

## Baby Steps

### Christmas Epilogue

David Junior tore at the wrapping paper with the vigour and excitement that one would expect of a child on Christmas Day. His smile, so similar to that of his mother, was infectious. His giggles of joy filled the room with an aura of happiness.

Helen sat next to the toddler, smiling down at her grandson with a twinkle in her eye. All the mess Junior made, Helen wordlessly cleaned away. Not in her usual maid costume today, but instead wearing a bright Christmas sweater that strained around her chest.

Emily, of course, sat on my lap. She watched our son with a smile on her face, all the while slowly grinding her perfect ass on my crotch.

She was also wearing a Christmas sweater, as was I. Only, where me and Helen had clothes on underneath our sweaters, Emily did not.

Truly, she was doing everything she could to convince me.

As David Junior tore open another present, eyes round and smiling wildly, Emily bounced on my lap and clapped her hands together.

"Look at that, Daddy," she said, wiggling her butt on my lap. "Santa got David a *race car*!"

Junior giggled gleefully, waving the boxed toy in our direction.

"Yes," I grunted. "Very nice."

I'd have said more, put on a better act of being excited. But the fact that my hard-on was sandwiched snugly between my Emily's asscheeks made the whole 'talking' thing difficult. Especially with her non-stop movements.

Helen's eyes flicked over to us – her daughter and former husband. The amusement in her eyes told me everything I needed to know.

She knew *exactly* what Emily was doing.

I rolled my eyes, planted my hands on my daughter's – my wife's – thighs and gave them a little, playful squeeze. Then, as she continued to wiggle her ass on my lap, I slid my hands a little further up her legs.

Two could play at this game.

"I've been such a good girl," my daughter had told me last night, climbing into bed in a Slutty Santa dress. She'd told me to wear a Santa costume myself, too. Beard 'n' all. "Such a good girl. I think I deserve a present, Mr Santa."

Amazing how much power a beautiful woman has when they use their beauty as a weapon. In that moment, her climbing atop me, looking like she did, voice sultry and seductive, I'd felt about as powerless before her as I'd ever been. Anything she wanted, I'd been sure, I'd give her – if for no other reason than to prevent her from stopping in her seduction.

"Don't you think I've been a good girl, Mr Santa?" She'd cooed, hands undoing the first button of my Santa-suit shirt.

"Mm'hm," I'd grunted, not able to even speak for all the arousal I'd felt.

She'd been flirting with me all evening as we'd sipped wine and laid our Junior's presents. Casting me gazes filled with heat and longing while using her perfect body against me – bending over unnecessarily and provocatively to pick up wrapped presents, or leaning back luxuriously while feigning exhaustion, fanning her chest and cleavage while looking directly into my eyes.

Winding me up all evening, just to catch me in her little trap.

"I *have* been a good girl," she'd cooed, undoing another button and leaning down to kiss my chest. "A *very* good girl."

I groaned, closed my eyes and relaxed – allowed my daughter to have her wicked

way with me.

"And very good girls deserve very nice presents."

Another kiss, another button undone.

"I deserve a very nice present, don't I?"

Eyes still closed, I nodded my head – groaned my agreement.

"Yes," Emily cooed. "A very nice present."

More buttons, more kisses moving down my body.

"You'll give me a very nice present, won't you, Daddy?" Emily asked as she undid the last button of the Santa top, began undoing the belt of the costume's pants.

I nodded my head again.

"Because I know exactly what I want for Christmas."

Her lips brushed my boxers, planted a soft little peck on the cloth.

"This year," Emily told me, breath warm against my crotch, "for Christmas, I want another baby."

David Junior tore open another present, attention focused solely on the task in front of him. Helen, gracious and knowing, ignored what her daughter was doing a few feet away – grinding on me in a way that'd make strippers blush.

It might as well have just been the two of us alone, me and Emily, as she tormented me with her amazing body.

My daughter, it seemed, didn't take 'no' for an answer when it came to Christmas presents. Not that I'd said 'no' exactly. Only a fool would deny a woman in the kind of situation we'd been in last night. I'd simply not said 'yes'.

And now, Emily had made it her mission to torture that one magical word out of me. And she was holding nothing back.

"I'll probably have to get started with cooking Christmas Dinner soon," Emily said casually – full well knowing that cooking of any kind was her mother's job. "Gotta take care of that meat, make sure it gets a good pounding..."

She shook her ass playfully as she spoke.

"My love," I grunted, my hands slipping under her waistband. "I think you might be mistaken about how turkeys are cooked."

Emily's response was to pout and pinch me. Go figure.

Helen, on the other hand, was smirking.

My ex-wife, now mother-in-law, leaned down and whispered something into David Junior's ear. He looked up at her confused, and she whispered something else. The child nodded his head.

I raised my eyebrow as Junior set down the present he'd been eagerly unwrapping. The boy looked over at us, his mother and father, and repeated the words his grandmother had been whispering into his ear.

"For cismas," the little boy said slowly, repeating the words Helen spoke into his ear in a voice that was adorably innocent and soft, "I wan a sibing."

I rolled my eyes, ignored my daughter's cute snicker.

Outvoted and overthrown in my own home. What was the world coming to?

It wasn't that I didn't want another kid. Of the two I'd had already, one had come out as close to perfect as any parent could hope for and the other was no source of stress or strain or anything like that. Another child wouldn't be the end of the world.

It would, however, be weeks of no sex with Emily while she went through the process of giving birth and recovering from it.

Weeks without Emily's pussy? It was a hell I'd not subject myself to without good reason. And, much as I wouldn't mind having another kid, it wasn't exactly something I particularly *wanted* either.

Still, it was a battle I knew I couldn't win.

At the end of the day, the rewards I'd gain for agreeing to knock up Emily again far outweighed the few weeks I'd have to go without her months down the line. Besides, while I might not be able to fuck my gorgeous daughter for a few weeks, I knew Helen would be more than willing to take Emily's place in my bed while Emily recovered.

So that night, after Helen put Junior to bed and made herself scarce, I agreed to my daughter's demands.

Before I could even finish speaking, she pounced on me.

We were in the living room, surrounded by toys and toy boxes and the like. Really, Helen should've cleaned the place before leaving. But, given the circumstances, I'd forgive her this once.

Emily hopped onto my lap, straddled my waist and pressed her huge, bouncy chest into mine.

Her lips met mine in passionate fury as she tore at my clothes.

Within moments, we were both exposed. Her delicious tits out in full view, my cock rubbing her wet opening. She leaned forward, kissed my neck as she took hold of my cock. No words were exchanged, no flirting comments or sexy-talk. There'd been enough of that during the day.

When she lowered herself onto me, I let out a sigh of relief – one it'd felt like I'd been holding on to since last night.

My daughter, as always, was a perfect fit for me.

She gripped onto me as she started to ride my cock, slender body swaying hypnotically as she rose and lowered herself. I grabbed hold of her tits, squeezed them with as much eagerness as our son had unwrapped his Christmas presents. And I thrust. Slow, hard thrusts. Pounding Emily's insides, the gasps and moans that followed each motion were music to my ears.

"Daddy," my daughter cried, fingernails digging into my skin. "Fuck me, Daddy!"

I pulled one of my hands away from the soft comfort of Emily's chest, swatted it through the air and spanked her perfect ass. Once, twice, thrice, more. Over and over again.

"Good girl," I grunted, slapping her too-perfect ass.

*Naughty girl*, I thought, squeezing the reddened skin left behind after the spanking.

"Yes," Emily gasped, swaying her hips and pushing her ass into my hand. "I'm your good girl, Daddy."

Good girls didn't tease their daddies like Emily had earlier. They didn't deprive their daddies of sex just to get their way. No, good girls did whatever their daddies wanted them to. And today Emily had done the opposite. My daughter was a naughty girl, and she needed to be punished for it.

I growled, lifted Emily off my lap.

She yelped in surprise as I spun her around, bent her forward. But, as I took a fistful of her beautiful red hair, held her waist in place and plugged her cunt full of cock again, she got the message – bouncing back onto my cock as I thrust into her.

"Yes Daddy!" Emily moaned loudly, tits swaying and bouncing beneath her. "Fuck me! Fuck your little girl Daddy!"

Afterwards, we cuddled each other on the living room floor, both naked and spent. Emily resting her head on my chest, me resting my hand on her ass, enjoying the feeling of her tits pressing against my body.

Likely, it'd take more than this once time to knock Emily up again. Hopefully the other attempted impregnation fucks would be as intense and thrilling as tonight.

"Crazy to think," Emily murmured softly. "We used to barely talk. Back when I was a teenager, it was like we were strangers."

I closed my eyes, though back to those days. When I'd been married to Helen, when my daughter's goals had been doing well at school and not getting knocked up by her father for a second time.

"I wonder where I'd be now," Emily continued, "if you hadn't started to help me with my exams. That's when everything began to change. When we started to get closer. You and the hypnosis sessions."

I could hear the smile in her voice, the fondness.

"Come to think of it, when *was* the last hypnosis session?" She asked.

I was too tired to think of an answer. Not since long before David Junior had been born, I was sure. A long, long time ago now.

"I don't know," I said, opening my eyes to stare at my daughter's face.

Again, I was struck by just how beautiful she was.

I was a lucky man indeed.

"We should try it again sometime," Emily smiled lazily. "Hypnosis. It could be fun."

"Oh?" I asked, giving her ass a gentle squeeze.

"Yeah," Emily breathed. She smiled, nuzzled into my chest. "Like role-playing, only more intense. You could make me believe I'm the parent and you're the child. Or you could be a policeman come to arrest me or something. I don't know. If it's hypnosis, I'll actually believe it's true, right? We could have a lot of fun with *that*."

I couldn't help but grin at her.

"You know," I said, closing my eyes. I could feel sleep nudging at me, urging me to let go and succumb to it. "Sometimes, I think you and I were made for each other."

I heard Emily giggle, though it sounded distant.

Sleep was coming, and there was no escaping it now.

"Makes sense," I heard my daughter say. "That I'm made for you. I mean, I was made *by* you. If anyone..."

Whatever else Emily said, I didn't hear. Sleep took me.

And I dreamed blissful, happy dreams. Though none of them were quite and blissful and happy as the dream I lived while I was awake.