

## Baby Steps Bonanza: Triumph

### Part 1 – Halloween

Emily gaze skimmed over the shelves, checking out the cheap costumes on sale. The typical nurse and police and maid costumes that were plentiful. Next to those were superhero costumes, witch costumes, even one ghost 'costume' that, from the packaging, appeared to be just a white sheet with holes for eyes.

Generic and uninteresting, all of it. Not the flashy *something* she was looking for.

"How about this?" Tia asked, lifting a packaged nun costume and flashing Emily a smirk. "It'd suit you."

Emily rolled her eyes dramatically, smiled.

*If only you knew.*

"Nah," Emily shook her head. "I want something... special."

"Yeah," Tia giggled. "Good luck with that here."

She wasn't wrong.

Emily glanced around the costume store. A rundown little place that was barely big enough for the three of them to walk around in. On one wall, children's costumes. On the other, costumes for adults. At one end, the counter and an ancient looking woman who was eyeing them suspiciously. And, at the other end, the store's entrance.

It wasn't the kind of place that stocked a whole lot of costumes, despite specifically being a costume store. Mostly, it was the generic costume sets and outfits that were several years out of trend – like the superhero ones. Even if they *did* manage to find something interesting, Emily doubted it'd fit.

She looked down at herself. Saw only boobs.

Sweater-clad breasts that were *far* too big for the costumes on display. Trying to fit into any of this stuff – save maybe the ghost costume – would be a herculean challenge.

"Maybe if we knew what you were looking for..." Ally chimed in.

"I don't know," Emily sighed. "That's the problem."

She looked at her best friends, Ally and Tia, and felt a pang of envy. Particularly for Ally.

The girl was the shortest of the three, and the least buxom. While not flat chested, she certainly wasn't rocking head-sized watermelons like Emily. A cute, petite, delicate girl with an angelic face framed by chocolate brown, shoulder-length hair and bangs. There wasn't an outfit on this wall that wouldn't have fit Ally perfectly.

Even Tia, tanned and tall and busty, had more options than Emily. While she had nice breasts, they weren't anywhere close to being the mountains that burdened Emily. Tia still got a plentiful choice of tops and dresses, still got to wear all the cutest outfits. The clothes she wore could *emphasise* Tia's bust. The outfits Emily wore had to contain hers, and often struggled at that too.

"I want..." Emily paused, knew she was going to regret what she was about to say. "I want a sexy costume."

"Sexy?" Ally's eyes widened.

"Oh!" Tia grinned wide. "I get it!"

Emily blushed.

"So," Tia stepped closer. "Who's the guy?"

"Guy?" Ally echoed. "Did you get a boyfriend?"

And thus the questions began.

Who was he? Was he real? Had he asked her out? Was she trying to impress him? Seduce him?

Emily refused to answer any of them, her attempts to change the subject swatted aside by Tia. Ally, though quieter, was still listening intently. Piping in ever now and then, backing up Tia and encouraging Emily to open up and spill the beans.

Which, of course, she couldn't.

Confessing that she was in a very sexual relationship with her father wasn't an option.

"Look," Emily said, sighing and glancing between her two friends. "You don't know him, okay? He's just a guy. And..." Her face heated. "I want to surprise him with something sexy for Halloween. Something slutty..."

Tia clapped her hands together. "Say no more!" She hooked her arm under Emily's. "Come on, I know *exactly* what you need."

'Exactly what Emily needed' turned out to be manual labour.

Or, well, sewing. And gluing. And painting.

"If you want an outfit in your size," Tia pointed at Emily's bust. "At best, it'll cost a small fortune. And I guarantee you won't find anything interesting; not in person or online. So, you've gotta make your own!"

"Great," Emily said dryly, though she couldn't keep the smile from her tone.

"We'll help!" Ally said. "Three sets of hands are better than one!"

"Yup. But it's gonna cost you," Tia flashed a grin.

"Uh-huh..."

"If you want our help," Tia continued, eyes twinkling. "You have to tell us all about this boy you like!"

"Hm..." Emily considered, felt a little thrill. "Well, first of all, he's a man not a boy."

"Oh?" Ally perked up. "How old is he?"

"He's in his twenties?" Tia guessed.

Emily smiled. "Older."

That got some funny reactions out of the two. Ally's eyes shooting wide open while Tia's jaw dropped. Before either could comment, Emily giggled and plucked up a piece of cloth.

"If we're gonna make a custom costume for me, wouldn't it help if we had some of my actual clothes as a base?"

The girls looked at each other, then back at Emily.

"Uh..." Tia cleared her throat. "Depends on what we're making."

"How... How much older is he?" Ally asked in a whisper.

"Haven't decided yet," Emily said to Tia, then she turned to Ally. "A bit."

"How much is 'a bit'?"

Emily giggled. "He's old enough to be my father," she said, a tingling thrill thrumming through her at the words.

"Really?" Ally asked.

"Damn," Tia breathed, lips tugging into a smirk. "Didn't realise good girl Emily was freaky like that. Since when were you into older men?"

"He calls me that too," Emily said before she could stop herself.

When the two of them blinked at her, not understanding, she clarified for them – fire blazing in her chest and between her legs.

"Good girl," she said. "That's what he calls me."

At those words, the costume construction was forgotten.

Another barrage of questions followed, and every answer Emily gave sent warmth and energy rippling through her body.

"Yes," she answered when asked if she'd 'done anything' with the unnamed man. "Lots."

Tia asked who the mystery man was. Ally seemed intent to know every wicked detail. Emily, insides buzzing, answered their questions as truthfully as she dared.

"He likes my boobs," she told them.

"Of course he does," Tia snorted. "Who doesn't?"

"How long has it been going on?" Ally asked, hanging on Emily's every word.

"Eh," Emily shrugged. "A few months."

"And you're only telling us now?!" Tia shook her head in exasperation.

"Sorry," Emily giggled.

"How'd you meet him?" Ally asked.

"I've known him forever," Emily said, basking in the naughty truth. "As long as I can remember. He's, uh, a friend of my dad's."

"You're fucking your father's friend?!"

Nope.

"Yeah," Emily blushed.

"Holy shit," Tia laughed. "What a slut!"

"Tia!" Ally scolded.

"What?! You heard her-"

"It's okay," Emily grinned, face burning hot. "I am."

"Bet he loves the fact he's fucking his friend's daughter," Tia said, smiling wide. "Fifty bucks says he gets off on you calling him 'daddy'."

"No comment," Emily winked.

"That settles it!" Tia said, eyes gleaming. "I know *exactly* what your Halloween costume has to be!"

Emily turned left and right, examined herself in the mirror.

It was... Perfect.

Not a cheap, store-bought and too-small costume. Nor was it an outfit that'd taken hours to sew together. If anything, it was the simplest sort of Halloween costume. The 'cheat' option. And yet, it suited her so well.

High heels and stockings, a pleated plaid skirt with a frilly black thong underneath, a white shirt tied at her midsection and a matching frilly bra, and a plaid tie loose around her neck. To complete the look, Ally had helped braid Emily's red hair into pigtails while Tia had applied glossy lipstick and thick eyeliner.

Emily smiled at the slutty reflection.

A naughty schoolgirl.

Not as imaginative as Emily would've liked, but a damned sight easier to put together than anything else she and her friends had come up with.

"Daddy," she cooed at her reflection, pouting seductively.

"Yeah, yeah," Tia said, rolling her eyes. "We get it. You're gonna get fucked tonight. You don't need to rub it in."

"I'm not-" Emily grinned. "Do you wanna join in?"

"What?!" Ally's face turned crimson in an instant.

"Calm yourself," Tia laughed. "Don't make me get a spray bottle."

"Aww," Emily teased. "C'mon. It'll be fun!"

"For your sugar daddy, maybe," Tia retorted. "I'm not big on sharing, personally."

"Your loss!"

An idea sparked, and Emily noted it, set it aside for later.

She thanked her friends for helping, saw them to the door, told them she'd text them later. After that came the extra prep work.

Ally and Tia thought she'd be going out, visiting the 'older man' at a hotel.

In reality, she had an hour before Daddy got home.

And that meant an hour to set the atmosphere, with candles and music and scented sheets.

Emily looked down at herself. The picture of a slutty schoolgirl with massive, barely contained tits. Paired with the skirt and heels, she looked like a stripper or a pornstar. Far from the 'good girl' Daddy always called her.

Well... Maybe he'd enjoy her being a naughty girl too.

She pinned his shoulders to the bed, gazed down at him as she wiggled her chest and swayed her hips. Smiling at him as his cock spread her tiny hole wide.

"Mmm..." She purred, lowering herself as much as her body would allow, feeling her father's length and girth filling her. "You're so big, Daddy."

He groaned, placed his hands on her waist.

"Are you gonna keep fucking me?" She whispered, leaning down to kiss his jaw. "Gonna fuck your slut into submission?"

"Yes!" He gasped, squeezing her. "Fuck yes!"

"Do it, Daddy," she purred. "Pound me. *Breed* me."

Whatever control he still had went out the window. Her father growled, lifted her up and slammed her back down on his cock.

A flash of pain, quickly smothered by pleasure bursting from Emily's core. She cried out, dug her fingernails into her father's shoulders. Rocked her body, matching his motions as he slammed into her from below. Heat flowed through her, sweeping away thought and reason and reality, until all Emily knew was the face gazing dazedly up at her and the huge cock reshaping her.

"Daddy!" Emily moaned. "Daddy!"

He kept thrusting into her.

A sharp, powerful *slap* jolted her. Made her ass jiggle and bounce, her spine sing with the best kind of agony. Her entire body reverberated with the spank.

"Harder!" She begged. "Fuck me harder, Daddy!"

Pressure was building. A molten heat under her tummy, growing hotter and hotter still. Radiating out, tingling and fizzing. Her skin prickled and her lungs heaved, sucking in hot, dense air.

"Please, Daddy," Emily purred. "I need- I need to cum!"

"Not yet," he growled.

"Please," she whimpered, tightening around him.

The heat grew unbearable. The pressure agonising. And above it all, the temptation to release. To climax and bask in the untold pleasure. But she held it back, as torturous as that was. She restrained herself, fought the ever-increasing urge.

"I need-" Her voice cut off in a high-pitched gasp. "I need-"

"Almost," her father grunted, gripping her tighter and fucking her harder. Pistoning into her rapidly, holding nothing back.

"Daddy!" She begged.

"Cum," he commanded, groaning as he did it himself.

She felt warmth explode inside her – imagined it was his hot, white cum flooding into her. The pressure exploded, washed over her. Every muscle going rigid as electricity flashed and danced throughout her. And, an instant later, every ounce of strength vanished and she collapsed atop him. Bolts of lightning coursing through her, from the tips of her fingers to her curled toes. Her pussy clenched around her father's cock, twitching and convulsing.

The next thing Emily was aware of, her head was resting on her father's shoulder. He was panting, holding her. And she was... humming. Humming a happy little tune, though she couldn't remember which.

It was only when he spoke that she realised.

"A little early for Christmas songs, isn't it?"

"Oh!" She squeaked, blushed. "... I guess."

He shook his head, smiling wide. "Go ahead. It's nice."

"Christmas..." Emily whispered, giggled.

Her idea came back, mixed and merged with a new one.

"Hey Daddy," she said, nuzzling into him. "You know Ally and Tia?"

"Your friends?" His eyebrow lifted. "Yes?"

"Would..." She closed her eyes, basked in the glowing warmth, the naughtiness of the moment and the idea. "Would you like me to hypnotise them for you?"

He went silent. Thoughtful. Hesitant to answer.

"You can fuck them," she whispered. "I *want* you to fuck them. That... That'd be so hott."

"...Okay," he answered at last.

"I should?"

"If you can," he said. "It could be fun..."

Emily grinned wide, ideas and fantasies sparking.

Despite her body's desire to stay where she was, to fall asleep in his arms, Emily sat up. Looked into her father's eyes.

"Which one do you wanna have sex with first?"