

Baby's First Steps

Emily waddled into the living room, a tired smile on her lips. Her red hair was dishevelled, an unkempt mess. Little bags hung under her eyes, a testament to her lack of sleep – a symptom of her body's recent changes.

Her mother had been the same when she'd been pregnant. Unable to sleep, wide awake at night and exhausted during the day.

I glanced my daughter up and down, finding the sight before me oddly fulfilling. Even as far along in her pregnancy as Emily was, she was still amazingly beautiful and unbelievably sexy. One month to go until the due date, Emily's belly swelling outwards as it was, and I still couldn't pull my eyes away from her.

The fact that her already huge tits had gone up a bra size or two might have had something to do with that. But, it was more than that. Like Emily's smiles seemed that much brighter, like her eyes had that much more vibrancy.

She was wearing a delicate, transparent nightie – you'd be surprised at how much lingerie and slutty attire there is specifically for pregnant women. White and pink and very much revealing.

Emily's nipples were darker, her breasts firmer than before.

My daughter, over the last few weeks, had complained a lot about how sore they were. Sore, she said, to the point of being more than uncomfortable. Painfully sore, at times.

Fortunately, we'd found a perfect solution to that soreness.

"Aching again?" I asked as she walked over to me.

Emily nodded, didn't ask or say a word as she sat down on my lap. I set my laptop aside – work could wait – and wrapped my arms around my daughter.

She gave me a little, thankful kiss. A tiny peck on my lips.

Then she reached up to the straps on her shoulders, tugged them down her arms – exposing her sore, heavy breasts.

I needed no more encouragement.

With a grin on my face, I leaned in and wrapped my lips around one of Emily's hard, darkened nipples.

I barely needed to suck at all this time. Just the tiniest of pressure applied, the most miniscule amount of urging, and my daughter's milk came flowing.

Deliciously sweet.

As I suckled, drinking down my daughter's nectar, Emily began to moan and sigh. One of her arms cradled the back of my head, holding it to her breast and nipple.

I didn't know if all women find sexual pleasure in being milked, or if it was just Emily. But I loved it. Perhaps it was just pleasure and joy at the relief from aching and soreness. Whatever caused my daughter to enjoy my sucking on her nipples like I was, I was glad for it.

I drank eagerly, one hand around my daughter's waist, the other reaching between her legs.

Blissful. It was the only word to describe the experience.

Drinking Emily's milk from the source, feeling her shudder, hearing her moans and gasps, the wetness between her legs.

In a month or so, I'd have to start doing something I'd never liked doing – sharing. Once the baby came, Emily's milk wouldn't be just for me any more. I'd have competition for my daughter's nipples and their milky treats.

But then, Emily's tits were rather large. With mammaries as big as hers, surely she could produce enough milk for two. The baby could have one tit, and I'd have the other.

Sometimes, sharing is caring.

Helen, suffice to say, was thrilled.

A new member of the family, a little baby she could pamper and adore? My first wife loved the idea. And, more than that, she loved that I was the child's father. Who better for her daughter to experience motherhood with than me, a man who'd already been through the motions and knew how to raise a perfect child?

Amazing, what hypnosis can do to a person's mind.

My first wife – my and my new wife's maid – rushed around the house, dusting and cleaning and making sure the place was spotless. Didn't want our newborn coming home to a dirty house, after all. And, what with Emily scheduled to give birth any day now, there was no time to waste.

I watched Helen as she rushed about the house, admired her ass in the black maid skirt with its white frills and trimmings. A little short to be called modest, but just long enough that it wasn't blatantly sexual. Just like the rest of her outfit. Enough to draw eyes and harden cocks; but in a subtle, measured way.

Feather duster in hand, Helen practically bounced around the house with excitement.

It was actually quite enjoyable to watch.

Were all mothers this excited to see their daughters about to have a child of their own? Or was it something unique to my particularly 'different' little family?

With how eager she was, I was sure Helen would make a wonderful babysitter.

One of the problems me and Helen had faced when Emily was born was a lack of free time and a new weight of responsibility. We couldn't go out, do couple things, have fun. For the first two years of Emily's life, much of my and Helen's passions had run dry simply due to the fact that we'd never had a chance to be alone together.

That, I imagined, wouldn't be a problem for Emily and I.

"It's a boy," I told Helen less than a week later.

She screamed, eyes filled with joy and unrestrained happiness. In a rush of movement, she jumped at me, hugged me tightly.

"Congratulations!" Helen squealed.

I couldn't help but smirk. My maid was even more excited about the event than I was. You'd think, what with the circumstances, Helen would be the most upset about everything – me knocking up our daughter 'n' all. But no, she was thrilled.

"How's Emily?" My first wife asked, pulling away from me.

"She's fine. Exhausted. I'm just here to pick up a few things for her, and to let you know."

Helen beamed.

No doubt, as soon as the housework was done, she'd go visit Emily at the hospital – meet her new grandson. She'd have to change out of her maid outfit first, of course. A shame, that. It looked so good on her.

My mind summoned images of Helen bent over a table, wearing her uniform, with me behind her.

Rare, for me to have a fantasy about my first wife. But, what with Emily having been in hospital the last few days – and the likelihood that I wouldn't be fucking my daughter until she recovered from giving birth – I suppose it wasn't *that* odd for me to look for sexual gratification elsewhere.

Helen, by any man's standards, was still a knock-out hottie.

Black hair, lovely melons, a good figure. She looked far younger than her age, and in no way did she look like anyone's grandmother. She wasn't as perfect as Emily, but she was as close as any other woman could hope to be.

"Are you wearing underwear?" I asked.

The question took Helen by surprise. Her eyes widened, then widened more when

she realised why I'd asked.

"No," Helen answered. "Never."

"Good," I smiled. My cock was already rock hard. It'd been neglected for far too long. How many days had it been since I last fucked Emily? Three? Four? "Bend over the kitchen counter and spread your legs."

While her pussy might not be available to me, Emily still had a mouth she could pleasure me with. And pleasure me she did. Nursing the newborn, head turned to the side with my cock filling her throat. A wonderful, beautiful new mother.

In the days and weeks since arriving home, Emily had spent much of the time relaxing. Our maid had taken on the duties of a nanny with thrilled excitement and joy. When Emily had been born, I'd been woken up countless times by crying and wailing. With my son, things were totally different. Helen slept in the same room as the baby, saw to him whenever he woke up.

Which left me and Emily plenty of time to sleep and rest.

Emily, unsurprisingly, took to motherhood quickly. Whenever our son was in her arms, she'd always be smiling.

Little David Junior loved being in his mother's arms, too. Hugged tightly into those wonderful pillows. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, there. It'd been Emily's idea to name him after me, her suggestion to call him David.

There was only one problem that Emily had with motherhood.

Whenever she breastfed the little one, Emily got extremely aroused. Be it from all my suckling in the many weeks leading up to the birth conditioning her body that way, or if it was simply that my daughter had incredibly sensitive nipples; every time she was feeding the baby, Emily got aroused and horny.

She considered it an embarrassing problem.

I saw it for what it really was.

An opportunity.

Emily moaned loudly, unable to hold back any longer.

Milk shot from her nipple like a fountain – right into my waiting mouth. Whenever she was aroused and horny, her milk flowed freely. Sweet and yummy, a drink I enjoyed daily.

My mouth suckled on her right nipple, while Junior feasted on the left.

Poor Emily didn't stand a chance. Her body reacted to the stimulation, throwing her over the edge. Her body shuddered, tensed. She tried to hold back from moaning, sounding sexual in front of the little one. But her body had a mind of its own.

By the time the baby was done feeding, Emily was panting breathlessly.

As Helen took little David away, I looked up into my daughter's unfocused eyes, smiled at the sweat on her forehead. She was beautiful. More so than ever, since becoming a mother. She almost seemed to glow with beauty.

When I reached between her legs, touched her wet opening, Emily looked at me, smiled.

Today would be the first time we fucked since she'd given birth.

And, judging from how her pussy gripped my fingers, clamped down around them, I knew it'd be a good one. As sexually deprived as I might have been, at least I had Helen to sate my appetite. My lovely daughter hadn't had any kind of release.

I'd make sure she had plenty of that soon.

Emily spread her legs for me, grasped my hand and pulled it away from her crotch – gave it a little kiss and placed it on her chest. The smile on her lips and the glint in her eyes told me all I needed to know. My babygirl, my Emily, didn't want foreplay this time. She'd gone weeks without a cock inside her. She didn't want soft, intimate loving. She

wanted to be fucked. Hard and deep. Unrelenting. She wanted me to pound her brains out.

"Fuck me, Daddy," Emily half-begged, half-moaned. "Please."

As I positioned myself above her, leaned in with my cock in my hand, Emily let out a cute little giggle. I raised an eyebrow at her, asking the wordless question. What was so funny?

"I can finally start calling you Daddy in public again," Emily smiled sweetly. "People will think it's for Davey, you'll have to call me Mommy. But we'll both know the truth."

A wicked glee entered my daughter's eyes. Her lips curled into a naughty smile.

"Fuck me senseless, Daddy," Emily cooed. "Make me scream."

I grinned down at her.

One thing you learn about being a father to a beautiful girl; always give your daughter exactly what she wants.

And give it to her I did.

"Walk to Daddy!" Emily laughed excitedly.

David Junior – a toddler now – giggled. On shaking, wobbling legs, he stepped forward. One foot in front of the other. It was a short distance. Just a few baby steps from his mother's arms to where I sat on the living room floor.

He stumbled, but didn't fall.

Another step, then another.

"Well done!" Emily clapped her hands together, eyes alive with happiness and joy.

Giggling, the toddler dropped onto his bottom, flailing his arms wildly.

Amazing how fast they grow.

I looked over at Emily, my beautiful, amazing daughter. My wife, the mother of my son. The sexiest woman in the world. With her red hair flowing down her back, a wide smile on her full lips, her pale blue eyes bright with excitement.

Who could ask for a better woman to come home to?