

A Cold and Snowy Night

"What a crappy way to end, what up until this point, had been a most wonderful evening," Tony muses to himself getting out of the car and slamming the door shut.

He walks around the outside of the SUV as the snow, mixed with a freezing rain, begins to fall with increasing intensity from the dark December sky. His daughter's black Escalade, with the expensive rims, had slide down a rather sharp embankment and had come to rest solidly against a large tree. The engine was still hissing steam as he walked around the car realizing they were in a pretty tight spot here.

Out in the middle of nowhere and stranded. It was quite clear the car was not going anywhere. And the temperature was dropping, almost by the minute it seemed, so the cold rain which was now falling mixed with snow, would undoubtedly turn into a heavy snow before this freezing Vermont night was over.

If only he would not have let his beautiful 19 year daughter have some wine at dinner maybe she would not have been feeling so playful, and the accident would never have happened. Jasmine had light heartedly popped the cork on the champagne bottle, yelling "Merry Christmas" as she sat giggling in the front seat next to him.

He was driving on a slick winding road, and when the cork shot across the front seat of the car and struck him squarely in the side of the head, he lost both his concentration and control of the large vehicle.

But maybe he could have dealt with that if that was the only thing the silly girl had done, but it wasn't. She also took it upon herself to start giggling and spray the champagne inside the car, finally causing him to jerk the wheel, thus causing him to lose control as the large Escalade ran off the road. Lucky neither of them were hurt, but still it was a bad enough situation.

They had been on a scenic drive, at her insistence, through a small Vermont backwoods, on a narrow and winding road. It was approaching 10 pm, very late by small town standards, especially more so in this backwoods they now found themselves stranded in, so the area was quite deserted.

Now as he walked around the car assessing the damage he wondered what to do next. He looked up to the sky and seen ominous storm clouds building to the north. Their cell phones were of no help as she could not get a signal, and he had foolishly left his behind at the house.

"Now what?" He looks over at her.

"I guess we walk. You know I seen a mailbox just off the side of the road there a ways back. Maybe someone is home and we can call for a tow truck."

"Jasmine most of these cabins out here are exclusively summer rentals. I doubt anyone would be home. Pretty crappy way to end

our date huh?" he says smiling at her trying to not show the anxious fear that was building in the pit of his stomach.

"Oh I don't know Daddy so far this has been my best Christmas Eve date yet and now it will only get more interesting."

"Interesting yeah right."

The night certainly had been interesting enough already. He was supposed to be spending Christmas Eve with his ex-wife. Had made reservations last month well in advance at the Crossbow Inn, which was Maple Hill's, Vermont finest little romantic hot spot.

"A dark and casual spot," he thought would be the perfect time to discuss them getting back together. But at the last moment she called and canceled. Then Jasmine called and suggested why not take her out for a Christmas Eve dinner after he told her how her mother had stood him up at the last moment.

She seemed to have known her mother was going to cancel their date. Jasmine knew her daddy still carried a torch for her mother, even though she had left him for a younger guy almost three years ago breaking his heart.

Jasmine, he felt, was just playing the role of good daughter knowing he would be feeling down when she suggested they go out. He tried

to talk her out of it saying he was OK, but Jasmine, as willful as ever, insisted they spend the evening together.

So instead of having a quiet romantic dinner with his ex-wife in hopes of rekindling the flames of passion between them, he found himself dining with his young and most gorgeous 19 year old daughter.

Jasmine was of mixed descent. Tony had solid German Caucasian blood while her mother, Jada, was full blooded Korean. Like many daughters of mixed marriages Jasmine turned out to be an absolute show stopper in the looks department. She had pretty black hair that fell to her shoulders, along with a perfectly flawless dark complexion. In most regards physically she had taken after her mother, which to Tony was a blessing considering how very beautiful Jada was herself.

Jasmine was small in height 5' 3" and weight 113 pounds which Tony found absolutely adorable as he had always had a thing for small women, but especially small Asian women in particular. And even though he tried not to focus on it too much as the evening progressed he could not help but notice how Jasmine had so nicely filled out in the last 2 and half years since he had last seen her.

She had moved back to California with her mom, and then stayed there even as her mom came back to Vermont six months ago. Now she was home on an extended vacation, and Tony had been thrilled when she called suggesting they go out.

Jasmine and Tony had always been very close as she grew up, and he had missed her terribly after the divorce. He told her this no less than probably a half dozen times over dinner that evening. It was easy saying nice things to her as she simply looked absolutely gorgeous on this night and was being so very warm and friendly with him.

She was dressed casual in a pair of jeans and a simple white blouse along with a pair of sexy 4 and half inch ankle boots. But although she may have dressed casual she still looked as sexy as all hell. Her blue jeans were studded with rhinestones and were skin tight, showing off a gorgeous ass that Tony noted must have been a most recent development. He certainly did not remember his little girl having such a great ass when they played catch out in the backyard just a few short years ago. But her ass was nothing compared to her tits.

When Jasmine walked into the kitchen asking him if he was ready to go she had on a super tight white blouse. Tony noted with amusement, bordering on concern, how the top three buttons of his daughter's blouse were casually left undone. Between leaving the buttons undone, and the tightness of her blouse it left no doubt that Jasmine now possessed an absolutely lethal set of tits. They must have been at least double D's maybe even triple D's as Tony simply could not help but to stare, if only for a few short moments.

His daughter's tits simply looked huge on her small trim frame. But what really made it hard to keep from staring at them was Jasmine was clearly not wearing a bra under her tight white blouse.

The contrast of her dark Korean skin with the white blouse hiding those lethal tits of hers had driven Tony absolutely crazy all night as he did his best not to stare at them.

Maybe the highlight of dinner was afterwards when she suggested they slow dance on the Crossbow's small dark dance floor. There were already three other couples out there dancing so Tony, despite his reservations as he did not consider himself much of a dancer, agreed. When Jasmine snuggled in tight next to him as they swayed to the music his heart nearly stopped as felt those tremendous tits of hers brushing up against his chest. Every time he tried to move back a bit she only came forward pushing up against him all the more. It was in a word –maddening, especially since it had been so long since he had sex.

In a futile useless romantic gesture, Tony refused to date other women after Jada left him convinced that she would someday come back. For some stupid reason he wanted himself, out of some misguided romantic notion, to remain pure for her until she came to her senses.

But now he found himself in the arms of his daughter on the dance floor, and as her arms slide up his neck while smiling that sweet innocent sexy smile of hers, he found his cock coming alive.

Jasmine, in a word or two, was a cock tease. Even to her daddy. It must have been in the blood as her mother was the exact same way. Both loved to show off. The point was driven home even more emphatically when Jasmine made her dramatic confession over dessert that back in Los Angeles she was a stripper, and a very good one at that, she added with a sly smile.

"Well now I know how she can afford such an expensive vehicle anyways," he muses to himself. When he confessed being worried about her chosen profession she smiled softly at him and said "Oh don't worry Daddy I am still saving myself for Mr. Right. I am still a virgin as pure and innocent as freshly fallen snow."

"Yes now, a virgin stripper talk about an oxymoron as those are two things that obviously don't go together."

She reached across the table and slapped him playfully saying, "Just because the other strippers you hear about may be whores and drug addicts does not mean I have to be one too Daddy. I am really a good girl. In fact I have never even been felt up as of yet."

Tony found this hard to believe, but despite wanting to press her for more details he was not sure he was comfortable discussing her sex life so he told her this while nodding his head in quiet disbelief. The fact was, Tony simply did not believe her. How could someone that pretty and that well put together be such a pure virgin that no guy had even felt her up?

Jasmine, maybe it was the wine they were sharing over dinner, and maybe sensing he did not quite believe her, opened up even more to him.

"Yeah but the thing is this--there is no sex life to discuss Daddy. I am serious I have never even let a man get past a simple kiss on my cheek. I desperately want my first man to have the privilege of knowing where he goes no man has ever went before. All my girlfriends make fun of me you know. They think I am frigid or something but I am not. I am just really, really picky."

"Ok well I guess I should be proud," he says finishing off the last of his dessert. He was ready to go but she wanted to dance, again, so he granted her one last dance before they would head home to what he thought might be a quiet evening of sipping eggnog, while watching some hokey Christmas movie as she cuddled next to him. This had been a favorite ritual of theirs to do in the past over the holidays.

After the last dance they held hands tightly as they left the dance floor. Tony's heart was still trip hammering in his chest as out on that dark dance floor they had exchanged several brief kisses. They both were feeling a bit friendly due to the several glasses of red wine they shared during dinner, and as they both professed how much they loved each other, and how much they missed one another, it just sort of happened.

The last brief kiss they had shared had even been on the lips. Tony had belatedly tried to avoid brushing his lips against hers when he realized Jasmine meant to kiss him on the lips but Jasmine, being that willful daughter that she had always been, simply would not be denied. She sweetly raised her hand up and used it to hold her daddy's chin in place as her soft sweet lips fell on his.

It was also during this last dance that she really snuggled up against him in the process pushing her large firm tits against him in a most provocative manner for the second time that evening. Just like before when it happened his cock came alive almost like it had been hotwired.

On the way home she suggested stopping and getting a bottle of champagne so at midnight they could ring in Christmas properly. He agreed. But after picking up the champagne she then suggested, just before turning on the road that would take them home, to take a little scenic drive on old highway 11 that snaked around the town and out into Clark's woods. He agreed. She said she wanted to watch the snow fall in the forest as it was so quiet and serene out there.

But then came Jasmine's, in a moment of drunken levity, little celebration as they approached the middle of Clark's woods, setting off the chain of events that caused the SUV to skid off the road and crash.

He didn't blame her though, only himself as he obviously had let her have a little too much wine during dinner.

Now they were stuck, her expensive SUV all smashed to hell, and it was his fault for giving in to all of her demands. As they made the way out of the SUV, deciding to follow her advice and try and locate the house or cabin that the mailbox she had seen belonged to, he noted how the freezing rain was in the process of changing to a thick heavy snowfall.

Jasmine opened her back hatch and grabbed a gym bag out of it shoving the champagne inside saying with a giggle "Maybe we will find a quiet place to drink this."

"Yeah well that should not be too hard as I do believe we are pretty much all alone out here."

"Ha just as I planned then." Jasmine exclaims with a giggle.

Tony responded by saying she did not appreciate the gravity of their situation to which she only laughed expressing her belief, "As long as I am with my Daddy nothing bad can happen."

After a long walk, first in freezing rain mixed with snow, and then a heavy snow only as the temperature continued to plummet, all the while Tony cursing that he did not bring a heavier jacket, they reached the mailbox. The light jacket he was wearing did not have a collar and was rather thin allowing first the rain and then the wet snow to soak right through to his new expensive dress shirt.

Tony noted with dismay how the mailbox stood slightly askew, looking for all the world, that it had not been used for quite some time. Not a good sign at all.

"Well we have to try Daddy and see if someone is home. I'm freezing,"

They trudged up the long winding driveway flanked on both sides by thick trees. In the front yard there was a For Sale by Owner sign tipped over at a crazy angle. Not a good omen either. "Honey its vacant. Look they are trying to sell the dump."

From the outside anyways, the old cabin looked like it had seen better years---decades ago most likely. The overhang over the front porch bowed down in the middle and looked about to collapse. "It probably doesn't have a solid window left and is full of rats and shit," he said silently to himself deciding it best not to mention these thoughts to Jasmine.

"Still let's check it out. No cars came during the whole time we were walking and I'm getting worried." She says between her chattering teeth. He looked at her holding the gym bag over her head trying at the very least to protect her pretty hair.

She had on only a thin stylish jacket herself for protection against the elements, but luckily, or they would have really been in trouble, her gym bag contained a pair of tennis shoes allowing her to slip out of

her stylish, but slightly impractical for walking, ankle boots. He offered her his thin jacket several times during the course of the walk to which she politely declined over and over again.

The snow had been coming down harder still for the past 10 minutes. It would be a White Christmas after all he noted with bitter irony. They had to do something so he followed her advice although he was doubtful anyone lived there. In fact, he was sure of it.

"Ok honey lets go check out this dump."

He walks up onto the porch telling her to hang back. He knocks once, twice. The small log cabin is dark and silent. He turns to her and shrugs his shoulder saying "Like I said vacant Jasmine."

"Try the front door."

He rattles the knob. It's locked and feels solid. Surprisingly, the windows in front, anyway, are all intact.

"Let's just break in Daddy. I am freezing."

"Really honey breaking and entering. What if the police....." She gives him a look of disappointment as she stands there shivering waiting for him to be a man and take charge. The look does it for him.

"Right no cops are probably around. Ok come around to the back."

They hurry around to the back, and five minutes later are entering the small cabin. He had used a rock to smash one of the small plate windows in the back door and then was able to reach his hand inside and unlock the door. Jasmine, fortunately had remembered to bring her emergency flash light from the SUV, so they would have at least some light to explore the dark interior of the cabin.

It was basically clean and well kept, except the layer of dust that hung over everything indicating it had not been disturbed in a few weeks anyways. "The owners probably have someone come out once a month or so to check on the cabin and clean it up a bit," Tony tells his daughter as they scan the flashlight around the dark interior of the place, looking for any signs of recent habitation.

There were only four rooms. The small kitchen, a surprising large master bedroom with an old fashioned sleigh bed complete with checkered quilt, a bathroom attached to the bedroom, and a medium sized living room.

Tony made Jasmine wait just inside the backdoor as he quickly explored the small cabin with the flashlight making sure they were no untold dangers lurking in the darkness. All the windows were locked and secured, save the one he broke, which helped set his mind at ease.

He came back to the kitchen and gave her a thumbs up. Tony then did his best to secure the back door somewhat by jamming one of the wooden chairs that was under the kitchen table against the knob before telling his daughter first the good news and then the bad news.

"The front room has a large brick fireplace honey with loads of firewood, plus I found some candles, which is good since it looks like we are going to be stuck here at least for the night as there is no power, which of course means no phone, not that they have one that I can see anyways."

"Great does have a big old bearskin rug in front of it because that would be so quaint andromantic," Jasmine says with a sly smile.

"Hmm you must be living well as your wish is close to being true as there is a large fur rug, if its bear I am not sure, but it looks clean and comfortable."

'Bathroom?'

He showed her to the bathroom as she was desperate to fix her hair and makeup, plus go pee. He gives her the flashlight after he gets a couple of the candles lit so he can see what the hell he is doing.

Soon there is a roaring fire blazing inside the old stone fireplace. He strips off his jacket sighing as he bends down next to the fire warming himself. He glances outside and the snow is really falling now. He can barely see their tracks anymore that had been so clearly visible just a few minutes ago leading around from the front to the back of the old cabin.

She was taking forever it seemed in the bathroom. He went and knocked on the door checking to see if she was OK. "Yes Daddy be out in a minute just finishing up fixing my hair and putting on some makeup."

He sighs before saying, "Jesus honey now what do you have to go and do that for, we are stranded in the middle next to nowhere and you are worried about your damn hair and putting on makeup."

She opens the door slightly and gives him that disarming smile of hers saying sweetly, "Daddy until we get home I still consider us on our very special Christmas Eve date so with that in mind can you excuse a young lady if she wants to still look good for her man, no matter the circumstances."

"So now I am your man huh. I thought I was your daddy."

"Hmm you can be both." And with that she slams the door shut in his face.

He sighs as he leaves the room, noting that before it had been a Christmas Eve dinner they were out on, but somehow now it had turned into a Christmas Eve date.

He relaxes on the small love seat, which is just offset to the fireplace at a right angle, while waiting patiently for his daughter to come out of the bathroom. He is sipping on the champagne she brought with them straight from the bottle and is getting a nice buzz on.

Finally, he sees a dark shadow coming towards him across the small cabin. When she enters the small pool of light thrown off by the fire his eyes nearly bulge out of his head.

Her tight white blouse is plastered to her body from the rain and snow. Her giant tits are proudly on display under her wet blouse. Her fully erect nipples, poking out from under the soaking wet fabric of the shirt, are like a pair of twin beacons to his eyes.

He now is maybe thankful that her thin, stylish jacket was too small, too tight, or so she said, to button up, thus opening up her chest to the elements. He wonders secretly if she had simply refused to button up her jacket on purpose knowing the effect the rain and wet snow would have on her thin white blouse.

She pauses in front of the love seat, seemingly oblivious to how her tight wet blouse shoes off her immense tits.

"So was it worth the wait. Do I at least still look presentable? I mean first the rain and then the snow really did a number on my hair."

Probably because he is a bit drunk and feeling frisky and playful he says, "And to your blouse too sweetheart."

She looks down at her chest and smiles, before looking back up her expression turning deadly serious, "Yeah I guess my new blouse doesn't look so good on me now that it's all wet."

"Yeah well, I don't know about that sweetheart. I mean if you were competing in a wet tee shirt contest I think you would definitely be the winner."

"Oh stop making fun of me Daddy. I am freezing!! What are you going to do about it?" She wraps her arms around herself shivering.

"Well might I suggest moving closer to the fire for starters?"

She takes a few steps closer to the fire. He reaches out and hands her the bottle of champagne. "Take some of this, it will warm your insides up a bit maybe."

She takes the champagne bottle and tips it back to her mouth swallowing a heavy dosage of the bubbly champagne.

"Slow down sweetheart. We have all night to finish it."

"Well if you aren't going to suggest anything to keep me warm then I might as well get drunk and pass out," she snorts at him shooting him a dark look that clearly indicates she is more than a little irritated with him.

"What being close to the fire doesn't help?"

She turns to him with a sly look on her face, which he supposed is better than the irritated look she had just shown him a short minute or so ago and says, "You obviously have noticed how wet my blouse is Daddy as you have been staring at my chest non-stop ever since I came out of the bathroom so do I really have to say that as long as I keep this wet shirt on I have really have no chance of getting warm."

He blushes fiercely as he had been hopeful that maybe Jasmine had not noticed how his eyes keep wandering to her chest. He thinks briefly of denying that he was staring, but he thinks that will only make him look all the more guilty so he decides to just ignore the comment all together.

"Well I would offer you my shirt but as you can see," he pulls it up from his chest so she can see it's as plastered to his skin just like hers, "Mine is as wet as yours."

"Yeah well I guess we both really need to get out of these wet shirts before we catch a cold."

"I know.....wait." He has a sudden brainstorm as he gets up to leave the room.

"Where are you going?"

"There is a large quilt on the bed. I was thinking you could take off your shirt and wrap it around your body."

"Ugh. I thought of that Daddy and it smells of you know mildew." She crinkles her nose up in disgust adding, "No way am I wrapping my body in that thing."

"Well what about that gym bag of yours? You had tennis shoes in it after all and you mentioned going to the gym out here so don't you maybe have some gym clothes, like a tee shirt you could put on or something."

"Hey you're right maybe I do have something in there Daddy. Then again maybe not. It has been in my car for a while. I just threw the flashlight and the champagne in there without really looking. Let me go see."

"Yeah OK. In the meantime you should take off your shirt and hang it so it might be dry by the morning," she tells him over her shoulder as she disappears into the bedroom where she left her bag laying on the bed.

He reluctantly agreed to her suggestion, although he was not thrilled at having to take off his shirt in front of his daughter. The truth is he doesn't feel like he is in good enough shape to walk around shirtless. He is afraid of what his little girl will think of her soon to be 47 year old father's bare chest and stomach. While he is not grossly overweight with a huge beer belly like many men his age, neither does he have a so called 'six-pack.'

Once inside the bedroom she opens the gym bag and sure enough she has a pair of gym shorts and one of old workout tee shirts inside. This is only one of the things in her bag that makes her smile broadly though. Maybe if things go well, and the mood strikes her, she will show her daddy a few other delightful little treasures she has stored away in her little gym bag.

The truth was she knew exactly what was in her gym bag, but he doesn't need to know that. She quickly strips out of her wet jeans first, and puts on the blue gym shorts.

"They are a bit tight, just like my workout shirt," she whispers to herself as she turns this way and that examining herself in the mirror. Then she hurries up and strips off her wet blouse. She pulls on the gray tee shirt with the large Nike symbol emblazoned on the front of it and looks at herself in the mirror.

She smiles at her image in the mirror whispering to herself, "Well this certainly should make an impression on him." The tattered edges of the tee shirt, by just the barest of margins, barely comes down over her nipples leaving nearly the full lower third of her prodigious breasts exposed.

She suddenly remembers why the shirt barely covers her tits. She had bought it years ago to wear to the gym when she first started working out. At the time she was a regular gym rat and wanted to see the progress of her daily workouts especially on her obsessive need to have a flat muscular tummy. With that in mind she carefully took a knife and cut away a good portion of the lower part of the shirt so it would expose her tummy. But that was when she was 17 and her tits were only sized 32C. Since becoming a stripper she had had three boob jobs and her tits were now a prodigious 32G. The little half tee shirt could barely contain her large breasts Jasmine seen—with sheer and utter delight.

The truth was Jasmine had reveled in the notion that her daddy had been taking sneak peeks at her tits all night. Her mood, fueled by the wine and champagne she had been drinking all night long, was carefree and playful to the point where she was quite curious to see her daddy's reaction to her little half tee shirt.

No way she would pass up this chance to be the ultimate tease and see if she could get her daddy toahh lose his normal uptight and very proper attitude around her. It was like the ultimate challenge. A challenge she was very up for tonight.

As she lays out her clothes over the shower curtain rod she remembers spotting something else in her gym bag which might help her chances of getting her daddy to really loosen up around her. She had by chance, left her bong and a small bag of pot in the gym bag after coming home late from a party at one of her friend's house the other night. She smiles knowing that her mom and dad, both children of the seventies, had a rather liberal view on pot.

Maybe they would get high together. In fact, as she grabs the bong and the bag of weed and places it on the bed so it will be within easy reach later on, she is sure they will as her daddy, never ever denied her anything she truly wanted.

Jasmine goes strutting back into the living deciding not to mention anything about her little half tee shirt and how very revealing it is. Instead she will just act carefree and casual and see how he reacts.

"Daddy you are a genius....." she walks right up to him as he sits on the love seat and placing her hands on her hips while at the same time thrusting out her chest to its maximum potential says in her most innocent voice "As you can see I did find an old tee shirt in my gym bag and some shorts too."

Tony looks up and for the second time in less than 15 minutes his heart nearly comes to a stop as he sees his beautiful daughter's huge tits so fully on display.

His eyes can't help but to wander to her chest as his brain tries to form a coherent sentence for him to speak. "Ahh.....yeah honey I can well see that."

"Yeah it's better than that wet blouse I was wearing but still I am a little cold."

"Yeah I can see that too," he says in a shaky voice. Christ could he ever as her taunt nipples were practically poking a hole through that super tight gray tee shirt of hers.

"Well then" she sits down right next to him on the small loveseat, "Are you going to and let your little girl freeze or be a man and invite her over to that super nice fur rug you were telling me about earlier and cuddle with her until she is nice and warm."

He swallows hard as his cock, already on firm alert is about to be upgraded to a full hard on alert status. But what can he do. He is trapped by her mocking words that seem to be in an off-hand and teasing manner implying that maybe he is not man enough to keep his own flesh and blood daughter warm.

Before he can answer she reaches out and brushes one finger across his fully erect nipple on his bare chest saying, "I see that I am not the only one that is cold around here."

"Yeah it is a bit chilly."

"All the more reason we should cuddle in front of the fire, don't you think Daddy?" She looks at him and smiles, waiting expectantly.

He takes the bait. Stands up and holds his hand out to Jasmine saying "Would you like to come and cuddle in front of the warm fire with your daddy little girl."

If not for the champagne he had been steadily drinking waiting for her, combined with the wine they had over dinner, he doubtlessly would not have found the courage to ask her this in such an off-hand and casual manner.

"I would love to Daddy" she says taking his hand and following him over to the fire.

They settle down in front of the blazing fire leaning back against the cushions and the pillows he had stripped off of the couch and the bed respectively. He snakes one arm around her mid-section noting how soft and supple her bare skin feels under his rough hands. She lets out a sigh as she snuggles up against him laying her head on his bare chest.

They lay there cuddling against each other for a few minutes before Jasmine lets out a loud sigh before saying, "Daddy I can hear your heart racing inside that chest of yours. I think we need to get you relaxed. How about a nice back rub from your little girl."

"Hmm that is OK baby. Let's just lay here and cuddle."

"But Daddy I amI don't know a little hyper I guess and want to do something."

"I thought you wanted me to cuddle with you and keep you warm."

"I'm warmed up now and well, c'mon I want to do something. Consider my back rub to be a sorta of early Christmas present. Besides I'm bored and buzzed. Speaking of buzzed, where is the champagne?"

"On the loveseat, I think."

"I'll get it."

"Honey maybe you think we have both had enough to drink."

"Daddy don't be an old Grinch, come on..... in a little bit, hmm exactly....." she grabs his wrist and turns it so she can see the time on his watch "28 minutes it will be officially Christmas and I want you to be in a very cheery holiday mood."

"So, I am a little old to be making a big deal out Christmas."

"Well maybe you are but I'm not. I'm only 19 remember and this has been a most fantastic Christmas Eve date you took me on so....."

"So.....go on." He says trying hard not to stare at her tits as she leans on one arm debating him.

"So." She reaches out and brushes his cheek lightly, "So I just want to have some fun with my daddy and give him a real nice back rub maybe."

"Well it's not Christmas yet. Ask me again in what 38 minutes."

"Yeah well you better say yes or you will be doing two things at once."

"Really and what two thing would that be?"

"Number one you would ruin the end of our date and number two ruin the start of Christmas. So with that in mind are you going to be a mean old Grinch and say no to more champagne and then no to my back massage?"

"Hmm I suppose not. Bring it over. I will say yes to both.....just for you of course sweetie." He waves his hand nonchalantly at her knowing it's always a losing battle for him to argue with her.

She bounds to her feet, clapping her hands saying "Goodie Daddy is not going to be a Grinch after all." She then skips across the room over to the small dining table where they had left the champagne. His eyes are glued to those gigantic boobs of hers as they bounce happily up and down as she skips across the room.

"Jesus what a sight," Tony muses to himself. He knows he should not be looking at her but he lacks the necessary willpower to avert his eyes as she bounds back to the rug the champagne in one hand.

"Oh here Daddy. I almost forgot. I found something else in my gym bag that could go a long way to relaxing you and me both for the long night we are facing in this cabin. But you have to promise to be opened minded."

"I'm always opened minded when it comes to you honey. I mean you pretty much always get your way with me."

"And that is why I love my daddy so, so much, because he always lets his little girl do whatever she wants."

She then get up and starts to head into the bedroom. His eyes automatic follow her this time watching that lovely little ass of hers in her tight gym shorts.

He wonders what he should be open minded about as he waits for her to return to the fire. He doesn't have to wait long as she plops back down next to him carrying small purple bong and waving a small bag of pot.

"Oh God honey seriously, you don't expect me to smoke that shit with you. Come on!!!"

"Sure I do. I know you and mom used to get high all the time. Don't deny it as I watched you and besides mom told me you guys did when I got older."

"She did," he says surprised, and then again no as he recalls Jada was never really that discreet about their smoking pot.

"Hmm-uh. It's good shit too. Come on let's get buzzed together. I promise it's a real mellow high. Please."

She doesn't wait to even here his answer as she is already busy packing the bong. He takes a deep breath ready to launch into the evils of smoking weed, and then realizes what a fucking hypocrite he will sound like.

After all, he smoked weed for the first time when he was only 15 and continued smoking off and on for the next 20 years after that. In fact, he remembers Jasmine was conceived on a dark and stormy night much like this when him and Jada were both higher than kites on weed.

He stands up, and heads into the kitchen to grab a candle to use as a lighter.

"Here we can use this as a lighter honey," he says to her handing her the lit candle.

"That is the spirit and this dope will definitely put you in the Christmas spirit even more. So you are cool with this daddy?"

"Yeah I guess after all. If I say no I will be branded as a hypocrite. Besides you are a big girl now so..... and I do miss getting high."

They spend the next 15 or so minutes passing the bong back and forth taking bigger and bigger hits. They also are taking bigger and bigger drinks of the champagne to cool their throats from the smoke. By midnight they are both pleasantly drunk and high.

"Oh Daddy what time is it."

"Time to get stoned with your daughter, I guess," he says jokingly.

"No besides that. I mean is it Christmas yet."

He glances at his watch. "No not quite still have 12 minutes until midnight. Until our Merry Christmas. Why don't we just hmm lay back and wait for it sweetie," he says reclining back onto the soft fur rug.

"No way. When I get high, I like to stay busy, not veg out."

She hops up and once again he is treated with the sight of that lovely ass of hers as she leaves, and then even better still those big bouncy tits of hers bounding up and down as she skips into the bedroom.

"Where you going?"

She ignores him, instead disappearing into the bedroom, leaving him to wonder if she is doing that on purpose to get his attention. She must now the way she is prancing around will cause her huge tits to bounce up and down under the tight confines of that half- tee shirt.

"Stupid..... of course she knows. She is a god damn stripper for Christ Sakes. Face it your little girl is teasing the living hell out of you man," as that inner voice that everyone possess gives him a rather

straightforward and truthful answer to the question that has been bugging him all night.

Now that he is both high and drunk he is ready to accept that answer knowing deep down in his heart it's the truth.

Coming back out of the bedroom she announces, "Daddy I just had a brain storm in the room. Since I have been away for the last few years and we have not had a chance to celebrate any Christmas' together I think you should let me go out of my way to make this one a Christmas celebration you shall remember fondly for years to come." Too stoned now to do anything but agree, Tony smiles at her and says why not.

"So you will place your trust in your daughter and let her make this our best Christmas ever right daddy?"

"Just being with you baby makes it the best ever, don't you know that?" he tells her with a soft laugh, while trying his very best to be charming.

She slaps him playfully on his bare tummy making a loud smacking sound. "Shut your eyes Mr. Charming so I can prepare your first surprise and no peeking."

He does as she tells him wondering just what the hell she is up to. He hears her moving around the small cabin, but it gives him no clue

to what she is up to at this point. About three minutes later, she says "Ok Daddy you can stand up and open your eyes."

He slowly gets to his feet. Standing there in a half drunk, half stoned stupor he opens his eyes slowly. The gym shorts she was wearing have been replaced by a super short mini-skirt. He decides to let that pass without comment, for now, instead commenting on her other change.

"You look taller honey." He says glancing down at her feet.

"I had a pair of my ahh 'working shoes' also in my gym bag Daddy and I thought you might like them."

Jasmine's tennis shoes have been duly retired and in their place is a pair of 5 inch stilettos. They are black with gray buckles and are as sexy as all hell.

But as sexy as the shoes are they are taking a backseat to that other little change in her appearance as he says to her, "I guess you had one of your 'working skirts' too in that gym bag of yours? Jesus is there anything you don't have in that damn bag of yours baby."

She does a quick twirl around showing off the back side saying "Like it Daddy. I was going to wear something like this to dinner but I thought you might deem it inappropriate."

Her little black leather mini skirt is super tight and just barely covers that delicious little ass of hers, so yes most assuredly it would have been inappropriate for dinner.

"I thought we will start you out with a soft romantic Christmas Eve midnight dance Daddy."

"Honey what happened to my back rub."

"Oh you shall get that later, but for now I want to dance."

"Yeah well I am so fucking high right now I doubt I can dance very well."

"We are only going to slow dance so all you have to do is sway to the music and lean on me a bit."

He knows it is useless to argue, especially when he sees all the trouble she went through to create a makeshift dance floor. She had moved the couch over a bit, clearing a small area off to the left of the fireplace, and in that area on the wooden floor she had placed dozens of small candles in a circle.

"Have you ever danced in a circle of fire Daddy?"

"No can't say that I have." He smiles at her as she takes his hand and leads him over to her little makeshift dance floor. On the way she clicked the button on a small boom box radio that she found in the bedroom nightstand that thankfully still works.

She twists the dial until she finds a radio station playing Christmas music, and just as luck will have it, it's a slow romantic Christmas ballad that is playing.

As they come together in her "circle of fire" his heart is racing. Although they have already slow danced twice this evening, things are very much different this time as they are all alone, which Tony instinctively knows will change everything.

Indeed being all alone does change everything. Tony has no way of knowing this, but when his little girl gets drunk she gets extremely aggressive going after the things she wants. And when she gets high she becomes very friendly while losing all sense of "boundaries." And the fact that she is both high and drunk makes for a very volatile mix.

Tony, on the other hand, finds alcohol and pot combined makes him extremely mellow and passive and very, very romantic if he is with the right woman.

They sway to the soft music together, their bodies pressing into one another, holding each other so close and tight. Soft whispers in each other's ears telling one another how very much they missed each

other over the past few years, soft caressing of bare skin, his hands on her bare back just below the grey half tee shirt, sliding slowly around to brush her sides while tracing small circles.

Her hands glide up to his bare chest, where she slowly drags her long two inch painted nails across his bare chest. It seems nothing is out of reach now that the boundaries of being in public have been removed.

She is nearly on eye level with him in her five inch spike heels as she looks at him all wide eyed and innocent. "Nice huh daddy this Christmas dance of ours?"

"Very." He whispers back.

The soft ballad mixed with the quiet sounds of snow falling outside the cabin is creating an almost hypnotic effect on him. So much so that he barely notices as she brings her lips to his saying in a bare whisper "If you allow me another Christmas kiss or two it would maybe go a long way of making it up to me all that time we spent away from one another."

"Yes you have my permission sweetheart."

Their eyes lock for a moment as her lips move towards his. Something deep and dark, and most forbidden pass between them in that mere half-second where they gaze into each other's eyes. Then

their lips meet and they begin to exchange soft, gentle kisses as their lips come together, and then part, before coming together once more, over and over again.

Both of their hands have snaked around each other backs pulling the other one in even closer. After the last of what might have been literally dozens of soft sweet kisses, if anyone was bothering to count, their kisses turn longer and more meaningful.

Considering just how things have progressed this evening between them, it should not have been such a shock when Tony felt her young, inexperienced tongue pushing up against his lips. After a moment's hesitation he takes the plunge, and opens his mouth to her. Her tongue slips in easily and they begin to kiss deeply, tongues pushing up against one another.

He should have been shocked at such a thing occurring. Ashamed and shocked that is, but it's Christmas and there is magic in the air. But even more so he is both stoned and drunk so accepting his beautiful 19 year old daughter's tongue into his mouth seems something he simply cannot deny.

And then when she withdraws her tongue, and he finds his slipping into her mouth as all pretense of innocence between them is lost. He snakes a hand into her hair and kisses her long and deep.

She reaches around behind her and guides his hands down to the soft leather of her mini skirt. Unable to resist, he begins to slide his

hands all over his daughter's luscious little ass. It feels delightful and is giving him one helluva a boner.

They circle around inside this enchanted circle of light, dancing still while lost in forbidden, erotic delight. Finally, the slow song ends and a jaunty Christmas carol starts. Jasmine is in no mood for jaunty upbeat music so she quickly heads over to the boom box and flicks it off.

The spell broken, Tony feels himself being led back over towards the rug. In his drug addled mind, he is determined to put a stop to things before they get out of hand, but she had other ideas.

Standing on the rug, they look at each other for a long moment, before she says quietly, "Merry Christmas daddy. I think it's past midnight."

He glances at his watch. "Yes two minutes past. Merry Christmas sweetheart."

"Now I think it's time we exchanged Christmas presents."

"But honey, I.....well what presents do we have to exchange? I got you something when your mom said you were coming home but it's back at the house. I was going to give it to you tonight, but obviously we never made it home."

"Well I guess you will just have to give me something else right?" she says softly taking a glance down at his crotch. A glance he notices that lingers long and hard, just like his cock.

She looks back up at him and whispers, "But before you give me what I want, let me give you my Christmas present daddy."

What happens next is like some sorta of mad erotic dream. She leads him over to the loveseat. Softly pushes him down. He starts to say something, but she makes him promise to be quiet.

Sitting on the edge he looks up at her, his eyes nearly on eye level with those big, beautiful tits of hers.

"You have been staring at my tits all night Daddy, wondering....." She pauses as she hooks two fingers on the bottom edge of her little half tee shirt. "What they look like."

"Merry Christmas Daddy," she whispers lifting her tee shirt up, while thrusting her chest out at him.

"Oh Jesus honey, they are so beautiful," he exclaims breathlessly. She takes a small step forward, slipping a hand around the back of his head as she tells him softly, "Go on Daddy you can suck on them if you want."

And did he ever want. His mouth opens up and he begins to suckle on one of his beautiful young daughter's large breasts as if his life depended on it.

Jasmine provides him extra encouragement by arching her back while pulling his face deeper into the comforting embrace of her hefty breasts. Tony proceeds to cover each lovely inch of her tits with a dozens upon dozens of small sweet kisses, before finally attacking those large round nipples of hers with his lips making them flick to attention as she moans louder still in the deathly stillness of the cabin.

He continues to suck on her tits with reckless abandon loving the way it is making her moan with obvious delight, but his cock is a growing monster inside his jeans that must be tended to sooner rather than later.

Sensing just such a thing, Jasmine slips one hand down and feels his hard steel through his old faded blue jeans. Pure forbidden lust grips her heart upon her touching his large nearly eight inch manhood.

She twists away from him as they switch places. He now stands before her as she perches on the edge of the love seat. "It's time for me to unwrap my present huh daddy?" she says looking up at him sweetly, before staring fixedly at his crotch.

"Yes sweetheart I think it is."

She carefully unzips his jeans; taking her time allowing the tension to build. As she begins to pull his jeans down and off his hips she pauses and says to him innocently, while batting her pretty eyes up at him, "Hmm I think daddy got me a rather large candy cane. You just know how I love to.....suck on candy canes right daddy."

"Y-yes baby," he says barely able to contain his excitement. It has been literally years since he had a blowjob since Jade thought having a man's cock in her mouth was nasty.

The jeans fall down to the ground, quickly followed by his boxers. His cock juts out proudly at her as Jasmine lets out a low gasp.

"Jesus Daddy it's.....it's such a big candy cane. I hope....."

She reaches up with one finger stroking it thoughtfully, watching it quiver from her light touch, before finishing, "I just hope I can get it all in my mouth."

Pure unbridled lust grips Tony's heart as he quickly tangles a hand through her hair saying in a thick husky whisper, "I have confidence you can Jasmine as you were always sowillful when you wanted something."

"You are right Daddy," she replies allowing him to pull her pouting lips closer to his throbbing member. "And I do want so badly this nice little candy cane you got your baby girl for Christmas."

And then the Christmas magic really began to happen as Jasmine closed her eyes, opened her mouth wide, and took her daddy into her sweet little mouth.

Her tongue flickers the underside of his cock, tickling it and bringing it to new heights of hardness, just before she begins to suck on it in earnest. Up and down her head bobs, his large cock disappearing deep inside her mouth before slipping out again.

Jasmine expertly turns her head this way and that sucking him deeper into her mouth and then out again, just as she learned watching porn movies.

"Am I doing good Daddy?" Letting his cock slip out of her mouth while stroking it lightly with her hand.

"God yes baby. Perfect."

"Great well now that I got my candy cane all nice and wet and slick I think I want to rub it up and in between my tits. You don't mind huh," she says as she pulls him towards her, before pushing him down onto the loveseat, as she turns on her knees, to begin this final assault upon her daddy's cock.

He looks down and sees his poor aching cock being teased so lovely between his daughter's tits as she sways her chest back and forth

over his penis, slapping her massive melons against it so very lovingly.

Jasmine uses her hands to trap his cock between her tits as she begins to move up and down, up and down, trapping his hardness between her soft hills. The feeling is incredible to Tony as titty fucking was just one more thing he had missed out on being married to the very conservative Jade.

He feels the orgasm building, surprisingly slowly though, figuring it must be the weed and alcohol that is allowing him to last so long after such a long sexual drought. But as she sits there on her knees, his cock trapped in between those big, beautiful tits of hers, looking down at what she is doing with such rapt attention the pure excitement of such a forbidden act is causing a very intense orgasm to come rushing home.

Her words, her soft pleading words to fuck her tits harder has him thrusting his hips forward and up desperately. He is near to exploding when she suddenly stops, pulling back, smiling pleasantly and saying, "I want to finish you off in my mouth daddy. You don't mind coming in my mouth huh Daddy," she says as he watches with wonder as she opens her mouth once more and takes his full hardness deep into her tight little mouth.

"Jesus honey that feels good....." He whispers watching her bob up and down on his pulsating cock once again. This time he understand there will be no stopping until he explodes in her mouth.

Jasmine enthusiastically sucks his full 8 inches into her mouth, just as she brings one hand up to gently cup his balls. She hears a small moan escape from him as she begins to jiggle his testicles tenderly in her hand as her mouth flies up and down on his hard cock.

She slows the pace down one final time, pausing, teasing as her mouth breaks contact, her lips hovering mere inches from his cock. His response is just as she expected, just as she wanted, as he snakes a hand deep into her hair forcing her mouth back down.

Her virgin mouth suckles on his cock with all the expert enthusiasm of a cheap 20 dollar hooker. She wraps a hand around the full thickness of his hard cock, while beginning to hammer her mouth up and down.....up and down.....faster and faster until finally.....

He lets out a gasp, jerks his hips forward and explodes in her mouth. Jasmine swallows his cum down without thinking, before raising up and smiling at him.

"That was the biggest sweetest candy cane I ever, ever sucked on daddy."

"I hope that..... well you don't suck on candy canes that much baby."

"No Daddy yours was the first." She says licking her lips.

"Pretty good for a beginner."

"I watch a lot of porn. Or maybe study is a better word. I am a real real horny virgin daddy, butbefore the night is through....."

She lets the thought dangle as she dashes off to the bathroom. Tony lays back against the loveseat scarcely believing what just happened.

Ten minutes later they are both dressed, well sorta of as she has on a pair of panties and her half tee shirt and him just a pair of boxers, and are cuddling under a warm clean blanket she found tucked away in a closet. They are stretched out before the dying fire, neither saying anything just enjoying the quiet warmth of each other bodies against the cold night air of the cabin.

A few minutes later, Tony gets up as the quiet Christmas morning grows darker and colder. He adds two fresh logs to the dying fire making it blaze to life once more, before settling down next to Jasmine who has already by this time dozed off.

Sometime later, Tony awakes with a soft groan in the freezing cabin. It is now the dead of the night and the small cabin is being buffeted with strong winds. The chill in the air is quite acute as he gets to his

feet meaning to add more firewood and rekindle the now defunct fire.

He is careful not to wake Jasmine as he lightly tosses three big logs onto the nearly dead fire, before making his way across the freezing cold cabin to the bathroom.

He uses his finger and the toothpaste Jasmine has laid out to kinda brush his teeth, before taking a piss and heading back to his sleeping daughter. She is awake and huddled under the blanket as he enters the room.

"Sleep well," she asks with a soft smile.

"Yes. It's easy to sleep well when you have a beautiful angel by your side I do believe."

"Hmm again with the flattery I see." She says stretching and then heading off to the bathroom herself.

Inside the bathroom, she brushes her teeth, fixes her hair into a nice single pony tail and goes pee hoping he doesn't pass out before she gets back. She is in luck as she sees he is sitting up, waiting for her under the blanket on the rug beside the fire.

She crosses the cold cabin, bypassing the rug, heading over to the picture window that looks out over the front yard. She is cold, but is curious to see how much snow has fallen outside.

A blanket of white covers everything. "White Christmas daddy," she says happily heading back over to the rug.

His eyes fall to the front of her tight little half tee as she crosses the room; his cock stirring once more inside his boxers. Her nipples are fully erect and threatening to poke a hole right through her shirt, which is a sight he finds absolutely delicious.

No words are spoken as she crawls on top of him, straddling him as he lays on his back. She gives him a sly smile as she hooks her fingers under the bottom edge of her tee shirt and ever so slowly begins to raise it up.

She arches her back, whispering seductively, "Do you wanna play with your little girl's titties on this cold Christmas morning daddy."

The answer is a foregone conclusion. He raises his hands up and cups both tits simultaneously, before he begins to knead them softly. She commences to rub her pussy against his growing hardness smiling on the while whispering encouragement for him to keep fondling her tits.

"I bet you would like to suck on them some more daddy. Hmm.....yes," she says stroking his face softly as she leans down dangling her large melons in front of his face.

He lifts his mouth up trapping one of her tits in and sets off in search of heaven. He finds it all too soon in the soft suckling of his daughters young firm tits.

His mouth flies back and forth between the tits as Jasmine presses down with her chest smothering him literally in glorious tit flesh. Thankfully she raises up quickly allowing him to once again begin a soft gentle assault with his tongue on her nipples making her moan with pleasure.

Jasmine reaches back, pulling his cock out of his boxers, and then stands up raises up enough for them to both help her wriggle out of her panties.

"Daddy take my virginity," is the only simply words spoken on this forbidden Christmas morning as she hovers over him her pussy dripping with sweet anticipation.

Jasmine rubs her pussy all around his cock preparing herself for the ultimate act of love. Tony sensing she is ready, gently flips her over onto her back and spreads her legs.

He looks down on his daughter's gorgeous body as it seems to shine with beauty from the soft light of the flickering flames. He wants her to be wholly prepared so he takes his time, starting by showering her face with dozens of soft kisses while exclaiming his enteral love for her.

The soft kisses soon become one long deep kiss, their tongues intertwine, his hands slips down between her legs. He carefully, slowly works one finger up into her tight virgin pussy making her moan with soft delight.

He lets his kiss slip off her lips and down to her throat. He showers her body with dozens of soft simple kisses concentrating on letting them slowly slip down over the luscious tits and then across her tummy on down between her legs.

She lets out a sharp gasp as his tongue works its way up inside of her. She has never felt such an intense feeling such as having her clit worked over expertly by her daddy's tongue. He adds one finger to the mix pushing it up and into her as his tongue laps tenderly at her sweet tasting virgin pussy.

Jasmine is squirming all over the carpet as her daddy eats her pussy. She is nearing an orgasm when he finally lets up his loving assault upon her pussy. He moves up over her using her hands to carefully spread her legs.

"Put it in me, Daddy," she whispers as his rigid cock hovers just over her soft, wet opening. He plunges slowly down inside of her as they begin a long slow kiss.

A feeling of sharp pain overcomes her as her daddy's cock pierces her making her a woman. He slowly moves up and down working her up to speed as the pain subsides and is replaced by wholesome love for her daddy, and intense forbidden pleasure.

They fall into a gentle rhythm making sweet music with their bodies in front of the soft flickering flames of the fire. He raises up as he senses she is near wanting to watch her cum for the first time.

Her head is back, eyes tightly shut her fingers clawing at the rug she is near, so very near. He pushes into harder making those beautiful tits jump and jiggle a bit as she moans, "God Daddy I..... I am cumming..... Yesssss." The intense feeling of love and excitement of releasing his daughter from her virgin prison soon overtakes him as he cums all over her pretty tanned tummy, pulling out at the last possible moment.

Jasmine looks down at her tummy, seeing the spreading sticky white cum standing there says, "It really was a White Christmas after all daddy."

Gathering her into his arms he can only whisper his assent.

THE END