

## Taming Tess

### Chapter 15

Credit where credit is due, Tess certainly did put effort into her little strip dance.

Her hips swayed hypnotically, pink thong flashing in and out of sight as her skirt frilled and fluttered. Her tits, those wonderfully massive globes, jiggled and bounced with Tess' fluid motions. Her face and eyes, as always, were filled with contempt.

Slowly, she reached down to the hem of her transparent top and began pulling it up.

Little by little, her pale tummy was revealed. Flat and smooth. The thin fabric of her top piled up under her breasts, tight-packed. As Tess lifted it further, her tits dropped came into view, bouncing and jiggling beautifully.

Glorious funbags, concealed now by only a slutty pink bra.

Tess lifted her top over her head, discarded it on the floor, never pausing in her seductive dance.

Next to be removed was my daughter's skirt.

She reached down, slid her fingers under her miniskirt. One more sway of the hips, and it dropped to the floor forgotten.

I took in the sight of my beautiful, sexy daughter, an odd feeling of pride building inside me as her body moved – clad only in slutty pink lingerie. Her body was, without doubt, the sexiest thing I'd ever seen. It made her mother's look mundane by comparison, and my whore ex-wife had the body of a top-tier pornstar.

Slim waist, curvy hips and a sweet round ass. And those tits. My daughter had a perfect pair of knockers.

A sentiment that was confirmed a moment later, as Tess reached behind her back and unhooked the bra. It slid down her arms as she danced, her perfect breasts swaying into view.

Her nipples were hard.

And, judging from the growing stain on her panties, Tess' cunt was dripping wet.

Babygirl, doing her job well.

Tess turned around as her bra hit the floor, leaned over and wiggled her ass in my direction – her hands sliding down to her hips, hooking under her thong, lowering it. As the tiny pink undies fell down her legs, Tess spun back to face me, stepped out of them towards me.

She climbed onto the bed, her body quivering with excitement.

Her face, unsurprisingly, was not that of eager woman. The pure hatred and disgust in Tess' eyes aroused me almost as much as her perfect body did. The way she was staring at me... Well, if looks could kill, I'd be a dead man.

My daughter crawled up the bed, pressed her hands above my shoulders. She leaned down, eyes hot, and pressed her lips to mine.

Heat flushed through me.

My hands moved, one to Tess' ass, the other groping one of her ridiculously perfect tits.

Her hands moved too. Tess wrestled tongues with me as she tugged at my clothes, dragging down my pants and boxers. She grasped my cock, squeezed it lightly, her hand moving up and down its length. I could feel the warm fluid dripping down from Tess' cunt onto my cock, lubricating me with her own juices.

When she finally broke the kiss and pulled away, I was left breathless.

My eyes were drawn to hers; to the hot, flushed, open-mouthed, panting expression on her face. There was lust there. Real desire to me fucked. Her eyes seemed unfocussed, hazy with the heat radiating from our bodies.

This was Tess, I had to remind myself. Not Babygirl, but my real, true daughter. And she was horny out of her mind.

Sure, a lot of that arousal came from the Babygirl persona's silent control of my daughter's desires and actions.

But not all of it.

I was sure of that. That part of my daughter, the whorish, bitch named Tess, was aroused right now. Some part of the real her was excited at the idea of fucking her father.

"Slut," I smiled at her, basking in the hot, angry look that passed through Tess' eyes. "What are you waiting for? Bounce on daddy's cock like a good girl. And don't stop until you're full of my cum, understood?"

"Yes," my daughter answered automatically.

I couldn't blame her. Weeks and months of trances had programmed Tess to answer 'yes' and 'no' questions – particularly those ending with 'understood?' or 'do you understand?' - without thinking. It was totally automatic for her at this point.

Still, a look of panic entered Tess' eyes even as she took hold of my cock, rubbed it against her opening.

"Are you on birth control?" I asked her as her body rose.

"No," Tess whimpered, a hint of hope entering her eyes.

She thought I might stop her. That I wouldn't want to risk getting her pregnant.

I smiled.

"Good."

A heartbeat after the word left my lips, Tess lowered herself onto my cock.

Pleasure. Pure, blissful, mind-blowing pleasure.

Warmth radiated around cock. Tingles of pleasure and crushing tightness. Who'd have thought the slut would be so tight?

Tess lowered herself, inch by inch, pussy taking my whole cock in one go – a feat not even her whore mother had managed our first night together. Only when there was nothing left for her to take, when my entire length was buried deep inside Tess' body, did she stop.

Tess shuddered, eyes rolling back for a moment. Her entire body seemed to twitch and tremble, a single soft sigh escaped her lips.

I moved my hand quickly, harshly.

The sound of the spank echoed through my bedroom, pain shooting through my palm at the impact. Tess' butt jiggled under my grip, soft and smooth and soon-to-be sore.

"Bounce bitch," I commanded.

And, dutifully, defeat overwhelming the anger and hate in her eyes, my daughter obeyed.

"Say it," I told her, a fist-full of blue hair in my hand.

Tess bucked backwards, cunt swallowing my cock like a champ. She was on her hands and knees, back arched and ass red. Using her hair as a leash, I fucked her from behind, enjoying every second of her loud moaning.

"I'm daddy's slut," Tess gasped, tits pressed into the sheets underneath us. "I belong to daddy! I love daddy's cock!"

And she did. Even if she might hate me, Tess couldn't hide the pleasure she was feeling – couldn't hide the many orgasms she'd had with her pussy wrapped around my shaft. She was loving every second of me fucking her, and probably hated that simple fact.

But there was nothing she could do.

She was mine. Totally and completely. My slave. My toy.

Years ago, my daughter had been a shy girl who spoke in a cute, soft, beautiful voice. Now that voice moaned and gasped and swore and begged, still soft and beautiful, sweet and soft. But also loud and horny. The voice of a slut. A cute, sexy, beautiful slut.

"Tell me honestly," I grunted, pulling her hair, dragging her head up and speaking directly into her ear. "Of all the cocks you've had in your whore cunt, which is the best?"

Tess bit her lip, glared daggers at me. I saw her jaw tense as she resisted the urge to speak.

I spanked her, forcing her mouth open in a gasp.

"Yours," she moaned, bowing her head.

Truthfully, I wouldn't have minded if she'd said someone else's name. I still didn't know about all of the men that'd fucked her in the past – and her moaning someone else's name would have given me more than enough reason to 'punish' her. Not that I needed a reason.

I tugged her hair harder, pulled her head up higher and moved my free hand to Tess' throat, clutched it and squeezed.

Asphyxiation breeds desperation. And desperate, dangerous sex is always the most thrilling. Tess bucked, eyes wide, pussy tightening and convulsing around my cock. A wild intensity took hold of my daughter, her body trembling and shuddering. Her skin was flushed, coated in a layer of warm sweat.

The sounds of her whining and gasping for air filled my bedroom.

The pressure was building inside me. I wouldn't last much longer.

I released Tess' throat as her face began to turn from red to purple, didn't give her more than a single moment to breathe before grabbing the back of her head, shoving it down into the sheets and holding it there.

My pace sped up, hips and thighs burning, my cock ready to burst at any moment.

When I came, I came big.

Shot after shot, huge bursts of cum shooting deep inside Tess' sore cunt. A flood of white – so much that there was no way she'd be able to take it all.

I came for what felt like an eternity, wave after unending wave – her tight cunt twitching all the while.

When it was finally over, I felt like every drop of energy I'd had built up inside me was gone – faded away, leaving my body worn out beyond words. I fell backwards onto the bed, my cock sliding out from inside my daughter's pussy. A wave of exhaustion and satisfaction washed over me.

Tess collapsed, dropped onto her side as a small river of white flowed out from inside her.

I'd done it. Finally, after all these months, all the waiting and planning and manipulation, I'd finally fucked the bitch. It was done. And, as I lay there grinning to myself, my daughter's fluids coating my cock, her laboured breathing and panting filling my room with sound, I knew the wait had been worth it.

Tess' pussy was fantastic. Tight and young, with the body of a sex goddess and the obedience of a well-trained bitch.

And this was only the beginning.

When Lara woke from her trance, I smiled down at her.

It'd been a few days since her argument with Luke and the boys being shipped off for a three-month stint in prison. Lara, with a bit of hypnotic help, had quickly adapted to her new reality as my 'secret' girlfriend.

The hypnosis took away her pain and her feelings for Luke, and amplified her sense of betrayal and anger at Tess. I didn't even need Doll at this point. Lara herself had submitted to me, had become my slut of her own free will.

Or, well, perhaps not *entirely* of her own will.

The girl blinked up at me, smiled at her saviour. The man who took away the hurt and replaced it with pleasure and happiness.

As I looked into her eyes, I knew she was ready.

I'd probed her mind – checked and altered her idea of morality. But you never truly knew where a person's limits were until you tested them yourself.

Subconsciously, Lara was quite iffy about the idea of incest.

But, when it came to punishing Tess, she'd be willing to make an exception. When it came to humiliating and dominating the girl who'd fucked her now ex-boyfriend, incest was just one small droplet in the lake of ethics that Lara would be willing to overlook.

Some girls are willing to do amazingly immoral things for revenge.

Lara, thanks to weeks of hypnotic suggestion, was one such girl.

I'd warped her mind into a masterpiece. Conditioned her brain to be fine with extremes she'd never normally consider, so long as her desire for justice, her fury and spite, were sated in the process.

As she sat up and stretched, I reached into one of my desk drawers and pulled out an object, showed it to her.

Lara's eyes lit up.

Such eagerness. It was a wonderful sight to see.

I handed the object over to her, began telling her my little plan, what she was to do. Lara listened intently, a wicked grin on her otherwise cute face.

Tess was bent over my bed, ass up in the air as she sucked on my cock. I leaned back, hand on her head guiding her. In my other hand was a phone.

The lovely sounds of slurping drowned out the soft sound of me tapping the screen.

A moment later, the message was sent.

I waited, eyes on my bedroom door – directly behind Tess' raised ass.

After a minute, the door slowly began creeping open. Silently, without Tess noticing, Lara stepped into the room. Naked, save for the toy she wore over her crotch.

The strap-on I'd bought her was a vicious looking thing. Black and ribbed, huge and intimidating. Long, thick, and perfect for my daughter.

Lara crept forward slowly, eyes alight.

As she stepped right behind Tess, I gripped my daughter's head, pushed it down hard.

Tess gagged, surprised. She tried to pull back, but I held her head in place. Her ass wiggled as she struggled and choked. But the moment Lara's left hand touched her hip, amusingly, Tess froze. She didn't have time to react, even fully comprehend what was going on, before Lara – guiding the monster dildo with her right hand – penetrated her.

Dripping wet from sucking my cock, the strap-on sunk into Tess' cunt with relative ease. It was a big thing, and took some effort on Lara's part to push in entirely.

Not that the girl seemed to mind much.

A wide, vindictive grin spread Lara's lips as she forced the fake cock deep inside her friend.

I released Tess' head and her mouth pulled away from my cock with an audible 'pop'. Cum dripped down her chin, her eyes wild.

She glanced back at Lara, seeing the girl for the first time.

"I know how much you like cock," Lara said, voice filled with gleeful scorn. "After all, you did go out of your way to fuck Luke's, didn't you?"

Tess' mouth dropped open in an expression somewhere between shock and horror.

Before she could utter a response – say anything at all – Lara began to thrust.

I sat up on the bed, watching happily as events unfolded.

"You're a whore," Lara growled, grabbing a fistful of Tess' blue hair.

Lara used Tess' hair like a pulley, dragging her head back, back curving painfully. Two huge tits bounced and swayed in front of me, nipples inviting. How long 'til Tess got knocked up and those pink nibbles bulged, started lactating? I imagined my daughter pregnant – tits swelling even larger than they already were, full of milk, her nipples a darker shade of pink or even red or brown, belly round and stretched.

Tess would certainly learn more about how a parent should be respected when I

made her into one.

"No," Lara snarled, eyes gleaming. "Not a whore," she leaned forward, hips thrusting hard. "You're too stupid to be a whore. Whores have the brains to get paid. You're just a slut. A stupid, little, daddy-fucking slut!"

Tess' eyes were wide, pained.

You might think she wasn't enjoying, if not for the flood of lady-cum spilling down her legs, the muffled moans of pleasure that Tess was trying and failing to hold back.

"No," Tess gasped and moaned, eyes closed. "No, no. Not-"

Lara spanked her, released her hair and pushed Tess' head down, gripping her hips and held her in place as she continued to thrust, a wicked smile on her face.

The sound of the slap, the image of my daughter's ass bouncing – a red delicate red hand printed on it – was something I hoped I'd never forget.

That, and the look on her face.

Defeated. Beaten.

Broken.

It was an interesting sight to see. Odd, how *this* was what finally did it. Not being fucked and used by me, not being humiliated, not knowing that I'd sent her boyfriend away to prison. No, it was her best friend with a strap-on. Or maybe it was simply her seeing what I'd done to Lara – how I'd warped her. Maybe Tess knowing her friend's fate made her realise she had no hope of escape – that the same fate awaited her.

She moaned and, for a moment, Tess allowed herself to let go.

Her eyes opened, empty save for lust and desire. Without me even needing to command her, she moved her head. Tess opened her mouth around my cock, began sucking without even needing to be ordered. Her body trembled and shuddered, a wave of orgasms rocking over her.

I placed a gentle hand on her head, leaned forward.

"Good girl," I cooed, stroking her hair. "It doesn't have to be bad, your new life. All you have to do is give up and accept your new place. You'll be content. Happy. You just have to let go..."

Her eyes shot to mine, narrowed and filled with fire.

Hate. Pure, unrestrained hatred.

So, not quite defeated after all.

"You're a monster," Tess said, raising a spoonful of cereal to her lips.

She'd said the words so calmly, so earnestly, that I was taken aback.

"I know my cock is big," I shrugged a moment later, "but I wouldn't call it a 'monster'. Thanks for the compliment though, honey. I'm glad you like it so much."

"You're disturbed," Tess went on, ignoring what I'd said. "Do you even realise how fucked up you are? I'm your daughter. What kind of father does *this* to his own child? What's *wrong* with you?"

I smiled at her.

"Not going to tell me how much you 'fucking' hate me? I'm surprised. Has the bitch gotten over her potty-mouth? Guess I must have fucked it out of you. Or maybe it was Lara."

"You can't keep me here forever," Tess spoke, eyes hard. "I'll escape."

"You can try," I shrugged, looking down at the empty bowl in front of me.

Hers was half-eaten, the cereal gone but a lot of milk leftover. Ever since she was a child, Tess'd had this weird habit of scooping up a spoonful of cereal and tilting it to pour the milk back into her bowl before sticking the spoon in her mouth. It meant she'd always had, for as long as I could remember, a bowl of milk left over after breakfast.

An odd quirk, and I had no idea where or why she'd developed it.

Maybe she just didn't like milk.

"But you'll fail," I continued. "You belong to me, Theresa. I made you. I own you."

For the first time, a hint of emotion entered Tess' face.

A tiny sneer.

"I wouldn't be so sure *you* made me," she smirked. "With how much Mom obviously liked to fuck other men behind your back, I wouldn't be surprised if she'd been cucking you even back then – before I was born. Maybe my real father is actually one of Mom's former lovers. I mean, let's face it. I obviously don't get my looks from *you*."

"There she is," I laughed, enjoying Tess' look of surprise. She thought she could actually hurt me. How adorable. "The bitch."

"You're a–"

"Shush," I commanded – silencing my daughter instantly. I reached for Tess bowl, picked it up from in front of her. "A bitch is a female dog, you know. And dogs don't talk now, do they? Get on your hands and knees, *bitch*."

Tess complied, scowling. Once again, I was forced to show my daughter her place. Excellent.

I set her milk-filled bowl down on the floor, smiled at her.

"You didn't finish your breakfast, bitch. Lick it up. Every drop."

Obediently, Tess crawled over to the bowl, lowered her face towards it and began lapping up the milk. I watched her, enjoying the faint sound of her tongue splashing softly in the milk.

After that, I had Tess act like a proper bitch for the rest of the day. No talking, just barking. She crawled around the house on hands and knees, totally naked and utterly obedient.

It was such a beautiful sight, I couldn't help myself. I went online, ordered some toys and goodies with next-day delivery.

When my doorbell rang the next morning, I felt like a giddy schoolboy excited for birthday or Christmas presents. I answered the door, signed for and took the package, carried it right to Tess' bedroom.

She didn't say anything as I entered. No venom or cussing.

By this point, she was well used to me being in her room, in her bed, and certainly inside her body.

Still, she glared at me.

I tossed the box to her.

"Put them on," I commanded, "and then come downstairs. My office. Hands and knees just like yesterday, bitch."

I turned, walked out of her room smiling.

A minute or so later, as I sat lounging at my desk, my office door began creeping open.

I smiled as my daughter's face popped through, a doggy-ear headband on her head. Pale brown with droopy ears, adorable-looking on that scowling face. Next through the doorway were her neck and torso, naked save for a black collar with a shiny metal name-tag. Her huge tits swayed as she crawled into the room, her ass finally jiggling into view. A fluffy tail curled up from Tess' rear end, soft brown like her doggy-ears. The butt-plug it was attached to, I'd made sure, was quite large and bulky. I did not, after all, want something that would fall out during a hard fucking.

When she was fully in the office, Tess turned around, nudged the door shut with her face.

"Come here, bitch," I said, snapping my fingers beside my chair.

Tess crawled over, not looking at my face.

Why was her loathing so arousing? Her rebelliousness - even now, when I controlled her completely – was exciting. Thrilling. How much would it take to break the girl? How much would I have to do to her for her to finally submit?

Would she ever?

A part of me hoped not. Breaking her felt like a game, a back and forth between my cunning and brains, and her raw emotions. It was a challenge, a fun competition. If that never ended, if Tess never gave up, I wouldn't complain. It'd simply give me an excuse to find new ways of tormenting her, using and warping her.

I reached over, patted the bitch's head.

She didn't react as I lifted her chin, took hold on the name-tag and examined it.

The name written on it was 'Babygirl'.

I let it go, sat back in my office chair.

"I'm not done warping Lara, you know."

At my words, Tess' gaze shot to me, hate boiling behind beautiful blue irises.

"By the time I'm done with her, the stupid girl will be madly in love with me. Since your whore mother left, I figured you could do with a new one. That's what Lara will be. Your new mommy."

Lara's desire for revenge and retribution wouldn't last forever. Soon enough, I'd start resolving those painful feelings into something else – forgiveness towards Tess, a desire to move on from the betrayal. When the time came, I'd put a ring on her finger and make Lara my daughter's step-mother. I'd morph her former friendly attachment towards Tess into something more motherly and loving.

"Amazing to think, isn't it?" I said, closing my eyes and trying to imagine it. "If you hadn't been such a cunt, it would never have come to this. If Holden hadn't wanted to help you and your fuck-up friends, I'd never have been able to hypnotise you. If you hadn't been so self-destructive and stupid..."

I reached between my legs, started tugging down my trousers.

"Oh well. No point thinking about *that* now, is there? The reality is, you did fuck up. It's your own fault that you are where you are right now, Theresa. The sooner you take responsibility for your fuck-ups and accept your new place in life, the easier it'll be for you."

Cock in hand, I waved it at Tess.

"Something for you to think about while your suck my cock. Now be a good doggy and get Daddy off. Do a good job, and I'll give you a special treat."

"Do you want a drink, something to eat?" I asked, leading the balding man into my living room.

"No, no," Holden replied softly, "I won't be here long. Just wanted to ask you a few questions, John."

I raised an eyebrow at him, hid the slight wave of panic from my face. "Sure. I'm not in trouble or anything, am I? I'm pretty sure I don't have any parking tickets outstanding or anything."

The police chief chuckled, sitting down on the sofa.

"Oh no, nothing like that. I'm not here as an officer, I'm here as a friend. Just, well, there have been some rumours going around about you and I figured I should let you know, maybe get to the bottom of them. You know how it is, small towns and rumours and drama."

"Rumours about me?" I asked, panic replaced with curiosity.

I had a feeling I knew *exactly* what rumours were circling about me.

"Well," Holden began, a hint of discomfort in his voice. "Some people have begun wondering openly about you and Lara. If there's more to your relationship than counselling and therapy."

Bingo.

I relaxed internally, though put on a mask of nervousness.

Interesting how that works – one moment feeling nervous and hiding it, the next feeling relaxed and feigning nervousness.

Over the past months, ever since my sessions with the four troublemakers began, I'd certainly gained a lot of practice and experience in acting. It felt natural to me to lie so blatantly, to deceive and manipulate people without them ever being aware of the fact.

"Ah," I said, shifting in a way that made me look uncomfortable. "Yes. I see."

Holden was silent, obviously waiting for me to say more.

"Those rumours," I spoke slowly, putting on a good act for the old man to watch. "They're not exactly.... false."

The police chief raised an eyebrow.

"Ever since I sent Tess off to live with her mother, and what with the boys being in prison, Lara started coming to me more and more to help her cope. She was lonely, and I guess I was too, and we just kind of bonded over it and grew closer. One thing leading to another..."

"I see..." Holden leaned back, placed a hand on his chin.

"It shouldn't have happened," I went on. "I know it's not alright. I'm old enough to be her father and all that. But it's nice, you know? Having someone there. And it's not like I'm using her or anything – I really do care about her."

Holden sighed.

Lara was legally an adult. Me 'dating' her wasn't illegal or anything. There would be raised eyebrows, sure. And plenty of people would ostracise me socially – which was more than fine with me. The only real problem I might face was if Holden himself tried to get involved.

"Does Theresa know you're dating her friend?" Holden asked.

I shook my head, looked down.

"No. She's still getting settled in over there, figuring out what she wants to do and what direction to take her life in. I don't want to distract her from all that."

"She's doing okay, then?" Holden asked, a small smile curling his lips. "Not causing trouble and chaos?"

I grinned, told Holden all about how my daughter was settling into her new life – behaving and growing and all that bullshit. As far as he or anyone else was aware, Tess was gone – never to return. Living her best life as a law-abiding, upstanding citizen.

The police chief and I talked for a few minutes, had a pleasant conversation about how quiet the town had been since Luke and Brian got sent to prison almost three months ago.

"You know," Holden said wistfully, pushing himself off the sofa. "I almost miss those four and their shenanigans. They certainly made life interesting."

I laughed, led the man to my front door.

As he stepped out of it, he turned to me.

"Try not to worry too much about the gossips and rumours," the police chief told me. "They'll find something else to wiggle their tongues about soon enough. For what it's worth, I'm glad you've found someone. Ever since your wife left – well, you always seemed to have this rain-cloud over your head. It's good to see you smiling and happy again."

I waved the man goodbye, watched as he drove away. When Holden was gone, I shut the front door, walked through the house to Tess' bedroom.

The closer I got, the more sounds I heard.

At first, nothing. Then muffled moaning. The slight creaking of bedsprings. As I stepped into the room, the hum of plastic vibrating.

My daughter was on her bed, arms and legs bound. She was on her side, curled into a ball, hands behind her back. The babygirl blue panties she was wearing were soaked through, a puddle of cum underneath her ass.

With how she was positioned, I couldn't see the bulge under her panties – the spot where the last half-inch of a large toy protruded from inside her, held in place by her panties.



She was blindfolded, mouth filled with a ball-gag. Earmuffs blocked her from being able to hear me enter.

Her huge tits quivered as another orgasm shook her body. The vibrating nipple-claps I'd put on her were still and unmoving. Must have died during the night. I'd have to look into longer-lasting batteries in future.

I stepped towards Tess' bed, eyes roaming over the slut's body.

I'd never get tired of gazing at the perfection of it. The amazing, beautifully seductive form. At this point, it belonged to me as much as it did to Tess.

No, her body belonged more to me than it did to her.

I had certainly had more control over it than she did.

Her hair was still blue – I'd made sure to get more hair dye for her to keep it that way. As whorish as her blue hair may be, the colour had grown on me. Right now, that hair was covering Tess' face, a mess of sweaty wetness.

At some point, I'd have to redecorate her bedroom. Removing everything the slut no longer needed – why have wardrobes and drawers when she had no use for clothes any more? I'd turn the place into a sex-cave – cover the floor with mattresses and pillows, buy a trunk and fill it with toys, set up cameras, put down a food-bowl for the bitch.

But, that could wait for another time.

Right now, I had more pressing desires.

Vibrations shook and jiggled Tess' body as as my trousers fell to the ground. When I climbed onto the bed, the weight of my body on the mattress letting my daughter know she wasn't alone, Tess froze. For a brief, beautiful moment, the only sound to be heard was the soft vibrating between Tess' legs.

Then I reached a hand forward, slipped the stained, wet panties aside. Tess' cute little butt-hole came into view.

Once, many months ago while in a trace, my daughter had told me she didn't like anal.

How times change.

Soon enough, the sounds of womanly pleasure began echoing through my house. The creaking of bedsprings, the thumping of bedposts against a wall. And, when I removed her ball-gag, my babygirl's voice was added to the din.

"I hate you!" Tess moaned, shaking her hips, driving my cock deeper inside herself, bouncing on in with slutty vigour. "Asshole. Prick. Harder! More!"

I pulled the bitch's hair, slapped her beautiful ass, groped and squeezed her stupidly huge, perfect tits.

"I hate you," Tess screamed, ass squeezing down on me. "Fuck me Daddy!"