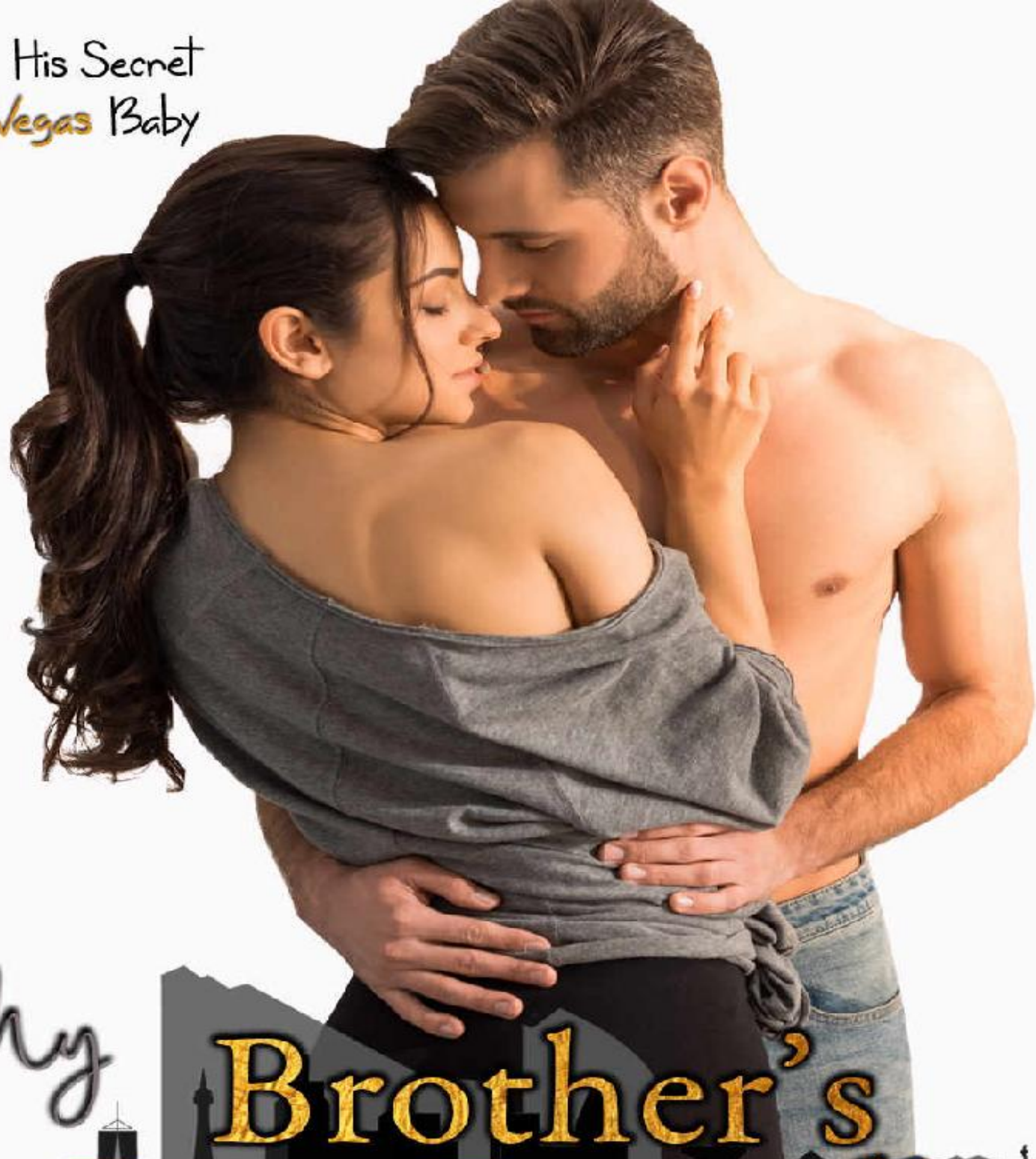


His Secret  
Vegas Baby



My  
**Brother's  
Best Friend's**

Secret Baby  
JAMIE KNIGHT

***My Brother's Best Friend's Secret Baby***

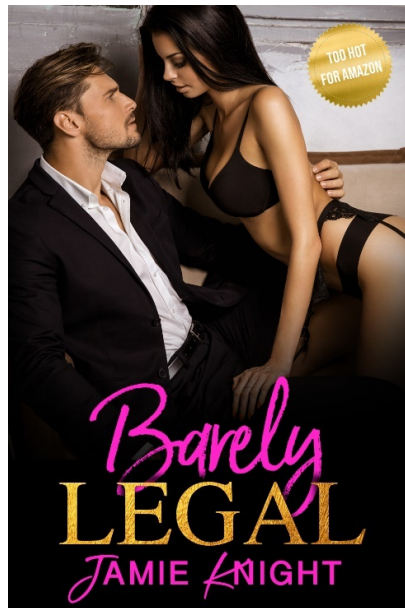
This is Book 8 in the [\*His Secret Baby\*](#) series,  
which are based on theme and can be read alone  
but are fun to binge-read altogether!

Copyright © 2020 Jamie Knight Romance

[Jamie Knight](#) –  
[Your Dirty Little Secret Romance Author](#)  
All rights reserved.



[Sign up for my newsletter](#) and  
get a free [book!](#)



[Click here to get me!](#)

# Table of Contents

## [Chapter One](#)

[Aden](#)

## [Chapter Two](#)

[Camilla](#)

## [Chapter Three](#)

[Aden](#)

## [Chapter Four](#)

[Camilla](#)

## [Chapter Five](#)

[Aden](#)

## [Chapter Six](#)

[Camilla](#)

## [Chapter Seven](#)

[Aden](#)

## [Chapter Eight](#)

[Camilla](#)

## [Chapter Nine](#)

[Aden](#)

## [Chapter Ten](#)

[Camilla](#)

## [Chapter Eleven](#)

[Aden](#)

## [Chapter Twelve](#)

[Camilla](#)

## [Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Aden](#)

## [Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Camilla](#)

## [Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Aden](#)

## [Chapter Sixteen](#)

[Camilla](#)

Epilogue

Camilla

Sneak Peek of My Father's Best Friend's Secret Baby.

# Chapter One

## *Aden*

I wasn't going back to sleep even if it was dark outside. If nothing else, my posture made it impossible. Back straight up in the lotus position —also known as “criss-cross apple sauce”— and calming music playing on my earbuds, I struggled to find my center and prepare my brain for the busy day. My breath was slow and measured, managing the blood flow, getting the best result. It was earlier than I was used to, but the meeting at the office was mandatory, and punctuality was something drilled into me during my time in the army.

Sure Thing Graphics wasn't a big place. In fact, I could count the number of employees on one hand. But regardless of our size, our location in Las Vegas and our specialty of creating flashy graphics for casinos had brought in the money. Enough for the owner to retire early and buy a boat he intended to use to sail the world. I couldn't really complain, my position as a premier digital artist had left me with a fat bank account and a job I loved to do.

Done with my morning routine, I got dressed and headed down to the car, squinting at the rising desert sun. Heading into work this early was not my cup of tea, but I had to do what was required of me. According to Beau, who just sold the place, the meeting was with the new owner, and it would be a good change for all of us. I had no reason to doubt him, Beau had always been like a father to my friends and me, but I had a nagging feeling in the back of my mind. My coworkers and I had been planning to buy the advertising firm ourselves. I was sure Lucky, Cooper, and Chris felt the same way. Pushing past it, I started up my new Beamer and did my best to approach the day with a sense of cautious optimism.

Up until that point, the office had maintained a fairly liberal dress-code basically requiring that one be wearing them. It was considerate, considering that suits were miserable in the hot Las Vegas weather. The leniency was something of which I took full advantage, tending towards jeans and some pretty interesting tee shirts, which only seemed fitting for a graphic design business.

It might have been a bad look for going in to meet the new boss, but I strolled through the air-conditioned corridors of the office that had

employed me for the past two years in dark denim jeans and a “Question Sleep” T-shirt. It was a reference to one of my favorite cartoons and a possibly misguided attempt to show my dedication to our freshly minted overlord.

“Question sleep,” Cooper Jones said as I lowered my frame into the seat next to him at the glass conference room table.

Coop had been my best friend since high school when we bonded over a shared love of art and heavy metal music. That friendship had gotten me through my time in the army, and when I got out, Coop had petitioned Beau to give me a chance here. At the time, I was struggling with finding myself, and a desk at Sure Thing was my anchor in the storm.

“Freakin’ a,” I responded as we fist-bumped in a show our manly solidarity.

“Hey, guys.”

We both looked up to see our almighty art director Chris Stewart taking his place across from us.

“Hi, Chris!” Cooper and I replied in unison.

“Nice shirt,” Chris said with a nod in my direction.

“Thanks,” I crooned again.

To be fair, Chris’s black, silk button up with white pearl buttons was also quite nice, if you like that sort of thing. It looked too “professional” for me.

“My brother gave me this last week, you want?” Chris said, proffering a CD case in my general direction.

The “this” in question was an autographed, pre-release of the long-awaited fourth album by Universal Chaos, the famous metal band Chris’s brother Steve was one of the vocalists for. The exact number of singers tended to change, but it was never less than two. At that moment in time, Steve was one of three, brought in after their second album when they wanted to make the sound even bigger and more flamboyant.

“Yes, please!” I said, swiping it from his grasp so fast even I barely saw my hand move.

“Glad you like it,” Chris said with a genuine grin.

That was the thing about Chris. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him in a bad mood. Which is doubly impressive, considering he didn’t really fit in anywhere, not even into his own family. He loved them to bits, and they seemed to feel the same, but he was kind of the default black sheep.

Everyone else was involved in music in some way, including his mom and dad, who were an opera singer and a composer, respectively. Even his baby sister was a professional cellist. Poor Chris, on the other hand, was utterly tone-deaf. He had excellent managerial skills, though, and Beau had hired him right out of college.

The three of us anxiously stared around the room, waiting for the fourth member of our little group. Jinx was late. Jinx was always late, that wasn't the problem, the problem was the question of why Jinx was late this time. Carl "Jinx" Willcox was the copywriter of our little firm. He had a way with words that no one else did. Unfortunately, he also had a way with money and booze, harmful ways. The son of a casino owner, Jinx was a gamboling addict from a young age—a problem he often dealt with by drinking excessively. Beau had given him too much rope, often forgiving his late morning and dark glasses, but I worried that the new guy wouldn't be so lenient.

As the second hand on the wall clock ticked away, I started to reach for my phone, determined to rouse Jinx from whatever stupor he was in. Coop grabbed my hand, holding me off as the door opened, and Jinx walked in with coffees for us all. He was bright-eyed and dressed in a decent matter.

The three of us at the table took a deep breath.

When the four of us were all present and accounted for, Ryan White, our new lord and master, arose from his chair to introduce himself. I would have felt a bit better if I wasn't four years older than the 29-year-old punk, who gave off a stern professional vibe. That was leaving aside the fact that he seemed to be trying too hard. As given away but his over-priced three-piece suit and obviously salon styled hair. Both of which put me in mind of Patrick Bateman and not in a good way.

"I know what your thinking," White said, putting his hands on the glass table and leaning forward dramatically. He just so happened to look at me, "who is this punk in the fancy suit with the boring name coming into our turf. Believe me, I understand. I seem to strike a lot of people as a cowboy with more money than sense."

I was about to speak up in my own defense, but he wasn't talking just to me. Besides, there really wasn't anything I could say. There was a good chance that I had misjudged the kid, and I knew it.



“The fact is, I love art. I’ve never been very good at it, but it wasn’t for lack of trying. Just ask my wife. I figured if I couldn’t create art, I could help those who can. Graphic design seemed the perfect combination of art and business. And don’t worry, I’m not planning to be some kind of micromanager. I’ll just be here for a couple months while things change, and at that point, I’ll appoint a manager from one of you four. Then it is back to Austin, and I’ll leave you to it.”

I sat back a bit, thinking of his speech. While being the manager could be cool, I wasn’t sure I would want that kind of responsibility. It would take away too much from the creative side, which is what I got into this for. Not that I assumed that the manager would be me. I didn’t have nearly that big of an ego. Though it seemed likely I would be considered, and even that was too much of a risk.

I was just about to say this, though in fewer words, when White stood up tall and spoke again. “I have also hired a couple of new people for admin duties.”

Two women in their late twenties entered the conference room to stand by White’s sides. I nearly cursed out loud. Next to our new boss, dressed in her business best and showing off her delicious curves, was Camilla Jones. Cooper’s little sister and a long-time unrequited love.

We were only four years apart in age, Camilla and I, but Cooper could be super protective of her. And not for nothing. He was stuck in the father role when their dad walked out. Coop was ten, and Camilla was six. But, being fatherless changed their whole lives.

Plus, I did have a bit of a reputation as a man-whore in my younger days. Something Cooper had never forgotten and continuously teased me about, despite the fact I had long ago reformed. My years in the military kicked it out of me pretty fast.

I had tried to avoid Camilla, despite how much that hurt. Cooper’s disappointment seemed like it would be much worse. And I didn’t want to unleash his legendary temper. All the times we came to blows in the past, there was never a clear winner.

Now that Camilla and I were in the same, relatively small office, we were going to be a lot closer. Physically, if not emotionally, and it was going to be hard for me to keep my interest, and my hands, to myself.

I closed my eyes and tried to get into a better headspace. Camilla and I as an item was just not possible, no matter how good she looked in

that dress.

## Chapter Two

### *Camilla*

It wasn't really nepotism. Not in the proper sense. Cooper had helped me get the job at Sure Thing Graphics, but really only by recommending me for it. For some reason, Mr. White had listened to him. Probably because Cooper had been with the design firm for so long.

Not that I was complaining. It was the closest thing to a stable job I'd had for a while. I'd spent the past few years drifting a bit, bouncing around between two or three part-time jobs. Most of them dangerous or humiliating.

My degree in philosophy was not opening a lot of doors. Not that Mill wasn't fascinating, or that Camus didn't have some really good and useful things to say about how the world actually worked, but there was nothing about how to cope with having to live in it.

I won't lie, it was nice to only need to have one job in a fancy, safe office. I could have done without the uncomfortable office clothes — not that I would have rather gone naked — but it turned out that had been an assumption on my part. Most of the people in the conference room were dressed in a casual manner, including the old owner Beau Davis. I made a mental note to wear jeans the next day. I wanted to fit in.

Trying not to fidget, I stood before my brother and the Sure Thing crew. Looking professional was the only way they were going to take me seriously, but it was hard. My eyes kept wandering to the white letters on Aden's black T-shirt. The fabric was tight, pulled over his very, very defined pecs. If I stared hard, I could see the indentation of his nipples.

Unbidden, my eyes drifted lower. My brother's best friend was sitting back from the table, one foot on the knee of the other leg. The position he was in let me see the way the cotton T clung to his rounded six-pack abs down to the bump that signaled the button on his dark jeans. Lower, if I turned my head a bit, I could almost catch a satisfying glimpse of the large bulge that rested between his long legs. The former soldier's body had always driven me crazy. It was the stuff of fantasy—a fantasy I was determined to touch even though I was a virgin.

I knew Aden was some kind of hotshot at the company, and I could understand why. I had seen some of his artwork. It was stunning and

unique. Very much him. Now I had a chance to really show him my great appreciation. He was kind of a captive audience considering that we would be working closely together several hours a day. An idea that I loved.

I stood in silence, waiting for Mr. White to finish, all the seats in the room already taken. Marla and I were flanking Ryan like his hot bodyguards. To be fair, I couldn't be sure if he had intentionally planned it that way. He was clever but not evil.

Ryan gave his blessing, and all the assembled congregation went about their work.

The office was a pretty open concept, the movable walls of the cubicles the only thing resembling structures. It just so happened that my new desk was across from Aden's cubicle, giving me a clear view through the door. I could hardly believe my luck, life rarely being so perfect.

Seizing the first opportunity I had, I strolled around the office, making it look to all the world like I was hard at work — a skill I had learned while still at college. Making up the best cup of coffee in my life, I wafted over to Aden's cubicle, trying my hardest to look casual.

"Hey," I said, doing my best to sound sexy and breathless.

"Hi," he said curtly, not looking up from his drafting table.

"I thought you might like some coffee."

"Thanks, putting it on the desk," he said, eyes glued to the image appearing on the screen in front of him.

I put the cup on the glass and metal desk, close enough to be reached but not close enough to pose a hazard to Aden's equipment. Making sure to press my breasts up against his shoulder as I did so, I pretended to look at what he was working on. Peeking down at his lap, I could actually see him getting hard. For all his attempted disinterest, I knew Aden was into me.

Unable to contain myself, I slid my hand seductively onto his thigh and softly squeezed his hard cock, which was straining against its denim prison for release and relief.

"Don't," he said, grabbing my wrist, though not hard.

Aden sounded firm and even a bit angry, but I could see lust in his bright eyes. He was hungry. Hankering for a piece of me, which I would be more than happy to give him if he would only give me a chance.

"I'm going to seduce you, struggle how you may," I whispered into his ear.

He pulled back, looking shocked.

I sashayed slowly away to go and speak to Jinx in the next cubicle. Making sure to give Aden a good view of my sweet ass, which looked even better in the snug dress I was wearing.

I could almost hear him drooling.

Aden wasn't the only one responding in a physical way. My tight pussy was wet since I touched him. My mind continued to go back to the warm, stiff feeling of his cock under my palm. I had never felt one before. All I wanted to do was get my hands, and other body parts, on it again.

I watched the clock waiting for my break, nearly running to the bathroom when the appointed time arrived.

One of the more forward-thinking companies, the designers of the Sure Thing building decided to make all of the bathrooms single occupancy. Doubling the number on every floor from four to eight. Allowing anyone to use the bathroom in privacy and safety.

It also allowed me to strip completely naked from the waist down to relieve the pressure on my pussy. I touched it lightly to see what was going on. Still wet and sensitive, my clit at full attention, I was going to have to be gentle if I was going to do what clearly needed to be done.

It wasn't that hard to imagine. I had seen Aden naked before — accidentally, of course... At least the first couple of times. The image of his large, thick cock was burned into my mind. All I had to do was close my eyes, and I could see it as clearly as if it was right in front of me.

As I massaged the outside of my pussy lips, I imagined turning him around in his damn office chair and making him face me. Sinking down onto my knees, the carpet a bit rough on my bare legs, I would stroke Aden's hard-on through his pants, making him moan with pleasure. Then, right there in the office, I would have undone his pants and liberated his thick cock and balls.

Focusing my attention first on the latter, I would suck and swirl my tongue around one at a time. Each of his balls being a literal mouthful. All the while rubbing the shaft to keep up the sensation.

Slipping two fingers into my tender pussy, I imagined sliding my mouth down the length of his sweet, throbbing cock, getting it almost all the way down before having to stop. Pulling back just a bit, his cock still deep in my mouth, I sucked him hard, taking care to swirl my tongue around the salty head. Each of my movements making my brother's best friend moan with pleasure.

Keeping a tight hold of the base of his dick, I slipped off my panties with my free hand and climbed up on top of him. Easing myself down on to his cock, I got almost all the way to his muscular thighs, ensuring that my innocence was his. My pussy gripped onto his shaft, not wanting to let go.

Pounding both fingers inside me, I imagined wrapping my arms around Aden's strong neck. I would look into his bright green eyes as I rode him until we both came, and he had fully taken me, filling me with his seed.

It was not too long before I came in real life, leaned up against the bathroom wall, biting my lip to keep from screaming in pleasure.

Back at my desk, I kept watching Aden throughout the day. After making several coffee runs to his cubicle, he seemed to have forgiven me for my indiscretion. The real breakthrough came at lunch, though.

Ryan sent me to the local deli to get lunch for them all. I went around the office, asking everyone what they wanted. All but two. I already knew both Cooper and Aden so well I didn't even have to ask anymore.

Cooper was unimpressed but said thanks anyway when I handed him the bag with his club sandwich. Aden, on the other hand, seemed properly stunned when I turned up at his cubicle with a bag containing a Philly cheesesteak sandwich and fries. I was sure he was about to ask how I knew, but I just winked and sashayed away, letting the mystery hang. I wasn't worried. He had years to work on his freeze-out skills. Denying the feelings we both knew were there, that would just take some time for me to melt away.

## Chapter Three

### *Aden*

Discipline was really quite a wonderful thing. Mine was hard-won and not generally pleasant to apply but always useful. My particular disposition came from being in the army. It was as much a surprise to my family as anyone else when I joined up. It was a few years after 9/11, and I was young and a bit too gung-ho, though that wasn't all of it, or even most of it if I was honest with myself.

Aside from all the fireworks and the patriotism, the real truth was that my girlfriend at the time enlisted, so I did too because I wanted to be with her. The more romantic part of my psyche was thrilled by the idea of us together fighting the enemy, hand in hand like two action heroes.

As the fates would have it, after basic, we were stationed at different bases, and she dropped me like a sauna rock. Apparently, our love hadn't been as immortal as she had implied in the poem she had dropped in my locker. No, I didn't learn anything from *Starship Troopers*.

I got over it pretty fast though, focusing all my attention on the task at hand, which primarily concerned following orders, which I turned out to be pretty damn good at. I made it through nearly ten years before going through a nasty bout of burn out that made me have to leave and find something new to do with my life.

I had always been pretty good at drawing and was able to use the military scholarship plan to take a degree in digital design. So, a career in graphic design seemed pretty obvious when it came time to look for a job for the first time in my life at the age of twenty-nine.

I was surprised how my meticulous military discipline came in handy in my new career. The detailed focus required for graphic design was higher than most people realized. Particularly if you did hand-drawn drafts before turning the image digital like I did. I was old-fashioned that way.

But my focus had been truly rocked by my best friend's little sister's hand on my dick. It shocked me when I was confronted with the shameless flirting on the part of Camilla. She was so forward. I really didn't know what had gotten into her, except for maybe that she never got over the crush that she used to have on me. Not that I was one to judge, as I felt very much the same about her.

I eased into my assigned spot at my apartment building. One of the newer, half condo complexes, with open floor plans and balconies, which was a nice plus. Emerging from the deep dark dungeon of the parking garage, I noticed a U-Haul truck parked near the main doors of the building. Shaking it off, I headed to my unit, seeing a rather obvious pile of boxes near an open door down the hall. Whoever it was seemed to be doing it all by themselves, so I decided to see if I could help.

Imagine my shock when I discovered my new neighbor was Camilla. It was genuinely odd how things worked out sometimes.

“What the hell are you doing?” I asked, leaning into the door frame.

“What do you mean?” Camilla asked in all innocence.

She turned around, holding a cardboard box in her arms. It was clearly marked panties. The very idea of what was inside made my dick twitch, which I tried to ignore, and keep up my annoyance.

“You moved into my building.”

She giggled. “Still legal last I checked,” she said with a shrug and a wink.

“Don’t be a smart ass. You did it on purpose.”

I ran my fingers through my hair, suddenly feeling hot. It was like the apartment building had turned on the heater in the hallways out of season. Not that we ever really needed it.

Camilla looked a bit flushed too, probably from moving. There was a little bit of glisten up by her forehead. She set down the box, allowing me to see the way her tight t-shirt clung to the shape of her breasts.

*Oh God, is she not wearing a bra?*

I suddenly felt like I couldn’t breathe.

“Don’t be silly.” She flipped her long, deep brown ponytail over her shoulder. “I had no idea you lived here. Are you feeling okay?”

“Don’t try and bullshit me.” I found myself stuttering and whipping my forehead. “I’ve known you far too long. You knew that I lived here and moved in on purpose. I don’t even know how you can afford a place here.”

Camilla shifted her weight to one side, bring my attention to the short shorts she was wearing. Her long, perfectly shaped legs looked lickable.

“Ryan is very generous.”

I didn’t know that, but it didn’t surprise me too much. He basically had his net worth stitched into the front of his bespoke Italian suit.

I sighed. “Why aren’t you living with Cooper?”



“I have a steady job now and need my independence. I can’t have Cooper bursting in with a bucket of ice water whenever I bring anyone home. I’m a grown-up now, in case you hadn’t noticed.”

She flipped around and strolled towards the kitchen, giving me a clear view of her heart-shaped behind. It was barely contained in the jeans material of her shorts. Little hints of butt cheek kept flashing at me as she walked — perfectly round, squeezable butt cheek.

“Oh, I noticed,” I snapped, feeling flustered. “Though, just a tip, ‘grown-ups’ tend to use the term ‘adult.’”

As though on cue, Cooper came up with another load of boxes to add to the existing pile.

“Hey, man,” Coop said, putting down the boxes.

“Hey,” I practically gasped. My best friend’s prescience should have been a bucket of ice water on my burning body, but it wasn’t. Camilla had me too wound up. I needed to calm down fast.

“Glad you are here.” He nodded towards the door. “Help me out with the rest of this?” Cooper asked.

“Sure.” How could I refuse?

I followed him back down to the garage, taking deep breaths every step of the way. We started to haul up Camilla’s bed, which I did my best not to think about. Apparently, Cooper was thinking along similar lines.

“I have a favor to ask.” He eyed me as we waited, cramped into the elevator with the mattress.

“Okay,” I said, not wanting to turn him down before I knew what it was.

“Would you keep an eye on Camilla for me? I mean, your neighbors now so it should be pretty simple. Just make sure she doesn’t get into any trouble or attract the wrong guy.”

A pretty tall order considering that, according to him, every guy was the wrong guy when it came to Camilla.

“Sure,” I said, unable to find a polite way to say no.

He slapped me on the shoulder. “Thanks, man. You’re basically a big brother to her, too. I mean, you’ve been around since she was a kid.”

“I guess,” I said, feeling pale.

I honestly didn’t like thinking about that. Yeah, I’d known Camilla for over two decades, but she had grown up since then, at least physically, and I

didn't feel brotherly toward her at all. My feelings were of a much different sort.

The unloading of the moving truck went pretty fast. Which wasn't too surprising considering the burden was now being shared. Two were usually better than one. Especially when one of those involved was a trained physical specimen who's body was a lethal weapon. Cooper was in pretty good shape, too.

"My heroes," Camilla said, putting on her best damsel voice and clasping her hands together.

"All in a day's work, ma'am," I said, channeling Golden Age Superman.

"I'll order a pizza," Camilla said, dialing her phone as she headed for her bedroom.

I wanted to leave, but Coop slumped down onto the couch and offered me a beer. Apparently, we were hanging out now. The pizza was ordered, all I had to do was act natural.

Little did I know I was in for another test. Camilla emerged from her bedroom, wearing a crop top and a pair of tight yoga pants that barely came up over her hips, giving me a very generous view of lacy panties. Not to mention some good looks at her sexy belly. Mercifully, the pizza came fast, and I managed to inhale three slices so it wouldn't look rude when I fled in an attempt to escape the sweet, siren call of temptation.

With Camilla this close, I was in a lot of trouble.

## Chapter Four

### *Camilla*

Sunsets are a cultural phenomenon. Painting, photographs, and metaphors abound surrounding the lowering of the sun on the horizon, casting pink across the sky on a good day. However, sunrises, in my humble opinion, didn't get nearly enough respect. It could partly be because most people aren't awake to see them. Or, if they are, it tends to be under less than pleasant circumstances.

I had always been an early riser. I'm not sure why. My internal clock must have been set differently. No matter what else happened, I always woke up to see the sunrise, happy and refreshed. I was one of those mythical "morning people" one hears so much about. As such, I could run almost any model of coffeemaker with my eyes closed.

The machine set, I started on a full breakfast fry up with a fresh fruit accompaniment. Most of it was done before the coffeemaker clicked itself off, leaving a pot of lovely, black happiness. Setting out plates and silverware on a tray like an old-world Duchess, I served up two plates of breakfast and two mugs of Colombian. Everything set just so, I hoisted up the serving tray and headed down the hall.

Knocking loudly on his front door, I waited for Aden to rouse from his slumber. Ten minutes later, he appeared. Even groggy with his green eyes bloodshot and a wicked case of bed head, he still looked dashing. An impression only amplified by the fact that he was only wearing a pair of cargo shorts. It showed off his toned soldier bod, which hadn't softened a bit since he retired.

"Good morning!" I sang, holding the tray up before me.

"The fuck do you want?" he growled, playing all mean again, repressing his true emotions.

He was so cute when he was in denial.

"I brought you breakfast," I said, ducking under Aden's arm into the apartment.

"You don't say," he said, backing away from me and rubbing his big hand over his face.

My eyes fixated on the bright tattoo on his shoulder, the one he got in the army representing his unit. There was another across his hard, defined

left pec, a twisting Celtic knot that he had done right after high school. My eyes wanted to drift lower, but first, I had to continue on with my plan.

“Indeed!” I said brightly, putting the tray down on the dining room table, after pushing papers to the side.

“I don’t have to go to work for a couple of hours,” Aden grumbled, heading back towards the bedroom. “Leave.”

“I’ll join you,” I said.

Quick as you please, he turned on a dime and detoured back to the dining room, mumbling something I never quite got. Slumping into a chair, he crossed his big arms over his chest and looked at me with heavy lids. I put his plate before him, telling that the smell was already bringing around his grumpy mood.

“You really don’t need to do this,” he said, cutting into the French toast.

The first bite seemed to change his mind as he then gobbled down the rest in two minutes flat.

“Like it?” I asked, unable to repress a giggle.

“It’s pretty good,” Aden admitted.

I looked down at my plate and carefully cut my toast. “I’m happy to do it again. Every day if you like. Maybe we could do dinner, too. It only makes sense to share. We are only an apartment away after all and such good friends.”

“Drop it.”

I looked up to see his bright green eyes glaring into me. Every line of Aden’s body was ridged.

“Drop what?” I asked, slowly putting a bite of French toast into my mouth. A little dab of syrup dripped down my chin. I didn’t bother to use my napkin, licking it up by extending my tongue.

“The bullshit. I know what you really want.” Aden pushed back his chair. He was trying to act mad, but his gaze was on my lips.

“I’ve never made a secret of what I want,” I pointed out.

I ate my bowl of strawberries in as sexy a way as I could manage. When they were gone, I reached for a banana, practically giving it head as I ate it, sucking and licking shamelessly to show Aden what I could do.

Aden groaned and rolled his eyes. Not quite the reaction I was going for.

“I have to take a shower,” he said, heading down the hall toward the bathroom.

“Great!” I said, jumping up.

“Alone,” he snapped, not turning around.

I sat back down and started gathering up the dishes, unable to keep from smiling as I heard the bathroom door lock. Apparently, Aden thought I might burst in there and ravage him. I was more than happy to accept the first win in this battle and headed home to do the dishes.

Putting on my sexiest outfit that could still pass as office appropriate, I drove down to the parking garage, leaving my VW Bug in the deepest, darkest corner of the massive, concrete building. It really was an interesting idea when you thought about it. A structure that looked like a building but was basically a stack of parking lots.

Carefully getting out of the driver’s seat so I didn’t accidentally flash the security cameras, I made my way up to the human world and then over to the building. Keeping a sway in my hips the entire time. The short walk still gave me lots of time to practice my sexy sashay.

No sooner did my ass hit my chair than the new guy, Carlos, hired the other day to do storyboards for a new campaign, also visible from my desk, seemed to go into something of a panic.

“What’s up, Carlos?” I asked, inching into his cubicle to see if I could help.

He looked up at me wide-eyed. “I can’t find the tag-sheet,” he gasped. The guy was a little high strung.

“The what?” I asked, keeping my voice down.

“The outline that the copywriters did up listing the most important beats of the new campaign, I had it when I left this morning. Or at least I thought I did.”

He was going through the papers on his desk in such a crazy way I figured he was making them more unorganized than they were before. Not finding anything there, Carlos turned to another stack, almost knocking over his coffee mug into the first pile.

I grabbed it before a drop could spill.

“You don’t have it on your computer?”

Erratically, he shook his head. “I asked for a hard copy so I could mark on it, codes and stuff.”

“Oh.”

“I’m so screwed!”

“Not necessarily,” I said, with a flash of inspiration.

Just then, Cooper walked by, giving both of us the stink-eye, like he had caught us fucking on the desk or something. My big brother was such a buzzkill sometimes. I ignored him.

“How is that?” Carlos asked, looking up at me like I was an angel.

“I get forwarded everything,” I told him, inching towards the door to his cubical.

“Oh, that makes sense,” Carlos said, seeming to relax, and finally, take a deep breath.

“Give me ten minutes.”

I hurried back over to the desk and searched for the message that I was sure I’d seen. Locating it, I quickly printed off a hardcopy, knowing that’s what he preferred and got it over to Carlos, who was so happy he gave me a grateful kiss on the cheek. It was nothing, really. Just a little peck to show his appreciation. Not super appropriate for the office setting, but he had been in distress, so it was understandable — at least to those of a rational mindset.

Sadly, this did not apply to my big brother. Just as Carlos was giving me that innocent kiss of thanks, Coop just so happened by again and cleared his throat quite aggressively. Carlos didn’t seem to notice, or if he did, he didn’t care and returned to his desk to keep working on the storyboards.

“Breakroom,” I snapped, glaring at my brother.

“What?”

“Now!”

“What’s going—”

I grabbed his arm and pulled him with me.

“How old am I?” I asked, slamming the door behind us.

Cooper rolled his eyes. “I don’t see—”

“Just fucking answer me!”

“Twenty-nine. You’re twenty-nine, okay?”

“Yes, it is quite okay. I love being the age that I am. What is not okay is for you to keep treating me like I’m a stupid kid.”

“He was kissing you!” Coop grunted and swung his arms in a broad gesture.

“On the cheek—” I pointed— “because I just got done helping him out of a jam.”

“Oh.” His face fell.

“Fuckin’ right ‘oh’. I’m not interested in Carlos. Even if I was, it wouldn’t be any of your damn business.”

“I’ll never stop protecting you,” he said, being his usual stubborn self, doubling down even when he was wrong.

“Protect me from what? Sex?”

He flinched, uncomfortable with me even saying the word.

“I know you have trouble committing to things. I just wish it extended to your determination to keep me celibate the rest of my life.”

“Virgin. You mean keep you a virgin for the rest of your life.”

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that,” I snapped, storming out of the breakroom. I could have slapped him.

## Chapter Five

### *Aden*

Despite Camilla's clumsily erotic interruption, I still managed to get to work on time. After my shower, I got dressed in what was clean outfit—looking very much like I did the day before in a slightly different black shirt and jeans—and hustled down to the ground floor. Sliding the heavy metal disc into the aged CD player before setting off into morning traffic, I couldn't actually hear Wicks brother among the heavily overlaid vocals. What I could hear sounded really good overall. The new guitarist seemed to ease into the fold quite well.

Head-banging my way all the way down the freeway, I had almost forgotten about the office drama going on with Cooper and Camilla. I really liked Camilla and would have been with her if I could, but whenever I thought about it, I remembered the insanity that my best friend brought to the table. That would just give me a stress headache. There were times I was happy to have been from a fairly regular family.

A graphic display of the siblings' dramatic dynamic happened two hours after I got to my desk. Camilla came storming out of the breakroom in the sort of rage only Cooper was able to cause. She was so angry, in fact, she ran right into me oblivious to anything other than getting away from her life-long antagonist.

I took hold of her to keep her from falling over. Our bodies pressed together in an admittedly pleasant way. I could feel Camilla's warmth through her clothes, such as they were, and her full breasts pressed into my chest. I held onto her a moment longer than was strictly needed to keep her upright.

Our eyes met, and Camilla was definitely giving me a 'fuck me' look. Not that I was much better, undressing her with my eyes. I was unable to resist wondering what she looked like naked at that point.

Before I could meditate on the question any further, Cooper came out of the breakroom as well with all the fires of Hades burning in his eyes. I released his little sister quickly and took a step back. It was a muscle reflex based on years of experience. The truth was, my feelings for his sister would hurt my friend, and I didn't want it to come to that.



Camilla tried to step closer to me, but I stepped back again to keep my distance. From the way that Cooper glanced over at Carlos, I knew it was him my friend was mad at rather than me. I honestly couldn't imagine what the new guy would have done to evoke such wrath but also knew that it wouldn't have had to be much. I had once seen Cooper try to break a guy's nose for spilling beer on him.

He was even worse when it came to Camilla. I would have thought that the first couple of broken noses might be an indication that he was taking the big brother shtick a bit too far, but he remained intractable. I could see how that would be frustrating for Camilla, who was pushing thirty.

"I'm not sure what happened, but she is an adult, dude," I said, keeping my hands in my pockets.

Cooper looked at me like he couldn't quite believe that I spoke and that I spoke against him. I really didn't tend to say much at all unless provoked. For me to speak up like that was surely a rarity.

He raised his eyebrows as he held my gaze. "Does that mean you won't look after her like you promised?"

"What the hell does that mean?" Camilla demanded, stomping her feet until she was between us.

"You have two brothers looking out for you," Coop said, putting his arm around my shoulder.

"Did you agree to this?" Camilla asked, looking hurt.

"Not the brother part," I said, looking over at Cooper.

Camilla looked like she might slap me. I wouldn't blame her, really. It was a pretty shit thing for Cooper to do, and I never should have agreed to it. Instead, she just stormed off, shoving past me on the way, mostly because I let her.

"I don't know why I waste my time with either of you!"

"She'll get over it. It really is for her own good," Cooper said, patting me on the shoulder. "Thanks for having my back, man."

We were released for lunch as per the custom. Camilla still hadn't come back, so we had to fend for ourselves, the office temporarily ceasing operations, which did not seem to make Ryan very happy. Not that I gave much of a damn. It was his fault we were in this situation in the first place.

On the way back with my ritual cheesesteak, I came across the tempting scent of a bakery. I suddenly remembered that Camilla liked

caramel eclairs. I wasn't nearly foolish enough to think it would make up for everything. Camilla had always had deep emotions, a Jones family trait, or so it would seem, and she had been rightfully angry by what Cooper had tried to do. I had agreed to watch out for Camilla, but that was because I loved her. I had never said anything about being her other brother.

I had put the pastry bag on the reception desk, without a word, hoping she would take it with the intended spirit. While I maintained my characteristic silence, our eyes did meet, just for a moment, and I could still see the longing there. She was pissed but still wanted me. I couldn't say that I didn't feel the same way. I looked away before my eyes could betray me.

Camilla's desire seemed to trump her anger and, after giving me the silent treatment, she came into my cubicle at the end of the day. I was surprised but didn't let on. I had gotten very good at suppressing my emotions.

"You're making dinner," she said.

Of course, bat-ears Cooper heard that and came rushing into the cubicle to protect his little sister from such horrid scandal.

"What the fuck does that mean?" Cooper demanded, in his best attempt at a warning voice that always made me want to laugh.

Camilla doesn't answer, apparently still ignoring him. She walked away without even making eye contact.

"We've decided to share meals to make things easier."

"Oh, okay. That's actually a good idea," Cooper said, turning back into his usual self. A transformation that put me in mind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

It was then that I realized how absurd it was to worry about his approval for something so innocent and pure. My best friend had really gotten paranoid, and it wasn't funny anymore. It was getting to be a bit scary and very annoying. Though, I wasn't sure how to change the dynamics of our relationship at that point.

On the way home, I kept thinking, despite the absurdity, I couldn't deny my attraction to Camilla. She had grown up into a beautiful young woman and made no secret about her interest in me. It had become clear that if Cooper hadn't been in the picture, we probably would have fucked already. While there was little that could have been done about the lost years while I was in the military, there was no reason for us to keep apart from each other now that I was back in civilian life.

I couldn't keep her out of my mind. Particularly our accidental embrace. She had felt perfect. Soft and warm. Her tits pressing lightly against me. I could hardly believe how big they had gotten. She had always been a pretty scrawny kid and something of a tomboy until she hit her teens.

Unable to take it anymore, I went into the bedroom and lay down on the bed, unzipping my jeans as I went. I actually let out a sigh of relief as I liberated my cock, which was already quite hard.

Going easy at first, still pretty sensitive, I started to stroke, thinking about Camilla naked. Not long after that, I was imagining touching her. Nothing too heavy. Just light caresses down her bare back and gentle kisses on her supple neck. I imagined sliding my arms around her hips and holding her as I kissed her neck from behind, soon sliding them up to her beautiful tits.

When she was properly aroused, I imaged laying Camilla out on the bed and, working my way up from her feet, up her legs and over her thighs, licking her pussy, long and light. Lapping at her sensuous pink pussy lips, making her moan long and deep. Undeterred, I kept going, marginally adding pressure, licking Camilla until she came.

I gave her a moment to recover, lightly stroking her belly to help calm her. When she was ready, I carefully got on top of her, Camilla opening her legs in welcome. I imagined easing the bulk of my cock into her tight little pussy.

Stroking my cock even faster, I imaged fucking Camilla at a steady, moderate rhythm, pumping her beautiful little pussy until she came all over me. I wasn't far behind. Both in my head and in real life.

There was no way I could deny this anymore.

## Chapter Six

### *Camilla*

I barely got back to the apartment building before Aden. I did my best to be patient, giving him time to get settled after I heard his car pull up, identifiable by Dante Street Massacre blasting from the sound system, and his door opening and closing.

Holding on as long as I could, I went over and knocked on his door, after taking a breath. A breath which caught again as soon as I saw Aden, standing before me wearing only jeans. He had his T-shirt in his hand. Strong, rippling abs and chiseled pecs were all I could see. The sight kept me from even being able to say hello.

“You just caught me changing, come in.”

I admired the view as I walked inside and sat at the kitchen table as my crush went to the bedroom, returning a few minutes later, unfortunately fully dressed in sweats.

“What’s for dinner?” I asked, trying to get my heart rate down.

I honestly wasn’t expecting much. My primary male role model growing up was Cooper, who was so culinarily unskilled he probably couldn’t have burned water.

“Sweet and sour chicken with prawn fried rice, unless you’re allergic, of course,” Aden said.

“No, not at all. Are you going to order from the local place?”

“Oh, no, I’m going to cook it. I just got a new wok I want to try out.”

I watched closely as he made the dish. Astonished by his graceful, meticulous movements. It was almost erotic watching Aden cook. I imagined what it would be like for those hands to touch me with the same kind of exquisite skill.

I was buzzing with desire by the time he finished and served the food up on four dishes — one for the chicken and one for the rice. One for him and one for me. I deliberately brushed Aden’s hand with mine as he set down my plate. If he noticed, he didn’t let on.

The plates were followed by two cups of a thick, bluish-white liquid I had never seen before.

“What is this?”

“A sort of yogurt drink. Pretty big in Turkey. It’s good, try it.”

I tried it having no idea what to expect. It turned out to be one of the tastiest things I had ever drunk and finished off the glass in no time.

“Sorry,” I said, wiping away my thin white mustache with the back of my hand.

“It’s fine. I did the same thing the first time I tried it.”

“More?”

“Sorry, no. It’s hard to make, so I only made the two.”

“Oh.”

“Here, have mine,” he said, putting his own glass over on my side of the table.

“Are you sure?” I asked.

“Of course, it’s not spicy at all.”

“Thanks,” I said, being a lot more careful with my second chance, feeling pretty humbled.

It was the most I’d eaten in a while, at least all at once. I liked to eat several meals over the course of the day, interspersed with exercise, but the food Aden made was so good I couldn’t help myself. It was the yogurt-like drink all over again.

“Do you like it?” Aden asked out of nowhere.

All I could do was nod emphatically, my mouth already quite full of lovely food at that point.

“Mouth full?” he asked with a slight grin.

“Yeah,” I said.

“Good. I was hoping to get your mouth full,” he said casually.

I shivered at the possible double meaning. “Me too,” I said, honestly.

“Wait until you taste dessert,” my crush said with a roguish wink.

My pussy nearly melted. He could have been making small talk to prologue the moment, but there was a good chance that Aden also wanted what I did. Not to knock the lovely food.

It really did impress me what a renaissance man Aden was. A brilliant artist and culinary genius who clearly had a lot going on in his head. That would go a long way in explaining why he was usually so quiet. He was generally thinking.

I wondered what other talents Aden was hiding. Was he also an architect designing buildings in town? Was he a world-class concert pianist doing a few performances a year in concert halls, decked out in a tie and tuxedo? While it seemed the least likely, this last notion got me even more

excited. Aden dressed like James Bond, caressing the keys of a sleek, black grand piano the way I longed for him to touch me.

“Do you like music?” I asked, my voice quivering slightly.

“Oh, sure, my record collection is huge. Well, it was. Most of it is on MP3 now. I still have a few CDs, mostly autographed collector’s editions and even a handful of vinyl. Mostly from the time when they were the main form of recording.”

“You have original pressings?” I asked, nearly choking on a prawn.

“Only a few. Mostly early ‘90s Black Metal. Mayhem, Dark Funeral, that kind of thing. I’m a bit of a purist, I must confess. It just doesn’t sound right in digital transfer. Removes some of the spirit.”

I was oddly touched. Aden’s meticulous attention to detail really did extend to every aspect of his life. Even the music he liked to listen to. I’d never been much of a Metal girl, but that could partly be because Cooper was way into it as a teen, and I had gotten overexposed. Though I had never heard of the bands Aden mentioned, I was starting to get curious.

“Do you play?” I asked as Aden did the dishes.

“Video-games?”

“Music.”

“Oh, yeah, I mean, I dabble on bass.”

I couldn’t tell if he was being falsely modest or genuinely humble. Though the latter seemed more likely. He clearly had talents galore, but I had never heard him boast about them. Given his track record, ‘I dabble’ could very well mean that he used to tour with a band.

“Will you play me something?”

“Sure,” Aden said, turning off the tap and placing the last plate into the dish rack.

I followed him to the far corner of the living room, where he seemed to conjure a solid-body Rickenbacker bass and an amp from behind one of the many bookshelves.

“You hide it?” I blurted.

“Yeah, otherwise, I have to put up with the invariable surprise when people see it. I don’t cook for people often either.”

I couldn’t help but feel honored. I didn’t know if he saw something in me or was just making an exception, but knowing it wasn’t something my crush didn’t do for just anyone made me feel special.

The amp hummed softly as Aden flicked it on and plugged in the bass. I had never really thought much about the bass. Mostly because of the two-chord stylings of most of the bands I knew. Aden set me straight in a hurry, actually playing chords and riffs, making something that sounded like a much deeper guitar. A couple of lines of which put me in mind of Motorhead or even Joy Division. Peter Hook was widely regarded as redefining how the bass was played in a rock context, making it the main melodic instrument. Several Joy Division songs didn't really have much in the way of guitar, if at all. Guitarist Bernard Sumner exclusively played synthesizer on "Love Will Tear Us Apart."

Just as my heart and pussy were beginning to melt, unsure I could be any more attracted to Aden than I was right then, he clicked off the amp, gently replacing the bass to its stand and swooped me up into his arms.

Overjoyed, I thought for a second that he would carry me to the bedroom, but, apparently, he couldn't wait either, laying me out on the neatly cleaned table. It felt hard under me, but I soon got used to it.

Taking me gently the ankles, Aden pushed my legs back and apart, my skirt riding up, revealing the fact that I wasn't wearing panties, leaving my tight little pussy exposed.

"No panties," Aden observed, running his thumb gently along my lower lips.

"Yeah," I confirmed breathlessly.

"Naughty girl."

"Yes."

Before I really knew what was happening, he had me over on my stomach and landed a short, sharp spank on my bare ass. There was a harsh sting he alleviated by gently caressing the affected spot after. The rough, then sweet behavior made me even wetter. I suddenly found that I liked being punished by my brother's best friend.

Aden did this again, making me yelp and then moan, with meticulous attention, blurring the lines between pleasure and pain.

After a few more spanks, he kept massaging one of my reddened cheeks, using his tongue on the other. The wet roughness felt even better on my tender flesh. I let out a long, soft sigh, struggling to remember the last time I had felt so good.

Switching over to the other cheek while massaging the previously licked one, Aden moved ever so slightly inward. Progress which continued

until he was on his knees, his face buried between my thighs, both hands on my hips pulling me back even harder against his tongue.

I grabbed onto the opposite edge of the table to stable myself as Aden buried his face into my pussy. The day I had been waiting for over the last ten or so years was finally coming to pass. Even before I really knew what sex was, I would touch myself, imagining Aden making me feel good.

He licked me to a literally screaming orgasm, tremors rippling through me from my shoulders on down, my knees buckling slightly as all my locked muscles relaxed at once as I hit the crescendo. I collapsed against the cool hardwood of the table, Aden the only thing keeping me upright.

With gentle hands, Aden stripped me naked, exposing my soft flesh to the cool air, my nipples going instantly hard. Something that apparently got Aden's attention, at least going by the way he started fondling me. He sucked gently on each of my nipples, alternating between the two making sure to give each equal attention.

Taking me around the waist, he lifted me back onto the table, laying me back down on my back. He didn't have to spread my legs that time, as I was more than happy to do it for him.

Unzipping his jeans, Aden unleashed his thick dick, which was even longer than I remembered. Using one hand to spread my pussy lips, he eased his cock up against the opening of my pussy.

"Do you want me?" he asked.

"Yes," I cried, wanting desperately for him to finally take my virginity.

My brother's best friend was more than happy to oblige. With a wild look on his handsome face, Aden pushed into me. There was a slight sting as he took my innocence, and then it was overcome by the pleasure of his big cock rubbing on my pussy walls.

Each gentle pull and tug was like heaven, giving me sensations down there that I had never experienced before. My whole body quivered. I wasn't sure that I could take much more, but then he pushed in deeper, hitting my cervix and bringing a different type of pleasure to me.

All I could do was moan and push my hips into his. Aden was completely dominating me, body and soul, pounding his massive cock into my tight pussy. My lower lips held onto his cock as he pumped me, not wanting to let go. It felt so good to have him inside me, stretching me, but the pulling out brought the push back in, which was mind-blowing.



My cervix tingled. My abs tightened, as did my pussy walls that clamped down on Aden's huge cock hard. It was like my body wanted to feel all of him, from the soft ripple of his cockhead to the stiffness of his shaft. Every flex he made, I felt it pressing against my inner walls, and the pleasure it brought me made me want to scream.

There was nothing like sex.

I wanted to do this with Aden every day.

The friction between us built. I was so wet, my thighs were slick. Aden's dick glided in and out of me harder and faster. As he pumped, he grabbed my breasts tightly, running his hands over my nipples. Each touch sent an electric jolt through my body.

The tension in my abs built. My legs clamped around his waist. My toes curled. My head swam.

"Oh. My. God!" I screamed as my orgasm slammed into me hard enough to make my whole body jerk.

Repeatedly my body cramped down, releasing into a haze of tingles that ran from my pussy to my spine and up to my head. Grabbing at the table, I shook over and over, my butt slamming down onto the hardwood.

Aden kept his cock buried in me with a vice-like grip on my hips. He bit his lip, trying not to cum as my pussy quivered around his shaft.

All too soon it was over. I wanted the moment to last much longer, but it didn't.

Turning business-like, Aden eased his cock out of my pussy and brought it around to my mouth. Without a word from either of us, I took his cock halfway into my mouth and sucked him off until he unloaded down my throat. It came as a bit of a shock honestly, not only because of how much there was but that I still managed to get it all down.

It may have been foolish, but I thought Aden might invite me to stay the night. The sex had been pretty spur of the moment, but I'd hoped it might have had an emotional effect.

"I have to go," he said, zipping up, looking away from me.

"W-what?" I asked, honestly not sure I'd heard him right.

I stood and pulled down my skirt.

"I have to go, I have plans. You should go home."

"Plans?"

"I'm meeting a woman for drinks."

“It’s only seven,” I argued. None of this made any sense. How could Aden possibly be meeting anyone else? Especially after just taking my virginity.

“None the less, I have to go.” Aden grabbed his leather coat and opened the apartment door.

I rushed to get my bra and shirt back on, carefully smoothing my skirt back down, fighting hard against the urge to cry. I was still wet from our sex. The taste of him was still in my mouth. He couldn’t kick me out now.

But he did.

## Chapter Seven

### *Aden*

The line between good and bad could be surprisingly blurry. I felt terrible about having misled Camilla, especially after taking her virginity. I was meeting a woman for drinks, but that woman was my cousin, Shae, who had just arrived in town.

However, I had intentionally worded it so that Camilla would misconstrue what I meant. A clear case of using my powers for evil. But evil was usually on a scale, and I was trying to account for the even greater ill of having fucked her in the first place. I really lost it to my desire, which was a clear mistake.

I may not have felt like a brother to her like Cooper insinuated, but I did feel a sort of protection. I had known Camilla since we were both kids, and the guilt of that came on full force. It was best to end anything that might form before it could begin. It would be better in the long run, even if it meant hurting her a bit now. We could be friends, that was all.

The bar I was meeting my cousin at was one of the nicer ones in town. Not exactly a champagne fountain kind of place but several steps above a dive. I didn't want to shake Shae's sensibilities too much. She had been a nurse for several years and had seen it all, but I still tried to make things as easy on her as possible. This was especially true now that she has just gotten done with a nasty divorce.

If there was anything my time in the military taught me, it was just because you can handle a situation, it wasn't healthy to do it too much. It struck me as kind of funny, honestly. The professional and healer and the professional soldier both suffering similar damage.

Shae was already at the bar when I arrived. She must have used GPS. My cousin was easy to spot. The bubble gum pink ponytail she still sported, despite being in her late twenties, practically glowing in the near dark.

"What's new, pussycat?"

"Really?" Shae asked, cocking a perfectly arched eyebrow.

"What's the story, morning glory?"

She laughed. "A bit better. At least your getting into the right generation."

"What are you having?"

“Brown cow.”

“Good choice.”

“Brown cow,” the bartender said, putting the tumbler down in front of Shae.

“Thanks,” Shae said, it being unclear where the gratitude was directed.

“What will you have?” the bartender asked, noticing me.

“Rum and diet coke and put an umbrella in it.”

“Funny,” the bartender said, without a shred of humor. He stalked away, presumably to make my drink.

“Still avoiding sugar?” Shae asked, taking a sip of her chocolaty-looking drink.

“Yep.” I sat on the barstool next to her.

“Good, health-wise, I would mean.”

“So, I’m told.”

“Are you seeing anyone?” Shae asked.

“Sure, lots of people.”

She shook her head. “No, I mean—”

“I know and no. I’m trying the Larkin method.”

“The what?”

“The Larkin method. Named after the Canadian cartoonist Beau Larkin who, in addition to being a genius, was notoriously reclusive and famously celibate. He pretty much disappeared in the early ‘80s.”

“Great role model,” Shae said snarkily. She rolled her eyes.

“You haven’t seen his work. If being a celibate recluse helps you create at that level, sign me up!”

The bartender came back with my drink and slid it over. It didn’t have an umbrella. I was a little disappointed.

“Can’t really argue with that. I saw your most recent ad.”

“You looked me up?”

“You sent your mom a copy for Christmas. She showed it to mine and so on.”

“Oh yeah. What did she think?”

“She was impressed. I’m not sure she quite got all of it, but the animation was excellent.”

“Thanks.”

“Statement of fact,” she said deadpan.

“Of course.”

I still couldn't help being touched; this being the closest thing to praise it was possible to get out of Shae, who had always been the most practical person in my immediate circle. Including my parents.

“Do remember Camilla and Cooper Jones?” I asked.

“Of course.”

“We are working together now.”

“You're own company?” Shae asked, perking up.

“That would be nice, but no. Cooper and I are the main graphic designers, and Camilla was just hired as a receptionist.”

“How's that working out?” Shae asked, clearly remembering what Cooper used to be like.

My cousin had been around a lot when I was younger since my mother and hers were very close.

“Cooper is his usual charming self, but it is working out better than I might have expected.”

“Well, there's an upside.”

“You haven't heard the best part.”

“Oh? Do tell.”

“Camilla now lives down the hall from me in the same apartment building.”

“No shit?”

“Not a spec. Do you want to see her?” I asked, downing a gulp of my drink.

I wasn't acting entirely out of altruism. I certainly wanted to help my little cousin make friends if I could, but it was also partly selfish. I was hoping that Camilla would get so busy with Shae as a new friend that she wouldn't have as much time for me. It might also help her forgive me, as I figured caramel eclairs likely wouldn't do the trick this time. I didn't feel good about it, and I felt even worse when I realized that this is precisely how Cooper would have wanted me to feel if he had known what I had done with Camilla.

When we were finished with our drinks, I drove Shae back to the apartment building. Not that Shae was particularly tipsy. She just didn't know where I lived. The elevator was out of commission when we arrived, so the stairs it was. I was suddenly glad that I only lived on the fourth floor.

Walking up to Camilla's door, I knocked lightly, hoping she wasn't furious still. After a long pause, I started to think that she might not be home, then I heard noises inside. I tried knocking again. When Camilla finally opened the door, she looked like she might have been crying. I hadn't even realized that she was wearing mascara.

"What the fuck do you want?" Camilla demanded, locking me with what I immediately recognized as a death stare.

"I-I would like you to see someone," I managed.

"I have no interest in meeting your sluts," she said, slamming the door so hard it echoed down the hall.

I raised my fist to knock again, but Shae took me gently by the wrist, stopping me. We may have only been cousins, but she could read me like a blog. She frowned at me when I looked at her and shook her head.

"I'm really sorry about that," I said, letting out a big sigh and turning back toward my apartment door.

"It's fine. I've heard worse than that, and she didn't really mean it."

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"That wasn't anger," Shae explained.

"It wasn't?" I asked, pretty sure I knew anger when I saw it.

My cousin rolled her eyes at me like I was an idiot. "No, it was passion, the girl in 4B either really hates you or really loves you to give that kind of reaction. I don't think she hates you, or you wouldn't have tried to reintroduce us."

I was stunned into even more profound silence by the thought that Camilla might really love me. Lust was one thing and something she had made clear with her recent behavior, but love?

Shae was right, of course. When I thought about it, Camilla didn't really look mad, more hurt and defensive. And it wasn't only because she would have reasonably assumed that Shae was my girlfriend or at least a one-night stand. I wondered if Cooper had told her about my man-whore past. If he had, his little sister's reaction made even more sense. I tried to deny it in the moment, but I knew in the back of my head that it was futile.

"Love? You think?" I asked.

"Definitely," Shae said, taking off her coat.

"Beer?" I asked, heading towards the fridge.

"Please, I'm not nearly drunk enough to erase the day I've had."

“Want to talk about it?” I asked, getting a bottle of stout out of the fridge.

“No. I’d rather know what’s going on with Camilla. What the heck did you do to her?”

“Nothing that I know of,” I lied, popping the lid and sliding the bottle over to her as we sat at the dining room table. The same table I had taken Camilla on just hours before.

“Hooey.”

“Okay, you got me.”

“So, spill,” Shae said, before taking a long sip.

“Well, I can’t be sure, but I think Camilla might have had a crush on me since we were kids. I mean actual kids. She was seven, and Cooper and I were eleven when we all met. Even then, she would always try to hang out with me. I didn’t notice her then, of course, and she was still only fourteen when I left for the army, so I really didn’t think much about it. I mean, Cooper told me, but I thought he was kidding.”

“Apparently not,” Shae said.

“Right. Anyway, the new owner of the office brought Camilla in as the new receptionist a couple of days ago. She was insatiable and wouldn’t take no for an answer. That doesn’t make it right. I still shouldn’t have done it but—”

“You fucked her, didn’t you?”

I sighed. Shae had always been pretty blunt. Sometimes she was even too direct, but to be honest, it helped to have a cousin I could talk to about anything.

“Today, right before I came to meet you.”

“So, that’s why she looked like she was crying.”

“Most likely, yeah. I didn’t mean for it to happen. Any of it really.”

“I believe it,” Shae said, much to my surprise.

“You do?”

She nodded. “Of course. I remember what she was like as a kid, too. I also just saw the woman that she grew up into. I can see how it was unintended and also why you gave in to temptation.”

I sat back into my seat. “That’s about it, yeah.”

“Want my advice?”

“Please.”

“You need to decide if you want her or not. If you want her, go for it. Straight up. No bullshit, no excuses, no what-ifs. Including what Cooper might think. He doesn’t own either of you. If you don’t want her, then stop. Make Camilla understand it is never happening and stop torturing her. Make sure it is clear. The last thing she needs right now is mixed signals.”

I smiled at my cousin. “How did you get to be so smart?”

“Genetics and experience,” Shae said casually.

We talked a while longer, and Shae had a few more beers. Actually getting to the point of tipsy.

“You want the couch?” I asked.

“No, thanks. I’ve got a hotel until my apartment is ready. It’s in a casino, so I got an outstanding deal. Good thing, I don’t actually gamble. I might come down to the office tomorrow to see Camilla properly. Especially so, she knows that I’m not your girlfriend.”

“That would be really helpful, thanks.”

“Your welcome.” I gave her a fist bump.

“Though I would suggest bringing Ellis’s signed NFL helmet if you’ve still got it,” I told her, referring to her horrid ex and his main obsession. Shae might need the helmet to protect herself from Camilla’s rage.

My cousin laughed brightly. “I pawned it the day after we got divorced, only got like twenty bucks.”

We were both still laughing as she left for her uber and shut the door.



## Chapter Eight

### *Camilla*

I was still fuming when I woke up the next morning. If I had one overall talent at that time, it was holding a grudge. I liked to chalk it up to my fiery, Irish genes and artistic temperament. Most people just thought I was a bit of a bitch.

My teeth were still gritting as I made breakfast. Just one serving all for me. Just to drive the point home to Aden, that he couldn't jerk me around and get away with it. If he wanted any more of my practically perfect in every way cinnamon French toast, he would just have to lump it.

Filled up with the best of my culinary abilities, I put on the least attractive outfit I could find—hot pink yoga pants with a mint green hoodie and brown crocs. I had no one to impress anymore and figured I might as well be comfortable. It wasn't like Ryan was going to fire me for not following the non-existent dress-code. Besides which, the company apparently had a reputation for being casual. A notion only reinforced by the dedicated ping-pong table and the vintage arcade machines in the break room.

I was at the office first as I always was. The design staff wandering in as close to nine as they could manage, time being a more flexible concept within the company's walls. Ryan didn't seem to care much how the work was done as long as it was finished on schedule. The schedule was part of my job to keep in order. A fact which filled me with a sense of pride and power.

When Aden came in, I completely blanked him, eyes fixed firmly on the comic book Carlos had suggested. It was actually pretty good. I knew it was Aden because I could smell him getting off the elevator. I didn't even know that they made Eddie Bauer's Pure anymore, but he had apparently found enough to bathe in the stuff. It was a crisp, pleasant smell, but I was training myself to hate it.

I knew his whore didn't stay last because I watched through the peephole for her to leave. Not my finest moment but it seemed like a good idea at the time. He must have kicked her out like he had done to me. I figured he'd come in with a spring in his step after getting laid twice in one

night. I never would have said it out loud, but the pink-haired girl was pretty cute.

Though from what I could tell, Aden wasn't smiling as he came in. Not that I cared. It served him right.

"Why didn't you bring over breakfast?" he actually had the nerve to ask.

I just glared at him, resisting the urge to bludgeon him with my stapler until he walked off.

But he didn't just walk away. No sir. He fucking chuckled at me as he did so. I was overtaken with a sudden and childish urge to throw my pen at him. It bounced off his broad back, barely making a sound.

"Sorry, it slipped," I said, picking it up off the floor.

We locked in a hard stare, that is, until the sound of Cooper's voice, coming out of his office while talking to a client, made us separate and return to our corners.

"You're playing with fire, sweetie."

"I'm not playing at all anymore. The rules keep changing," I quipped, returning to my desk, feeling like Dorothy Parker.

The hours ticked by without further incident. My point was apparently well and truly made. At least to Aden.

It was just after lunch when the pink-haired girl came in like nothing had happened.

"Your lover is with a client," I said, tone dripping with cold bitterness. She dared to smile at me. I tried to return it with my own face smile.

"Oh, I'm here to see you, not my cousin."

"Cousin?" I felt my eyebrows shoot up.

"First cousin last I checked," she said, leaning on my desk, getting right into my face.

That was when I recognized her. "Shae?"

"Yep."

"What happened?"

"Fourteen years of growing up and a stellar dye job."

I felt sick as the tsunami of humiliation crashed over me. I had been such a fucking brat and for no good reason. I felt my cheeks turn bright red.

"So, how have you been?" Shae propped herself onto the edge of my desk. "What have you been up to?"

I couldn't respond at first. The crushing weight of embarrassment rendering me momentarily mute. Eventually, I managed to gather up my maturity enough to answer.

"This mostly. Not here, I mean but part-time work. Not a lot of call for philosophy experts."

"Sounds thrilling."

I chuckled. "It can be, though most jobs aren't quite as lively as this place. Did you know they have a ping-pong table?"

"No way."

"Way."

"No wonder Aden likes it here so much. I wasn't sure how he'd adjust after the army, but he seems to be getting on fine."

"Yeah," I said, trying furiously not to blush. Shae was kind enough to pretend that she didn't notice. I started to wonder how much she knew about what was going on.

"Know any good clubs around here?"

"Um yeah, there's a casino with a pretty good venue," I replied.

"My ears are burning," Chris said, coming over to the desk with Coop at his side.

"Lighting your Q-tips again?" Cooper asked, sighing in mock disappointment.

"What was that about Q-tips?" Aden asked, emerging from his office with a client.

"We're going on a staff trip to the casino," Chris said. "To get our dance on!" He shook his hips a little and swung his arms. The art director couldn't really dance, but he was so goofy that no one cared.

"Cool."

"I might come along too if my wife's morning sickness gets under control," Ryan said, appearing from the aether.

"Can I come too?" Carlos asked, leaning out of his cubical.

"Sure, why not?" Shae said, unable to keep from smiling at all the attention her idea was getting. "Let's make it a party."

\*\*\*\*

When the clock struck the appointed time, I hauled ass back to my apartment, trying my best to avoid Aden. I stripped off the intentionally

repellant outfit and stood in front of my open closet in my underwear, trying to decide what to wear to the club.

I tried to convince myself that I wasn't going to dress up for Aden. I would dress for me and no one else. The only problem was that I really felt that I was back in the game since I realized that the cute, pink-haired girl I assumed he was fucking was his cousin, who neither of us had seen in years.

I got into my sexiest dress and heels combo and really just hoped Aden could forgive me for being so awful.

I must have taken longer than I thought to get ready, everyone else was already at the club before I arrived. I thought I'd heard Shae arrive at Aden's apartment, which really only made sense because he had a car and knew where the casino was. I got the feeling from Shae that she hadn't been back in town for too long.

The parking was hell on the Vegas strip, but I still found a spot on the third time around. The extra trips gave me time to think about what I would do when I got inside. Strangely, I was happy we were there in a group. Just Shae and I would have been cool, but if Aden was going to be there, it would be nice to have an out if need be.

I needn't have worried too much about ignoring Aden. He was doing an excellent job of avoiding me. I really didn't know anyone aside from him, Cooper and Shae. I didn't need Cooper's shit, so I tried to focus on Shae, who turned out to be something of a hit among the single boys, particularly Chris.

The more I drank, going past where I usually would, the more my immaturity reared its head. Before long, I was hammered and dancing with random guys. It was honestly an ego boost to know that some guys were still interested even if Aden was ignoring me. Love the one you're with, in the immortal words of Stephen Stills.

It didn't last. Cooper pulled his usual bullshit, getting a punch in the nose for his trouble.

"Serves you right," I said, leaving him to drip blood onto the dance floor.

It was a bit harsh, I admit, but if he hadn't stuck his nose in this, the whole issue with Aden and Shae never would have happened.

I started to feel sick when I got back to the dance floor. Without a word, Shae steered me back toward the table.



## Chapter Nine

### *Aden*

Camilla looked awful. Sickly and garish. Like a college freshman who had taken frosh week too far. Cooper was pissed and also too drunk to drive. Camilla certainly couldn't. Truth be told, I was the only one who hadn't been drinking at all.

"I'll take her home," I said to Cooper when he made it back to the table, holding a napkin to his nose.

"You'll what?"

"I'm the only one who hasn't been drinking, and I live next door."

"Good idea, thanks."

Getting my jacket, I picked Camilla up in a fireman's carry and hauled her toward the doors of the casino, getting nary a glance from the on-site security.

"Put me down! I can walk!" she protested, her dress riding up on her ass.

"Not steadily," I said, slapping my hand down on her ass to hold her dress down as I carried her to her car.

Setting her down into the back seat, I got the keys from her purse and started it up. The owners knew me and my car, and it would still be there in the morning.

"This is bullshit! You hurt me, and Cooper spoiled my fun. Again."

I turned in the driver's seat like I was doing a shoulder check, making damn sure she could see my face and the deeply displeased expression writ upon it.

"Be quiet," I growled.

Camilla's scared expression hurt me slightly. I never believed in ruling by fear. She just made me so angry, acting like such a brat. Especially when I knew she was capable of so much more. It was a bit cliché, but sometimes Camilla really was her own worst enemy.

I made the mistake of glancing at her in the rearview mirror. Her mascara was cascading down her alabaster cheeks like black raindrops down a window. Add on her black lipstick and the overall effect, putting me in mind of corpse paint.

When we got to the apartment, she had mostly given up and was lying down in the back seat. Taking her out of the back seat, I carried her, a bit more carefully, into the building, using her keys on the front door.

“I really can walk,” Camilla said again, though this time with a bit less fervor.

She gave a weak attempt to wiggle out of my grasp, which I halted by spanking her. More than once, this time. Keeping up the strikes, at about thirty percent of my total power, until she stopped risking her safety by trying to wiggle out of my arms. Apparently, she was unaware that this would send her toppling to the pavement.

She was perfectly still relenting to my hold as I took her up the stairs, which was a relief. I really didn’t want to have to spank her again. Her round ass must have already been quite red.

Using her keys again, I got the apartment door open and carried her inside, nudging the door open with the toe of my sneaker. Hauling Camilla into the apartment, closing the door again with my heel, I set her down on the couch and checked her pupils. A process made easier by the way she was glaring at me.

“That hurt.”

“What did?”

“You spanked me, you bastard. Like I’m some kind of petulant child.”

“It was a bit hard to tell the difference at the time,” I said.

“What?”

“Maybe if you hadn’t acted like a little brat, I wouldn’t have spanked you or literally carried you out of the club. You looked absurd. Like an over-excited college kid. Maybe Cooper is right. I mean, he takes it way too far and often gets hurt in the attempting, posing more of a threat to himself than anyone else, but not for no reason. No wonder he is still acting in the big brother role when you’re still acting like such a fucking kid!”

I could see she was going to cry. In addition to being observant, I also knew all Camilla’s tells. It didn’t stop me, though. Some horrible part of me kept going, trying to convince me that the truth was all that mattered.

“He doesn’t want you to have a relationship with me, and frankly, I understand that. I am only interested in grown adults. Not silly little girls. You are not making me want to be with you pulling stupid stunts like this.”

She was quiet for a long time. At least in part from shock, or so it seemed from me. It was still coming, and finally, the dams broke, letting out

an all new flow of tears. Not loud, wild sobs. Just small, whispered chokes, which somehow made it even worse. She was still trying to be brave even when she was being crushed. Shae would have slapped me if I talked to her like that. Camilla was suffering in silence.

“I-I need a shower,” she said, getting up and heading toward the bathroom.

I knew I should have gone, but I was really concerned about her. Not only because she had been drinking but also her hurt feelings. Even though I had been the one who hurt them. I sat on the couch and waited in the dark to see what might be coming next.

Finally, like a sign of heaven, the bathroom opened again, letting light into the darkness, and Camilla came out wearing nothing but a towel, her hair tied back in a ponytail. The wasted remnants of her makeup were washed away, making her look soft and vulnerable.

“I’m sorry,” she said, sitting down next to me on the couch.

“You don’t have to—”

“Yes, I do. You were right, I was foolish. I think I was trying to win you back or something. A weird way of apologizing after what happened with Shae, assuming she was your girlfriend that you threw me over for. I mean we had just fucked and then you were gone and came back with her, I guess I just jumped to conclusions.”

“Understandably so,” I said.

“Yeah, but it is more than that. There’s a, like, pattern. I just can’t seem to keep from falling into the role you expect from me.”

“I can see that. I can’t say I don’t do the same thing. Though in my case, it’s more of what Cooper expects of me. I’m getting sick of it, to be honest.”

She put her head on my shoulder.

“Do you think there’s any hope for us?”

I didn’t have an answer for that. Not really. I would have to think about it a lot more before I knew for sure, though I figured that Shae had been right.

Getting a couple of ibuprofen down her, I carried Camilla into bed, carefully pulling off her towel before tucking her under the covers, careful not to look as I did so. Seeing her naked was the last thing I really needed at that point in time.



Watching my best friend's little sister as she fell asleep, I realized that yes, I was ready for a relationship with her.

## Chapter Ten

### *Camilla*

It was the first dreamless sleep I'd had in years. A pleasant sensation only slightly hampered by the subtle pounding in my head—a result of drinking as much as I had. Alcohol tolerance never being one of my strong points. It wasn't too bad, though.

I could smell the bacon while I was still in bed. A familiar tune whistled from the general area of the kitchen. Had Aden stayed the night? I supposed he might have had gone home and come back the next day. He did still have my keys last I remembered, and he lived only about fifteen feet away. Were it not for the distinct sizzling sound of bacon being fried in a cast-iron skillet, it could well have been plausible that he had cooked the bacon at his place and brought it over.

The bedroom door opened, and my crush came in with a breakfast tray much like I had done for him. Only, in that case, Aden hadn't been naked or in bed. Just half-naked and wishing he was still in bed.

“Hey,” I said.

“Hey,” he replied, setting the tray down on my lap.

“Thanks for taking care of me last night,” I said.

I felt a bit shy and awkward and not just because of the nudity happening under the covers. He'd seen me naked before, so that wasn't really a big thing. It was more how I had behaved the night before. Prompting him to spank me. Not to mention how much I had actually enjoyed being punished like he had done when he had fucked me so wonderfully before going so weird.

Aden really had been right about me acting like a kid, though. Dressing sexy and getting drunk in response to him ignoring me had seemed like a good idea at the time but had been epically immature in retrospect. More like something a teen would do. Not a grown woman pushing thirty. Old enough to drink, old enough to drink responsibly, as my uncle Rory used to say.

“I really am, you know.”

“You really are what?” Aden asked.

“Grownup. I mean adult. I really am an adult.”

“Are you now?” Aden asked, eating a strip of crispy bacon.

“Yes, I am. And I'm finished with playing silly games,” I said with great conviction.

“I'm happy to hear you say that,” he said, slumping down on to the bed a little.

“You are?”

“Of course, I really am attracted to you. I've been suppressing my feelings for Cooper's sake. He seems to be under the impression that I see you as a sister, which is not true at all. My feelings for you are quite carnal indeed.”

“Oh,” I said, blushing a bit.

“And I'm willing to say it. I'm not going to let Cooper's paranoia keep us apart anymore. I'm willing to risk his wrath if you are. I mean, I've seen him fight. Or at least give it a good go. Usually ending up with a bloody nose. It is more his feelings I was worried about, but I'm betting we'll get past that too.”

I could hardly believe my ears. Aden had actually just admitted that he was attracted to me, and he wanted to risk upsetting Cooper to be in a relationship with me. Both things I never thought I would ever hear him say. I was too overwhelmed to speak for several moments. Finally, I plucked up my gumption.

“I'm ready, to try, I mean. Though I think it might be a good idea to keep things on the down-low for a while. Just to make sure things are going to work out.”

“Right, so no passionate making out in the office or fucking in the janitor's closet,” Aden said, managing to remain completely deadpan.

“I wasn't planning on that,” I said, unable to stifle my laugh.

“So, there shouldn't be a problem then.”

“Nope, not at all,” I agreed.

Setting the tray on the bedside table, Aden moved in for a kiss, which I was more than willing to welcome. We kissed three times, increasing the passion with each until, finally, he went in for a proper kiss, out tongues dancing softly against each other. As we made out, my hand wandered up to the blanket where it went across my chest, uncovering myself.

Without missing a beat or breaking the kiss, Aden caressed his way down my neck and onto my right breast. He gently kneaded the soft flesh, not neglecting my already hard nipple. Relocating the kiss from my mouth

down my chin and over my neck, he kept his lips on my skin still without breaking it.

I moaned softly as he sucked my nipple and then a bit deeper and louder as he caressed his hand down my belly and onto my wet, aching pussy. The relief was instant and heavenly, pleasure shooting through me like an electric current as he deftly massaged my delicate pink pussy lips, only taking occasional, light passes on my clit.

Once again on the move, Aden kissed his way down between my tits and over my belly, finally settling between my legs. Figuring this was his final destination, I opened my legs to help him get comfortable and stay awhile.

Again, he started off gentle. Giving me gentle kisses and licks on the outside of my pussy before lightly spreading my lips with his fingers and going for my clit, also with a soft, light touch. Moving in a slow, deliberate motion, he teased me until I wanted to cry. When I was ready, he slipped two fingers inside and drove his tongue into my pussy in a hard circular motion making me want to scream as I came. I dissolved into a puddle of joy, unable to move for a long while. My nerves were a bit too busy experiencing hitherto unimagined levels of pleasure.

When I had come back to the world of full movement, I pulled Aden to me and kissed him again. He kept up with me beat for beat.

“Spank me,” I whispered.

“What was that?” he asked.

“Spank me,” I repeated.

“What do you say?”

“P-please, spank me.”

“Have you been a naughty girl?”

“Yes, a very naughty girl.”

Shifting into a sitting position, Aden lay me out over his lap, my bare ass presented to him. He started out with several strokes and squeezes, making me hum with pleasure. I’d never really done butt stuff before and was really starting to regret the lost time, it felt better than I ever would have expected.

After several sharp, resounding strikes, followed by gentle strokes to ease the pain, Aden’s right had found its way over my ass and down between my thighs. I gasped as he cupped my pussy, as though asking permission.

“Please,” I begged.

Leaving me on my belly, Aden spread my legs from behind and hoisted me up onto all fours by my hips. Getting in the space between my legs, he continued lightly striking my pussy with one hand while unzipping his pants with the other.

Slipping his hand onto my hip, Aden eased his cock inside me, bringing out a small yelp of pleasure. Going a bit slower, he got the rest of the way in and then paused, letting me get used to the sheer size of him.

“Okay,” I said when I was good to go.

Leaving one hand on my hip, he took hold of my ponytail with the other and started to pump me. Going easy on me on first, he slowly started building, moving his massive cock inside me with increasing speed and intensity until he was pounding me. It hurt a bit but in a really good way, and it wasn’t long before I came with a scream.

My whole body vibrated as Aden softly kissed me on the back of my neck as I trembled. He held me in his arms, brushing the hair that had fallen out of my ponytail out of my face. I was warm and safe with him. It was a dream come true.

## Chapter Eleven

### *Aden*

I loved Saturdays. I had always heard that days off are for people who don't like their jobs, but I have never really held to this. I loved my job but also appreciated downtime. Mostly because Beau wouldn't let me play my bass and read my comics at work. Despite the ping-pong court and arcade games, things could only go so far at Sure Thing Graphics. Ryan may have been a bit more permissive, but it was a bit too early to test that.

For the moment I was fine to stay where I was, in Camilla's bed, her warm, nude form wrapped around me. On Impulse, I kissed her on the forehead. She hummed contentedly and held me even closer. I could still feel the warm wetness of her pussy on my cock as she let me fuck her, taking every hard thrust.

"Thirsty?" I asked.

"A bit actually," she admitted.

"I've got some sparkling water over at my place."

"Flavored?"

"Of course."

"Which flavor?"

"Black raspberry mostly."

"What's that like?" she asked, with genuine interest.

"Try it and see," I said.

I helped Camilla get dressed, her hangover still pretty wicked. We went with the minimum for going out in semi-public, just a pair of sweats and a T-shirt. No socks, panties, or bra. I had a funny feeling that considering where we were at that point, she wouldn't need them very long. Ditto for all of my clothes. I still couldn't help but feel over-dressed.

I couldn't keep my eyes off Camilla as we walked over to my place. She managed to look sexy even in what she was wearing. Then again, I was pretty sure she could look hot in a potato sack. There was really no way to conceal the full glory of her miraculous tits, save perhaps for perhaps a parka.

I went straight for the fridge, keeping Camilla well behind me, lest my erection become too obvious. Taking two bottles from the line up in the door, I tossed one to Camilla, who caught it perfectly, which only stood to

reason, given her years of softball. Though it might not have been the best idea considering they were carbonated.

“Sink,” I said quickly, as Camilla went to twist off the cap.

“Oh, right.”

She bent over the sink, twisting off the lid and presenting her ass in a very enticing way. An effect only added to when she craned back her swan-like neck, taking a long sip.

“Wow, that’s good water!” she said, lowering the bottle from her lips.

“I know, right?” my eyes locked on her pronounced breasts.

“Where you lookin’, huh?”

“What? Sorry.”

“It’s okay, I’m just kidding,” she said, lovingly stroking my arm.

“I don’t think you would want to—”

“Want to, yes. I just need some time, okay?”

“Did I hurt you?”

“A bit. Not too bad. I’m just a bit sore. Particularly my little red ass.”

“Yeah.”

“Hey, don’t look guilty now. I asked you to, remember?”

“Yes.”

“I love it, really. I want it again if I’m honest. That and maybe some other things.”

“Other things? What other things?”

“That would be telling,” she said with a sly wink.

“And we can’t have that,” I said, playing along.

I really did wonder what she had in mind, my cock getting even harder just at the thought of it. There were so many options, even with everything we had already done. The thing that stood out most in my mind was the prospect of anal. Not just the excitement of such a proposition but also the logistics. Her ass was undoubtedly beautiful but also not very big. There would definitely need to be some lube involved, if not the use of a butt plug. Still though, even the fact that Camilla might be thinking about it was pretty flattering.

“My mouth is feeling okay,” Camilla said, gently laying her soft, warm hand on the bulge forming in my pants.

Taking her over to the big comfy chair in the living room, I eased myself down into the seat, lowering my fly and unfurling my cock as I did so. Camilla stood in front of me.

“On your knees,” I ordered.

“Yes, sir,” she whispered, sinking down between my feet.

I wasn’t sure how I felt about her saying that. I didn’t want to feel like I was in control of her, but that wasn’t how it came across. She seemed more than happy to do anything I wanted her to.

Taking me softly around the base of my cock, Camilla started in with long, loving licks from base to head, rotating her tongue around the head when she got there. Remembering my balls, she started to massage them with her other hand while continuing to lick. Just when I was on the edge of going crazy, she dropped her hot, wet mouth over my cock, pushing it almost to the back of her throat.

Pausing for a moment to really let me enjoy the feeling, she started to suck. She went really soft at first, gently nursing my cock, sending low pulses of pleasure running through me. Slowly she began to go faster, a lot like I did when I fucked her. Before long, she was sucking me furiously like she was addicted to my cum and needed a fix. A notion which didn’t seem entirely absurd, particularly considering her enthusiasm and the fact that she kept her eyes locked on me as she sucked.

Within minutes I came in her mouth, unloading a torrent of cum directly down her throat. It was a bit of a struggle, but she managed to get it all safely down, not letting a drop get away, looking like she was in heaven. I reached down and stroked her face, in an attempt to show that I loved her.

Camilla slowly pulled my cock from her mouth, pressing her cheek harder into my hand, tenderly kissing the palm.

“So much for Larkin,” I said to myself.

“Who?”

“Hmm?”

“Who’s Larkin?”

“Oh, bad in-joke.”

“Tell me,” she pressed, climbing up onto my lap and wrapping her arms around my neck, waiting for the story.

“Well, okay, going back the beginning, there was an animator named Beau Larkin. He was from Canada and did a lot of work for the National Film board up there. Anyway, he was one of the best animators of the 20th century but was a bit odd.”

“Odd how?”



“Well, for a start he was a bit of a shut-in. People would find checks from the NFB uncashed weeks later because he hadn’t gone to the bank yet.”

“Weird.”

“That’s not the half of it.”

“Do tell.”

“Well, he disappeared sometime in the early-1980s, only to be found in the early 2000s, living on the streets of Montreal. Apparently, he got sick of it all.”

“You’re getting sick of it all, at work?”

“Not at all. I still love it. One of the other odd things about him was that he was reportedly celibate most of his adult life. It was most of what was attributed to the work he did.”

“You were celibate, until me, that is?”

“I didn’t want anything from distracting me from the work I was doing. It wasn’t that hard, really. I didn’t drink or have sex while in the military either, so I had a good fourteen years of practice.”

“None of those hot army chicks wanted you?”

“Sure, but it wasn’t allowed. Drinking was, but I was a sniper and needed to keep my wits about me.”

“And now you’ve got me.”

“Yeah.”

“And you think your work will suffer?”

“I really don’t know. There wasn’t a time I was at the company when I wasn’t celibate. Drawing is pretty much muscle memory at this point anyway.”

“You’ve just got to keep your mind off my pussy,” she said with a mischievous smile.

“For a few hours a day anyway.”

“But not right now.”

“No.”

“Good,” she said, kissing me on the neck.

“You sure?”

“Hell, yes,” she said.

Swooping Camilla up into my arms. I carried her into my room, not bothering to close the door behind me.

She already had her shirt off by the time I started on her pants. Free of her fleecy prison, she scotched to the edge of the bed and spread her legs wide. Unable to wait any longer, I dove right into her pussy, licking and sucking like nobody's business, making her moan and shake with pleasure.

Getting her pussy nice and wet, I inched my cock inside her until I was all the way in and started pumping her slowly. Paying close attention to her responses, I worked up to a steady, moderate rhythm. Camilla moaned and squirmed under me, wrapping her legs and her arms around me to pull me in even harder.

We came at the same time. Camilla trembling against me and me deep inside her, her pussy closed tight around me.

## Chapter Twelve

### *Camilla*

It was both the best and worst time of my life. Like the mix of pleasure and pain I was beginning to explore with Aden, joy and sorrow could also be tightly intertwined. The only consolation was that while the sorrow had only one source, the joy had many. As much as it hurt having to hide my relationship from Cooper, I really wasn't ready for the potential fall out. I knew my older brother better than anyone else and was all too aware of how he would take the news.

Besides which, the things Aden and I were able to do together were amazing. For starters, there was the sex. Thanks to Aden's gentle touch and depth of experience, I was able to explore regions of the sexual experience I had never even imagined. Though it wasn't all physical, either. We were both introducing each other to our own perspectives and philosophies, not to mention our favorite parts of culture. It could have been my imagination, but I could have sworn that, as a result of our association, I was calming down quite a bit and Aden was getting a bit more adventurous. Nothing too drastic, but I did cut way down on my drinking and carousing and seemed to have broken Aden out of his hundred words per week habit. One he'd had since we were both kids—something I had always put down to Cooper being more than talkative enough for the both of them.

I started compromising in terms of my work outfits. I still wanted to look beautiful, mostly for Aden, but not too nice as to raise suspicion. I also liked being comfortable when I could. After some experimentation, I settled on a couple cute flannel skirts that I had, both of them coming down well to my knees and some cute, tight, short-sleeved blouses with lacing around the cuffs that did beautiful things for my tits. Surely someone noticed the radical change in attire over the last few weeks, but if they did, no one said anything.

They also didn't seem to notice that we started taking the same car, Aden's, to the office every day. Mostly to minimize the waiting time before we could fuck after work. I had never had so much sex, and I loved it.

“What's that, then?” Aden asked as I handed the envelope.

“My people call it an envelope,” I said.

“Careful or you're not getting any tonight,” he teased.

“Really?” I asked, cocking an eyebrow.

“Not a chance. I'll still fuck you silly.”

“Good to know.”

He opened the envelope with characteristic careful precision, carefully sliding out the smaller envelope inside.

“How?” he asked.

“Chris, he's amazing.” I beamed.

“No argument here,” Aden said, taking out the tickets to make sure that they were actually real.

I knew that Aden loved soccer, so I managed to wrangle him two field-side tickets to the Las Vegas Lights game that night.

“I don't suppose we have time,” he said.

“We do, but I thought we could go out for dinner first, and we are going to be sitting for a while, so I'd rather wait until after the game.”

“Fair enough,” Aden said, popping the tickets into the glove box.

\*\*\*\*

Already high from a crushing 2-0 win, Aden drove directly to the building so we could celebrate properly, carrying me up to our floor bride style, not faltering once while going up the four flights of thinly carpeted stairs. It never ceased to amaze me how powerful he was. Partly because he was always so gentle with me.

Laying me out on his bed, Aden had my skirt off before I even knew what was happening. I managed to get off my panties and open my legs before he dove in, unable to restrain himself. He usually had such fantastic self-control. When it came to my pussy, however, Aden was impulsive as hell.

Reigning himself in a little bit, he licked my lower lips soft and long, seeming to savor being there. This tended to be his pattern. Unbridled enthusiasm getting me naked giving way to gentle precision when actually starting. Even when he spanked me, he did so with deliberate attention mixed sharp strikes with soft caresses and deep, kneading motions like a deep-muscle massage.

“Turn over,” he whispered after bringing me to the very peak of orgasm.

“Yes, sir,” I replied, flipping over in a second flat.

I thought he was going to spank me. I wanted him to spank me. Instead, he lightly spread my cheeks and gave the same kind of loving attention to my asshole as he just had to my pussy, making me have to use a pillow to muffle my long, loud moans. I shouldn't have expected a spanking. He only did that when I was naughty. I had been too well behaved, and he was in far too good a mood and was treating me accordingly. While I loved being spanked and the cocktail of sensations it could bring when done right, I was beginning to enjoy the rewards as much as the punishments.

Aden didn't fuck me in my ass. I thought that might be where he was going but no. Pulling me up onto all fours, he fucked me doggy style, not getting too hard. Just a nice, steady rhythm, his huge cock working inside my tight little pussy until we both came. Aden managed to pull out and cum on the small of my back in the nick of time. I hadn't even taken off my shirt, which he didn't seem to notice, so amped was he for our postponed nightly fuck.

Things fell back into the usual pattern. Basically ignoring each other at work before rushing home for wild, kinky sex in the evening. Usually at his place, it being ever so slightly closer to the elevators, cutting down even further on the time before we could get to it. Sometimes we didn't even make it to the bedroom, making do with his large, leather couch. Ending the evening with a collaborative gourmet meal and episodes of rerun comedies.

Imagine my surprise, a few days later, when Aden pulled the same envelope trick on me.

"An envelope?" I asked, really not expecting it.

"Well spotted."

I ripped down one side of the envelope, leaving quite a ragged edge, pulling out two tickets of a very different sort.

"Opera?" I asked.

"Last I checked," Aden said, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Chris?" I asked.

"Got it in one. You're really on a roll, sweetheart."

I blushed at him calling me sweetheart. I'd had pet names before, but they somehow sounded different coming from my brother's best friend. Probably because it was a reminder that we were finally together. Aden really did want me the way I wanted him.

We again held off on sex, mostly so I would be able to sit comfortably for the duration of the performance. Though I could tell Aden had something special planned for me when we got back. A thought which buzzed at the back of my mind as we listened to Chris's mom perform Carmen.

“She's amazing,” I observed.

“Agreed,” Aden concurred.

Impressed as we were, Aden and I both agreed that opera wasn't really for us. One of the many things on which we agreed. Strolling from the opera house, Aden noticed a park across the street.

“Walk?” he asked.

It was fully dark outside, but the moon shown as a perfect sliver, and there were pinpricks of stars. All of that made the park look very romantic.

“Sure.”

Getting safely across the street, I slipped off my heels and managed to stick to the soft cool grass, which felt really lovely under my bare feet.

“Hot dog?” Aden asked, spotting a small, independent cart.

“Absolutely.”

I sat in the grass, taking a load off as Aden went over to the cart for two hot dogs just the way we liked them.

“You remembered!” I said as he handed me my dog.

“Of course,” he said, sitting down beside me on the grass

“Can I tell you a secret?” I asked shyly after my first bite.

“Always.”

“I'm not wearing any underwear.”

Wolfing down his dog in record time, Aden drove just slow enough not to get a speeding ticket, pulling into his assigned parking spot twenty minutes later. Not wanting me to risk hurting myself going up the stairs in heels, or at least, so I assumed, Aden carried me up the stairs like he had after the soccer game. Also, like the aftermath of the soccer game, we managed to make it into the bedroom, and Aden had me stripped down and bent over, in a standing position beside the bed, in ten seconds flat. It helped that I was wearing an evening dress that dropped off as soon as the straps were loosed.

“Naughty,” he said, referring to my easily bared body. I didn't even have time to agree before he landed the first hard slap on my ass.

I yelped softly, jerking forward a bit, mostly because I hadn't really been expecting it. The next three strikes, I did anticipate and took a lot better. After a fourth sharp strike, Aden started in with the kneading, my already tenderized flesh feeling even better in his skilled hands. It was enough to make my pussy melt.

Keeping a hand on my ass, Aden reached over and pulled open the top drawer in the nightstand. My back tensed unconsciously, knowing what that sound meant. Sure enough, the slid of the drawer was followed by the snap of a plastic cap. A bottle of lube. For some, it would have ended there, and there would have been some lovely, lubricated vaginal sex. Aden had a different idea.

Slathering the lube on the butt plug he had surprised me with soon after we had decided to give our relationship a try, he eased it gently into my asshole, eventually getting it all the way in. I let out a long, slow breath as I had learned to do, helping me to relax and make the process easier. It was still something of a new experience for me. We'd only started trying anal, at my request, a couple weeks before, but I was getting used to it, and the butt plug felt really good in my ass.

When the butt plug was placed correctly, Aden got on his knees behind me and devoured my pussy as my asshole was slowly stretched out, getting ready for him. My orgasm from the oral was more forceful with the added anal stimulation.

Keeping his hands on my hips, he stood up and lovingly eased the plug out of me, setting it onto the night table. Taking down his opera-appropriate pants, Aden pressed the warm head of his cock against my stretched and ready asshole. I held my breath and tried to relax as much as possible. The effort paid off, and Aden got most of the way into my asshole. Giving me a moment to adjust, he started to pump in earnest, working his big, beefy cock deep in my little asshole.

Aden didn't pull out in time. I couldn't blame him. If it felt half as good for him as it did for me, I can understand why he wouldn't want to stop. Besides which, the sudden rush of thick, warm cum flooding my ass actually felt really good, adding to the enormous assgasm that shook me to my core.

Slowly pulling out, Aden cleaned me off, and we got into his bed cuddling until we went to sleep. Both of us pretty spent. I didn't dare say so, but I was deeper in love with Aden than I ever thought possible. I was

going to have to tell Cooper about us soon. I just had to make sure that Aden and I were on the same page. It didn't seem likely, but Aden might have thought this was only a fling. I had to be sure.

The next morning, I thought there was something wrong with the hot dogs. Or maybe the relish had gone off. It was the only way I could think of to explain how sick I felt when the sun came up

“Are you feeling okay?” Aden asked when I politely turned down breakfast.

“Yeah, I'm just not hungry,” I said, hoping he wouldn't think anything was wrong.

I passed by a bakery on the way to the building and had to walk faster to get out of the range of the smell. I usually loved the smell of bakeries, and Aden's cooking, for that matter. Though that wasn't the oddest thing. The weirdest thing by far was my sudden and abiding craving for fish sticks and custard.

It was at work that the bomb was dropped. After my twelfth trip to the bathroom to throw up food I didn't remember eating, Ryan's very pregnant wife, Molly, took me aside.

“Are you pregnant?” she whispered, trying to keep things subtle.

“W-what?” I asked, not even considering this an option.

“Come on, honey. You've been to the bathroom how many times?”

She had a point. It was certainly possible, Aden had cum in me enough times, though I had to be sure.

On my lunch break, I slipped out before Ryan could send me on another deli run and got a pregnancy test at a nearby pharmacy. Unable to wait, I went to a fast-food restaurant and took the test in the bathroom.

Positive.

Nope, couldn't tell Aden or Cooper yet. They would freak-out. I had no idea what to do.



## Chapter Thirteen

### *Aden*

Love and friendship can be shockingly difficult to navigate. Particularly in complex situations. And it didn't really get more complicated than Camilla, Cooper, and me. Not only because Cooper was under the laughably inaccurate impression that I loved Camilla like a sister. I loved her all right, but there was nothing familial about it.

I had seen him try to go after guys for looking at her twice like it was his job to protect his little sister from the big bad world. I shuddered to think what he might, at least try, to do if he found out what Camilla and I had been doing—particularly in the bedroom. This was something that actually made me angry when I thought about it. Not only was Camilla a grown woman and able to make her own decisions, but there was also a lot more to our relationship than sex. We really liked hanging out and were teaching each other a lot of cool things.

She gave me a crash course on music genres I'd never heard of, including some metal styles like Japanese Thrash, and I was educating her on independent and alternative cartoons and comics. It was a glorious litany of art, culture, philosophy, and sex that was nothing but beautiful. Not to mention that I loved her so much it almost hurt. To think that anyone would want to sully it for any reason, let alone the petty ones that Cooper seemed to harbor, made me really angry.

This was a large part of the reason why, since the night after the club when Camilla and I decided to give our relationship a try, I had done my best to avoid Cooper. Not because of what he might do to me but out of concern for what I might end up doing to him. I had been a soldier, after all. Something Cooper seemed to have forgotten. At least going by the number of times that he'd tried to step up to me. I always stepped back, of course. Cooper know doubt thinking that I was afraid. The fact was the whole situation was so ridiculous if it went on too long, I might just burst out laughing.

It wasn't that I didn't miss Cooper as a friend. I did, but I valued what I was building with Camilla a whole lot more, and if I had to choose, which it was looking like I was going to, it was going to be Camilla every time.

Things went reasonably well the first couple of weeks. I just stuck to my work while at the office, being even more productive than I had been before and nobody being any the wiser. I was mostly being left alone to bond with Camilla and build our relationship in peace. Something I was delighted for. Any remaining doubts were long ago obliterated. Camilla was the one, and I knew it.

We even, mostly, figured out what tickets to get. I wouldn't go to the opera for just anyone, and I really thought she would enjoy it. I had been wrong about that, but the sex afterward had been amazing, so I called it a win.

As with any winning streak, there had to be a break, and mine was coming sooner than I would have hoped.

Camilla knocked on my apartment door at the usual time, breakfast tray in front of her, it being her turn to do breakfast and mine to make dinner.

“Morning,” she said, giving me a light peck on the lips.

“It certainly is,” I said, opening the door fully for her.

It was her famous cinnamon French Toast again. No matter how many times we had it, it was never any less enjoyable. Likely because she made them slightly differently every time. I wasn't sure if she knew or even if she didn't, but it was interesting to sense the different elements. I would make silent mental lists of the ingredients in each variation.

When our plates were cleared and the dishes done—me washing and Camilla drying—we hopped into the shower for a quickie before getting dressed for work. Camilla returned to her apartment for this formality.

Each clad in our signature looks we headed down to the parking lot, hand in hand, ready to face another day.

Or so we thought.

We had to get there early so Camilla could make the beginning of her shift. Not that I minded, of course. It just gave us more time together where we didn't have to pretend we weren't a couple and gave me a couple of hours at the beginning of the day to get a start on my work. A major factor contributing to the fact that I was beginning to outpace the other artists, despite my process taking twice as much work as a digital-only guy like Cooper.

If anything, I had more in common style-wise with Carlos, who worked mostly in paper and pencils. He still managed to render clear

concept images, in most cases, based on briefs Chris had given him. Though he also let me write briefs on occasion if it was a concept I was creating myself, and Chris was willing to let me run with it. I had built up a lot of trust and goodwill in the last few years that gave me more creative freedom than I would have otherwise had.

“What the fuck is going on?”

I spun in my chair spilling ink on my draft and ruining it. Had it not for Cooper demanding my attention at the cubical door, I would have been a lot more upset. I had spent about ten hours on that draft over the last two days.

“That's what I was just thinking,” I said, rolling up the ruined draft so the ink wouldn't get on the floor.

“I'm serious, man,” Cooper said as I dropped the rolled-up paper into the trash can.

I was about to point out that I was serious, too, but decided it was probably not the best idea to antagonize him any more than he already was.

“What the fuck did I do?” Cooper asked, spreading his hands wide.

“What are you talking about?”

“You've been avoiding me for weeks!”

It was then that I realized that I was hurting Cooper in a different way. It wasn't a punch in the face, but ignorance can hurt as much as an insult.

I sighed. “It's not you. It's all me. I've been seeing someone. Turns out the Larkin approach didn't work out, and I've been trying to do that and keep up with work.”

A big grin spread over Coop's face. “That's great, man! Why didn't you just tell me?”

“I got the funny feeling that you wouldn't quite approve of her,” I said, tiptoeing around the hard truth.

“You're a grown man.” He slapped me on the shoulder. “What does it matter if I approve or not?”

“Like how there's not anyone in the world good enough to date Camilla?”

“That's different.”

“How?”

“It just is,” Cooper insisted, crossing his arms over his chest.

“And there it is,” I said.

“There what is?”

“The motto of the hypocrite,” I said, sounding a lot meaner than I mean it to.

“Now, that's not fair.”

“And it doesn't make a lick of difference that my girlfriend that you wouldn't approve of is Camilla?”

I had planned to say more. To say how serious it was, how much I loved her, and that I was thinking about marrying her. That was the plan. One that was cut off by Cooper punching me in the jaw.

“Seriously?” I said, the strike bringing up only the dullest of aches.

He tried again, apparently not having learned his lesson, and I cleanly dodged the second strike as well as the third and the fourth, driving me back into the wall of another cubicle. I knocked it over, sending Carlos and Chris running to avoid getting hit. I tried to get out of the strike zone, but Cooper followed, swinging again. His punch connected with Lucky knocking him over. I got out of the way, and Cooper turned on me, rage in his eyes.

Needing to end the situation before it could go any further, I threw a punch, a single blow, hoping to shock Coop out of it. My friend dodged, and I slammed my fist into the watercooler.

“What the fuck?” Camilla demanded, returning with lunch and staring at the sopping carpet.

“I didn't mean to.”

“He really didn't. Cooper threw the first punch and went a bit crazy,” Chris said.

“Now who's being an immature brat?” she screamed in our general direction before storming off.

It was clearly meant to both of us. Cooper for throwing the first punch and me for responding. Apparently, she would have preferred if I had just stood there and let her brother punch me. Which made no sense to me at all.

“What the hell is going on?”

Cooper and I both looked over to see Ryan and Beau come at us from down the hall, just finishing off the handoff between them.

“Get cleaned up,” Ryan said to Cooper, no doubt referring to the blood flowing from his nose.

“Aden, get these walls back up,” Beau said, the look of disappointment on his face worse than any punch I could have gotten. “And clean up this water!”

“The expenses for Chris's computer terminal will come out of your pay,” Ryan said, as Cooper went to wash off.

His disgust was apparent, and I knew that I was lucky that I hadn't been fired.

## Chapter Fourteen

### *Camilla*

I wasn't really sure where to go. I was so mad I had left without permission or any real goal in mind. I was so upset that I couldn't really see where I was or where I was going. I never really noticed how similar most of the buildings looked before. One neighborhood bleeding into another. I found a bench and sat down, at least long enough for my eyes to clear from the tears so I could see where the heck I was going.

I was hurt and honestly felt a bit betrayed by their behavior, especially Aden, who was usually so in control. I wasn't happy with Cooper but had come to expect such silliness from him. What bothered me most with what happened was I had really expected better of Aden. If he was going to be a father, he would have to settle down.

It was that point, of course, I remembered that he had no idea he was going to be a dad. It was clear that I would have to sit down with both of them, probably separately, and hash it all out. I would have to talk to Aden first. If he wasn't in this relationship for the long haul, it wouldn't be worth putting up with Cooper's objections. If we really were going to be a proper family, Cooper could stuff it as far as I was concerned.

If I was honest with myself, I was also ashamed of my overreaction. I wasn't happy to see them fighting, especially with the damage they were causing. Though according to Chris, who had no reason to lie that I could see, Cooper had started it, and Aden was mostly just trying not to get hit. Which seemed a lot like him. He had ended up swinging on Cooper and apparently really messing up, but what would Cooper have done to Aden had he allowed it? There was clearly a lot more going on than I had known and could well have reacted inappropriately.

There was only one thing to do.

Getting my bearings as well as I could, I found my way back towards the office and came across a cafe that I had seen but had yet to try. Coffee had always been one of my favorite smells. Not brewed coffee or even brewing coffee. Fresh, ground coffee out of the canister or bag. It could almost make me hum with pleasure. If they ever made a car air freshener in that scent, I would be the first in line at the hardware store.

I breathed a deep sigh of relief as I walked through the carved wooden door, an electric version of “Ode to Joy” ringing out at me to find that this was still the case. I hadn't gone off the smell of unbrewed coffee like I had freshly baked cinnamon rolls. There were those as well at the cafe but encased safely behind a thick pane of glass in the display counter.

“What can I get you?” asked the perky college girl in the garish violet polo shirt, as though filling my order would genuinely be the highlight of her day.

“Large Earl Grey with cream and sugar,” I said, chapter and verse.

“Righto, oh, what's your name?”

“Camilla,” I whispered, still whipping away tears.

“Cammy?” she asked, not quite hearing.

“Sure,” I said, not having the heart to contradict her.

She rang me up and gave me my change, mostly in quarters, and I went to one of the adorable varnished wood bistro tables to wait. No sooner did my butt hit the artisan chair than I had my phone out and was texting Aden. I apologized slightly for my reaction and said I needed to talk to him, suggesting a time when I knew he would be off work. That message sent, I then texted Cooper. Using my words carefully, I made the same basic statement but suggested a time a couple of hours later, to minimize the risk of another fistfight. I really couldn't stand any more stress. I already felt sick enough.

No sooner did I hit send than another voice rose up from the bustling crowd, struggling to be heard over the cacophony of laptop keyboards. All the would-be J.K. Rowlings sweating blood while enjoying a coffee.

“Cammy!” the voice came again, like an olde tyme town cryer.

“Oh, right,” I said, realizing that it was me. “Thank you,” I said instinctively while hustling over to the pick-up counter, not wanting to take up any more of their time.

Sitting down at the table, the chair already claimed by my coat, even the desert getting cold at that time of year. Not too bad, of course. Nothing that could cause limbs to fall off, or even see your breath, but you could get very uncomfortable in a mighty hurry if you let the sunshine fool you and didn't wear the right clothes. Even Aden would wear a classic black biker jacket with black hardware with his usual sneakers, jeans, and T-shirt ensemble.

It was sitting in that hipster cafe, at that cute fair trade table sipping an Anglo-phillic beverage that inspiration hit. Which tended to be how things went in my somewhat limited experience. I would have to feel my way through with Aden. That was still somewhat unknown territory. He wouldn't admit it, but the army had changed him. Though mostly for the better.

When it came to Cooper, there was one person who knew him even better than me. And I happened to have her phone number on my contacts.

“Hello?”

“Hi, mom!”

“Camilla?”

“Got it in one,” I said, Aden's words coming out of my mouth.

“What was that, dear?”

“Nothing, listen, I need some help.”

“Late on your rent again?”

“No, the job I've got is pretty good.”

“Oh, good, Cooper said he would recommend you.”

“And indeed, he did. That's actually what I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Your job?”

“Cooper,” I said.

“Oh, right then.”

“I've got this, well, I guess the right word is boyfriend.”

“You do? That's wonderful! Who is it?”

“Remember Aden?”

“Aden Adams?”

“Yeah.”

“Weren't he and Cooper best friends.”

“Still are,” I said.

“I see, and Cooper is being overbearing and absurd.”

“Yeah,” I said.

“Tell him directly he is being unreasonable and why. If he keeps trying to pull crazy shenanigans, blank him for a while. He can be a fool, but he really does love you. If he thinks he'll actually lose you, he'll smarten up.”

“Really?”

“Worked when he was lagging at the mall. All I had to do was walk a bit faster, and he would scream and come running after me.”



“How old was he?”

“Three, but the principle still stands.”

“Thanks, mom.”

“No problem, sweetie.”

Armed with this new information, I finished draining the cup of tea and pulled on my coat, dropping the phone into the pocket.

I was ready. I could do it. Come what may.

Unfortunately, what came was a massive crack in the sidewalk large enough to get the heel of my shoe. I struggled mightily trying to gain my freedom without breaking my ankle in the process. There did turn out to be a break, but it instead involved the separation of the heel from the rest of my shoe. Setting me free but also sending me tumbling backward. Of course, there was a taxi coming along at that moment.

There was never one around when I wanted it but when I was falling into traffic - BANG

I could feel the hard glass crumple under me as the windshield shattered. My last thought was of Aden and how I never told him about the baby.

## Chapter Fifteen

### *Aden*

My heart was in my throat. There were few times in my life that I had been as scared as I was right then. The idea that I might lose Camilla suddenly on par with the enemy discovering my position. Truth be told, I also wasn't thrilled with the notion of losing Cooper as a friend. We had known each other since 6th grade and stayed in touch even when I was touring the war zones of the world.

I had been worried about both of them since the fight. Cooper wouldn't even look at me after he got patched up, and Camilla disappeared after storming off which really wasn't like her. It usually took about twenty minutes for her to calm down and return.

I would have gone after her at the time, but she was really upset, and I had to completely redraft the ruined work the ink was spilled on, which required me to stay after my usual hours to get back to where I had been at lunchtime. It was nearly six by the time I left for home, noticing a text from Camilla asking me to meet her as I left while getting ready to call her. I wasn't late though, just barely. I nearly bounded up the stairs, such was my desperation to see her, even if she was still pissed off at me.

The door was open when I got there. My soldier instincts kicked in immediately, and I proceeded with caution, ready for trouble at a moment's notice. None of the lights were on, which also put me on edge.

"What are you doing here?" I asked Cooper.

"Camilla asked me to come," he said, from his position on the couch.

"Really," I said, meaning it as a statement.

"Well, yeah. I wasn't supposed to get here for a while, but I just wanted to see her."

I could understand that. I could feel my anger and tension lifting ever so slightly. I was still a bit sore at him for attacking me like that, but I knew Coop well enough to understand why he did it—screwed up as his reasons might have been. Though I couldn't honestly say that I wouldn't have done the same thing.

"Where is she?"

"I don't know. She never showed up after work," Cooper explained.

"That's not like her," I said.

“Don't I know it. I tried calling, but she's not picking up.”

That really wasn't like her. As mad as she was, Camilla would still answer the phone to yell at the offending party if nothing else. She was short-tempered but not all that petty. There was definitely something wrong. Especially considering that she seemed so keen to work things out.

“Does she have GPS on her phone?”

“You can track her?” Cooper asked.

“I don't feel good about it, but yeah.”

“It is an emergency, probably,” Cooper conceded.

My phone started buzzing in my pocket as though a sign from the heavens, releasing me from my purgatory of worry.

“Aden Adams,” I said.

“Aden, it's Shae.”

“What happened?” I asked, tipped off by my little cousin's infamous serious voice.

“I came on shift a while ago, and Camilla is here. She's listed as a Jane Doe because they couldn't find any ID.”

“We'll be right there,” I said before hanging up.

“Camilla?” Cooper asked.

“Is in at the hospital.”

We took Cooper's car. It was faster, and he didn't really have parking rights at the building. Taking the traffic code more as a suggestion rather than hard and fast rules, Cooper had us at the hospital in a few minutes.

“That was quick,” Shae said, meeting us at the door.

“Are you surprised?” I asked.

“Not really, this way.”

We really weren't allowed into the recovery room, but Shae bent the rules for us. I could see Camilla through the window. I tried not to cry.

“She's doing pretty well considering. They had to take out her spleen because it started to hemorrhage. Other than that, it was a couple of clean breaks with no real damage to her spine or head. Her back took the brunt of the impact from the car. The theory is that someone stole her purse from the scene.”

At least that's what I think she said. I wasn't really listening at that point. I was moving without really knowing that I was doing it, going towards Camilla's bedside. I held her hand, which felt cold, and kissed her on the cheek.

“I love you.”

I turned to see Cooper staring at me. I had expected another punch, but he looked more resigned and angry. He might not have been happy about Camilla and me being together, but he seemed willing to accept it if that was her choice. Something even I wasn't sure of at that moment. We traded off, Cooper going over and doing his thing, begging her not to die like the drama queen he could be.

“Okay, off you go, we've got to clear out, so I don't get in trouble,” Shae said, pushing Cooper gently toward the door where I was waiting.

Resigning ourselves to the waiting room, with its diabolically uncomfortable chairs and three-year-old magazines. I would have laughed about the latter were I not in such a serious mood.

“Do you love her?” Cooper asked out of nowhere.

“Don't you?”

“That's not what I asked.”

“Yes, I do.”

“That's what I figured. I just had to be sure.” He sat back in his chair. “I know that I've been overbearing, and you know why I'm protective of Camilla, but she needs to be free to make her own choices and her own mistakes. I just hope that you don't end up being one of them.”

“Me too, considering I'm planning on asking her to marry me.”

I had no idea where that came from, really. I guess I had been considering it in passing but not really focusing on the idea. But after I said it felt right as soon as I said it. I had never really considered marriage before, but I had never really known anyone else like Camilla either.

“Are you asking my permission?”

“No, consider it fair warning. Asking permission would imply that you own her. I would be happier if you were okay with it, though.”

“I am,” Cooper said, after a few moments of consideration, “I can see how much you love her and know you will take care of her. You'll have no more trouble from me.”

“Okay, she's stable now,” Shae said, now acting in a more official capacity, “you can go back one at a time.”

“You go on,” I said.

“Really?” Cooper asked, sounding surprised.

“Yeah, next of kin and all that.”

## Chapter Sixteen

### *Camilla*

I felt pretty terrible. Almost like I'd been hit by a car. I couldn't really move between my neck and my hips. I realized that the freezing must still be doing its work. I had heard about epidurals but never really thought I would ever have one. It was almost as bad as the stories I'd heard. I was just glad that I couldn't remember it being done. Being unconscious and all. Must have saved the anesthesiologist some time and effort.

I heard the door open and forced myself to turn my head, hoping against hope that it would be Aden. It wouldn't be fair to say that I was disappointed to see Cooper, but it would be fair to say that it wasn't what I had been expecting.

"Hey, sis," Cooper said, nicer than usual. I was immediately suspicious.

"You need to back the hell off and treat me like an adult. I am old enough to make my own decisions and my own mistakes. I'm not in the mood for arguing so like it or lump it," I said, as sternly as I could manage.

"I know, you're right," he said.

"I'm what?" I asked, shocked.

"You're right," he repeated.

"That's what I thought you said."

"And I meant it, too."

"Is this some kind of trap? You're not just lulling me into a false sense of security, getting ready to strike are you? Or being nice because I'm in the hospital."

"Not that I know of. I actually support your relationship with Aden. I can't think of a better guy for you to be with. Though really, you didn't have to be quite so dramatic. I mean, really, throwing yourself in front of a car! A taxi no less."

"Get the heck out!" I said, laughing as I did so.

"I'll send Aden in," Cooper said as he headed for the door.

"Aden is here?"

"Of course, he is. Do you really think he would abandon you now?"

"No," I said, almost defensively.

I didn't know I had gone to sleep. If anything, I would have expected that the excitement about seeing Aden would have kept me wide awake. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

When I returned to the waking world, I felt a gentle pressure on my hand. I tried to return the squeeze the actual grasp coming out a lot weaker than I had intended. I felt a second hand stroke my hair in a very familiar way, and I knew that it was Aden there with me.

"I'm sorry," I said, my voice coming out as a weak whisper.

"Don't worry about it. You've only been out for about twenty minutes."

"No, I mean for everything. Making you worry and all that."

"You knew I was worried?"

"I know you, baby," I said, trying for a smile.

"Yeah, you do."

"Have you talked to Cooper?"

"Oh yeah. More than we have for the past couple weeks anyway."

"What did he say?"

"That he's been an overbearing jerk and needs to back off, and has no problem with us getting married. I know we were well past the point of needing the blessing of the family, but it seemed formal, and things would be easier with it than not."

"Married?" I asked, this being the first I had heard about it.

"Yeah, I was kind of thinking of proposing. I've loved you for years and have grown weary of wasting time not having you in my life. The last two weeks have been as happy as I have ever been, and I want that to continue. I know it seems a bit quick, but we've really known each other for years when you think about it."

"I love you too. I'll be waiting for that proposal. I promise I'll act surprised."

The kiss was as spontaneous as it was tender and passionate. He climbed up onto the bed, somehow fitting himself in beside me, and held me gently. We didn't say anything then. Just snuggled in silence, Aden giving me gentle kisses on my face and neck.

"Really?"

We both looked up, seeing Shae in her nurse's uniform, her pink hair tied back in a businesslike bun.

"Shae," Aden said.

“You are so going to get me in trouble.”

Reluctantly, Aden released me and climbed down off of the bed, and strolled over to the chair as though nothing had happened. And there he sat for the next several hours, Shae leaving us soon after. Even when she was gone, he remained in the chair by the bed. Making no real attempt to join me again.

Shae came back a few hours later with her serious face on. I could tell that she really meant business.

“Visiting hours are over,” she said, sounding every inch the nurse.

“I know,” Aden said bluntly.

“Okay, if you insist,” Shae said, letting it slide.

I couldn't say that I wasn't happy to have him there. He wasn't going to take the risk of cuddling me again, risking the cleanliness of the hospital's nice white sheets, but he was more than happy to hold my hand, which was still very comforting. Time blurring into itself, it being difficult to tell if hours passed or minutes.

The door opened again and in strode a pleasant looking female doctor. She wore a plain, dark pant-suit with a stark white lab coat, a stethoscope around her slender neck. She shot a glance at Aden, but if she had any objections, she didn't voice them, likely assuming that Aden was my husband.

“It looks like the baby is going to be fine,” the doctor said, looking right at me.

Aden was clearly surprised but held his tongue. Honestly, I was happy to have been saved from having to tell him about the baby myself. I was also delighted that it was going to be okay. So much so that I could feel light, wet, salty tears rolling down my cheeks.

“Baby?” Aden asked when the doctor had left.

“Um, yeah, I've been meaning to tell you.”

“Slip your mind?” he asked.

“No, I-I wanted to be sure.”

“Sure of what?”

“Of you.”

“Oh, well, I can understand that,” Aden said, being really understanding. Though I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised, “there's nothing that will keep me away from here from now on. We are going to be a proper family.”

“Including Cooper?” I asked.

“Of course,” he said, letting a small laugh escape his lungs, “he's a nut, but we both love him.”

“Amen to that.”



## Epilogue

### *Camilla*

The tension was thick. We had all been called in for a mandatory meeting, including the receptionists and freelancers. It was about a week after the accident as well as the office fisticuffs, and Cooper was worried Ryan might have changed his mind, and he was going to be fired for starting the fight. Aden had Chris on his side, verifying that he had nothing to do with the fight, and if either of them were going to be fired, it would be Cooper. Frankly, I thought the whole thing was water under the bridge, and neither of them were going to be fired.

Before the speculation could go on any further, the door opened, and Ryan and Molly came in standing at the front of the table.

“I won't keep you too long, and don't worry, no one is getting fired.”

As he said this, he looked directly at Cooper, both Aden and I nudging him in the same moment.

“Told ya,” Aden whispered.

“It is good news I suppose, depending on your perspective,” Ryan continued.

“You're going back to New York?” Chris asked.

“Indeed, and I have chosen a manager, and it is Cooper.”

Cooper looked so panicked that I couldn't help but giggle. I've never seen anyone so resistant to getting a promotion.

“But I—”

“It's a done deal,” Ryan said, raising a hand, silencing him.

“I'm happy to follow your lead. It's not like I wanted it anyway,” Aden said.

I was really proud of him for taking it so well. But it was true. He really didn't want to be the manager. It would take too much time away from illustrating and animating, which is what he loved to do. Still though, it was nice to see them getting along again. If anything, they seemed to be getting along better than they had before the fisticuffs. The fact that I was going to be having Aden's baby no doubt helping to bring Coop around.

As icing on the cake, there was an actual cake with icing. Dutch chocolate if the color was anything to go by. We had moved out into the office by then, and Ryan was cutting the cake on the reception desk, which

was the only piece of furniture large enough to hold the entire thing, gargantuan as it was.

I was standing by with great anticipation when Aden gently lay a hand on my hip, getting my attention.

“I need to talk to you.”

“Okay.”

I let him guide me over to the edge of the group.

“I know it's not the most romantic setting, but it still feels the right, considering we are surrounded by family and friends.”

Just when I was going to ask what he was on about, Aden got down on one knee, reaching into his pocket, taking out a small black box.

“Will you marry me?” he asked, cutting right to the point.

“Yes!” I said, the tears of joy already beginning to flow.

My exclamation got the attention of the assembled crowd, all of them seeing as Aden put the ring on my finger, a beautiful pink diamond in a white gold setting. With that simple movement, the get together became a going away/engagement party. As we all mingled, I noticed Shae was there, no doubt invited by Aden. She seemed pretty deep in conversation with Chris, and I wondered if there might be some kind of romance going on there. The thought was fleeting, my attentions soon seized by Aden firmly squeezing my ass.

“Would you like to go home?”

Aden drove carefully, as usual, one hand on the wheel, the other in my panties, lovingly massaging my aching pussy, easing my tension in the most wonderful way, still managing to keep his eyes on the road.

As soon as we were out of the car, Aden swooped me up into a bridal carry and carried me up to our apartment. Formerly his apartment. He won the coin toss, and to be fair, I did have fewer things to move.

Laying me out on the bed as he had done before, Aden gently undressed me, starting with my shoes. Getting me down to nothing, Aden started at my feet, which he had recently discovered that I loved, gently sucking my toes before kissing his way up the tops of both of my feet, one by one and then up my legs and along my inner thighs, finally reaching my pussy, continuing with gentle kisses on my outer lips.

Stroking my thighs, he started in with his tongue, running long, loving lips along the length of my pussy lips, the pleasure rushing through me, making my run my hands through his thick hair. He picked up speed a bit,

gently spreading my pussy lips with his fingers and working softly on my clit, shooting me into the stratosphere. Pleasure, which only got stronger when he started doing his classic move of hard circular motions right on my clit, working two fingers inside me as he did so. Soon bringing me to an explosive orgasm.

Keeping his fingers inside me, Aden kissed me lovingly, giving me time to recover before continuing. When he was ready, he let me take down his jeans, releasing his hard cock into my custody. Something I took advantage of, stroking his shaft as I sucked hard on the head, doing my best to nurse his cum into my mouth. It didn't take too long, Aden unloading a massive torrent of cum into my mouth. I was ready for it that time and was able to swallow it as it came.

“Good girl,” he said, stroking my cheek.

“Are you going to fuck me, sir?” I asked.

“Yes, but that is a very bad word,” he said.

“Is it naughty, sir?”

“Yes, very naughty,” Aden agreed.

“Do I need a spanking?” I asked, unable to keep the excitement out of my voice.

“Yes, I think you do. Turn over.”

I quickly got onto all fours, nearly trembling with anticipation. Aden tenderly stroked my ass to establish contact before coming in with a short, sharp strike making me yelp with joy. He did this a few more times before relenting to gently kneading the reddened flesh, making me melt with pleasure.

Turning me, so my rear was towards him, he parted my pussy with his hand, reaching around under my hip, and slipped his cock in with little resistance. Getting halfway in, he slowed to a stop, taking me by both hipbones before starting to pump me. Working his cock deftly in my pussy, never getting to the point where it began to hurt, both of us coming together, Aden unleashing his load inside me figure it didn't matter much since I was already pregnant.

I collapsed on the bed panting. As I recovered, Aden opened the drawer. I didn't have to look to know what was coming. He was going full menu. It had been a while since we could do that, both of us being so busy at work getting things ready for a major campaign. I had honestly missed it

and was more than willing to indulge him. Anal had hurt a bit the first couple of times but had gotten to the point that I enjoyed it as well.

I flinched a bit at the cold touch of the thoroughly lubed butt plug. Going a bit slower, Aden slipped it in with surprising ease, filling me up with lovely sensations. As had become his custom, while the butt plug stretched me out, Aden lowered his head and licked my pussy again, bringing me to a massive orgasm.

When I was nice and relaxed, my asshole stretched out to the point of fuckable, Aden eased the butt plug out of me, causing a small gasp as it came out. Stroking my back, he pressed his cock against my stretched asshole and pushed gently in. Getting most of the way in before starting to gently fuck me, pumping his beautiful cock in my ass, making me nearly scream with pure pleasure.

Taking hold of my ponytail Aden started pounding me harder until he came, filling my ass with his sweet, warm cum. Easing his cock out of me, he got up on the bed, and we spooned until we started to doze.

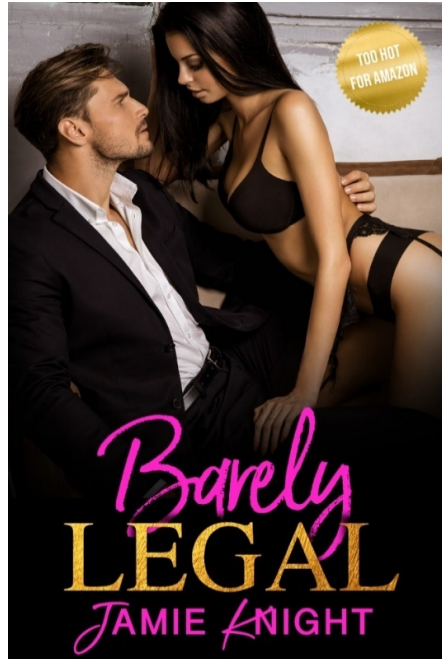
Life was perfect, and we were expecting a baby. Nothing could have made me happier. I finally had everything I wanted and was glad that I fought for it the whole time. Persistence really paid off.

## THE END

Thank you for reading. If you enjoyed this book, please [leave a review](#). If you'd like to send along private feedback or join my ARC team to get free

Advanced Review Copies of my books, please email me at  
[authorjamieknight@gmail.com](mailto:authorjamieknight@gmail.com)

[Sign up to my newsletter](#) to get a free book of mine, [Barely Legal](#),  
which is only available to newsletter subscribers.



[Click here to subscribe!](#) <3

You'll be the first to know when I have a new release, sale or free book.

## **Sneak Peek of My Father's Best Friend's Secret Baby**

The first book in my [\*His Secret Baby\*](#) series is [\*My Father's Best Friend's Secret Baby\*](#). Enjoy this sneak peek!

### Prologue *Bradley*

I shouldn't have been doing this. Shouldn't have these thoughts about James's daughter.

But, she was so damn hot. And she had been practically throwing herself at me. Those hips, those lips, those eyes... it was as if she was begging me to do what I wanted, which was to bend her over my lap and spank her ass for being such a bad girl, and then thrust my dick deep inside her mouth.

Her father James was the only good friend I had these days, and he had been ever since I so desperately needed one. After I was injured at war and discharged from duty, he'd taken me to his house and let me stay with him even though he had only been my commanding officer. We'd grown close, both due to the gratefulness I'd felt for him and the bond we'd shared as he'd helped me get back on my feet.

Fucking his daughter was no way to repay him for his kindness—even though it was clear she wanted me to take her for her very first time. Sure, she was an adult and seemed to know exactly what she wanted—which was very obviously me. And I wanted to take her—every which way I could.

From behind, while she was on all fours calling out my name and I was pulling her hair. From on top, while I was looking into those pretty eyes she liked to bat so innocently at me. From underneath her, so that she could spread those legs wide and let me all the way into her tiny, tight, wet little pussy.

I couldn't do it. Could I? It could have all sorts of negative consequences. James would no doubt kick me out of his house. And what if I knocked her up? She had her whole life ahead of her, and mine had just been unexpectedly derailed.

I had to fucking control myself. But could I? Not with those curvy hips of hers walking in front of me, while she was dressed only in her

bikini, begging me to come for a swim with her. Swim with her? I wanted to swim *in* her. And I always got what I wanted.

## Chapter 1

### *Bradley*

“Hope the chicken isn't too spicy for you,” said James, looking over at me while I absentmindedly scraped my food around on my plate. I was so lost in thought, I almost forgot where I was.

I was still trying to process everything. So much had happened. I knew that, all things considered, I was very lucky. Too bad that lucky felt so fucking shitty.

I shifted in my chair to try to relieve some of the pressure from my hip. I winced at a sharp pain shooting from my toes up my leg.

I had been an aircraft mechanic in the Air Force for about eighteen years. Some people have looked at that as “not shit” since I wasn't in direct combat much, but for me, it let me do what I loved while still serving our country.

I was a self-taught mechanic, learning everything I knew as a young kid working on the cars of friends, family, neighbors, basically anyone within a ten-mile radius who would let me near their car. People would remark with amazement when their car was fixed using little or no parts, and drove better than it had before it needed work done on it. News traveled fast about the teenage boy who could fix cars and did it for next to nothing, sometimes even for free.

I vividly remember a lady walking up to my house, looking nervous and afraid.

“B-Br-Brad?” she asked quietly.

“Yeah,” I said. “What can I do for you?”

Wringing her hands and glancing around nervously, she continued, but in a language I did not understand. It wasn't Spanish or French or any of the languages I'd heard in school. Might've been Hungarian.

“I'm sorry, ma'am...” I remember extending out my hand slowly, with caution.

She was so scared. It was then I realized her body was wrapped in some unusual garment I'd never seen before. I couldn't tell if it was one of those fashionista things or one of those National Geographic things. The sadness in her eyes touched my heart.

“C-Caaar? Car? Help?” she asked in an unsure voice.

“Sure, I'll help you. Let me give you a ride to wherever your car is.”



As I said it, I made a motion with one of my arms as if I was using a steering wheel to drive, while gesturing at her with my other arm to come with me. She understood what I was saying and lit up right away, smiling.

We drove the mile to where her car was and I saw what was wrong right away. Her car had overheated and needed coolant. I drove her over to the gas station and she bought some. I put it in her car, had her start the car, and after a few minutes, her engine sounded better and she was ready to go.

“Tank you,” she said, bowing her head deeply, holding my teenaged hand between her two hands, clasped as if in prayer.

“You're welcome.”

She looked up into my eyes, hers welling with emotion. “God... God repay you,” she said.

“It's okay. Really. I'm just glad that I could help,” I told her.

I saw two car seats in the back of her car and wondered where her children were. I didn't bother asking her. But, I was happy that I could help.

That was when I realized that my interest in being a mechanic was more than just a hobby. I wanted to make it my profession.

I worked hard and put myself through trade school, paying for it by working at a fast food joint. Those were long, hard days, going to school during the day and working at night. Sheer will got me through those nights when the restaurant was slow.

But, I knew that if I had any hopes of doing anything with my life, I would have to keep going. I came from a dirt-poor family. Most of them had barely gotten through grade school, let alone had any real profession to speak of.

So, when I graduated from trade school as a mechanic, I felt like I was on top of the fucking world. Unfortunately, though, there weren't very many opportunities in the town where I lived. And I didn't have the money to pack up and move.

When an Air Force recruiter came around and asked if I wanted to join, I signed up right away. I knew that this was it—my ticket to freedom.

And I was right. Being a mechanic in the Air Force opened my eyes to a whole new world. Honestly, it was an entirely new level of existence. I never even knew anyone who worked that hard, with focus, in order to accomplish—and to be accomplished—as the guys in my unit did.

I'd kind of always been a bit of a daredevil. I just couldn't "keep my booty still," as my old great-aunt Birdie diagnosed at my fifteenth birthday party. (It was a great time—we were jumping off the roof into a kiddie pool filled high with shredded foam from a mattress I'd ripped up by hand.) I didn't like trouble, you see, I just had a nose for action—a thrill for the outdoors, that sort of thing.

So when I discovered that I had this natural bent for fixing things, I was so excited. I was also relieved—my brain could be the one making me a living, not my brawn or bravado. I mean, sure, being a mechanic involved using my hands and muscles, too, but working on planes also involved figuring out problems and thinking about the best way to fix things.

This new direction of mine was a major step up for my family. It meant I might live to see old age, unlike practically every male in my bloodline.

Plus, none of us had ever served our country in the Armed Forces. Me joining up was an even bigger step forward for us. For me personally, joining up meant my freewheeling, garage experiment antics might have a constructive, positive outlet while I learned more skills and grew in my abilities.

More, I completely relished the traveling part of Air Force life. Mercy, the world had never seemed so big. Or beautiful, honestly.

Obviously, combat was what it was. But as things changed in all those long years, I found newer and cooler methods to indulge my thrill-seeking ways. When I was a kid, I never would've imagined rock climbing in the Swiss Alps would be just one of the many adventures life brought me.

But most of all, I loved the culture of performance. Of excellence. Oh, of course, there were jerks, wimps and assholes, as there are in all aspects of life, but I had the best of luck in all my deployments. The people around me inspired like nobody's business. And so, that was my world, a world where I had a place, a duty and a status no one could take away from me.

That world all came crashing down, though, when I got into an accident that forced me to retire.

[Click here to read \*My Father's Best Friend's Baby\*](#)



**I shouldn't want her.  
But I do. And I always get what I want.**

I was injured at war and discharged from the military.  
My commanding officer invited me to stay with him while I get back on my feet.

I'm grateful for his help, and we've become close friends.

There's just one problem.

His 19 year old daughter lives with him, and she's off the charts hot.

So is the chemistry between us, even though I try to ignore it.

She's a virgin, but her long lashes beg me to change that.

Her curvy hips taunt me as she walks by wearing only a bikini.

She invites me to take a swim with her while he's out of town.

Swim with her? I want to swim *in* her.

But I can't. And I certainly can't knock her up.

Can I?

Oops. Too late.

***What will her dad do if he finds out I put a baby in his little girl?***

*My Father's Best Friend's Secret Baby* is a full length 75,000 word

standalone novel. Jamie Knight promises to always bring you a happy ever after filled with plenty of heat. And never any cheating or cliffhangers!

[Click here to read \*My Father's Best Friend's Baby\*](#)

Book 1 [\*My Father's Best Friend's Secret Baby\*](#)

Book 2 [\*My Dad's Rival's Secret Baby\*](#)

Book 3 [\*My Professor's Secret Baby\*](#)

Book 4 [\*Single Mom's Secret Baby\*](#)

Book 5 [\*My Father's Rich Friend's Secret Baby\*](#)

Book 6 [\*My Doctor's Secret Baby\*](#)

Book 7 [\*My Best Friend's Brother's Secret Baby\*](#)

Book 8: *My Brother's Best Friend's Secret Baby*

**These listed books are those that have been published at the time this book was published but there are always being more added to the series.**

[Click here to see all the books in this series!](#)

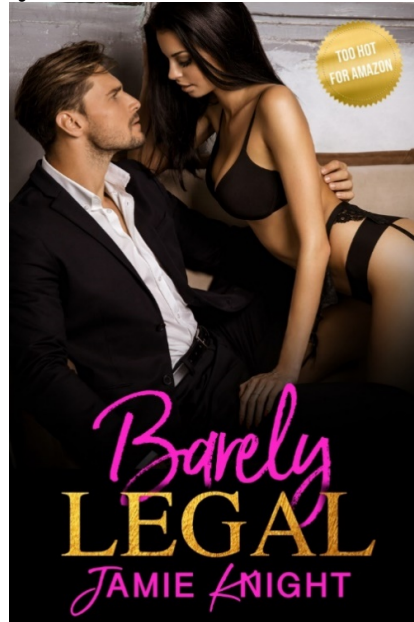
[Click here to see all my books in my entire catalogue!](#)

[Jamie Knight](#) –  
[Your Dirty Little Secret Romance Author](#)  
All rights reserved.

  
Your Dirty Little Secret.

Thanks for reading!

[Sign up to my newsletter](#) to get a free book of mine, [Barely Legal](#), which is only available to newsletter subscribers.



[Click here to subscribe!](#) <3

You'll be the first to know when I have a new release, sale or free book.

# Table of Contents

[Chapter One](#)

[Aden](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Camilla](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Aden](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Camilla](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Aden](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Camilla](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Aden](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Camilla](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Aden](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Camilla](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Aden](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Camilla](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Aden](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Camilla](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Aden](#)

[Chapter Sixteen](#)

[Camilla](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Camilla](#)

[Sneak Peek of My Father's Best Friend's Secret Baby.](#)