our skin? Did they really think this was going to be a good idea? Like I’m just going to go home and be able to stop thinking about her?”

Cameron is massaging the middle of his forehead. “I know what you mean. I can’t see how this isn’t going to make life...impossible. It’ll be like getting kicked out of heaven.”

“She’s fun, non-judgmental, smart. Exciting. Beautiful beyond description. And you haven’t even had her yet, pal. She’s...” I grind a fist against my mouth until I taste blood, an image of her glistening pink slit emblazoned on my brain. How she said I want to be the one who shares this bed with you while she rode her slickness up and down my pole. God, I’m never going to get over last night. “A man commits murder for pussy like that.”

“I’m going to judge that for myself.”

We face off for a long moment, before Cameron launches out of the bed, following me into the kitchen. Ruby isn't there, though. No, she's outside.

We walk side by side to the sliding glass door, staring down at the beach transfixed.

Ruby is down on the sand in a sunny yellow thong bikini, flying a kite. Running up and down the sand with a radiant smile on her face...and attracting quite an audience as she frolics in the surf, seemingly without a care in the world. Every balcony of every house, as far as I can see, holds at least one man watching the show behind a pair of shades, probably getting ready to go jerk off.

"Let's get her inside," Cameron says.

"My thoughts exactly."

Because Ruby might not belong to Cameron, but she sure as shit doesn't belong to anyone else, either. We storm the beach, approaching her from opposite sides. Cameron takes the kite out of her hands, I put her in her usual place, draped face down over my shoulder. "Guys! I was enjoying that!"

"Enjoy it with some fucking pants on, baby," I gripe. "Unless one of us is with you."

"I don't need permission to fly a kite!"

I'm going to love informing her of the opposite. And I do. As soon as we're inside the living room, I draw her down off my shoulder, pleased when she hooks her thighs around my hips, as though it's a natural reflex. She's pouting, but the irritation flees her features when I press her up against the glass. "What was that about not needing permission, little girl? There's an army of men out there ogling an ass that belongs to us."

Cameron steps inside just as the slip happens, dammit.

I meant to say belongs to me, but...I'm not sure what happened.

Now, the three of us pause, exchanging glances.

"I think we should talk," Ruby whispers, kissing my chin while I struggle to come to terms with the shit that just came out of my mouth. Then reaching out, she brings in Cameron, kissing his cheek lingeringly, too. "Put me down and let's talk."

I stifle the urge to rip off her thong bikini bottoms and give it to her from behind while Cameron watches, just to regain some sense of equilibrium, control, but she's asking me so sweetly and I'm caught up in her blue eyes. The way she wiggles down until her feet are on the floor, taking both of our hands and guiding us into the kitchen.

Cameron and I lean against the counter, arms crossed, looking down at Ruby.

It's hard to concentrate with her all sandy and sun-kissed, not to mention those bare ass cheeks, but I take a deep breath and attempt to listen.

"We've discovered a lot about each other and ourselves since yesterday, wouldn't you say?" Cameron shifts uncomfortably, but nods. I grumble a non-committal answer. Her voice falls to a near whisper. And when I hear what she has to say, I'm glad she's quiet about it, because these are subjects for the middle of the night, not a sunlit kitchen, right? "Dean likes to be my Daddy when we're intimate. And I like that, too. A lot."

"Are you trying to make me hard, Ruby?" I bluster.

She gives me a cheeky smile. "Cameron, you're a little more complicated. You like

watching me and Dean...play those roles.” She reaches out and traces a circle around his navel, causing his breath to quicken. “Even hearing me talk about my private time with Dean gets you...aroused.”

His throat works with a swallow. “Yeah.”

Ruby tilts her head, her astute gaze running a lap around my face. “Why?”

“I’d love to know the same thing,” I snap, feeling my hackles rise. “Just like I’d love to know why I found you taking advantage of her six years ago, when she’d clearly been drinking. With yourfather.”

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“Dean, Cameron wouldn’t do that,” Ruby breathes.

“You’d been drinking, Ruby. You might not remember, but I do.”

Cameron shoves off the counter. “Like I said, Dean, you walked in at the wrong moment and it wasn’t what you thought. But I guess a lifetime of friendship didn’t earn me the benefit of the doubt.”

“Explain it to me now, then. Tell me what I saw.”

“Fine.”

Cameron

I can’t believe I’m about to say any of this out loud.

But I’ve come too far to turn back now. And honestly, after last night, explaining my twisted desires to Dean and Ruby doesn’t seem so daunting. Not after they witnessed me giving in to it, right in front of them. Why not rip off the full Band-Aid?

“Six years ago, Ruby, you came over for a tutoring session. You’d been at a pool party at one of the sorority houses and you’d had too much to drink. That wasn’t like you. I’d never seen you even tipsy before.”

Her cheeks are adorably pink. “I remember. I didn’t expect to enjoy myself and I’d drank too much before I realized someone had been refilling my glass. I was a mess. And I should have cancelled the tutoring session, but I didn’t want to let you down,

Cameron.”

I nod. “My dad was visiting. When I saw the state you were in, I carried you upstairs, thinking I’d just let you sleep it off and we’d make up the session another time. And that’s what I did. I laid you down in my bed and came back downstairs, proceeding to make lunch for my father, but you must have fallen off the bed, because he went upstairs to investigate a thud.”

“I remember him coming into the room. Kind of.” She winces. “It’s all kind of hazy, but he was talking to me. A little flirty, sure, but a nice man.”

My stomach is tying itself into a knot. “When I realized he’d gone upstairs, I followed him, and...”

Dean turns, braced. “Andwhat?”

“Ruby, you were a little disheveled from falling off the bed. You still had a bikini top on from the pool party and a dress covering it up, but the top had shifted and your breasts...” I gesture to my chest. “They were completely out. You were having a full conversation with my father with virtually no top on. And I could see he was...”

Ruby’s hands are covering her cheeks, obviously embarrassed after hearing the details of that afternoon for the very first time. “You could see he was what?”

“Horny. Excited. By your freshman tits.” I quietly curse my father for his actions that day and what they led to—an incurable hunger inside of me that nothing satisfies. At least not until last night. “He wasn’t touching you, and to this day, I know damn well he wouldn’t have tried anything with you, Ruby, but...Jesus. Something about my father wanting you so visibly made me...want to see it happen.”

“Christ,” Dean says, studying me closely. But he doesn’t look disgusted. Or like he’s

going to accuse me of being a pervert. He's more thoughtful than anything. "This is why you get off watching me be her Daddy."

Hearing it out loud is a trip. "It seems so, yeah. You're the same type as my father...personality wise. Physically, too. I don't have this interest with anyone besides, Ruby, though. I love watching her get...dominated. By an older man. By..."

"A man like me," Dean concludes. "I guess I can't judge you too harshly considering...you know." He clears his throat. "The Daddy thing."

"No kidding," I snort.

"Wow. I had no idea that afternoon was the source of...well, everything." Ruby presses against me, sliding up the front of my body to kiss me, long and slow. "I'm proud of you for telling us, Cameron."

But the story isn't finished yet—a fact that is clear, thanks to the stubborn set of Dean's chin. "So, if your father didn't touch Ruby, what the hell did I walk in on?"

I look at Ruby, because this explanation belongs more to her than anyone. "When I saw your top was down, I rushed over to fix it, angel. You thought I was trying to help you up, so you put your arms around my neck. I didn't have my footing and stumbled a little, so my dad stepped in to steady you. And like I said, we were both...turned on. For different reasons." I let out an exhale. "That's when Dean walked in and saw us surrounding you. I can imagine how it must have looked, considering your top was down and you were slurring your words."

I expect him to call me a liar. To tell me once again that he knows what he saw. Instead, after a full minute, he sighs. "I believe you. I know you better than to think you'd take advantage of Ruby. We'd just drifted so much, I didn't feel like I knew you anymore. God knows there was a lot of jealousy in those days."

“Thankfully, we’re over that,” I say, sarcastically.

Dean laughs at my sarcasm. “Old habits die hard.”

“But this friendship doesn’t have to,” Ruby says, snuggling her way in between us, beaming a smile up at me, then Dean. “In fact, I think it’ll be even stronger going forward.”

“How do you figure?” asks Dean, a shade skeptical.

“Yeah, like we just said,” I say. “The jealousy never really goes away. Dean doesn’t want to share, and while I really, really love watching, I want to be inside you, too. Badly, angel.”

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Ruby purses her lips and does a little dance in her bikini, making us both forget how to breathe. “Good thing I have a plan to get Cameron what he needs in a way that ensures we all walk away happy.”

My heart squeezes at the words walk away—and I can see it bothers Dean, too—but we both stay quiet. For now. “What’s the plan?” I ask, voice raw.

“We recreate that afternoon,” she says, causing both of us to rear back. “Except this time, we let it play out. The way Dean assumed it would have, if he hadn’t shown up.”

We trade a non-plussed glance, but Ruby struts out of the kitchen, her mouthwatering ass twitching right to left, before we can question her further. “Guess you better take me out and get me drunk, for authenticity’s sake.”

Chapter Ten

Ruby

It’s an experience, to say the least, being in a restaurant with Cameron and Dean. They’re used to touching me whenever they feel like it, and showing restraint? Not their strong suit. We sit at a secluded corner booth of a high-end seafood restaurant overlooking the Pacific, the sun just beginning to sink into the horizon. Dean is to my left, Cameron to my right, each resting a possessive hand on my thigh beneath the table.

The waiter is doing a great job of hiding his curiosity, but even he can’t help but

gape, along with everyone else who passes the table. Hopefully, their open staring has nothing to do with my dress.

Wishful thinking. Of course it does.

“I can’t believe we brought her out in public wearing that,” Dean mutters, sipping a tumbler of scotch. “How am I supposed to eat with my dick this hard?”

“I’m wondering the same thing,” Cameron says, leaning back to give a thorough examination of my crossed bare legs, while Dean peruses my perky cleavage with a clenched jaw. “Was this dress our wives’ doing?”

“Polly and Molly strike again,” I sing-song, tipping my wine glass to my lips. “I think they’re having fun torturing you.” Cameron and Dean trade a telling glance that I can’t interpret. It’s nice to see them communicating again, but it would be nice if they clued me in. “What?”

Cameron shifts in his seat. “We’re not sure we want the torture to end, Ruby.”

I maintain a neutral expression, but my heart flutters its way up into my throat. “What do you mean?”

Dean gives me a stern look. “You know what we mean, baby.”

“No, I don’t. Because you can’t possibly be talking about extending this arrangement. That would take this from an exercise in closure to a full-blown affair and I’m never going to be on board with that. If I was that kind of person, things would have been a lot different six years ago.”

Several seconds tick by. “I love my family. My wife and I have a strong relationship, but God help me, we’re more like friends with children. It’s been that way for a

while.”

“It’s the same for us,” Dean says, taking another long pull of scotch. “Polly knows it, too, or she never would have let me do this.”

“Yeah.”

I’m shaking my head vigorously. “We’re not talking about this.” My chest is starting to burn from the pent-up emotion that I refuse to expend. No, revealing how I feel about Dean and Cameron would be wrong. “We have until tomorrow morning and then we’re going our separate ways. I’ve never wanted to be in a relationship, anyway. Which is why this was such a low-risk chance to...explore...what I like.”

“And now, what? When our three days together are up, you’re free to go explore it with other men?” Dean moves his hand from my thigh to the nape of my neck, holding firmly. “I don’t fucking think so.”

“Ruby,” Cameron says, obviously trying to be the voice of reason. “We’ll sit down with Polly and Molly. We’ll explain what we’re feeling and go from there. Just be honest with us about your feelings. Tell us this is worth fighting for.”

“Maybe she needs reminding,” Dean growls, using his grip on the back of my neck to turn my face toward him, sealing his mouth over mine, his tongue roaming deep, deep, deeper and blanking my mind. We’re both breathing hard when he pulls away. “Now him.”

“Yes, sir,” I whisper, dazed, my heart thundering loudly as I accept Cameron’s kiss next, the force of him pushing my back into Dean’s chest, our lips seeking and pulling with twin groans, his palm skimming up my inner thigh. He fucks my mouth until I’m gasping for air, forced to drop my head back onto Dean’s shoulder.

“Tell us you feel something,” Dean demands. When I say nothing, he abandons his scotch to slide his hand up my skirt, knuckling aside my panties to tease apart my flesh. “Or maybe we should take your body’s word for it, wet little girl.”

Thank God the waiter picks that moment to arrive with our appetizers and both men reluctantly back off. But not soon enough to keep me out of mental turmoil. What am I supposed to do? I didn’t see this coming. I thought my feelings for these two men would have subsided by now and I would be free to enjoy the physical release, but I was wrong.

What I feel in my heart for them is still very real...and very dangerous.

Am I in too deep now? Was this a terrible miscalculation?

“We have tonight,” I manage, still trying to catch my breath. “Let’s not look beyond that, okay?”

“We already inquired about a purchase price for the beach house,” Cameron says, absently twisting his water glass on the table.

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“Youwhat?You can’t...do that. Youcan’t.”

And yet, the very idea of becoming a permanent fixture in their beds makes my nipples pucker painfully inside the corset top. The swelling of my breasts, along with my nervous breathing is making it difficult to keep decent. This top is tight as it is, and now I’m practically popping free of the snug lace cups, drawing both men’s rapt attention.

Dean leans in to speak against my ear. “You think we wouldn’t fly six hours in both directions to fuck you?”

“Enough of this,” I moan, pushing against their chests in a flimsy protest when they lean in to kiss opposite sides of my neck, two sets of hands grabbing at my hips, attempting to pull me right, then left, into their laps. “Save it for back at the house.”

Cameron breaks off a frustrated but eager groan. “Finally going to be inside you.”

“Yes,” I murmur, turning to kiss his lips softly, a pulse fluttering between my legs. Goosebumps aplenty. “Finally.”

Dean’s thumb is massaging the back of my neck. “Just so we have this straight, I’ll be Cameron’s father in this scenario?”

“Yup.” I turn and flutter my eyelashes at him. “Literally Daddy.”

My silly joke has his pupils expanding to block out his irises. “Let’s eat fast.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Cameron says.

“I’ll drink to that,” I say, lifting the wine glass once more, my head starting to swim.

Dean

I agreed to play out this scene to show Cameron some acceptance.

I didn’t expect to be so stirred up when the moment arrived.

How could I not be rocked by hunger when I walk into Cameron’s bedroom and find Ruby on the floor, the corset of her dress askew. According to Cameron, this is how she ended up after falling out of bed that day during our senior year. And if she looked a fraction as hot and vulnerable as this, I forgive Cameron’s father for wanting to beat off.

Rosy nipples have peeked over the edge of her lace corset top, her knees raised and slightly parted, so I can register her lack of panties. She had three glasses of wine at lunch and the alcohol has made her neck loose, her smile dreamy. Her visible inebriation gives me pause until I remind myself this was her idea. She consented to this while sober.

“Hello Mr. Jones,” she says, swaying her knees side to side. “Are you enjoying your visit with Cameron?”

“I’m enjoying it a lot more now.”

She giggles, but it ends in a hiccup, bringing a flush of color to her cheeks. “I was at a pool party this afternoon. I promise I’m usually a lot more professional than this.”

“You don’t hear me complaining, do you?”

She shakes her head no, and goddamn, those bouncy titties shake, too, swelling my cock in my briefs, shrinking my windpipe. Is this how that fifty-something-year-old man felt that day? Standing in front of a college freshman with her tits out? He probably couldn't look away for the life of him.

I become aware of Cameron in my periphery, watching my interaction with Ruby happen from the hallway, his palm coasting up and down the ridge of his erection.

“Did Mrs. Jones come for the visit, too?” she asks, sweetly tilting her head, as if her cunt isn't ripe and golden, staring me in the face.

“No, it's just me on this trip,” I respond, my voice beginning to grow ragged. “How often do you tutor my son, darling?”

“As often as he needs.”

I chuckle. “I have a feeling he needs a lot of tutoring.”

She laughs, too, but the elbow propping her up slips out from under her, sending Ruby flopping onto her back, increasing the volume of her laugh. “Oh my goodness. This is so embarrassing, Mr. Jones. I don't usually drink alcohol.”

“Do you need some help getting up?”

“Yes, I think so.”

I saunter closer to Ruby until I'm standing over her, looking down at her lush tits from above, her skirt riding up to the tops of her long, lithe thighs now. My cock pulsates with need—and fuck, I'm beginning to get a better understanding of Cameron's predicament. Maybe it's sick and twisted, but we're raised to think our fathers are invincible. There's something excruciatingly hot about one of these so-

called faultless men turning into a horny animal for a girl three decades his junior.
Losing his composure.

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“You’re a very beautiful girl, Ruby,” I say, adjusting my fly.

She watches my roving hand with dawning understanding. “Oh, um...thank you.” She tugs down the hem of her dress, but that only exposes more of her tits. “You must have been a lady killer back in the day.”

“I’ve had my fair share of fun,” I drawl, rocking back on my heels to look up her skirt. “Can’t remember any of my conquests being built like you, though, darling.” Again, she struggles to cover herself with the garment, pulling too far in one direction, then the other. “You need some help with your dress?”

“No, um...” She chews her lip. “Well, maybe...?”

I drop down on my knees beside Ruby, cupping one of her knees in my palm, letting my thumb stroke her inner thigh, eliciting a quick intake of breath. Looking her in the eye, I push back her knee and open it wide, my gaze tracking down to her exposed pussy. “I’d like to help. But it would be a crime to cover this sweet young piece.”

“Mr. Jones,” she gasps.

Arousal has me in its trap now. My balls are stuffed tight, a bead of sweat dripping down my spine. “How much does my son pay for a tutoring session?” My gulp is genuine. “I’ll quadruple your fee if you let me spit on it.”

“Dad,” Cameron says behind me. “What the fuck are you doing?”

Cameron

Somehow, the reenactment of that day is more intoxicating than my memory.

Dean holds Ruby's leg open, and I can see from across the room that her slit is slippery. Was Ruby turned on that day for my father? Was she surprised to find herself excited by the attention of an older man? God, she's definitely excited now—as are me and Dean, both of us tenting the front of our pants.

“Dad,” I repeat. “What are you doing?”

“Son, give us a minute.”

“Absolutely not,” I growl, storming over to them and dropping to a kneel on the floor beside Ruby, gathering her up and holding her to my chest. But there's just no covering her in the slight pink dress. Not completely. Now her tits are flattened to my chest, her pussy out of sight, but her ass is exposed now...and my father—I mean, Dean—notices. Big time.

“Damn,” he mouths, shaking his head at me. Like we're sharing a secret. “Do you ever fuck her?”

“No,” I rasp back, holding Ruby tighter, more protectively. Exactly how I did on the actual day, even though the real afternoon all those years ago never got this far. My father never touched her. Never got as close as Dean is right now, his index finger dragging up the crack of Ruby's ass, making her suck in a breath and snuggle closer, wrapping her legs around my waist. “Come on, angel. I'm going to help you up. I've got you now.”

“Okay,” she murmurs sweetly into my neck. “I'm sorry, Cameron.”

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” I assure her, stroking her hair for a moment, then standing up. My father—I mean, Dean—lunges to help and the sudden movement

causes me to veer too quickly to the right, my knee connecting with the corner of the mattress and upsetting my balance. Not wanting to risk stumbling while I'm holding Ruby, I let myself drop onto the bed, groaning when gravity brings her own on my lap, hard. I've become a professional at hiding my erections from Ruby, but there's no disguising this one.

"Cameron," she gasps. "Is that...is that...?"

"Darling," Dean says, fisting her hair and tilting it back. "I can promise you, that ain't the first time he's been boned up, hoping to get between those luxury thighs. Not if he's any son of mine."

Ah Christ, that last part even sounded like my father.

The authenticity is transporting me back to that day, only this time, Dean isn't storming in and carrying Ruby away. She's perched on my cock, eyes cloudy from alcohol.

"Is that true, Cameron?" Ruby asks, biting her lip. Nervous. As if I'm not looking at the hottest pair of tits in existence. "Do you like me?"

"You already know I like you, angel. I like everything about you. Your grace and wit and sincerity." I tilt my hips, groaning over the pliancy of her bare heat where it conforms to my fly. "But what you're feeling against your pussy is lust. I've got a lot of that for you, too. More than I could ever work off if I got my cock inside of you."

Her swollen lips part and she experiments with a front-to-back roll of her hips. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"That I want to fuck you in eighty positions?" I run a hand up her throat and squeeze. "My angel is too innocent for that."

“Maybe I don’t want to be.”

Dean’s hands tug down the lace cups of Ruby’s dress, palming her tits in older, more weathered hands. “You heard her, son. She doesn’t want to be innocent anymore.” He frames those rose-kissed mounds, jiggling them in front of my face. “Look at this pretty little thing. Your girlfriend will understand. A man can’t pass up virgin pussy or he’ll spend the rest of your life wishing he’d seized the chance.”

Ruby’s cheeks are turning red. “I-I forgot about your girlfriend—”

“As soon as he’s buried between your legs and gets his first tight pump, he’s going to forget about her, too, darling.” He continues to play with Ruby’s breasts, pinching her nipples until she whimpers. “Unzip your pants, son.”

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“I want to do it,” Ruby whispers, laying her lips against mine, our kiss igniting while she unbuttons my fly and lowers the zipper of my slacks, reaching a hand inside to stroke my painfully swollen cock. “You’re tutoring me this time,” she says, rolling our foreheads together, kissing the urgent groan off my mouth. “Do I put this in my pussy and ride on it?”

I have to grit my teeth to keep my balls from imploding. “Yes, angel. That’s exactly what you do,” I say, voice guttural. “You won’t need any tutoring after that. Your body is going to take over for you.”

“Damn right it is,” Dean grunts, taking down his own zipper, his stiff cock tumbling out of the opening. Then he slides his thumb between her lips, Ruby starting to suck as if it’s the most natural thing in the world. “Mouth to cunt, she’s built to fuck.”

“How did you know, Dad?”

“She’d have let me spit on it for free.” He presses his thumb deeper into the recesses of her mouth and she moans. “Ain’t that right, darling?”

Her shy nod has me gripping my cock and pressing it to her entrance, so horny now I’m on the verge of hyperventilating. “It’s time, angel. Come sit on it like a good girl.”

“Okay,” she says, dutiful as ever, lifting her hips to allow me to position myself at the right angle, before she sinks down, tight inch by blessed tight inch. “Oh, Cameron!”

That outburst is real. I can feel the authenticity in the clenching shiver of her cunt

when she accepts more of me, more, her ass finally slapping down onto the tops of my thighs, my loins quickening with a gut-sick lust I've never experienced before. A lancing of sharp need that transcends what I knew about sex. Because it's her. Ruby.

"How's the fit, son?"

"I'd say just right, but it's way too small," I choke out.

His laughter is dark. "That's just right in my book." He delivers a rough slap to Ruby's ass. "Go on and ride him, baby. Learn how to make yourself come."

Ruby moves slow at first, a testing up and back, round and round movement. Then she starts a rhythmic buck, her hips swinging up and back, hitting me with a sharp scoop on the way back down. Absolutely blowing my fucking mind. Ruining my marriage with one grind to the root. Jesus Christ. She's snug as hell, but she's pliable, her walls hugging me like she's got a custom pussy. All mine. This girl has to be mine.

Dean wraps both hands around her throat from behind. "Tell Cameron you would have let his daddy spit on your ripe little kitty."

"I would have let him spit on my ripe little kitty," she whimpers, riding me harder, her hips moving frantically in my lap.

"What else would you let him do?" I pant, my bruising grip on her butt now, not only so I can feel her ass muscles tauten as she rides me, but so I can urge her faster. Press her wetness down tighter to my balls. "Could he put his cock in your mouth, angel?"

"Uh-huh," she hiccups.

"Oh Jesus," Dean grinds out, moving to stand at an angle in front of Ruby, pulsing

inches gripped in a fist. He steps closer as Ruby turns her head, the thick length pushing into her mouth, sucking on him with a relishing moan while she bounces on my dick. “Good girl. Suck my cock like a filthy little homewrecker. That’s just what you are.”

That statement makes her flush to the roots of her hair, her sex growing increasingly slippery, maybe even against her will. Maybe against all of our wills, this time together is burning us all in a flame that is reserved for hell but feels like fucking heaven. And I want it to swallow me whole. Never let me out.

“How’s her cunt treating you down there, son?”

“It’s about to make me bust,” I groan, my hips slamming upward to meet her bounces, these glorious little bounces where she tweaks her hips when she lands, tightening the bottom of my spine like a ten-inch bolt.

“Me too. She sucks it like she’s trying to convince me to leave my wife, doesn’t she?” Dean fists Ruby’s hair, manhandling her, pushing her mouth down his cock. “Don’t you, little girl? Or are you auditioning to be our sugar baby?”

We both lose our minds when Ruby hits her peak, shuddering and whining over the term sugar baby, Dean’s cock still stuffed halfway down her throat. The rapid seize of her cunt and the spasms that follow dropkick me into oblivion, along with Dean draining himself in her mouth, come dripping down her chin as he pumps, pumps, pumps, his wedding ring hand tangled in her hair, our bellows mingling and filling the bedroom.

Long minutes later, we gather our girl up between us and drop into a blackout sleep, none of us wanting to face tomorrow. None of us ready to say goodbye.

Chapter Eleven

Dean

I walk into the kitchen the following morning to find Cameron railing Ruby against the refrigerator. Her silk robe is pooled on the ground, their mugs of coffee still steaming on the table. She has her thighs open wide for his ferocious drives, his face buried in her neck where he grunts, grunts, grunts, his balls smacking off her ass with every sharp upthrust.

I'm pleased to find I'm not jealous. On the contrary. I'm fucking grateful to Ruby for servicing my best friend, the way she serviced me in the middle of the night when I dragged her on top of me and speared my cock up between her legs, rolling her over, pressing her ankles up to her ears and dominating her while Cameron watched, half asleep.

I'm in awe. I'm obsessed with her. I'm...let's face it, in love with her.

Which is an excruciating feeling when I know this morning is goodbye.

But at least I'm not jealous of Cameron. We're both simply resentful of time.

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I pour myself my own mug of coffee, leaving it black, then I lean against the counter and watch them fuck, Ruby's thighs flexed so she can hit the maximum impact of his cock, riding that juicy pussy up to the tip, before cramming herself full again with a sexy sob.

Before long, I'm stiff as a board, and all I can see is that puckered back entrance. My focus narrows down to the way it tightens when she impales herself and I grow desperate to experience that pulsing squeeze around my shaft. I set down my coffee and stride quickly to Ruby's bedroom, banking on what I'm going to find in her suitcase. And sure enough, my wife packed us a small bottle of lubricant.

"Thank you, Polly," I mutter for the hundredth time in three days, making my way back to the kitchen where Cameron is still going for broke between Ruby's thighs, their animalistic groans causing me to swell even more, my balls throbbing with anticipation.

I walk up beside Ruby, and it's like she senses me without opening her eyes, turning her head to accept my tongue in her mouth, my fingers finding their way between her thighs to rub her clit while Cameron pounds up, up, up into her blissfully tight fuck hole.

"How's our girl this morning, Cam?"

"Perfect as ever," he pants, sweat dappling his face. "Too fucking perfect to let me last longer than five or ten goddamn minutes."

"How much time do you have left?"

“Not long,” he says, wincing over whatever trick she’s performing between her legs, probably gripping him like a vise. “Oh.Fuck. I’ll hand her over in a minute.”

“Actually, I was thinking we could test her out with both of us at once.” Ruby must like the sounds of this, because she throws her head back against the refrigerator with a desperate cry. “Look at that. You want two cocks at the same time, don’t you, baby?”

“Y-yes.” She surges forward and kisses Cameron hard on the mouth, before bestowing me the same gift. “Please, I want to feel you both.”

“Our angel gets what she wants, doesn’t she?” Cameron says raggedly, pulling her off the fridge and pressing her back to my bare chest. “What is that in your hand?”

“Something that’s going to help her take me to the root,” I rasp in her ear, already lubing up my dick in my palm. “You going to do that for Daddy, Ruby?”

“Yes, sir,” she breathes, tilting her head to the left so I can suck her neck, my fisted cock rubbing back and forth against her untouched hole. And miracle of miracles, I’m able to sink inside that almost unbearably narrow passage while she whimpers and squirms, her juices and lube greasing my path to full insertion. Cameron and I meet eyes over her blonde head, awestruck, our cocks occupying her to both of our hilts, adding intense pressure to the front and back channels that make up Ruby’s pussy and ass, her feet several inches off the floor. Duly impaled.

“Dear God,” Cameron chokes, flexing his hips. “I don’t even know if I can move without coming.”

“Me either.” I pulse like a son of a bitch. “I’ve got one thrust in me.”

“Same. Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

“If only my wife knew how hard I’ve been nutting for this goddamn beauty...”

The front door of the beach house opens, two sets of footsteps walking in the direction of the kitchen. Ruby gasps and begins to wiggle around between us, and the sensation is a shocking sensual impact neither one of us can withstand. Cameron and I start to fuck Ruby like twin beasts, right as our wives walk into the kitchen. We’re snarling and biting and pounding her with no quarter, her petite body jostling around between us, her own pleasure undeniable, evidenced by her breathy sobs of our names.

It’s hard to feel an ounce of shame when I’m on the verge of a monster climax. Not even when I look Polly right in the eye and give Ruby a final savage drive, grinding into her extra-tight back entrance...and flood it for everything I’m worth, my ragged growls colliding with Cameron’s cursing tirade. He’s going off like a bomb, too, our come splattering on the floor under Ruby’s dangling legs, which shake like she’s on the top of a washing machine during the spin cycle, her peak hitting her in a tidal wave, curving her spine as she screams.

I manage to pull out and catch her against my body, Cameron holding her up from the other side, kissing her forehead while I stroke her hair, whispering the praise she needs and deserves. Cameron and I lock eyes over Ruby’s blonde head and exchange a nod, both of us even managing to smile a little in our drowsy, mega-satisfied state.

“Well, hot damn,” Polly murmurs. “It worked.”

Polly’s voice jolts Ruby and she scrambles for her robe, putting it on and tying it quickly. Cameron and I do the same, drawing up boxers that were hastily pushed down in a rush to get inside the heaven that is Ruby Lang. My chest is starting to fill with pain, though, the more it dawns on me that...this is over. Polly and Molly’s arrival signals the end of our three days with Ruby. And I’m beginning to feel sick, my temples pounding. Cameron is in the same shape, his face losing color by the

second.

Still, we go to greet our wives, for whom we have very different feelings.

Positive ones. Lasting ones. Just different

I kiss Polly on the cheek and give her a hug, noting that she's a lot less tense than usual. Even after what she just witnessed.

"You two certainly look relaxed," Molly remarks with a laugh. "Ruby, however, looks exhausted. Did these men even let you sleep, Ruby?"

"Off and on," Ruby says, smiling, but still catching her breath. "Have you ladies been enjoying your vacation, too?"

Polly and Molly trade an inscrutable look. "Enjoying?" Molly's lips twitch. "That's one way to put it."

Molly bats her friend's arm. "Looks like amends have been made, hmm, men?"

Cameron and I trade an eyeroll, but we're smiling. Or trying to smile, anyway. It's not easy to feign happiness when I want to bring Ruby to bed and snuggle up for a nap. Cameron's fists are clenched with the restraint it's taking not to reach for her, too.

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“Yeah,” Cameron says, clearing his throat. “We’re good now.”

“That’s...” Polly blows out a breath. “That’s amazing news. Ruby, you’re a miracle worker.”

“They’re the ones who worked it out. I was just a bystander.”

“You’re being modest,” Molly says, folding her arms. A beat passes while the wives observe us, the three of us standing as close as we can possibly get without touching. “Polly and I have been wondering something, Ruby. About Sip and Flip. Don’t you think it’s a business model that would work better in the Northeast? Those cozy tea nooks and your moody aesthetic would pair well with Connecticut, wouldn’t you say?”

Ruby in Connecticut?

Just like that, my heart is racing.

What’s going on here?

“Well...” Ruby hedges. “I’ve often thought the store’s vibe doesn’t really fit into the sunny California coastal scene, but...that’s where I built the shop. Moving it would be...”

“Easy,” Polly interjects. “With all of us to help you. And lots of money, of course.”

“Did we mention we have lots of money?” Molly says, batting her eyelashes.

Cameron's chest is rising and falling. "What's going on here? What are you two proposing?"

"We're proposing that Ruby move to Connecticut and bring her adorable bookstore." Molly shimmies her shoulders. "We like our new friend and want to keep her."

"And..." Polly's eyes are beginning to sparkle. "We're guessing you boys want to keep her, as well. To put it mildly."

Too good to be true, a voice whispers in the back of my head. "What's the catch?"

"No catch. We have a three-bedroom guest house on the property. I don't see any reason why Ruby can't stay there, so you can both visit her easily." Molly looks at Ruby with a raised eyebrow. "If that's whatshewants, of course. If she wants us to pay her for the last three days and walk away, we'll do that, too. A deal is a deal."

Ruby is nonplussed, a lot like me and Cameron. "I...I don't understand," she whispers. "You would want to bring me into your marriages permanently?"

"I'm sure it's very confusing, Ruby," Polly says, pink creeping into her complexion. "Let me see if we can spell it out for you."

My jaw drops when Polly leans over and plants a soft kiss on Molly's lips, before deepening the contact with a low sound, both pulling back from the kiss appearing dazed.

And deliriously happy.

"Holy shit," Cameron chokes, sending me a shocked glance.

"Holy shit is right," I stammer. "How...long?"

“We denied it for a long time, but...” Molly shrugs a shoulder, looking pointedly at Ruby. “You could say this vacation was eye opening for a lot of reasons. And we don’t want to deny what makes us happy anymore. We don’t want that for our husbands, either.”

“We do, however, live in blue-blooded Connecticut with children to think about, so appearances must be kept. For now.” Polly chews her lip, while twining her fingers together with Molly’s. “As long as we can all be discreet, I don’t see why this arrangement can’t be a beautiful thing.”

I’m having a hard time filling my lungs with oxygen. Ruby Lang. Living on my property. Never having to let her go. On top of the shock of finding out my wife is clearly in love with her best friend, I’m flooded with relief and joy so immense, it almost knocks me down. Cameron is reeling, too, looking like a pauper who just won the lottery.

Ruby’s expression is uncertain, though. Of course it is.

We’re asking her to move her entire life for us.

“Can the three of us speak privately?” I ask, herding a shell-shocked Ruby toward the sliding glass door. “Outside on the deck.”

“Agreed,” Cameron says. “We need to talk.”

A moment later, the three of us are standing in the sunshine, ocean waves crashing down below. “Ruby, look at us,” I say urgently, tilting her face up and noting the trepidation there. “I know you never wanted to be in a relationship, but we’ll do this on your terms, baby. If you only want to see us once a week, I’ll suffer through that, because—”

“The alternative is never seeing you.” Cameron rakes a hand through his hair. “Christ, I wouldn’t be able to stand it.”

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“We’re in love with you, Ruby.” Jesus. My heart feels like it’s bleeding inside my fucking chest. “We have been since college.”

Cameron presses his mouth to her temple. “We love you, angel.”

“Be with us. Finally, finally be with us.”

For several, torturous seconds, she says nothing, until finally, her blue eyes flood with moisture, tears dripping down her cheeks as she blinks up at us. “W-we don’t have to say goodbye?”

“No,” I say firmly, wiping away her tears with my thumbs. “The three of us were never meant to say goodbye.”

“Good thing,” she whispers, pressing her damp cheek to my chest, tugging Cameron in behind her for a three-way embrace. “Because I think I avoided relationships, because I couldn’t have one with you. My men. I love you both, too. So much.”

I heave a sound, Cameron’s eyes closing like a man who has finally found peace.

“You’ll come to Connecticut, baby?” I rasp.

“If my men are there,” she whispers. “That’s where I belong.”

Epilogue

Three Years Later

Cameron

When the electronic gate rolls open and I see that Dean's Maserati is already parked in Ruby's driveway, I shake my head and laugh. This man has to commute to New York for work every morning, but somehow, he still manages to beat me here on Friday nights.

I pull my SUV into the circular driveway and cut the engine, looking up at the five-thousand-square-foot home where Ruby lives. At the start of our new lives together, she lived in the guest house on Polly and Dean's property, but as the kids started to get older and more cognizant of their surroundings, we moved her into a much bigger place. She protested the size and opulence of the house, but we weren't taking no for an answer.

This home might be considered grand, but it's still less than what she deserves.

This house is a pittance when she should have the entire world at her feet.

Ruby Lang, love of our lives. Song of our souls. Keeper of the lust that dominates us both. Our mutual obsession. Our everything lives in this home. If it was possible to bring her the moon, that's what we would do. Polly and Molly are blissfully happy, too, spending their afternoons in one another's arms while the kids are at school. They even have girls' nights out with Ruby once in a while. On those nights, we wait here impatiently for our wives to drop our mistress back off with a wine buzz and we tear into her like dogs, usually on the floor of the living room. Sometimes right here on the front lawn.

Needless to say, because we can't go days on end without seeing her, we bring Ruby on vacations with our family, usually putting her up in a nearby hotel where Dean and I take frequent daily visits, not only making love to her, but making sure our angel is being pampered within an inch of her life.

We will never get used to her, Dean and me.

We're hornier for Ruby now than we were in college, which is saying something, considering we were hard for her 24/7 in those days...and the fervor only increases.

Sometimes, when I'm working in the studio, I have to stop what I'm doing and jerk off to the memories the three of us have made together. The nights of ecstasy she's given us, although our nights alone have a special appeal, too. Dean has solo dates with Ruby on Mondays. I have alone time with her on Wednesday. And we both take Friday and Saturday. She reserves three nights a week for herself. To read.

We hate not seeing her, but we respect her privacy.

Ha.

That's a bald-faced lie.

We track her phone and have surveillance set up here at the house and the bookstore, which has led to a whole host of problems.

As if to punctuate my point, the front door of the house bangs open and Dean marches Ruby down the front steps and across the driveway, throwing her face down over the black hood of his Maserati, yanking her tight black skirt up to her waist and exposing that delicious backside. Next, her red thong panties are pulled down to her ankles and he begins to spank her, roughly, with the flat of his hand, while she mewls.

I fumble for the overhead device that closes the privacy gate and press the button, cursing Dean for not double checking the property had been sealed. But then, all I can do is watch with rapt interest as a disheveled Dean, tie askew, punishes his little girl on the hood of his sports car, rolling down the driver's side window, so I can listen to

the sharp slaps and what's being said. I'm pretty sure I know what this is about.

"I'm starting to think you wear short skirts to work to make me fucking crazy, Ruby," Dean grunts through his teeth, the swats of her ass echoing across the yard.

Yup. It's exactly what I suspected.

While in work today, I had the bookstore surveillance feed open on my phone, as usual, and witnessed the increasing—and insufferable—flow of male clientele with my own two eyes. The major drawback of having a secret relationship is other men not knowing Ruby is taken. When she's home, she wears two fat diamond rings on her left hand. She can't wear them in Sip and Flip, however, so every man with a working cock tries to get her number. Or ask her out on a date. Needless to say, it's a source of contention. Doesn't matter that Ruby is one thousand percent committed to us and vice versa. We're still jealous motherfuckers.

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“Daddy, it’s just a skirt!”

“No, it’s a skirt on you. It doesn’t look the same on you as it would look on anyone else. Not when you’ve got this gorgeous ass underneath, all tricked out in a tiny red thong. Don’t tell me it’s just a skirt. It’s a shortcut to what every man wants. And what they want is ours.” He throws a gesture in my direction as I’m climbing out of the SUV, already unzipping my pants to let my erection breathe. “His and mine.”

Ruby watches my approach with big, innocent eyes that cloud with more and more heat as Dean continues to spank her backside.

“I know I belong to you. I love belonging to you.”

Dean kisses his way down her back, burying his face between the lush, reddened cheeks of her ass, rubbing side to side with a groan. “Then stop making us insane. I don’t like men talking to my little girl.”

“D-Daddy, what are you doing?” she moans, shyly pushing her bottom higher.

“I’m showing you what those men want when they come into the bookstore. I’m licking this tight, sexy asshole.”

Ruby gasps. “You can’t!”

“Watch me,” he growls, jiggling that pucker with the tip of his tongue, all while he wrestles with the fly of his dress pants, taking his cock out and stroking, stroking, in time with his tongue. “Time for her to learn a lesson. Isn’t that right, Cameron?”

“Teach it to her, Dean.”

“Gladly.” He crowds closer to her upturned ass, bringing his dick up between her legs and circling the tip against her pussy hole. “I’m going to come in front. Where do you want to put yours?”

“All over her pretty face,” I pant, getting a rhythm going with my own hand, my balls drawn up high and tight, sensitive after forty-eight hours without her. “If I even make it that long. You know I love watching her get a lesson.”

“Good.” He covers her mouth with his right hand and rams himself deep inside her cunt, tightening his hold when she screams. “That’s exactly what she’s getting.”

Ruby

I’m the luckiest girl in the world, I think, as my tits and stomach squeak up and back on the hood of the Maserati, Dean’s fat shaft arrowing deep enough to feel in my tummy. I would say I have the best of both worlds, but I have even more than that. I have the best of all worlds. Friendship with two incredible women. A Daddy who spoils me with Harry Winston jewelry and private jet trips to the Caribbean. A soulful poet who isn’t ashamed of his kink anymore and has grown formidable in the way he expresses it, not to mention romancing me with his poetic words and bedroom eyes.

I also have the solitude I always wanted. My men come over to play and bond with me, then I’m still free to pursue my own interests. As long as those interests don’t involve other men. As if I could find any man who would live up to these two. Not a chance.

Life is beautiful. I’m in love. Times two.

My sexuality has been cultivated to a peak and that peak only gets sharper.

Cameron leans his left elbow on the hood of the car, his hand busy stroking between his legs, our mouths engaging in a carnalkiss while Dean fucks me hard from behind. “Is he correct, angel? Are you making him crazy on purpose?”

I bite my lip and nod, trying to look contrite while Dean makes guttural sounds behind me. “Yes.”

“Why?” Cameron asks.

“Daddy touches me when he’s jealous,” I say, whimpering over a particularly aggressive drive, the tilt of Dean’s hips giving me the most intense friction against my clit, the slippery trunk of his sex rubbing, rubbing, rubbing me there. “Even though he’s not supposed to.”

Sweat beads on Cameron’s upper lip. “Where do you like to be touched?”

I press my lips together. “He said I have to keep it a secret.”

“Oh lord,” he breathes, his arm moving faster. “Why?”

“If I’m a good girl, he’ll take me away and we can be together. I’ll have my Daddy all to myself.” I graze Cameron’s mouth with mine, pulling away and bringing a string of his spit with me. “As soon as I’m old enough.”

Dean, who has been listening closely and growing increasingly frantic, pumping unevenly and grunting, loses his control and ejaculates inside me with a hot rush, slamming my hips into the hood and shaking, his calls for God and the deep, deep, deep grinding pressure of his cock pushes the right button inside of me, and I come, too, shuddering with my ass curved to Dean’s stomach, my core convulsing almost violently, our combined pleasure dripping onto the Maserati logo.

Needing to make both of my men happy, because it fulfills me to do so, I slide off the

car and kneel in front of Cameron, opening my mouth and sticking out my tongue, palming my bare breasts while he beats off over my waiting mouth, keeping my eyes innocent, curious, sweet, rewarded by the hot stripes of semen that paint my face seconds later, Cameron gasping and shaking through his orgasm.

My men give themselves a few seconds to recover, then, as anticipated, I'm being scooped up and carried inside the house like a princess, praised and kissed and cuddled, while I simply absorb their affection.

We stop at the entry table and Dean slides open the drawer, taking out my two diamond rings. They take turns putting our symbols of commitment on my ring finger. It's our ritual. Perhaps we can never get married, but we get married in our own way every single time they come to see me.

"Wife of my heart," Cameron says quietly, kissing my cheek.

Dean kisses the other. "Wife of my soul."

"I love you both," I sigh dreamily, letting Cameron carry me to the back of the house for a three-person bath—and we all know how that's going to end.

The same way we know our love never, ever will.

THE END