

What If Babying Tess

When I opened the door and saw her, I smiled.

Stealthily, I took in the sight of the girl's body. Her delicious curves, so similar to Lucy's. Her slender frame and the two gigantic tits attached to it. Lots on display, too. A tank top and mini-skirt. Whorish clothes that matched her slutty face.

Blue hair, blood-red lips, thick eyeliner around bright blue eyes.

Pretty, in an 'I want to face-fuck that mouth' kind of way.

"Hello," I smiled down at her, eyes flicking momentarily to take in the ample cleavage this slut so casually displayed.

The girl stared up at me through narrowed eyes.

"Are you David Monford?" The girl asked as she glared, crossing her arms over her chest.

I raised an eyebrow.

"Yes," I replied carefully. "And who might you be?"

The girl was silent for a long moment, unreadable thoughts flitting through her narrowed eyes. She glanced behind me into the house, then looked left and right. A hint of awkwardness entered the girl's otherwise cold expression.

"I'm..." She looked at my face, into my eyes. "I'm your daughter."

Amazing what one fling can lead to. A one-night stand with a woman who was pretty much a stranger. A single, meaningless fuck in my younger years. An evening spent drunk with 'friends', a temporary escape from an unfulfilling marriage and a screaming baby.

Theresa – or Tess, as she preferred to be called – was, apparently, my daughter.

Younger than Emily by a year or two, yet sharing a remarkable number of similarities with her older sister. Bodies that seemed cut from the same cloth, albeit Emily had the larger bust – no-doubt thanks to her being a milk-making mother now. Faces that, while not identical, shared similar features – the same nose and full lips. Stand the two next to each other, and there were certainly enough resemblances to give Tess' claim some validity.

I had a second daughter. And one that was just as attractive, just as sexy, as the first.

What other choice did I have? I let the girl – a runaway - into my home. Emily and Helen were more than a little confused about our guest, but some quick hypnotic trances and programming smoothed out whatever issues the two might've had with Tess' existence.

For the first few days, I kept a close eye on Tess. Made sure she wasn't some thief come to rob us in the night. I had her take a mail-in DNA test, took one myself. And, a week later, it was confirmed. Tess was indeed my flesh and blood.

Which presented both opportunities *and* problems.

Since the girl moved in, I'd had to make some changes to how my little family operated. Helen, out of necessity, retook her place in my bedroom as my 'wife' while my actual wife, Emily, was consigned to a bedroom of her own. Letting this stranger, a daughter of mine, know that I was fucking her half-sister, my other daughter, wouldn't have been wise.

So, I was fucking Emily a lot less than I'd have liked.

And, worse still, it seemed like Tess had plans on staying with us for quite some time.

She and the other two women got on well enough, Tess being more distant than Emily or Helen. And finding out that she was an aunt to a young boy had certainly surprised the blue-haired girl. She'd said nothing when she'd learned about David Junior,

though I'd noted the way she looked at Emily afterwards. Surprised, judgemental.

Those first few weeks of Tess living with us were difficult, sure, but manageable. But, deep down, I knew it couldn't last.

Eventually my new daughter would catch her father and half-sister in the act, and the secret would be out. A few close calls, while exciting in the moment, gave me the resolve I needed to make my move on Tess.

And, just like with her big sister, it all started with hypnosis.

"Hey dad," Tess said, stepping into my office. "Can I borrow some cash?"

I smiled. I couldn't help it.

It was the first time Tess had ever called me 'dad' before. Until that very moment, she'd only called me 'David'. That one word, simple as it may be, was a sign of the progress I was making with my hypnotic sessions with the girl.

"What for?" I asked, reaching for my wallet.

"Me and Emily want to go shopping," Tess said with a roll of her eyes. "Something about 'bonding as sisters'. She wants me to help her pick out some clothes to make her baby-daddy go wild."

"Oh?" I asked, feigning ignorance. "Is that so?"

I handed the girl more than enough money to make it worth my while. It was, in a way, an investment. In the short term, I'd get Emily dressed all slutty for my entertainment. And, in the long term, I'd be having Emily fill her half-sister's wardrobe with sexy lingerie – also for my future entertainment. Win win.

"Thanks," Tess mumbled as she took my money.

Not a very grateful one, this child. But I didn't mind that. Much as I adored Emily, it would be fun to experience a pussy whose personality was a lot less... homely.

I watched my younger daughter's ass sway out of my office, couldn't help but fantasise about that very same ass riding my cock.

Soon.

I'd conquered Emily. It was only a matter of time before I did the same with this new daughter of mine.

"Fucking pervert," Tess breathed, face pressed into my chest.

I squeezed her ass again, grinning as the girl squirmed.

"Creepy fucking-"

"Then stop me," I told her, gripping onto her skirt and slowly pulling it up her legs.

"Push me away, slap me. I'm not going to force you. All you've got to do is tell me to stop and I will."

I could feel her heavy breathing against my skin, warm and deep.

She didn't push away, didn't tell me to stop.

I slid my fingers under the waistband of her panties, began pulling them down.

We were in the kitchen, Tess fetching a snack and me getting a drink. Both Helen and Emily were home, waiting for us to return with the goodies so we could all watch a film together. If we took too long, one of them would inevitably come looking.

"I'm going to fuck you," I whispered into Tess' ear.

"Creep," Tess gasped, shuddering. "Perverted piece of shit."

"I am that," I smirked, sliding my fingers between the girl's legs. "Looks like it runs in the family. Admit it, slut. You want my dick. I can *feel* how much you want it."

As if to prove my point, I slid a single finger inside Tess' incredibly wet pussy.

She gasped, almost collapsed onto the floor. Her legs were shaking, trembling with arousal. Her cunt clamped down on my finger, squeezing it with hunger and desire. She wanted more. I knew she did. I'd *made* her want it.

"I'm not... I... Ah!"

"It's called genetic sexual attraction," I told the girl, feeling around her insides with my fingertip. Exploring, searching for that special sweet-spot. "It happens when family members meet each other for the first time as adults. You can look it up, if you want. What you *can't* do is pretend you don't feel it, princess."

Tess shuddered, gripped onto me for balance.

"You want it. You *need* it. And the sooner you admit it, the sooner I'll be able to *give* it to you."

I felt her tense, a silent battle waging inside her. Would she cave or resist, give in to her desires or fight them off? Would today be the day she finally let me fuck her?

"Admit it," I whispered. "Admit you want me to fuck you. That's all you have to do, baby. Just say the words and I'll give you everything you want. I'll fuck you like you've never been fucked before. All you have to do is say the words..."

With great effort, Tess pushed away from me.

Panting heavily, red-faced, womanly juices trickling down her legs, she shook her head.

Not today, then. A shame.

But she was close. So close, I could taste it.

The girls kissed each other; lips on lips, tongues caressing each other. A slow, sensual, erotic kiss.

Despite being the younger of the two, Tess took the lead – her hands roaming her half-sister's curves with abandon. Both were naked, so close to each other that their bodies intertwined – pale white on pale white, curves pressing against curves. Red hair flowed alongside blue, deep red lips meeting soft pink lips.

And, as they made out like long-lost lovers, each hungry to taste the other's lips, I watched.

My daughters, putting on a show for their daddy.

When the kiss finally broke apart, both of them were panting – staring at each other with hazy, horny eyes. In that moment, I think, they wanted each other more than anything else in the world. Perhaps even more than they wanted me.

Of the two, Emily was by far the more submissive. The one who was most eager to please and satisfy. And so, unsurprisingly, it was she who was first to make the magical move. Leaning forward, face guided like a magnet between her sister's open legs. Her lips found their way to Tess' crotch.

Tess' eyes widened. She gasped, moaned.

Reflexively, her hands shot to her sister's head, gripped Emily's red hair. Her thighs wrapped around Emily's face, trapping mouth to cunt. And, being the good girl I'd raised her to be, Emily got to work with her mouth.

The cries of pleasure that followed over the next few minutes were beautiful in a way that even masterpiece music could never be.

Tess' thighs only parted and freed Emily's face when they were unable to hold her any longer. Shaking, trembling with orgasm, weak from arousal and pleasure. Tess flopped back, twitching, a silly grin on her face.

And Emily... I'd never seen her look so beautiful. Lady-cum smeared all over her face, pink lips glossy with it. She looked *amazing*.

And, as she panted for breath, pulled away from her sister, I knew it was time.

Time for me to join this 'family bonding'.

Time for me to impregnate my younger daughter, just as I'd done with her older sister. Time to expand my family, and claim Tess permanently.

I moved, took Emily's hand and guided her to one side as I positioned myself between Tess' open legs.

The blue-haired girl looked up at me dizzily, eyes wide.

She nodded her head.

I grabbed her hip, held her in place as I guided my cock to her drenched opening. Emily leaned over her sister, kissed her with cum-drenched lips. And, grinning, I penetrated her.

Tess sighed into her sister's mouth.

One of her tits bounced as I thrust hard into her; the other held in place as Emily groped and played with it.

I thrust again. Slow, strong, hard.

Tess gasped, groaned. Her tight cunt squeezed down on me, hungry for more. Her body trembled, hot and sweaty and beautiful.

"Daddy," Tess moaned – the words muffled around her sister's mouth. "Daddy please."

She thrust her hips, body begging for me to fuck it even as Emily gagged her with her tongue. The two of them writhed there, Tess on her back, Emily on hands and knees. And, seeing them like that, how could I resist?

Slowly at first, I began thrusting. Filling one daughter with my cock as I slid fingers into the other.

Their muffled moans of pleasure filled the bedroom in unison.

Emily cooing softly, Tess far louder and desperate.

I thrust faster and faster, pounded Tess' cunt with everything I had. I held nothing back, gave her no break or pause. Emily, for her part, toyed with Tess' body as the two shared long, deep, throaty kisses.

And, when I could feel Tess reaching near to a wonderful climax, I slowed down, pulled out. Deprived her of that blissful release as I rammed into Emily instead.

Tess whined, pleaded, begged for more.

Just as Emily did when I did the same to her, returned my cock to Tess' hole.

Both of them desperate. Both of them longing for it.

And, when it was time, when I and I alone decided, I allowed them both their orgasms simultaneously – revelled in the sight of two stunningly beautiful girls shuddering and twitching and shaking in pleasure, their sexy bodies tangled together as they bucked and cried out in pure bliss.