

Attitude Adjustment

I scratched my head, eyeing the script with a frown. "I don't know, Harry."

My friend leaned forward from the stool he was sitting on. "Brandon, do you trust me?"

It was a dumb question. We both knew that. Harry and I have been friends since we were roommates in college. I still remember that fateful day. Five guys squeezed together in a run-down two-bedroom, one bathroom apartment.

I had to share the cramped space with Harry and three other guys. I lost contact with the rest long ago, but kept Harry close.

I sighed. "Of course. You know I do."

"Then say the words. Read the script."

My eyes scanned the paper my best friend had handed me moments ago. Printed in bold letterings were a list of things I had to say.

I leaned into the microphone in front of me and blew out a shaky breath.

"Ready?" my friend asked, his finger primed on the keyboard of his laptop.

"Wait, wait." I squinted at the script. "Are you sure I have to say the words?"

"Yes. She needs to hear your voice or it wouldn't work."

"Okay." I sucked in air and tensed.

"Ready?"

I nodded.

"Okay. Recording."

I started reading my lines, feeling more and more like a creep as I read the strange script.

"Vanessa," I started, trying to keep my voice steady. "You will be a good girl for your Daddy."

"You will obey your Daddy..." I paused and looked at my best friend. He gestured for me to continue.

"You will want to keep your daddy happy at all times." I shook my head at the ludicrous lines, but trudged on. "You will be addicted to please your daddy"

"You will love your Daddy like you love no one else."

"You will want to serve your Daddy in all His wants and desires."

"You want your Daddy to think for you. You're your Daddy's little obedient girl."

I dropped the script to the ground and drew out a long sigh. "Harry, I just want to make my daughter behave, not whatever this is."

My friend was tapping away on his laptop, his fingers a blur. "She will behave, don't worry about that."

"Yeah, but..." I sighed again, my shoulders dropping. "It's weird, you know? The lines are strongly implying something of a sexual nature."

"It's because they are intended to be that way," he said it so casually, he might as well be asking for coffee.

I gritted my teeth. "I don't want to fuck my daughter. I just want her back."

But even as the words left my mouth, I knew it was a lie. Harry saw through it.

"Uh huh, sure."

"I'm serious. That's disgusting."

"Sure."

I stood up, my hands balled into fists. "Just what are you implying?"

My friend didn't even react. He was still typing away. "Your daughter just turned eighteen."

"And?"

"And she looks like a bikini competitor. Hell, she could be a cover in one of those magazines." Harry finally turned to look at me, leveling his gaze up to mine. "She's hot, Brandon. Your daughter is fucking hot and you're getting no pussy nowadays."

"That doesn't mean I want to fuck her."

But I do want to fuck her Harry was right. Venessa had blossomed into an absolute beauty. I would do things to her that no father should.

Why was I hiding my inner lust for my daughter from my best friend, anyway? Harry knew all of my secrets, and for some reason I was hesitant to share this one.

"Uh huh."

"Whatever." I jerked my chin towards the screen in front of him. "Will this work?"

"Probably."

"What? You told me it would work."

His finger danced on the keys. "It's still in the testing phases. It should work. But, don't worry. If it doesn't, no harm done."

"There won't be any brain damage of that sort?"

He laughed, a deep rumble. "No, Brandon. I'm mixing your voice with a high pitch frequency. It's a pitch so high, it's invisible to the naked ear. Combined with the subliminal recording I created, just for you, her subconscious should absorb your commands you just recorded. They should have an immediate effect."

"There's a lot of 'should's'"

He shrugged. "If it doesn't work, then we go back to the blueprints and try again."

I feel my muscles tensing. "And if it does work?"

"Then you will have your daughter back."

I chuckled at the insanity of the thought. "Yeah, if that's possible."

There was a silence, only the tapping of keys breaking the quiet.

"If this actually works, Harry," I told my friend. "You will be a millionaire."

"We are already both millionaires." He shook his head, chuckling. "We came a long way from that crappy apartment, huh?"

"Yeah," I smiled, remembering the good old days.

“No,” my friend told me. “I’ll probably be a billionaire from this creation. Imagine what the government will pay me for this.”

“Mind control,” I said the word out aloud. “Who would have thought Harry King would invent mind control.”

“It’s not technically mind control. It’s rewiring the brain” My friend laughed and his belly moved. “Kind of hard to explain, but, yeah, call it mind control if you want.” With a final tap on his keyboard, Harry unplugged my pen drive from his laptop and handed it to me.

I studied the usb drive in my hand. “That’s all? I just got to show her the video?”

“Yeah. It is just a video of nature, perfectly normal looking, but the subliminal messages are in the audio. She wouldn’t be able to hear the audio because of the frequency, but make sure your speakers are on, and maxed out.”

I nodded. “Thanks, Harry.” I turned around and stepped out of his lab. It was a mess of a room, with junks, computers, and other electronic equipment everywhere. “I will update you if it works.”

“It will.”

Arriving back home was a soul-crushing experience.

It had always been ever since my wife passed away three years ago.

I unlocked our front door and was greeted by my housekeeper, Helen, with a nod and a routinely ‘welcome back, Sir’.

Sighing, I raised my hands horizontally, so that she had an easier time taking off my coat.

“Where’s my daughter?” I asked Helen as she racked my coat up.

“Vanessa’s in her room, Sir.” she told me, and I dismissed her with a nod.

I walked up the spiral staircase, the marble cool against my bare feet, clutching the pen drive in hand. My heart was sprinting in my chest and my head was pounding with a nervousness I hadn’t felt in years.

Was I really going to do this? Was I really going to mind control my own daughter? Just imagining her kneeling in front of me, begging me to use her already had me hard.

I came to a stop outside my daughter's room, feeling my forehead beading with sweat even though there was an air-con on my left, and another one to my right.

I knocked on the door. "Vanessa, darling?"

No answer. I knew she was awake because I could hear shuffling inside.

I knocked again. "Vanes—"

The door opened, revealing my daughter in a pink silk nightgown, her petite frame blocking the doorway. She looked gorgeous, even with that frown on her face.

"What?"

"Can I come in?"

"Why?"

"I want to show you something, sweetie."

She opened the door a hinge further and peeked out, looking at my closed fists. "You don't have any presents."

I shook my head. "No, but—"

The door slammed in my face.

I sighed, knocking on the door again. "Vanessa, please."

"Go away." Her voice was muffled inside. "Don't talk to me unless you have a gift for me."

I pounded on the door. "I already bought you that G wagon last week and—"

"That doesn't count. That's for my birthday. You're required to give me something for my birthday."

"Okay, how about the new apple MacBook I got you three days ago?" I asked, feeling my heart sink.

Why was my daughter so cold towards me? It had been this way when she hit her teenage years. I was nothing but loving to her, showering her with gifts, and all I got back was an attitude.

"That's three days ago. Doesn't count."

I sighed, not even bothering to muster the energy to knock anymore. "Okay, sweetie. What do you want?"

"The Mercedes Benz S-Class. The one that just released last week."

"What?"

Even being so used to her constant demands, this was insane.

"You heard me."

"But I just got you that G-wagon. Why do you need another car?"

"Because I want two," she replied simply.

"What? Why do you need two?"

"Because it's what everybody has, dad. All my friends have two or three cars. Get with the times."

I exhaled a breath, feeling my lips tremble with an annoyance I was used to feeling. I shouldn't have spoiled her, but I couldn't blame anyone but myself.

I have a fix. Harry gave me a fix.

"Okay, hun," I said.

A pause.

"So, are you getting me that Mercedes?"

"If you open the door and let me in."

"It has to be pink," she told me from inside. I could hear her nearing the door. "I don't want any other colors. Also, it has to be the newest model. Don't get me the wrong one."

"Okay, sweetie," I said. "Just, please, open the door?"

The door swung open. My daughter still had that frown on her face.

"Can I come in?"

She stepped aside, and I walked past her. She had just showered, her hair was a little damp, and she was smelling amazing.

Pineapples.

“What do you want?” my daughter snapped at me. She crossed her arms under my chest, pushing her breasts forward. She hadn’t buttoned up the top three buttons of her nightie, revealing a delicious portion of her lovely bust.

I tried my hardest not to stare, but her palm sized breasts seemed to have a magnetic pull on me. My fingers twitched.

“I just want to show you something,” I replied, opening my palm and revealing the pen drive. “It’s a video.”

“That’s it?” she jutted her bottom lips outward. “You disturbed my peace just to show me a fucking video?”

“Language...”

“Come on, dad. Fuck off.”

I could feel anger bubbling inside me, but I held it down. “Just watch for a few seconds, okay? Then I will buy you that car.”

She thought for a while before shrugging lamely. “Whatever.”

I pointed towards the brand new MacBook I had bought for her. “Can I plug in my pen drive there?”

“Just make sure there’s no virus,” she muttered before breezing past me, her delicious scent floating into my nostrils. Vanessa flipped open the lid of her laptop and typed out her password, unlocking it.

Stepping away, she allowed me to plug in the pen drive and waited behind me with crossed arms.

I inserted the usb drive. A window popped on the screen and I double clicked the file named ‘For Vanessa’. It was the only file in the drive.

Quickly, I set the volume to max and stepped to the side while my daughter came forward, her eyes on the screen.

“What is this?” she snapped, furrowing her brows. Pictures of trees, birds, and nature filled the screen.

There was no audio playing, and for a second I thought I had made a mistake by turning up the volume, but I recalled what Harry had told me.

I’m now mixing your voice with a high pitch frequency. It’s a pitch so high, it’s invisible to the naked ear

I suck in air, my heart a battering ram under my chest.

Would this work? Or would all this be for nothing? Would my daughter stay the same, cold and uncaring towards me for the rest of my life?

I hope not. She was my only child, the only memory I had left from my wife. Vanessa was worth more than life itself. I could have all the money in the world, but without the love of my daughter, everything felt numb.

“Dad, what fuck is this?” My daughter fidgeted, and I realized she was trying her hardest to turn around, but her eyes stayed glued to the screen. “What the fuck are you trying to show me? This is a massive waste of my—”

Her arms fell limp by her side, and her lips parted slightly.

Did the program work?

What had Harry called his invention?

The Attitude adjustment.

The video on her laptop ended, fading to black. Silence fell in the room.

It was eerie, watching my daughter standing like that, still as a statue, her gaze on the black screen.

“Honey...” I walked forward, to her front, blocking her view of the screen. When I looked at her face, I almost recoiled back in shock.

Her eyes... they changed color!

Gone were her vivid blues, like her mother’s. Her pupils had darkened to black. It was as if I was staring into an endless void.

Her eyelids twitched. Then, her blank, unfocused pupils started to move. Her lips closed and my daughter groaned, breaking away from my gaze and looking down at her feet while she rubbed her temples.

“Honey,” I closed the distance between us and put both hands on her shoulders. “Are you alright?”

She stopped rubbing her head and looked at me, the edges of her lips curling into a smile.

She smiled. My daughter was smiling at me.

Does that mean the program had worked?

My burning question was answered a second later. I was backed by my little girl as she leaped forward, crashing her lips against mine.

The shock had me tumbling back, and I pushed my daughter away. Never in a million years would I have expected her to jump on me like that.

“Daddy?” I saw a flash of hurt in my daughter’s dark eyes. “Is there something wrong?”

Daddy.

She was calling me Daddy.

And the way she said the word... the layer of pure seductiveness laced under it... it came out like a hot whisper as the word rolled off her tongue.

“Daddy?” she asked again, inching towards me. A second later, we were lip to lip as my daughter went up to her tiptoes and brushed my cheek with a soft hand. “Are you okay?”

I nodded numbly, just staring at my daughter as she caressed my cheeks. She closed in on me and I felt her lips brushing against mine. She kissed me hesitantly, our lips barely grazing, but I could taste her sweetness.

So fucking delicious.

Lust took hold over me and I trailed my hands down her neck to her silky nightgown. Breaking the kiss, I looked down under her nightgown. With this angle, I could see her breasts sinking in and out, her breathing rising steadily as the seconds ticked away.

Her tits were not large, her areola was a small pinkish circle, and her nipples were erect. I usually preferred larger breasts, but Vanessa’s breasts looked so cute and innocent, they just drove my lust up.

My gaze went back to my daughter's face, and she smiled at me, showing perfect whites. I would be blind to not admit she was nothing less than sexy. Her face was flawlessly symmetrical, her cheekbones high and defined, her eyebrows thick and lush, and her skin lightly toned and utterly smooth.

She looked so much like her mother, and she turned heads everywhere she went. It became so serious that a legion of boys constantly rang our house number just so they could talk to her. That is, if she had blocked their number, which she does a lot.

Admiring just how fucking sexy she was, I leaned forward and took her lips, dominating them with brute force.

Vanessa stumbled backwards, and I moved with her, stepping forward until she fell back onto her bed and I crashed on top of her.

"Oh, Daddy," my daughter moaned, squirming underneath me. I felt her unbuttoning the rest of her gown, and my greedy hands came to her front. I ripped off silk and the tearing of fabric sounded through the air.

She giggled at my display of hunger, then went back to her delicious kissing, pressing her lips against mine before I had time to fully admire the perfectness of her breasts.

I sighed happily, and her tongue slipped past my lips, exploring my insides until I met her with my own tongue. We licked and sucked, tasting each other, our hands roaming flesh, hers on my back, mine slipping underneath her, gripping her nape, pulling her closer to me. Our kisses became deeper and heavier.

My daughter was moaning so much I was afraid the staff downstairs would hear her. I pulled away from her and took a quick peek behind us.

Her room door was closed, but was it locked?

"Wait," I said, my voice all deep and husky. I rolled off her tiny frame and made my way towards the door, locking it with a satisfying click.

"You don't want anybody to know, Daddy?" she giggled as I crawled back on top of her, immediately molding our lips together again because I couldn't get enough of that exotic taste.

"No," I muttered against her lips. I found her tongue, and we resumed our dance. "Just don't be too loud, okay?"

"Yes, Daddy," she whispered, kissing me back with a passion I haven't felt in years. Her hands went down to my belt, and I heard metal clicking as she hurried to undo it.

I helped her, slipping my belt off me and pulling down my work pants. My boxers were quickly wrestled off my legs and my hard cock sprang out, the hardest than I have ever been.

We didn't say a word, only communicating through moans. Locking eyes with hers, I took my cock in hand and guided myself into her waiting pussy.

She was wet. Extremely wet. I slipped into her with little friction and buried myself to my hilt, groaning and moaning as her inner walls clamped down onto my length, squeezing my throbbing erection. Vanessa moaned with me, and although I could see she was struggling to keep her volume down, the moan ripped through the air.

I wouldn't be surprised if everyone in the household had heard that.

I pulled back from her delicious lips and began pumping into her, our eyes locked, both wide and filled with hunger.

"Oh, Daddy," my daughter moaned, her mouth in a wide 'O' shape. I thrust into her and she took air in. "Daddy."

"Fuck," I grunted, my mind a haze. Every thrust forward was punctuated with a curse. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck."

Venessa was petite, her frame half my size. I should have been gentle with her, but logic had ditched me long ago. I couldn't think straight with my daughter naked.

I studied her reactions as I rolled my hips forwards without mercy, ramming into her with full speed. Her breasts bounced wildly and her hair was down in a sexy mess.

"Daddy," she choked out, and her eyes glazed over. "I'm going to—"

"Wait," I said in a strained breath, gritting my teeth. "Wait for me."

"Okay, Daddy." She squeezed her eyes shut as another moan escaped her. I knew she wouldn't last much longer, but I was already there.

"Cum now, baby," I groaned, jerking my head up to the ceiling. Cum exploded out of my cock, filling her up. "Fuck."

"Daddy," she cried, her back arching as her orgasm hit her. "Oh, Daddy."

When I was done, cum was seeping out from her pussy and trailing down her thighs. It has been years since I had orgasmed that long and hard.

I pulled out. "Did I hurt you, baby?"

"No." But the way she choked out the word, I knew I had.

"I'm sorry," I said, leaning down to kiss her forehead.

Her lips curled from the tenderness of the kiss. Soon she was giggling as I kissed her neck, nipping and sucking on her hot flesh.

I brought a hand down to cup her pussy. "Sore?"

"Mhm." She was having trouble forming words, far too absorbed in the feeling of having her neck kissed.

She pouted when I eventually sat up and rolled off her. But, I wasn't done with her yet. I still had plans.

I gestured towards her walk-in closet. "Go inside and wear your school uniform for me, baby. Come back out here once you are done."

"Daddy!" she gasped, her lips curving into a sexy smirk. "I didn't know you were so... naughty!"

"You have no idea," I muttered, then jerked my chin towards the room. "Go."

"Yes, Daddy!" She practically hopped off the bed and skipped to her walk-in closet, sliding the door closed behind her.

I didn't need to wait long. Within a few minutes, my daughter called me from inside the room.

"Oh, Daddy!" A giggle. "Are you ready to see me?"

"Yes," I said, my voice deeper than it's ever been. I was so fucking horny and hungry for her it was getting hard to breathe.

The door slid open, and my daughter stepped out. I have seen Vanessa in her school uniform thousands of times, but right now, it felt like I was looking at her with fresh eyes.

The uniform was comprised of a white shirt and a light blue pleated skirt. But being the naughty girl that she was, my daughter had modified the outfit long ago. The shirt was tighter than normal, emphasizing her hourglass shape, and her skirt was trimmed way above her knees. If a breeze hit her, at the right angle, anyone would catch a flash of panties.

But right now, she wasn't wearing any panties. Or a bra. And none of her buttons on her shirt were buttoned, exposing wonderful tits, hard nipples, and a slim stomach.

She looked like a wet dream came to life, but this wasn't what I had in mind.

I wanted her to act like a good girl, at least when I wanted her to be one.

She came forward, her breasts swaying side to side, but I shook my head.

"What's wrong, Daddy?" she looked down. "Am I not looking pretty enough for you?"

"No," I pulled her towards me and sucked on a nipple, causing a moan to burst from her lips. "I want you to act like a good girl now. Button up the shirt, straighten your skirt and tidy your hair up into a cute ponytail."

I released her, adding, "but no bra or panties. I don't want you to be that good." Hesitantly, my daughter walked back into the closet.

This time, she came out like a proper schoolgirl. Aside from the extremely short skirt, and her nipples semi-visible through the thin white fabric, my daughter was finally following the school's rules.

Her hair was done up in a neat ponytail, a style I had never seen her wear in years, and her shirt and skirt were ironed out straight and tidy.

I nodded my approval, crossed my legs, and patted my thighs. "Come here, baby girl."

A high-pitched squeal. My daughter skipped towards me, crawled on the bed, then lowered herself on my thighs, straddling me.

I tasted her lips again, but only briefly. My cock was screaming to be inside her again. It felt almost painful not to be fucking her.

"Baby girl," I whispered against her lips. "I want you to do something for me."

"Anything, Daddy."

"Go on all fours in front of me. Show me that pretty ass of yours."

I didn't need to wait. She obeyed as soon as the words left my lips. In an instant, her lips were off me, and her ass was pointed directly at my face.

I looked at her pussy, swollen from what I had just done to her.

No, I needed to let that hole rest.

But the other was fair game.

I circled my ring finger around her asshole. She tensed at the contact.

"Have you ever been fucked here before, baby girl?" I asked.

A whimper. "No."

"You have never done anal? You're a virgin there?"

A small squeal. "Yes."

Taking my daughter's virginity seemed like a pipe dream. Yet, here we are.

Using my other hand, I cupped and squeezed her ass cheeks, feeling them molding beneath my palm. "Scared?"

"A little..."

"But do you want me inside there? Do you want your Daddy to fuck you in the ass?"

"I want whatever you want, Daddy."

"Then say it/ Tell me how much you want me to fuck you in the ass."

"Please, Daddy," she breathed out, her voice quivering. "Please, please, please fuck me in the ass."

Her pussy started leaking. I watched a drool drip from her pinkish flesh, running down the back of her thigh and onto the mattress.

"Do you have lube?" I asked, expecting her to say no. I really didn't want to get dressed and retrieve mine from my room.

"Yes," she replied, and looked towards her drawer. "Over there."

Not even bothering to ask why she had lube, I released my grip from her, got off the bed, and walked towards her desk drawer. Opening the second drawer showed a bottle of lube, multiple packs of condoms, and a ball gag.

I shook my head and tsked at her, picking up the bottle and the ball gag, but leaving the condom. I wanted to feel her flesh around my cock, and not be held back by rubber.

"This is yours?" I asked my daughter as I lubed up my cock and fingers. I showed her the bright red gag.

She nodded.

"Naughty girl," I muttered, then positioned myself behind her, the tip of my cock grazing the crack of her ass. Reaching around, I covered her mouth with the gag. My daughter didn't resist, and soon her mouth was bound.

I settled back, admiring the sight. My daughter, wearing her school uniform and sporting a cute ponytail, gagged. It made her seem even younger. More innocent looking.

I rode her pleated skirt up so I could take in her ass in all its glory. Running a hand on her cheeks, I skated up and towards the crack of her ass. Her loud gasp was muffled by the ball.

"I'm going to put something inside you now," I told her as my ring finger neared her opening. I felt her tensing again, but I cupped her cheeks in a way I hoped was comforting. "Shh, baby. Just relax."

She did, but only for a moment. I felt her tense again when I slid my finger into her ass. She moaned, cried and groaned, but everything was muffled by the gag. She tried to wiggle away, but I moved my hand to the small of her back, holding her still as I entered her slowly, inch by inch, lubing her up with my finger.

God, she was so tight in there.

I took my time lubing her up. When I was finally satisfied, I withdrew my finger and positioned my cock at her entrance. This time, I didn't have the foresight to warn her. I was breathing hard, my chest heaving in and out, my mind a whirl, my throat dry.

I just wanted to fuck her. Be deep inside that stunning body of hers again.

Rolling my hips forward, I entered her with a groan. My daughter jerked forward and her back bowed.

She tried to scream, but the gag muffled most of the sound. I took her anal virginity, inching my way forward, gritting my teeth. I was too big for her, and her inner walls had to forcefully open up, compensating for my width.

I was halfway now, and even with lube everywhere, she was still so fucking tight.

I wanted to ask if she was okay, but lust and desire held my tongue. Shifting my hips, I pressed forward, groaning in bliss as I entered her another inch. Then another. Soon, I was balls deep inside her ass, and it was impossible to fuck her any deeper.

Her muffled cries filled up the room. I held her sides with both hands. Holy shit, she was shaking so much.

With an exhale, I pulled back, withdrawing my cock. And when I rammed into her again, her muffled cries became mixed in with my loud moans. Her whole body twitched from the impact, and I steadied her with my hands. Not giving her a chance to recover, I slid halfway out before thrusting forward again.

It was getting much easier fucking her ass. The ring of muscles inside her were getting looser with every thrust. Soon, I had a rhythm going, plunging into her with a ferocity that came from months of being sex deprived. And the first flesh of meat I got to pound into was my young, sexy daughter?

It sent me into overdrive.

Sounds of muffled cries, my moans, and my balls slapping against her ass became the only sound in the room. They were music to my ears. I have missed the sound of the rhythmic 'tap, tap, tap', the sweet sound of sex.

When I blew my load, it was stronger than my last. Logically, my balls should have been drained and my energy sapped, but I felt more energized than ever as I groaned out my release, exploding a geyser of cum into her, filling up her entire asshole.

It got to the point where my cum started spilling out of her ass. I kept going, thrusting in and out, feeling all my muscles tensing and twitching. My daughter seemed to be finally enjoying herself. Gone were her cries of pain. She was moving her hips with mine, harsh grunts and moans spilling out from those beautiful lips of hers. I gripped her sweat filled back and rammed into her harder and faster until my body buckled and I fell on top of her writhing body, still grunting and thrusting until I was completely empty.

There were tears in my little girl's eyes when I rolled off her and embraced her trembling frame in my arms.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you," I said, wiping the tears away and taking off the ball gag. Her face was covered in drool and I wiped them away, too. "I got carried away."

"It's okay, Daddy," she told me, licking her lips. "Your little girl can handle a bit of pain."

I smiled, cupped her cheeks, and brought her lips crashing back into mine.

It had been six months since I had Vanessa's attitude readjusted. She was the perfect daughter now, getting straight A's in school and not hanging out with her toxic friends anymore.

In fact, she doesn't keep in contact with anybody else except for me. When she comes from school, she would immediately head into my room, school uniform still intact, and she would allow me to fuck her in any way I please. I especially loved it when she came back from cheerleading practise and I get to fuck her while she was still slick with sweat in her skimpy cheerleader uniform.

This time, we could be as loud as we wanted. Harry had designed a new program for me and I had made my entire staff watch the video. Now, they would think it wasn't weird to have a father

fucking his daughter, and so when Vanessa isn't in school clothing, or wasn't wearing a French maid's uniform I had custom made for her, she would roam around the house naked.

Eventually, I had my little girl join a law school and had her working part time in my firm. All the partners assumed I wanted her to take over the company one day. Nobody knew the real purpose of why she was there.

I now had a reason to always be with my daughter without raising any eyebrows. Blowjobs and sex in my office had never felt better. In fact, my office had turned from a workspace to a mini sex dungeon with numerous toys and gadgets hidden in locked drawers, all used on my beautiful, willing daughter. Complete with sound proof walls I had newly installed, we could be loud.

And we always were.

There were numerous times when we had almost been caught. But even if we did, Harry assured me he would take care of any future problems.

He really was the best friend any man could have.

Not only did he keep me company in my darkest times, he accomplished something nobody else could.

He made my daughter love me again.

And I will never forget that.

Thank you, Harry.

END