



My Boyfriend's Dad

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: What happens when she's stuck in the bathroom with her boyfriend's dad?

(18+) *MATURE* *SMUT*

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I turned off the shower, steam rising in the air around me.

My skin was slick with moisture, and I didn't bother drying myself off before wrapping the towel around my curvy body.

I stepped out of the bathtub, and from downstairs, a door closed.

It must've been my boyfriend Jack, finally back from the store with the ingredients to make dinner.

I'd lived with Jack for about a year now. We stayed at his father's house, but we planned on moving out once we got married. Jack had already proposed, and he promised the wedding would be soon. But life seemed to keep getting in the way.

Heavy footsteps trudged up the stairs while I began drying my hair in the mirror.

The bathroom door stood slightly ajar. It couldn't be closed completely because of the broken doorknob.

If it shut, the doorknob would jam, and then Jack would have to get out his tools to pry the door open.

I didn't mind leaving it ajar because Jack and I were the only ones home around this time.

The door opened wider, and to my utter shock, my boyfriend's dad walked in. I yelped, wrapping my towel tighter around my body. "Mr. Miller!" I said, my heart

racing with embarrassment. "I'm so sorry! I didn't think you'd be home this early!"

I expected him to apologize and walk out immediately. Instead, he froze and moved his eyes down my body. Slowly, like he was savoring the sight of me.

"Mr. Miller?"

He jolted as if broken out of a spell. "Wow... I mean, sorry." His eyes darted away, then came right back to me and traveled down my body again. "Damn..."

The way his eyes drank me in sent electrical currents over my skin. I cleared my throat, trying to ignore the sensation. "Mr. Miller, Jack should be home soon..."

His gaze rose to my face. His eyes had some redness around them, like he'd been drinking. My heart stammered.

"Right. My son," he nodded, then he turned around and bumped the door closed.

"Whoops. Looks like we're stuck."

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My stomach twisted, and I rushed to the door, trying to pry it open. "No, we can't be."

"We are," he said with a gruff chuckle. His eyes were glued to me as I kept trying to pull the door open, but it didn't budge. It was sealed shut.

"Jack should be home soon..." I whispered, realizing I'd left my phone on the kitchen counter so I couldn't call him.

"I sure hope not," Mr. Miller said in a low voice, stepping closer to me. I backed against the door, holding my towel tighter around my body while his gaze drank me in again.

"You're beautiful, you know that?" he muttered, eyes traveling up to my face. "You don't know how many times I've fantasized about Jack sharing you with me."

My eyes widened. "Mr. Miller... you're drunk."

He nodded, leaning closer, the smell of alcohol radiating off him. "Drunk words are sober thoughts." Then, without warning, he pressed his body against mine, flattening me against the bathroom door. "Take your towel off, Mya."

I shook my head, my heart racing. "I-I can't."

His body pressed more firmly against mine, smashing me even more. "He won't know, I promise. Just let me look at you. Please."

"Mr. Miller... we can't do this."

He gripped the top of my towel and, in one swift motion, ripped it off me.

My strength wasn't enough to resist him, and my towel fell to the floor, revealing my body still glistening from my shower.

I tried to bring my hands up to cover myself, but he seemed to be expecting that.

He seized my wrists and held them above my head, then took a couple steps back to get a better view of me.

Mr. Miller bit his lip. "Fuck. Look at those round, bouncy tits. Your perfect thighs and ass, and that fucking beautiful skin. I could eat you up."

His hungry gaze and lewd words stirred something inside me.

I felt myself getting wet as his eyes continued to wander my body, his tongue darting out to lick his lips.

He leaned in again, putting his mouth to my ear.

"I'm going to fuck you, and you're going to be as quiet as possible in case Jack comes home. "

"But-"

He grabbed both my tits and squeezed them, feeling the flesh bulge between his fingers. "Shh. You're going to be a good girl and listen to me in my house. Or I'll kick Jack out on the street and fuck you in my bed every night."

I went quiet, knowing he wasn't bluffing. He'd always been unnecessarily tough on his son, and I didn't want things to be any worse for Jack.

Mr. Miller pressed his body against mine again, grinding the bulge in his pants against my bare pussy. His eyes rolled into the back of his head while he moaned and squeezed my tits, brushing his fingers against my nipples. He leaned down and took one in his mouth, sucking eagerly.

An involuntary gasp left my lips as he sucked my tits. He switched between them, growling and biting at my flesh as they bounced and jiggled in his hands.

"Too sexy for your own good," he muttered against my breasts, continuing to press warm, wet kisses against them. "My son is a lucky man."

I leaned my head back while his lips trailed up to my neck, kissing my sensitive skin at the base of my earlobe. He twisted my nipples between his fingers, groaning. Jolts of pleasure shot through my body, and I pressed my lips together, trying to hold back my moans.

"It's okay to like it," he said softly, as if sensing my restraint. He kept one hand on my breast and trailed the other down to slip between my inner thighs. "God, you're wet as fuck. Soaking wet and ready to get fucked by daddy."

I whimpered, but it wasn't a whimper of protest. It was a whimper of shameful desire and need.

Fuck, I didn't care that he was more than twice my age, reeked of alcohol, and -- even worse -- was my boyfriend's dad.

I needed his greedy cock inside me. I needed him fucking my young, tight pussy against this door.

I needed him drooling on me and moaning my name knowing that I'm the best fuck he's ever had.

I breathed heavily, my breasts quivering. "Fuck me, Mr. Miller. Please. Fuck me before your son gets home."

His eyes widened, and he moved his hand from my breast to my hip. "Yeah? You want your father-in-law's cock? Let me make sure you can handle me first."

He slid two fingers inside my pussy, and I instantly bucked my hips, fucking them. A groan escaped his lips as he stood there watching me fuck his fingers, my face flushed and my tits bouncing. He leaned down and caught a breast in his mouth, sucking roughly at my nipple.

"Yes," I moaned, clenching my pussy around his fingers. He bit down hard on my nipple, making me gasp in pain. Then, without warning, he added a third finger and began pistoning in and out of me.

"Fuck!" I squeezed my eyes shut and threw my head back, my chest heaving as he ruthlessly finger-fucked me. The sounds of his hand slapping against my wet pussy filled the bathroom, and waves of pleasure rocked my body. This was wrong, so wrong.

He kept his hand on my hip, holding me firmly in place as his fingers slipped in and out of my wet pussy with ease.

He moaned and licked his lips, moving his thumb in circles over my clit.

The pleasure nearly brought tears to my eyes.

I bucked my hips back at him, feeling my orgasm approaching, clutching his shoulders as I prepared myself to come all over his calloused hands.

Then he took his fingers out of me, making me groan in frustration. "Don't stop."

Mr. Miller chuckled. "Look at you, giving in like a good little whore." He put his fingers in his mouth, closing his eyes while he licked and sucked my juices. "Mmm... but I need you coming on daddy's dick tonight."

He unzipped his pants, and the sound brought me back to my senses for a moment. I'm about to fuck my boyfriend's dad. Fuck. What am I doing? As if sensing my hesitation, he put his hand on my throat and held me against the door, using his other hand to take out his throbbing erection.

My eyes widened at his length, the head reddened with need and glistening with drops of precum. I wanted to drop to my knees and suck it, let him fuck my mouth, play with my tits, and give him the time of his life. But before I could, he grabbed my thighs and lifted my legs around his waist.

I moaned as his head rubbed against my clit, then slipped down to press against my opening. He bucked his hips, pushing the tip in and sending a ripple of pleasure through my body.

"Fuck, you're tight, Mya," he groaned, hands tightening around my ass cheeks. "Let me find out my son hasn't been fucking this pussy right."

I closed my eyes and responded by thrusting my hips, pushing him deeper inside of me. "Mmm!" I cried out, the sound desperate and frenzied. "Fuck me, Mr. Miller. Fuck me."

Mr. Miller brought a hand up to grab my breast, squeezing so hard that I gasped and bucked my hips again.

He slipped in my pussy even more, biting his lip while his thumb rubbed circles on my left ass cheek.

He seemed to be taking his time and savoring the moment, the feel of his son's tasty girlfriend on his old cock.

But I knew it wouldn't be much longer before he exploded inside me.

He leaned forward to kiss my neck, trailing wet, sizzling kisses up to my ear as he lightly bucked his hips. He fucked me softly against the door for a few moments before whispering, "When I'm done with this pussy, you'll never be able to fuck Jack again."

His hands found my hips and seized them, thrusting forward with the strength of a bodybuilder and impaling me with the rest of his length.

A moan of pleasure ripped through me, echoing off the bathroom walls, my fingers digging into his shoulders.

His eyes rolled back, and he tightened his grip on my hips, slamming into me again. And again. And again.

"Oh, fuck yes!" I cried out, whimpering each time his rock solid cock drove inside me.

My eyes watered with pleasure as I stared at him.

He stared back, holding my gaze and biting his lip while he pistoned in and out of me.

"You like this?" I asked in between moans and whimpers.

"You like fucking your son's girlfriend? "

He took a hand off my hip and started pinching and twisting my nipples, eliciting more moans from me. "Hell yes, I do. I'd fuck you like this every day if I could. I guess that makes me a dirty old pervert, huh?"

He slammed into me harder, his face turning red while he jackhammered his hips like a crazed animal, watching the tears of pleasure fill my eyes. His hand moved up from my breasts to grab my throat. "You like fucking your boyfriend's dad, don't you? Admit it."

I swallowed, loving the way he held my throat and ruthlessly fucked me against the bathroom door. "Yes..."

His eyes closed and he moaned. "Fuck. I'm going to come."

"Mmm, yes-"

A door closed downstairs, and both of us froze. His body stiffened with his cock still hard inside me.

"Mya?" Jack's voice called out, then footsteps started up the stairs.

"Shit," I whispered, my eyes widening. "It's Jack. He can't find us like this. Get off me."

I tried to push him away, but he didn't budge. "No," he whispered back, putting his lips to my ear. "You think I'm going to stop now, when I finally have you where I want you?"

"Mr. Miller, please," I begged desperately, the footsteps getting closer. His rock solid cock stayed buried to the hilt inside me, twitching as it pleaded for release.

"Listen," he said, pressing a soft kiss to the sensitive skin behind my earlobe. "You're not leaving this bathroom without my cum inside you. Play it cool, and get him to wait for you downstairs."

"Mya? Are you okay? Do you need me to get the door open?" Jack asked, now on the other side of the door.

Mr. Miller brushed his fingers against my nipples, smiling against my neck.

He got a kick out of playing with my tits while Jack was so close to us, unaware of what was going on just inches away.

He was probably imagining the look on Jack's face if he saw the way his girlfriend was on his dad's cock right now, crying and begging to get fucked. His cock twitched inside of me.

"No," I finally responded to Jack, biting my bottom lip to keep from moaning. "Not yet. Can you... can you get dinner started, please? I'll call you up when I'm done."

"Sure thing, babe. Just let me know when you're ready."

He walked off, his footsteps fading down the staircase. Mr. Miller's smile widened, and he thrust into me again, slower this time. "You're such a good little slut," he whispered, brushing his thumb over my lips.

I closed my eyes, my breathing ragged and heavy. "This is so wrong..."

He seized my hips again, holding them steady as he fucked me with slow, deep thrusts. "It feels so damn good though, doesn't it?"

"Yes. Yes. Fuck yes." I bucked my hips back at him, meeting each of his thrusts.

Mr. Miller reached down to rub his fingers against my soaked clit, putting his lips next to my ear.

"You wanna know something? I've jerked off to you so many times.

Whenever Jack isn't here, I try to catch glimpses of you changing or using the bathroom.

" He chuckled darkly, biting my neck so hard I gasped.

"You know what else? I stole a pair of your dirty panties from your laundry.

I put them on my face and stroke my cock to thoughts of your-"

Warm honey filled my core, and I covered my mouth to keep myself from crying out.

My body shook with pleasure, my pussy clenching around his cock as my orgasm raked through me.

"Fuck," he groaned, his own climax releasing.

He kept his dick buried inside me, filling me up with his cum while mine gushed all over him.

He didn't even know if I was on birth control, but he didn't seem to care.

He pumped his seed into me, his hands still holding my hips in place, until every last drop of it was nestled inside my womb.

We stayed there for a few moments, both of us breathing heavily. The reality of what we'd just done settled in, and Mr. Miller pulled his softened cock out of me. A bit of

his cum dripped down my inner thighs. Red blotches and bite marks covered my tits, and his saliva still coated my nipples.

His eyes scanned my naked body, his erection already starting to come back. "Our little secret?" Mr. Miller grinned, knowing he'd do everything in his power to make sure this fantasy didn't end here.

I laughed, smiling back at him. "Our little secret, daddy." He'd be back for more. Whether that meant sneaking in my showers or my bed, it didn't matter.

I'd let him.

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Family dinner night arrived, which meant Jack and I would be spending the night hanging out with his parents.

Mr. Miller and his ex-wife had been divorced for years, but Jack still orchestrated weekly family nights for the four of us to spend time together.

I'd always looked at it as his way of trying to get them back together, but he swore that wasn't the case.

"She had an affair for years behind his back," Jack said. "He'd never go back to her. I'd be stupid to try."

I slipped a black nylon skirt up my legs and then put on a fitted floral blouse. Jack watched me while I dressed, his gaze going up and down my body.

"You look too good, Mya. As usual."

He sat on the bed, turning his head away.

I suppressed the urge to roll my eyes. He didn't even try touching me, and my body ached with unspent desire.

I'd been more needy than usual ever since his dad fucked me in the bathroom several days ago.

My breasts ached for strong, rough hands, and my pussy pulsed with a desire to be stuffed with hard dick.

But Jack always found an excuse to reject my advances.

When we walked out a few moments later, we found Jack's dad waiting in the living room. His eyes landed on me immediately before darting away.

"Your mother should be here soon," he told Jack, then turned his attention back to me. His gaze lingered on my chest a moment longer than necessary, but Jack didn't notice.

When my future mother-in-law arrived, she pulled me and Jack into a hug. A jolt of discomfort shot through me as she leaned over to kiss Mr. Miller on his cheek, but I shook it off. He smiled at her, returning her peck, then began unloading the groceries she brought for dinner.

"Jack, can you and Mya put the food away after your dad brings it in?" She glanced at me, her eyes scanning my body warily.

"Sure, mom." Jack took my hand to lead me into the kitchen, but Mr. Miller came back in, stopping us.

"I need Mya's help setting up the stereo," he said, eyeing Jack's hand clutched around mine. "She's the only one who knows how to work it. You can help your mother, can't you?"

Jack shrugged, and his mom frowned, but they went into the kitchen without any objections.

"You've been avoiding me," Mr. Miller practically growled as soon as we were alone. He cornered me against the entertainment center where we kept the television and stereo, his eyes raking down my body greedily. Like he couldn't get enough of me.

"I've been..."

"What? Scared?" He chuckled darkly. "That's why I like you. You're always scared until your tits get played with."

My heart skipped a beat, and my eyes darted around the room, making sure we were still alone. "Mr. Miller, please. We're supposed to be setting up the music."

He grinned and gestured for me to begin. I had to turn around and bend over to reach the cords behind the stereo, and I heard him take a step back to watch me.

"Damn," he muttered, and heat rose to my face. I could feel his eyes on my ass, blatantly checking me out while his ex-wife and Jack were only feet away on the other side of the foyer.

I started to stand up straight, but he gripped my hips and held me in place. "Stay there," he whispered, dragging his hands down to grab my thighs just below the hem of my skirt. "Don't worry about them. I'll hear them coming."

My breath caught and my body froze. His strong hands clinging onto my thighs sent an electrical current of pleasure across my skin, so intoxicating that I didn't register his fingers sliding my skirt up to my waist. The cool air tickled my upper thighs and ass, and the sensible part of my brain told me to stop him.

But I didn't want to, and before I could convince myself, his hands gripped my thighs again.

"I missed you..." he said, his voice softer than silk. His thumb reached over to tug my panties aside, and my eyes nearly rolled into the back of my head as his warm breath radiated over my core. His wet tongue slid inside me, causing me to gasp and jerk forward.

"Mr. Miller, we shouldn't be doing this..." I whispered, but I made no moves to stop him when he slipped his tongue inside me again. Instead, I clung to the shelf of the entertainment center and arched my back, giving him more access.

He dropped to his knees, his hands moving up to grip my ass cheeks while he continued eating me out with ferocity.

The wet sounds of his licks against my warm skin filled the room, and I leaned my head forward, unable to hold back a moan.

I pushed my ass harder against his face, causing him to growl and tighten his hold on my cheeks.

He tugged me back and forth, fucking my pussy with his tongue.

"Yes..." I whimpered. His warm, powerful tongue worked me better than his son's dick ever had—

Footsteps echoed off the wooden floor of the foyer that separated the kitchen from the living room. Mr. Miller gave one last long lick from my pussy to my ass, then pulled away and tugged my skirt back down.

I straightened up, my heart pounding against my chest, while Jack and his mom rounded the corner into the living room.

"All done," his mom commented, looking back and forth between me and Mr. Miller, who had his head turned away as he wiped his face. "Is the music set up?"

"Um, yeah..." I forced a smile, my heart hammering in my chest. I hoped my cheeks weren't too flushed while I grabbed the remote and turned the music on.

We all sat on the couch and started a game of charades.

I tried to have fun, but the wetness between my legs kept me distracted.

Every time Jack's mom got too close to Mr. Miller or touched him a little too much, I wanted to climb on top of him and claim him in front of her.

After finishing the game, the two of them went into the kitchen together to prepare a snack, leaving me on the couch with Jack.

Jack put his hand on my thigh, looking over at me. "My mom said something that got me thinking..."

I stared at him. "What'd she say?"

He tilted his head, as if debating whether he should tell me or not. "She doesn't think it's appropriate for us to be staying with my dad. She said if she was here it'd be a different story, but because he's alone and divorced, we should get our own place."

"I figured we were already planning on doing that after the wedding," I told him, holding back the frown trying to fight its way onto my lips at the thought of leaving.

"We are," Jack confirmed. "But that's what made me realize..." He squeezed my thigh, sending a spark of surprise across my skin. "I need to start paying more attention to you."

My eyes widened. "...What?"

"You and your needs," he said in a low voice. "I've been so caught up with work that I've been neglecting you."

I bit my lip. "Jack, I've told you this before, and nothing's ever changed..."

"I know, but this time is different. I swear, Mya. Let me prove it. We'll spend all night in bed together once dinner is over, and I'll make it up to you."

Before I had the chance to respond, Jack's parents walked back in. Mr. Miller eyed Jack's hand on my thigh, annoyance flashing over his face.

"You and your mother have to go back to the store and get a few things," he told Jack.

Jack's mom sighed, shaking her head. "I could've sworn I remembered everything, but we can't find the pasta sauce or lasagna noodles. It's like they disappeared out of thin air."

He agreed to go with his mom and gave me a kiss before leaving.

Mr. Miller's gaze drilled into us the whole time, watching Jack wrap an arm around my waist and pull me against him.

As his lips continued moving against mine, I could almost hear an inward growl coming from his dad.

I broke the kiss, and then they left, leaving me alone with Mr. Miller once again.

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Mr. Miller peeked out of the window, making sure Jack and his mom were gone before turning to me. "I fucking hate seeing him touch and kiss you."

I smiled, almost rolling my eyes. "That's your son, and we're getting married." The words weren't meant as a deterrent, but more of a way to see his reaction. To my satisfaction, his eyes burned with jealousy.

"Don't remind me," he said, stepping forward to close the distance between us. His hand pressed against my lower back, tugging me against him. "I'd do whatever it takes to stop it if I knew you wouldn't hate me for it."

My heart thumped while our bodies melted together, his warmth overtaking my senses. I didn't put my hands on him—not yet. But I pushed my breasts further against his chest. "Even though Jack's mom clearly wants you back?"

A smirk spread across his face, and he moved his hand down to cup my ass.

"Oh, I bet she does. I'm sure she misses my money and getting treated like a queen.

But I have no intention of taking her back.

Ever." He squeezed my ass, bringing his other hand up to grab my hip.

"You know what's crazy? I haven't been able to even think about another woman since being with you. It's ridiculous, but it's the truth."

His words sent butterflies dancing through my stomach. Without thinking, I blurted

out my worries. "Jack said he wants to start paying more attention to me... he wants us to spend all night in bed together."

Mr. Miller's eyes darkened, and his grip tightened on my hip, sending a sudden jolt of pain through me. "Well, now I'm glad I wasted a whole batch of pasta just to get them out of here."

I looked up at him. "What did you do?"

His eyes explored my face, lingering on my lips. We hadn't kissed yet. I could tell he wanted to, but something held him back. Instead, he leaned down and buried his face in my neck. "I tossed out some of the food so they'd have to go back to the grocery store."

He laughed—actually laughed—and I gazed at him with wide eyes. "You're lying."

"I'm not." He chuckled again, planting kisses along my neck while his hands explored my body. "That's not even the worst part. I also siphoned the gas tank so they'll run out halfway there and have to make an extra stop."

My heart sank into my stomach, and I shook my head. "You realize how insane that is, right?"

His hands slipped under my shirt, grazing up my skin, leaving behind a trail of fire. "Sure, but I don't care."

He squeezed my breasts hungrily, cupping them and feeling their fullness underneath my black lace bra.

Waves of pleasure rocked through my body, and I clung to his shoulders, my nails digging into his shirt.

His breathing sped up against my neck, his squeezes to my breasts getting rougher.

I let out a soft moan, and then he yanked my shirt over my head and tossed it to the ground.

"You're so damn sexy," Mr. Miller said, sliding his hands down to hold my hips as he gazed at me. He licked his lips while his eyes moved across my cleavage bulging from the confines of my bra, bringing his hands up to squeeze and knead my exposed flesh. "Only I get to touch these tits tonight."

"Are you sure about this?" I asked, but even as the words came out, my hands reached behind me to unhook my bra. "They could come back at any moment..."

He didn't say anything, completely immersed in watching me take off my bra for him.

His fingers helped me peel it away from my skin, then he tossed it to the ground next to my shirt.

For a moment, Mr. Miller simply stared, a faraway look in his eyes.

It was like he was seeing my tits for the first time again.

His hands cupped them reverently, kneading my flesh with gentle appreciation.

I leaned my head back, moaning, losing myself to the moment.

He leaned down and captured one of my nipples in his warm mouth, sucking with primal need.

A gasp left my lips, and I tried to back away a little, but he grabbed my hips and used the momentum to guide me backwards onto the couch.

My pussy ached with yearning as he climbed over me, latching onto my tit again. The smell of Old Spice and vanilla cigars overwhelmed my nostrils now that he was on top of me, blanketing my body with his. He bit and nibbled on my nipple before moving on to ravage my other breast.

"You know, if Jack walked in right now, I'd fight him with my bare fucking hands just to keep sucking your tits," Mr. Miller said, flicking my nipple with his tongue.

My eyes fluttered closed, the area between my legs dampening with more wetness. "Stop saying these crazy things."

He chuckled and pulled away, looking down at me. "I mean it." His eyes studied my face, taking in my watery eyes and flushed cheeks. "Why? Does it make you wet when I say things like that?"

Without waiting for a response, Mr. Miller licked his finger and slipped it underneath my skirt, dragging a wet trail up my legs to my inner thighs.

When he reached the thin material of my panties, he moved two fingers in circles against the lace.

A deep, husky moan left his lips when he felt how soaked I was.

"Let me fuck you again," he breathed in my ear. "Please."

My heart skipped a beat, and I held my breath. "I don't know..."

He rolled my nipples between his fingers, making my back arch with pleasure. "Please. I'm going to go crazy if I can't fuck your perfect sweet pussy again."

His fingers moved past my panties and slid inside me, my soaking wet warmth

accepting him easily.

My juices gushed all over his hand, making him groan.

He leaned down to take my breast in his mouth again, sucking and licking like a crazed animal.

My head fell back, loud moans ripping through me while he feasted on my flesh and pushed his thick fingers deeper inside my pussy.

"Okay, okay... fuck," I moaned, squeezing my legs together around his hand.

His fingers felt so fucking good stretching me open, and his warm saliva all over my tits sent me over the edge.

I couldn't take it. His touch held so much passion and depravity, like he needed to feel me just to live.

It made me want to give him my body over and over again, until he physically couldn't fuck anymore.

Mr. Miller flicked his tongue against my nipples, breathing hot air on them. "Okay, okay, what?"

"Fuck me," I said, my chest heaving. "I need your dick inside of me."

He grinned, taking his fingers out and reaching down to unbuckle his pants. "My pleasure."

My heart raced as he tugged his pants and boxers down. His thick erection pressed against my leg, and I moaned at the sight of his reddened tip—proof of how much his

cock yearned for me. My legs wrapped around him, pulling him closer.

"So eager..." he whispered, reaching down to trail his finger over my lips. "I love seeing you go from shy and innocent to a fucking sex kitten."

I bit my lip, trying not to smile too much. "Sex kitten?"

He grinned, his cock pressing against my slick pussy. "Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot you like it better when I call you a good little slut."

He thrust his hips forward, pushing his entire length inside me at once.

I gasped and dug my nails deeper into his shoulders, my body thrumming with pain and pleasure as it adjusted to the length of his cock.

My legs tightened around his waist, and I gazed up at him with starry eyes, bucking my hips against him.

Mr. Miller groaned, his face flooded with color. "God, I love how fucking eager you are. And how fucking good you feel."

His hands seized my wrists, holding them above my head as he fucked me with long, deep strokes. My eyes rolled back, pleasure completely consuming my body and mind.

"Yes! Yes!" My moans and praises spilled from my lips without me being able to stop them. "Fuck me, Mr. Miller! I love your cock!"

He growled and slammed into me harder, filling the room with wet smacking sounds. The force of his cock sunk me deeper into the couch with each one of his thrusts. He held my wrists with one of his hands, bringing the other down to grab my throat.

"You like that?" He bit down on his lip, snapping his hips forward without restraint. "You like getting fucked by my cock behind Jack's back, don't you? You dirty fucking slut." His grip tightened around my throat, but not enough to hurt me. "How'd I get so lucky to meet a dirty slut like you?"

My breathing came out in broken gasps as he continued drilling into me with reckless abandon, leaving me unable to speak. I couldn't even touch him because he still held my wrists above my head. I could only lay there, letting him ravage my body and satisfy his craving.

His thrusts stopped, and he stared into my eyes, concentration on his face. He bit his lip again, dragging his hand from my throat to my nipples, twisting and flicking them. Then he leaned down and planted wet kisses to the swells of my tits, continuing his animalistic strokes.

"Fuck yes!" My voice echoed around the living room, and the wet smacking grew louder, drowning out my moans. He sucked and licked my nipples while my eyes darted from him to the window next to the front door, checking for signs of movement.

"You taste so damn good, baby," he muttered against my breast, and I felt that familiar sweet ache in my pussy. I bucked my hips, meeting each of his thrusts, my tit bouncing inside his mouth as he sucked and moaned.

The pressure kept building until it reached its peak, and my body exploded in a fit of pleasure. My eyes squeezed shut while waves of euphoria shook through me, making me twitch underneath him. I kept moving my hips with his, riding out my orgasm.

Mr. Miller moaned when my wetness cascaded over his cock, and he pumped into me a few more times before letting out a long half-groan-half-growl. He pushed himself to the hilt inside me, suckling gently on my nipples while his cum spilled into my

body.

We lay there breathing heavily for several minutes before remembering Jack and his mom could be home at any moment. Mr. Miller pulled out of me, yanked his pants back up, then went into the bathroom to get towels for our mess. I stayed on the couch, still catching my breath.

When he came back out, neither of us spoke. I put my bra and blouse back on while he quickly wiped up any leftover wetness on the couch. His eyes kept darting to me, like he wanted to say something, and my cheeks flooded with warmth.

How could I ever tell my boyfriend's dad that he was the best fuck I'd ever had?

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:17 am

The sun radiated heat all over my body as I lay across the lounge chair next to the pool.

The skies were clear and the weather was hot—the perfect day for swimming.

I'd worn my tiniest string bikini, a pink two-piece that was way too small for me.

My tits bulged out, the small triangles of fabric barely keeping them covered.

The bottoms weren't supposed to be a thong, but with how they fit on me, they looked like it.

A ding rang out, and I reached over to pick up my phone, my eyes darting briefly to the house.

No one was home except me. Mr. Miller had a meeting, and Jack had to stop by his work to settle a few things.

He'd promised to take the day off to go swimming with me, so I expected him to be back soon.

Until I checked my phone and opened the unread text messages from him. My heart sank.

Jack: Boss needs my help with a project. Might be a while.

Jack: I understand if you don't want to wait up for me. Love you.

I sighed, rolling my eyes. Of course. Leave it to him to flake when I'm wearing my sexiest bikini.

My heart dropped a little more at the thought of changing out of it, so I decided to go for a quick dip by myself.

I could get some swimming in, then shower and change before Mr. Miller got home.

I'd be mortified if he saw me in this bikini.

I typed out a simple response to Jack before setting my phone down and standing up.

Sunlight reflected off the clear turquoise water, and I slipped in, my skin tickling from the cold.

Any distress I'd been feeling melted away as I swam.

I flipped on my back and floated for a while, breathing deeply while the sunlight danced across my closed eyelids.

My thoughts wandered to my upcoming wedding.

Jack assured me it was only weeks away, and we'd already done all the planning.

And yet, as the days passed, my excitement dwindled.

His dad had a lot to do with that, obviously.

I couldn't imagine being married to Jack and looking his dad in the eye again.

I also couldn't imagine not wanting to fuck him.

Arousal spread through my body, and I shifted in the water.

Fuck. What was it about swimming that made me so horny?

My mind raced with images of us at the wedding.

Mr. Miller taking me into the bathroom while Jack isn't paying attention, bending me over the sink, yanking up my wedding dress, shoving his hard cock in my pussy and pumping in and out of me as he forces me to admit that I'll always be willing to spread my legs for him. ..

The sound of a door closing snapped me out of my thoughts, and I opened my eyes to see Mr. Miller walking from the house toward the pool.

He held a small glass of whiskey, his eyes on my floating body.

Warmth crept across my cheeks when his gaze latched onto my barely-covered tits bobbing in and out of the water.

He took another drink from his glass, swallowing hard.

"Oh, sorry." I flipped over, my feet finding the bottom of the pool. "I thought you were at a meeting."

He gulped his drink again. "It ended early. And don't apologize. You're allowed to use the pool."

Mr. Miller sat on a nearby lounge chair, sipping his whiskey, his eyes watching the water ripple around me. He didn't say anything else. I continued swimming, traveling through the cool water with ease. His eyes stayed glued to me the entire time, but he didn't speak again until I stopped.

"Where's Jack?" Mr. Miller asked, his gaze filled with unwavering heat. "I thought he took the day off."

My lips curved into a small frown as I swam to the edge of the pool and pulled myself out.

Water cascaded down my tan skin and curves, my hands reaching up to squeeze out my long hair.

Mr. Miller let out a low groan, almost inaudible.

I glanced over to see him licking his lips and shifting on the lounge chair.

I held back a smirk and walked over to grab my towel, wrapping it around myself before responding to his question. "He had to stop by his work and ended up having to stay, I guess. I was already out here and ready, so I just swam by myself."

He took another gulp of his whiskey, his eyes roaming over my towel as if he could see through it. "That's too bad. He's missing out."

I couldn't help but laugh. "It's nothing new. This is what he does."

His gaze wandered up to my face, and something gentle flashed in his eyes. "Did he at least keep his promise on our family night? You told me he wanted to spend all night in bed with you."

The softness in his eyes briefly sparked into anger, but he tried to hold it back.

My heart skipped a beat. Even a glimmer of jealousy from him was enough to make me want to drop my towel.

Heat warmed my body as images of him fucking me into the couch on family night popped into my brain.

The feeling of his strong hands holding my wrists, his hot, wet mouth sucking my nipples.

.. his rock-hard cock plowing into my pussy.

I'd never forget him fucking my tight hole with his thick tongue while his son and ex-wife stood in the next room.

Damn. As wrong as it was—I loved being his unhealthy addiction.

"I wouldn't tell you if he did," I teased, sitting on the empty lounge chair next to him.

"What happens between a soon-to-be husband and wife should be kept private."

Mr. Miller's jaw clenched, which I hadn't ever seen before. He rarely got bothered by anything, and his discomfort with my answer made my heart flutter. I decided to play with him some more.

"What do you want to know? If we fucked?" I leaned back on my hands, smirking at him. "What if I told you we did?"

Flames rose in his eyes, and his grip tightened around his glass. "I'd say you're a witch for making me want to murder my own son."

I burst out laughing, shaking my head. He stared at me like he wanted to rip my towel off and hold me down on the lounge chair while claiming my body with his hands, mouth, and cock.

I imagined him ripping my towel off the same way he did in the bathroom that first

time, then reaching forward to tear away my bikini top.

He'd watch my tits bounce free, becoming so hypnotized that he'd have to suck them, slipping the rest of my wet bikini down my legs. ..

I cleared my throat, coming back to reality. "We didn't do anything. I fell asleep early, and he didn't mind because he was tired too. I guess your little stunt with the gas tank worked."

His eyes softened again, and a satisfied smirk crossed his face. "Good to hear." He raised his glass to his lips, taking another sip from his drink. "I think my son's selfishness calls for another round of whiskey. You want some?"

He stood up and walked over to the mini fridge he kept near his barbecue pit, pulling out a cold bottle of whiskey.

Then he reached into a cupboard and took out an extra glass.

My eyes followed his every move, drinking in his strong arms and dexterous fingers.

When he turned around to come back, I quickly averted my gaze.

"How do you know I'm old enough to drink?" I joked, adjusting my towel tighter around me.

Mr. Miller barked with laughter. "I've talked to you enough times to know you're over twenty-one, Mya. There's no way someone as intelligent and well-rounded as you could be too young to drink."

My cheeks warmed at his words. I couldn't think of anything to say in response, so I stayed quiet and let him pour me a generous amount of whiskey.

"You're fine with whiskey, right?" He leaned over to hand me the glass, eyes drifting down to my cleavage bulging out of my towel. "Or would you like something... sweeter?"

I held his gaze as I wrapped my hand around the glass, my fingers brushing against his. "I can handle whiskey. Thank you."

"You're welcome." He refilled his own glass and then sat down across from me again. "You're a really good swimmer, by the way."

A smile fought at my lips. "You think so?" I took a sip from my drink, warmth spilling down into my stomach.

"I know so," he said, his voice deep and husky.

A shiver rolled up my spine. "I was watching you the whole time, even before you got in.

" He brought his glass to his lips, keeping his eyes on mine.

"You move gracefully in the water. The way it clings to your gorgeous skin is insanity.

And that tiny pink bikini you're wearing makes me want to devour every inch of you.
"

Heat spread across my face, and I took a few more gulps of whiskey, trying to hide my flushed cheeks. "Thank you."

Silence fell between us. I downed the rest of my drink while his gaze blatantly roamed my exposed neck, cleavage, legs, and any other piece of me he could get his

eyes on. The whiskey did nothing to extinguish the agonizing fire in my core. If anything, it fanned the flames.

I set my empty glass down and stood up, letting my towel drop onto my lounge chair. Mr. Miller's mouth hung open as he took in my bikini-clad body, close enough now that he could reach out and touch me.

"Do you like swimming?" I asked him, stretching my arms out into the air.

"God, yes," he responded, practically twitching in his seat. He finished the rest of his drink and adjusted himself as he watched me stretch. My bathing suit top slid up my tits, revealing a peek of my areolas.

"Want to join me?"

His cock strained against his pants, creating a noticeable bulge. "I'd love to." He set his glass down, then added, "You should probably put on some sunscreen first."

"You're right." I reached for my sunscreen, but Mr. Miller grabbed it before me.

"I'll help you," he said, his eyes dark and full of need.

His tone left no room for objection, but I wouldn't have objected anyway. I lay on my stomach across the lounge chair, smirking at the sound of his sharp inhale. He got on his knees next to me, squirting sunscreen onto his hand. "You have a beautiful back and ass."

Strong hands gripped my shoulders before I could respond. My eyes fluttered closed while he rubbed the sunscreen in, then made his way across my upper back. His touch pressed firmly against my skin, but his fingers worked in slow, gentle movements.

"You like that?" he asked, making his way down my back.

"Mmm... yes. So much."

"Good," he said with a deep growl.

He took his time on the backs of my legs, rubbing and kneading the sunscreen into my soft skin.

As his hands traveled up my thighs, his touch grew more eager and possessive.

He was close enough that his hot breath tickled my skin, but when his hands gripped my ass with the force of a fucking coconut crab, I yelped and nearly jumped out of the lounge chair.

"Shhh," he whispered, but his grip didn't weaken. I moaned weakly as he pressed two wet kisses on my ass cheeks. Then he licked them, sucking chunks of my flesh into his mouth. "Mmm..."

"Mr. Miller..." I whimpered in a pleading voice, my mind too cloudy to know what I was pleading for.

"Just making sure I rub the sunscreen in correctly.

" He pulled my ass cheeks apart and then let them fall back together.

A groan left his lips, and he did it again, and again, and again.

Each time, my body jolted with pleasure.

I pushed my ass up higher, bumping him in his face.

He growled and caught the bottom of my right cheek with his teeth, nibbling on it like a chew toy.

"Fuck..." I groaned, gasping when he spread my cheeks again and ran his tongue along the length of my exposed valley. My back arched, and he used the opportunity to seize my hips and flip me over.

"Damn, your tits, Mya..." He stared down at my breasts, which slipped out of their confines during all my squirming. My large, hard nipples were on full display, and his hands wasted no time capturing them. He twisted and flicked them, biting his lip at my responsive moans.

"These tits are so bouncy and sensitive..." Mr. Miller smacked them softly, watching them jiggle. "We can't have them getting sunburnt either, can we?" He squirted more sunscreen on his palm, then used his free hand to move my bikini top up to my neck, revealing me completely.

I let out a whimpered moan the moment his calloused hands made contact with my bare breasts.

He massaged the sunscreen into my supple flesh, the wet sounds of the cream on my skin adding to our arousal.

His breathing quickened, his hands massaging me with more force while his thumbs brushed against my nipples.

My back arched again, pushing my tits further into his grip.

He cupped them and squeezed greedily, grunting at how they swelled out of his large hands.

His deep, feral grunts sent more waves of pleasure through me. I pressed my legs together, moaning as he continued fondling my breasts without restraint. After a few more rough squeezes, he pulled away and adjusted my top to its proper position.

"Get in the pool," Mr. Miller commanded, gaze drilling into me in a way that made me stand up immediately.

He stood up too, unbuttoning his shirt and pulling it off to reveal his broad chest and muscular arms. "I'm giving you a head start.

Once I catch you, you're mine. Don't say I didn't warn you. "

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:17 am

My heart skipped a beat, and I turned to jump in the pool.

When I surfaced, he finished stepping out of his pants and prepared to jump in after me.

His erection bobbed underneath his boxers with each step he took, and I found myself biting my lip while I stared.

He grinned at me before diving in, slicing smoothly into the water.

Fuck. He could swim. No wonder he gave me a head start. I kicked my legs and moved my arms, pushing myself away from him. He swam after me, speeding underwater like a shark hunting down prey. A mixture of excitement and fear pulsed through me. I swam faster toward the opposite end of the pool.

Within seconds, he grabbed my ankle and pulled me back. A yelp of surprise tore through my lips as he spun me around to collide with his chest, wrapping his arms around my waist to keep me above water.

"Got you," he said, eyes flaming with desire.

I let out a laughing shriek and clung onto him while he carried me through the water, his hands gripping my ass. "That's not fair, you're crazy fast!"

"I warned you, baby." He kept his arms tight around me, holding me close with my breasts against his chest. "You're all mine now."

My back met the edge of the pool, and he hiked me up higher on him so that his erection pressed against my thin pink bikini bottoms. I instinctively rocked my hips, my breasts bouncing up and down in the water.

Mr. Miller looked down at my tits smacking all over the water and his chest. He groaned, his hands reaching behind me to untie my bikini top before pulling it away and throwing it somewhere in the pool.

Then he groped my breasts—pulling, squeezing, kneading.

I threw my head back, moans ripping out of me loud enough for the neighbors to hear.

"God, you're so fucking sexy," he muttered, his hands getting rougher. "You ruined me for other women, you know that?"

I stared at him, heat flushing my cheeks. "W-what? What do you mean?"

He twisted my nipples harder, pulling gasps from me. "That meeting I was at? It was with my ex wife. She asked me to get back together with her, and you know what I said?"

My eyes widened, as much as they could considering he still tugged and groped my tits while saying all of this. "Mmm... I'm guessing 'no'?"

"Guessing or hoping?" He brought his head down, his lips gently touching my nipple while his tongue flicked out to taste me.

My hips reflexively ground against him, a smile on my face at the feel of his hard cock bumping against my pussy. "Both."

"You'd be right," Mr. Miller mumbled, slurping my nipple into his hot mouth. He sucked with hunger, the noises reminiscent of a baby feeding from a bottle.

I should've at least been a little jealous, but it was hard to be when he touched me like this.

He cupped my breasts, feeling their weight, his eyes sparkling like a teenager getting their hands on their first pair of tits.

It made me feel worshipped in a way I'd never experienced before.

After getting his fill of one breast, he popped my nipple out of his mouth and moved to the other.

"Mmm... good," I moaned, stroking his hair with my hand, my eyes closed as I reveled in pleasure. "Because I don't think I could give this up."

He smirked against my nipple. "Yeah? You'd be a good little slut and fuck me while she's sleeping or away, wouldn't you?" His tongue wrestled with my nipple, sending shockwaves through me.

"Fuck yes," I admitted shamelessly, leaning my head back and gasping while his tongue lapped at my sensitive peaks. I couldn't take this anymore. I needed his cock. "I'd fuck your cock so fucking good, you wouldn't be able to have sex with her without having to think of me just to come."

His body stiffened, and his tongue froze. He took his mouth from my breast, letting it bounce free before staring up at me with fire in his eyes.

I looked back at him, biting my lip from the intensity of his gaze. "What—"

Mr. Miller crashed his lips against mine, swallowing down the rest of my words.

I made a sound of surprise, but he ignored it, his mouth continuing to dominate me.

Once the shock settled in, I kissed him back, putting us both in a tangled mess of lips and tongue.

His arms tightened around my waist, pushing my bare breasts firmer against his chest.

I bucked my hips on his erection, and he yanked down his boxers, freeing his thick length into the water.

We didn't take our lips off each other, our hands frantically reaching down between our bodies.

I yanked my pink bikini bottoms to the side and he positioned his cock at my entrance.

When he pushed inside me, I moaned into his mouth.

"Ohhh, fuck. Yes. Yes." I bounced up and down on his cock, and he slid his hands to my ass, supporting me as I fucked him. "Mmm, yes. Mr. Miller..."

"You feel so good, Mya." His eyes rolled back, his jaw slack while he used his hold on my ass to slide me up and down his dick. "So damn perfect. Fucking your boyfriend's dad in the pool like this, my good little slut..."

My body jerked with pleasure, which only turned him on more. He pounded into me harder, faster, making the water in the pool crash wildly around us. I kept my hips in pace with his, my moans and whimpers echoing off the trees around the backyard. He

grunted and growled like a crazed animal.

As we fucked, I thought about how hot it'd be if a neighbor was watching us right now.

Seeing an older man drill his cock into a much younger woman—his hands on my ass and my tits bouncing in his face—has got to be quite a sight.

I threw my head back, moaning and grinding into his delicious dick, imagining someone jerking off to us right now.

"Fuck... Fuck... I'm coming..." I breathed out, shaking and twitching as an orgasm rolled through my body. Mr. Miller kept drilling into me, trailing his lips to my neck and across my collarbone, moaning while my pussy squeezed his cock.

"I'll never get tired of feeling you come on my dick," he said against my neck, planting wet kisses down to the swells of my breasts. "It's the best feeling in the world."

His words combined with his hard length still fucking me caused pressure to build in my core again. My eyes widened when I realized he was bringing me to the cusp of another orgasm. I moved my hands to his wet chest, pushing slightly. "Stop."

His eyes wandered from my bouncing tits to my face. He raised his eyebrow, pounding my pussy even harder. "Why would I do that? I'm not done with you."

"Because... I want to ride you on the lounge chair."

Mr. Miller's eyes burned with desire. He bit down on his lip, slowing his thrusts. "Jesus, where the fuck did Jack find you? The pits of hell?"

I laughed and raked my nails down his chest, making him shudder. "No. The library of our University."

"Of course." He smirked, shaking his head as he pulled out of me and watched me climb out of the pool, still topless.

He stood there staring for a moment, admiring the sunlight glistening off my wet skin and my long hair clinging to the curve of my back.

Droplets of water slid off my body while I walked over to the lounge chairs, my hips swaying and my tits bouncing with every step.

"Jesus Christ," Mr. Miller muttered, getting out of the pool and following me.

He lay back on the lounge chair he sat on earlier, the one in full view of the living room window.

His dick was still fully erect, soaked and glistening with my juices.

His balls were pulled out of his boxers, sitting there looking fucking delicious.

My tongue darted out to lick my lips. I wanted to suck his dick so damn bad, but Jack could be home at any moment. Already, we took a risk by doing this out in the open where anyone could see. He watched me and started stroking his cock. As his eyes wandered down my body, his hands moved faster.

"I could come just from this view," he said in between grunts.

If I'd been sober, I would've blushed at the sight of him jerking off to my half-naked body. Instead, it fueled my flames of lust, propelling me forward.

"Not yet." I straddled him, his eyes darkening as I began lowering myself onto his cock. He let out a deep growl when his angry red tip pushed inside me, but I stopped at the base of his head. "I want to hear more about how I've ruined you for other women."

"Witch," he groaned, bucking his hips upward, shoving himself further inside my tight hole.

I squeezed my pelvic floor muscles, blocking him from going any further, and he threw his head back.

"Yes. Yes. You've ruined me for other women.

I can't even go back to my ex wife after experiencing your perfect, sweet pussy. Does that make you happy?"

I grinned, biting my lip and holding back a moan while sliding further down his cock. "You like my pussy?"

Mr. Miller's body twitched, his hands finding my hips as he watched his dick inch inside of me. At the halfway point, he squeezed his eyes shut and groaned. "You're fucking torturing me."

I laughed and rocked my hips gently on his cock. He tightened his grip on me, his voice whispering a string of jumbled words under his breath. He hated not being in control—I knew that—but I loved seeing him come undone underneath me.

He thrust again, keeping a firm hold on my hips. His cock drove deeper, stretching me open, impaling my pussy like a warm, wet pole. My head fell back, and I brought my hands up to twist my nipples, my moans echoing around the backyard.

"I love your pussy," Mr. Miller confessed, roaming my body with his hands.

"I love your tits, your ass, your skin. Your lips, your hair, and your curves.

I love how shy you get and how much of a dirty little slut you secretly are.

" He smirked, bringing one of his hands down to grab my left ass cheek.

"I couldn't be with another woman, cause I'd be thinking about fucking you the whole time. "

He strengthened his grip on my hip and ass, then thrust up while holding me in place.

A loud moan ripped through him as the rest of his cock sank deep inside me.

I let out a shrieking moan, filled with overwhelming pleasure and sweet pain.

We sat there unmoving for a few moments, me seated on top of him, both of us panting like thirsty dogs.

"This right here." Mr. Miller bucked his hips. "This pussy is heaven."

"Fuuuuck." My eyes rolled back, my own hips rolling and grinding in response. He filled me up so well—every small movement made me whimper.

He took his hand from my ass and gripped the back of my neck, tangling his fingers through my hair as I started bouncing up and down on his cock. He held me in place by my hair and hip, pounding back at me with brute force, my tits shaking wildly.

"God, yes. Yes. Jesus Christ. Fuck. Fuck," Mr. Miller kept grunting, along with a

bunch of other words I couldn't understand. He seemed to be in a fuck daze, his eyes locked on my bouncing tits while his hips snapped relentlessly. His balls slapped against my soaked pussy each time our bodies met.

The smacking sounds of my body colliding with his filled the backyard as we fucked, our animalistic moans enough to make the birds fly out of the trees.

He alternated between sucking and biting my bouncing breasts, one hand still in my hair while the other squeezed every inch of my body possessively.

Every so often, he'd look up into my eyes, his hands caressing my most sensitive areas.

His balls tightened underneath me, and he bit down hard on my nipple. "Shit," he groaned. "I'm going to come in your soaked pussy, baby. When your sexy body is all dripping wet like this. You're riding daddy's cock like such a good girl. Daddy's good little slut."

I leaned my head back, the pressure in my core building. "You like it when I ride your cock, don't you daddy?"

"Fuck. FUCK!" he roared, fingernails digging deep in my skin as he came, jerking inside my tight body. He held me firmly against him, rocking his hips and moaning while his cum spilled deep in my womb.

The look of pure ecstasy on his face set me off, and my pussy pulsed with my own intense orgasm.

My eyes fluttered closed while I ground against him, riding out every last bit of pleasure.

He watched me the whole time, his hands wandering to twist my nipples, squeeze my ass, and caress the goosebumps on my skin.

When I stopped moving, he didn't wait for me to catch my breath. He sat up and kissed me, once, twice, and a third time. His lips moved from my mouth down to my neck, then across my shoulders, before dipping to kiss my breasts.

I couldn't hold back my smile, and I leaned into his touch. "What are you doing to me?"

"I could ask you the same thing." He kissed me again, sucking my bottom lip into his mouth. "Witch."

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:17 am

Mr. Miller and I took another quick dip in the pool to cool off our sweaty bodies, then we got into the shower together.

His hands never left me while I washed. He twisted and tugged at my soapy breasts before moving his needy fingers down the curve of my slippery hips.

Arousal stirred through me as his lips trailed across my damp skin, kissing and caressing every inch he could.

"Mmm..." I tilted my head to give him better access.

His erection pressed against my back, and he rolled his hips, slipping it easily down between my slick legs.

The thick head of his cock pushed inside me as I finished rinsing the conditioner out of my hair, and he gripped my hips, his fingers flexing with tortuous pleasure.

"My son really hit the jackpot with you," Mr. Miller whispered against my ear, holding me firmly in place while he rammed his cock deeper into my pussy.

I put my hands on the shower wall for support, pushing my ass back to meet with each of his thrusts.

His balls slapped against my clit, making my eyes roll back, the water cascading over both of our moaning bodies.

The sound of a door shutting echoed from downstairs, and I groaned in frustration.

It had to be Jack, and here I was, stuffed full of his dad's cock.

I didn't know how long we'd been fucking, but I couldn't think of anything besides his hard, warm rod sliding in and out of me.

Thankfully, the sound of Jack's footsteps on the stairs snapped Mr. Miller out of his frenzy.

"Shit," he muttered, pulling his cock out. "Don't tell him I'm home."

"Mya?" Jack's voice came from the other side of the door. "Is that you?"

I tried to catch my breath, my hands still splayed out on the shower wall. "Yeah," I called out, biting my lip. What a horrifying case of deja vu. "I'm... I'm just taking a shower."

Jack fell silent for a moment, as if contemplating whether he should ask to join me. Or maybe it registered in his mind that I'd gone swimming without him. "Are you mad at me?" he asked.

I fought the urge to roll my eyes while Mr. Miller let out a soft chuckle, hidden underneath the sound of the running shower. He tucked his dick between my ass cheeks, holding my body to his as he thrust against me.

"No," I responded honestly, trying to push Mr. Miller off, but he didn't let go. "I'll be out in a minute and then we'll talk."

"Okay. Love you."

"Love you, too."

Mr. Miller smacked his dick against my ass, then started jerking off behind me. My

jaw dropped a little as I finished rinsing off my body, his low grunts becoming quicker and more breathless.

"You're such a dirty girl," he whispered, kissing my wet shoulder. "Telling him you love him when you just had his dad's cock stuffed inside you three times."

He reached around to twist my nipple, and then he groaned. Warm, sticky semen spilled onto my ass, making my breath catch in my throat. He smacked his dick on my cheeks a few more times, rubbing in his cum with the head of his cock.

I bit my lip and turned around to face him, letting the shower rinse off his fresh cum. "You're a pervert, you know that?"

"Mhm," he muttered, reaching up to fondle my tits. "I'm so fucking disgusting."

We both finished showering, and he stayed in while I climbed out. I dried off quickly, ignoring his lingering gaze on my damp body. When I walked out of the bathroom, I checked to make sure Jack wasn't upstairs. Once sure, I made my way down to the living room.

Jack's eyes widened when he saw me walk in, still wrapped in my fluffy white towel. He sat up on the couch, looking around the room as if checking for intruders. "What are you doing? Is my dad home?"

I smiled and sauntered over to slide onto his lap. "I don't think so. Maybe he came back while I was in the shower."

Jack bit his lip, his eyes wandering down my towel-clad figure straddled on top of him. His hands slipped underneath my towel and squeezed my thighs possessively, like he couldn't handle the thought of his dad being alone in the house with my naked, wet body.

I moved my hips against him, pulling a gasp from his lips. "I missed you," I whispered in his ear.

He smiled at me, sliding his hands higher up my thighs. "Yeah? I missed you, too. I'm sorry I didn't get to see you in your bikini."

A smirk crept onto my face as his hands groped the same ass his dad had just came all over. "It's okay. We'll get another chance, and you're here now..."

His thumbs rubbed circles on my ass cheeks as I leaned down to kiss him.

His lips were hesitant, but that'd been normal for him lately, so I didn't stop.

If anything, I grinded my hips harder on his stiffening cock.

Not just because I was worked up and horny, but I also needed to keep him distracted from any noises coming from upstairs.

After a moment, he pulled away. "We can't do this here," he said, his eyes darting around again. "My dad could be back soon, if he isn't already."

"So? He can watch." I smiled playfully, bowing my head to kiss him again, but he turned away.

"I'm serious, Mya," Jack insisted, all flirtation gone from his voice. "I'm not going to have sex on my dad's couch."

Why? Your dad fucked me here, why can't you? I wanted to ask, but I knew better. Instead, I just bit my lip and stared at him. "I'm on your lap in nothing but a towel, and you're telling me no?"

He didn't meet my eyes. "I'm telling you not here."

"So if I asked you to go in the room with me, would you come, or would you just tell me you're tired?"

Jack didn't say anything, but his silence gave me my answer. I let out a frustrated sigh and climbed off his lap, feeling embarrassed and rejected. I half expected him to apologize and pull me back, but he didn't. He grabbed the remote and clicked on the TV, directing his attention to the screen.

I turned away from him and went upstairs, heading to our bedroom by myself.

The bathroom door stood slightly open, signaling that Mr. Miller had already snuck out and into his room.

My heart skipped a beat at the thought of him hearing what just happened between me and Jack, but I was almost certain he wouldn't have risked being seen by eavesdropping.

I closed my bedroom door and locked it behind me, in case Jack decided to change his mind last minute.

Then I dropped my towel and walked over to my dresser, pulling out a pair of shorts and a tank top to sleep in.

A floorboard creaked behind me, but before I could turn to look over my shoulder, a hand went over my mouth.

"Mmph!"

"Shhh," Mr. Miller said in my ear. "Or Jack will hear you."

My eyes widened as he pressed his body against my bare back, his hand sliding from my mouth to my breast. He brought his other hand up, fondling both of my tits with

his dexterous fingers. My senses left me for a moment, my head falling back while moans fell from my lips.

"Is this what you like, baby?" he whispered, twisting my nipples roughly. "Getting touched and played with all day?"

I struggled to find my voice. "Mr. Miller... Jack..."

He chuckled darkly, seeming to understand what I was trying to say. "'He can watch'."

My heart skipped a beat when he quoted my earlier words to Jack, confirming he'd heard our conversation. Heat spread across my face, and his hands pinched my nipples, making me gasp.

"You'd think I wouldn't have to constantly remind you of how fucking territorial I am," he growled, biting up my shoulder and to my neck.

"He's my boyfriend," I managed to say between heavy breaths, purposefully not using the word fiancée. For some reason, boyfriend felt dirtier on my tongue, more playfully naughty and mischievous. His hands tightened painfully around my breasts as I said it.

"Do I need to remind you who treats this pussy right?" He planted a gentle kiss on my shoulder, his arms encircling my waist.

Without warning, he lifted my naked body up and carried me over to my bed, tossing me down like I weighed nothing. My tits bounced as I made contact with the mattress, and his cock hardened even more, creating a noticeable bulge underneath his gray sweatpants.

"Jack's downstairs," I warned him, but my voice didn't have any urgency behind it.

"I don't care," Mr. Miller said, not taking his eyes off my body. "Spread your legs."

I didn't immediately obey, still nervous about the possibility of Jack coming upstairs.

But Mr. Miller was a rabid animal. He dropped to his knees and forced my legs apart, exposing my glistening pussy.

Groaning, he pressed his thumb to my clit, rubbing small, delicious circles.

Electricity jolted through me, my eyes widening while my mouth fell open in breathless moans.

"Fuhhh..." I barely managed to gasp out.

Mr. Miller brought his free hand up to trace a finger over my lips, his rough skin like sandpaper. "Clearly my dirty little slut needs a lot of attention to stay satisfied. It's no wonder Jack can't keep up."

He dove right in, slurping and licking my wet pussy like it was the tastiest ice cream cone in the world. My eyes rolled back, and his hand covered my mouth as the moans spilled out of me like sizzling steam. His tongue invaded my fuck hole, darting in and out between my pulsing walls.

"So wet and sweet," he murmured, his breath sending cool tingles across my warm core. A shiver ran through my body, barely leaving before he forced his tongue inside me again.

"Yes, Daddy. Yes..." I whimpered underneath his hand, tempting him to tongue-fuck me even harder. My legs shook, my hips snapping forward to pull his tongue inside me as much as possible. His thumb moved faster over my swollen clit, raking my body with waves of honeyed pleasure.

"God, I wish Jack could see me eating your pussy right now," Mr. Miller whispered, lapping his tongue over my folds like a dog drinking water. The wet, slurping sounds pushed me to the edge, and when he pulled my clit into his mouth, the orgasm was instantaneous.

My back arched, and my mouth fell open in a muffled moan.

One of his fingers slipped between my lips, and I caught it with my tongue, sucking it like it was his cock.

He let out a deep moan, my sticky cum spilling all over his face, lips, and into his eager mouth.

The excitement from doing this with Jack downstairs left dull tingles in my stomach, and I found myself fantasizing about him watching us, too.

It only made my orgasm all the more sweeter.

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