

"Ok, so they said that because it's so many pizzas on short notice there'll be a delay." Miranda told the middle aged goat that was her driver and stuffed her phone back down between her cleavage for safe keeping.

"How does Little Caesar's have a delay?" Parker asked. The lizard next to him shrugged her shoulders up. "Guess we should have called ahead earlier, then. We've got the ice chest so we could pick up ice cream first to kill time."

The goat flicked on his turn signal and the two of them rocked to the right as the minivan made its way down a new street. Miranda and Parker were two of a three person team that coached a bunch of 10 year old little leaguers. Their third person was back at the practice field with some of the parents keeping the boys occupied while the two of them ran to do the food run. Miranda was their coach and Parker was the assistant coach as well as the father of one of the little boys on the team.

"We should get the ice cream last. We don't have any ice in that chest back there." She told him and it was the goat's turn to shrug his shoulders. "Just find a nice secluded place to pull over and we'll wait a little bit."

"Miranda, seriously. Secluded? We're in the middle of downtown." Parker started but the lizard waved her hand lazily to silence him.

"Has your wife drained your nuts lately, daddy?" She said and Parker blushed while he stared at the road ahead. It was nearing the evening and after rush hour so the traffic was lighter. "I didn't think so. Now go find us a nice spot."

She retrieved her phone from her tits and texted Walter, their third base coach and the man keeping an eye of the kiddos with the parents back at the field. She let him know the pizzas would be late because Little Caesar's was dragging ass. The big grizzly replied back pretty quick with a thumbs up emoji. She was about to drop her phone down into the drink holder of the center console when he texted her again. Miranda checked it and saw that he'd sent 'Don't show back up with your pant legs soaked again.'

"That asshole." She chuckled aloud. Parker looked her way and she aimed her phone screen at him and he passed it a glance. He let out an embarrassed exhale. Due to Miranda's insistence they have had moments where she had curious and suspicious wet spots and stains on her clothing after she'd run an errand with Parker. Or with most men she got herself alone with to be honest.

"How about there?" He said and pointed his finger from over the steering wheel at a gas station that was still being built. The streets were packed with businesses but it was almost 7 o'clock on a weekend. The gas station parking lot was empty and there was a big metal trash bin for the construction crew sitting out there in the open.

"On the other side of the bin, dad." She told him and was already pulling her shirt up over her sizable tits. The minivan was put into park with a wall of green from the trash bin to their left and a cyclone fence to their right separating themselves from a liquor store that was closed on Sundays, which it presently was.

With her thicc ladiness she had trouble wiggling herself between the tight space between the front seats and into the back. Parker did the intelligent thing by stepping out of the driver's side and opening the sliding door to join her like a civilized person. "Asshole."

"Woman of ill repute." He told her back. She pulled the lever on the bottom of one of the bucket seats and Parker grabbed the headrest and folded the seat forward. "Do you have a condom this time?"

"You made sure I don't need those anymore." She smirked and started undoing her jeans and jerking them down over the ample curve of her hips.

"That's not why I asked." He said, and the goat couldn't keep a hand to himself and she felt his palm brush over her rump.

"You going to stay celibate if I didn't bring any?"

"No." He replied and let go of her ass.

"Then fuck me, daddy." She said and let her jeans settle around her knees as her shoes wiggled under the the driver's seat. Parker crawled behind her and slid the door shut before letting her listen to the sound of his belt coming undone, then followed by his zipper.

"What're you going to do to keep your pants from being soaked?" He told her and gently slapped her across one asscheek. She bit her lip and looked at him over her shoulder. Parker's wife would never let him get rough with her. That is, if she ever bothered to fuck her damn husband.

"There's a roll of paper towels under one of the seats, Daddy." She said and smiled right at him with a face full of mischief. She caught the

sight of his nice impressive tool as he stroked himself to a stiff erection. The goat's cock was a big thick stick of herbivore meat. A real fine cut of tenderloin. Parker had heard enough meat and dairy puns and innuendo from her to ruin his sense of humor for a lifetime.

Miranda sure did love getting fucked by Mr. Parker. He was a nice, good, decent man that was well liked by the parents and well loved by the boys he helped coached. And Miranda loved the ever living hell out of seducing him into cheating on his good for nothing bitch of a wife. The iceberg with a dry cunt never put out for her husband after he finally got one kid out of her. Parker had been suffering for years from a dead bedroom with a cold shouldered and icy wife. What kind of woman does that to her husband? Especially one like Parker for fuck's sake! Miranda couldn't stand it at all the moment she picked up his situation with her intuition and she immediately had to turn the heat up on the guy until she had him yoked to her as assistant coach and fuck buddy.

Perhaps if his wife had bothered to do more to look at him every other day then maybe it wouldn't be his baby growing in Miranda's belly right now! Maybe, just maybe, that bitch would have her second or third child on the way and Miranda would have kept her mitts off the man! But no, Miranda saw a job that needed doing and she made sure she got it done. Did she ever! Parker was so intense that first time it still made Miranda wet every time she reminisced about it!

Now Parker was pressing his thick needy prick at her very sopping wet cunt. Her eyes fluttered as he slid himself home inside her. "Phone." She moaned. That dick felt right perfect inside her pussy. It took no effort at all for her engine to get to running when it was a man like Parker trying to dock his ship in her port. She bit her lip.

She heard him fumble around behind her with the sound of fabric rustling as his dick stopped moving inside her. Parker stopped his fidgeting then. "Video?"

"We're in a hurry, dad. Just snap a pic." The flash from his phone briefly lit the interior of the minivan with the adjoining digital sound of an old fashioned shutter snapping shut. She saw the phone drop over into her periphery on the seat next to her. Miranda loved taking photo evidence of her being a huge slut, and Parker had been persuaded right along in helping her with her kink. She'd be making him send that one to her husband later. Her hubby loved seeing the results of her many mischievous adventures.

Two strong hands grabbed her hips and squeezed her hard. She wiggled herself and before her hips could sway even a third time the goat bucked into her and she shouted. A heavy pair of balls slapped her thighs and Miranda could feel the end of his dick pushing at her cervix.

Parker was a honest man with honest needs. Once she'd forced herself on him that first time, and he'd gotten his dick wet for the first time in years, his honesty flowed out of him by the full sticky cup. After she'd good and wedded him to the idea that fucking her was the best thing that'd happened to him since the birth of his son, she'd let him plant his seed in her for another kid. Not that he'd planned to knock her up. He was a nice, good, married man after all. Miranda and her husband wanted another pair of feet pitter patter through the house, though. Parker was a good choice for a sperm donor and he happily gave her everything she needed.

That moment weeks before when he was hilted in her, her cunt sopping wet, the goat pounding her almost senseless in the backseat of his car when he was suppose to be 'working late'... it was such a hot and precious memory. She'd confessed she wasn't on the pill while he still had a chance to yank himself out, but her panting and wailing for him to cum in her was too much for the man to fight. His own virility demanded that he do it, and he did it. Pumped her full of both barrels of batter and he even doubled down on his sin and guilt fucked her a second time after that. Miranda knew she was a wicked influence on any man with morals. An influence that could rub her belly and be proud of the child that such a wonderful and good man helped fuck into her.

Parker then moved one hand to the back of her head as she lay over the folded bucket seat and she felt him grab a handful of her brown hair. She let out a nice moan for him when he shoved her cheek into the coarse fabric covering of the back of the bucket seat. She felt his cock throb inside her with a flex of his abdominal muscles. He filled her up so full with his length and girth that she fucking loved it! If it had been Miranda and not his bitch of wife that had married her she'd have given him at least a half dozen kids by now.

"Fuck me, daddy!" She panted and wrapped her tail around behind him. Miranda felt him grab tight to a fistfull of her lovehandles and he started fucking her right and good. Her cunt was so wet she was already hearing her pussy drool squeeze and squirt out from around the goat's thick stick. The minivan was rocking gently behind the dumpster while she got hers, and Parker was nearly silent over the noise of the minivan and the sound of his plump nuts slapping the back of her thighs.

God, it felt so good to fuck like a cheap whore! She tightened her tail around him and reached back with both hands. She found the hand on her hip and clutched hers over them tightly. Parker was a sweet and sentimental man, which gave her many ways to please and tease him. She discovered he fucking loved handholding! Of all the little things for him to be kinky over, it was hand holding! Miranda reached her other hand behind her head to clutch at the hand that was there pressing her to the seat. She clung to him tighter and moaned his name real long and low. It

was a sultry sound. Parker was already starting to pound her harder. Her breath was being knocked out of her with his every thrust as the minivan's suspension creaked under the goat's effort.

Parker was almost about to celebrate his 41st birthday, but when she popped his cork that first time it was like a horny teenage virgin had sprung forth from his very soul. Miranda had drawn out the heavily pent up libido and drive that the man had been suppressing for years and now he would fuck her like a man half his age. God, it was so intoxicating! You don't know what it feels like to bring out so much energy and desire from a man!

He jerked his hand off her hip and shook his wrist from her hand. Miranda then felt his grip return to clutch at her hand and he moved to press her palm to the back of the bucket seat. He did the same thing with her other hand. Parker wasn't holding her head down anymore. Instead, he was pounding her until the front of her thighs were getting sore from being shoved into the headrest of the folded seat. His hands were over hers and were holding them down at her sides like the sweetest of lovers.

"Fuck your baby momma, Parker, please!" She whimpered up at him playfully. She was drooling over the back of the seat now from both the cock in her cunt and the knowledge of getting one over Parker's stupid wife.

"Jesus, Miranda!" He said. His hips worked his prick into her harder even though she could hear the guilt in his voice. Miranda was going to rob him of that damned guilt! Make him fuck it right out of his balls and into her cunt where she'd drool it all over the fucking floor! If his wife was worth being loyal to it'd be her getting herself screwed stupid in a fucking used minivan by her husband!

"Fill me up with cum, daddy!" She begged him. His fingers laced themselves between her own and she squeezed down on them tight. Hiking her hips up she gave him all the angle and room he'd need to fucked her at his best. His ass was bumping the back of the driver's seat hard so he could make the room to plow his hips into hers with force. His dick was pistoning into her hard and heavy the way Miranda loved and she was eagerly awaiting for his fuse to blow. She needed that all of a sudden, and she didn't care if she got off from it either. Just knowing that Miranda had that bitch's loving husband pumping her full of his load had her happy as could fucking be! God, Miranda was a whore! Her eyes were fluttering and the sight of the overhead lights on the van's ceiling were coming in and out of view as her pupils struggled to remain out from under her eyelids.

Miranda knew she was a whore alright, but she was a damned noble one! Parker tightened his grip on her and hunched his body over hers. He was trying so hard! "Miranda!"

"Do it, daddy!" She whined loud for him. He'd get her so close to popping this time, but not quite far enough.

And, Miranda thought, so what if she was married? What did that even mean these days? If a man can dedicate himself to a frigid wife that wouldn't touch him then what good was being faithful like they preached about in the old days? Miranda could spread her legs for a man and let him be a man, to feel his nuts draw up tight, to drain himself dry right up inside her sloppy whorish cunt! Let any man that she fancied dedicate himself to fucking her until her cunt was bright red and raw. Let her pussy sizzle from the friction of a needy cock plowing into her until its owner collapsed exhausted over her to pass out.

"Jesus!" Parker hilted himself and she felt his shaft throb once and thicken as that thick meaty urethra carried its load up inside her. The first gush hit her deep and she felt it spread inside her until her toes were curling happily in her sneakers. Her baby daddy held perfectly still while he panted with ragged breath and groaned his way through his much earned climax.

She hadn't cum yet, and wouldn't this time, but this moment wasn't for her. It was another happy gift she was giving to her baby daddy, Parker. Miranda knew she could get herself off with her husband later. He'd be hot and bothered from the photo he'd get from her little adventure in the minivan anyway. Miranda was a filthy whore, but she took care of all her lovely men. She'd have to call up Walter to fuck her later so that he wouldn't feel left out.

"Miranda." He exhaled with a weak rasp and drew her out of her arousal fueled reverie.

"Mmm, Parker, daddy?" She slowly wiggled her hips into his.

"I made a bit of a mess in you." He was slowing down to a quiet pant. Parker's dick was only gently throbbing in her now and she could feel the hot overflow trying to run down her thighs. He'd really flooded her. If it wasn't for the size of his dick helping keep the mess inside her she'd be kneeling in a puddle of gooey dilt spunk. Miranda wiggled her left hand and Parker reluctantly let go of it. Parker was a sweetheart. She reached under the bucket seat and fumbled her hand around until she gave up. She leaned to the left and Parker leaned with her. Her daddy goat wasn't going to let his dick break the tight seal that was helping keep the minivan clean. He was such a good man. He'd learned quick how to fuck

her the way she liked getting fucked, and she'd learned even quicker how to find her way to his heart through her pussy.

Miranda strained and found the roll of paper towels under the other seat. Her fingertip caught the opening of the roll and she flicked her hand to knock it out to the middle. Parker reached low and picked it up.

"Miranda, baby. It's not a even a whole sheet." He complained with some exasperation.

"Huh?" She turned and he was holding a mostly empty roll of paper towels with a single half sheet glued to the cardboard. She shrugged. Well, Miranda guessed that she did forget something at the store after all. She was a milf now. Milfs make shopping lists...

"Got a spare shirt or something in here?" He asked. Miranda planted her face to the back of the seat. No, she didn't think she had anything she could use as a cum rag. At least, not something she could use and throw away without it being missed. "Oh, I got it."

"What?" She asked him. Miranda could tell Parker was reaching for something in front of her, but she didn't turn her head to see what it was. It was something he'd seen in the back of the minivan on the floorboard.

"Next time you want us to do this you should be prepared, Momma." Parker said and he quickly slipped his dick from her. She moaned at the sensation. The rapid suction of her cunt trying desperately to cling to him while that feeling of emptiness replaced him.

Then, just as his dick cleared her opening, he took the baseball he'd picked up and forced it up her cunt to plug her up tight. Her eyes were wide like saucers and Miranda could only hold her tail upright for her baby daddy while she recovered from the surprise intrusion of a hole in one. She cocked a corner of her mouth in a wry grin. Parker coached baseball not golf. When she turned to look at him he'd already pulled the last sheet off the roll and was carefully trying to wipe up her thighs as best as he could. He was smiling like a little devil. The goat was her little handsome devil.

"Love you, daddy." She told him wryly. He nodded shyly at her with a smile.

"When your done back there do you want me to use my mouth to clean you up?" She asked him and his smile broadened and he nodded again. Right to

his heart by way of her cunt, alright. Miranda licked her lips with anticipation at the soon to be tackled task of sucking his cock clean as a whistle. As Miranda went about her busy to clean up her man's cock she could feel the tight pressure in her cunt rubbing at her gspot. She really hoped she wouldn't pop her own cork at the practice field in front of everyone from a fucking baseball shoved up her pussy.