

## Tess Continued

### Chapter 1 of 3

Everywhere I went, I got the looks. Judgemental stares and whispered conversations. Sure, when I talked to someone, they were polite, a smile on their lips. But, the moment they thought I was out of earshot, they gossiped about me.

I was, after all, the man who was dating my daughter's best friend. Or ex-best friend. As far as anyone else knew, Tess was gone and never coming back.

My relationship with Lara was the town's biggest scandal.

If only they knew the truth.

For over a year now, I'd been fucking my daughter on a near daily basis. She, quite literally, existed for the sole purpose of sating my sexual desires.

And she'd certainly grown to love her new place in life.

I walked down the street with a smile on my face, nodding to my neighbours as I passed.

They smiled back, glanced at each other.

No doubt they chalked my chipper attitude up to me constantly fucking a girl half my age – young enough to be my daughter.

In that, they weren't wrong.

I walked up to my house's front door, slipped the key inside the lock and turned it. Already, I could imagine the gossip my lovely neighbours would be having as soon as I was out of sight. Chatting all about how disgusting I was, how wrong of me it was to date someone as young as Lara.

Lies and lies and more lies. The suburbs were filled with them.

I was lying about Tess. My male neighbours were lying about their moral consciousness. Secretly, I was sure, every male on the street was envious of my 'catch'.

Smile still planted on my face, I entered my house.

My feet took me to the master bedroom.

Even before I opened the door and entered the room, I could hear the girls inside. My girls.

Muffled moans – Lara's, by the sound of them.

One guess as to what was happening.

I opened the bedroom door, stepped inside.

Lara was sitting on the edge of my bed, her legs spread open. Both her hands were above her crotch, blue hair spilling out from between her fingertips.

Tess, my beautiful daughter, was on her knees, face pressed to her former friend's cunt.

"Honey," I grinned. "I'm home."

Lara glanced at me, a twinkle in her eye.

"Welcome home, dear," she moaned, gripping my daughter's head tighter, thrusting her hips into Tess' face.

Tess, of course, said nothing. Her mouth was very much occupied at the moment. She did, however, move her body – raising her hips and lifting her ass into the air. In a heartbeat, she went from kneeling to being on all fours – all without removing her tongue from inside Lara.

She wiggled her ass at me invitingly.

I almost wanted to laugh. Everything was perfect. Better than I could have ever hoped for. Tess, my beautiful bitch of a daughter, with that slutty body of hers, actively tempting me to ram my cock inside her. Practically begging for it with how she moved her body.

A wide grin on my face, I undid my trousers, pulled my cock out, stepped forward.

"We should get married," Lara said, snapping me out of my stupor.

The three of us were laying on my king-sized bed, all naked save for the collar around Tess' throat. Enjoying the post-orgasmic bliss of exhausted relaxation. In one hand, I had a huge tit to squeeze. In the other, a firm little ass.

"Married?" I closed my eyes. The thought wasn't a new one. I'd considered tying the knot with Lara on several occasions. Making her Tess' official step-mother. "I doubt your parents would approve."

The petite girl giggled.

"So what? What else can they do? They've already kicked me out and disowned me. Fuck 'em."

I smiled.

Lara's parents disowning her for dating me had been a beautiful thing. Isolating the girl from her friends had driven her into my arms and bed, isolating her from her family had removed whatever doubts and inhibitions Lara'd had left. After her parents had shunned her, she'd become mine completely. I was, in her eyes, the only person in all the world who wouldn't turn on her, betray her, abandon her.

"Maybe," I said.

Marrying Lara. Was the timing right for that?

I didn't want to do it too soon. Much as I didn't give a shit what others thought of me fucking the girl, marrying her too soon into the relationship might raise some suspicions I didn't want raised. Then again, it'd been a year...

Silently, I thought about and considered the option.

The only real problem I could think of arising was my whore wife. I was still technically married to her, and getting that divorce might cause problems – stir up trouble for me.

But, on the other hand, did I need to officially, legally marry Lara? We could always have a public, non-binding ceremony, just to rub in the faces of everyone around. Have a three-person honeymoon somewhere nice.

Hell, if I wasn't going to actually legally marry Lara, why not fake-marry Tess as well?

That idea evolved very quickly in my mind.

Within just a few days, I'd started making plans. Ordering toys and dresses, slutty lingerie. No rings – why waste that kind of money on my slut and my slave? Less than a week after Lara's proposition, everything was set up and ready to go.

No public ceremony – too much of a hassle for no tangible gain.

Just me and Tess and Lara. A private 'ceremony'.

I'd made sure to trance both girls beforehand. In their minds, what was about to happen was real. I was going to marry both of them, make them both my wives. It didn't matter that there were no witnesses, no registered minister. As far as Tess and Lara were aware, today was the 'most important day' of their lives.

Lara's mind accepted it without issue.

Tess, not so much. Some small part of her still resisted. But that part was so tiny now, it barely even mattered.

While they were under, I'd added an additional suggestion. A minor shift in what the girls believed about marriage. Not a huge change, really. Not so long ago, relatively speaking, the wedding night was the first night a man and woman slept together – the day they lost their virginities. For a very long time, that night existed for the couple to conceive a child together.

Convincing my girls that the wedding night was meant to be spent getting pregnant wasn't all too difficult.

Suffice to say, I was very much looking forward to tonight.

I stood in my master bedroom alone, waiting.

In another room, the girls were getting ready. Putting on their dresses, doing each other's make-up and hair.

When they were done, music started playing outside my room. A traditional 'bride walking down the aisle' song, played on Lara's phone. Tess, after all, didn't have a phone any more. Why would she need one?

I smiled as my bedroom door opened and the two girls entered.

Lara looked pretty enough. Her dress was nice, if not the most expensive one I'd paid for. It hung tight on her body, reached down just past her knees. It was sheer in places, the hips and back and sleeves. A nice dress on a pretty girl.

But it was nothing compared to what I'd gotten for Tess.

My daughter walked forward, a white veil over her face. Her white dress, a mixture of elegance and sexuality. Tess' cleavage was on display with a plunging neckline, a painful sight to tear my gaze away from. Her dress, though it reached almost to the floor, had a long slit up one side – showing off her deliciously toned leg, and the white bridal garter she wore under the dress.

Her hips swayed hypnotically as she walked up to me, a subtle tease.

The girls stopped in front of me, standing side by side.

Now for the fun bit.

"Dearly beloveds," I said, the words well thought out and rehearsed. "We are gathered here today to join this man," I pointed at my own chest, smiling, "and these women in blissful matrimony."

Who ever said the groom couldn't also be the minister?

I went on, reciting the traditional words – with a few minor tweaks from me – in my most official, serious tone.

"Lara," I continued, looking the petite girl in the eye. "Do you take me - John Anders - to be your master, to live with and pleasure, to love, honour and obey in all things, for as long as you live?"

The girl blushed, eyes filled with adoration.

"I do," she answered confidently.

I turned my eyes from her, stared at the veil over my daughter's face. It was a thin veil, I could still make out where her eyes were.

"Theresa. Do you take me – your father – to be your master and owner, to live with and serve, to love, honour and obey in all things, for as long as you live?"

Silence followed my words.

I could see a faint blush under the white veil, sense the nervousness emanating from Tess' body.

Finally, she spoke.

"I do," my daughter whispered.

I went on, making the girls swear to more oaths. Would they do whatever I commanded them, whenever I commanded it? A 'yes' from both. Would they love each other, as mother and daughter, and as sister-wives to me? Again, they answered 'yes'. Would they bear my children? I got an instant 'yes' from Lara on that. Tess, however, hesitated.

I grinned at her.

She could resist all she liked. In this, as with everything else, I'd have what I wanted from her. She could fight it, struggle and resist. But in the end, I'd always win.

After a few seconds of internal struggle, my daughter gave the only answer she could.

"Yes," Tess answered softly.

The two girls knelt before me, their lips on my cock. They shared it, kissing and licking

either side of it, only stopping when their lips touched the very tip of my cock and moved to kiss each other. They stared up at me, eyes wide. Lara's were filled with love, Tess' with uncertainty.

When it came time to start sucking, they took turns. First Tess swallowed down my cock as her new step-mother filled her mouth with my balls. Then the roles reversed, and it was my daughter's turn to tease my testicles with her mouth.

Before long, my cock was coated in the saliva of both girls. Hard as a rock and more than ready to impregnate my two 'brides'.

Lara was on her back on the bed, Tess – still in her wedding dress - was on hands and knees directly above her. Their legs intertwined, two pretty pussies glistening – one above the other.

I positioned myself behind my daughter – Lara, while pleasant and fun, would always be second best to me – and slowly guided my cock to her dripping hole.

Lara, without even needing me to tell her to, reached out with one hand, kneading and caressing Tess' breast. Her other hand reached between my daughter's legs, began toying with her clit. As my cock began squeezing inside Tess, spreading her open, Lara guided the tit in her hand to her face. A moment later, Tess' nipple was in the smaller girl's mouth.

“Oh,” Tess half-moaned, half-gasped. “Ahh!”

Her body moved with mine as I began to thrust, her tight snatch milking my dick as I filled her insides up.

“Daddy,” Tess moaned, bucking her hips. “Daddy.”

Within minutes, a warm, electric haze had filled the master bedroom. The sound of bedsprings creaking, the headboard knocking against the wall. The scents of sweat and sex.

“Fuck me Daddy,” my daughter gasped as I squeezed her ass. “Yes! More!”

I grabbed a fist-full of her hair, pulled it as I leaned forward and spoke into Tess' ear. I told her I was going to cum inside her, fill her with my seed and get her pregnant.

One thing I love about fucking my daughter – when we're in the act, and I'm pounding that tight, little cunt – the Babygirl part of Theresa's mind shines through. The hot, horny father-fucker that exists for no other reason than to take my cock awakens inside Tess, transforms her from the nervous and uncertain and rebellious bitch into a cock-hungry slut.

“Yes!” My daughter gasped loudly, one tit bounding beneath her, the other held in place by Lara's hand and mouth. “Cum inside me Daddy. Knock me up!”

Grinning, a hand on her ass, the other pulling her hair, I did just that.

I exploded inside her, felt her pussy convulsing around my shaft – drinking down my cum eagerly.

Tess, body twitching and shuddering, collapsed on top of her best friend. Or should I say her step-mother? Sister-wife? Her fellow fuck-toy?

I laughed to myself.

What did it matter what I called them? They were both mine. They were anything I wanted them to be. My two beautiful whores, to do with as I pleased.

As I pumped Theresa full of cum, burst after unending burst, I closed my eyes, enjoyed the blissful, perfect moment.

Hours later, late at night, I walked downstairs wearing an unbuttoned white shirt and formal pants. With both girls worn out as they were, it was on me to get snacks for the three of us. Not that I minded all that much, I'd left my phone downstairs – I'd need *that* to record the wonderful memories we were making upstairs.

I went to pick it up, paused when I saw how many unanswered calls and unread

texts I'd received in the last half-day.

Before I had time to see who'd been messaging me, figure out what was going on, the house's doorbell rang.

For the briefest moment, I felt a pang of panic.

Had someone figured out what was going on? Had people been calling and texting me all day, calling me a monster? Was that Holden at the door, come to arrest me?

I smothered the worry.

No, none of that was true. I'd been too careful. Too cautious.

I set my phone aside, walked over to the front door, planted a smile on my face as I opened it.

The smile died the instant I saw who was standing there in the doorway.

I froze in place. My heart felt like it stopped dead in my chest.

Oddly enough, my first thought was that at least the bitch had the decency to look ashamed and nervous, uncomfortable. But then, of course she would.

The question was, why was she back?

And why *now* of all times?

The cheating whore broke the silence first.

"Can I come in?" My wife – Theresa's mother - asked.