

Baby Steps Bonanza

Dates

First Date

I watched as my dear, beautiful daughter speared some deliciously cooked salmon with a fork. Poking at and pushing around the food, but refusing to eat it.

Calm. I told myself. *Focus on the task at hand.*

Stacy was a beautiful girl. Every bit as sexy as Emily had been, back in the day. Not that Emily wasn't a fine prize still, of course. She was easily the hottest MILF around. But there was something to be said for youth.

I took a sip of water, using the opportunity to look Stacy over.

Red hair like her mother, with the same pretty face and obscenely proportioned body. Huge tits, a nice ass, and not an ounce of fat anywhere it didn't belong. She was stunningly beautiful. Unfortunately, that similarity to her mother was only skin deep. Her attitude... Well...

"Give it a try," I said softly, warmly.

Stacy glared up at me, looked away, huffed her annoyance.

Was this how today's youth showed their gratitude for being treated to a fancy restaurant? If I'd brought Emily here, back when she'd been Stacy's age...

I pushed the thought away.

Not helpful.

"So," I said, raising my fork to my lips. "How's school?"

I savored the taste of perfectly cooked and seasoned salmon in silence. Stacy, brat that she was, stared away from me.

On the bright side, the way she had her arms crossed over her chest helped to emphasize their size and fullness. I'd be a good day when I finally got to see those titties bouncing.

"Your mother told me you want to be an actress," I said, continuing to eat.

Stacy huffed dramatically, still refused to look at me.

"I know you'd much rather be out with your friends right now," her boyfriend, more likely. "But this is important. You can sit there pouting if you want. Or you can eat and talk and we can spend this daddy-daughter date actually connecting."

"Please," Stacy snorted derisively. "The only reason you're here is 'cause Mom is making you. Don't pretend like you give a shit now."

"Language," I scolded softly.

Stacy just rolled her eyes.

"And your mother isn't making me do anything," I added. "Though it was her idea."

True enough. Emily had been the one to come up with this scheme.

Me taking Stacy out on these daddy-daughter dates, while Emily 'helped' her prepare for her upcoming exams the same way I'd 'helped' Emily so long ago. It seemed my darling wife had gotten tired of roleplaying our daughter in bed, and had decided to introduce the real thing.

It'd take time, of course. These things didn't happen overnight.

One day, one date, at a time.

Baby Steps.

Second Date

She was eating the food!

Still moody and bratty, but far less so this time.

"Exams are coming up," I said, a smile tugging at my lips. "I hope you've been studying plenty."

Stacy scoffed, didn't say anything.

How could two women who looked so similar have such wildly different priorities. For Emily, it'd all been about studying and learning. Whereas Stacy couldn't care less. As far as the bitch sitting opposite me was concerned, she didn't *need* qualifications or skills. She planned on getting through life with her looks alone.

Annoyingly, she probably could.

"Your mother told me she's been helping you," I continued, more to fill the silence than anything else. "Something about helping to calm your mind and improve your focus?"

"Hypnosis," Stacy said with a characteristic eyeroll. "So stupid."

"Maybe," I said with a little chuckle, "but it's worth a shot, right? Can't hurt. And, if nothing else, it'll help you get to sleep nice and easy."

Another eyeroll, followed by an indifferent shrug.

Boy, did I have my work cut out for me with this one.

Third Date

"Stop looking at my tits, Dad," Stacy huffed. "It's gross."

I pulled my gaze away from my daughter's ample cleavage, nicely displayed as it was in a black, sparkly dress. When my eyes met Stacy's, I saw no anger or disgust in her pretty irises/ Only amusement and something else. Something warm.

"My eyes are up here," she said with the tiniest purr dragging the last word out.

"And what beautiful eyes they are," I grinned.

Stacy smirked, shifted in her seat a little – straightening her back and pushing out her chest. Something she no-doubt thought she was being subtle about. More than once, I let my gaze wander. And, more than once, Stacy was sure to give me a nice view.

By the time we were getting up to leave, my Stacy's cheeks were flushed pink. She bit her lip as she looked at me, swayed her hips as she strode out of the restaurant to my car.

Good, solid progress.

Fourth Date

"You know," I said, staring at the house from the driver's seat. "These daddy-daughter dates are, in part, meant to help prepare you for dates you'll have with other men. Boyfriends."

"Uh-huh," Stacy's smooth voice sounded beside me.

Neither one of us moved to exit the car. We sat there, both staring ahead. Waiting to see where this after-date moment took us.

Was it me, or were the curtains to the master bedroom slightly ajar? I couldn't quite tell, but I could imagine Emily sitting there in the dark, spying on us. As eager to see where this would lead as I was.

"And, sometimes in moments like these, you'll want to kiss your date. Cap off a nice evening with some... mutual affection."

"I'm not twelve, Dad," Stacy snorted beside me. "I've been on dates. I've made out in cars before."

"In that case," I turned to Stacy, moved closer. "Why not use this opportunity to get some practice in?"

She stared at me, face unreadable. Her mouth opened, though no words came out.

She didn't lean towards me, but neither did she pull away. Even when my lips met hers. She stayed stock still, not returning the kiss at first.

It lasted only a few seconds. Tentative and light.

When O drew back, looked at my daughter, I saw her shy blush. Not a common thing, when it came to Stacy.

"Yes," I said, staring into her wide, pretty eyes. "We'll definitely need to practice..."

Fifth Date

Her tongue pushed into my mouth, determined to match my gusto. My hands were on Stacy's chest, squeezing her amazing tits as she groped and fondled my crotch.

The heat was mind-melting, the air in the car thick with lust and abandon.

Stacy undid her seatbelt, somehow ended up on my lap with her back to the steering wheel. Her mouth pressed to mine, her body begging to be ravished. She didn't protest when I shoved her skimpy party dress open, made her huge tits jiggle out.

And, as I enjoyed exploring her perfect curved, her hand slithered under the waistband of my pants. Warm, delicate fingers wrapped around my hard cock, stroking eagerly. All the while, our tongues danced and wrestled, out breath mingling and flowing out to steam up the car windows.

When I grunted, came inside my pants, Stacy giggled.

She rolled off my lap, sat back down in the passenger seat with a smug, satisfied look on her face. Her right hand wet with my cum.

Sixth Date

A shame Emily wouldn't be able to watch this. She'd see me sitting here in the driver's seat, of course. But, from her vantage point ahead, all she'd see beside me was an empty passenger seat.

Stacy gagged, tried to lift her head up. I held it down.

Imagination would have to fuel my wife on this occasion.

"Use your tongue more," I told Stacy. "The fuckboys you've dated might've been fine with half-hearted blowjobs, but I'm not."

Stacy tried speaking. But, with a fat cock filling her mouth and throat, all that came out was gargled, muffled mumbles.

"We had a nice meal tonight," I said, leaning back in the driver's seat and relaxing. "An expensive one. This is your chance to show your gratitude and prove that you deserve more fancy treats. So suck it up and choke it down, babygirl."

Seventh Date

"Can I..." Stacy blushed, glanced up from the menu for an instant before her eyes snapped right back down. "Can I have something expensive today, Daddy?"

A smile split my lips. "Of course, Stacy. Anything you want, you can have. Just as long as you remember to show proper gratitude for it after."

Her pretty face reddened, and she nodded her head.

"Perhaps next time, we'll go shopping before our date. See if we can't find some nice jewelry for you. A little reward for trying your best in your exams."

"That..." Stacy bit her lip, body positively vibrating with excitement. "Okay..."

Emily was doing a fantastic job turning our daughter into a toy.

Eighth Date

"Daddy!" Stacy gasped, let out a whimpering moan. "I can't- I-"

I pushed down on her hips, lowered her firmly onto my cock. She squealed loud enough to wake the whole neighborhood. A titillating thought – the idea of a neighbor looking out the window, seeing Stacy on my cock. Probably, they'd assume it was Emily. At least Junior wasn't home tonight; didn't want him seeing this. Emily herself, though...

Grinning, I kept a firm hold on Stacy's hips.

"You can handle it," I told her. "Breathe. Relax. You're too tense..."

'Tense' was one way of putting it. Stacy was completely rigid, as stiff as a rock. Her pussy clamped around the tip of my cock like a vice.

"Come on, I doubt this is the first time you've taken dick in your date's car."

"Fuck you," Stacy gasped, glaring at me.

All it took was lowering her further down my cock to remove that glare, replace it with wide-eyed fear, pain, and uncertainty.

"Please, Daddy! I can't!"

"Look at me, Stacy."

She gulped, met my eyes.

"You're taking this cock tonight. You're gonna take every inch of it, and you're gonna ride it 'til I paint your guts white. Because you're a good girl. A good date. Isn't that right?"

Stacy's internal struggle flashed through her irises. A dozen different emotions flitting across her face in just a few heartbeats.

Finally, she nodded.

"I'm a good girl, Daddy," she said softly, meekly. Very un-Stacy-like.

"Go on then," I said, releasing my grip on her waist. "Do it, babygirl. Show me how *grateful* you are."

Ninth Date

"Fuck me!" Stacy screamed as she bucked her hips. "Harder Daddy! Fuck me harder!"

Her big ass slapped down onto my lap, rose again, came right back down. Her entire body jolted with each thrust, each heavy motion. Moans filled the car. The windows clouded over.

My daughter's fingernails dug into my shoulders.

"Daddy!" Stacy moaned, body writhing atop mine.

"Stacy," I grunted.

"Please Daddy! I need it!"

"What do you need, baby?"

"Your cock, Daddy!" She cried out as she rode it. "Give it to me! Fuck me deep, Daddy. Please!"

What kind of father would I be if I didn't give my babygirl exactly what she wanted?

"Yes!" Stacy screamed at the top of her lungs.

A natural screamer, or was she putting on a show for the woman watching us from the house ahead. My beautiful Emily, face all but pressed against the window. Watching as I gave Stacy the fucking she so desperately needed.

"I'm cumming!" Stacy cried out. "I'm cumming!"

Tenth Date

Even before coming to a stop, parking in the house's driveway, Stacy was reaching up her dress skirt and tugging down her undies. Ready and eager to show her 'gratitude' after a lovely date.

I had to stop her when she leaned her head over my lap and began unbuckling my pants.

"Daddy?" Stacy asked, confused.

She stared at her wrists, currently held at bay by my own hands.

"Did I do something wrong?" She asked, sounding much too girly and scared.

"No, no," I chuckled. "Everything's okay. We're just taking things a step further today. You and I are gonna be taking things inside this time. We'll do it on my bed. Much more comfortable that way."

"But..." Stacy glanced nervously at the house. "What about Mom?"

"Oh, don't you worry about that." I killed the car engine, got out of the driver's seat and circled the car. Opened the passenger door for Stacy, like a true gentleman. As she got out of the car, I leaned closer and whispered. "She'll be joining in."