



Daddy's Good Girl

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Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: Jenna:

I walked into a fancy restaurant for a date, and imagine my surprise to find my best friend's dad waiting for me! Rick Kincaid is unbelievably handsome with thick charcoal hair, penetrating blue eyes, and a snake so massive that I choke the first time. Even crazier, the gorgeous physician has a penchant for filth ...

... because after that first night, he says I can earn money by pleasing him!

The alpha male says that if I continue to be his good girl ...

... he'll provide a generous allowance ...

... with bonuses for each and every naughty act!

OMG, I'm going to be rich!

But what do I have to do to earn my keep?

Rick:

I'll be clear. I'm not an honorable man, not in any way, shape, or form. So Jenna knows this isn't about rainbows and lollipops. There's no gallant knight on a white horse riding in to save the day, and there's definitely no free lunch where I'm concerned. Instead, the curvy girl's going to earn her money ...

... dollar by dollar...

... begging and pleading ...

... bent over a table as she cries out, "Yes Daddy, I promise to be a good girl!"

Whoa, stop the presses! Are we really going there? Yes indeed, because I know my readers adore taboo tales, and this is one that takes it to the max! Jenna shows up for a date with a man she believes is an upstanding, respectable citizen, but boy, is she wrong. After all, behind closed doors Dr. Kincaid craves filth ... and loads of it too! This story includes a naughty game of you-show-me-yours-

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Jenna

The past.

“I love you,” I murmur to Julio. He’s a gorgeous specimen of a man, with dark hair, bronzed skin, and flashing blue eyes. Julio is originally from Argentina, and a professional polo player with the body of a warrior. His chest is wide and thick, displaying the requisite six pack of a committed athlete, and his thighs are muscular and powerful from gripping the flanks of a horse. He stares into my eyes, his gaze tender.

“I love you too, mi amor,” he whispers tenderly, gently brushing my golden hair from my forehead. “Te amo, cariño.” My heart flutters as I smile helplessly at the man that I adore because I’ve never felt such joy in my life. Julio was made for me, and I for him, and it feels like our destiny to be together. But there’s one unfortunate catch: Julio happens to be my mom’s boyfriend.

It’s a long tale, and one that I’m not exactly proud of. My dad died when I was just a baby, and my mom was left bereft. It wasn’t easy for Stephanie to raise a child on her own, but she did it, and did a good job too. I know she had a lot of sleepless nights, as well as times when she cried herself to sleep, but Stephanie made it out of the woods and was a wonderful mother despite the challenges of single parenthood.

Even more surprising, my mom blossomed into a stellar real estate agent while caring for me. Don’t get me wrong because she was forced to go back to work. Without my

dad's income, Stephanie had to get a job, otherwise we'd lose the roof over our heads. But my mother took to her new profession like a fish to water, and soon, her calendar was full and her phone was ringing off the hook with calls from clients and potential clients. Plus, I'm proud to say that my mom handles a lot of luxury listings that would blow your mind, such as vast estates that cost eight figures, not to mention historic mansions, landmarked gems, and even huge parcels of undeveloped land that billionaires snap up because they want to "protect the wild." I'm not exactly sold on their so-called "conservation efforts," but a sale is a sale, and the money was eye-opening.

Plus, Stephanie is young and beautiful, in addition to being professionally successful. Real estate agents often put up photoshopped pictures of themselves in order to attract business, but in my mom's case, it was all real. Stephanie is gorgeous, with creamy skin, big blue eyes, and long golden hair flowing over one shoulder. Plus, she wore fitted skirt suits and high heels that showed off her curvy figure while at the same time appearing serious and competent.

She was the envy of her co-workers. Men and women both wanted to date my mom, and I know she had to laughingly set the record straight because she's one hundred percent hetero. But yes, people of both sexes were entranced by my mother's charm, and why wouldn't they be? Stephanie was gorgeous, rich, with a tinkling laugh and a teasing flash in her blue eyes. She was charisma and charm personified, and excellent at her job too. It was a potent mix.

But Stephanie was never one for long-term relationships. Or rather, she did have some boyfriends, but I think she never recovered from my dad's loss. As a result, I don't think she was interested in tying the knot again, with its requisite diamond rings and ceremonial "I do's." Instead, my mom dated a series of handsome men who could pass for male models with chiseled features and the bodies of gods. In fact, I think one of them from years ago literally was a male model signed to a genuine modeling agency. Ignacio, I think his name was? My mom has a thing for the Latin

heartbreakers, and her most recent boyfriend, Julio, is only her latest paramour with a South American background.

But Julio is a good guy. He came into my life when I was entering womanhood, and it started innocuously enough. The three of us would hang out and chat and laugh, and we ate meals together a lot because he was dating my mom. It was a natural fit, and we enjoyed spending time together. But by then, I was a teen girl and coming into a gradual awareness of my femininity. While Stephanie was always a stunner, I was becoming her lookalike – a younger, more beautiful version, that is. I have the same golden blonde hair, wide-set innocent blue eyes, and a body so lush that I have to be careful when buying swimsuits because I don't want to accidentally bust out of the fabric with my big Double Ds and wide hips.

Julio noticed, too, because what man wouldn't? I could feel his gaze sizzling along my curves on occasion, although when I turned to look at him, his eyes always darted away with a guilty flush. And the problem is that Stephanie works a lot, as in a lot. Real estate is a service business, and if your client wants to see a particular property at 7 p.m. on a Sunday night when you're having dinner with your family, then so be it. Stephanie would get dressed, put on her make-up, and zoom off in her Mercedes sedan at the drop of a hat. It happened a lot too because my mom caters to billionaires who fly into town on a whim, and for whom white glove service is an expectation. But they pay well, and Stephanie understood her role. My mom always showed up with a smile, and never complained about the toll on her personal life.

So yes, Julio and I started to spend more and more time alone together, and our relationship started out innocently enough. We were hanging by the pool when Stephanie was called away by Thomas Igwumu, who was allegedly looking to buy a penthouse somewhere on Billionaires' Row. Never mind that Igwumu is allegedly a despot in his native country, with a record of heinous humanitarian crimes against his own countrymen. As my mom explained to me, she doesn't question her clients' choices outside of real estate because it's not her place. Her role is restricted to

helping them find a beautiful home to fall in love with, and nothing more.

But after Stephanie departed, Julio and I were left alone to sun ourselves. I sipped on a Diet Coke while he enjoyed a frosty Corona, and we made desultory conversation as the aquamarine pool rippled in the afternoon heat. It was a gorgeous day, and our conversation slowly grew more intense as the weather warmed. I revealed how the mean girls at school sometimes bullied me, and how I'd retreat to the women's bathroom to eat my lunch in one of the stalls. It sounds silly, I know, not to mention gross and unsanitary, but it was a tough situation, and Julio understood my dilemma.

Even more important, he didn't laugh it off or treat it as a "teenage problem" that would fix itself. Instead, he listened intently and suggested solutions. Maybe I could go to the library, and eat among the cool darkness of the stacks. Or if there was a club I was interested in, say Amnesty International or the Photography Fanatics, I could go to a meeting and eat lunch in a classroom without having to duck and hide in the women's restroom.

I smiled gratefully because Julio made me feel "seen" with his unwavering attention. Although I'd sort of brought up my problems to my mom in the past, Stephanie was a bit too preoccupied to listen intently, and to take my issues seriously. I was also a little embarrassed to reveal such ridiculous problems to my mom when she'd overcome so much as a young woman, and successfully too. I felt lame and somewhat incompetent by comparison.

But Julio provided a kind ear and broad shoulder to lean on. He was never too busy, and would make time in his day so that we could talk privately. Of course, I was over the moon. I was ecstatic to have a friend, and a handsome one too, who was genuinely interested in my life, no matter how inane or ridiculous the details. As a result, Julio and I grew closer over the next couple months. He told me about the various horses he rode, and how they had personalities of their own, including ones that were alternately grumpy, over-excited, or suffering from gout. He educated me about the

history of polo, and described how he grew up playing as a young boy in Buenos Aires, and how much he missed the charm and beauty of his hometown.

Soon, I was spending almost all my free time with Julio, and even started hanging out at the stables where he rode. While I was far too scared to actually get up on a horse, I enjoyed brushing their coats and oiling their tack. I admit, I didn't love mucking out the stalls, but I've never shied away from hard work, and it was fine. Most of all, I loved spending time with Julio, and we grew closer and closer as the months passed.

One evening after the barn had been cleaned and Julio had returned from his shower, we talked a little while looking over Journeyman, a particularly ornery pony. Don't get me wrong because polo horses aren't ponies. They're full-sized equines, which are bred specifically for their speed, stamina, and agility, making them ideal for a fast-paced game on the pitch. This particular pony was often grumpy though, and we didn't know why.

"Maybe Journey just has a bad personality," Julio said dryly, in his lightly accented English.

I giggled.

"Is that even possible? Can horses have bad personalities?"

The handsome Argentine grinned at me in the low light of the barn, so gorgeous that my breath caught in my throat.

"Why not? Horses have personalities just like humans, cats, and dogs."

"I guess so," I acknowledged with a sweet smile. "I just thought ...well, it's like human babies," I explain. "There are no 'bad babies.' There are merely babies whose needs aren't met, and so they cry and wail and scream. They're not 'bad' per

se.They're just hungry, or tired, or frustrated, and don't have the words to express it."

Julio grinned, one big hand stroking along Journeyman's gleaming chestnut flank.

"Well, that sounds like a child with a bad personality to me," he said in a wry tone."Why, do you think differently?"

I laughed again, so comfortable being together, and incredibly happy in his company.

"There are bad babies!There are bad horses too—"

But then my words were cut off because Julio had leaned forward to catch my startled lips in a kiss.It was intimate, tender, and so beautiful that my heart raced as my insides heated.

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“Oh my god, Julio, should we be doing this?” I panted, eyes wide when we finally broke away. The handsome polo player’s expression was conflicted, his black brows drawn in a frown. But he lifted one big hand up, square and sure as he stroked the velvety skin of my cheek.

“I don’t think I can resist you anymore, mi corazón,” he rasped in a tortured tone. “You have tempted me for too long.”

Then, we fell into each other’s embrace, and my heart beat so hard that I thought it might fly right out of my chest. Here was a man! A real man, and not one of the nitwit teenage boys at my high school. Julio was gorgeous, athletic, and he was attracted to me, Jenna London. Of course, the problem was that he was dating my mother, but he assured me that he and Stephanie were basically platonic by that point. Sure, he and Stephanie kissed and hugged, but they saw each other as more as friends than anything romantic. According to him, they had a “mutual understanding,” and enjoyed each other’s companionship, but nothing more.

So yes, I engaged in a passionate, romantic affair with my mother’s boyfriend. The sex was incredible, and the first time we were together, Julio claimed my virginity.

“Mi corazón, you did not say,” he whispered tenderly in my ear after we were done. “Why did you not reveal you were an innocent?”

I smiled softly in the darkness, my curves flushed and sated although there was a bit of an ache between my legs.

“No, it’s okay,” I whispered, my heart fluttering as I clenched my thighs together. “I

didn't want you to know because ...well, I'm inexperienced and I thought adult men didn't like that."

Julio merely groaned deep in his chest before pulling my curves close.

"No, you're wrong, mi corazón," he murmured softly into the delicate seashell of my ear. "You've given me a gift. The most precious gift a woman can give a man, and I am grateful to you, mi amor. Gracias."

My heart fluttered and then swooped as we embraced again, a flood of adoration filling my veins as I kissed Julio with all the passion in my heart. After all, he was my dream come true. He was a Latin stallion with the physique of a pro athlete, the heart of a gentleman, and who adored me in return –or at least that's what I thought.

Because of course, we used condoms and yet somehow, I got pregnant during our brief tryst. I'm not sure how it happened because I don't recall ever not using protection and yet, there it was. Two lines on the pregnancy test. My pupils dilated as I began to hyperventilate. Oh my god, was this for real? Was I really expecting Julio's child? Then again, I'm a curvy, fertile young woman, and he's a virile, experienced alpha male. It was totally possible.

Now, I'm here to tell Julio about the pregnancy, and my pulse races as I watch for his tall figure striding towards the barn. He's just finished training, and I figure this is as good of a time as any to tell him.

Sure enough, that powerful figure materializes, and my heart goes flippity-flop.

"Mi corazón," he murmurs tenderly, trailing one hand along my cheek. "I missed you. Let me just put Toto in his stall."

Then my man disappears into the back of the barn, the grey polo pony following

obediently. He reappears shortly, incredibly handsome in his polo whites. His dark hair is sweaty but falls attractively across his forehead, and oh my god! There's a bulge in his pants. We're so attracted to each other that it's like constantly being aroused, with non-stop sex occurring at all hours in almost any location. We've even done it right here in the barn a few times, sweaty and hot, praying that no one would see our illicit coupling.

Sure enough, Julio kisses me immediately, his lips tender yet possessive at once. My heart races and I look up at him with adoration in my eyes.

"You have something to tell me," he intuits, tilting my chin up with one big hand, his blue eyes gentle. "What is it, Jennabelle?"

The words are on the tip of my tongue, and yet I can't get them out.

"Tell me," he whispers persuasively against my mouth, his breath soft and warm. "Don't be afraid to share, whatever it is, *mi corazón*."

That does it. I melt whenever he calls me "my heart" in Spanish, and with a happy smile, I relay the news.

"Well, I'm pregnant! I know we didn't expect to conceive, but it happened somehow, and I'm so excited, Julio! You'll be an amazing dad, and I can't wait to be a mommy either. I know we'll need to tell my mom, but I think Stephanie will be okay. She'll be shocked, but she'll be happy to welcome her first grandchild."

But instead of pulling me close with excitement, Julio pulls away. He only moves back about two feet, but I can feel something shift in the air. The change is palpable, and it's as if the temperature in the barn drops twenty degrees.

"What did you say?" he asks, his Argentinian accent suddenly thick.

I bounce on my heels with excitement.

“I’m pregnant, Julio!We’re going to have a baby together!What do you think we should name him or her?I was thinking Julio Junior, if a boy, and maybe Julia, if a girl?What do you--?”

But Julio slices his hand through the air in a chopping motion.

“How did you get pregnant?”he grinds out.“We’ve always used protection.”

That makes me stop for a moment.

“Yes, we’ve always used condoms, but no form of contraception is a hundred percent.There are never any guarantees.”

The handsome polo player looks angry, his face turning red as he stares at the ground.

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“Shit!” he curses. “Mierda!”

I pause, stunned.

“What do you mean? Aren’t you happy? I know I’m young to be a mom, but it’s fine! You’re certainly old enough to be a father too—“

Julio cuts me off again, his eyes shooting daggers.

“You’re such a stupid, naïve little girl,” he spits. “Don’t you get it? You can’t have this baby.”

“What do mean?” I ask, completely stunned by this turn of events. “Of course I can! I’m healthy, I’m young, I have wonderful health insurance—”

“Provided by your mother’s job,” Julio sneers. “Don’t you get it? We’re completely dependent on Stephanie. We’ve been having an affair behind her back, Jenna. Your mother’s going to go ballistic at the news.”

“What do you mean?” I ask, the blood draining from my face. “I thought you and Stephanie are just friends now. I mean, she’ll be surprised but I’m sure we can work it out.”

“Just friends?” Julio sneers, his lips twisting into a disgusted frown. “How can you be so fucking stupid? What a naïve little girl. Your mother and I are still in a relationship, and yes, I still have sex with your mom. I lied because it was the only way to get you to put out. So yeah, don’t you get it? Stephanie pays for everything. This barn, the

horses I ride, my career, your tuition, the roof over our heads ...everything! You must get an abortion.”

At those words, I literally sink to my knees, my eyes wide with shock.

“What?” I manage, unable to breathe as my lungs go tight. “No!”

“Yes,” Julio spits in an angry tone. “We must come clean to your mother because you need to terminate the pregnancy. She’s the one who knows how to handle these things because you’re obviously nothing more than a convenient hole to fuck!”

Then, my life went haywire. We broke the news to Stephanie, and as expected, my mom lost her shit. She screamed, she yelled, and she cried, but even worse, her heart was broken because I’d committed the ultimate betrayal: I slept with her boyfriend, a man whom she loves, behind her back.

But Stephanie has always been practical too. Despite the tumult, she scheduled an abortion for me, and within weeks, I was at a hospital for a procedure that had me terrified, depressed, and vulnerable all at once. They put me under, and the whole thing was over in the blink of an eye. It’s almost like it didn’t happen except that I had a hole in my heart that will never be filled again. Despite my desperate attempts to convince myself that I was okay, I knew I wasn’t. I was unhinged, unsure, and immensely sad, despite the doctor’s reassurances that this was for the better. Even worse, the experience changed me because I was no longer a girl. Overnight, I’d been transformed into a woman who had suffered and hurt.

Plus, Stephanie was no longer interested in mothering me. She couldn’t stand to look at me, and I get it because I’d betrayed her in the worst way possible. As a result, she packed me off, but not in the way that you think. Instead of dumping me at a fancy boarding school and wiping her hands clean, Stephanie did something worse. She let the State take over, and I was forced into government care as a young woman with

nowhere else to go.

It was tough. I went from living in the lap of luxury to a group home where I shared a room with six other girls, with dingy bunk beds and cold showers. I went from attending an all-girls exclusive academy with the best instructors, to enrolling at a local high school so packed to the gills with students that we were divided into three groups to eat lunch because the cafeteria couldn't seat us all at once. To say I was completely stunned would be an understatement. I went through life in a daze, only speaking when spoken to.

But eventually, I pulled myself out of it. I made a friend named Misty, and she was spunky, friendly, and super-intelligent too. Slowly, she pulled me out of my funk and soon, we were spending hours together studying, laughing, and trying to enjoy our time as best as two girls in foster care can.

Even more, Misty's ultra-savvy and we started putting together a plan. Both of us are decent students, and we tried to focus at school. We took challenging courses, and got stellar grades as a result of hours of dedicated study and endless review. By our senior years, we'd been accepted with full scholarships at Evergreen State College, and we were over the moon with joy.

"Yay!" Misty shrieked as we bounced up and down on our dorm beds. "Here we come, Evergreen!"

"I can't believe it," I whispered while looking at my acceptance letter with wide eyes. "It's really happening!"

Even better, a foundation agreed to cover housing and books for us because we were foster kids leaving the system without any other supports. Meanwhile, I tried to keep my eyes on the prize: a degree that will help me get me a good job in the future, and lead me to a successful and independent adulthood. Yet sometimes, what happened in

my past still puts me in a state of shock. I haven't spoken to my mother or Julio in over two years now, and when I think of them, I feel a mix of sadness, depression, and overwhelming anger too. I feel disposable, like they blame me for what happened. Yet how can that be possible? I was a high school girl who didn't know any better while engaged in an affair with a charming, older man. I was clearly in over my head, and couldn't tell right from wrong. But I think the wound was so deep, and hurt so badly, that Stephanie just couldn't move past it.

Even worse, sometimes I think about the baby that I lost, and inevitably, my heart breaks. He or she will always be with me, and I still get tears in my eyes when pondering our lost time together. My eyes take on a glassy sheen, and I'll literally begin to sob out of nowhere. But kids in foster care are always crying for one reason or another, and the staff knew to give me space whenever I looked particularly withdrawn.

So I have to make my life work. I have no other choice because this is the path that Misty and I planned, and there are no other options. But I have to be careful too because my heart's still sore, and I can't take that risk again. I can't put myself out there, and as a result, instead of dating like a normal co-ed at Evergreen, I work as a hostess for Sweet Lies.

I know what you're thinking: what in the world does a hostess do? The answer is simple. I'm a paid companion to wealthy, handsome men who want to spend a pleasant evening the company of a beautiful young woman. But it's not about sex. No way. I can't risk the heartbreak of getting pregnant again, and so I stick to Sweet Lies' "platonic-only" option. This means that I only go on platonic dates with my clients, and it could be a variety of activities, including dinner at a fancy restaurant to doing community clean-up in a local park. Yes, I've actually done that as part of a paid engagement because men crave the girlfriend-experience. Even more than sex, men want a woman to talk to, who's intelligent and sweet, and who makes them feel good about themselves. Sure, sometimes I'll kiss a particularly handsome client, and I've

even engaged in some heavy petting, but I never get to home base.No way.I can't risk my heart and sanity again like that.

So yes, now I'm what's considered "a paid companion" while also carrying a full academic load.I live two lives, essentially.During the day, I'm a spunky, sassy co-ed at Evergreen, but at night, I become a seductive vixen whose job it is to make men happy.Is my existence complicated?Is this double-life terrifying and mind-boggling, filled with regrets and confusion, while also being exciting, remunerative, and even rewarding?Yes, yes, and yes.I'm just a young girl doing the best she can, and as I prepare for an upcoming date, I smile wanly at my reflection in the mirror.Most young women would be bubbly and excited at the prospect of spending time with a gorgeous guy, but I'm relieved that this date is fake because after what I've endured ...I can't handle the real thing.

2

Rick

Present day.

I signal for a whiskey from the bartender at L'Artusi, a fancy bar downtown on the first floor of the Reynolds Hotel.

"Thanks, my man," I murmur after it's delivered."Appreciate it."

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I stare at the tumbler for a moment before lifting the crystal to my lips for a slow sip. The alcohol burns as it makes its way down my throat, but in a good way. Macallen always does it right, although I generally appreciate the Rare Cask series more than tonight's Edition. But it's fine. Macallen is consistently good stuff, even if it is overpriced.

Then again, I'm used to overpriced because I'm paying for a date tonight. Yeah, what the fuck. Why would a good-looking motherfucker like myself pay for companionship, when I practically have women throwing themselves at me on the streets for free? But I like simplicity. I prefer a straightforward transaction, with no expectation of a second date, a future relationship, or god forbid, a wedding and a diamond ring. I've had enough of that shit in the past, and these days, I want a beautiful young woman who hangs onto my every word. She's got to be sweet as well as spicy, intelligent and yet not sanctimonious, and so gorgeous that my dick goes hard at the very sight of her curves. It's a tough combination, but I've found a service that gets it right each and every time: Sweet Lies.

And yes, you guessed it. Sweet Lies is a sugar daddy website, introducing beautiful young things to rich men who pay for their bodies and time. I've met a couple girls through the site, and my understanding is that now, Sweet Lies goes even further. You don't have to scan profiles anymore, or read the boring bios that people put up. Instead, now the service provides "matchmakers" you can work with. The professional will do all the screening for you, and the possibilities are endless. Brunette? Blonde? Redhead? Curvy, thin, athletic? It's all there, and you don't have to lift a fucking finger.

Of course, the concierge service costs extra (what doesn't cost extra these days?), but

it's fine. I have plenty of money in the bank and nowhere to spend it. I might as well pay for whatever makes me happy, and what I enjoy are young women who look up to me. Who make me feel good about myself. Who stroke my ego until my dick is hard. It's fucking sad that I'm so needy, but a lot of dudes are like that. We're Masters of the Universe on the outside, with our corporate power suits, take no prisoners approach and advanced degrees. But on the inside, we're little boys with a desire to be worshipped, and that's where the beautiful young women come in.

But I shouldn't be such a blatant misogynist because I have a daughter who's college-age, and I'd never want her to do what I do, much less work for an outfit like Sweet Lies. But it's one of the quirks of being human: people are contradictory with fucked-up personalities. What can I say?

Yet Emma is the light of my life, and has been since she was born. Unfortunately, her mother and I went through a nasty divorce and Vivian won the right to take Emma with her to fucking Florida. Who the hell moves to that state? That place is a shithole swampland filled with crocodiles and hanging chads.

But Vivian disappeared with Emma in tow, and I was broken-hearted at the loss of my child. At the time, I was a young doctor who'd been placed at the best hospital in Minneapolis, and I couldn't follow them because medical residencies aren't like jobs. There's a complicated matching system that pairs up-and-coming physicians with open slots, and I was lucky to land at Abbott Northwestern with a residency in general surgery. So I was helpless to follow them. My wrists were bound. Meanwhile, Vivian moved my daughter thousands of miles away, and I threw myself into work, angry as fuck at my lot in life.

But the years passed, Emma grew up, and we reconnected when my daughter decided to matriculate at Evergreen State nearby. Now, after so many years apart, my daughter lives about twenty miles from me, and incredibly, she's pre-med too. Of course, I warned her against the profession. Medicine is grueling and the insurance industry is

running a fucking scam. But Em's just like me and stubborn as fuck, so I guess premed it is. I'm excited, to tell the truth, but more than anything, I'm happy to have my daughter living in the same city. I text her daily, and am always happy to treat her to breakfast, lunch, dinner, coffee or dessert. Maybe I'm an overbearing dad, but my heart was stolen when my daughter was born, and I'm grateful to have her back.

After all, fatherhood is important, and after my ex took off, I was angry for a good long time. But I was a young man, and eventually, the dating world came for me again. Female neighbors would rap on my apartment door in the middle of the night, claiming to need medical care for a headache, or for menstrual cramps. It was hysterical, and yeah, I fucked a few. Why not take what's offered on a silver platter? Not only that, but I've had female patients come onto me from their hospital beds. You'd think that being make-up free with stringy hair would hold a woman back, but not so in my case. Women literally flirt with me while they're being administered anesthesia, and more than a few propositions have been cut-off midway when the drugs finally knock them out.

So I did date, and eventually, I fell in love. Twice, in fact, and both women were smart, capable ladies who were professional and competent. I adored both Barbara and Courtney, and imagine my elation when they discovered they were pregnant (at separate times, of course). But the problem with high-powered career women is that they don't necessarily want children, or at least not when they're the thick of establishing their professional lives. As a result, both women chose to abort, and I was left helpless with desperation, sadness, and an increasing feeling that fatherhood just wasn't in the cards for me. Yes, I had a daughter, but she was thousands of miles away. Yes, I'd conceived two more children, but the mothers weren't ready to become mothers. As a so-called "enlightened male," I respected my partners' decisions to end the pregnancies, but ultimately, our relationships didn't last. The heartache on my side was too great, and I couldn't look at either Barb or Courtney without resentment rising in my chest.

So now, I stick to Sweet Lies. It's probably been ten years since I've been on a real date, but whatever. Again, my personal history has been painful and convoluted, and I can't go through that fuckery again. After a shit ton of therapy, I've come to the conclusion that the joy of raising a young child isn't in the books for me, and I should keep things light and simple by paying for companionship, rather than courting it. So here I am, at the bar of a fancy hotel, waiting for an escort to arrive.

L'Artusi, and the Reynolds in general, is a swanky place. The bar is one of those spots that's elegant but not fussy, with ambient lighting, well-dressed patrons, and excellent food. Even more importantly, it hasn't been "discovered" by Instagram influencers yet. I don't know how those dipshits can live the way they do, taking pictures of everything and anything that catches their fancy without actually taking the time to enjoy it. Plus, don't they realize that their "work" ruins the experience for the rest of us? I detest watching an influencer set-up, pose, click, and shoot, when they should be enjoying the food and drink. I guess restaurants do it for the free publicity, but frankly, the publicity that comes from being "Instagrammable" isn't necessarily good for business, either, because what if you attract the wrong type of clientele? It would be a fucking shame, in my opinion, if L'Artusi suddenly overflowed with out-of-towners trying to have a Sex and the City experience. Fuck, that would be so lame.

But my thoughts are interrupted with a tap at my shoulder, and when I turn, it's the maître d'.

"Dr. Kincaid, your guest is here," he murmurs before stepping away. Then, a beautiful blonde appears and my dick twitches immediately because the woman is utterly ravishing. She's young, with innocent blue eyes and a pert nose. Her mouth is delicate yet full, and a sensuous petal-pink color. Even better, her body is that of a siren. Huge Double D breasts are highlighted by a pink cocktail dress, which leads to a narrow waist and the flare of wide hips. Long legs peep out from below the hem, and her delicate feet are encased in pink stilettos. Perfect. Just my type.

“Hi,” I greet in a low voice, leaning over to kiss her soft cheek. “Rick Kincaid.”

A whiff of something flowery and sweet greets my nostrils, and my dick stiffens further. Fuck, she’s got me wrapped around her finger, and hasn’t said a word yet.

“Hello Dr. Kincaid,” my date murmurs with sweet smile while perching herself on a stool. “I’m Jenna. Are we on last name terms already?” she asks inquisitively. “Since we met on a dating website, isn’t that unsafe? We should be using aliases, no?”

I shrug, a smile quirking the corner of my lips.

“I guess so, but Sweet Lies is pretty high-class, so I’m not too worried. Plus, you already heard the host call me “doctor,” so you could look me up on the internet easily. There aren’t that many Richard Kincaid’s who work as physicians in this city.”

Jenna giggles.

“Okay, I guess I feel pretty safe too. I’m Jenna London,” she says. “It’s not an alias. But don’t stalk me!” she immediately adds with a playful air. “Not that there’s that much to find.”

I signal to a bartender.

“I’m sure there’s a lot to know about you, sweetheart, but first, let’s get you a drink. What would you like?”

She purses her lips together for a moment, and I can’t help but notice how plush and glossy they are. Then she smiles and says, “How about a Shirley Temple?”

I’m careful to keep my expression neutral.

“Sweetheart, isn’t that a mocktail? Like zero proof, and guaranteed not to give you a buzz?”

She giggles slightly.

“Yeah, but it’s because I didn’t want to embarrass myself, or you, if my fake ID got rejected, because I’m not quite twenty-one yet. I’m twenty, so I still use a fake ID sometimes, but it’s not one of the good ones that costs three hundred bucks. It’s just fifty bucks made by a girl who lives down the hall from me. The bar could definitely turn me away, seeing that this is a high class joint,” she confides with a lopsided smile.

I swallow hard because fuuuuuck... Jenna’s only twenty. Goddamn, she’s young, and I fucking love it. The young ones are always so innocent, with bodies that are flexible and pussies that stretch. Not to mention the taut button of their assholes ...don’t even get me started on my hunger for anal sex.

But there’s no need to come off like a horny fucker two minutes into our date, so I merely smile and nod.

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“Sure. A Shirley Temple for the lady,” I growl to the bartender before turning back to Jenna. “So you mentioned there’s a girl who lives down the hall from you, which means you’re in the dorms? Or an apartment?”

Jenna nods, her cheeks flushing.

“Dorms, and yes, I’m at Evergreen State. I’m a junior.”

I nod, taking a sip of my whiskey.

“Very nice. My daughter’s at Evergreen too.”

Jenna cocks her head at me curiously.

“Do I know her? But wait, do we want to go there? I mean, there are a lot of Kincaids, but maybe we shouldn’t figure out if I’m friends with your daughter because it would be awkward. Maybe? Seeing that we met on-line and all.”

I shrug.

“I’m not exactly trying to hide my life, sweetheart. I’m a forty-five-year-old asshole, and frankly, I don’t give a fuck what other people think about me. Plus, who cares if we met on a dating website? Lots of people do these days,” I add with a charming grin. “So yes, my daughter’s name is Emma Kincaid, and she’s a junior at Evergreen. She’s pre-med, and likes the usual stuff that girls her age like – Taylor Swift, Coachella, festivals, and that kind of shit.”

Jenna's eyes go round as the bartender slides her drink before her. It's a ridiculous girly sunset pink color, with a maraschino cherry bobbing on top. Unthinking, Jenna picks up the cherry using the stick going through it, and delicately slides the fruit into her mouth. Her movement is innocently sensual, and I watch as her pink tongue flickers out. Fuck, how would it feel to have that tongue sliding along the veins of my dick? Lapping at my balls? Oh shit shit shit. All noise fades away as I stare at her mouth, lust rising in my groin. Suddenly, I realize I've blanked out and land back on Earth with a thud.

"Hello, Dr. Kincaid, anyone home?" Jenna sings while waving a hand in front of my face. "Did you hear what I said?"

I blink once, hard. Fuck, my cock's stiff and rigid already, and I want nothing more than to bend this girl over her seat before lifting that skirt and driving deep into her squelching pussy. But I make myself focus and try to calm my racing pulse while forcing myself visualize old crones and the arid desert. Fuck! It's only been a few minutes and I'm already losing it.

"Uh, sorry," I murmur with a wry smile. "Just got caught up in...I don't know. It's been a long day at the hospital."

Jenna giggles, her laugh a sweet tinkle in the air.

"No, it's okay. I totally get it because all the physicians I know work sixty or even seventy hours a week. I was just saying that I think I do know your daughter. Emma Kincaid, right? I mean, we don't know each other super-well, but we have friends in common and we've gone out with the same bunch of girls before. Does she live in Lloyd?"

I smile, flashing even white teeth.

“Yeah, I think that’s her dorm.Goddamn.What a small world.”

Jenna shakes her head, blonde curls tumbling.

“What a small world indeed,” she marvels.“Well, this definitely puts things in a new light.It feels like a real date, seeing that we actually know the same people in our regular lives.Wow.”

I chuckle, my blue eyes flashing with amusement.

“Who said this isn’t real?I consider my Sweet Lies arrangements to be absolutely one hundred percent the real thing.I get to enjoy the company of a lovely young woman, and she gets a little something as a token of my thanks at the end of the night.It’s not that different from meeting in a coffee shop or a bar.”

Jenna thinks for a moment, biting her bottom lip, and it drives me to distraction as my cock stiffens again.Goddamn, she’s so luscious and I’m going to lose it if I don’t watch myself.But the young woman merely nods once more, and smiles.

“You’re right.What’s the difference?Who knows, maybe we’re all living in fantasy land and tonight’s the only real thing that’s happening.”

I lean forwards, unable to resist.

“Well, let me ask you something, Jenna.Would you like to make things even more real than they are now?I know you indicated “platonic-only” on your profile, and that we were just going to have drinks and dessert.But would you like to see my room upstairs?It’s got a gorgeous view, and I’m more than happy to continue our conversation in the privacy of my suite.”

Jenna’s blue eyes flare, her big breasts heaving up and down.Oh fuck, what if she

says no?What if she rejects me, and then reports me to Sweet Lies?The truth is that it wouldn't matter because I've done this before.I've fucked dozens of girls through the site, "platonic" or not, and Sweet Lies doesn't give a shit.Sure, they might make a fuss at first, but it ultimately dies down because they want to get paid.And guess who's forking over the cash?Exactly –me.It's ultimately a business decision for them.

But as expected, Jenna smiles slowly, licking her pink lips.

"I think I'd enjoy that, Dr.Kincaid," she murmurs softly."Let's go."

Then, I stand as the curvy girl takes my arm, and we walk through the bar to the elevator just outside.The marble floor is slippery, and Jenna slips slightly, momentarily pressing her big breasts against my arm.The softness of her flesh drives me insane, and suddenly, I realize that I'm not in control ...she is.

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Jenna

Oh my god, I'm such a slut! It's wrong, but sometimes, I play the role of an innocent while simultaneously acting coy. I didn't trip "by accident" on the polished marble floor. Instead, I pretend-fell, and took the opportunity to press my big breasts against Dr. Kincaid's arm.

His reaction was instantaneous. Those blue eyes flashed as his nostrils flared. His chest expanded, and if I'm not mistaken, his cock twitched within those suit pants. Yes, my handsome date has a monster hidden beneath the fabric, and it was growing during the course of our conversation.

After all, I can tell that Rick's attracted to me. His eyes would fixate on my mouth as we talked, and then move slowly down to my big breasts as his pupils dilated. His fingers would grip the crystal tumbler of whiskey, and then relax only when he consciously commanded them to let go. But most of all, it was his cock that gave him away. He was getting harder and harder during our interaction, and if I'm not mistaken, he's fully aroused now with a massive club wrapped around his waist. He's got the shaft covered by his suit coat, but my guess is that the man's sporting a giant anaconda that needs relief pronto.

So I giggle a little. I selected "platonic only" as my intimacy choice on the Sweet Lies website, but there's always room for a little fun. I've done some kissing and heavy petting with particularly handsome male clients in the past, and I like it. The tips are huge when I let them suck my nipples or even pat my wet pussy while sometimes pushing a finger in. But we never go further than that because frankly, I've never been tempted. Yet something about Richard Kincaid feels different. The attraction between

us burns, and there's already an ache in my sweetest spot as we exit the elevator.

So when we finally step into the physician's suite, I immediately wrap my arms around his broad shoulders and go up on tiptoe for a kiss. To my surprise, however, Rick doesn't kiss me right away. Instead, he looks down at me, those blue eyes amused despite the harsh flush of arousal on those high cheekbones.

"Hmm, so is this what a platonic date looks like?"

I giggle a little. "Why, don't you want to have some fun?"

His big hands circle my waist as we make our way to the living room. I get a quick glimpse of double height ceilings, as well as ivory furniture and tasteful artwork on the walls. But my attention is focused on the handsome alpha male as he sets me down on a couch before folding his huge form next to me.

"Of course, and I love what you have to offer. I just thought we should get to know one another a little better."

I shoot him a flirtatious smile.

"Really? Our conversation downstairs wasn't enough?"

Dr. Kincaid grins, showing off even white teeth.

"No, it was plenty, but I find you more than attractive, Jenna. I find you enticing. Mesmerizing, even. Far better than the other girls I've met through the site, and I want to know more. It's as simple as that."

I pause for a moment because this development is surprising. Frankly, a lot of clients aren't that interested in my personality. The girlfriend experience is about letting the

client drone on about themselves, letting their hearts out while releasing stress. So a lot of times, I'm listening while they blab on and on about their ex-wives, their work, their kids, and then back to their ex-wives, etc.

But Dr. Kincaid wants to know about me, and despite myself, I'm flattered. Maybe this is going to be a boyfriend experience, in addition to a girlfriend experience. I laugh a little and cross one knee over the other while settling my blonde hair about my shoulders.

"Well, what would you like to know?" I ask in a demure tone.

He nods, his expression thoughtful.

"Tell me, sweetheart: why did you select platonic only?" he asks in a deep voice. "Is it a ruse? A box you checked long ago, and never got a chance to change?"

I laugh lightly.

"No, no, I meant to select platonic only. I didn't forget to change it. Why?"

He shrugs those broad shoulders, his expression neutral.

"Because let's just say that I've been around the block a couple times. I've used Sweet Lies more often than I'd care to admit, and to me, women are ...well, let's just say, I'm not paying attention to that particular selection on a profile. I'm paying for fucks, and I get it every time too."

My mouth drops open as I stare at his handsome mien.

"I'm sorry?"

“Yep, you heard what I said,” Rick drawls, the corner of his mouth turning up in an amused smile. “Why, you thought the other girls were keeping their legs tight together? Sweetheart, come on. You’re a smart girl. You know better than that.”

I sputter a bit.

“Well, I don’t know because I don’t talk much with the other girls. I don’t talk with them at all, except for one, and she’s my friend. She’s a little bit of an outlier, but I know when I go on dates, I’m not handing out my body to any Tom, Dick or Harry.”

Rick’s black brows arch.

“Really,” he drawls. “So you’ve never fooled around with a client. You’ve never let him kiss your delectable mouth, or stroke your curvy tits—”

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“I mean, I have,” I say in a flustered tone, my cheeks bright red. Oh my god, how did we even get to talking about this? “But I don’t go to home base. Second base, yes. Third, maybe a little. But never all the way.”

Rick tilts his head back and lets out a laugh then, showing off his square jaw and bronzed neck. His skin gleams darkly against the stark white of his dress shirt, and he looks every inch a powerful alpha male who’s in control of his environment. I feel simultaneously attracted and yet terrified because I’m obviously in over my head. This man is charisma personified, with years of experience on me, and suddenly I feel very young and gauche.

“Is that funny?” I ask in a careful tone, shrinking a bit into the couch. “Did I say something wrong?”

The handsome physician immediately stops laughing and takes my small hand in his big one.

“No, of course not. But tell me the truth, Jenna. Are you a virgin? This isn’t your first time, is it?”

“No, of course not!” I reply immediately, as my cheeks light with fire. “I’ve been with men before. I’ve had boyfriends.”

One black brow quirks as he squeezes my hand.

“Really?”

“Yes, really,” I insist. “You can’t possibly think otherwise. Besides, just a second ago, you were saying I had to be experienced because I work for Sweet Lies, and now, you’re doubting that I am experienced. Dr. Kincaid, I think it’s very unfair to play both sides of the table.”

He grins.

“You’re a sassy one, aren’t you, sweetheart? I like it. But let me ask you one more thing, Jenna, and I’m serious about this: how many men have you slept with through Sweet Lies?”

“None,” I say immediately. “Again, we’ve done some kissing and petting, but never all the way.”

Rick is thoughtful, nodding before he looks straight into my eyes. The blue gaze pierces my soul and I melt a bit in reaction.

“Okay, but are you on birth control?” he asks in a low voice. “My understanding is that Sweet Lies requires all of its girls to be on contraception, regardless of their intimacy selection. But are you, seeing that you don’t generally sleep with clients?”

I nod.

“Yes, I am. It’s something the service insists on, and I use the pill to moderate my periods. They help with mood swings and getting my flow under control, so there are a lot of reasons to be on birth control apart from preventing pregnancy.”

Rick nods with satisfaction.

“Good. I wouldn’t be comfortable if you weren’t because it would be playing with fire. Holy fuck, I can’t even imagine it. Not that kids are bad or terrible,” he adds

quickly. “If anything, kids are amazing, but I doubt the service wants their girls getting pregnant. Anyways,” Rick continues. “Since we’ve gotten that out of the way, I’d love to see how experienced you are.”

My cheeks flame because my attraction to the powerful physician is insane, and yet he drives me crazy too. I wish I could throw myself into his arms, and also slap that handsome cheek at the same time. Besides, why are we even having this conversation? Usually, men just want to touch my titties and maybe finger my vag a bit, so I’m surprised we’re even talking.

“Okay,” I ask in a slow voice as my nipples harden. “What were you thinking? Again, I don’t usually go all the way.”

The handsome physician smirks while pulling back a bit.

“You don’t, hmmm? Well, let’s find out you enjoy doing, and we’ll see how far that takes us.”

I stare at him, tits heaving.

“So it’s like a game of how far you can get.”

Dr. Kincaid shrugs his broad shoulders, those blue eyes amused.

“Sort of. Kind of. I’d love to see where your limits are, sweetheart, and if you feel uncomfortable, just tell me and we won’t go any further.”

I stare at him again, the swell of my breasts heaving.

“Do you promise?”

He holds up two hands, palms up.

“Of course. I’d never push a woman too far, or put her in a bad place. I think it’s more a question of exploring where those limits are. Should we explore together, Jenna? Is that something you’re interested in?”

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I stare at him as my insides moisten, my breathing coming hard, because Dr.Kincaid is gorgeous and insanely charming.He's masculinity personified, with a teasing smile on that mobile mouth, and his huge form relaxed next to me.Yet I can also feel the energy pulsing off him in waves, and now, I want to explore my limits ...with him.

4

Jenna

"How do we start?"I mewl, trying not to give away my arousal."Testing my limits, I mean."

Rick grins, almost wolf-like in his appearance.

"Well, I'd love to see if you're wearing panties under your dress, sweetheart.It's a little fact that tells me a lot about a woman."

My cheeks flame.

"Oh my god, what do you mean?Of course I am," I add immediately."I always wear panties.Who doesn't?"

One black brow rises with amusement.

"Are you sure, Jenna?"Rick drawls."I don't mean to be rude, but something tells me you aren't.I could swear that I got a flash of glistening pussy while you were slipping off that bar stool."

Okay, so the handsome man has me in a clinch because he's right: I'm going commando tonight, but it's for a legitimate reason.

"Okay, I'm not wearing panties but it's because of this dress," I admit in a stiff tone. "The fabric's thin, so even a g-string would show panty-lines. I had to leave the lingerie at home."

Rick grins, sitting back on the couch while draping one massive arm over the back.

"So I was right, hmm?" he hums.

I swallow thickly, aroused by the conversation.

"Yes. You were right."

He grins again.

"Then show me."

My lower lip drops open a bit.

"Right now? Here?"

The alpha male almost hisses, like a predator homing in on its prey.

"Yes of course. When did you think?"

He has a point, and I blush again. Oh my god, this is so different from my usual rendezvous with men. Generally, I'm in charge during those meetings. I'm the one who calls the shots, and it's the men who are slavering and quivering, desperate for a kiss or a slight touch of my sopping cunt.

But Dr.Kincaid's turned the tables on me, and I'm the one who's shaking and unsteady tonight, breathing hard as my secret spot moistens in his masculine presence.Oh my gosh, what do I do?This can't be happening ...but it is.

5

Jenna

Evidently, my body already knows the answer, even if my brain hasn't quite caught up yet.I want to show this man everything and slowly, I part my knees so that my thighs are revealed, the flesh ivory and soft.

"Yesss," Rick hisses, his blue eyes trained to the shadowy vee between my legs."More, baby.Show me."

Taking a deep breath, I begin inching the pink fabric of my skirt upwards, revealing more and more of my sensitive inner thighs.Oh my god, they're soft and wobbly, but Rick seems to like what he sees because he twitches his suit jacket to he side, revealing the tent in his pants.It's huge!The fabric's literally lifted five inches from hips, and he groans while easing the zipper down, never taking his eyes from my shadowy vee.

"Keep going," he rasps, blue eyes on fire."You show me yours and I'll show you mine."

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Oh my god, how did we get to playing this dirty game? But I like it, and giggle a bit while pulling the pink fabric up even more. Rick does the same, slowly undoing the teeth on his zipper one by one, the metal unfolding to reveal something massive underneath. Oh my god, am I ready for this? But with a big breath, I go for it. I want to be with this man. I want to show him the slickness between my legs, and the swollen puffiness of my folds. I want him to lick it, kiss it, and ultimately, play with it and make me feel good.

So I pull my skirt all the way up until my pretty bald pussy is visible, slick and wet. The juices flow freely, covering it in a shine of nectar, and with a coy smile, I insert just the tip of my finger into my mouth, moistening it with saliva, before sliding my finger down to run gently up and down my slit, teasing the small opening.

“Ooooh, mmm, that feels good,” I breathe, my eye contact with Rick electric. “I guess you were right, Dr. Kincaid. I’m not wearing panties tonight, and I love how it feels. So free and open.”

Rick grins almost malevolently, his white smile a slash in that dark face.

“I want you to be free and open, sweetheart,” he rasps, his blue eyes glued to where I’m playing with myself. “But give me more. Show me everything.”

I giggle.

“But that’s not fair because you haven’t showed me yours yet, Daddy! It’s your turn, so don’t try to get out of it.”

He growls, and then yanks down his zipper all the way, letting his shaft pop out. That's when my eyes go wide as the air escapes my lungs because I underestimated this man. He's huge. Massive. Virile. His cock is at least nine inches and as thick as my fist at its base. Delicious veins track up and down the thick shaft of his dick, and my mouth goes dry because I want to sink to my knees and run my tongue along those veins. I want to suck hard on the thick purple crown before teasing my tongue in the tiny hole at the top. And in the end, I want Dr. Kincaid to put it in me ...everywhere.

"Cat got your tongue?" he rasps in a sexy voice, blue eyes almost glowing now. "You seem to see something that you like."

In answer, I slip to my knees before him, inching to kneel before this god of a man.

"I do see something I like," I whisper breathlessly, unable to tear my eyes from the pulsing shaft before me. "Please Daddy. Give me a taste."

Gently, Rick takes his cock in one hand and runs the tip over my top lip, and then my bottom, as if he's painting my mouth with lipstick. A trail of come smears onto my lips and eagerly, my tongue flickers out to taste the cream, adoring the salty and sweet flavor.

"Mmm, you're a hungry little girl, aren't you sweetheart? But before you taste more of my semen, I want you naked, baby. Take it off. All of it because your body belongs to me."

His words ring with clarity and I feel his possession with every cell of my being. All resistance falls away from my soul.

"Yes Daddy," I whisper before undoing the zip of my dress and letting the pink material slip off, exposing my huge, creamy tits with their hard pink nipples. Then, I

stand and pull the dress off altogether so that I'm completely nude before the doctor, save for my rose-colored stilettos.

"Beautiful," he breathes, his blue eyes searing every inch of my skin. "Absolutely captivating. Now your hair too."

I immediately know what he wants and release the clip over my ear so that my blonde tresses fall loose and free, flowing down my back like a golden wave.

"Is this good?" I ask while kneeling before him again.

"Yes," he rasps, pointing his dick tip at my mouth. "Perfect, sweetheart. I like my girls nude when they suck, and you look gorgeous like this. Now get to work."

With that, my mouth latches onto his glans. The purple helmet is so big and tasty that I moan with pleasure, my lashes fluttering shut as I enjoy the feel of an enormous piece of man meat in my mouth.

"Mmm," I cry out deliriously. "Mmmph."

"Yes baby," Rick hisses from above me, his big hands stroking the golden strands of my hair. "You've got a lot of suck power in that innocent mouth, sweetheart. Now harder."

I do as he commands, and when he stands, my mouth goes with him, still attached to his cock. Sucking furiously, I look up for a moment, gazing in adoration at this fierce god. Rick's gorgeous, with charcoal-colored hair, blazing blue eyes, and his shirt open now, revealing the heavy slabs of his pecs and rigid six pack abs. But the alpha male has a surprise for me because he leans over then, taking my narrow waist between both hands.

“Hold on, sweetheart. Get ready for some acrobatics.”

Then, the powerful doctor picks me up and swivels me around so that my knees are on his shoulders, my mouth still attached to his cock.

“Mmm?” I cry. “Mmmph!”

“Yes, sweetheart,” he hisses while staring ravenously into my swollen pink folds. “You’re upside down, sucking my cock, and now it’s my turn. Daddy’s going to make you feel good.”

This is so crazy because I literally am head over heels, nude and creamy as the huge man inhales deeply of my musky vaginal scent.

“Like I said, you’re real wet, sweetheart, and this is a game of you show me yours, and I’ll show you mine. You’re giving Daddy pleasure like a good girl, and now it’s time for Daddy to give you pleasure too.”

Then, Rick licks my pussy with the flat of his tongue, all the way from clit to asshole and I let out a squeal of ecstasy. Literally, my lips open around the massive shaft in my mouth as I let out a strained scream.

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“Mmmph! Oh oh oh!”

The dark man merely chuckles again before licking hotly through my folds.

“Oh yeah, baby. I love eating pussy and you, sweetheart, have the slickest, wettest, horniest little pussy I’ve ever tasted.”

Then he fastens his lips to my clit, sucking hard on the stiff nub, and my vision goes dark. I can’t think or focus because of the delicious jolts of sheer pleasure going through my cunt as Rick licks and sucks my most sensitive part.

“Oooh!” I moan again. “Mmmmmph!”

“Yesss, baby,” he rasps throatily, still going to town on my cunt. “You taste so good and you’re so fucking sexy, Jenna. Unbelievably ripe and wet. But I’m not going to be able to hold on for long because you’re too sweet, baby. Oh shit!”

Then, he puts me down on the couch in a rush, his big hands scrambling at a foil packet. I lie there dazed, my head spinning from the abrupt shift in position, but my legs part when Rick mounts me, his broad chest blocking out my field of vision as those blue eyes blaze.

“I’m so sorry, baby, but you’re too sexy and I need to be in you. Next time we’ll go slower, I promise.”

Then, the penetration begins. He notches that massive anaconda at my slick opening as I squeal with shock.

“Daddy, you’re too big!” I pant. “Oh my god!”

“No, I’m not too big,” he rasps in return, the cords in his bronzed neck straining as he increases the pressure against my tiny hole. “You can do it,” he soothes. “You’re young, sweetheart, and your pussy can stretch. Just relax.”

I try to obey, but it’s easier said than done because I’m practically being ripped apart by his huge size.

“Ooooh mmmm!” I squeal again, my head falling back as that massive club squeezes in, stretching my pussy so much that it hurts. “I don’t know if I can do this! Daddy, oh!”

“You can,” Rick groans in my ear. “You feel so good, Jenna. So young, sweet, and tight, and you’re fucking soaked,” he moans. “Just give me some more slick, baby. It’ll help.”

Then, he reaches down and latches onto a breast with his mouth, sucking hard, while one hand slips between us to rub my clit. The combined pleasure does the trick and suddenly, my pussy gushes, honey spilling all over the huge shaft halfway buried in my cunt.

“That’s it,” Rick rasps, gently stroking the bottom of my clit with one big finger. “Perfect, baby girl. So responsive and sweet.”

Then, another flow of honey flows from my vag to coat his shaft, and we both moan with ecstasy as that stiff rod slips all the way in.

“Oh my god,” he grunts, almost pained in his pleasure. “You’re so fucking tight.”

“But tight is good, right Daddy?” I mewl, my small hands running up and down his

broad back.It's thick with muscle, and carved like wood.

"Yes, tight is perfect," he hisses, pulling his cock almost all the way out before pushing in again.We both moan with enjoyment, the ecstasy already beginning to build."You feel amazing, sweetheart.So fucking sexy, and I can't get enough."

Then, he begins to shaft my swollen cunt again and again, and we lose ourselves to the tide of sensation.His big body is a machine churning on top of me, and I cry out before Rick covers my mouth in a ravenous kiss.

"Yesss," he rasps."Mmm, fuck baby.So good.You need this deep fucking, don't you?The only way to satisfy your little horny pussy is with the filthy fucks that Daddy gives you."

Oh my god, his words are so wrong but I don't care because it's true.I didn't realize I'd be making love to my client tonight, but now that we are, I can tell that it's a hundred percent worth it.This man makes me feel so good, and before I realize it, my back arches as my cunt clamps and snaps.I go still for a moment but then let out a keening wail as climax overtakes me.

"Rick!"I shriek."Oooh yes!"

"Yes, baby," he moans."Give it to me.Let your pussy savor the deep fucking it craves.But oh shit," he rasps as the excitement builds."Oh shit oh shit oh shit FUCK!"

Then, Rick soars over the edge as well, his cock twitching once within my tight channel as his balls pulse.Then, it jerks again and again, releasing deeply into my swollen wetness as we moan and cry together, the pleasure almost unbearable.

"Oooh," I breathe with tears in my eyes."Unnnh!"

“Yes,” he rasps in return, kissing my parted mouth. “Fuck, you feel good.”

We soar and cry and pant, our bodies twining together, his shaft deep inside my sweetness, until we can go no further. Then, we return to earth, flushed and satiated, our skin sweaty with the gleam of satisfaction. Rick kisses my mouth tenderly.

“You were amazing, sweetheart,” he rasps. “More than amazing. Incredible. Perfect.”

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I smile and giggle faintly in his arms.

“Really? I guess I like this game of you show me yours and I’ll show you mine.”

Rick grins, his dick twitching in me again.

“Oh, I have more to show you, sweetheart,” he says in dark tone. “Trust me, this is only the beginning. There’s so much more to do together, sweetheart, and I’m more than happy to teach you anything and everything in the book.”

Then, he catches my mouth in a passionate kiss and the storm begins to build again because I crave this sexy doctor. I want to learn everything at Dr. Kincaid’s knee ...and the dirtier the better.

6

Jenna

I giggle while popping a fry into my mouth because Rick and I have been dating for a few months now, and my “platonic only” selection on Sweet Lies seems almost ridiculous in retrospect. After that sensuous night at the hotel, we basically became inseparable, and the handsome doctor’s fucked me so many times that there’s obviously nothing platonic about our relationship at all. In fact, it’s the opposite. Rick and I engage in hot, nasty sex every day, and sometimes two or three times a day if he has the time. What can I say? My man is insatiable, and needs it constantly. My pussy’s always sore these days ...and sometimes my ass too.

But I love it, and feel so feminine and desirable. Plus, I'm taken care of because in addition to the hot sex, we've settled into a rhythm that's very domestic. I'm almost living at Rick's house now, and we wake up in the mornings for a quick tumble in the sheets. Then, I go to classes while he leaves for the hospital. When he gets back in the evening, I usually have dinner ready, and then we eat together before retreating upstairs for another night of hot and filthy enjoyment. It's a simple life, but both he and I like it, and what could be better than spending time with your man? I smile at Rick across the table while popping another fry into my mouth.

"What's that look?" he growls, before stroking my thigh with one big hand. "I know you're up to something, Jenna."

I giggle.

"Oh, I was just thinking of how much I enjoy hot dogs." I say in a sassy tone. "Or wieners. Or bratwurst. Or whatever you want to call it."

My man chuckles before taking a bite of the polish sausage before him, which is thick, gleaming, and pink.

"You mean you like it in your mouth?" he asks with a wink. "Or where exactly?"

I let out a peal of melodious laughter.

"Really, anywhere," I reply breathlessly. "You know you can put it anywhere you like."

Rick stares at me for a moment, mid-bite, his blue eyes gleaming with arousal. Then he lets out a low growl before swallowing.

"Shit baby, you're going to have me coming in my pants. Fuck, you're sexy."

I'm on it in a flash. Within seconds, I've stood up and shed my sundress before bending over before the huge alpha male. Then I pluck my g-string out of my ass and strap it over one big buttock before pulling my cheeks apart with both hands to reveal my inner sweetness.

"But I don't want you to come in your pants, Daddy," I mewl. "Every drop of your virility is precious, and I don't want to waste it, so put your cock in me, Daddy," I purr. "Flush it out in any of my holes because they're all for you."

Rick is immobile, harsh streaks staining those high cheekbones. I can literally feel his hot breath on my sensitive spots, and I tingle and moisten, anticipating the hard pound that's sure to come. After all, my man loves sex and has the raging libido of a virile alpha male. But to my disappointment, Rick merely pats my pussy with a groan before tweaking my clit. I let out a surprised yelp of pleasure.

"No, not right now, baby, although I appreciate it. I want to talk with you about next steps first, and then maybe we can get to that."

I mewl with disappointment, but obey, turning around to hop into his lap before looping my arms around his broad shoulders. My big breasts bobble in the doctor's face, and he lets out another tortured groan.

"What next steps, Daddy? What could be better than this?"

Rick can't resist and takes one of my nipples in his mouth for a quick suckle before popping off, leaving the pink tip gleaming and wet.

"Well, I don't want you working for Sweet Lies anymore," he rasps. "That's the first thing."

"Oh, I'm not," I say immediately. "I haven't, not since our night at the hotel."

“I figured you weren’t,” he growls, one big hand squeezing my rump hard. “Because you’re at my house all the time. But I don’t want you to feel poor either, sweetheart, because I know you need the money. So I’m going to start providing you with an allowance.”

I stare at him, my cheeks flushing.

“No, it’s okay,” I demur immediately. “I was with Sweet Lies for two years, so I made plenty, and I have a lot saved. It’s okay, Rick. You don’t have to.”

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The handsome alpha male merely silences me with a passionate kiss. His mouth is demanding yet gentle at once, and when he finally speaks, I'm breathless.

"No, I want to, Jenna. I know you were in foster care during high school, and that you were working with Sweet Lies because your scholarship doesn't cover all expenses. I admire you for persevering, sweetheart, and for working so hard to make a better life for yourself. If I can help, then I'm going to, so it's already done," he rasps. "I've put some money into your account, and there will be an automatic deposit of the same amount every month."

I quiver in his arms because never has someone been so generous with me.

"How much are we talking?" I whisper, as tears appear on my lashes. "And thank you so much, Daddy, for taking care of me."

Rick merely kisses me again, his mouth sensual against my own.

"I've deposited fifteen thousand because you've been such a good girl. And if you continue being good, I'll increase your allowance. You can earn more by being Daddy's good girl, and of course, there will be bonuses for certain acts."

I stare at him, breathless with my cheeks flushed.

"What acts?"

The handsome physician grins devilishly.

“You’ll see, sweetheart. In fact, I’d say you’ve already earned a few bonuses with that curvy body, seeing that you let me claim your sweetness morning, noon, and night. But there’s more coming down the pike,” he croons, stroking my soft cheek with one hand. “You can be sure of it.”

I stare at him, gratitude flooding my veins.

“Thank you, Rick,” I breathe. “Nobody’s ever been so kind, and fifteen thousand a month is a lot. I really appreciate it.”

He silences me with another kiss.

“The money is nothing to me, sweetheart, and besides, it’s my job to take care of you. It’s my responsibility to ensure your health, safety, and comfort, and what kind of man would I be if I didn’t?”

“Thank you, Daddy,” I breathe again with tears in my eyes as we kiss passionately. “I appreciate it, and I love you so much.”

His blue eyes gleam at those words because we’ve never declared ourselves quite like that. He calls me “baby,” “honey,” and “sweetheart” all the time, and constantly praises my lush curves. But “I love you”? That’s taking a risk, and to be honest, I haven’t spoken those words either because of the opacity of our situation. But the physician’s generosity has swept me off my feet, and suddenly, I know. I do love him.

Fortunately, Rick’s on the same page and pulls me close.

“I love you too, Jenna,” he murmurs against my blonde hair while holding me tight against that broad chest. But then he pulls back, blue eyes serious. “And I have a favor to ask of you too.”

I nod, drying my tears.

“Anything, Daddy. Just let me know what it is.”

Rick inhales deeply, his azure gaze suddenly going somber.

“This is a lot, but would you consider switching birth control, sweetheart? From the pill to the shot? The pill is excellent, but it’s not perfect, and it’s easy to forget a dose. Then you know what happens: freak outs, Plan B, and waiting in fear as a pregnancy test develops. It’s the reason why I’m still using condoms. The pill is too easy to fuck-up, and I don’t want to put you, or me, in a bad position.”

I nod seriously.

“I know what you’re saying. I’m not ready to be a mother either, and I appreciate you using condoms as back-up to my existing contraception. Yes, of course. I’m happy to switch to the shot.”

Rick sighs, a look of relief on those handsome features. Then he pulls me close for another deep kiss and smiles.

“There’s another reason, too, why I want you on the shot instead of the pill,” he murmurs intimately.

“What is it?”

He chuckles deep in his chest.

“Well, Depo Provera is extraordinarily reliable, and as a result, I’d like to go unprotected with you, Jenna. No condoms. Me in you, skin against skin, my come flooding your pussy every night. Would you like that, sweet girl? Would you like to

feel my semen, deep and raw in your secret spaces?I think it'd be amazing.”

I flush because there's nothing that I'd want more.

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“Yes,” I mewl. “I’d love to have your seed in me, Daddy. Anywhere, anytime. I think it’ll be good for me.”

“It’ll definitely be good for you,” Rick says in a throaty tone. “Good girls always benefit from Daddy’s seed in their bodies. But seeing how you’re so eager, you can earn your first bonus now if you like.”

“How?” I breathe, my eyes going wide. “What do I have to do? I want to.”

He chuckles, and then fumbles behind his back for a moment before pulling out a giant black dildo. “We need to get you started on the shot first before going bareback for real, but this guy doesn’t require any kind of contraception at all. Would you like to feel him raw and unprotected, sweetheart? In your pussy, mouth, and ass? Do you think you could fit him between those sweet ass cheeks?”

I gape because the dildo has to be at least ten inches long, and massively girthy with articulated veins running up and down the rubber shaft. But my mouth fills with saliva as my insides gush with need.

“Yes Daddy,” I breathe, staring at the thick black toy. “I’d love to try accommodating him. Can we start now?”

Rick chuckles deep in his chest before nodding, those blue eyes flashing with lust.

“We can start anytime you like, sweetheart. Now, get down on all fours, Jenna, because it’s time to earn your first bonus.”

Then everything goes haywire because I want to please my man. Rick is everything I've ever dreamed of, and I love that he's generous, kind, and adoring, while also being filthy and dominant in the bedroom. I'll do anything to make the alpha male happy ...including deep play with a black toy that soon has me whining and panting as I'm stretched to the limits.

7

Rick

Shit, I'm so fucked. I stare moodily at the drink in front of me, oblivious to everyone else at the bar. I'm utterly screwing up my life, and yet I can't stop.

"Yo bud, what's up?" my friend Logan greets, interrupting my train of thought as he takes the bar stool next to me. "You look like someone ran over your dog. Or ran over your mom? Wait, is that good or bad?"

I snort, greeting my friend.

"Yo, my mom's been dead for years and it's most definitely a good thing."

My friend laughs while signaling to the bartender.

"So what's the prob then? Your mom's gone, you make a shit ton of money, life is good. You're still using that site, Sweet Lies, right? So there's a shit ton of pussy too."

I shake my head, squeezing the bridge of my nose like I feel a migraine coming on.

"No, I got off Sweet Lies."

Logan's black brows rise as a beer is placed in front of him.

“No way. I thought you were addicted to that service. Like you were never going to bother with a girlfriend, or even dating, because you could order women off a menu.”

“Yeah, I know,” I say in a tired gaze. “But I met a woman, and then boom! Now we’re in a relationship.”

Logan’s eyes practically bug out of his head. He’s a handsome motherfucker with dark hair, blue eyes and the build of a lumberjack, but the asshole is actually some kind of crypto billionaire. Nonetheless, no one can look good when their eyes are practically falling out of their head, my buddy included. He lets out a low whistle.

“Wow,” he remarks. “I thought you’d sworn off women forever. Like you were using girls from that site two or three times a week. Or maybe every night. It was fucking unreal how much money you were spending.”

“Yeah, I know, and she’s from the site too. But somehow, I got hooked, and now we’re practically living together.”

Logan’s jaw is on the table now.

“Are you fucking with me?”

“No,” I say in a dry tone. “She stays at my house most nights of the week. I know, it’s so domestic.”

He whistles.

“So what’s the problem? Is she already acting like you’re married? Bossing you around, and making lists? Nagging? Or let me guess – the sex has already gone bad. It’s boring, stale, and it’s like fucking your mom. You’ve got to kick her out, my man. You can’t live like this—”

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I cut him off with a swift chop of my hand.

“No, the sex is unbelievable. Unreal. Mind-boggling, and my balls are drained every night too. No, it’s something else.”

Logan stares at me with a puzzled expression on his handsome features.

“So what then? She wants you to accompany her to her friend’s wedding? Or she wants a diamond of her own? Or what...?”

I sigh.

“I’ve lied to her,” I confess in a tortured voice. “I told her that we’re using protection, but actually we’re not.”

Logan squints.

“What are you talking about? Are you poking holes in your condoms? But why? Do you want to get her pregnant?”

I stare off into the distance, seeing nothing.

“Yes, I do, actually. Jenna would be an amazing mother, and I’d love to see her ripe and round with my baby in her belly. That’s why I’m doing it.”

“By poking holes in your condoms?” Logan practically screeches, his big hands gripping the edge of the bar. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

I shush him before shooting him a disgusted glance.

“Lower your voice, bud, it’s embarrassing being out with you sometimes.No, of course I’m not poking holes in condoms.What are we, in high school?No, I convinced Jenna to switch to the shot, but instead of administering Depo Provera, I’m administering a placebo.She’s just getting a syringe of saline.There’s no pregnancy protection.She could be pregnant even now, seeing how we fuck like rabbits.”

Logan shakes his head at me, marveling at my stupidity.

“Wow.Just wow.”

“I know,” I say in a tortured tone.“What the fuck am I thinking?Why am I doing this?”

“Whyareyou doing this?”he presses.“I mean, it’s fucking insane, looking to get a girl pregnant without her knowledge.Shit, bud, can you go to jail for this?I don’t know.”

I shake my head as my shoulders slump with defeat.

“I don’t know.Probably.But Idowant Jenna to have my baby.”

“But why the lies then?Why go around her back, when she trusts you with the shot because you’re a fuckingdoctor?What the hell?”

I shake my head again.

“Because of my past.You know that I never got to parent my daughter, Emma.Not really.Her mom took her to Florida when she was just an infant, and Emma only came back into my life recently.She’s twenty now.It fucking sucks, and I missed out.”

Logan stares at me.

“Yeah, but still. Don’t blame your problems on this poor girl. At least don’t take your problems out on her.”

“I’m not,” I say immediately. “Okay, I sort of am. But I want to be a dad, and fuck! I guess I’m not thinking straight.”

Logan shakes his head, his expression dumbfounded.

“You definitely aren’t because this isn’t going to work out well, my man. She’s going to get pregnant, and what do you think is going to happen? Girls don’t just “get pregnant” on Depo. They know something got fucked up along the way, and it’s you. How are you going to deal with this?”

“I don’t know! Tell Jenna the truth?”

“That you’re a hurt and injured little bunny because you didn’t get to be a part of your daughter’s life when she was young? Do you even hear yourself? That’s fucking insane. Your girlfriend’s going to abort, there’s no two ways about it.”

My shoulders slump again.

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“I’m hoping she won’t because of my past.”

“What past? I just told you the daughter thing is lame—”

“No, my other past. Other things that have happened,” I say abruptly. “I had two ex-girlfriends get pregnant and both women terminated their pregnancies. It broke my heart. I wanted to be a dad, and I lost those chances.”

This time, Logan is silent.

“I’m sorry, my man,” he finally speaks. “That must have been real difficult. My condolences.”

I shrug.

“It happened years ago. More than a decade even, but yeah, that’s why I use Sweet Lies. I can’t go through that shit again. I don’t want someone getting pregnant and then aborting my child. It’s easier to keep things casual.”

“Except you’re not,” Logan responds immediately. “Do you see how twisted this is? You’re purposefully trying to knock up your girlfriend without telling her. Behind her back even, except she’s going to find out.”

“I know,” I say in a morose tone, staring at my hands. “I’m fucked.”

“Yeah, you kind of are,” Logan replies dryly. “So what are you going to do?”

“I don’t know,” I respond, still staring at my beer. “Jenna could be pregnant right now.”

“And if she is?” Logan prompts, black brows raised. “What are you going to do then?”

That, I do know the answer to. I look at my buddy, eyes fierce.

“Beg her to keep the child. Confess everything. Give up my fortune, if I have to, because I want to be a dad, and I’ll do anything to make it happen.”

My declaration is true because I’ve never revealed the depths of my desperation to anyone. I’ve always wanted to be a father again, and Sweet Lies was one way to keep that desire at bay. As long as I was hiring girls as fucktoys, it didn’t matter. They weren’t going to get pregnant, and I wasn’t sticking around for more than one night, anyways.

But now the situation is turned on its head, and I’ve behaved like an utter tool ...and it’s my sweet Jenna who’s going to pay the price.

8

Jenna

“So how’s my dad?” Emma burbles, bouncing up and down on my dorm bed. “I haven’t see you, or him, in forever.”

I laugh because revealing my secret relationship with Rick to his daughter wasn’t easy. How do you confess that you’re secretly in love with your friend’s father, and that even crazier, that you met him on an escort site? But I couldn’t lie forever because Emma and I have grown close, and she could sense that I’d met someone. She kept probing and prying, and finally, the truth came out.

“What?” she sputtered when I finally told her. “My dad? Are you crazy? He’s so old! Eeew!”

I smiled.

“Rick’s not that old,” I said diplomatically. “He’s forty-five.”

Emma looks repulsed, her skin literally going a bit green.

“That’s sold, girlfriend. Again, eeew. But I don’t get it. How did you guys even meet?”

I take a deep breath.

“Through Sweet Lies,” I said in an even tone. “Remember that site—”

“Oh my god, my dad’s on Sweet Lies?” Emma screeches. “Oh my god, oh my god! I was thinking of signing up there too! What if we had crossed paths! Can you imagine seeing your dad’s dating profile? Disgusting!”

I giggled because the situation was so ridiculous that there was nothing to do but laugh. But thankfully, it seems my friend is more preoccupied with the absurdity of the situation, as opposed to any betrayal of our friendship. I finally convinced her to have dinner with me and Rick, and it turned out completely fine. If anything, Emma is happy for us, and excited that her dad finally has a girlfriend after all these years.

But yes, I’m careful when I chat with my buddy because Emma doesn’t need to know about the hot and raunchy sex I’m having with her dad. And yes, Rick’s and my sex life has only gone through the roof because we’ve incorporated a lot of forbidden acts into our play, including an assortment of naughty toys, as well as the rawness of unprotected intimacy. I love it because I had no idea that so much could be done when a man and a woman decide to be together like that. I’ve had Rick’s cock in

meeverywhere, and he leaves me creamy and dripping, sore and achy at every chance he gets. So I smile purposefully at my friend, intent on steering the subject elsewhere. Anywhere else, actually.

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“So what’s been going on in the dorms?I’m hardly here anymore—”

Then, my skin blanches of all color as I run for the small garbage can by the door.No vomit comes out of my mouth, but I certainly hack and cough like my life depends on it.

“Let it out!”my friend commands while delivering powerful pounds to my back.“The dry heaving helps.”

I stop coughing for a moment, and hold up my hand as my eyes water.

“Thanks,” I say in a hoarse tone.“Yeah, I’m okay.It must have been something I ate.”

Emma throws me a skeptical look.

“Are you sure?I mean youarehaving a lot of sex, right?Are you late?”

I stop for a moment.

“Em, I’m on the shot.I don’t always get my period, but that doesn’t mean anything.I’m not pregnant.”

Emma thinks for a moment.

“Okay, but it could mean a number of things, and you know I’m pre-med.Are your breasts tender?”my friend inquires importantly.“Have you experienced weight gain?Are you overly fatigued?”

I stare at my pretty friend again.

“Em, I’m always tired because your dad keeps me up all hours with his dick. Is that what you want to know?”

“No!” she squeals. “I’m just saying that maybe you could be pregnant. Maybe I’m getting finally getting a baby brother or sister after all these years.”

I stare at her.

“Em, I just told you I’m on Depo Provera. The effectiveness of the shot is a hundred percent if used properly, and it’s your dad who’s been administering the shots. He’s a doctor. He knows what he’s doing.”

Emma nods.

“Okay, but I still think you should take a home pregnancy test because nothing’s ever perfect. Even with a doctor administering the injections,” she says, wagging her brows. “Besides, maybe my dad wants to get you pregnant.”

“He would never do that without my consent —” I begin.

“No, of course not,” Emma soothes. “But you never know with these things. Science isn’t perfect, and never has been! Some things can only be explained as the stork dropping in at the wrong house.”

I laugh because my friend is so silly sometimes.

“Okay, I’ll swing by the drugstore and pick up a package on my way back. But seriously, Em, I’m not pregnant, and you’re not getting a little brother or sister. It’s not even a possibility.”

My friend gets even more ridiculous then. She puts her hands together as if in prayer, and closes her eyes angelically.

“I wish I may, I wish I might,” she chants. “I wish for a little sibling tonight!”

I roll my eyes because I love Em so much, but I know that there’s no baby in my belly. Yes, I’m experiencing certain tell-tale symptoms, but it could actually be the Depo Provera working because oddly, the shot shares a lot of symptoms with conception. Still, I make a note to pick up a pregnancy test because why not? It’ll give me peace of mind. Then, a gear in my head switches and troublesome thoughts fill my brain. What if I am pregnant? What’s going to happen? Is my life over?

Suddenly, my heart floods with fear because I remember what happened with Julio long ago, and how my life shattered into a thousand pieces. How the man I worshipped turned out to be a user. I remember how Julio insisted on a termination, which broke me, and destroyed my relationship with my mother as well. How I entered foster care because Stephanie couldn’t stand to look at me afterwards, and how I’ve essentially become an orphan, without any family to call my own. No, I can’t go through that kind of pain again, and all of the blood suddenly drains from my body, leaving me weak and helpless, because what if I am having a baby? What if...? No, it can’t be true ...because the pain is too much.

9

Rick

I’m in my home office, looking over some charts. It’s been a heady few months. My relationship with Jenna has taken off, and the sweet girl basically lives at my house while also attending classes at Evergreen. She departs in the morning when I leave for the hospital, and then when I return at night, a hot meal’s on the table before we decamp for hours of lovemaking upstairs.

It's more than lovemaking though. Our sex life is alternately sweet, steamy, sizzling, passionate, and downright fucking depraved at times. I've had Jenna all over the house, in a thousand different positions, bent over pieces of furniture in ways they were never intended to be used. We even hooked up one of the chandeliers as a sex swing last week, and yes, it came crashing to the ground – but not before I blasted my seed in her.

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After all, I come bareback and unprotected in Jenna non-stop. Three, four times a night, and then again in the mornings. She's getting load after load of my virility, and she's not on Depo. She thinks she is, but my depravity runs to more than just sex. I've used my medical knowledge to deceive my beautiful girl, and I can't stop. After the first placebo, I swore that I'd start administering the real thing, but then I did it again. And again. Jenna's with me, unprotected, and I love knowing that I'm filling her creamy womb with fresh, virile sperm. Pregnancy's practically inevitable, seeing how she's literally dripping with my come at all hours. So when my door bangs open unexpectedly, with a trembling, flushed Jenna poised in the archway, my stomach roils but I know what to expect.

"Rick, you won't believe what happened!" she whisper-screams, rushing inside before shoving a plastic pregnancy test at me. "Oh my god, how did this happen?" I stare at the strip and sure enough, there are two pink stripes on it. "That's not the only one either!" Jenna shrieks, fumbling in her purse. "I took a couple of the tests to be sure, and they all came out positive! Oh my god, how did this happen? Oh my god, oh my god!"

I pick up the applicator as my heart contracts and expands painfully. My high cheekbones flush and I try to remain calm, even as my pulse races. Holy fuck, I'm going to be a father! Suddenly, a rush of joy floods my veins and my body feels like it's levitating. A baby!

But I have to stay calm. I put down the pregnancy test and turn a steady gaze to Jenna.

"This is wonderful news, sweetheart. You're very fertile, and it's to be expected. You're young, healthy, and very, very ripe. Motherhood's going to look

beautiful on you.”

She stares at me.

“What do you mean, this is to be expected? This is not to be expected because it’s a travesty! Depo Provera didn’t work, and I don’t get it! We need to sue the manufacturer because we’ve been following all the directions and never missed a shot. We need to contact a lawyer immediately.”

The moment has come. Do I give her the spiel that “no contraception is 100%” and all that bullshit? Do I place the blame on the manufacturer, and some kind of chemical snafu? Or do I tell Jenna the truth, which is that I gave her a placebo in the hopes of breeding the curvy girl?

On the one hand, it would be too easy to blame Depo Provera, Pfizer and the entire pharmaceutical industry. Those people are bastards who are out to make a buck without any care for their customers. Plus, no one would ever know because how could they tell? But on the other, I’m an alpha male who controls his environment at all times, and the buck stops with me. I’m not going to shift responsibility onto someone else, and especially not when it comes to my son or daughter. With that, the decision is made.

“Sweetheart, it’s not about Pfizer, Alcon, or any pharmaceutical company. This is about you and me, and the baby on the way.”

But Jenna’s not listening. In fact, she’s practically frothing at the mouth now.

“You do have a lawyer on retainer, right? Who specializes in medical injury? Because this is a fucking disaster—”

I remain calm, my expression neutral.

“It’s not a disaster, sweetheart, because I wanted you to get pregnant. You’re going to be a wonderful mommy, and I can’t wait to be a father again either.”

Jenna stares at me like I’ve lost my mind.

“I get that, Rick, but this wasn’t supposed to happen, and now look!Pfizer has to know—”

I hold one big hand up.

“No, it’s not wrong because I haven’t been giving you the shot. I’ve been giving you a placebo, so you’ve been fertile during our time together, sweetheart. It was just a matter of time before you conceived, and frankly, I’m over the moon with excitement. A baby is a blessing, and you’ll be a wonderful mommy.”

Jenna blinks once, hard.

“Wait, what?”

I shrug before smiling, my handsome mien calm.

“I can’t wait to be a parent with you, Jenna. Imagine that – we’ve created our own little happy family. Of course, you’ll move in full-time, and I’ll hire a nanny so that you can continue with school if you like—”

“Wait, what?” Jenna screeches, her eyes practically popping out of her skull now. “You did what?”

Oh fuck, the shit’s hitting the fan, but I need to stay calm.

“I want you to be pregnant and to deliver my child, sweetheart. I want a little girl who

looks just like you, with the same golden hair, big blue eyes, and creamy skin. Of course, your cheeks are looking a little mottled right now—”

“They’re mottled because I’m angry!” Jenna screams, her hair practically standing out from her head like she’s been electrocuted. “What the fuck do you mean you gave me a placebo?”

I hold my hands up in admission.

“I gave you a placebo because from the very start, I knew I wanted to be with you,” I say in a low voice, my tone serious. “You are intelligent, sweet, feisty, and give as good as you get. You have every trait that I’m looking for in a baby mama, and—”

“But you didn’t ask me if I wanted to be your baby mama!” Jenna screams, her eyes bulging as the blood drains from her face. “You just went ahead and did it, and now look! You did this to me because you’re fucking selfish, and a liar, and ...and...”

Then, she bursts into tears, her face scrunching up into a pink mess while liquid flows down her cheeks and out of her nose. She heaves and sobs as I stand from my chair to comfort her.

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“Don’t touch me!” she screams again while leaping back three feet, spittle flying from her mouth. “Do.Not.Ever.Touch.Me.Again!”

Then, Jenna runs out, the door swinging wildly behind her. I’m left in the silence of the room, the plush space suddenly oddly empty without the curvy girl in it. Goddamn, that went badly. That went fucking awful, actually, and a pang of fear strikes my heart because I expected fireworks, yes, but I didn’t expect total disaster. But my mouth twists in a frown because I have to make this work. The girl I adore is having my baby ...and it’s up to me to safeguard their futures.

10

Jenna

Is it on Emma’s bed, my eyes dry and hot. My stomach churns but it’s not just with pregnancy. It’s also because of the revolting way that Rick treated me.

After all, how can a doctor give you a placebo instead of actual birth control? Who even does that? I swear, I need to read up on medical ethics because Rick should have his license taken away at the very least. I’m so angry with the alpha male that I shake, even now, blinking hotly while staring at the wall.

“Here, have some crackers,” Emma murmurs, offering me a plate of saltines. “This will be okay on your stomach, right? That, and some seltzer water,” she says, indicating the open bottle of fizzy soda by her.

“Thanks,” I manage in a choked voice while wiping at my dry eyes. “I appreciate it.”

“You want to tell me what’s wrong?”she asks.

I think for a moment.Should I confide in Emma, who’s the daughter of the man I hate?Then again, Rick is my babydaddy, and she’s going to find out about her new sibling sooner or later.

“So remember when you said I might be preggo?”I begin.

Emma perks up, straightening on the bed.

“Yes?And?”

“Well, I am,” I say in a low voice.“Your dad impregnated me.”

Emma literally claps her hand with joy, her expression filled with joy.

“Oh my god, this is so wonderful!I mean, you’re excited right?You’ll be a young mom, but everyone says that giving birth early in life is easier than waiting until you’re forty—”

I cut her off with a sharp look.

“It’s not wonderful because your dad knocked me up on purpose, Em.He betrayed me.”

My friend squints, puzzled.

“What do you mean?You guys were using the shot, right?You know that no contraception is a hundred percent fail-proof.”

I shoot her a cold look.

“No, Rick did something a thousand times worse. He made me think I was getting a shot of Depo Provera every three months, but actually, he was shooting me up with sugar water. That’s right, your dad was giving me a placebo as part of a devious scheme to get me pregnant.”

Emma looks momentarily surprised, but then her pretty features settle into sympathy.

“I’m so sorry,” she speaks in a low tone. “I knew my dad was desperate, but I never thought it would come to this.”

I stare at her.

“What do you mean, Rick’s desperate? Desperate to meet women? Desperate, as in he’s a desperate guy in general? I don’t think so. That doesn’t sound right, not even a little bit.”

My pretty friend bites her lip for a moment, looking away. But then her gaze swings back to me.

“How much has my dad told you about himself?”

I stare right back at her.

“A lot. We’re together all the time. I basically live at his house now.”

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Emma nods thoughtfully, her gaze faraway for a moment. Then she turns back to me. "But did he tell you about how I grew up in Florida with my mom? And how he hardly ever saw me, except for the occasional holiday? Not even every other holiday, because my mom was a bitch and was intent on keeping me in Florida. I probably only saw Rick three or four times a year, for a few days at a time."

I stare at my friend.

"Okay, yeah, he did mention that your mom had primary physical custody, and that he battled long and hard to be part of your life. But that's over now, Em. You live here, he lives here, and he texts you every day. Rick is absolutely a part of your life."

"Right," my friend responds. "Now he is. But he missed out on a lot and really regrets it. Plus, I think he used to try and meet ladies when he was younger so that he could have more kids, but I don't know what happened. It tapered off for some reason, and I can't exactly remember why or when, but I did notice that as I got older, he stopped mentioning girlfriends, or lady friends, or anything of that type. That's why I wasn't that surprised when you said you met on a dating site."

I appreciate Emma's candor, and feel obligated to be truthful myself.

"Sweet Lies isn't exactly a dating site," I state in a low tone. "It's more akin to paid companionship. It's not like your dad and I were two people who swiped right on each other. Your father saw my profile, saw what I was offering, and paid me to spend time with him. Things took off from there."

"So sex work," Emma says without flinching.

“No, not sex work. Well, not exactly,” I hedge. “I was only available for platonic dates, like coffee, dinner, and movies. Of course, I have gotten handsy with some of my more handsome clients in the past, but your dad is the only man I’ve had full-on sex with.”

Emma continues to radiate calm.

“It’s fine. I don’t judge a woman for what she does to put food on the table, and I know you were in foster care before college, so you have a different background,” she says in a low voice. “But that gets to my point. I think my dad was dating women in the hopes of finding a second wife, but that he gave up after a while. I don’t know for sure, but that’s my feeling.”

I stare at Emma.

“Really? I mean, I know I’m biased, but Rick is a good catch. Your dad could get any woman he wants. He’s rich, handsome, and a physician, and there are tons of ladies out there. I refuse to think that he had trouble meeting someone.”

Emma shrugs.

“I don’t know. I mean, one thing is that Rick’s always been a doctor, and that means he has no time. It’s almost like he already has a wife, which is his job, and you know he was ensnared in a custody battle with my mom for years. So there’s that too. But yeah, I think my dad wanted to be a real dad, and tried to find a suitable partner for a really long time. But somewhere along the way, I think he gave up and started to use Sweet Lies to meet his sexual needs. Pretty sad, huh?”

I stare at my blonde buddy.

“It is sad. But it doesn’t excuse what he did. I mean, a placebo? Knocking me up

without my consent?”

Emma immediately holds up her hands, her expression apologetic.

“It doesn’t excuse his actions at all. I just think ...well, you should talk to him, Jenna. I mean, do you want the baby? Do you want to be with my dad?”

I think for a moment.

“I’m not sure,” is my truthful reply. “I love babies, and I love children. But after what Rick’s done, how can I ever trust him again?”

Emma nods, her expression careful.

“Yeah, that’s a good point. I don’t know, Jen. Of course, I want you to be my stepmom. Is that weird to say?” she says, perking up for a moment with a playful smile. “Not that you’d be a maternal figure to me at all, but I think it’d be cool if you stayed with my dad and had a cute baby. Not that I’m biased, of course, but I’m just throwing things out there.”

I smile a little in return.

“I know,” I say in a soft voice. “But Rick betrayed me in the worst of ways, and I might never be able to get over that. I hurt so much right now that my stomach literally acts up, and it’s difficult to sleep.”

My friend looks empathetic, and nods.

“And I don’t blame you, girlfriend. Not one bit. I totally get it, and I feel what you’re going through. But what are you going to do?”

Now, it's my turn to look away. I stare out the window of her dorm and blink hotly, tears threatening to make an appearance. My heart contracts painfully for the umpteenth time because I've been betrayed, and my heart literally hurts because of Rick's actions. Of course, Emma's background info on her dad is compelling, and gives context to the choices he made. But still, what my lover did is one hundred percent wrong, and I can't just let it go because what would that make me? A doormat. A wimp. A loser, full stop.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," I say in a soft voice, watching as students make their way down the path outside. "But I can't wait forever." After all, my child is already gestating and my heart expands whenever I think of him or her. But how can we have any kind of a happy future when I can't trust the father of my baby?

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I look out the window of my home office. It's been a punishing couple of weeks. Jenna moved back into her dorm, and I haven't seen her since. One day, the curvy girl was here, and the next, she was gone.

I haven't gotten over it either. My bed is cold and silent. The house feels haunted almost, with too-big rooms and echoes that didn't seem to exist before. Plus, I've lost all energy. Sure, I go to work each morning and continue producing in the way the hospital expects. But my heart's not in it because I've lost the thing most important to me: Jenna.

My mind drifts randomly, unable to help itself. What is the curvy girl doing right now? Is she okay? Eating healthy, and sleeping well? Is she wearing a loose smock to hide her pregnancy, or did she already terminate? My gut twists on itself and sour bile comes up the back of my throat because it would destroy me if she did. My heart races and a cold sweat breaks out on my brow as I grip the arms of my chair. I can't lose the opportunity to have another child. I can't.

She wouldn't do that, the voice in my mind whispers reassuringly. This is Jenna we're talking about. A loving, caring young woman who would never throw the gift of a baby away. Or would she? Suddenly, I feel nauseous again and slump in my chair.

But then there's a knock on the door, and I force myself to shake off the depression by inhaling deeply through my nose and concentrating my thoughts. Emma's stopping by for lunch today, and I need to get it together. I don't want to saddle my daughter with my problems because it's inappropriate. Emma is young and carefree. She's pre-med and busy as shit, but she's also twenty years old and should be living life to the max without being burdened with the problems of her dear old dad.

“Come,” I call out, hoping my voice is steady.

The door swings open, but it’s not my daughter that stands there. Instead, it’s the love of my life, Jenna, and she looks full and somehow fertile. Ripe, almost. Her hair streams in golden waves over her shoulders, gleaming in the sunlight from the window. Her skin appears to glow, and her lips are a delectable cherry-color, as if they’ve just been bitten. But most importantly, there’s a rounded swell to her belly, and immediately, I know that she hasn’t terminated our child. Thank fuck.

“Jenna,” I manage in a deep voice, standing immediately. “I didn’t expect you. Please come in.”

The pregnant woman moves gracefully into my office, shutting the door before taking a seat before my desk.

“I know, and I’m sorry about the intrusion. Emma said you were supposed to have lunch together today, but after chatting with her, we decided I would come in her stead.”

I arch one black brow, sitting down slowly behind my desk. My knees are weak and my heart’s beating like a drum. Fuck, there’s even sweat on my forehead, and I know I must look like a glistening, disheveled mess within two minutes of the curvy girl’s entrance. Still, I need to keep it together and nod politely.

“Of course. I’m always happy to see you. Can I order some lunch for us?” I ask. “Emma and I were going to go out, but Mrs. Stenson’s in the kitchen right now. I could ask her to prepare sandwiches, or soup, or...?”

“No, it’s okay,” Jenna says in a melodious voice, her blue gaze direct yet innocent at once. “I don’t want to bother Mrs. Stenson because she already has a million tasks on her list. Actually, I wanted to talk with you, Rick.”

“Of course,” I say immediately. “I’m all ears.”

Jenna nods, her beautiful features thoughtful. Then she looks directly at me.

“So Emma told me about your past.”

I nod because it’s to be expected. My daughter’s friends with my paramour and they do what young girls do: chitchat and gossip. I’m sure it’s harmless because my daughter doesn’t know everything about me.

“What did Emma say?” I ask in a calm tone.

Jenna is thoughtful once again.

“She said that once upon a time, you were desperate to be a father to her. You fought long and hard during the custody battle, and it broke your heart when you lost, and her mother took her to another state.”

“It did break my heart,” I acknowledge in a low, raspy voice. “More than you could know. I lost the opportunity to raise Emma, and it was a devastating blow. We saw each other only infrequently, and I felt I was more of a guest in her life, rather than a parent.”

Jenna nods again, crossing her legs and arranging her pink skirt over her knees. The gesture is so simple, and yet so tantalizing that I catch myself staring at her ivory thighs for a split second. What would it feel like to run my hands up that sweet flesh? To touch Jenna once more in that wet, aching place? My fingers twitch, and yet I know I can’t go there. Not yet.

But Jenna nods again.

“Yes, Emma mentioned that you were disappointed, and that you threw yourself into your work as a doctor as a result. You did the best you could. She also said that you used to date women, but that after a while, it seems like you gave up and turned to Sweet Lies instead? She didn’t know you were using that site, specifically. It was me who told her, but she wasn’t surprised because you hadn’t introduced her to a girlfriend in a long time. She said it was almost as if you’d given up on the dating scene, and decided to keep things casual.”

I nod slowly, steepling my fingers under my chin.

“She’s right. I’m surprised Emma noticed, frankly, because she was just a child at the time. Maybe a pre-teen.”

Jenna smiles a bit, so beautiful that my heart stops in my chest.

“Kids know more than you think. Plus, Emma’s super-smart and I think she’s super-perceptive too. But yes, when I told her that we met through Sweet Lies, she wasn’t that surprised.”

My lips quirk in a lopsided smile.

“Sweetheart, Emma just didn’t let on to you. When I saw her later, she was very surprised, and had a long talk with me about it. Imagine that: your dear old dad hiring young women for dates. Trust me, Emma had some choice words for me.”

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The beautiful woman tilts her head back and laughs a bit. I'm totally entranced by the pealing sound of Jenna's giggle, as well as her delicate profile, and long, ivory throat. Was it just a month ago that I was pressing kisses to her throat, worshiping at the altar of her beauty? That I was making love to Jenna morning, noon, and night, spurting my come into her secret wetness as she cooed with pleasure?

But it's my betrayal that destroyed our relationship, and my shoulders slump slightly when the memory comes crashing back. That was then; this is now, and I can't forget it.

Yet Jenna seems in good spirits. She cocks her head to the side in the cutest way and throws me a glance.

"So yes, Emma was surprised about the Depo Provera stuff, but she also wasn't, to be honest. She said you've always wanted children. Desperately so."

I nod slowly, my expression giving nothing away.

"Yes, I have. Dating sucked because unfortunately, good looks, a good job, and a shit ton of money is no guarantee for finding the right woman. So I threw in the towel, and stuck to Sweet Lies after years of disappointment and defeat. But what else did my daughter tell you?" I ask slowly. "Is that it?"

"Yes," Jenna responds immediately. "Why, is there more? Were you using two dating sites, including one I've never heard of?"

I shake my head, planning my approach as the future wavers in the air before me. I

can almost feel the scales tipping, and in order for them to tip in my direction, I know I have to be upfront.

“There is more, and no, it’s not about another dating site,” I say in a low tone. “Because yes, my daughter’s smart and perceptive, and she hit a lot of things on the nose, but Emma doesn’t know everything. Or rather, she didn’t capture the depths of my despair.”

Jenna’s eyebrows go up.

“The depths of your despair? That’s certainly poetic.”

I nod slowly, careful as I proceed.

“It is, but I mean it too, because what happened broke my heart. My soul, even.”

Jenna looks sympathetic.

“It has to do with losing custody of Emma, doesn’t it? I’m so sorry that that happened to you, Rick. But at least you’ve reconnected as adults!”

“Yes, that was tough,” I acknowledge. “Because being a father is really important to me. But there’s more. I had two serious girlfriends after my divorce, and they were lovely women. Both Barbara and Courtney were incredibly kind, intelligent, smart, and ambitious. Both of them got pregnant while we were together, and both of them broke my heart again.”

At this statement, Jenna looks surprised.

“Wait, what?”

“Yes,” I say in a slow tone. “Both Courtney and Barbara fell pregnant unexpectedly, and for me, it was a dream come true. I wanted to be a father again badly, and those babies were very much cherished and wanted. But I think you already know how this ends because obviously, Emma is my only child. Both Courtney and Barbara decided to terminate their pregnancies, and I was destroyed by their decisions.”

Jenna’s staring at me with astonished blue eyes, her mouth agape.

“Oh my god!”

“Yes,” I say in a grim voice, my heart thudding in my chest painfully. “The two terminations were years apart. The two women never knew about each other, except in the vaguest of terms. But yes, losing two children like that was a blow to me, and destroyed my hopes of ever fathering another child. Don’t get me wrong because I fully supported their decisions. Barb and Courtney were career women who weren’t ready to be mothers, and their reasoning was logical and sane. But as an individual, I was utterly destroyed. Heartbroken. Shattered.”

Jenna’s blue eyes are as round as saucers, and she lifts a small hand to her mouth.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry, Rick.”

I hold up a hand and the corner of my mouth ticks up.

“It’s okay. It was years ago. But the devastation was so complete that I gave up my hopes of becoming a father. I gave up normal dating altogether, and turned to Sweet Lies instead.”

Jenna’s still got one hand in front of her mouth, which she slowly lowers.

“Again, I’m so sorry, Rick.”

“No, it’s okay,” I state in a deep voice. “It was a long time ago, and again, I fully support a woman’s choice. But after what I went through, I couldn’t go through it again. It’s another reason why I use Sweet Lies. The service ensures that all their girls are on contraception, and not only that, but I used back-up birth control for a good long while with you, Jenna. There was no way I was subjecting myself to that again.”

“I remember,” the curvy girl murmurs. “I’m so sorry, Rick.”

I nod.

“Don’t be, sweetheart. It’s a sad story, but it’s mine to bear, and I don’t want to put it on you. If anything, you renewed my faith because I’d given up hope of becoming a father again, and only when I met you did my heart blossom with possibilities. I know it sounds romantic and ridiculous and insane, but it’s the truth. I wanted a baby with you and acted like a lunatic in my efforts to achieve that. I regret it, and I’m sorry, Jenna.”

The golden girl is silent a moment.

“You should be, because stealing a woman’s birth control is just wrong and messed up.”

“It is, and I apologize again,” I say in a low, fervent tone. “Because look where we are now. You’re as angry as a hornet, and we haven’t talked in ages. But again, I support whatever path you choose, sweetheart. Even if it destroys me, I’ll be there for you because this is about you. After being so selfish, I need to change my ways, and I’ll support you no matter what you decide.”

The words hang heavy in the air between us, and suddenly, I feel tired. For the first time in my life, I feel like I’m forty-five years old, with the cares of the world resting upon my shoulders. It’s a heavy load, and my shoulders sag a bit as my posture slumps. But I’ve said what I needed to, and now, the ball’s in Jenna’s court.

She looks thoughtful for a moment, and one small hand slips unconsciously across her burgeoning tummy. My pulse races when I see that small gesture because maybe

it's a sign? Maybe she's already bonded with the child, and somehow, somehow, we will work it out. Suddenly, I begin making resolutions. I'll quit my job if I have to. I'll buy us two igloos in Antarctica, one for her and the baby, and one for me, if that's where Jenna wants to go. I'll do anything to be a part of this child's life, as long as she lets me.

But the golden girl fixes me with a look then, and my heart contracts. What if she hates me? What if she takes our child, and refuses to let me be a part of its life? I literally feel faint when Jenna speaks again, her voice low and trembling.

"Actually, you're not the only one who hasn't been a hundred percent upfront. I have something to tell you too, Rick."

I nod.

"Of course," I say in a low tone. "It's fine, Jenna, whatever it is. We'll work it out."

She bites her lip, looking away for a moment, before looking back at me.

"No, it's actually pretty serious," she begins in a slow tone. "Because you don't know all of me, either. You only know what I've told you, which isn't that much because we haven't been seeing each other that long."

I nod.

"Yes, but now you're pregnant, so we'll work it out. Whatever it is, it's not so bad, and we'll figure it out for our child's sake."

Jenna bites her bottom lip, and that pink pout is so plush and rosy that I long to kiss her there, before kissing her everywhere. But the curvy girl shakes her head again, blonde curls rippling, before meeting my gaze head-on, her mouth set.

“I’m not actually an orphan,” she begins in a low voice. “My mom is still alive. Yes, I lived in a group home before matriculating at Evergreen, but it’s not because my mother couldn’t care for me, or because we didn’t have enough money. It’s because Stephanie threw me out.”

“Okay, but that happens sometimes,” I say in an amenable tone. “You were a troubled young woman, right? Loud music, talking back, or maybe drugs? Teenagers can be difficult to live with, and you acted out. You and your mom butted heads, and your behavior was so frustrating and abhorrent that she ended up throwing you out of the house.”

“Yes, my behavior was abhorrent,” Jenna acknowledges in a slow tone. “But the reason why my behavior was abhorrent is a big deal. It wasn’t drugs, or shoplifting, or anything like that. It’s because I was sleeping with my mother’s boyfriend, and I got pregnant by him.”

I stop and stare at Jenna, my eyes blinking as my mouth opens and closes without sound. I can hear her words, but I can hardly process them.

“I’m sorry?” I ask dumbly. “You what?”

Jenna nods, her expression a million things at once. She’s contrite and embarrassed, but also defiant, like she’s daring me to judge her.

“I got pregnant by Julio,” she states in a low voice. “I’m not proud of what happened, nor am I trying to excuse my behavior. But I was a young girl who believed I was in love, and I thought he loved me back. I thought Julio was going to leave my mom, and that we were going to have a happy future together.”

I stare at her, still trying to process the shock.

“And so what happened?”

Jenna looks at me askance, the corner of her lip tilting up sardonically.

“What do you think happened? Julio was horrified at the pregnancy, and immediately demanded that I get an abortion. Even worse, he said there was no way he was leaving my mother because Stephanie pays all the bills. She was his sugar mama, and there was no way he was giving up a luxurious lifestyle to change diapers while living in poverty. After all, my mom is a successful real estate broker in Florida, and she was the one funding his polo career,” she says in a simple tone. “As a result, Julio had everything to lose by leaving her, and nothing to gain by staying with me.”

“So you had the baby and gave it up for adoption.”

“No, I didn’t,” Jenna corrects swiftly. “I had an abortion when I was nothing but a girl. It was a big deal because abortion was pretty much illegal in Florida, even back then. It’s highly restricted, and we had to jump through a lot of hoops. My mom organized and paid for everything, obviously, because I had no money and neither did Julio. But the experience devastated Stephanie, and after I recovered, she couldn’t stand to look at me anymore. I ended up in foster care, and after a series of group home transfers, made it all the way up here.”

“So you were recovering from an abortion when your mother kicked you out.”

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“That’s right,” Jenna says in an even tone. “But I’ve forgiven Stephanie for it. I believe my mom was genuinely in love with Julio, and that my betrayal wounded her to the core. I get it. The two people closest to her in the world conspired to betray her, and she could hardly function.”

“Are you alright?” I ask immediately. “What happened next?”

A wry smile twists Jenna’s lips.

“The group home sucked, to be honest, but I made it out by earning a college scholarship. Then, I matriculated at Evergreen, and here we are.”

“But the scholarship wasn’t enough, and as a result, you started working for Sweet Lies.”

“Yes,” Jenna acknowledges, her voice calm even though there are two spots of color high on her cheeks. “So as you can see, Rick, we both have pasts. My background is filled with disappointment and tragedy, but it seems that yours is too. Both of us have scars, because that’s just how our lives have turned out. The question is: do you still want to make this work, knowing what I’ve done? Or is there too much baggage already? I don’t blame you if you’d rather move on because frankly, I still hate myself sometimes. I’m disgusted with my own actions, and regret them so much.”

I stare at the gorgeous blonde a moment longer as my mind whirls. To be honest, her confession came from left field and I never would have guessed that Jenna has such a sordid past. Her innocent demeanor, and sweet, wholesome ways paint an altogether different picture, and I’m shocked as well as surprised. So what do I make of it? My

mind churns.

But then, I see her hand steal across her stomach again, as if soothing the baby inside. I see how her pulse flutters in her throat, and how she swallows heavily, almost as if she's waiting in fear for my judgment. It's then that I know I want to be with Jenna because what we have, and what we can create together going forwards, is more important than what's happened in the past. We've both made mistakes, and suffered greatly for them. But we can rise from the ashes and live to build something new, and greater, if we stick together.

As a result, I get up from my seat and circle my desk before pulling Jenna from her chair. She stands, her eyes wide and questioning, as I pull her curvy form into my arms.

"We'll figure it out," I say in a low tone, my blue eyes burning into her own. "We've both made mistakes, and you know what? It's okay. Human beings make mistakes, and no one is perfect. Besides, you were very young when all that happened, and I can't imagine how much you suffered."

Tears well in Jenna's eyes as she lets out a long, trembling sigh.

"I have made mistakes in my past," she acknowledges. "But I don't want to pay for them for the rest of my life, which is why I want to keep this child, and to be with you. I want us to try and create something new that makes us both happy. Do you think we can do that?"

I bend my lips to press them hungrily against Jenna's.

"We absolutely can try," I mutter against the rosininess of her plush pout. "I want you, Jenna London, and I still stand by what I said early on. You are the woman for me, and you're the perfect mommy for my baby too. We're going to make this work."

To emphasize my words, I seize her mouth in a passionate kiss, sealing my intention of making her mine. After all, we were never supposed to be together. We're two flawed people who have erred multiple times along this journey called life, but I have to believe that time heals all wounds, and I believe that Jenna and I can make this work. We'll stick together, practice grace daily, and be gentle with each other because nothing in life is perfect ...but with the curvy girl at my side, I know it can be done.

EPILOGUE

Jenna

This isn't how most happy endings play out. In those stories, Cinderella is rescued by Prince Charming, and then they go riding off into the sunset as birds tweet merrily about their shoulders. But for Rick and me, it wasn't so straightforward because we had a lot of trust issues at first. We'd made promises to one another and were desperately in love, but love is different from trust. Love is different from feeling that someone has your back, day in, day out, with no exceptions. Love is many things, but it takes time to build, and Rick and I had to work at it.

Fortunately, however, we had our pregnancy to bring us together, and the child on the way put everything in perspective because nothing else mattered. I grew bigger and bigger with each passing week, and when my third trimester came, I was comfortable. I felt at home with my man, and Rick did everything in his power to make me feel cared for and relaxed. As a result, by the time Katie was born, we were an established couple who adored one another, welcoming our baby daughter into the world with open arms.

Katie's the light of our lives too. She gurgles and coos, and is the spitting image of Rick with his black hair, blue eyes, and mischievous demeanor. She's got him wrapped around her little finger, and my boyfriend adores it because this is what Rick's hoped and prayed for over the last two decades: the chance to be a father

again.

So now, my life is idyllic. Katie and I moved in with the handsome physician, and he's scaled back his schedule at the hospital to be with our newborn daughter. Despite the fact that we have a part-time nanny, Rick does a lot of childcare and is incredibly hands-on. He says there's no sense in having someone else raise your children because what would be the point of having children to begin with? I point out that he's done great with Emma, despite only reconnecting when she was a young adult, but Rick merely pressed a kiss to my forehead and said that he doesn't want that for Katie. He wants to be a involved dad, and to be there through the wet nappies, constant spit-up, and drooly smiles.

So yes, life is amazing and I lean back with a grateful sigh. I'm relaxing in a special nursing room in the house, and it's peaceful and quiet with pale yellow walls, wicker furniture, and an incredibly comfortable rocking chair that I use to feed Katie. At that moment, my boyfriend walks in with our daughter in his arms, and gently hands her to me.

"Katie wants her mommy," he says in a deep voice, his blue eyes flaring as he watches our daughter attach to my milk-filled breasts.

"It's more like Katie wants her feeding trough," I say in a playful tone. "This little girl is so hungry that it seems she never gets enough."

Rick merely stares possessively at the two of us, my curves on display as our baby drinks hungrily.

"Really," he hums throatily. "But will there be any milk left for me, do you think?"

I giggle because our sex life has reached new depths of depravity now that my milk's come. And yes, you guessed it: my boyfriend likes to nurse at my breasts on occasion,

and yes, the lactation kink is filthy but it feels oh so good. It's very different to have an adult male drinking from my teats and to be honest, I love it. A sudden ache develops in my pussy as I smile up at my gorgeous boyfriend coyly.

"There'll be plenty, big boy," I coo while batting my lashes. "Don't you worry about that."

"Good," Rick rasps before bending down to press a kiss to my forehead. "I plan on drinking from you, sweetheart, and then letting the warm milk stream down your belly and through your cunt, where I'm going to lap it up again."

"Oh my god!" I giggle, disturbing the baby a little. Katie opens her blue eyes for a moment, before slowly closing them and going back into her milk-induced stupor. "You're so bad," I whisper flirtatiously.

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Rick merely reaches one big hand out to squeeze my other breast tenderly, savoring the ivory flesh.

“I am bad,” he acknowledges. “And I want to do bad things to you, little girl.”

I giggle again, but then perk up.

“I look forward to it. But did you hear the news? About my friend Lily?”

Rick shakes his head, his gaze still fixated on my large teats.

“No, because you have a ton of friends, sweetheart, and I can’t keep up.”

I smile wickedly.

“Well, you’re not going to believe your ears when it comes to Lily because she moved back in with her stepfather –and he caught her using a dildo in the shower!”

My boyfriend’s black brows shoot up.

“Wow,” he grunts. “Goddamn.”

“Yeah, not only that, but Lily was using a double dildo. You know the kind where there are two heads, one going into your pussy, and another one penetrating your ass? So her stepdad caught her doing that and from what I hear, things got naughty.”

“Oh really,” Rick chuckles, his expression amused. “In what way?”

“You know,” I sing in a coy tone. “What always happens between handsome older men and the young brats they adore. The usual.”

“The usual, hmm?” my boyfriend hums, squeezing my big breast again. “I’d like to get in on the usual.”

He twiddles my pink nipple for a moment, and I let out a gasp as a hot twinge of pleasure shoots from my breast to my twat. But then I straighten again.

“And how is Emma?” I ask. “I haven’t talked to her in ages.”

Rick gets a bemused look on his face.

“She’s okay. Still pre-med, as far as I know, although I’m doing my best to dissuade her from the profession.”

I cock my head to the side.

“But why? I thought she was really into it.”

My boyfriend quirks his lips slightly.

“She is into it, but the lifestyle is relentless, honey. Before paternity leave, you saw how I was at the hospital all the time. Not only that, but I’m an attending physician now, so the schedule’s actually more flexible. When I was a young MD starting out, it fucking sucked, and I wouldn’t recommend that lifestyle to anyone.”

I smile beatifically at him.

“Well, I think Emma has her own methods of stress relief...”

My boyfriend turns his bright blue gaze to me.

“Such as?”

I giggle.

“I shouldn’t say! I’d be betraying her!”

“No seriously,” Rick growls. “What’s my daughter been up to?”

I think for a moment but then relent, cradling my baby close.

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“Don’t tell her I told you this, but Emma’s working out her stress at a private club. An X-rated club, from what I’ve heard.”

My boyfriend’s jaw drops.

“Are you fucking serious? My daughter’s going to a sex club to get fucked by random men? What the hell?”

“I didn’t say she was doing that,” I say in an arch tone. “And I don’t think power exchange has to involve sex. I mean, it can, but it doesn’t have to.”

Rick’s inconsolable though.

“She’s fucking random strangers,” he says in a tight voice, his fists clenching with white-knuckled rage. “I know it.”

“Maybe, but maybe not,” I reply. “Let’s just say that Emma has her kinks, and she’s getting them taken care of there.”

“What’s the club called?” my boyfriend demands. “Where is it located?”

“I don’t know,” I respond immediately. “And even if I did know, I wouldn’t tell you because your daughter deserves her fun. She’s a serious, hard-working young girl who has a heavy course-load, which requires stress relief. She’s an adult, and she has a right to explore filth with gorgeous men, if that’s what she chooses.”

“Filth!?!?” my boyfriend rages. “Goddamn it! I just know my little girl’s being fucked

by random men!”

But I merely pull Rick down for a kiss, breathing hotly against his lips.

“It’s fine,” I soothe. “Don’t think about it, and it won’t bother you so much. Even better, I’ll make it up to you, Dr. Kincaid, so you don’t have to worry. Let’s have some fun together.”

Sure enough, the words have their intended effect. My gorgeous alpha male kisses me passionately, and soon, the baby is fed and put down, and Rick and I are entangled in bed as he kisses me absolutely everywhere. But I know the story’s not over yet because what’s going on with Emma? Is she really working out her stress at a kinky sex club with loads of handsome men? And what’s going on with Lily too? Her stepdad discovered her using a double dildo, and now it seems the man of the house wants in on the action. Oh my god, is this for real? Yet I smile with satisfaction because if my hunch is accurate, it’s never the good girls who end up ahead. Instead, it’s Daddy’s bad girls who call the shots ...for me, Lily, and Emma as well.

THE END