

THE I-ROOM CH. 03

Ahabscribe

In captivity, estranged father & daughter find love.

Incest/Taboo

4.72

9.7k words

As always, the usual disclaimers. This is a work of fiction and all characters within are fictitonal and any resemblance to anyone living or dead is purely coincidental. Characters of this story exist only withing the confines of my imagination. Your feedback helps...please let me know what you think. Enjoy!

Prologue:

And so the debate continues as to what and who I am. Many consider me a madman, a debauched villain or a new form of evil. Mayhap I am, although I embrace the fact that all great innovators have shouldered such criticism. I prefer the term pathfinder or counselor, seeking out truth and guiding those in need to it...to allow them to grasp their true destiny and become the people they were meant to be.

Picture if you will the simple place of enlightenment. A room of minimal possessions...twelve feet by twelve feet, the only furnishings a queen sized bed, a common wooden chair and a small refrigerator. On one side is a locked steel door. On another is a small shower/toilet alcove. Here we will place the blind, to discover their own path to the light that is the truth of their souls. I call it the I-Room.

The Third: Jacob and Megan

They are so quiet in slumber, so peaceful. In a few minutes they will wake, to find themselves in the absolutely escape proof confines of the I-Room and trapped with each other. Father and daughter, Jacob and Megan.

Jacob is a white male, some forty-nine years old. In outstanding shape for a man his age...well muscled, at five foot, ten inches tall and 175 pounds, his middle age spread hold off by long, arduous hours of exercise. He is handsome in a stern sort of manner. He sports an old fashioned crew cut, a style still favored by members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, an agency to which he belongs. As a Special Investigator for the FBI, he has been involved in the investigations of the "kidnappings" of my previous visitors and has come closer to guessing the truth than anyone else, although he has been routinely ignored by those who chose to forget the obvious. He attracted my interest and subsequent investigation revealed his qualifications for being a candidate for the I-Room. He has been divorced from Megan's mother for fifteen years. He has never remarried.

Lying next to Jacob is his daughter, Megan. She is twenty years old and aside from hazel colored eyes, looks nothing like her father although indications reveal they have the same hard charging attitude in life. She is a lovely, young woman. Long, dark brown hair frames the face of an angel...an angel with full luscious lips. Her body is curvaceous and pleasing to the eye, her skin is olive toned, reflecting her mother's Greek ancestry. She stands five foot ten and weighs maybe 160 lbs. Her trim figure is accentuated by firm and ripe 36C breasts and a taut heart shaped ass. Her waist is slim and her legs are long and slender. She is in a word, breathtaking.

Both father and daughter are clad only in underclothes. Jacob wears boxer shorts and Megan wears a matching set of thong panties and bra. They make a striking couple and I look forward to their stay with me.

Jacob stirs first. He opens his eyes, adjusting to the currently dim lights in the room. He realizes he is not at home. He sits up slowly, assessing the situation, his eyes widening as he realizes it is his daughter lying next to him. He swings his legs off the bed, moving gingerly as his intelligent eyes take it the room. He stares at the chair next to the bed, and then notes the refrigerator. Standing, he walks carefully over and peers into the shower alcove. Jacob walks the perimeter of the room, stopping at the steel door. He notes the absence of a door handle, but runs his fingers along the seam of the doorway. He nods to himself...a grim look on his face and in a low voice says, "Damn it."

He returns to the bed and sitting next to his daughter, he stares at her with concern, worry and love...and perhaps something more. Finally, in a gentle manner that belies his gruff appearance, Jacob shakes his daughter's shoulder. "Megan? Megan, honey, wake up."

His daughter stirs, rolling over still half asleep. Jacob shakes her shoulder again and more loudly says, "Wake up, Megan. We've got trouble."

"Nooo, Daddy...wanna sleep," sighs Megan. Then her eyes snap wide open as she realizes she is with her father. "Dad? What are you doing in my..." She takes in the I-Room, then looks at her father. "Where the hell am I?"

Jacob shakes his head. "I don't know for sure...but I have an idea. Stay calm, Megan."

"Stay calm! I wake up in a," she takes a look around. "A fuckin' dungeon or something and you say stay calm?" She scoots off the bed and stomps around the room...stopping at the steel door and looking for a handle or knob.

"Yes, Megan. Listen to me for once. I think we're being held prisoner by a very disturbed person."

I know my cue when I hear it. "GOOD MORNING, SPECIAL AGENT. GOOD MORNING, MEGAN. WELCOME TO YOUR HOME FOR THE NEXT LITTLE WHILE."

Jacob tries to spot the speaker my voice is coming from. "You're the Creep, aren't you?" Megan's eyes go wide and her lovely face pales at my sobriquet that earlier visitors bestowed upon me and that the media has embraced.

"VERY ASTUTE, JACOB. OF COURSE I WOULD EXPECT NOTHING LESS FROM SUCH AN ACOMPLISHED INVESTIGATOR."

Megan edges closer to her father, fear etched on her face. "The Creep? Dad, what's he going to do with us?"

Jacob's jaw visibly tightens and he trembles with anger and frustration. "I don't know, Megan. Just stay..." He starts to say the word calm, but recalling her earlier reaction to his adage, stops.

"PLEASE, DO NOT BE AFRAID, MEGAN. NEITHER YOU OR YOUR FATHER HAVE ANYTHING TO FEAR FROM ME. YOU ARE SIMPLY MY GUESTS FOR A SHORT TIME."

"But why? Are you like the news says? You just get your rocks off making us be nude together," Her moods according to my investigation indicate she is mercurial and she demonstrates this most

capably...going from anger to fear to anger again.

"YOU ARE HERE TO LEARN, MEGAN. TO LEARN ABOUT YOURSELF AND YOUR FATHER AND TO LEARN WHO YOU ARE TO EACH OTHER."

"To learn about my Dad?" Megan's voice is full of disbelief. "What's to know? My father's a jerk! I hate him!"

Jacob flushes and strides across the room. "Megan, control yourself. We have to stick together...we don't know what this...Creep will do." He reaches out to take Megan by the arm, but the young woman flings his extended hand away and stalks off to the opposite corner.

Jacob watches her intently as she strides away, her thong exposing her naked butt cheeks as she swings her taut ass haughtily. For several seconds, Megan's father is almost mesmerized by his daughter's mostly naked body. Megan turns abruptly and sees him staring at her. Jacob's blushing face turns a darker red and he spins around.

Looking up at the ceiling, he says, "Surely you realize you've taken this too far? The bureau will use every resource available looking for me...they will find us."

"I DON'T THINK SO, JACOB. I FEEL VERY SECURE THAT YOU AND MEGAN SHALL HAVE ALL THE TIME NECESSARY TO SEEK OUT THE TRUTH TOGETHER. NEVERTHELESS, FEEL FREE TO GATHER ALL THE CLUES YOU CAN. BUT, YOUR TIME CAN AND I HOPE WILL BE BETTER SPENT." I confess I am feeling abundantly confident.

Jacob asks me a few more questions, but I kill the microphone, feeling that continued conversation between us at this time will be counterproductive to what needs to take place between Jacob and his daughter.

Jacob finally gives up with questioning dead air. He prowls around the room, pointedly ignoring Megan as he seeks answers to questions that have no answers.

He stops and finally sits on the bed, glancing over to the corner where Megan leans against the wall, not realizing how sexually provocative she looks...her long, toned legs on fine display while her crossed arms are accidentally pushing her breasts upwards, causing the firm, heavy globes of flesh to almost overflow her low cut bra.

Jacob sighs heavily. "How have you been, Megan?"

"What do you care? I'm at school. I cash your checks every month. I don't call and remind you that you've got a daughter you parked in boarding school since she was fourteen."

Jacob's face reddens with anger. "That's not what I've done, Megan. It was the best solution given the demands of my job...what the agency wants."

Megan snorts. "Oh yeah...your job! Your job didn't force you to dump me in that boarding school before I was fourteen. We had a lot of good years together after Mom left. Then boom, I'm getting dropped off at St. Caleb's School for unwanted kids!"

Jacob stands up and starts towards his daughter. "Now that's just not fair. My job...you needed stability and you got a damn good education when you weren't getting thrown out of schools."

"Oh yeah, Father! I got a great education and no family while you were off pretending to be Sherlock Holmes and chasing women." Fearless, Megan stands nose to nose with her father, both now yelling.

"That's not true!" Jacob replies, glaring down at his daughter and sneaking peaks of her cleavage as well. Megan stands on tip toe, bouncing up and down as she argues, not realizing she is making her pert breasts bounce enticingly. Angry as Jacob is, his boxer shorts began to tent slightly. He suddenly feels his penis hardening and pressing against the cotton material. His face reddens further and he spins away from his daughter.

"This is so useless, Megan. We have to be a team and cooperate if we're going to get out of this situation." Jacob sits down on the bed, dropping his hands in his lap and tries not to look at his barely clad daughter. Megan barely contains an interested smirk as she eyes her father's obvious erection.

It is an old argument between these two. Megan was five years old when her mother and Jacob's wife left them, obtaining a Reno divorce and never attempting contact again. Jacob did a fine job raising Megan, balancing home life and work like an artist until Megan turned fourteen. As Megan neared her first year of high school, Jacob abruptly and without warning enrolled her at a boarding school nearly five hundred miles from their home in Maryland.

Needless to say, Megan did not take it well. She turned from a studious young woman into the school rebel. She was expelled from her first boarding school at age sixteen, following a string of dangerous pranks and a scandal involving an older male teacher. By the time she graduated from High School, she had been expelled from two other schools, both times for sexual scandals involving middle-aged, male teachers. My research also indicates that in the two colleges she has attended in the last three years, she has had affairs with five male professors, all over the age of forty-five, one event leading to a divorce.

On the other hand, Jacob has, despite Megan's charges to the contrary, been almost celibate, devoting his life to his career. His primary outlet for sex, are a few very discrete call services that cater to political and government agencies that he apparently only frequents when the pressure is too much.

For the rest of the day, father and daughter studiously ignore each other, although both take sneaking peeks of the other. As I dim the lights for the evening time, they both gravitate towards the bed. Jacob hugs the right edge of the bed as they settle down for the night. Megan slides towards the center, rolling onto her side and facing her father. In the dim light, she appears to be studying her father's rather muscular body as he seems to ignore her, staring up at the ceiling.

"Goodnight, Megan," Jacob whispers in a low, uncertain voice...maybe afraid that speaking will start another argument.

"Goodnight, Dad," she whispers back. A few minutes pass quietly. Finally, Megan reaches out with one hand and closes it around her father's hand. He starts slightly, not expecting it, but takes her hand. Silence continues until Megan's eyes finally close and she begins to softly snore.

Then and only then, does Jacob turn and stare at his daughter. There is a father's love in his eyes, but much more. His eyes roam hungrily over his daughter's lithe body...staring at her with the hunger of a starving man. He catches himself several times reaching out with his hand to caress her. Jacob mutters, "Damn it," under his breath and turns away from her...his free hand moving down

against his again tented shorts and rubs his cotton covered erection with regret before he finally falls asleep.

The next morning, Jacob awakes early, the habits ingrained from many years of rising early every morning. He explores the shower alcove, emptying his bladder and then, glancing continuously back at his daughter, takes a quick shower. Finished, he stands and lets himself air dry while staring hungrily at Megan...his cock hardening again, until he begins to stroke himself, halting only as Megan sighs and begins to stir. Hastily and with some distaste, Jacob dons his old shorts. When Megan awakes a few minutes later, she finds her father vigorously doing pushups.

He studiously ignores her as she wanders to the alcove and sitting on the toilet, pees without shame, staring at her father's muscular form. She smirks as she wipes herself and then drops her thong panties to the floor. "Good morning, Dad!" she murmurs as she removes her bra.

Not glancing up, Jacob grunts, "Good morning, honey." Megan frowns as he doesn't look up and she turns and turns on the shower. I am interested in Jacob's self control now. He tenses up as he hears the water running. A minute passes, then two. Jacob's resolve doesn't crumble until well into the third minute of his daughter's shower.

Jacob glances up, his eyes widening as he gets his first glimpse of Megan's naked, adult body. Soap suds cling to her nubile form, emphasizing her body, rather than concealing it. He stares at her high, proud breasts, nipples hard, standing out like erasers on the tips of pencils. He eyes travel downward, over her flat stomach and further south to discover her dainty pubic hair, shaved to a small rectangle above her vagina...labia lips fat and at this moment, slightly parted and glistening from the soapy water.

Megan's father raises his eyes upward and gasps as he sees Megan looking back at him, a slight smile on her face, her hazel colored eyes offering a hint of possibilities. He is aware that his cock is suddenly fully erect and he turns away, sitting up with his back to his daughter and with some difficulty, begins to do sit-ups. Megan frowns at his sudden movement, but the frown quickly morphs into a naughty smile.

Jacob is still doing sit-ups when he hears the water shut off. Silence fills the room for long seconds until interrupted by Megan's voice. "To hell with this thing!" she says and Jacob pauses in his workout when Megan's bra flies over his head to hit the wall, followed quickly by her thong panties.

He stares at them like they are holy artifacts and after long seconds says, "Um...Megan, what are you doing? Put your, um...clothes back on!"

From behind him, he hears his daughter reply, "Like hell I will. You want to wear the same bra for more than a day, be my guest. Same goes for my thong...two days that thing has been up my ass...I am so over that!"

Jacob climbs to his feet and slowly turns. His daughter stands naked before him, running her fingers through her long, dark hair, trying to clear it of tangles. Jacob stares at his daughter and snaps, "Goddammit, girl. Get some clothes on! We can't go naked here!"

Megan rolls her eyes in derision. She steps forward towards her father and cups her breasts, squeezing them as she approaches. "Hello! They're just breasts, Dad! You know...boobs, knockers, titties? Everybody has 'em! Just tits, Daddy...no big deal!"

Jacob takes a step backwards for every step she takes toward him. Megan releases her breasts, one hand sliding downwards and between her legs, fingers slightly parting her already blooming vaginal lips. And it's just a vagina, Father! You know...pussy, twat, cunt! No big deal...I'm sure you've seen your share of pussies, huh Dad?"

"For Christ's sake, Megan, control yourself. Put your clothes back on!" Jacob stammers, absolutely flustered.

"Being naked is no big deal, Dad!" Megan fires back. "And it's sure better than walking around in nasty underwear. Besides, if the news guys are right...and us getting naked is what gets this Creep off, then maybe the sooner we get naked, the sooner we can get the fuck out of here!"

Megan turns around and returns to running her fingers through her hair, leaving her father to stare at his daughter's taut, shapely ass cheeks. He almost groans when Megan suddenly bends over, letting her hair fall over in front of her face as she works to get the tangles out. In doing so, she exposes her pussy, her labia parted to reveal wet, tender cunt flesh.

Jacob unconsciously rubs the front of his bulging shorts, seeking relief no doubt, from the powerful ache I'm sure he is feeling. He turns away, facing the opposite wall and says, "You...I mean we can't do this, Megan. Put your clothes back on." All he gets from his daughter is a snort of derision.

He walks over and picks up Megan's panties and bra. He stares intently at his child's soiled thong panties and for a moment his nostrils are flaring so much that I almost expect him to bury his nose in them and inhale her scent. Instead, he turns and stalks up alongside his daughter, his eyes roaming over her still bent over form, and he says as he holds out her underwear, "I'm your father, now do what I say!"

Megan straightens up and steps closer until her hard nipples are almost brushing her father's bare chest. "Read my lips, Daddy," she snarls with disdain. "NO!" She steps away from him, walking along the walls of the room. "I'm naked until I get some clean clothes, so deal with it, Dad! Stare if you want to...look away if you want. I don't care!"

She ignores him while he stands there for several minutes with her wadded up underwear in his hands and then with an evil grin, says. "I don't care if you go naked or not, but those shorts are starting to get rank too!"

The rest of the morning is spent in an uncomfortable silence. Jacob tries to ignore his naked daughter, but time and time again, he finds himself staring at Megan's beautiful body. Megan doesn't make it easier, not attempting any kind of modesty...she sits or lies down as she feels appropriate...legs often spread carelessly, showing off the moist, pink treasure between her thighs.

Shortly after lunch, Jacob takes his daughter's underwear into the alcove and washes them out as she watches with amusement. He wrings them out and brings them back into the room and hangs them over the chair to dry. Megan is stretched out on the bed, looking radiant in all her delicious glory. Jacob's eyes roam over her body. Megan looks at her wet undies, laughs and says, "I don't think so!"

Jacob's daughter eyes the almost constant bulge in her father's pant. "I think you need to get out of those shorts, Dad. They smell and it looks like things are anxious to bust loose anyway!" She reddens at her slightly risqué remark and grins up at her father.

Jacob's eyes widen at her remark and he starts to raise his hand as if to slap her, then he checks himself. "I can't believe you've become such a slut. I'm ashamed of you."

Megan laughs and gives him her middle finger. "How would you know, Father dear? You've ignored me for the last six years. How the fuck would you know what I am?" Her voice is an attempt at lightheartedness but is thick with bitterness.

They descend back into silence...a silence that lasts long into the evening. Jacob makes of point of ignoring his daughter, but taking every opportune moment to peek at her nude body. Megan says not a word, but will stare at her father daringly every single time she catches him looking at her. Not until long after I've dimmed their lights does the silence break.

Both father and daughter are lying prone on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. Jacob works himself up to speak, the tension evident in his clenched jaw. "I'm sorry I called you a slut, Megan." After a long silence, he continues. "Goodnight, Megan. I-I love you." He reaches out a hand to his daughter.

With a soft sigh, Megan whispers back, "I know, Daddy. Good night." She lets her arm drop from her body and she takes her father's hand for a moment, letting her fingers slip over his as if she was wiping them off. She rolls over away from her father, who is running his fingers over the wetness he suddenly feels on them. He brings his hand to his nose and sniffs. His nostrils flare widely even as his semi-erect penis stirs. He glances over at Megan and then hesitantly licks his fingers. Jacob groans and his cock stands at full mast, jutting out against his soiled shorts. He had no clue that in the almost darkness, his daughter has been fingering her pussy in a slow and lazy fashion.

Several minutes pass. Jacob's erection does not waver in the slightest. He can't seem to stop bringing his fingers to his nose. Finally, he eases off the bed and walks quickly into the alcove. His fingers are a blur as he stands over the toilet masturbating quietly but furiously. It doesn't take long and he explodes; his huge wad of cum splattering noisily into the commode bowl. He bites his lower lip and tries to remain silent. On shaky legs he returns to bed, turning away from his daughter's naked form.

He doesn't see his daughter, still awake, an evil smile on her lips.

The next morning, Jacob awakes first again. He gets up and relieves himself. He stops at the entrance to the shower alcove and stares at his daughter, sprawled on the bed. His cock hardens again and he turns and turns on the shower, shucking his shorts. I admire his restraint as he resists more than a few strokes of his aroused, swollen organ. He ends the shower and is about to pull on his dirty shorts when he glances into the room.

Megan is awake and sitting up, her arms wrapped around her pulled up knees, intentionally or accidentally exposing her almost bald pussy. She shakes her head in disgust, saying, "You should just let it go, Dad. Those things are almost stiff enough to stand up by themselves."

Jacob finishes pulling them up, grimacing as he does. "And you should cover up. Your things should be dry by now."

Megan rolls over and pulls her underwear from the chair. She fondles them and sniffs them and then drops them to the floor. "They're still damp and they smell funky. Ain't no way I'm going to wear them." She rolls back over, raising one knee up, offering her father a splendid view of her vagina. "And your shorts look pretty damn nasty, Dad. Take them off. We're both grown-ups now...it's no big deal being naked. You don't have anything I've not seen before."

Jacob stands there for a moment and then sighs. He is a man who doesn't like to concede defeat, but three days in those shorts have rendered them very unpleasant. In an abrupt motion, he shucks them off again and in disgust, kicks them into a corner.

It is Megan's turn to widen her eyes. Jacob's cock is fully erect, pointing straight out from him towards her. As he feels her eyes upon him, his long, thick penis jerks to an even more upright position, almost slapping him in the stomach.

Megan climbs from the bed and strolls by her father on her way to the shower. She smiles as she reaches out and brushes his arm with her fingers. "Okay, Dad. I admit I was wrong. I haven't seen anything quite that big before." She giggles and rushes off to the shower. She takes a long, sensual shower, taking her time to soap up her body, caressing herself until her spying father looks ready to explode. Megan struts around wet and naked when her shower is over as she again uses her fingers to get the tangles out of her hair.

As her father ogles her body, she loudly complains about the lack of a hair brush. Getting a painful strand of hair cleared, she looked up at the ceiling, "The least you could have done, Creep, is left me a fucking hairbrush!"

I key my microphone and reply, "NOTED, MEGAN. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO." Megan jumps, startled at my voice. Even confined, a day or two without my voice and it is so easy to forget I am there.

"You scared the crap out of me!" she growls. She looks around at the ceiling...searching for a camera. "Are you happy, Creep?" she asks. "We're naked! Are you getting a good look or do you need a better peek?" As she did when she confronted her father the previous day, she manhandles her breasts, lifting them upwards as if offering them to me. I'd be lying if I said my mouth wasn't watering at the thought of sucking her lovely, uprights mounds of flesh.

Before I can reply, her father rushes across the room and grabs her by the arm. "Stop it! We don't know what we're dealing with! We don't know what will set him off!"

Megan angrily jerks away from Jacob. "Back off, Daddy! You do what you think is best, I'll do what I want!" She bounces away from him and leaps into the bed. "Hey, Creep! How about this? Is this what you want?" Rolling onto her back, Megan extends herself into a spread-eagled position, her labia lips parting. I think she's terrified, angry, and turned on all at the same time. "How's that for a beaver shot, huh? Is this what you were hoping for?"

"YOU'RE VERY LOVELY, MEGAN," I reply. "BUT, I DO NOT REQUIRE ANYTHING OF YOU, BUT TO BE MY GUEST FOR A SHORT WHILE." I cut the mike off and resume my observation of father and daughter.

Jacob is furious. He towers over his naked daughter, shaking a finger at her like he scolding a naughty child. "That was so stupid, Megan!" he says. "We haven't a clue about who or what this guy is. We don't know what might set him off. We know he's released two families, but for all we know, he's kidnapped and murdered dozens of others."

Jacob's words seem to be reaching his daughter, but in his ire, he goes too far and says, "So straighten your act up, Megan. Quit walking around acting like some street whore and act like the young lady I raised you up to be!"

Megan erupts in furious rage. "You didn't raise me up to be anything, Father! You dumped me off to be raised by housemothers and nuns, Father! I'll be and do anything I want! If I want to be 'ladylike,'

I will. If I want to be a fucking slut, I will!" Megan glares up at her father, her face bright red with anger...and something more. "If I want to fuck the Creep, I will! If I want to fuck myself in front of you, Father, I will!"

As she says those words, Megan thrusts three fingers between her already blossoming cunt lips, ramming her fingers deep in her moist hole. Megan's face contorts with the pain of the forceful thrust and from the pleasure of it as well. Through clenched teeth, she gasps, "A-And, Father, dear, there's ahhhh, nothing you can do about itttahhh, unlessss you want to ahhhh, j-jack offfff!"

With astonishing fury, Megan begins to thrust her fingers in and out of her pussy in a blur of motion. Her other hand slides upward to her left breast and she teases her hard, pebble like nipples. All the tension of the past few days seems to be focused on her fingers plunging in and out of her wet, slick pussy. There is anger on her face...and lust...and need.

Jacob stands there for long seconds, his mouth gaping open in astonishment as his daughter writhes and twists on the bed as she finger fucks her wet snatch. His body trembles with desire and indecision. His mouth moves wordlessly until finally he manages to rasp out, "Megan...stop. This is awful. It's wrong...insane."

Megan is bucking upwards with her hips. "There's ahhhh nothing bad going onnn, Daddddy!" she pants. "If...if there's something wrong about mmmm, pleasuring myself...ahhhhhmmm, why is your dick hard, Daddy?"

Jacob is startled as he realizes that again his cock is so stiff it is slapping at his stomach. He spins away, staggering against the nearest wall. He rests his head against the cool concrete and tries to close his eyes, but he can't...unable to resist the urge to turn and look at his masturbating daughter time and again.

Megan's pleasure grows, building, urged on by her anger. She adds a fourth finger, almost fist fucking herself. Sweat pours off her naked body, making her fair skin glisten. Her moans give way to sobs of joy. Jacob cannot stop staring and his right hand wraps around his swollen cock and begins to stroke.

Tears run down Megan's face as she watches her father masturbating as he watches her pleasure herself. "Do I make aaaagodd, make you hard, Daddy!" Her four fingers have her labia split wide...showing the juices that are absolutely pouring from her wet twat. Her fingers are thickly coated with her cunt cream.

I hold my breath as both approach climax. Jacob is now crying as well, his hand working in a blur up and down his shaft while Megan struggles for breath, taunting and urging her father on!

"Do you...yesssss! Do you likeee watching meee ohhhhh Daddddy! Am I making youuu cummm?" she gasps in a ragged, lust ridden voice.

Jacob sobs and then begins ejaculating, his seed splashing against the wall. He struggles to continue standing as his knees begin to buckle. His eyes never leave his daughter.

The sight of her father ejaculating sends Megan over the edge and she shrilly screams, "DADDDDY!" and goes into orgasm, her body going into helpless spasms as she buries her fingers inside her wet pussy, pressing them deep into her womb. Her body is wracked with waves of ecstasy for long minutes, before she collapses in a sweaty heap. Father and daughter stare at each

other, both gasping for breath, both taking deep draughts of the air laden with the mixed, heady scent of their desires.

I wonder if this is the moment. Their gasps for air fade, giving way to the most strained silence the I-Room has ever experienced. Jacob wipes tears off his face...expressions of shame and desire warring for control of his face. His eyes bulge with hints of madness and I fear for the success of this particular experiment. He staggers over to the chair next to the bed, takes it and turns it towards the wall and sits down.

Megan curls up on her side, watching him, her facial expressions a mix of ire and need. I wait for one to say something to the other, but neither speaks. The silence lengthens...seconds growing into minutes growing into hours. Megan watches her father intently for some sign...anger, love, lust, I'm not sure. Jacob rarely glances her way, although when he does glance over, intense longing seems to be the overriding emotion on his face. Lunch passes and both eat in silence...they take supper in a quiet that is almost deafening in its intensity.

Megan spends the early evening hours roaming along the walls of the room, looking like a lioness on the prowl. She seems to shine with carnal need. I can almost smell the scent of her aroused cunt. A sexual flush seems to cover her entire body. Her nipples are hard to the point of throbbing. Jacob huddles in his chair, exerting as much self control as a man with a raging erection can.

When I finally dim the lights, Jacob slumps to the bed and collapses...his hard-on waving in the air as he stares up at the ceiling. A few minutes pass and Megan climbs up onto the bed, edging close to her father, lying on her side and staring at him. Long minutes will pass before Megan whispers, "I love you, Dad." She reaches out a hand and rests it on her father's chest.

Jacob sighs at the touch of his daughter's hand. "I love you, too," he mutters back in a voice thick with emotion. He doesn't move though. I really expect something to happen, but although both remain awake a very long time, neither one speaks or makes a move. I wait until both are sound asleep and then add something to the air mix to ensure several restful hours of slumber. I then enter the I-Room and leave a little gift.

The next morning begins as the others have begun. Jacob is up first. He quickly notices the item I've left. He picks it up, studies it, shakes his head and returns it to where he left it. He showers and walks around, letting the air dry his naked body, ogling his daughter's beautiful form.

Megan awakes to her father looking at her, his cock standing up at attention in tribute to her loveliness. Her face is a mixture of emotions as yesterday's events are remembered. Anger, Love, Embarrassment, Lust. Almost self consciously, she slides by her father, saying, "Good Morning," in a quiet voice as she passes him...his erect cock almost brushing her thigh.

Jacob tries to smile and in a hoarse voice replies, "Good morning, honey." He watches her hungrily as she sits and pees and then showers. He sighs unhappily like a man who knows what he wants, but doesn't know how to get it.

Megan is aware of her father openly staring at her and her eyes are drawn again and again to his long, thick penis which actually grows a bit more as she lathers up her body. She spends a good deal of time soaping and washing her vagina, labia already blooming to reveal the tender, pink flesh beneath, running her fingers over and through her already aroused pussy.

She emerges from her shower engaged in the now daily ritual of trying to use her fingers to comb out the tangles in her long, black hair. Jacob clears his throat and says, "Um...the Creep left you a

present, I think." He reaches over and picks the hairbrush off the wooden chair and offers it to his daughter.

Megan squeals happily and her smile is so sweet and engaging, one could easily fall in love with her. "I can't believe it. He actually gave me a brush!" She spins and bounces around, joyfully, a beautiful sight that makes my slight effort worth the time spent a hundredfold. Megan looks up at the ceiling and shouts, "Thank you, Creep!"

I key my mike and reply, "YOU'RE WELCOME, DEAR." I click the microphone off, choosing not to engage them now. Despite my little gift, the tension in the room is incredibly thick. I suspect that today things will happen.

Megan happily begins to brush out her hair while her father watches her with a slight smile. Soon enough, she encounters some serious resistance, as in just a few short days, she has developed some nasty snarls in her hair.

Jacob watches her struggle with the tangles for a few minutes and then says in a low voice. "I could help you with that, Megan."

His daughter turns and looks at him, her expression one of surprise and skepticism giving way to a pleased, almost shy smile. "I'd like that, Dad," she says in a quiet, almost childlike voice...the first really peaceful words she has spoken to her father since they first awoke here.

She takes a seat in the wooden chair and her father takes the brush and standing behind her, begins to brush the tangles out of her hair. There are several sharp tugs and a few winces and whimpers from Megan before the tangles are gone. Jacob continues to brush her hair as it dries from her shower. Both seem at peace for the first time, although the sexual tension is still thick within the room. Although both father and daughter are calm, they both appear aroused.

Megan's nipples are hard, pebbly things and her legs are slightly parted, revealing her blossoming cunt lips, her pink meat glistening with sexual excitement. Jacob's penis is rock hard and is slipping between the wide slats of the chair back to poke his daughter in the back, although Megan shows no outward sign of the contact.

As Jacob works, Megan's hair regains its glossy sheen. "This is nice," purrs Megan.

"Yes, it is," murmurs her father in reply as he strokes her hair again and again.

"I used to love it when you brushed my hair after my bath when I was younger," says Megan. "That was my favorite times."

"Mine too, sweetheart," says Jacob his voice full of love and regret.

"I remember that last night on Martha's Vineyard; we were staying at that beach house on vacation when I was fourteen. The weather had been so wonderful...we'd played on the beach all day long and you took me sailing, Dad. Remember that?"

Jacob smiles and nods his head. "I remember, Megan."

"That last night, we sat on the deck and watched that storm off shore...lightning flashing on the horizon. I'd taken a shower and we were sitting in that big deck chair and you brushed my hair for what seemed like hours. That was the most perfect moment of my life," said Megan in a small voice.

"I was so happy and in love with you, Daddy. I knew you loved me...I could feel it just like I can feel it now." Megan's voice begins to rise...suddenly I can hear the anger building up.

Abruptly she stands up and swings around on her father. "And two fucking weeks later, you dumped me in that fucking boarding school!" She shakes a fist at her father, who backs up abruptly. "Why? Why did you abandon me like that? What made you stop loving me?"

Jacob's face is etched with misery as he stammers. "I never stopped loving you. I, uh, I did what was best...you needed better looking after because of uh, demands of work!"

"BULLSHIT, DADDY!" screams Megan. "I loved you! I was in love with you! You were my everything...my life! And you fucking abandoned me!" She rushes her father and begins to pummel his chest with her fists.

Jacob is appalled by the onslaught. He reaches out and grabs her by the wrists. "No, Megan, don't!" he begs. "I love you. I've always loved you. I didn't abandon you. It was for your own good!"

Tears flow down Megan's face as she says, "How could leaving me be for my own good! I loved you...I thought you loved me and you went away...even in summer, you kept me in boarding schools and camps! Why?" She screams her question into her father's face. "WHY?"

Shame flows across Jacob's face as he mutters, "Because...because I loved you too much. I was afraid of what I might...might do to you!"

Shock widens Megan's eyes. "Do? Do to me? What do you...?" Realization flows into Megan's face. She breaks loose one hand and grabs hold of her father's enormous erect penis. "You were afraid of fucking me with this thing?"

His face bright red with embarrassment, Jacob nods silently."

This does not mollify Megan. "Fine...that explains things when I was young, but..." Her voice trails off and she squeezes her father's cock till he moans and she is again nose to nose with him. "What about once I turned eighteen? YOU KNEW I LOVED YOU...EVERY GUY I EVER FUCKED I WAS PRETENDING IT WAS YOU!" She is sobbing now.

"I loved you so much...if you loved me, why didn't you come to me and deal with how you felt...how I felt!" Megan releases her tight grip on her father's cock, easing to a gentle stroke. Suddenly she leans forward and kisses her father roughly, her tongue running over his lips and forcing its way into his mouth.

Jacob grunts and tries to back away, running into the wall. "Megan, stop...we ...we can't do this."

Megan pursues like an unstoppable force. "Tell me you don't want it," she says. Megan again kisses her father, thrusting her tongue hungrily into his mouth even as she slowly strokes his hard dick. Jacob groans and responds to the kiss, releasing her other arm even as he offers his daughter his tongue. They kiss passionately for a long minute.

Jacob breaks the kiss, gasping. "It's wrong, Megan. You're my daughter...you can't..."

Megan grins evilly at her father. "You want it," she hisses and suddenly drops to her knees. "You want your daughter to do this...you want your Megan to suck this cock, don't you, Daddy?" Megan takes her father's penis into her wide open mouth, sucking his cock with experienced ease. Up and down, her head bobs as she takes more and more of Jacob's cock, until her lips are brushing his

pubic hairs. The whole time, Megan is looking up at her father with soulful hazel eyes that match his own.

With a loud smack of her lips, Megan releases her father's cock from her lips, a string of saliva and precum linking father and daughter, cock to lips. "You like it don't you, Daddy...you like your baby girl sucking your big cock!" There is anger in her voice, and sarcasm, and underneath it all, hopefulness.

Jacob is speechless and he can only groan as he watches Megan return to his cock, sucking and licking with mad abandon...sucking him as if at any moment, this precious thing that she has longed for, for so many years, may yet be denied her. His cock becomes slick with his daughter's saliva, her eyes always looking upward, even as his fingers intertwine in her luxurious black hair, urging her to move even faster up and down his swelling cock!

Jacob cries out in sudden orgasmic pleasure and Megan makes gobbling sounds as she expertly drinks the hot, creamy semen of her father that suddenly explodes into her mouth. Despite her obvious and experienced talent, so much man cream is flooding into her, she can't swallow it fast enough and thick globes escape her luscious lips and oozes down her chin. Jacob's knees buckle and only by leaning against the wall does he manage to stay upright. He sobs with joy and love, "Oh my God, Megan! I love you! I've dreamed of you doing that!"

Megan is still working furiously and does her level best to not allow her father to grow flaccid. She sucks his cock, milking every last available drop of sperm even as she maintains his erection. Satisfied with his erection, she releases him and falls backwards, now in a horizontal position, propping herself up by her elbows. Megan grins at Jacob through cum smeared lips and sneers, "Is that all you ever dreamed of Daddy? Don't you want a little of this?" She relaxed onto her back and spreads her legs even as her hands spread wide her labia lips, revealing her sopping wet cunt flesh. Her inner thighs glisten from her freely flowing pussy juices. She thrusts her pelvis upwards, offering herself to her father. "Didn't you ever dream of fucking me, Daddy?"

Jacob's eyes widen and with a feral growl, he is upon his daughter's body, kissing her passionately as he climbs between her legs, cock hard and seeking shelter in Megan's hot, steamy cunt.

They literally catch me off guard. I barely have time to key the microphone and speak before Jacob can thrust his cock into his daughter's vagina.

"THE MOMENT OF TRUTH IS AT HAND!" I announce as I release the magnetic lock on the door, allowing it to swing open. "YOU HAVE DISCOVERED THE BASIC TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELVES. YOU MAY PROCEED TO EXPLORE THIS NEW ASPECT OF YOUR LIVES OR YOU MAY CHOOSE TO LEAVE."

Megan gasps, thrusting her pelvis up in an effort to capture her father's cock with her claspng pussy. She looks over at the open door in shock and dismay. Jacob gazes at the door for long seconds, frozen immobile, his erect penis brushing the wet, tender edges of his daughter's labia.

Megan moans and whispers, "No, Daddy, please!" She flings her pelvis upwards, enveloping her father's swollen cockhead in her pussy. "Fuck meee, Daddy. I've waited for soooo long! Fuck me now, Daddy!"

At the sensation of Megan's hot, slippery cunt flesh, Jacob turns and looks down at her with lust glazed eyes. With a wordless snarl, he thrusts his cock into Megan's pussy, burying himself inside her to the root in one swift motion. He wiggles his hips and then begins to piston himself madly in and out of his daughter's cunt.

Megan screams in joy, pain, and delight, as Jacob pounds his cock into her pussy again and again. Her legs rise up and wrap around his back, heels digging into his taut ass cheeks, urging her father to sink his cock into her, more deeply and more quickly!

Father and daughter kiss passionately, tongues dueling, licking and biting at each other like lust maddened animals. Their incestuous lovemaking is virtually wordless at this point. Groans and cries of sexual abandonment fill the air.

I grin to myself as I realize both are oblivious to the fact that they are making fierce love on a cold, concrete floor with a polyurethane coating. What pain they might be feeling from that is overwhelmed by the fierce carnal dance they are performing.

Megan's fingernails tear down Jacob's back as he bites and tugs on her engorged nipples. Her fingernails dig in to his butt above her feet, urging him to fuck her harder. Their bodies are slick with fuck sweat and with Megan's juices which are literally pooling beneath her raised ass. With each stroke of her father's cock, a stream of cunt cream pours forth...his cock is coated with her juices. Megan leaves love bits all over her father's chest and neck, drawing blood several times. Like cats in heat, their lovemaking is intense, passionate and violent, building in intensity as they approach climax.

Tears are pouring down Megan's cheeks, so powerful is the incestuous pleasure coursing through her body. As she begins to writhe under her father's strong body, she manages to sob, "I...Love...You...Daddy!"

Jacob sobs helplessly, so swept up in the moment that he has dreaded and dreamed of for years. At his daughter's words, he can contain himself no more and with a shout of ecstatic triumph, thrusts deep into Megan's pussy, and begins to cum inside his daughter's womb! Megan's orgasm detonates as her father's seed bathes her insides and father and daughter clasp each other's sweaty bodies tightly as they ride their incestuous orgasm to completion.

As they return to Earth, Jacob, his cock still tightly clasped by Megan's pussy, rolls over, allowing his panting daughter to rest atop his heaving chest. Between gasps for air, father and daughter kiss, tenderly one moment, passionately the next. Megan's slender legs drape down on each side of her father, revealing a wet pussy, jammed with cockmeat and dripping semen. Her labia visibly tremble with the little orgasmic aftershocks that continue to ripple over her body.

Still teary-eyed, she whispers to her father, "I love you, Dad! I'm coming home. I'm leaving school and I'm coming home forever. I'm not going to spend another day without you, Dad." She squeezes his still stiff cock for emphasis as she kisses him and whispers, "I'm never letting go of you, Daddy!"

Jacob kisses her tear-streaked face, nodding in agreement. "I love you too, Megan. My sweet little darling, can you ever forgive me for all the lost years?" he sighs, barely in control of his emotions.

His daughter kisses him tenderly...all anger seemingly vanished. "Just keep making love to me, Dad. As long as I'm in your arms, everything is alright." Again she massages his cock with her cunt for emphasis.

Jacob growls again and sits up with Megan in his lap now. Carefully with his hands on her hips and her arms wrapped around his neck, he moves into a kneeling position and then with great caution he slowly rises to his feet, his daughter still impaled on his immense erection. Megan moans softly as he walks them to the bed, her legs now wrapped tight around his waist, her juices running heavily, leaving cum drops on the floor.

With the same care, Jacob eases himself and his daughter onto the bed, his cock never leaving her wet, tight pussy! With amazing tenderness, Jacob begins to fuck his daughter, slowly thrusting in and out of Megan's jism drenched cunt. Father and daughter make love slowly. What had been violent animal passion earlier is now pure love expressed between Megan and her father...love on every level, joining them body and soul. In awe and appreciation, I gaze upon the purity of incestuous love as Jacob and his child become one being, perfect in its erotic simplicity.

This bout of lovemaking between the newly joined father and daughter lasts and last...Jacob steadied by two previous orgasms lasts for a long time. Megan mewls and coos words of love to her father between orgasms. The room becomes humid and thick with their sweat and scents as father thrusts his cock into daughter's steamy wet pussy again and again, daughter thrusting her body upwards to meet father's thick meat slipping inside her hungry cunt.

As time passes, Jacob rolls himself and Megan over, placing her on top. His daughter grins lewdly as she moves her legs to a squat position and begins to piston herself up and down on her father's swollen penis. Sweat drips off her face, long, black hair swaying as she rides Jacob, her firm breasts jiggling enticingly. A last orgasm begins to grow inside of her and she sighs, "I love you, Daddy!" before becoming slack jawed, eyes glazed with incestuous joy as she begins to orgasm and orgasm and orgasm. The view of his daughter quivering with incestuous ecstasy while impaled on his massive cock is too much for Jacob and he thrusts upward one last time and begins to fill Megan's womb with his thick semen again.

Time seems to stand still as daughter and father are locked together in orgasm. Finally, Megan collapses on top of her father. She whimpers as Jacob's penis finally succumbs to weariness and deflates and slips from Megan's semen packed cunt with a wet plop. Jacob kisses his daughter's tears away and both fall into a deep, restful sleep.

They awake several hours later in each other's arms. They both smile and kiss. I see no visible signs of shame or remorse. They cuddle for a long time before noticing the "honeymoon" gift of champagne, fruit, and cheese, I have left them.

As they examine my gift, I finally speak. "IF I MAY INTRUDE," I begin. "I WISH TO THANK YOU FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF SEEING THE TWO OF YOU MAKING LOVE. IT WAS INSPIRATIONAL TO SAY THE LEAST.

"You're welcome," replies Megan in a subdued voice.

Jacob stares up at the ceiling for a long time before responding. "Is this what you do? Bring family together so they'll commit incest? Is that what happened to the others?"

"I WILL DECLINE TO ANSWER THAT, JACOB. ALL VISITORS TO MY I-ROOM DESERVE DISCRETION. WHAT OCCURS IN THE I-ROOM STAYS IN THE I-ROOM.

Jacob cocks his eyebrow in curiosity. "But you brought us here hoping that we'd fuck...um, have sex?"

"I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELVES. THAT IS MY ULTIMATE GOAL FOR ALL MY GUESTS. TO LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT THEMSELVES...TO FULLFILL THEIR POTENTIAL. IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE, THERE ARE SO MANY BARRIERS THAT PREVENT US FROM SEEING THE TRUTH. THAT STOP US FROM PERCEIVING WHAT IS TRULY IMPORTANT. HERE, IN THIS ROOM, MY GUESTS CAN FACE WHAT IS REAL AND TRUTH AND ACT ON THE KNOWLEDGE GAINED.

"DO YOU, JACOB, REGRET WHAT HAS HAPPENED?"

Jacob blushes a little, but turns and puts his arm around his daughter's waist and kisses her on the lips. "No. My only regret is denying my feelings longer than I should have."

"AND MEGAN, ANY REGRETS?"

Megan shakes her head, smiling happily. "Only that you didn't bring us here earlier. All my wishes have come true." She says this even as she slips a hand down and begins to fondle her father's semi-erect penis.

"What happens now, Creep?" asks Jacob.

" FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL DAYS, YOU WILL CONTINUE TO BE MY GUESTS...TO CONTINUE EXPLORING THE NEW WORLD YOU HAVE ENTERED. CONSIDER IT A HONEYMOON, MY GIFT TO YOU. AFTERWARDS...AFTERWARDS IS UP TO YOU. YOU HAVE LEARNED THE ESSENTIAL TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELVES. WILL YOU REMAIN LOVERS?"

"Yes!" says Megan emphatically! "Now that I've had him, I'll never give my father up!"

Jacob grins and shrugs his shoulders. "I've learned I'm not going to win any arguments with her."

I laugh in agreement. I bid them good day and remain quiet, allowing them to resume their discoveries of each other. And discover each other they do. I observe as they treasure each little discovery of each other. Megan astonished at how accomplished her father is at cunnilingus, seeming to know exactly where and what to kiss and tongue, seeking and finding every special pleasure spot of her pussy, making her cum so powerfully, that she literally showers his face with her pussy juices.. Jacob ejaculating in disbelief at the marvelous control his daughter has over her cunt muscles. I am enraptured watching both discovering that they are each anal virgins and their efforts to explore that aspect of their sexuality.

Theirs is a splendid and entertaining relationship to watch. Daughter a liberal, Father a conservative...they argue about everything, but in the end, always making up with passionate, incestuous lovemaking.

A week passes in which Megan and Jacob hungrily feast on each other, becoming inebriated with newly discovered depths of incestuous love. Their last night they go to sleep, wrapped in each other's arms, bodies slick with fuck sweat. They awake in bed in a good hotel near their home. They talk a long time, astonished that they are suddenly free. They talk about what they are about to face and how to deal with it. They end with a last, passionate bout of lovemaking.

The media storm explodes as Jacob alerts his superiors of his return. His position as an agent of the FBI makes the media frenzy more frantic than ever. But, (and I am pleased to hear it), both father and daughter parrot the same testimony as my previous guests have provided. No mention is made or even hinted of their newfound relationship.

When questions of sexual activity are asked, Jacob relies on the discretion of the brotherhood of law enforcement to quash such speculations. Privately, the officials challenge Jacob on what happened, although he and his daughter stick to their specific stories. His role as an investigator in the previous episodes is speculated as a possible motive as to his "abduction" as well, leading authorities to place surveillance on the investigators as well.

As the media circus pulls up stakes and moves on to the next big story, Jacob quietly submits his resignation, ending a distinguished twenty-eight year career. He and his daughter move to Boston where he uses his reputation and contacts to begin a security consulting firm. Megan works as his personal assistant. At home, they are living as husband and wife. Each continues to surprise the other with their sexual skills.

Six months after their visit to the I-Room, I send my attorney to them to give them a deposit book for five hundred thousand dollars and an offer to live on my remote island, free from discrimination and ignorance. Much to my representative's surprise (and mine as well), Jacob refuses the money and the offer to come live with us. He flatly tells my attorney that while he appreciates that I have helped Megan and him to find a new life together, he finds the thought of taking money distasteful, perhaps even unethical. He also informs my representative that Megan and he are quite happy with their new lives and to thank me for that most valuable gift.

I am saddened that they haven't chosen to share their lives with my special community, but am happy knowing that they have taken the huge step to realize their full potential as each other's lover. I will always take care to watch Jacob and Megan. Their lives are worth taking note. In the time that has passed they have become closer...both as father and daughter and as lovers. So far, their union has borne only the fruit of their own happiness. But I know that more benefits will come. Megan has asked her father to give her a son.

Once again, I deem the I-Room to be a success. I will continue forward and anticipate the I-Room's next visitors.

The End for now...