

Simon Says

When I wanted to spend some quality time with my only child and daughter, *this* was not what I was expecting.

“Heidi, baby.” I leaned into my daughter’s ear, which proved to be a major mistake because her delicious scent waffled into my nostrils.

Fuck. I easily recognized the expensive perfume. An intoxicating mixture of bergamot and rosewood—the perfect date night scent.

My daughter clicked her tongue, making her annoyance clear. She partially turned towards me, her gaze still set forward onto the stage, and when she parted her rose painted lips, her usual breathy tone was nowhere to be heard. “What, Simon?”

I didn’t know which was worse. My frustratingly rock hard erection because I was aroused by my own daughter’s scent or the fact that she had no respect for me, calling me by name.

What happened to ‘Daddy’? Ever since her mother received custody of her, my sweet Heidi had changed, being fed poison about me by that bitch for years.

But she was eighteen now, free to do whatever she liked. And of course, on our first outing together, my sweet daughter forced me to go to a fashion show with her, intending to use my face to garner connections to further her career as a fashion designer, as if my name was not enough.

The fashion show had ended an hour ago. It was already late, with heavy clouds looming overhead. I had requested for us to go for a walk or grab a coffee, but there was a hypnotist show ongoing a few blocks away and Heidi had pulled me to the attraction, interested in all this hocus-pocus.

Because that was all hypnosis was. Just a magic show with some acting.

Right?

“Ladies and gentleman.” A voice boomed from the stage and a man stepped out in a sharp tuxedo, his gait purposeful and confident. Not what I was expecting from a hypnotist. I had pictured a man in a top hat with a ridiculous coat.

He surveyed the audience with a bright smite, teeth flashing. "Welcome to the show!"

The hypnotist bowed at the applause before continuing. "I must warn you fine people. This show of hypnotism is only for the eyes of the brave. There will be nudity, acts of lust and depravity, with an added dark spin on the emotion we call 'love.' If you do not wish to see these acts, I'd advise you to leave now. You will be fully refunded."

The hypnotist waited for people to leave. No one stood. It felt like everyone was holding their breath, an uneasy silence prickling the air around us.

I assumed everybody started nervous because we all had to sign a contract before we entered the venue, preventing us from suing the organizers or the hypnotist if he made us do something that we didn't like.

A load of crap just to get us in the mood. A brilliant strategy, though.

"Alright!" He clapped his hands once, his voice booming through the theater. "Looks like I have a brave crowd today. Love it." The hypnotist dropped his hand to his side and scanned the audience. "For my first act, I would require volunteers from my fearless audience. Two married couples. Two men and two women." He spread his hands wide. "Any takers?"

Hands shot up. I looked at my daughter as the showman chose his volunteers.

Fuck. She looked especially ravishing today, especially in that midnight backless strap dress. If I were to be put into a trance, it would be from looking at her.

Heidi had semblances to her mother. Golden luscious locks that fell down in waves to the curves on her back, high cheekbones that framed a perfectly symmetrical face, and full lips that were painted a beautiful rose, almost gleaming under the theater lights. Her dark eyes were inherited by me, but that was the only trait she took.

Heidi was her mother's daughter through and through, and she was acting more like her every day. Disobedient, spoiled with no respect for me; she lost her golden innocence that I wished would return.

I missed my angel.

I must have been staring too long because her diamond earrings glittered as she turned.

“What?” she said, almost in a snap.

I sighed. “Nothing.”

I focused my attention back on the stage. The hypnotist had his volunteers mic up and already seated, the two men on the left, and the two ladies on the right, the couples facing each other.

A hush fell when the hypnotist took out a pocket watch seemingly out of thin air, a confident smile firm on his lips.

“Many of you think that hypnosis isn’t real.” He circled his seated volunteers. “I’m not only here tonight to entertain but also to convert the non-believers. I can assure you that hypnosis is very much real. It’s just unexplored, with the top minds of today, brilliant scientists, still puzzled by this mysterious art form. Watch.”

He walked up to one of the women.

“Miss,” he said. “What is your name?”

She shot him a nervous smile. “Amanda.”

“Amanda.” He gestured to the man sitting opposite. “This is your husband?”

“Yes.”

“Will you ever cheat on him?”

“What?” she shook her head. “No, never.”

“And you?” He looked at the other lady, who was fidgeting with her fingers.

She smiled. “Lucy.”

“And the gentleman in front of you is your husband?”

“Yes.”

“Will you ever cheat on him?”

Her tone was adamant. “Never.”

The hypnotist clicked his fingers and stood in the middle of all of them. He dropped his pocket watch and clutched at the chains so it was hanging in the air, visible to all the participants.

The showman addressed them, his voice dipping low and smooth. “I want you four to look at the watch. Keep your eyes on the watch and your ears on my voice. Good.” He started swinging the pendulum, clicking his tongue and snapping his fingers in an interesting interval. A snap every ten seconds and a click every fifteen.

All four volunteers were swaying their hands in sync with the pendulum while the audience held tense breaths as we watched. A minute passed. We all gasped when Amanda swayed to the side, almost toppling over. The volunteers were dozing off, eyes half closed, eyelids heavier by the second.

I shook my head. Who were they fooling? They must be actors. Good ones.

Sucking in a breath, I stole a look at my beautiful daughter. She seemed entranced by the show, her lips parted slightly, her hands squeezed together.

“Sleep!” The hypnotist voice boomed, echoing off the walls of the theater. I snapped my attention back towards the stage, seeing all four volunteers sitting slack on their chairs, heads down.

The hypnotist smiled at his work, but there was no applause. Only the showman’s footsteps could be heard as he walked over to Amanda and patted her head as if she was his pet, stroking his hand over her auburn hair.

“Amanda,” he said softly, but the speakers around the hall made it so that we could hear him clearly.

“Yes?” she whispered back, even lower, her voice a dull monotone.

“Open your eyes.”

Slowly, robotically, she raised her head, her eyes open but her gaze blank. Her lips were parted and saliva was leaking from the right edges of her lip.

Damn, she was a good actor.

The hypnotist fished out a silk handkerchief from his front pocket and wiped Amanda's lips before he turned towards the audience and addressed us all.

"Amanda," he spoke out, louder this time, his voice booming. "Is the person in front of you your husband?"

"Yes." she replied, her voice still in a dull, low monotone.

"Look at the man at his side."

She switched gaze, her movement eerily robotic, and he continued talking without even checking if she had obeyed. "That man you're looking at. He is now your husband and the love of your life." He clicked his tongue and snapped his fingers to punctuate the order. "Show him how much you love him."

Amanda rose from her chair and walked towards the man that was definitely not her husband, her movements slow as if she had drank too much liquor. She slumped on his lap, straddling the man, and a gasp rose from the audience when she began making out with him, shoving her tongue in his mouth.

I looked at Amanda's husband, but he showed no reaction, his chin down, eyes closed.

"Oh my god," Heidi whispered, and I stilled when my daughter found my hand and clutched it.

But the moment was broken a second later when she realized what she was doing and let me go, murmuring something under her breath that I couldn't hear over all the commotion.

"Please." The hypnotist laughed. "I warned you fine people. This is not like any hypnotist show. There will be acts of depravity. Just don't tell my volunteers what happened after I wake them up."

That got a laugh from the audience. Boom. He had won them over. Genius strategy with four paid actors.

The hypnotist repeated the process, making Lucy make out with Amanda's husband, both men now kissing each other's wives.

Then it got darker. The hypnotist made them all strip, and the audience went wild when the ladies went on all fours and the men began railing them from behind, pumping their cocks into the wrong wives.

This was insanity. My daughter shouldn't be watching acts like this. Christ, she had just turned eighteen a month ago.

"Let's go," I said, getting up and grabbing her wrist.

"What are you doing?" She resisted and shot me a death glare.

"We shouldn't be here. You shouldn't be watching vile acts like this."

"Fuck off, Simon. I'm a full-grown adult. If you want to leave, leave. I'm staying."

I stood there for a moment, debating whether I should drag my daughter out. But that would cause a scene and a clip of me forcing my daughter out of the venue might surface on YouTube. Sighing, I lowered myself back down to my seat and watched the fucked up display in front of us.

Amanda and Lucy were shrieking and screaming, orgasming at the same time as cocks plunged in and out of their pussies.

When they were done, the hypnotist made them dress back up before sitting them down back in their chairs. The crowd by now had settled down too, the energy around the hall much more alive—a clear disparity to the sullen atmosphere just ten minutes ago.

More pendulum action, snapping, clicking.

"I'm going to count down from five," he said to his hypnotized volunteers. "When I reach one and you hear the snap of my fingers, you will forget everything you did on stage. You will return to normal and feel very refreshed. Do you understand?"

“Yes,” all four said in perfect sync, their voices low and monotone.

The hypnotist smiled, swinging his watch. “Good. Five... four... three... two...” He turned to the audience. “One.”

Snap.

Amanda jerked up from the seat while the three groaned, rubbing their temples or their foreheads.

The audience laughed and cheered. The hypnotist bowed before gesturing to the confused volunteers to return to their seats.

The applause grew in volume and the hypnotist bowed low again, this time with a flourish, twirling his hand as he bent from his waist.

God, this guy really was a showman.

“Now,” he started, and immediately the clapping and hooting ceased all at once. “I’d need two volunteers. A brave man and a beautiful woman.”

Hands shot up. This time, it was much more than the initial call out for volunteers. More than half of the audience had their arm raised, and my brows furrowed when I saw my daughter had her hand up in the air too.

“Heidi,” I said. “What are you—”

“The beautiful young lady at the back!” The hypnotist voice sent chills down my spine. He was looking at us. Shit. “And the handsome gentleman beside her. Why don’t you both step on stage?”

What the hell? Why was he calling us? We were not his actors.

A sudden thought shot into my mind.

Was... was hypnosis real?

No, no, it couldn’t be. There was no way.

“Heidi!” I hissed through clenched teeth as she stood up and headed towards the stage, high heels clicking on the steps. The wolf whistles and thirsty cries were deafening as all the men in the audience watched my daughter.

Fuck.

What could I do but follow her?

A mic was promptly attached to the lapel of my suit by a stagehand, and I was ushered to a chair right in front of my daughter, who was all smiles and waves. She loved being the center of attention.

“Senorita.” The hypnotist bowed his head and took Heidi’s hand, kissing it. “What might be this beautiful young lady’s name?”

More wolf whistles.

Yes, yes, I know. My daughter is smoking hot. Fucking savages.

“Heidi,” my daughter said with a giggle.

“Heidi,” the hypnotist tasted the word before turning to me. “And this is your boyfriend?”

“Boyfriend? What? No. He’s my dad.”

“Ah, your father.” The hypnotist gave me a slight bow. “What is your name, Sir?”

Hmm, weird. He didn’t ask for the men’s name during the first call for volunteers.

“Simon,” I said, shaking his hand when he offered it.

“Firm grip, Sir,” the hypnotist chuckled, then turned to the audience. “I love it when I get a Simon. You fine people will see why in a second.”

I adjusted my coat’s lapel as the showman stepped in front of my daughter, his back turned to me.

“Now, Heidi,” he said, his voice dipping low. “I want you to look at the watch and listen to my voice.”

I couldn't see my daughter's face, but I could tell the hypnotist was touching her, twirling her golden hair around a finger as he swayed the pendulum in front of her gaze, clicking his tongue and snapping his fingers every so often.

The audience was deathly quiet again, and I was not a person to get nervous. But right then, with that man trying to lull my own daughter into a trance that I was still internally debating was real or not—it had me riled up.

"That's right, beautiful," the hypnotist whispered, drawing his finger down Heidi's cheeks. "Keep your gaze on the watch. Keep listening to my voice and my voice alone. Everything but the watch is a blur everything but the sound of my voice is a drone. Nothing else matters. Do you understand, Heidi?"

"Yes."

Her voice was barely a whisper.

"Good girl." Even though I couldn't see his expression, the smile was clear in his voice. He clicked his tongue and dropped his finger from her hair to tap her shoulder. "Sleep!"

I saw Heidi's shoulder relaxed and her head dropping forward. The audience cheered and dozens of men started screaming different words.

"Fuck her!"

"Make her strip!"

"Give her a good pounding!"

"Make her fuck her dad!"

The last one made the audience laugh. The hypnotist chuckled, then turned to me. For a second, I caught a glimpse of my daughter, completely slumped forward in her chair, her chin down.

"Simon," he said, pocketing his watch. "Is Heidi a good daughter to you?"

"Yes." What else could I say?

I didn't know how the hypnotist saw through my words, but he shook his head and said the words with utter certainty. "But that's not true, is it?"

"What?"

"You have a naughty daughter, Simon. Let's not pander to the crowd."

I thought the audience would react, but they were so silent, if a pin dropped, it could be heard from the other side of the room. I surveyed the crowd, only seeing men's eyes all staring at my young daughter, not even bothering to hide the hunger in their eyes.

I chose my next words carefully. "She can be disobedient sometimes, yes. But she's a good daughter."

My daughter wasn't reacting, frozen in her seat.

The hypnotist's voice sliced through the air. "So you admit she is disobedient?"

"Well..." I shifted in my seat. This was not good. My composure was slipping. "Sometimes, yes."

"And you wish she would be a good girl?" He flashed a grin. "Daddy's good girl."

I glared at him, wishing I could wipe that cocky grin off his face. "I'm very uncomfortable with where this is going."

He didn't skip a beat.

"Don't be." Turning to Heidi and the audience, he leaned forward and whispered in my daughter's ear, his smooth voice carrying through the speakers. "Heidi, we're going to play a game. Do you know how to play 'Simon Says?'"

She replied immediately, her tone flat.

"Yes."

"Good. Because from now on, whenever your father says the words 'Simon Says,' whatever that follows, you will obey unyieldingly and unquestionably. Do you understand, my sweet thing?" He paused, and I swore he was sniffing her.

“Yes.”

The hypnotist straightened himself and spread his arms wide for the audience. “Fine people, do you like where this is going?”

The response was ear-shattering. The theater went from a tense silence to people screaming their lungs out, mixed in with a thundering applause. More shouts of disgusting words being thrown at my daughter could be heard from the uproar.

The hypnotist waited patiently for the applause to die down, but it took a fucking long while. I fidgeted in my seat and stared at my daughter, her eyes closed, drool dripping down her chin. I wished I could take her hand and lead us out of the madness we were in, but my ass felt glued to my seat, even though I wasn’t in a trance—or I didn’t think I was.

It was real. Hypnosis was fucking real. Heidi was a lot of things, but she wasn’t the kind to act and be played for a fool, especially in front of an audience.

The commotion finally died down and the hypnotist’s words filled the air. “Now, Heidi. Wake up.” He snapped his fingers.

“Huh?” My daughter looked at me, then wiped the saliva off her face. “Simon—What...” she turned to the hypnotist, then the audience. “What happened?”

“Nothing interesting yet, beautiful,” the hypnotist replied calmly, then gestured to me. “Now, Simon. The floor is yours. You know what to do.”

I could feel hundreds of pairs of eyes on me. My daughter’s dark eyes were full of confusion as she gazed at me, wondering what the hell was going on.

A voice from the audience cut through.

“Make her strip, Simon!”

A cheer, then the audience went ballistic. People were standing, hopping, shouting words and giving me orders on what I should do to Heidi. Every scream filled with filth and thirst, none of them innocent.

Heidi stood up, panic coloring her beautiful features, and her look of dread made me stand too.

What the fuck was going on?

“Simon?” The hypnotist raised a brow at me, gesturing to the screaming audience. A can of coke sailed towards us, but it landed a few feet away. “The crowd has spoken. What will you do? What—”

Blaring sounded from all around us, causing the hysterical audience to quiet down. Everyone was looking everywhere, and for the first time, the hypnotist looked nervous, his confident facade slipping off as he looked from side to side.

A moment later, a female voice sounded from the speakers.

“This is an emergency. Please evacuate the premises immediately at your nearest exits. I repeat, this is an emergency...”

If I thought it was chaos with people hurling words at me to fuck my own daughter for their viewing pleasure, I hadn't seen everything yet. The whole theatre erupted in screams and shouts. A mass of bodies fought to be the first to exit the double doors at the entrance where we came in.

“Simon?” Heidi's terrified whisper grounded me back into the present. She looked at me with wide eyes, and I didn't think—just reacted.

I grabbed my daughter's hand. She didn't flinch or jerk away like I half expected her to based on all the previous times I had tried physical contact. Her willingness brought back a surge of confidence. A warm heat in my chest I was familiar with.

While everyone was fighting for the exit at the front, I led my daughter past the hypnotist who was still frozen to the ground, looking utterly dumbfounded.

I brought Heidi to the side, towards a door with the words 'exit' displayed at the top, although it wasn't visible from afar since it wasn't lit—which I was sure was a serious violation of the law.

“What's happening, Simon?” Heidi whispered from behind me as we climbed down the stairs, her trembling hand clutched in mine.

“I don’t know. But stay calm, alright? We’ll be okay.”

Her heels echoed off the walls. “Okay,” she huffed, her scared voice strangely turning me the fuck on. For a moment, she sounded like my little girl again, not whatever her mother molded her into.

We exited into the lobby, where firefighters could be spotted among the anxious crowd. We filed for the exit, and half a minute later, stepped into the cool night air. I allowed myself a sigh of relief.

“Simon.” I felt my daughter’s fingers tightening. “Look!”

I turned towards her, then stared in the direction she was pointing. There was a blaze at the far end of the building, thick billowing smoke surging upwards into the night sky.

We stood there for minutes, watching as the firefighters got to action, sirens mixing in with the excited chatter.

With the combined experience of attending the fashion show, taking part in a hypnosis show event, and then this emergency, I haven’t had this much adrenaline in years.

Heidi must have finally noticed we were still holding hands because she jerked her hand away. When I looked at her, she gazed to the side, ignoring me.

Back to her old self, I see.

“Let’s go,” I muttered, placing a hand on the amazing curve on her lower back, feeling her soft porcelain skin.

Heidi walked to the side, more than an arm's length away. I dropped my hand back to my side, accepting her signals and admitting defeat. I just wanted a relationship with my daughter to be what it was like ages ago, before she was stripped away from me by a single court order.

They deemed it better that her mother received custody over her since I was always busy with work and I wasn’t ‘a great father.’ There was photo evidence of me getting rowdy with other women because of that damned private investigator that bitch had hired.

Now that I had Heidi back, all she wanted from me was to show my face around events she attended, to garner the connections she needed. She saw me as a tool for her own gain, and I would gladly be played for a fool as long as I could spend time with her, but it wasn't looking good.

Heidi had only spent a month living with me, and she was already causing too many problems, so much so that our housekeeper, Laurie, requested a two week's vacation because she couldn't bear to deal with all the mess Heidi was creating. So until I could hire more help, I had to personally clean up after my daughter, since she refused to do so herself.

The car ride back was silent like usual. Only the soft hum of the music from the car's speakers made the experience bearable as Heidi tapped away on her phone, only replying to me with grunts when I asked her if she was okay.

As depressing as it was, the brief stint of her talking to me when she was panicking was the most words she had ever exchanged with me, and I hated the fact.

After fifteen minutes on the road, we reached the driveway of my house.

I owned multiple places, but the small, modern residency was my most beloved. I hated large real estates with the endless amount of spaces. It made everything feel so cold and lonely.

As a statement name in the fashion industry, I had made sure that my home, although tiny, was as cozy and stylish as possible. The home had a heavy French touch, something that I had insisted on and I even committed a large part of my time to be an active part of the entire design process.

We exited the car and Heidi breezed past me without a word the moment I disabled security and opened the door.

"Heidi?" I called after her, but she ignored me and disappeared up the stairs, towards her room.

Heaving what seemed like the twentieth sigh that day—it couldn't be good for my heart—I walked up the stairs and swung open my daughter's door, which proved to be a fatal mistake.

Because Heidi was basically naked, in the process of stripping off her midnight backless dress. She wasn't wearing one of those strapless bras, so her full breasts were in view, so fucking round and plump. Large too, bigger than I had expected.

Her curves seemed even more otherworldly when there wasn't any fabric covering them, and the only thing that prevented me from fully seeing my daughter was sexy white laced panties, hiding her sex from my sight.

"SIMON!" she screamed, stomping towards the door and slamming it in my face. Luckily, I had withdrawn my finger from the edge or she would have chomped them off with the force.

Shit. Fuck.

This was bad, but why... why was my cock leaking under my pants and...

Why did it feel so right?

It had been ages since I was inside a woman because I had been buried with my work, but...

Fuck.

I knew my daughter was beautiful. It was like saying water was wet, but I had never once thought about Heidi in a sexual way.

Yes, my body reacted to her. But I had always blamed the jerk under my pants, or the way my heart hunched in my chest whenever we were together to primal instincts.

Blood relations or not, Heidi was an *objectively* stunning female and even though I was in my forties, I was still a man and had the sex drive of one. It was just the chemicals reacting to an attractive, fertile female in heat. I had never once *mentally* thought about my daughter in a sexual nature.

Until now.

God. Right then, I had never desired anything more in life than Heidi. She was my own daughter, for fuck sake, but she was also the hottest eighteen-year-old I had ever seen. Those lovely ladies in bars and clubs I used to frequent for one-night stands? None of them could hold a candle to her.

Holy shit. I was lusting after my daughter.

It felt wrong. Sinful. Vile. But after what I had witnessed in that dark theater, and after seeing my daughter naked for the first time, 'wrong' was not in my dictionary.

The door opened, and I was greeted by Heidi in her silk nightgown, glaring at me with dark eyes.

"What the fuck, Simon?" I had never seen her so furious, even during our worst arguments. "Why the fuck didn't you knock?"

"That was my bad."

Was it? It was my house, and she was my daughter.

"But, you need to learn some manners, Heidi," I continued, knowing the full irony of what I was saying, but the point had to be made. I had been harboring the frustration of living with her for a month now, and the words rushed out of me before I could stop myself. "You call me by name, you don't respect me, your own father. You don't clean up after yourself. You aren't grateful for what I have given you your whole life."

"You didn't give me shit!" She snapped back, and I could see her knuckles turning white at how tightly she was gripping the door. "What have you given me? What did you do to deserve my respect? Huh, Simon? What?"

Heat bubbled from my chest, and dark tendrils of anger breached the edges of my vision.

Calm. I'm a man of composure, and I have to remain in control.

I closed my eyes and took in several breaths. When I opened them, I felt more relaxed, even though the anger hadn't dissipated in the slightest.

"Heidi, darling. I paid for your entire tuition from when you were a little girl until you graduated college. I gave you and your mother a house. I paid for every single purchase that you made, unnecessary or not. I spent so many nights making calls so you could have your start in the fashion industry. I give you the best life I could afford and this is what I get in return?"

If looks could kill, I would be a bloodied corpse.

“Fuck you, Simon. Leave me alone.” She tried to slam the door in my face again, but I held the door with a foot and a firm hand.

“We’re not finished with the conversation, young lady.”

“The hell we are! Go away!”

I closed my eyes again, wondering how I should deal with her. I had only a few years’ experience raising a child, and now she was back, but as a fully grown adult.

What the fuck should I do or say to make her get the point?

“Simon!” she spat, trying to force the door close. “Go away!”

Simon. Of course. The hypnosis show.

The hypnotist had placed Heidi in a trance, woke her up, but...

He never reversed the single command he implemented in her mind.

And if hypnosis was real and Heidi wasn’t acting when I knew she wasn’t, then...

I opened my eyes. “Simon says you should apologize to me.”

I sucked in a breath. Fuck. Had I really said that?

If my daughter thought I was crazy, then those words sealed the deal. She would move away, get her own place that I had to pay for because no matter what, I still loved my daughter and would support her, no matter the state of our relationship.

Shit, I have to—

I took a step back when Heidi came forward a step. There was something different in her eyes. There wasn’t anger in them anymore. There was just... guilt?

Her next words had me gripping the stairs railing.

“I’m sorry, Simon,” Heidi said, her words clear. “I was wrong. Please forgive me.”

My daughter... she... she just apologized.

That meant hypnosis was real.

And she was still playing 'Simon Says'.

I stared at her dark eyes, watching those browns go from shame to confusion.

She shook her head, her dazzling golden waves following her movements, the scent of her delicious shampoo eliciting an unconscious growl from my throat.

I couldn't believe I had created this beautiful woman. Heidi had grown up to be way sexier than her mother—than all the women I had ever set my eyes on.

"What..." She looked down at her feet before meeting my gaze, and I became lost in those deep, dark eyes that had the same depth as mine. "Wh-why did I say that?"

I didn't even realize I was smiling until I forced myself to break away from her hypnotic gaze, almost in a trance myself.

"Well, maybe because you're really sorry, Heidi. It's not a crime to apologize when you're in the wrong. Especially to your father."

"But I'm not wrong! You are! You know what?" She tried to close her door, but my foot stayed firmly in place. "Simon, fuck off!"

"Simon says you will allow me to enter your room."

"What are you—" Her eyes went wide and the pressure on the door ceased. I couldn't break off my smile as I watched my beautiful daughter take a step back, her movements robotic.

I stepped into her room, noticing the messy state. Her bed was unmade and clothes were spilled everywhere: on her bed, on the floor, on her chairs, and I noticed the backless strap dress she had been wearing pooled at the side of her room.

"Simon, I don't know why I allowed you inside, but you have to get out. Now."

I turned to her, chuckling at the fiery in her expression. Jawline locked, furious eyes, dark brows furrowed together.

I spoke calmly. "Simon says you are to address me as 'Daddy' from now on, and you will treat me with utmost respect."

Heidi was motionless for several moments, and my heart almost went still alongside her. But then she moved, and the fury in her expression morphed into shame once again.

"I..." She looked down at her bare feet and rubbed her hands together. "I—I'm sorry, Daddy. I don't know what came over me."

This... this was what I wanted all long. A docile, submissive daughter willing to do whatever Daddy wanted her to do.

My dream daughter.

"It's okay, baby girl," I told her, and the tiniest of smirks crack the straightness of his lips. I closed the distance between us and took a strand of her golden hair, twirling it around my finger. So soft, so smooth, and she still had that exotic date night perfume on her, making my cock throb painfully. "I want you to do something for Daddy."

"Anything."

"Give me a blowjob."

At least that was what I wanted to say. The words were front and center of my mind, but even in my drunken state of power, logic peeked out, begging me to not take advantage of my beautiful daughter. Begging me to bring her back to that damned hypnotist and fix her.

Okay, fine. I will. But it wouldn't hurt to tweak some of her attitude, would it? Making her do chores seemed like a good start.

I nodded towards her bed. "I want to clean your room."

Her eyes were so big and innocent. "Now?"

"Yes. Now."

“Yes, Daddy.”

I sat back in one of her chairs, watching Heidi do something I was certain she had never done in her entire life. She bent down, her ass looking juicy underneath the silk, as picked the clothes on the floor and threw them in the laundry basket. She made her bed. She retrieved a broom and swept the entire space.

I had never been so fucking horny watching someone do their chores. My cock was on the verge of exploding, begging me to say the words and bury myself inside that tight virgin pussy.

Yeah. I had the strongest suspicion that Heidi was a virgin. She received constant attention from guys, but her mother was the most devoted Christian I had ever met and our poor daughter was probably drilled to death to abstain until marriage. And she always listened to that bitch.

Not anymore, she wouldn't. Daddy was back.

“Heidi, baby girl?”

She stopped dusting her shelves and looked at me, offering another one of her girly smiles. “Hmm?”

“Are you a virgin?”

There was no hesitation. Her answer was instant.

“Yes, Daddy.”

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Fuck her, Simon. Just say the goddamn words, and she is all yours. For life.

No, no, no, no! No!

I was her father, and she was my daughter. As attracted as I was to her, she was still my flesh and blood.

“Daddy?” Her voice was full of concern. Something I thought I’d never hear from her. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. I—I have to go to bed.”

She nodded all cutely. “Okay, Daddy. Good night.”

“Good night, baby.”

I walked out of her room, but I never made it to mine. I was halfway down the hallway when something clicked in me. Maybe it was my painfully erect cock, or maybe it was the reminder to myself that I was a man who never backed down. Whatever I wanted, I took. So why should I go back on all my values now? Just because society deemed it wrong?

If she wasn’t my flesh and blood, but a normal eighteen-year-old, sure, some people might raise an eyebrow, but everyone would accept that I was her sugar Daddy and go on about their day.

Fuck it.

“Daddy?” She jolted upright and stopped dusting when I stormed into her room, lust in my eyes.

God, I loved the way she said ‘Daddy.’ It sounded like sin coming from her mouth, a devilish sweetness coating every syllable.

So feminine. So fucking hot.

“Daddy?” my daughter repeated. “Did you forget something? What’s wr—”

“Simon says you will strip.”

“Daddy!” Her shrieks only proved to make me harder. Her hands went to the buttons of her silk pajamas and her eyes were begging me to stop her. “Help—Daddy! Why am I... Please!”

“Shh... baby.” The words left my lips without a filter. “Simon says you will enjoy stripping for Daddy. Simon says you want to be Daddy’s little girl and the only way you know how is to turn Daddy on and have sex with him.”

The entire demeanor changed in an instant. Gone was her visible panic and shock. Her lips went from parted to closed, and the smirk she gave me screamed seduction.

“Daddy.” Her voice was low, but still high pitched in that school girl tone I loved. She blinked her lashes at me. “Have you ever seen your daughter naked?”

My lips twitched. “No.”

“Would you like to?”

Fuck yes.

Her words were dripping with temptation, and that just begged the question. Was my daughter a natural at seduction or had someone taught her?

“Yes,” I breathed, surprising even myself at how desperate I sounded. It was almost pathetic. I was never like this with any other woman, but my daughter was breaking all my walls down, making me feel bare even though she was the one stripping.

Heidi made a show, batting her lashes, smirking, giggling, making sure every button that became undone was frustratingly slow. By the time I could see her toned stomach and hints of her bare breasts, I was ready to jump her.

But I didn’t. I knew when it came to my daughter, I should be patient. Fucking her would be a memory I would never forget and I needed it to be *perfect*.

I was in control here.

“Stop teasing,” I growled. “Remove your top.”

Her high pitched ‘Yes, Daddy’ made me close my eyes for a second. I was so close to bursting and I haven’t even touched her yet.

Her pajama top was tossed aside. This time, I could allow my eyes to fully devour those beautiful, beautiful breasts of hers without interruption.

Those hardened nipples were so perky, just begging to be sucked on. And her areolas, so pink and round. Fuck me. Her body looked as if it was airbrushed to perfection by God himself.

I nodded at her silk pants, and she giggled cutely.

She didn't make a show this time. Her pants came sailing through the air just seconds later and I could barely pull air in as I gawked at her pussy.

Not only was she freshly shaven, Heidi was soaked. Probably more so than I was. Her pussy lips were so pink and swollen, and for the first time in years, I almost lost control, holding myself back at the last millisecond.

"Are..." Shit, my voice was shaky. I cleared my throat. "Are you sure you're a virgin, baby girl? No one has even been inside you?"

She shook her head. "Never."

"Come here, baby." I patted my thighs. "Simon says to sit on Daddy's lap."

A squeal, then a giggle.

My daughter practically skipped to me and I groaned low when she hopped on my lap, straddling me, leaking her wetness onto my dress pants, mixing in with my own arousal.

"Daddy?"

"Yes, baby girl?"

She wet her lips with her saliva, leaving them glossy. "I want you to be my first."

"I need you to be more specific. First what?"

"First kiss. First man inside me. First—"

"Wait." I looked at my daughter as if I was seeing her for the first time. "You have never even kissed before?"

She looked away and her cheeks turned peach. "No, Daddy."

How? Just... how?

“Look at me, baby girl.”

I didn't need to say 'Simon says'. Within the span of an hour, I had turned Heidi from a spoiled rebellious brat to Daddy's good little girl.

My good little girl.

She met my gaze, a soft smile spreading across her lips as I trailed my eyes onto all her beautiful features. There were just too fucking many of them, and I ended my trail on her rosy pink lips, looking so full and soft.

How the hell had no man ever touched those before? It seemed like a dream that I would be the first.

I stroked her cheek and played with her golden locks, taking a moment to inhale her addictive perfume before telling her exactly what was going to happen.

“Listen up, baby girl. Daddy's going to teach you how to be a woman. I'm going to kiss you, then when I'm done with those lovely lips, I want you on all fours on the bed. Daddy is going to fuck your pussy, then Daddy's going for your ass. I'm going to own every single inch of you by the time the night's over. Do you understand?”

“Umm...” Her eyelids twitched, and I frowned.

“What is it?” I asked, almost in a snap.

“About my ass...” She shifted, unknowingly rubbing her hot sex against my groin, and a moan tore from my throat.

This girl was going to drive me insane.

“Can we...” Heidi didn't meet my gaze. “Can we do anal at... maybe at a later date, Daddy? Please?”

I shook my head. *I take what I want. If I want her ass, I take her ass.*

She was *mine*.

“Listen Heidi, baby.”

She looked at me once again, and her angelic innocence almost melted my ice cold heart.

“Simon says you will never disobey Daddy again. You will always agree with whatever Daddy says. You want what Daddy wants because you’re Daddy’s little girl, subservient and obedient to him and him only. Do you understand?”

I saw life leaving her eyes, then it returning after I finished the order.

Her lips moved. “Yes, Daddy. Of course, Daddy. Please, please...” Her voice went shrill, higher still, then cracked. “*Please* fuck me in the ass.”

Now we were talking.

I clutch her golden waves in my fist, angling her mouth so I can take it in a bruising kiss, muffling her whimpers. Even though it was her first kiss, I was aggressive with her, tackling her lips, but she responded by melting at my touch, submitting, allowing me to own her.

Her intoxicating rosewood scent, her fruity shampoo, the sweet taste of her lips and tongue... it was too much. Even for me.

I growled low, standing up and pressing my daughter backwards until she found solid wall, and then I deepened the kiss, parting her sweet lips with a stroke of my tongue.

The breathy moan that met me, and the warm, wet bliss of Heidi’s tongue coming out to greet me chased away any thought of holding back.

“Daddy!” she whimpered, her nails digging into my back through my suit as our tongue danced frantically, hers licking me all around, mine exploring every inch of her mouth.

This was her first kiss? She was a natural at this.

I sucked on her lips, hard, and she moaned softly. Heidi's hands left my back and gripped my cheeks, slanting her mouth over mine, sucking my lips with equal fervor, and I growled with satisfaction.

I had never felt this primal in a long time. This part of me, this caveman instinct, hadn't come out in years, but my beautiful daughter was bringing parts of me I assumed were instinct. All I wanted to do now was fuck, and fuck her hard, with no mind that the naked girl below me was my own daughter and an innocent virgin.

I pulled back, a thick strand of saliva stringing from my lips to hers. I broke the connection with a swipe of my tongue, moaning at how sweet my daughter tasted.

"Bed," I growled. "Simon says you will go to the bed and present your pussy for Daddy."

I was aware that I didn't need to mention 'Simon Says' anymore since I already made her an obedient little girl, but it brought my lust up if I pretended we were still playing that kids' game. It made our eventual sex feel more... filthy.

Her lips curled into a leer. "Yes, Daddy!"

I took off my suit jacket, and began loosening my tie as I watched my daughter skip towards the bed, hopping on it, then going all fours, bending down at her waist and raising her hips, giving me the ultimate view of soaked perfection.

How has no one been inside there before? I still couldn't believe I was going to be her first.

When was the last time I was inside a virgin?

"Oh Daddyyyyyyyyy." Heidi giggled cutely and wiggled her ass at me, an invitation no man could resist. "Your little girl is waiting."

"One sec, baby girl." I threw my dress shirt aside and began working on my pants.

"I'm so wet for you, Daddy." Another girlish giggle. "Can't you see?"

Fucking hell.

With a growl, I kicked my pants away and freed my cock from my boxers. It was angry and red, veins visible. With so much pre-cum leaking from my tip, without context, anyone would swear I was cumming.

The mattress dipped as I joined my daughter in bed and positioned myself behind her, feeling up the smooth round flesh of the best bubble butt on the planet. Heidi had an amazing body, even before she was a gym freak. She always possessed the most feminine curves and a dainty frame, all of that exaggerated when my daughter discovered squats and the treadmill.

I could feel the heat of her pussy, coaxing me in. Fuck it, no more games.

“Daddy!” Heidi sing-song out. “I—”

A gasp tore from her lips when I gripped her ass cheeks tight and thrust forward, sinking my cock inside her folds, taking her virginity.

I had put so much force into that single thrust, yet I wasn’t even halfway inside my daughter. Tight was an understatement. I couldn’t even fucking push through.

“Ah—Daddy!” My daughter’s shrieks entered my ears, but my mind couldn’t compute them. Gritting my teeth and exhaling a held breath, I pushed in as hard as I could.

Her pussy walls clamped down on me even tighter, but then, finally, they relaxed a little and I slipped in, now halfway inside my beautiful daughter.

Her hips jerked forwards and upwards, and her scream split the room, bringing me back to my senses.

“Daddy!” she whimpered, looking back at me, her bottom lip folded between her teeth, tears prickling from her dark eyes.

“Fuck,” I bit out as a bolt of ecstasy ran through me, leaving goosebumps in its wake. “Baby girl. Shit. Am I hurting you?”

“A little,” she whimpered. “I think I’m bleeding.”

“Do you want me to stop?”

She shook her head and her blonde hair covered her face, making her look like a fantasy came to life.

“Sorry. I’ll go a little slower, okay?”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

I leaned forward and Heidi twisted a little to meet my lips halfway. My hips worked methodically between her thighs, pumping my cock in and out, stretching her pussy walls wider, going deeper with each rotation. I keep my mouth tendered on hers, kissing her slowly this time, giving her my love while she mewled around, gasping every time I thrust forward, moaning each time I withdrew.

The pressure building inside of me was bordering on pain and it hadn't even been more than a couple of minutes since I penetrated Heidi. I was finally fully inside her, and with all the sensations overwhelming me—hearing her moans, smelling her scent, feeling the hot little flex of her pussy, tasting her lips...

It made me break my promise.

I was back in caveman mode, aggressive with Heidi again, pushing my cock deep inside her until I had stretched her fully, biting down on my lips when I hit her cervix.

“Daddy!”

I could feel her tears on my cheeks, and I swallowed her constant whimpers as they tore from her lips.

Fuck. I wanted to hold on to the moment. Drag it out for as long as I could, but no man could last if they were in my position. Not with Heidi. Not with how fucking good her young pussy felt and the way she was calling me Daddy, like liquid caramel dripping off those lovely lips of hers.

“Shit—Heidi!” Another thrust into those depths and I consumed her lips the moment I exploded, a gush of semen rushing out through my daughter's pussy walls and filling up her womb.

“Oh, Daddy!” She moaned back, gasping and parting her lips as she drove her own hips back and forth, her thighs flexing.

Then I felt her still, and a burst of wetness coated my cock. Her pussy walls clamped down onto me, latching so tight it was almost impossible to move. More seed burst through me as her scream sliced through the air, bouncing off the walls and filling up the entire house.

“DADDY!” She slammed herself against me and I rammed my cock against her with abandon, not caring how brutal I was with her tiny frame anymore, all self-control disappearing as we fucked brutally and mindlessly. “OH MY GO— FUCK! DADDYYYYYYY!”

“Baby girl,” I growled low, our tongue brushing in a burst of heat, moaning as I felt her manicured nails digging into my back and hips. I tightened my grip against her ass cheek, while my free hand cupped her chin, angling her where I wanted as my daughter twisted and writhed, kissing me like I was her lifeline.

It was the longest orgasm of my life. I was still spurting seed after seed, and my daughter was still in the midst of her orgasm, shrieking, crying, whimpering.

When I was finally done, Heidi was still writhing. I continued kissing my daughter, holding her tight until she shivered, then fell to the mattress in a slump, her lips pink and swollen, her body drenched with sweat.

God, this little thing smelled so good.

I wasn't done with her. My cock was still inside her, throbbing and as hard as it had ever been.

“Heidi, sweetie,” I said, not able to recognize my own voice, so gruff and filled with hunger, all of my appetite directed at the shivering little thing underneath me, smelling like heaven. I slid out of her slick tunnel with a groan and slapped her ass, driving a soft whimper out of her. “Get up on all fours.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Her little squeal drove my fervor through the roof. She got back onto all fours, and I positioned my cock just outside her taut ring of muscles. “Daddy, I'm a bit tired. Maybe—”

Spreading her ass cheeks, I rolled my hips forward and impaled my cock through her tight opening.

“DADDY!”

Her hips jerked forward so quickly and her screech that followed could break glass. Luckily, I had a firm grip on her hips, so I held her relatively still as I shoved my cock through her depths, taking her by force, owning yet another part of my beautiful daughter.

Her asshole was much tighter, but that meant it felt so much *better*, which was a marvel because her pussy was by far the best pussy I had ever been in. Warm, slick, tight, with a pulse to it.

Her asshole had all of that, but also so much more. Way warmer. Fucking tighter. Oh god.

“Daddy—please!”

I growled low. “Who are you, Heidi? Who are you to Daddy?”

She screeched as I plunged deeper. I was halfway inside her asshole, the raw pleasure dissolving me into nothing more than pure sensation and instinct.

“Your—Ah!” My daughter was looking at me, leaking tears down her cheeks, her plump lips trembling, her frame shaking. “Your little girl. Daddy’s little girl.”

I grit my teeth, hissing a breath as I forced another inch inside. “And what does that mean? What is your purpose in life?”

“To obey Daddy. To be Daddy’s little slut.”

“So that means you want what I want, yes?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she choked out.

“And I want your ass. So you’re going to want it too. Tell me, baby girl. Tell me how much you want Daddy inside...” I exhaled and drove my hips forward as hard as I could, dragging a yelp from her.

” ... here.”

“I love it, Daddy.” Her voice was no more than a whisper. She shut her eyes, and when she opened them back, I couldn’t see my daughter, but a *woman*.

“I love having you inside my ass. I love how aggressive you are. I love...” A tear dripped from her chin. “You.”

“That’s my good girl.” A rough groan escaped me as I sank into her, watching my daughter arch and curve her spine on a cry, taking me to my balls like the good girl I knew she was for me. She cried out, her voice breaking, and I leaned forward. “Come here, baby girl.”

I could almost taste the whimper coming out of her lips as I kissed her, plunging my cock in and out of her ass, swallowing her cries. Pleasure rose in waves, edging me on until I couldn’t take it anymore.

This time, my orgasm was all teeth and claws, ripping me to pieces as I came. I placed a firm palm on her back, pushing her down as I blew a tsunami of thick, white liquid inside her. It seemed like it was too much for her dainty frame, because her ass started leaking out my seed, trailing down the back of her thigh and pooling at the mattress.

The sight urge me into maniac territory, and I hammered into her until I couldn’t anymore. I slumped down on top of her and Heidi fell on the mattress, our harsh breathing becoming the only sound in the room.

We laid there for what seemed like hours until I felt my daughter shift. Heidi pulled my cock out of her ass, turned, stared at me with those deep, dark eyes.

“T-thank you, Daddy.”

I smiled, brushing her messy blonde locks to the side. “Simon says to get on your knees and suck my cock.”

Even through tired eyes, her brown sparkled. “As you wish, Daddy.”

Three weeks later

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I clicked my tongue and fished it out, frowning when I saw a number I didn’t recognize.

I tapped the screen and pressed the phone close to my ears. “Hello?”

“Hello,” a man’s voice cut through the line. A voice I swore I recognized but couldn’t place exactly where I knew him from. “Is this Simon?”

“Yes, who is this?”

“It’s Benjamin.”

I was about to ask who he was because I didn’t know any ‘Benjamin’s’ when he quickly followed up.

“You came to my show three weeks ago? The Royal Theatre? I’m the hypnotist.”

“Oh yes. I remember.” I paused, licking my lips. “Why are you calling?”

He cleared his throat. “It came to my attention that I had implemented suggestions in your daughter during the show, and with the fire and everything, I had forgotten to wipe it from her consciousness. You see, with hypnosis and with my experience, the effects could be permanent. I was wondering if you and your daughter could come by to the theater at your convenience and I could fix her.”

“Fix?” I shook my head even though the bastard couldn’t see it. “There’s nothing to fix. Heidi is fine.”

“Are you sure, Sir? Because—”

“No,” I interrupted him and looked down, gazing lovingly at my beautiful daughter as she bobbed her head up and down my cock, completely focused on the task. “She is fine.”

“She hasn’t been acting weirdly at all?”

“No.”

“Okay, but I strongly advise you to come down so I could have a look at her, re-confirm if there are any hidden suggestions I had left in her consciousness.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” I told him.

“Okay, will tomorrow—”

I clicked off and tossed my phone aside.

“Daddy?” Heidi withdrew from my cock and gave me long, loving licks. “Who is that?”

“Nobody you need to be worried about.”

“Okay, Daddy.” She was about to continue sucking when I shook my head and then nodded at the coffee table in front of us.

“Simon says hands on the table. I want to finish inside of you.”

“Yes, Daddy!” She giggled, her excitement obvious as she leaned down and placed her hands at the sides of the coffee table.

I stood up and rode the hem of her uniform up, smiling when I saw she had obeyed my strict dress code and wore no panties.

I had let Laurie, our housekeeper go. Not only had Heidi taken over her role, she shouldered more responsibilities now. At home, my daughter was my personal and only maid. I had a slutty French maid uniform custom made for her, which she always wore around the house performing her chores—which included pleasing me.

Outside, I had Heidi work as my sexy secretary, which was great because that meant I had an excuse to always have her around me. She never wore panties anymore, because I wanted easy access to her pussy at all times. Sex in the office had never been better.

Heidi gasped when I slid inside her and I groaned, feeling the familiar hot flexes of her tight little pussy.

“Daddy...” Her pants were growing heavier as I did my thing, pounding in and out of my daughter, already losing myself to the sensation building inside of me. It was crazy to think that two holes could bring this amount of pleasure.

“Yes, baby?”

“Mommy called me today.”

I didn’t stop, slamming my balls against the curve of her ass. “And what did you say?”

“She—ah—she... she wants me to come home, but I told her...” Heidi looked down for a second, trying to compose herself, the coffee table screeching and sliding forward from every hard thrust in. “I... I told her I never want to leave your side ever again.”

I chuckled, sliding one hand under and rubbing her hot, throbbing clit, which drew a long, loud moan from my daughter. “She must be angry.”

Heidi nodded furiously, struggling to form coherent sentences. “Yes, Daddy... She—we had an argument, but she couldn’t do.... do anything because I’m an adult now and I make my own choices.”

I brought my dripping finger to my lips and tasted her sweetness before bringing my digit back to her clit. From the way her thighs quaked and from all the moans leaking out from her throat, Heidi was dangerously close—and I was too.

“Do you now, baby girl?”

She shook her head again, whimpering as I fucked her with my cock and fingers. “No, Daddy. I... I do whatever you say. I—OH! I’m your good little girl.”

“My good little slut,” I corrected her.

She nodded, arching her back, her knuckles turning white as she gripped the table for dear life. “Your... good little slut.”

“Good slut.” I smiled, watching my daughter unravel in front of me, but unable to relent because I hadn’t given my little girl permission yet. Time to end her suffering.

“Daddy—” Her voice cracked. “Please.”

“Simon says cum.”

THE END

