

# TRIPPED UP

*An Ad Agency Series Novella*

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# CHAPTER 1

## WALKER

The kitchen is steaming hot. Plump, bouncy tits. Juicy ass, up in the air. Round hips I've been grabbing onto three, sometimes, five times a day. There's nary a more beautiful sight than my pregnant fiancée's nude silhouette. Even if it's backlit by the glow of the refrigerator bulb, and she's shooting canned whipped cream down the back of her throat for going on three straight minutes now. "Watch out, Bluebell, you're gonna drown in that stuff."

Callie jump turns, holding the can like mace, and screams out white foam. "Argh, fuck! Jesus, Hot Cock. Don't sneak up on me like that."

"Shh. Don't call me that. The neighbors might hear." I get real close and kiss a dollop of cream off her lip. "Hungry?"

"These fetuses are eating me alive." She whimpers and lays her sticky cheek on my chest. "I'm like a human garbage disposal. I'll never be satiated again. Never. I can't get enough food."

My smile creeps up. "Or sex."

No lie. She's been attacking me, literally attacking me every time I step foot in the same vicinity. And she hates when I use the term "literally" and don't mean it. I mean it.

Last night, she roped me to a chair and bounced up and down on me until she was covered in sweat and came twice.

I've never been so turned on. Nor as scared.

Since I knocked her up with our twins, her sex drive is driving me insane. My dick literally aches. Mostly cause she's got it in a death grip as we speak.

"I need you."

The desperation in her voice makes me chuckle. Nevertheless, my member rises to the occasion, regardless of its fatigue. "Again? It's only been forty minutes."

"Quit complaining and assume the position." She shoots whipped cream in her hand and lathers me up.

I love when she orders me around, because I never comply. And that fires her up even more. "That's nice. Real nice." I dip my head back and enjoy the delicious pulse of my hardening cock--slick and sticky--in her fist.

"Stop looking at me with those lusty peacock eyes and adorable dimples, or I'm gonna eat you."

I raise a brow and slide my finger along her swollen, wet slit. "That's not a bad idea--"

Her lips are on me before I say another word.

"Good lord, woman, you are...Damn...you are ravaging me. Oh yeah, right there. Lick it right under the head, that's it. Oh fuck, maybe I should get on the floor, so you don't hurt your knees--" I can't seem to pull out of her mouth.

Mouth stuck to me like a Hoover, she backs me up to the counter and then pulls up a barstool and sits in it. All whilst sucking me like a champ. "That's it, baby, take a load off." I grab hold of those amazingly red pregnant nipples and tweak them until she moans around me.

"Feel good?"

She nods up at me, her big crystalline eyes savage with need.

"Make sure you get all that whipped cream off." I pump a couple times in her mouth. "I don't want to get any of that spray can shit near my babies. I want my pussy preservative-free."

Her glossy, wet mouth opens with a pop. "For the love of Christ, I can't deal with your lame jokes right now. Can't you see, I'm dying of lust? Jesus, I'm gonna

come just by you touching my nipples." She grips her tits and feeds one into my mouth. "Please."

I run my tongue over her tight buds and slide a finger inside her. "They hurt, baby?"

She grunts. "That's it! I can't wait another second." Hands flat on the counter, she backs her ass in the air. "Get inside me. I want dirty talk, and lots of hard-core, quadruple X-rated thrusting."

"We talked about that. You know I'm not comfortable with rough sex. Not when my boys are in there."

"Get that big cock inside me. And they're girls, not boys. I want rough, filthy sex, Mr. Rhodes." She's gritting her teeth. "And you better give it to me good. I mean it." She shakes her ass at me. "Put it inside me. Drill me."

Once again, I'm a little unnerved. But also, I love ass-slapping sex with her. Hell, I love everything about her. And so...

"Thank God!" she cries and basically fucks herself with my dick.

I'm telling you, she's in heat times three. Never been so sopping wet. Never been so swollen. Never been so quick to get off. Her clit is raging hard under my fingertips. She's even begging me to shove a finger in her asshole. That never happens. That territory is usually forbidden. But she wants everything dirty. Right now. Super hard. All the fucking time. Pregnancy hormones will be the death of me.

She grabs the whipped cream off the counter, still gripping me tight with her insatiable pussy, and shoots a puff in her mouth. Then she cups the back of my neck and tongue fucks me with sticky sweetness. Hot sugar cream kiss. I spank her pussy a little so I can catch a breath and bang her like she wants.

Her legs tremble in response. "Faster. Harder."

"No."

"Yes!"

"This is as hard as it gets, Mrs. Rhodes."

She reaches backwards and grips my ass cheeks with both hands. "Fuck me hard."

"Fine. If you want me to kill our children." I plow into her, punching our kids.

There it is. Her tight quivering cunt, oh so beautifully sucking me into her lush heat.

A scream accompanies her orgasm. "I four skillet you, Mr. Rhodes!"

And while she tells me she's euphorically in love with me in my version of Norwegian slang, I jet out what little cum I have left after her thrice-daily rampages.

Afterward, we're all sticky and sweaty and smelling like sex. "Think you'll be able to sleep now?"

She's limp across the counter. "For an hour or so. Until I get hungry again."

"I'm gonna lock myself in the greenhouse."

"I will kill you."

"That's what I'm afraid of. You're gonna fuck me to death."

Her body slides forward, and my cock slides out, and her tongue slides back in my mouth. "Better enjoy it. Once these monsters come out, I probably won't have sex with you ever again."

All of a sudden I feel like crying. "Really?"

"Maybe."

I chew on my lip. "Ah, hell, Bluebell. You're not gonna let me sleep tonight, are you?"

She takes my hand and leads me to bed. "Probably, not."

# CHAPTER 2

## CALLIE

Sex. Sex. Sex. On the brain. All the time.

I can't get enough of Walker. When he put those babies in me, he turned me into a monster. If it were possible, I'd stay attached to him twenty-four-seven.

I'd make coffee with him still inside me. I'd write my new book sitting on his joystick. I'd grocery shop with him, doing me from behind.

See? I'm nuts. Pregnancy is the cause.

Or it could be the moon. It's like a street lamp blasting through the curtains. Maybe that's why I feel so crazy.

I'm starving. But for what?

At four in the morning, I figure out my craving. It's not for food or sex; it's for family. I miss my sister, Effie. I haven't told her I'm pregnant yet. This could be temporary. I could lose the twins.

The truth is I'm scared shitless.

Every night, after I finally let Walker fall asleep, I sneak into the bathroom and sob. Leonard Nimoy sits at my feet and looks up at me--ears cocked, terribly worried coal black eyes barely visible under his mop--and I cry for a good five minutes. Then I pull myself together, pat my dog's head, wash the tears off my face, and crawl back into bed and burrow my nose in the lemony scent of Walker's skin.

It's been going on like this for six weeks. Me boning the hell out of my man. Him passing out with exhaustion. Then me bawling in the bathroom.

We've been engaged for a year, and we'd planned to get married and have kids after we were done traveling. But then the police pulled us over in that botched drug raid in Oklahoma and took my birth control pills.

Apparently, there was a couple of meth heads that cooked in a motorhome like the Silver Dildo. That shit only happens to us. Anyway, that week without the pill did the trick. Twice. The twins are fraternal, instead of identical, like Effie and I, so the doctor says they have a better chance of making it. But still, I'm terrified.

It doesn't help that Walker's been nagging me non-stop to get married. "I'm a traditional man, Blue," he keeps saying. "I want to get hitched before the babies are born."

"I don't want to get stressed out while I'm pregnant," I told him.

"We'll have a barbecue in the backyard with family and friends. No biggie. Walt said he'd officiate. Let's just do it." He gave me his panty-melting smile. "I need this, Callie. I want to be married to the mother of my children."

Just thinking about him saying that makes me sniffle next to him.

He stirs and caresses my midsection then reaches for his camera. "You look so beautiful in the moonlight. Don't move. Stay like that. Just like you are. All ripe with my babies, with your eyes reflecting the moon--" He lowers the camera. "What's wrong?"

I wipe away an escaped tear. How do you explain what I'm going through? I should be happy.

It's not just the babies. It's marriage that worries me. I don't want to lose our connection. I don't want

to end up like my mom and dad. Or his mom and dad. Or half the couples in this world.

I close my eyes and clench the sheets, willing myself to put on a smile for him.

He sits up straight and runs his hand through his messy hair. "Did I hurt you? Is it the babies? I told you we shouldn't have had rough sex."

Great. Now he's flipping out, too. I choke out a laugh and wipe my nose. "They're fine. I just miss my sister." She'd cheer me up. That's how Effie is--much more hopeful than me.

I'm the bad twin. Which is weird, because as an ex-drug addict, she should fill that role. But no, she's a candy rainbow compared to me.

"Let's go visit your sister," he says.

And because he always makes the sun shine, a few hours later, after I finally doze off, he calls Effie and Elias and buys us a plane ticket to New York.