

The Daddy Games
A Filthy MFM Romance
By JB Duvane

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All characters are 18 or over.

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Chapter 1

Graham

I lean back on the couch, slouching down so that my eyes are a little closer to the same level as my cock. I'm watching the head disappear in between the soft, pink lips of a leggy blonde and my brain is exploding.

There are so many moments I fucking love about a new girl. The first contact that sends a flash of chills across the surface of my skin. The moment before the first kiss—that lingering, cock-stirring intensity that occurs when I am mere inches from a gorgeous, porcelain-skinned face. I can smell the sweetness, feel the heat radiating off of her. My fucking brain can feel the kiss happening even before our lips touch.

Then there's the actual kiss. It usually starts out kind of slow—a hand on the face that wraps around to the back of the head and some eye contact. Because, lets face it, you don't want to dive in with your mouth wide open and have the girl think you're a lunatic. Plus there's still a question about chemistry at this point. Not that lack of chemistry has ever stopped me from getting my dick sucked or from plowing a girl from behind. But chemistry really tells me a lot about how to proceed. I'm always going to be in control, regardless of who else is involved. I'm always going to want to restrain her in some way, even if it's just her body caught between mine and Kyle's. But if the chemistry isn't there, I might decide to let her do all the work.

I love that first moment when I get to see the tits for the first time. My cock just about busts out of my pants when they pop out—when I get to see if there was any false advertising or if they really are as big as they look. I'll already know at this point if they're fake at this point, and while I'd rather the tits I squeeze and grope are real, implants won't be a deal breaker. Nothing is a deal breaker when I get to this point. If I'm already this close to a girl—if my tongue has been inside her mouth and my hands are on her tits—she's mine. Well, she's both of ours, really, if I happen to be with Kyle at the time.

The moment when the pussy makes its appearance is always a favorite of mine, too. And like with the tits, there's not much that will dash my spirits. I'm partial to a fully lasered or waxed pussy. Not shaved. I don't want to feel any stubble and I don't want to see a rash or run my hand over those godawful bumps. If it's going to be perfect it's got to be as smooth as silk. Don't get me wrong. I'll take a landing strip or a triangle, and I've even been known to go down on a well-trimmed bush. I can be very generous when I want to be. But

nothing gets me harder than watching a woman play with a smooth, glistening pussy.

After I've seen it all and I've decided the direction things are going to take, there's another level of firsts waiting. The first time I pin her, to the wall or the bed or the floor, or, if I'm at his place, between myself and Kyle. That look in her eyes the first moment she understands what kind of game we're playing. The first spanking or slap. That sharp sucking in of breath when a hand comes down on her round ass for the first time.

The moment when the head of my cock squeezes through the tight opening of her pussy or asshole — especially when I can feel the insane tightness of the other hole being filled — those are all incredible firsts too. But holy shit that very first touch of a girl's lips to the head of my cock, that is as close to heaven as I think I've ever been in my life. When those lips part so effortlessly and slowly — stretching to accommodate the growing thickness of my cock head, then let it slide right in ... perfection. If a girl really knows what she's doing she'll twirl her tongue around the very tip while the head moves into her mouth. She'll move one hand up and down the shaft and cup my balls — very, very gently — and she'll keep her baby blues right on mine.

I put my hands behind the back of my head as I watch my cock disappear into the hot blonde's mouth. Then I move my eyes up a couple of inches and watch as Kyle plows into her from behind. I think he's fucking her pussy, but I'm not completely sure, because what I'm really watching is those ass cheeks. I'm watching them jiggle with each thrust and with each smack Kyle gives them with his hand. I can't decide what to keep my eyes focused on — her lips or her jiggling ass — so my eyes flit back and forth, the tension building every single time they land on one or the other.

At blow jobs this girl seems to be a hands-down pro. She takes it very slow. Doesn't rush a goddamned thing. She touches me through the pants at first, rubbing her hands up and down my hard-on, with wide eyes on the bulge like a kid in a candy store. She unzips my pants slowly, her teeth hooked on her bottom lip and a smile curled up at the corner of her mouth. She pulls my black boxer briefs down in one swift movement, so the big reveal is just that, my massive cock popping out and springing up into the air and revealing just how fucking turned on I am.

Then the warmth of her breath just before her lips make contact, and everything after that is hazy blur of my shaft and her straining mouth and those eyes and the soft wet hole I'm falling into. Then there's a whole new layer of turned on when I watch Kyle sink his cock into her from behind and I hear and

feel that moan emanating from deep inside her.

We have no idea she's going to be this good before we get back here. As far as we can see, she's just a girl in a bar. But there are ways I can tell—cues I pick up on—that let me know if a girl will be open to being dominated. She might not always be a full-on submissive, but I can usually tell if she'll let me throw her around a little. I can see in her eyes if she'd like it.

It's a little different when there's two of us going after the same girl, but not that much. There were at least ten other girls in the bar tonight, hanging on every word Kyle said and flirting with both of us like crazy. But this one fit a lot of my specs after just a couple sentences, so I decided we should give her a shot.

Kyle's the big talker. He's the one that zeros in on a group of girls and lures them over to the table. I don't have to lift a finger at this point. I just sit back and watch. I like to watch. I especially like watching my cock disappear down the throat of a hot, eighteen or twenty-one year old blonde, but I'm getting ahead of myself. What I like during the pickup is that I don't have to do a whole hell of a lot to make it happen.

The beautiful thing about a girl this age—especially when she's around a man my age—is she'll do just about anything to please that man. To please *me*. I'm not ancient or anything. I'm not even forty yet. Just shy of it, actually. But she doesn't know that. She doesn't know anything about me other than I have more money than she's probably ever going to see in her life. Plus I'm easy on the eyes—we both are—or so I've been told. I guess the girls are suckers for those laugh lines that start appearing around mid-life, but hell if I can see the attraction.

If it isn't her that comes home with us it's going to be one of the other girls in the bar, and she knows that. And she's one-hundred percent correct on that count. Kyle and I are not leaving empty handed.

I'm not interested in repeat performances. I'm all about first times these days. So when I go to a bar with Kyle, which is at least a few nights a week, I'm looking for something new. I find that double-teaming a woman tends to deflect any emotional attachments that might form on the woman's part, but especially mine. I don't need any of that.

It's not that I'm incapable of holding an in-depth conversation or experiencing emotions. I've been married, I've been in love. I just don't want any of that right now. I want the physical experience. I want to fuck and then get the hell out. And if I can turn her attention to Kyle, all the better.

That's why I like having Kyle around. I never know exactly when it's going to happen, but whenever I'm with a new girl and I've reached my limit, I don't want to look at her or talk to her or even think about her anymore. I want her

and any trace of her presence to be gone. It might be after the first time or the second, or even the third time in a night that we fuck. But once the party's over for me, it's really over.

And I just now reached my limit with the blonde. I'm glad to see that Kyle has already finished after I shoot a stream down her throat. I honestly wasn't expecting it to happen so suddenly, but as soon as I come, I see that hopeful look practically spilling out of her dewy eyes, and I can't deal.

"That was great, but I've gotta get up early," I say, and watch every trace of happiness slip away from her face. Kyle gives me a death stare but I look away.

"Really? Did I do something wrong?"

No, but you are right now, I think, lifting my ass and yanking my trousers up.

"No, that was great. I'm sorry, Beth —"

"Angie."

"Angie. I'd love for the three of us to get in bed and fuck the night away, but we've got a meeting first thing in the morning and I just know none of us would get a wink of sleep if you stayed." I give her my most dazzling smile. "I don't know about Kyle, but I only have so much self control."

"Okay." She sounds like a girl that just lost her doll. She stands up and pulls up her micro-dress, then holds onto my shoulder while she slips into her five-inch heels. "Maybe tomorrow night?"

"Sure. Kyle'll give you a call or text or whatever," I say as I usher her to the door. "Here's some money for a cab." I reach into my wallet and hand her three one-hundred dollar bills.

"Oh, no! You don't have to give me this!"

"Just take it. I'll feel better knowing you got home safely," I say, my fake smile fading fast.

"Okay, Graham. I had a really nice night." There's that hopeful smile again. "Talk to you tomorrow, Kyle?" she says as I stand there, holding onto the door and looking down and wishing she was already on the other side. "Totally! Goodnight, Angie," I hear from behind me.

As I shut the door I realize that the last fifteen minutes succeeded in making me feel like more of an asshole than I have in the six years since my divorce and all I want is a drink. But I know Kyle is pissed.

"What the hell, Graham? I thought you were into her."

"I *was*. I had *fun*." I realize the emphasis I was putting on the words only make me sound like I'm trying to convince him that I'm not lying. Or convince myself.

"Then why did you chase her out of here? I wanted to keep having fun. We

don't have a meeting in the morning."

"I'm just tired, okay?" I say as I set my drink on the coffee table and flop onto the couch. I like these arrangements we have, but I have to admit, it's so much easier with prostitutes or sugar babies—girls that know up front that it's just about sex. When they look at me like they're expecting to cuddle in my arms all night I swear I feel like jumping out of my skin. I like having Kyle around as a buffer, but lately, more often than not, it winds up like this. With me irritated and Kyle disappointed.

This all started after my divorce. Before that I'd been a one woman man for years. My wife was everything to me. And since then, I haven't wanted to think about anything even remotely resembling a relationship. Not after the hell she put me through. She was the one who stopped wanting sex. She was the one who cheated. She was the one who took me for everything I had. She was the one that ruined everything. At least I didn't have to pay alimony. But after the divorce was final I was destitute. It's taken me years to get it all back and I'm sure as hell not giving it up for a woman again.

But it's not just the money. It's the way I felt for so long after it was over. And that pain was ten thousand times worse than the shitty way I feel right now after kicking a girl out after sex. I'm never letting that happen to me again. It's just not worth it.

I still prefer to pay for sex. It's just easier all around. But it's hard to resist a bar pick-up when I'm with Kyle. He makes it so easy. Plus, it's always nice to have a young girl who isn't taking money up front. I know one of us will eventually be giving her a wad of cash at the end of the evening, but for at least a little while I can pretend that it's more than money she's interested in. And yes, I realize exactly how fucked up I am.

Chapter 2

Aubrey

"What's wrong, Aubrey?" Breanna knows it's me, but I haven't said anything for at least thirty seconds after she picks up the phone. The only sound on my end is the jagged inhalations of breath as I try to get my words out.

"D-danny dumped me and he's ... he's kicking me out," I sob into the phone.

"What? You're kidding! I thought you guys were really happy. What happened?"

"I ... thought so ... too," I say with a breath in between just about each word. "I mean ... we had fights every once in a while. But that's totally normal ... right?" I had spent all morning questioning every decision I've ever made to the point where now I feel like I have no conviction whatsoever. I just want to crawl in bed and pretend the world doesn't exist for the rest of my life.

"Did he say why?"

"Yeah." I'm actually kind of embarrassed to tell my best friend the reason he gave me. I've never said anything to her about my stupid secret and I'm worried what she'll think. I'm still so confused about my feelings and I'm totally afraid she's going to think exactly what Danny thought. That I'm a tease. "He said he couldn't deal with not being able to ... to fuck me."

"Wait, what? You guys never had sex? Like, at all?"

There it is, that tone I was dreading.

"Well, we had sex. Just not—"

"In your pussy?"

"Yeah!" I say, gaining back a little bit of conviction. "I mean, it's not like we didn't do lots of other stuff. I told you some of what we did. I sucked his cock all the freaking time, and I let him fuck me in the ass whenever he wanted."

"Oh wow, then what the hell was he complaining about?"

"He said he thought I was messing with him—that I was just a tease and that he wanted to find a girl who really understood the meaning of submitting to him."

"What the hell did he mean by that?"

As relieved as I am that Breanna understands what I mean, this is another thing I don't particularly want to discuss with her. She knows that I'm kinky. We've talked about how we're both submissive and how interesting it is that our own personal definitions of that word mean different things to each of us. But because I'm feeling so insecure about everything right now, answering this

question makes me feel like I have no freaking idea what I'm doing. Like my version of submissive is somehow wrong because Danny said so.

"That if I was really a sub I would do anything he wanted just because he told me to, I guess."

"What the fuck? He's a total jackass, Aubrey! That's not the way it works! You have to have an understanding between the two of you. The scenes aren't just about what he wants, end of story. That's messed up!"

"Thank you for saying that, cause I swear to God I've felt like the biggest loser on the planet for the last hour. He told me that I've never been the kind of submissive he wanted, that I probably wasn't even a sub at all, and that seriously killed me, Brea."

"Wow, Aubrey, that's harsh. What did he even mean?"

"I don't know. I asked him to give me examples and he wouldn't. He said I would know how to be a true submissive if I really was one."

"Oh my God, Aubrey, that's horrible. He's a complete asshole. He is so not worth crying over."

"I know, Brea, it just hurts. I thought he loved me. I really thought he understood me. And now I find out that all this time he's been thinking the exact opposite—that everything I am is wrong. It makes me feel like I'll never know if someone is being honest with me ever again."

"God, that's awful. I'm so sorry. But you have to know that he's just one guy. Well, one type of guy. There's plenty of guys like him out there, unfortunately. But there are other types out there, and I swear you'll find one of the good ones."

"I don't know, Brea. I mean, most guys actually do want to fuck a girl's pussy. Especially kinky guys."

"Not necessarily. There are plenty of people who do BDSM scenes that don't even involve intercourse at all."

"Really? What do they do?"

"Whatever they're into. They make the arrangements beforehand. If both people are into rope work, and that's all they both want, then the sub is tied up. If it's pain, then the sub is spanked or paddled or whipped or whatever. If they both want the experience of the sub being tied up and having pain inflicted on them, and they both want something sexual to go on, then they do all of it in the same scene. But it's an agreement, not a surprise. And no one's desire is more important than anyone else's. Unless that's the agreement."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. But isn't it different in a relationship. I mean, I think guys expect that their girlfriend is going to want to fuck them."

"Well, yeah, probably. But if he really loves you he'll talk to you about it—ask

you why and figure out things that work for both of you. Did he ever do that?"

"Not really. But if he asked me why I'm not sure if I'd know exactly what to tell him."

"How come?"

"Well, it was mostly a feeling I had."

"What do you mean?"

"He just didn't seem like he would have been a very good ... you know ... lover. I told you that I sucked his cock all the time. Well, he hardly ever went down on me."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. He would tell me to masturbate, which I liked to do, especially when he was deep throating me, but it wasn't all I wanted. I tried to tell him how I felt but he would always say that he was tired and that he would go down on me next time."

"Oh my God, that is so lame. How freaking old is he?"

"Yeah, exactly. He's twenty-two."

"That's more than old enough to know how lame that is, Aubrey."

"I know! I seriously feel like, in the back of my head, I've been saying 'hell no' to giving my virginity away to Danny mostly because of how immature he is."

"No shit. I'd be saying that too. I can't believe you never told me any of this."

"I've been so messed up about it. There was a part of me that thought there was something really wrong with me. But for the last year I've been feeling like what I really want is an older man. Someone who knows what the hell he's doing, in bed *and* with his life."

"Yeah, I hear ya. I've been pretty much waiting for a man like that to come along myself."

"I mean, I swear to God, Brea, if I found a really manly, serious, responsible, sexy, adult man, I *would* do anything he wanted. I feel like I would be the ultimate submissive. Not 24/7 or anything like that, but, oh my God, Brea. I seriously fantasize about doing anything a guy like that wanted."

"Damn. Anything?"

"It's pretty much my dream. But now I'm scared that it's just something that's in my head and not really who I am. I'm afraid that Danny is right about me."

"Don't even think that. He doesn't know you better than you know yourself."

"I know you're right. I just want a chance to prove it to myself. What I really want is to feel like I have no choice in anything — that no matter what a man asks me to do, I'll do it. But it's the *feeling* of having no choice that I want. I want

someone to make me believe that I don't have any say in the matter even though I know I do. Like I'm giving myself to someone completely and trusting my entire being with them. I'm there for them and they can use me and take care of me like I belong to them, and in return I'll do anything for they want. Gladly. You know what I mean?" I feel like I'm bearing my soul to Brea, and while it's uncomfortable, it feels like a huge weight is being lifted off me.

"God that sounds so hot. Do guys like that even exist? Guys that can actually make you feel that way?"

"I hope so. At least it's what I've always fantasized about." But as the words come out of my mouth I don't feel so sure about it. I'm still in the whole mindset Danny put me in and from this place everything feels hard and impossible.

I don't even know how I'd find someone with my exact same interests. Someone who has the vibe I'm looking for and who wants the same things as I do. I usually only get that sort of feeling when I look into the eyes of older men, and even then, definitely not in all of them.

There was actually only one man who ever made me forget everything around me. When I looked into his eyes, I swear to God I would have done anything he asked me to, no matter what it was. Right there and then, in my dad's office, I would have crawled across the floor if that man had asked me. For years I've fantasized of him telling me what to do, and I've had orgasm after orgasm to the sound of his deep voice in my ear while I imagined him watching me. But that was a long time ago and I'm afraid there are no other men like that on the planet.

"So what are you gonna do?"

"Huh?" I ask, snapping out of my memory of the deepest, darkest eyes I've ever seen up to that point in my life, or since.

"For a place to live."

"Oh, that. Well, how would you feel about having a couch guest for a little while?"

"My couch is your couch."

"That's awesome, cause I don't have any money for my own place right now and I don't have anywhere else to go. I just paid my half of the rent here last week."

"Oh my God, you should get your money back from him. What an asshole!"

"No, I don't want to mess with that. I'm just gonna pack up the few things I have around here and get out. I just want a clean break. No drama."

"Okay, well, if you need any help, let me know."

"I should be fine. It's just my clothes and my laptop. You gonna be around

this afternoon?"

"Yeah, I'll be here all day. This is gonna be fun, girl! We can have a pajama party!"

"Be sure to have some alcohol ready, cause I'm gonna need a big drink when I get there."