



# A Taste of His Angel (Their Angels)

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**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** I may not be interested in the career my parents pushed me into, but I have them to thank when I meet my handsome boss on the first day of my internship after college graduation. He's the only man ever to spark my interest—some may say obsession. Hoping the old adage is true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, I spend the summer baking, searching for the recipe that will have my boss tasting and falling in love with more than just my desserts.

A Taste of His Angel is a standalone, spicy short story featuring Shayla Bailey's parents, Miranda Sherman, which takes place nearly twenty years before The Guardian's Angel. All characters are 18+. Please read the Author's Note at the beginning of the book. Happily ever after guaranteed.

**Total Pages (Source):** 10

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:45 am*

Sherman

I pull at my tight collar, rolling my office chair further forward to hide my lap below my desk as the sweetest woman I've ever seen is led into my office by my assistant, Barbara. "Good God Almighty, help me."

"Yes, Mr. Fischer?" Barbara asks, motioning for the light brown-haired beauty to take a seat in one of the two chairs positioned in front of my desk.

I drag my gaze from the young angel's shy, slightly nervous smile as she sets a plate of cookies and a stack of napkins in the middle of my desk. "Hmm?" My cheeks burn when I face Barbara, who knows me better than my mother after all the years she's worked for me at the small financial planning firm I co-founded with two close colleagues.

"You said you needed some help?" Barbara puckers her lips to keep from smiling, subtly looking sideways at the woman starting the first day of her paid internship, then back to me.

"Did I?" I clear my throat, unnecessarily fiddling with my already pin-straight tie.

"Yes, you did."

"No, no, I—" I sigh, hanging my head and pinching the bridge of my nose. "That'll be all, Barbara."

There's a low chuckle before the snick of the door closing, and I count to ten to

gather my wits before raising my head.

“Hi.” The gray-eyed cutie gives me a small wave, her voice light and melodic. “I’m Miranda. It’s nice to meet you, Mr. Fischer. I hope you don’t mind that I made chocolate chip cookies as a sort of ‘thank you for hiring me’ gift.” She rises and plucks a cookie from the top of the pile, setting it on a napkin in front of me before sitting back down.

When I do nothing but stare, her smile slowly melts. She starts to fidget, picking at the material of her long, flowy white skirt to cross her legs, her foot bouncing faster and faster with anxious energy, almost knocking loose the thin sandal she’s wearing. I wish it would fall, simply so I could kneel before her to pick it up and slide it back on her foot. Maybe slide my hand up her leg beneath her skirt to find out if her skin is as silky and soft as I imagine her gorgeous hair to be.

At a loss for what to say as the silence stretches between us, I finally land on, “I don’t like cookies.” It’s a lie. I love cookies, and I bet I’d love her cookie even more, but recently having to switch to using the last hole on my belt when buckling it is a loud reminder of why I need to stay away from them. Both kinds. Each year it’s getting harder to keep my weight from creeping up, and my mouth waters for a taste of the ooey, gooey chocolate chip cookie when I pick it up and drop it back on the plate.

Miranda’s foot freezes. “Oh. Ok.”

I’ve upset her, which wasn’t my intention, but at least it has her sliding the plate off my desk to hold it on her lap—just as I want to slide her off her chair and hold her on my lap.

She hikes a thumb toward the door. “If this is a bad time, I can go...”

I nod, tugging on my tie again, ashamed at my reaction to my newest employee—a

fresh out of college twenty-two-year-old, thirteen years my junior. What a dirty cliché I've turned out to be.

Miranda stands, her skirt falling to swish around her ankles. "Ok. I'll be going now," she says, still standing before me, giving me a better view of her hourglass shape with her white blouse tucked into the waistband of her skirt, my cock thickening. When I don't say anything, she seems to deflate and shuffles toward the door, which is even worse than before since I now have the perfect view of her plump bottom swishing along with her skirt, begging me to take a bite out of it and savor the taste.

I groan low and push my hard dick down, struggling to cut my eyes away from her backside. The angel doesn't deserve to have a dirty boss drooling and licking his chops like a starving beast over her.

Just before she opens the door, Miranda turns to look over her shoulder. "What about pie? Is that something you'd like, sir?"

An instant vision of me tasting her pie has me making a garbled noise in the back of my throat that seems to please her since her face lights up with a smile before she slips out of my office.

I stare at the closed door for what seems like hours with my hands on the desk, refusing to give into my basest desire to rip down my zipper, palm my cock, and cum in my hand with Miranda's name on my lips. I don't stop staring until Barbara raps her knuckles against the door and pokes her head in to ask me for my lunch order. Barbara is a beautiful woman, slim and tall, with wild red hair. And yet, she's an instant boner killer— thank god .

Maybe now I'll be able to get back to work instead of daydreaming of my sweet angel sitting on my desk, her heels propped on my shoulders, while I eat her pussy between bites of her chocolate chip cookies.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:45 am*

Miranda

I suppress the urge to stamp my foot with frustration until I make it into the ladies' room after taking the plate of cookies to the breakroom for my new coworkers to enjoy. From the moment I caught a glimpse of Mr. Fischer on the day I interviewed for this position, he's all I've been able to think about. His long, confident, booming stride. His surprisingly thick, neat blond hair. His over six-foot tall towering figure makes my heart skip a beat after years of wondering if something was wrong with me since none of my peers at school ever ignited even the dullest spark of interest.

Schooling my features to rid the pout tugging at the corners of my lips, I find Grant, the accountant I'm supposed to shadow for the summer. He's closer to my age, with wavy dark hair and warm brown eyes, and I can recognize that most people would probably find him attractive. But where others may be flattered by his charming, flirty smile, it does absolutely nothing for me, and I move away from the hand he places on the small of my back as he steers me toward his desk.

While I competed for and was lucky enough to win this paid internship, getting real-world experience using my finance degree—the one my parents pushed me into—it's not exactly my dream job, even if I do have a knack for numbers. And so my eyes glaze over while Grant discusses my duties as he clicks around his computer screen, my thoughts flitting back to Mr. Fischer and my disappointment over his reaction to my cookies. I made them specifically for him, hoping the old adage was true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach .

But then I remember how Mr. Fischer's lips parted when I mentioned pie, and now I have a game plan, creating a mental list of the ingredients I will need to pick up from

the grocery store on my way home.

\* \* \*

I bump my hip against the conference room door, carrying a coconut cream pie dish in one hand and a stack of plastic plates, forks, and napkins in the other, arranging them on the side table next to two carafes of coffee Barbara brewed for the all-staff meeting on Monday morning. I've had no shortage of compliments on the variety of pies I've brought to work over the past seven weeks. To my knowledge, though, Mr. Fischer hasn't had a single bite of any of them. He's a tough cookie to crumble, but I'm determined to find something he likes before the end of summer.

As the staff fills the room, pulling out their pens and pads of paper to take notes, I walk around the conference table to hand out plates. It's no surprise that Mr. Fischer gives me a slight shake of his head when I offer a slice to him at the head of the table.

"No, thank you, angel." Mr. Fischer looks alarmed, coughing into his fist before correcting himself. "I mean, Miranda." He smooths a hand down his tie, patting the end over his belly, then swivels his chair to the side, effectively dismissing me.

My stomach sinks as I wonder who this Angel person is and why he accidentally called me by their name. Perturbed at having failed once again to entice him into trying one of my desserts, I pass his plate to the next person with a small huff.

Once everyone is seated and served, I realize there aren't enough chairs to go around. I can't very well ask Mr. Fischer if I can sit on his lap, which would undoubtedly be the comfiest seat in the house, so I take my own slice of heaven and lean against the wall next to the side table.

Being good at something doesn't automatically make it interesting, and I couldn't care less about third-quarter projections. As in my classes, my mind starts to drift the

longer the meeting goes on, and it becomes increasingly more difficult not to think about Mr. Fischer as I lick the last dollop of cream clean from my spoon. Considering it's his company's future on the line, I'd think he'd take more interest in the speaker instead of frowning in my direction, dropping his gaze to stare at my ivory blouse.

While it gives me butterflies to know he's watching me, his displeased expression tempers my giddiness. I look down, checking to see if I accidentally dropped any of the pie filling on myself, only to find my outfit pristine. When I look up again, Mr. Fischer has angled his chair away, having returned his attention to the speaker, but his cheeks have a warm flush. As much as I wish it was due to me, I know better—it's the three-piece sexy but stuffy suits he always wears to the office, even though we're at the tail end of July.

Grant cups my elbow at the end of the meeting, giving me his signature smile. "Mind if I have another slice of your pie?"

I tip my head toward the empty pie dish. "Sorry, I'm fresh out."

Grant mock groans, exaggerating a pout, and he sways closer, sliding his hand up further to squeeze my bicep. "What's a man gotta do to get your delicious pie all to himself?" He deepens his voice when he says, "Drop to his knees and beg?"

I laugh awkwardly, leaning away. It's too bad for him—and definitely for my mom, who would push me to reciprocate—that there's only one man I'd want on his knees before me, and it's definitely not him.

Grant opens his mouth but is abruptly cut off when someone knocks into him from behind, sending him tripping over his penny loafers to the side until he catches his balance.

"My apologies, Grant. I didn't see you there." Mr. Fischer couldn't look more

unapologetic if he tried, crossing his arms. He stands close in front of me, radiating heat and power. I fan my face with a hand, my fingers tingling with the desire to slide them around his waist and hug his side, imagining him draping his long arm over my shoulders, curling me further into him.

Grant's features twist with annoyance, but he accepts the insincere apology without a word before heading out of the conference room. Unfortunately for me, Mr. Fischer leaves without a word or glance back, too.

Even though it's not part of my duties, I help Barbara and another assistant, Kimora, clean up after the meeting, finding the discussion about finalizing the plans for the upcoming company barbecue being held at Mr. Fischer's house this Saturday much more interesting than any spreadsheet Grant has for me. If I'd had my way, I would have gone to school for hospitality instead of finance, and I jump at the chance to volunteer.

Barbara beams. "How about you meet us around ten in the morning to get everything set up before the party starts?"

I stop just short of bouncing on my toes, excited at the prospect of getting to spend time alone with Mr. Fischer if I show up earlier than I'm supposed to. "Yes, I can do that. Is there anything you'd like me to bring?"

"How about bringing another one of your famous pies." Barbara drifts closer with a twinkle in her eye, dropping her chin to say in a low voice, "Sherman's favorite is cherry with extra whipped cream." She leaves with a wink.

Internally, I cringe at the idea that my infatuation—obsession, really—is so obvious, but I'm also thrilled to finally have the insider information I need to help me reel in Mr. Fischer. All he has to do is take one bite of my cherries and cream, and I'll have him hooked.



## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:45 am*

Sherman

That pie. That blouse. That little tongue. That dollop of cream.

After watching Miranda lick her spoon clean during the meeting, there was no way I was going to be able to resist masturbating as soon as I could shut myself in my office. I shove my tie in my mouth, biting down on it to muffle my voice when I moan, “Oh, angel, yes!” My cock swells thicker as I stroke it beneath my desk, sweat breaking out on my temples the closer I get to cumming.

I spit my tie out a half second before the door swings open, horrified that I forgot to lock it. The angel in question shuffles inside with a stack of documents for me to sign, her cheeks pink.

“Miranda!” I squeeze my shaft so tight that my eyes cross to keep from cumming.

“Yes, sir?”

“You can’t come into my office without knocking,” I grumble, straightening my tie, wondering if she’s noticed how wrinkled and wet it is. “And I’ve told you repeatedly to call me ‘Sherman’.”

“I did knock, sir,” she says, ignoring my insistence that she call me by my first name for the umpteenth time. And fuck, she has noticed, her head tilted to the side, eyes pinned to my tie. “You said ‘yes’ when I asked if I could come in.”

Fuck, she heard me. I swallow hard, worried if she heard anything else she shouldn’t

have. My cock jerks when Miranda leans over my desk to set the documents down, and then— sweet Jesus, help me! Now! —saunters around the right side of my desk.

“What are you doing?” I choke on my fear as I try to roll my chair further forward since there’s no time to stuff my cock back in my trousers and buckle my belt. If she finds out what I’m doing, I might as well kiss my career and company goodbye after she, rightfully so, runs screaming out of my office.

The front of Miranda’s thighs bump against the arm of my chair. We’re locked in a staring contest as she leans forward and lifts my collar.

“What are you doing?” I ask again, this time in a husky whisper, a shiver working its way down my spine and toward my balls with her standing so close.

Miranda takes her time tugging at my tie to loosen the knot, then lifts it over my head, her fingernails combing through my hair, making goosebumps of pleasure rise on my arms. “You have something on your tie, sir. I’d be happy to clean it for you.” She toys with it, slipping the silky material through her fingers over and over again, stroking it the way I’d love to have her stroke my dick.

“That won’t be necessary. I can have Barbara do it,” I say. Or at least, that’s what I think I did, considering my brain is continually misfiring as she pulls open my bottom right drawer to retrieve one of the extra ties I keep at the office, slowly unrolling it.

“Don’t be silly, sir,” she says, adding an extra emphasis to the word sir , drawing it out and making it sound naughtier than it should. She drapes the clean tie around my neck, attempting to knot it at the sideways angle. “It would be easier to tie it,” she whispers, swiveling my chair around, “if we face each other.”

Panicking, I reach for the papers she brought, shoving them down over my lap before she sees my cock. I go slack-jawed when she steps between my knees and says,

“That’s better.”

My angel smiles so sweetly with no idea that I’m having heart palpitations the longer I have to ignore my dick, which is straining against the papers, begging for her soft hand, warm mouth, or even warmer pussy.

“Oops.” She giggles, unknotting the tie. “I messed it up.” I drop my head back on my chair, cratering the papers with my fist as I push my cock down, her powdered sugar scent in my nostrils as she moves closer, forcing me to widen my thighs to make room for her.

Her fingers fumble, and she laughs. “Whoops, got it wrong again.”

When she bends forward, attempting to knot it a third time, I get a view straight down the top of her blouse, confirming my suspicion at the meeting that she isn’t wearing a bra. I salivate at the sight of her creamy tits and lose what little control I have over my orgasm.

“Oh, angel, fuck, I can’t hold it in!”

Miranda’s jaw drops when I fling the papers to the side, grip my cock, and cum into my cupped hand instead of her pussy where I want it, my hips jerking off the seat with each spurt while she stares. Regret slams into me, mixing with the dizzying ecstasy as I squeeze out the last rope of cum. There goes everything I worked so hard for .

“I knew it!” she exclaims, eyes wide, locked on my dick and cum-coated hand.

I hurl my bulk out of my seat to rush around the desk.

“Mr. Fischer! Stop! You—”

“I’m sorry, I have to go.” I snatch my suit jacket from the brass hook screwed into the wall, using it to cover the front of my unzipped pants as I fling open my door with a bang and weave my way through the office building. I ignore Barbara when she asks me where I’m going so early and if she should clear my schedule.

I’m too choked up to tell her that the firm is screwed, all thanks to me and my reprehensible behavior. She’ll find out soon enough when Miranda brings the matter to HR and then sues the shit out of us for sexual harassment. She’ll deserve every penny she gets.

\* \* \*

I’m reliving the same day on repeat, sitting in my leather recliner, refilling my tumbler of whiskey, waiting for my phone to ring. Each time it does, I close my eyes and say a prayer before I answer it, though so far, it’s only been Barbara calling to see if I’m feeling better and can return to work. I lied when I told her I had the flu, and that’s why I’ve been working from home. In reality, I’m simply sick to my stomach that, at any minute, my entire life is going to come crashing down around me, all because I couldn’t keep my filthy mind off my sweet Miranda or keep my dick in my pants until I got home.

Each night, I go to bed thankful that I’ve had one more day of reprieve before all hell breaks loose—confused, too, that I’ve skated by for so long, wondering why my partners aren’t kicking down my door, demanding an explanation or that I divest myself of the firm to protect it.

Friday night, when Barbara calls to ask if I’m no longer contagious and can still host the barbecue, I decide to pull myself together and quit drinking. I need a clear head if I’m going to face Miranda—if she hasn’t quit already—and everyone who depends on me for their paycheck.

It's hardly past sunrise when I'm pulled from my fitful sleep by the incessant knocking and ringing of my doorbell. "Hold your horses, I'm coming!" I whip the door open mid-knock and immediately regret my choice not to pull on a T-shirt before leaving my bedroom when I find an angel on my doorstep.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:45 am*

Miranda

I knew it. I knew it. I knew it.

Ok, so I didn't know that Mr. Fischer would be masturbating in his office, his dick long and hard and thick in his big hand, but I did know that something was off when he yelled yes at my knock on his office door. The way he said it—gruff with a desperate edge—had my toes curling in my sandals.

What a delicious sight it was to see him lose control, fling the papers to the side, and watch his face transform with pleasure when he reached his orgasm and moaned the word angel. He was moaning for me , Miranda. I'm his angel .

If he hadn't bolted as soon as he was done, I would have dropped to my knees to lick up all his delicious cream. Ok, actually, I don't know if it would have been delicious, considering I've never done anything like that before, but I at least wanted to find out.

I get nothing of importance done at work, with Grant treating me like a pariah whenever I get close to him. Fine by me. It gives me more time to plan for the weekend. My enthusiasm drains each day, however, when Mr. Fischer doesn't show up for work, claiming to have the flu, but I'm determined to keep a positive outlook.

Friday night, I set about baking the perfect pies, in total making three to guarantee I can save the best one for Mr. Fischer since the party hasn't been canceled. If I had moved back home instead of my little studio apartment after graduation, I'd likely have to explain my compulsive need for everything to be perfect to my mother, which

she would balk at since Mr. Fischer is closer to her age than mine. Once Mr. Fischer gives in, explaining our relationship to my parents surely won't be easy, but I don't care. Nothing is going to sway my decision to make him mine or stop us from being together—including him.

I'm up an hour before sunrise on Saturday morning, debating whether to braid my hair as usual or leave it loose to fall down my back. Remembering that I had it in one long French braid the day I found Mr. Fischer masturbating in his office, I decide to go ahead and braid it, tying the end with a red ribbon. The thin white tank top patterned with mini cherries I bought with him in mind might be going overboard, but I wear it anyway, pairing it with the long white skirt I wore the first day I started at the firm.

The last step is to pack the pies carefully into a cooler, along with the homemade whipped cream, then make the fifteen-minute drive to Mr. Fischer's house. I pull into his driveway a few minutes after sunrise, surveying the single-story brick home with a large front yard in a quiet, winding neighborhood. It's the perfect place to raise our future family.

Climbing out of my tiny hatchback, I close my eyes and inhale the scent of summer. I daydream of our young children running around in their swimsuits, jumping through sprinklers, playing hopscotch, and throwing water balloons while our friends, family, and neighbors gather around. Carrying the mental image of Mr. Fischer throwing our future daughter up in the air, making her howl with laughter, I pick my way to his front door, dragging the heavy cooler behind me.

I can't stop smiling as I knock and ring the doorbell until the door is flung open. My jaw drops, and I moan with longing when the real Mr. Fischer greets me, wearing nothing but blue plaid pajama pants, his light hair tousled from sleep.

My eyes trail down his torso, dropping at last to the thick rod swelling in his pants,

the material so thin that I can trace every vein of his shaft. “Oh, wow, sir,” I say with a swoon, licking my bottom lip, my pulse sprinting with excitement when it jerks.

And then he slams the door in my face.



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:45 am*

Sherman

I immediately wrench the door back open, gutted at the look on Miranda's face, tears starting to brim the lower lash lines of her gorgeous gray eyes. I'm not thinking about what's right or wrong when I wrap my arms around her waist and lift her off her feet, hugging her tight to my naked chest when I pull her inside the house, kicking the door closed.

"Angel, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to slam the door. I don't know why I did that. Forgive me?"

Miranda tucks her face in my neck, draping her arms over my shoulders, and she purrs out a yes. My cock jerks against her stomach, and as quickly as I picked her up, I set her down again, backing up a few paces.

I look away from her rosy cheeks, pulling a blanket from the couch to wrap it around my shoulders, hiding my half-naked body. She's probably just as uncomfortable, if not put off, by my lack of clothing as we stare at each other until I finally ask, "What are you doing here?"

She jumps a little as if coming back to the present. "Oh, I'm here to help set up for the party."

I raise a brow when I check the time on the clock hanging above her head on the wall. "At six-fifty-two in the morning? The party doesn't start 'til noon."

Miranda sucks in her cheeks before answering, "Figured I'd get a head start." Then

she flutters her lashes as she steps closer. “Is there anything I can do to help you , sir?” I back away, knocking into the recliner before I step around it, and she follows me, smiling sweetly. “I’d be happy to help you with anything you need.”

The little angel has no idea how filthy her words sound to a man, conjuring visions of her helping me by twirling her little tongue around my cock the way she did her spoon at the meeting and drinking down my cum so I don’t make a mess. She doesn’t need a perverted old man like me thinking of such things, sullyng her innocence.

I go hoarse, pulling the blanket tighter around me, inching toward the hallway that leads to the bedrooms. Something to the side catches Miranda’s eye, and I groan, entirely mortified by the state of my house after days spent wallowing in my misery. The living room is in disarray, the nearly empty whiskey bottle and too many take-out containers—tangible evidence that I gave up on my diet—litter the surfaces.

I rush to the coffee table, holding the blanket with one hand while trying to scoop everything up with the other, fumbling with the bottle. “Sorry for the mess. Maybe you should come back later after I’ve had time to clean up.”

Miranda takes the bottle from me. “Hey, hey, why don’t you let me take care of that instead?”

I try to take the bottle back and only succeed in dropping my blanket, fumbling to recover myself. “Why would you do that?”

“It’ll be my house soon,” she says, stacking the take-out containers. “So I don’t mind cleaning up before our guests arrive.”

“What?” I pull on my ear, wondering if I heard her correctly.

Miranda freezes, holding a container in mid-air. “What?”

“What did you say?”

She snaps back into action, balancing the pile of containers while she looks around the living room for the opening to the kitchen. “Nothing.”

I follow after her, tripping over the blanket. “I could’ve sworn you said...” I stop. I’m being ridiculous. There’s no way she said what I think she did. Maybe I haven’t fully detoxed from all the whiskey yet.

She stops, too, grimacing at the garbage bin that needs to be emptied and taken out. She sets the bottle on the counter and goes to the bin, attempting to stuff everything down far enough to pull on the drawstrings. Humiliation sweeps through me, and I’ve found that I’ve had all I can take. I drop the blanket, grab Miranda’s biceps from behind, and forcefully steer her back toward the front door, ignoring the impulse to steer her over the back of the couch, flip her skirt up, and thrust inside her angelic pussy.

I gently push Miranda through the door onto the stoop. By the time she spins around, bewildered and ready to argue, I have the door open only a crack. “Thanks for the offer, but I’ve got it handled. See you at noon.”

I shut the door on her, throw the lock, and take my miserable ass to my bathroom. I skip looking at myself in the mirror as I shove my pajamas down and step into the shower, stroking my cock to completion before the water has even turned hot. And then I do it all over again, needing to empty my mind of Miranda in all her innocent glory before I attack my messy house to ready it in time for the company-wide party.

I trudge through the living room afterward, hanging my head, deciding to hit the kitchen first, only to be greeted by the sight of Miranda on her hands and knees, her plump ass high in the air as she scrubs at some spill beneath the table in the eat-in breakfast nook.

“Angel!”

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:45 am*

Miranda

I bang my head on the underside of the kitchen table when I jerk upright at Mr. Fischer's shout. He's wearing dark denim jeans for the first time since we've met and a short-sleeved burnt orange polo shirt with a white Longhorn logo embroidered on the pocket. The material is stretched across his broad shoulders, his hair slightly damp and messy. He's so big and handsome that I forget to breathe as he rushes toward me at my pained yelp.

Mr. Fischer slides an arm around my waist to haul me off the floor and pulls out one of the two kitchen chairs. We'll need more soon enough if everything goes according to plan. He sits me down before grabbing a plastic bag and loading it up with ice from his freezer, then kneels before me, holding the ice to the back of my head, his brows pinched with worry. "Are you ok, angel?"

I sniffle and nod, and he scoots closer. It's all an act. It didn't hurt that much, but I'm going to milk it for all it's worth.

"I'm sorry I yelled at you. It just surprised me to see you here. Forgive me?"

I nod and make a whimpering sound. Mr. Fischer scoots so close that I have to part my knees to make room for him as he fusses over me, not at all the grump he pretends to be at the office. This is the second time he's apologized when I should be the one apologizing to him for being a bit of a stalker.

I pout a little when he sits back on his heels and questions, "How did you get in here anyway? I locked the door."

I sheepishly answer, “The back door was unlocked. I know you said you didn’t need the help, but I was here anyway, so I might as well put myself to work while you were in the shower.”

Mr. Fischer sucks in a breath and puts a hand over his heart. “You didn’t hear anything while I was in the shower, did you?”

I squirm and wish he would touch me again. “No, sir.”

He looks relieved for a second, though I don’t know why. Looking toward the door on the back wall of the kitchen, inset with a large window in the upper half that faces the brightening backyard, he says, “I always forget to lock that one.” And then he catches a scent in the air that has his nostrils flaring. “What’s that smell?”

My cheeks turn warm. “I made cherry pies for the party. I hear it’s your favorite.” I lean close enough to feel his breath on my lips when I say, “I made one just for you, sir. It’s warming in the oven.”

Mr. Fischer groans, licking along his bottom lip. But then he shakes his head, pats his belly, and grumbles, “I don’t like pie.”

Liar . He’s practically drooling, and I’m going to figure out why he keeps lying to me. I stand and motion for him to sit in my vacant chair. Dropping the bag of ice in the kitchen sink, I pull on the red checker oven mitts I found in one of his drawers, hoping they didn’t belong to a former girlfriend of his, and pull the warm cherry pie from the oven, golden and flaky on top, smelling like heaven.

Mr. Fischer drums his fingers on the tabletop as I cut and plate a large slice, grab my bowl of homemade whipped cream from the fridge, and bring them to the table. I scoop a generous amount of cream with a spoon and plop it on top of his pie, then hand him a clean fork.

He refuses to take it. “Thanks, but no thanks. I don’t like pie,” he lies again.

I brace my hands on the table, pushing my breasts out as I stare down at him, and say coyly, “I bet you’d love my pie if you tried it, sir.”

Mr. Fischer swallows repeatedly, unbuttoning the top of his collar to pull it away from his neck. “Maybe...maybe a small bite.”

I beam at him and wait in anticipation as he finally takes the fork and cuts the teeniest, tiniest bite, skipping the whipped cream. His eyes shut as he drops his head back and savors the flavor, my lower belly fluttering at the sight. It’s the same expression he wore when he orgasmed in his office. When he finally opens his eyes, his cheeks are flush with heat.

“So...how was it, sir?”

“Delicious,” he whispers with a husky voice. “Thank you.”

My cheeks ache with the force of my smile, but then it fades when he sets his fork down on his plate and pushes it away.

“It’s even better when you get every layer,” I say, picking up his fork and cutting a larger bite before bringing it to his lips.

Mr. Fischer flattens them, and I silently plead with him to open his mouth. I blow out a puff of air when he finally does, and pleasure rockets through me when he allows me to feed him. He moans as I slide the fork out, and I cut another bite, ready to feed it to him again.

Mr. Fischer shakes his head. “Better not.” He pats his belly, which I realize he does quite often when I offer him one of my desserts. Add in the way he frantically

covered his broad upper half when he was shirtless, I finally put two and two together. I'd bet my bottom dollar he's self-conscious about his body, which makes my heart sore for him.

Deciding that questioning him about it might do more harm than good, I offer, "How about we split the rest so it doesn't go to waste?" I don't wait for his answer. Instead of dragging the other chair around to sit next to him, I boldly shuffle between his legs and sit sideways on his hard left thigh. I was right. Comfiest seat in the house.

Mr. Fischer sucks in a harsh breath, his hand coming to rest on my lower back. With my heart beating out of control, I bring a bite of pie to my mouth, licking the fork clean before nervously handing it back to him, wondering if he'll accept it now that I've used it.

His right hand trembles as he cuts a piece. I'm even more nervous—and entirely thrilled—when I lay my left palm on the middle of his belly, slowly rubbing circles over it. His hand trembles worse than before as he brings the bite to his lips. I nod in encouragement, stroking up and down his torso, leaning in closer when he finally puts the fork in his mouth.

When he tries to hand me the fork afterward, I don't stop rubbing him. I part my lips, silently suggesting he feed me himself. Mr. Fischer doesn't blink once as he cuts a bite and brings the fork to my mouth, his left hand drifting lower toward my bottom. I moan when he slowly slides the fork in and out, my hand smoothing up the middle of his chest and back down again. I push past his belly button toward the hard bulge in his jeans before I lose my nerve and bring my hand back up, shakily reaching for the fork.

Mr. Fischer's thigh flexes beneath me, and I lean in, pressing my breasts against his front after cutting another piece for him. My breath comes faster when his hand drifts further down, now resting on the top of my butt.



I tease the seam of his lips. “Would you like another taste of my pie, sir?”

“Oh god, angel, yes,” Mr. Fischer says with a groan, his hand now squeezing my backside.

The fork clatters on the floor when I drop it, palm the back of his head, and kiss him. His taste, sugary sweet, is as delicious as my pie.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:45 am*

Sherman

The way Miranda touches my stomach as if she doesn't care that I'm turning soft, her plump ass beneath my hand, her breasts pressed against me, her little tongue playing with mine, her cherry pie flavor overwhelming my senses...It's all too much and too little. I'm hungry for more.

I slide a hand up her bare arm to thumb the left strap of her cute tank top, gently tugging on it. Knowing I'm going too fast, I stop myself from pulling it down. I need to be content with kissing her, which is more than I deserve, instead of pushing her further.

Miranda ends the kiss. Damnit , I did push her too far just by touching her strap. I should have known better. I should have given her a few kisses before stepping away and keeping my distance. But after weeks of pining for a taste of my angel every moment of every day, I'm starving. Ravenous. And I lost control.

I lean back in my seat and pinch the bridge of my nose, mumbling out an apology.

“Sir?”

My eyes snap open, seeing hers are bright but hooded, her cheeks as heated as mine. She grabs my hand and brings it back to her strap, arching her back. When I pinch the material, she smiles and draws my hand down.

I don't miss the way her eyes flare as I pull the material lower, discovering that she's not wearing a bra again, and I get my first glimpse of her full breast and hard, pink

nipple. She's as turned on as I am, and my cock swells larger against the zipper of my jeans.

I can't decide where to look—her angelic face or her cherry tip begging for my mouth. “Angel?” I croak out the question, still looking up and down.

Miranda straightens her back, her chest rising and falling rapidly. I watch, utterly entranced and at her mercy, as she swipes her index finger through some of the pie filling and slowly teases her nipple. “Taste me, sir,” she whispers.

One second, I'm staring at the most beautiful woman ever to exist, and the next, I have my mouth wrapped around the sweetest, most heavenly dessert known to man, swirling my tongue around her bud. Miranda gasps and palms the back of my head, pressing on it to bury my face in her supple breasts.

I tug the other tank top strap down, kissing across her chest until I can draw her untouched nipple deep into my mouth.

Miranda moans and wiggles on my lap. “I didn't know it would feel this good.”

I pull back, hardly able to catch my breath. “This is your first time having a man kiss you here?” I rub a circle over her wet nipple with my thumb.

Miranda stands between my thighs, and I reluctantly drop my hand when she tugs her tank top up and over her head. “My first everything, sir,” she says with a sultry smile. She leans back against the table and lifts her skirt up to her hips, propping her right foot on my left knee, giving me a glimpse of her white panties.

I slide my hand up her leg and tease the middle of her panties with my thumb, finding the fabric wet with her arousal. I should be ashamed of the filth that spills out of me when I ask, “No one's ever tasted the sweet cherry between your legs?”

Miranda shakes her head and arches her back, swiveling her hips to chase my thumb. “Do you want a taste, sir?”

She moans when I sweep the pie plate to the side so I can grab her waist and set her on the edge of the table, her legs spread to fit my hips. I start with her lips, then kiss my way down, toying with each nipple as I slowly lower her on her back. She makes a squeal of surprise when I tug her skirt and panties down her legs and off her feet, tossing them behind me, and then grab her ankles to set her heels on the edge.

Yanking my chair closer, I sit down and palm Miranda’s inner thighs, spreading her wide enough to bury my face in her short curls, closing my eyes as I take a long inhale of her feminine scent. I roll my eyes up to meet hers, seeing her propped up on her elbows as she watches me with feverish eyes as I take my first taste, licking a long line up between her pussy lips.

“I knew it, angel. Knew you’d taste as sweet as your desserts.” Miranda’s eyes roll back in her head with a moan, and her arms give out when I find and toy with her clit with the tip of my tongue. My mouth runs away with me again when I say, “ You are the real dessert, and this cherry is all mine, isn’t that right, angel?”

“Oh, yes, Mr. Fischer!”

“No more ‘Mr. Fischer’. I want to hear you scream my first name when I make you cum.” I rip my zipper down and fist my hard cock as I push my tongue inside her pussy, curling it as I withdraw, drinking her down. I move my other hand up to toy with her clit, wishing I had more hands so I could pinch and play with her nipples, too.

“Sherman!” Miranda tangles one of her hands in my hair as her hips rock off the table with a particularly high-pitched moan until it’s broken by a silent scream, her pussy contracting around my tongue, more arousal spilling down my throat as she cums. As

soon as her inner walls relax, I stand up fast, knocking back the chair on the tile floor. I press my cockhead to her entrance, half a second from thrusting inside before wrenching my hips backward, breathing hard.

Miranda shakily sits back up on her elbows, brows pinched, messy strands of her gorgeous hair falling out of her braid. “What’s wrong? Do you not want to...” She leans on one elbow to motion toward my hard cock that’s begging to be buried inside her.

“Oh, angel.” I push my hands under her back and gather her in my arms, loving how she wraps her legs around my waist to hold herself up. “Angel, angel, my angel,” I say reverently. “Of course I want to. But not here.”

It’s been over ten years since I bought this house, and I know my way around without having to look away from her angelic face as I hurry us toward my bedroom, our lips and tongues moving together in perfect synchrony.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:45 am*

Miranda

“Where are we going?” I ask, buzzing with exhilaration as he walks us deeper into the house. When he had pulled away instead of taking my virginity, I thought maybe he’d had second thoughts about being with me, but now...

Sherman climbs onto a large bed centered on the back wall beneath a window and lays me down in the middle of a ray of sunshine. “Tell me now, are you sure this—giving me your cherry—is what you want?”

I’m completely naked while he still has all his clothes on, and I tug at his polo shirt, too distracted with trying to undress him to think about his question.

Sherman sits up on his knees and circles my wrists. “Angel.”

I pause and look up to meet his eyes. “Yes, sir?”

He groans and rocks his hips in the air, drawing my attention to his large cock. “Eyes up here.” I do as he says, and his brows crease, seriousness etched in his features. “I want you to be one hundred percent sure about this.” He drops my wrists and tugs the hem of his shirt back down. “About being with me before we go any further. There’s still time to back out, and I won’t blame you.”

I maneuver up onto my knees. I think Sherman stops breathing when I pinch the fabric of his shirt on both sides and slowly pull it up, tugging on it twice until he finally lifts his arms for me to pull it off over his head. I scoot forward until our fronts are pressed together and ask him, “Are you one hundred percent sure you want to be

with me?”

He cups my face, stroking my cheek with his thumb. “Of course I am.” His cock jerks against my bare stomach, my muscles vibrating with excitement at the thought of what it will feel like to have something so big inside me. “How is that even a question? You’re all I can think about.”

“Then you should know you’re all I can think about, too.”

His brows dip, trying to decipher if I’m telling the truth.

“What? You don’t believe me, sir?” Taking a page out of his book, I start by kissing his lips, working my way down his neck to his collarbone. Though I’ve never done anything of the sort before, and I’m more than a little nervous about taking the reins, I tell Sherman to lie down.

After a moment’s hesitation, he finally relents and lays on his back in the middle of the bed. He watches me with a clenched jaw as I rub my hands up and down his belly and then finally hook his waistband to tug his jeans off, dropping them over the side of the bed.

Sherman fists the sheets at his sides, his voice a gruff whisper when he hesitantly asks, “Angel?”

“Yes, sir?”

His cock bobs in the air, heavy and swollen. “Are you sure?” He grunts and grabs my waist when I straddle his wide hips on my knees and slowly lower my bottom.

I gasp when my core makes contact with the underside of his warm shaft. I brace my hands on his chest, feeling his heart beat wildly beneath my palm. Going on instinct, I

wiggle on top of him until I've perfected the angle and can slide back and forth along his length, my pussy growing wetter.

I rub my hand down his torso to lovingly caress his belly, moving my hips faster. "Do you feel that, sir? Feel how much I want you?"

Sherman moves his hands down to my hips, bucking his up off the mattress, grinding his cock against me. "Yeah, I do. You're wet, angel. Wet and so unbelievably gorgeous on top of me."

I lean down, loving the way his bare skin feels against my nipples. I kiss him once, letting it linger, then look him straight in the eye, trembling with need. "Don't ask me again if I'm sure."

Sherman cups the back of my head and rolls us over. His large, masculine body on top of mine triples my desire for him. Even without having sex yet, I know this is how I want him every night. Our mouths never once part as he jerks his hips up, then positions the fat head of his cock at my entrance.

"Angel," he breathes out as he slowly pushes inside me.

I'm elated he didn't question me again before taking me, finally accepting the truth, even as my pussy smarts at the discomfort of being stretched to accommodate his size. I take a deep breath when he backs up, then slowly pushes deeper, back and forth, until our hips finally meet.

"Are you ok, angel?"

Despite the initial discomfort, there's no pain like I expected to feel the first time I had sex. I hook my legs around his back and tug at the nape of his neck to deepen our kiss, silently answering him and begging him to keep going.



Each long, deep thrust after that is faster than the last until, eventually, I have to break the kiss to drag in a gasping breath, my head swimming as my pussy pulses around him. The pressure that builds in my core is more urgent than when he licked me into an orgasm in the kitchen, and I instinctively rock my hips to meet each forward stroke.

“Oh, angel, oh fuck, honey. You’re getting close, aren’t you?”

“Yes! Oh god, please, please, sir, make me cum again.”

Sherman snaps his hips, driving my body up, and I hold tighter to him. “Keep calling me ‘sir’, and you’re going to make me cum first.” He snaps his hips again, and the high his words illicit is as pleasurable as the peak of the orgasm I’m about to reach.

“Yes, yes, sir. I want you to cum.” Disappointment tugs at my heart when Sherman groans gutturally, pulls out of me, and rolls to the side. “Why did you stop? Because I called you ‘sir’?” I tumble back from my peak, and my eyes throb with impending tears. “I didn’t mean to make you mad.”

Sherman rolls back toward me, sitting up on his knees between my legs. “Angel, no. Never.” He waves a foil square in the air. “I just needed to stop to get a condom.”

“Why?”

He pauses halfway through ripping the foil open, looking back and forth between me and the square. “I know you’re young, but you know what condoms are, right?”

Sherman’s light brows shoot up when I take the condom from his hand, eye it with distaste, and ask him with a pout, “You don’t want to cum inside me, sir?” His cock jumps when I rest my palm on my lower belly, missing the fullness of him there.

Sherman fists his shaft, staring at my hand. “Are you on birth control?”

“No, sir.”

“God Almighty, angel. No condom, no birth control, nothing to protect you from getting pregnant.” He slides his free hand under mine, cupping my belly. There’s a hopeful note to his voice when he asks, “Is that what you want?”

I toss the condom over the side of the bed and hold my arms out for him. In an instant, he flattens me to the bed and surges inside me to the hilt. Gone are the long, measured strokes, replaced with fiery passion. Neither of us says a word, simply unable to between moaning and gasping for air, as he braces one elbow next to me so he can slide a hand between us, find my clit, and massage it.

My orgasm comes roaring back with a vengeance, the pressure in my core building to such an intensity that it almost scares me until it finally snaps. “Oh, Sherman, yes!” I clutch his strong shoulders as I writhe beneath him, finding enough air once I go over the peak to hoarsely beg, “Cum inside me, sir.”

Sherman moans, thrusts one final time, and fills me with his release.

I hug him close, stroking his back, ignoring the ache in my joints the longer I have to keep my legs spread wide around his body. “Thank you, sir.”

Sherman pushes his face into my neck, his warm breath making me shiver with delight as it fans over my skin. “Oh, angel, keep it up, and I’ll never be able to let you out of this bed.”

My mind skips to my daydream of him with our future children. “How many bedrooms do you have?”

It takes him a few seconds to push through the after-glow of his orgasm to respond to my seemingly out-of-the-blue question. “Three, including this one. Why?”

“Are they large enough for double beds? If not, I hope the ceilings are tall enough for bunk beds, or we’ll have to move.”

Sherman stares at me with a curious expression. “We?”

I skim a hand up and down his side. “Yes, sir. I saw three children in my dream, so at least two will have to double up unless we move into a larger house or build onto this one.”

Sherman’s softening cock begins to thicken inside me the more I talk about our children . A radiant smile slowly spreads from ear to ear. “You’re moving in with me?”

I laugh. “Well...you did say that you wouldn’t be able to let me out of your bed if I called you ‘sir’ again, so I kind of have to move in... sir .”

Sherman jerks his hips back, then thrusts forward with his renewed erection. “Truthfully, I wouldn’t let you out of here even if you didn’t call me ‘sir’. You’re mine, angel,” he says definitively.

I moan, flexing my hips, welcoming him deeper. “Yes, sir. I’m all yours.”

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:45 am*

Sherman

I'm giddy, flush with pleasure as I make my way to the kitchen to grab Miranda's clothes so she can get dressed before Barbara and Kimora show up. I've kept her in our bed and beneath me for a solid three hours, ready for round after round, discussing what our future will look like between orgasms. Maybe our parents will think it's foolish how headstrong we are, running at full speed into a family we've only just dreamed up, but that's ok. It doesn't have to make sense to anyone but us. Besides, there's absolutely no going back now—a fact that leaves me feeling even giddier.

I scratch my temple, looking around the kitchen, wondering where in the hell Miranda's clothes ran off to.

“Looking for these?”

I spin around at Barbara's deep chuckle from her seat in my recliner in the living room. I must have skipped right past her, caught up in thoughts of my angel and her belly potentially swelling soon with my child.

“Jesus, Barbara.” I snatch the clothes from her, hiding them behind my back, grateful that I pulled on my own clothes—now uncharacteristically wrinkled—before leaving the bedroom. “How did you get in here?”

Barbara tips her head toward the kitchen. “You always forget to lock the back door.”

I won't be making that mistake again, knowing I need to be more mindful now that

Miranda will be living here.

“Kimora will be here in about ten minutes to help set up, so if you don’t want the rest of the office to find out about you and Miranda, I suggest she get dressed quickly and hightail it out of your bedroom.”

I don’t question how she knows the clothes belong to Miranda.

“Oh, they’re going to find out, alright,” I say with a smirk and a heart full of pride as I move toward the hallway. “Considering this just turned into an engagement party.”

Barbara gasps behind me, and I lock the bedroom door as soon as I step inside. Miranda is standing in a towel, her skin damp from a quick shower while I fetched her clothes. I toss them to the side and sweep her into my arms.

She laughs, trying to lift her legs around my waist. “Another round already, sir?”

I lay her on our bed and tug her towel away. She rests her hand on her belly, wearing my university class ring on her left ring finger until I can get her a proper engagement ring. I strip and climb on the bed to kiss a long line up from her ankle to the sweet center of her.

“One more taste of you, angel, and then maybe I’ll be ready to let you out of bed for a few hours,” I say with a grin, watching my angel’s eyes roll back when I tease her clit with the tip of my tongue. “But only maybe.”

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:45 am*

Miranda - 17 years later

Now that the big Aquaculture conference has wrapped up, I've taken a day off from my job as the Special Events Manager at a nearby hotel to visit my husband at work. I've planned my timing perfectly when most of his staff are out to lunch, nostalgia blooming as I walk the firm's halls. It was with Sherman's support and encouragement that I bucked the career my parents had planned for me and went into the hospitality industry once we were out of the baby and diapers and strollers and car seats and sleep deprivation stage of our lives, and I've been all the happier for it.

Bumping Sherman's office door open, I let it swing shut behind me as I slow my steps to exaggerate the sway of my hips that have grown rounder after the birth of our three children—Shayla, Bailey, and Autumn. "Good afternoon, Mr. Fischer."

My handsome husband swallows, fiddling with his navy blue tie. "I'll call you back," he barks into the phone, abruptly hanging up on a client, dropping the phone in its cradle on his desk with a noisy clatter. "You're a sight for sore eyes, angel." He motions for me to come closer, a smile growing wider. "What are you doing here?"

"Thought I'd surprise you." Stepping around his desk, I set down my quilted insulated tote bag and remove the hot covered pie dish along with several plastic forks and plates.

Sherman rolls back his chair when I nudge his legs. I kick off my sandals, hop up on his desk in front of him, and work the lid free, steam rising from the freshly baked cherry pie I made just for him.

Sherman licks his bottom lip, even as he pats his stomach with a groan. At fifty-two years old, with a thicker waistline and blond hair that long ago turned silver, I find my husband as attractive as I did the first day we met. If anything, I'm even more obsessed with him after seventeen blissfully chaotic years of marriage, hosting more block parties, birthdays, and company-wide get-togethers at our house than the hotel does conferences.

"You know I've done good sticking to my diet this time around," he says, staring at the pie with a hungry expression as he rolls his chair forward.

"Oh yes, I know. You've been very, very good, sir."

Sherman moans, cutting his eyes to mine, even hungrier.

I tug his tie, spreading my legs so he'll roll all the way forward. "The pie is refined sugar-free," I whisper in a sultry tone, licking his bottom lip with a hum.

"Yeah?"

I slowly drag my ankle-length linen skirt up my legs and lean back to rest my bare feet on the arms of his chair. "With gluten-free crust."

"Is that right?" Sherman circles my calves, then slides his hands up, pushing the material further up my thighs. Gripping my hips, he tugs me to the very edge of his desk. "What about the whipped cream?" he asks, lips brushing the inside of one knee while he hooks a finger under the white fabric of my panties.

I pull the cold to-go bowl from my bag and set it beside the pie dish, then brace my hands on his desk behind me when he yanks my panties to the side, baring me. "Made with non-fat Greek yogurt, sir."

Sherman kisses his way along my inner thigh. "You know just the way to my heart."

Through his stomach .

“And you know mine, sir,” I say with a moan, dropping my head back when my husband pushes my knees out with his broad shoulders and buries his face in my pussy, taking his time to tease and savor me.

“Fuck, angel, I love the way you taste. I need more.” Lifting my bottom with both hands up to his mouth, he pushes his firm tongue inside me, drinking down my arousal.

“Yes, sir, just like that!” With pleasure making it difficult to keep my arms locked to stay upright, I let them give out, lying flat on his desk. I palm the back of my husband’s head while he eats me like I’m his favorite dessert, tastier than any of the pies I’ve made for him over the years.

He’s a beast, his chest heaving with effort as he brings me to orgasm after switching to massaging my clit with his tongue, two large fingers pumping in and out of me at just the right pace and intensity, proving time and again just how well he knows and shows love to my body.

“Oh god, sir, that was amazing,” I say between panting breaths, pushing myself up, my braid a mess after all my writhing. When Sherman slouches back in his chair to catch his own breath, swiping the back of his hand across his wet mouth, I slide from his desk onto the floor. “Now it’s my turn for a taste.” I swivel his chair to the side and kneel between his spread legs, hidden should anyone unexpectedly return from lunch too soon.

“Angel, my angel,” he moans, twirling the tip of my braid around his finger while I hurry to unbuckle his belt and roll down the zipper of his tailored black slacks, freeing his hard cock. “Always so good to me.”

I fist the base of his thick shaft and hum as I take the swollen tip of him between my



lips. Rolling my eyes up to meet his heavy-lidded gaze, I slowly bob my head up and down with hollowed cheeks as I refamiliarize myself with his size, then pull off and smack my lips. “Delicious, sir.”

Sherman’s whole body shivers, his back bowing from his seat. “Fuck, I’m gonna cum already.” Taking over stroking his shaft, faster and faster, he says, “Stick your tongue out, angel.” When I do, he moans loud and rough, “Good girl! Fuck!” With his grip on my braid, he tugs my face forward and angles his cock down to cum on my tongue, his nostrils flaring wildly when I tip my head back to show him my throat as I swallow it all.

“Thank you, angel,” he says, eyes crinkling at the corners of his satisfied expression when he helps me onto my feet.

“Thank you , sir,” I say with a giggle and a peck on the lips. This wasn’t the first time we’ve gone down on each other in his office, and it most certainly won’t be the last. “Ready for pie now?” I ask, holding up the red enamel pie cutter.

“More than ready,” he says through a scratchy throat, snaking his hand under my skirt to rub and squeeze my butt as I cut and plate a slice of pie for each of us, then drop dollops of cream on top. When I try to hand his plate to him with a plastic fork, he refuses, to my surprise, the corner of his lips twitching up.

Sherman works my panties down with heat in his eyes, then pats his thighs. “Remember what you had to do when I refused to eat your first cherry pie?”

Ah . “You mean when I fed it to you?” My eyes dip from his mouth to his lap, his cock hard again, standing proud from the opening of his slacks.

“And where were you sitting?” he asks, maneuvering me around and lifting my skirt to my waist.

Placing a knee on his seat on the outside of his thigh, I answer, “On your lap.”

“Mmhmm.” Sherman helps me straddle his thighs, using his hands on my ass to position me so that his cockhead nudges my entrance. “Sit, angel.”

“Yes, sir.” We both sigh with pleasure as I take his cock inside me to the hilt. Every time I guide a forkful of pie into his mouth, he lifts my bottom, then drops me, until it gets to the point where it’s too good, too euphoric, and we’re too close to cumming again that we can no longer focus on the pie—only each other.

I let the plate drop to the floor as I grip his sturdy shoulders and bounce with his help. “Almost there, almost there. Make me cum, sir,” I beg, mouth dropped open with a long, high-pitched moan after Sherman shoves a hand between us to press his thumb against my clit.

“Yes, yes, yes,” I chant as waves of heat and ecstasy sweep over me, every sense honed on my husband now fucking up into me once I am no longer in control of my body. Sherman’s cock swells larger, his moans deeper and more urgent, and I beg, “Cum inside me, sir.”

“Oh god, yes, take it, angel!” Sherman’s jaw relaxes as his orgasm slams into him, his hands digging into my flesh to hold me in place as he fills me with his warm cum. It doesn’t matter that I’ve been on birth control since the birth of our youngest daughter ten years ago—it’s still as thrilling now to feel him let go inside me, claiming me as his, as it was the first time we had unprotected sex.

Enjoying the intimacy for the remainder of his employees’ one-hour lunch break, I remain seated on my husband’s lap, his softened cock sheathed within me to keep his cum right where we want it. Lightly scraping his scalp with my nails while he rubs my back tenderly, we share sweet kisses that taste of cherry pie and whipped cream and each other.

Hearing the first stirrings of his employees returning to their desks, I gingerly rise up on my knees and twist, reaching for the box of tissues on his desk. “Guess it’s time I cleaned up and let you get back to work,” I say with a pout, wishing we had a few minutes longer to ourselves.

Plucking a handful of tissues from the box, Sherman cleans his cum from between my legs, his chest starting to rise and fall faster beneath his white button-down. “I had the strangest dream last night...”

“What was it about?”

Sherman helps me off his lap, darting in to kiss my stomach over my blouse while helping to smooth my skirt down. “Never mind. Can’t seem to remember now.”

“Maybe it’ll come to you later,” I say, taking my hair tie out so I can finger-comb my messy strands and rebraid it.

The corner of his lips twitch with a sly smile. “Fingers crossed.”

\* \* \*

3 months later

The only thing more shocking than finding an open box of pregnancy tests in my teenage daughter’s bathroom is taking one of the pregnancy tests myself, which came back positive. With my fortieth birthday around the corner and with children in elementary, middle, and high school, I thought we were well and truly beyond having more children.

“That dream you had...” My mind zips as I think back to that day I visited Sherman in his office and how hungry—even more than usual—my husband has been for me ever since. Putting the puzzle pieces together, I stare at the test, my palm resting on

my lower belly. “You lied about not remembering. It was about having another child, wasn’t it?”

“Yes,” he answers with a grin in the mirror, pressing his chest to my back and sliding his hand over mine, propping his chin on top of my head. His amusement falters when I frown. “Are you upset?”

“I’m not...not sure,” I answer truthfully.

“About me or that you’re pregnant?”

“I’m not sure,” I repeat. “You don’t think we’re too old to be starting all over again?”

Spinning me around so that I’m leaning against the vanity, Sherman cups my cheeks.

“Who says we’re old?”

“The gray in my hair.” Streaks of silver are now woven into my light brown braid, the faintest of fine lines appearing at the corners of my eyes and lips almost overnight.

“Ah, but we’re young here,” he whispers, kissing my temple. “And here,” he says, kissing his way down my neck and stopping at my chest over my heart. He kneels to press his ear to it, listening to its beat with his sturdy, supportive, loving arms wrapped around my back.

“You know what this means, though, right?” I ask, excitement dawning and bubbling up the longer he holds me, imagining my stomach growing firmer once more and the look of marvel that will be sketched across Sherman’s face when our unborn child first kicks his hand.

“What does it mean, angel?”

I turn his face up, finding my own amusement as the reality of our situation ripples

through him when I say, “Our baby is going to be younger than our first grandchild.”

“Good God Almighty, help me.”

—THE END—