

## Baby Steps Happy Holiday

I woke up to perfection.

Tropical sunlight streaming into a luxurious hotel room, bouncing off the white walls and clean floor and silk bedsheets.

No screaming child. No noisy neighbours.

I shut my eyes, folded my hands behind my head. Basked in the gentle, comfortable warmth. Body relaxed to its fullest, mind empty of thoughts. I could've fallen right back asleep if I'd wanted to. But I didn't. I was enjoying the simple, pleasant sensation of laying there too much.

It was bliss.

Made all the better when the sound of soft footsteps opened my eyes, my gaze flicking over to the most beautiful creature alive.

Red hair flowing down past slender shoulders, pale blue eyes that shone in the sunlight, milky skin that was only a slight shade pinker than the white sundress she had on. A small, short frame with breasts the size of watermelons - protruding out from her chest enough that they stretched the fabric of her sundress to bursting.

She smiled at me as I stared at her, a dazzling grin filled with pure love and adoration.

"You're awake," my daughter said. "It wasn't me that woke you, was it? I just got off the phone with Mom..."

I shook my head, too lazy to speak.

"Junior is doing fine," Emily continued. "Mom says everything is good. No problems over there..."

From the tone of her voice, the barest hint of agitation and worry, I knew what Emily was thinking. How much she missed her son. Our son. She wanted to be back home. Was worried about being so far away.

It was the first time since she'd given birth that Emily had been away from the little one. Her maternal instincts were probably driving her crazy.

Even so, when she looked at me, she smiled. Relaxed.

"He'll be fine," I said, staring at her.

She blushed, nodded her head. "I know."

A few moments later, she was climbing onto the king-sized bed with me; placing her head on my shoulder, body pressed to mine, her breath tickling my chest.

"I miss this," Emily spoke so softly I could barely hear her, even with her lips so close to my ears. "Us. Alone together. It feels like forever..."

It *had* been forever.

The last time it'd been just me and her... A year, at the very least. Longer, probably. Not since before our son had been born.

A silent eternity passed.

Emily resting her head on my shoulder, me holding her in a gentle embrace. The sun streaming into the hotel room, warming us like a comfortable blanket. The temptation of sleep dangled at the back of my mind, urging me to let go. But why would I do that? No dream could ever compare to this simple, perfect reality.

I truly believed that nothing could make the moment any better. That this was as good as it could get.

Then I felt Emily's slender fingers wrapping around my cock.

I wasn't hard. Not when she started stroking me.

It didn't take long for *that* to change.

In the years since my pretty daughter had first held my hard-on, she'd become an expert at pleasuring it. Dainty fingers gliding along its length, squeezing and tugging and

teasing it with practiced mastery. Massaging the shaft with one hand while the other gently cupped and fondled my balls.

I let out a quiet grunt, shut my eyes tight.

Warmth. That, more than anything else, drew my thoughts.

The warmth of Emily's body next to mine, her slender frame on the bed next to me and the weight of her hot breasts pressed against my body. The warm tickling of her breath on my chest; more rapid than it'd been minutes ago. Her breathing was heavier and hotter, louder. And, as I paid close attention to the areas where her skin touched mine, I felt it – her heartbeat. A fast, rhythmic thumping; almost too faint to make out.

Her heart was racing.

"Daddy," she whispered, lips brushing my skin. "I've missed you..."

It surprised me, how much I had to hold back.

A handjob. That's all it was. Expertly and lovingly done, but even so. At the end of the day, Emily was just wanking me off. Had only been doing it for a minute or two.

It shouldn't have been enough to make me want to cum. Make me have to hold myself back from ejaculating.

And yet... I *did* have to.

I focused, resisted the temptation of release.

Heat and pressure. Tension throughout my entire body.

How was it possible that, even after having her as my lover for so long, Emily could do this to me? Make me feel *this* good? Bring me to the brink so easily?

In the back of my mind, I almost wished Emily took after her mother in the handjob department. Slow and half-hearted. So little effort that I'd have to fantasise about other things while she jerked me, just in order to get off. That, at least, would mean I wouldn't have to focus so much on holding back.

I *almost* wished my amazing daughter wasn't this *good*.

But I couldn't bring myself to.

I enjoyed this – her touch – way too much for that.

Emily must've sensed when my resolve was beginning to waver, when my body's need to climax was reaching its peak, because she slowed down right before that final moment.

My groan made Emily giggle.

Her hands slid away from my cock and balls, fingertips gliding gracefully over my abdomen. She drew invisible spirals on my skin, swirls and loops – coming agonisingly close to my cock more than once, only for her fingertips to pull playfully away again.

"Daddy," she purred, lips to my ear. "You're sweating."

"It's hot," I grunted, eyes sealed shut.

I didn't trust myself to open them. Didn't trust myself not to explode the moment I saw Emily's pretty face and big, round eyes.

"You're panting," Emily teased. "Should I go get you something to drink?"

"Emily..."

"Or maybe," she giggled, kissed the corner of my mouth, "you'd prefer something to eat instead."

Her hands slid up to my chest, my shoulders.

Emily's weight shifted as she swung a leg over me, lifted herself to kneel over me – one leg either side of my body. I felt her hands pressing down on my shoulders as she balanced herself, her grip firm. Then her hands pulled away.

My eyes flicked open.

Beams of bright sunlight lit half Emily's body, shone on her like an angelic glow. Her back was straight, eyes alive with naughty excitement. Straddling me, her white sundress pooling around the bed at our crotches – hiding my cock from sight.

The sundress was plain, ordinary. It had a modest neckline, thin straps on the

shoulders, with a skirt that was perhaps a little shorter than most. Nothing special in and of itself. And yet, on Emily's amazing body, it looked like it was *made* to be sexy. It hugged her curves, stretching and straining over her humungous tits and swelling out over a bouncy, round ass. An ordinary dress that, when Emily wore it, looked like it belonged in the bedroom – was too naughty to be worn outside.

She stared down at me, biting her lip and with a slutty, hungry smile.

"Or maybe *this*," she said, voice soaked in lust, "is what you want, hmm? Do you want *this*, Daddy?"

Her hands slid sensually up the sides of her body, floated over her chest, down her flat stomach, around her hips to her ass. She let out a muted moan, gripped the sundress's skirt, lifted it up.

There were no panties on underneath. Just a glistening, pink pussy.

"It's yours if you want it," Emily said, lowering her body. She pressed herself to the underside of my very-hard cock, slid herself slowly along its length. "You want to be inside me, don't you? You want to feel how tight your babygirl is... Just say the word, Daddy..."

She jumped, let out a cute little gasp, when I grabbed her waist.

"Emily," I grunted. "Be a good girl and ride Daddy's dick."

Her body shuddered. She let out a soft gasp. Nodded her head.

"Yes Daddy."

"Yeah," I said. "Our flight is in a few hours. Should be back tomorrow morning... Yes... Yes... Nah, she's a little busy right now. I'm sure she'll give you a call or send you a text or something before our flight..."

There was a choke, a muffled cough.

If the woman on the other end of the call heard it, she didn't let on. Either she knew what was happening and was being tactful about it, or she was totally oblivious.

Knowing my ex-wife, it was the latter.

Helen had many great traits and talents. Being observant, I knew, was not one of them. She had, after all, remained completely oblivious about my interest in our daughter even as I'd been actively seducing her.

"Yeah," I smiled, placing a hand on Emily's head and shoving my cock deep in her mouth. "See you soon."

The spluttering, choking gag that sounded from between my legs was more than loud enough to be picked up on the other end of the call. I held Emily's head in place, my cock rammed right down her throat. She struggled to take it, body instinctively trying to push away.

"I'll tell her you said 'hi' and all," I told Helen. "Bye."

I waited for her to end the call before releasing Emily's head.

She shot back, hunched over, coughed for a good minute at least.

Red hair tied in a voluminous ponytail that bounced with every retch and jerk of her head. I felt my hand twitch as I stared at her, had to push down the urge to grab that hair and use it as a handle – fuck her mouth again.

"We've got an hour or so before we have to leave," I said, once Emily was back to breathing normally again – cheeks pink and tear-stained from the strain. "Just enough time for us to try something."

"A quickie?" Emily gulped, glancing at my saliva-coated cock.

"No," I smiled. "Something else. Something we haven't done in a long while."

She quirked an eyebrow at me.

"Get onto the bed," I told her. "Lay down and get comfortable. I'm going to put you in a trance."

I waited until Emily was asleep before putting the earphones in and playing the recording.

The noises around me all seemed to vanish at once. People chatting in their seats, the noise of the plane engines, the footsteps of the flight crew. All of it disappeared.

I listened as my own voice droned on, lulling Emily into a hypnotic trance.

It'd been like riding a bike. I hadn't forgotten how to hypnotise her, and she hadn't forgotten how to relax herself into the trance. Though we hadn't done this in a long time, we'd both slipped into our respective roles with ease.

The recording? That was for old-times sake.

I still had all the old recordings, saved on the cloud. Everything from the first trance, to the last. And, when I got home, I'd add this one to the collection too.

"Do you trust me?" I heard my own voice ask.

"Yes," Emily answered softly.

"I'm your father. Your Daddy. Your lover. You trust me more than anyone else in the world. More than *anything*. You trust me with everything, don't you?"

"Yes."

Trust. That was the key. The one thing that'd made everything else possible. This whole life I had; me and Emily, our son, our home, our future. *Everything*. It was all because she'd trusted me.

"You love me," I heard my voice say. "Don't you?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

I glanced over to her, saw the same serenity on her face that'd been there when I'd tranced her. The same relaxed oblivion.

"You belong to me, don't you Emily?"

"Yes."

My cock stirred. I had to put a pillow on my lap to hide it, set my phone down on top of it – made it look like I was watching a film or something.

"Your body exists to please me," the recording said. "You exist to please me. Pleasing me makes you happy, doesn't it?"

"Yes," my daughter answered.

"Good girl," the past-me said. "I'm going to tell you some things. Things that'll please me. Things that you can do to make me happy. Things you can do that'll make *you* happy. You'd like that, wouldn't you Emily? You'd like to make me happy?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Then listen closely..."