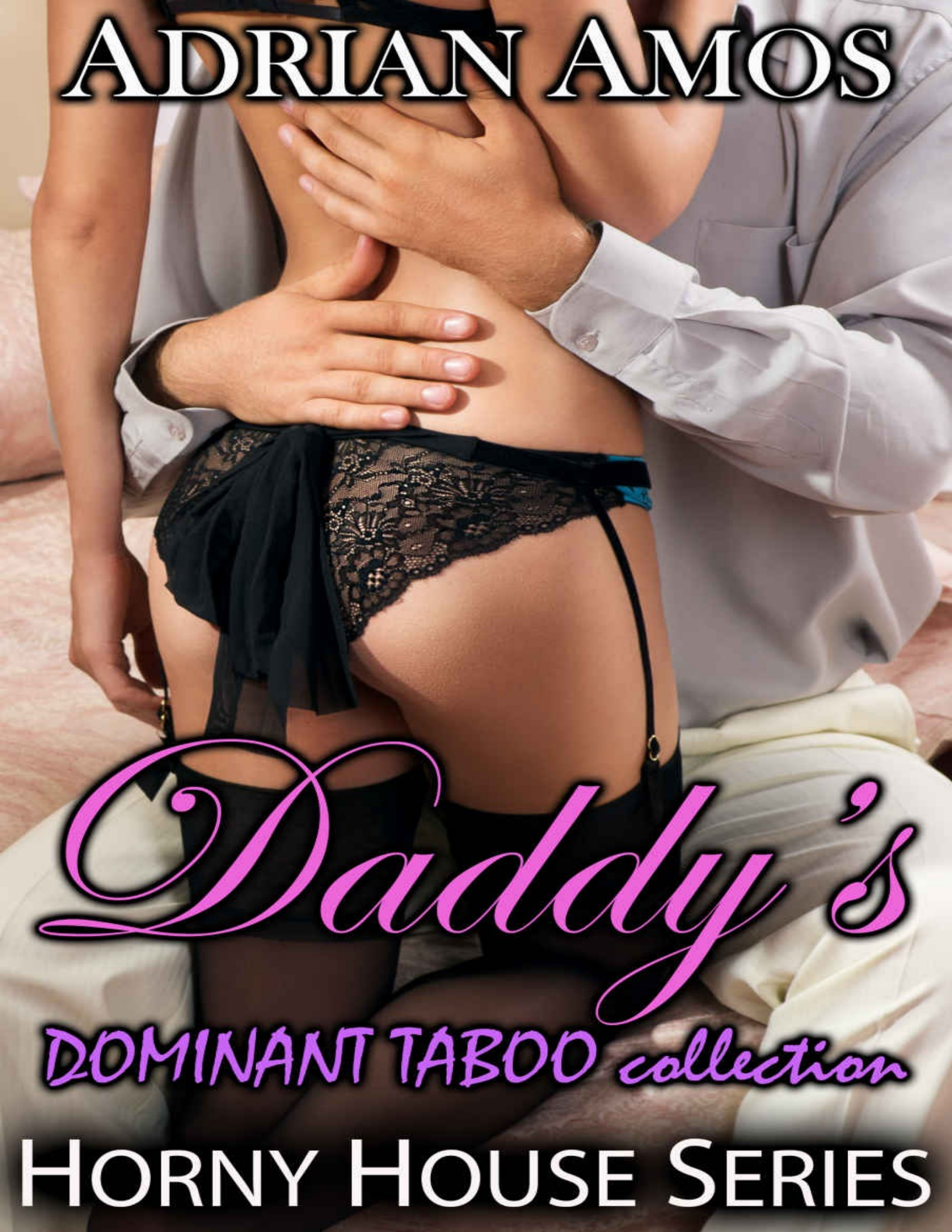




ADRIAN AMOS

Daddy's

DOMINANT TABOO *collection*

HORNY HOUSE SERIES

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Daddy, Will You Take Care of Me?
Daddy's Bodyguard Gets Revenge
Daddy, Don't Make Me Wet Before Work!
Daddy's High-Class Call Girl
Daddy's Seven Minutes in Heaven
Daddy Remote Controls My Body!
Daddy Gets Me Hot in the Sauna
Daddy's Little Doll
Daddy, I Can't Believe I Caught You!: A Quickie
Babygirl's Nasty Proposition
Daddy Slathers Me in His Lotion: A Quickie
Babygirl's My Sweet Little Flower
Daddy Spoils Me Rotten
Daddy Makes Me One of His Bimbos: A Quickie
Babygirl Gets What's Coming to Her
Daddy Consoles His Birthday Girl
Babygirl Meets Daddy's Warmth
Daddy's Kept Satisfied: A Quickie
Daddy Stretches His Little Ballerina
Daddy's Sick and Needs My Body
Part of the "Horny House" Series

**Daddy's DOMINANT TABOO collection (20 books from Horny House
Series)**

Collection 2 of 9

By [Adrian Amos](#)

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Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are
biologically unrelated and 18 years of age or older.

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Daddy, Will You Take Care of Me?

I grip my phone hard, staring at it, the little text box taunting me. An overwhelming fury wants to sweep over me, and I have to take a few deep breaths and close my eyes to keep it at bay.

When I open my eyes, I feel only a little better, but the taunting never ceases when I look at my messages to Mark.

Right, my messages, not his.

Read, it says, nearly two hours ago. And not a single response back. And that's the last message. My other texts have been up for days and I haven't gotten a single thing back, not even a fucking smiley.

I just want to throw my phone through the pink wallpaper of my room!

I scroll back through our texts. I mean, my texts. It must be about fifty texts from me, each one only momentarily followed by a signal telling me they'd been read. Read, but not responded to.

I swallow, my breathing becoming shallower as I realize what this all means. Panic sets in. I've been willfully ignorant for a while. Every time he didn't text back, it was one excuse after another from my silly little brain.

He's busy. Work's really hard lately. Maybe he's thinking about buying me a ring, or getting us an apartment together, or surprising me with flowers and chocolates.

Or pickles and ice cream. Any of that would be fine.

I feel like if he responded to me right now, with anything, even the most dismissive and dickish thing in the world, I'd forgive him on the spot. I don't care. It wouldn't matter about everything he'd done up until now. Just as long as he comes back to me in the end.

I can't do this alone.

I rub my hand over my swollen belly, running my fingertips over my stretched skin. He's quiet right now, probably sleeping, and I'm happy about that because I wouldn't want him to see his mommy so upset. I pick up the stuffed teddy I have sitting on my bed. It used to be mine when I was younger, but it'll soon be his when he comes out to meet the world.

Ugh, I should've known Mark would do this. All the signs were there, for months, just begging me to listen to them.

He was so sweet and endearing for a good three months into my pregnancy, but slowly he started to become distant. Disappear a little bit more, cold as he backed away from me. His words moved from our future to focusing on what he'd be doing when he got time away from the baby. The baby's not even born yet, and he was already thinking about getting away from him!

And then when eight months came up, and I ballooned outward, that's when Mark took no caution in expressing his disinterest. At least he was subtle about it before, but looking at me, all the evidence of what was going to happen staring back at him, he chickened the fuck out. It's like he couldn't even find me attractive anymore to stomach looking at me, no pun intended.

Which makes it all the worse when I've been incredibly horny lately. I'm so close to my due date and all my hormones are flowing wildly. I'm just itching for a man's touch. For his arms around me, holding me and my baby. For a man to just fuck me raw like his special little girl.

It hurts how much I ache for him and how little he cares about me.

I look at the phone one more time. I sigh, and type in a text. "Aren't you going to come see your baby?"

I send, and within a second, it says read, meaning he's staring at his phone as I agonize over him...

"Motherfucker!" I scream. I do the one thing I worried about this whole time and chuck my phone across the room, splattering its guts all over the floor.

I growl. I knew I was going to do that. I knew these hormones would betray me, like I can really afford to replace my phone. I'm not making a goddamn cent struggling with this thing on my own.

"Hey, what's going on?" I hear behind me.

I turn to see the visage of my stepfather peering through the door. I blush on two counts of embarrassment. One, no one needs to see me this angry, and two, I'm dressed a little lightly, my short shirt revealing my belly and my small, lacy, see-through shorts leaving nothing to the imagination.

What? I won't apologize for that. I'm desperate. I am. And I'm stupid enough to believe Mark would have a change of heart, come riding like a knight, see me, and just fill every desire I have cycling through my veins. I'm hopeful, but mostly just horny, functioning on pure fantasy.

I clear my throat, hugging the teddy bear to my chest, covering my swollen tits. "Nothing," I say, sitting down on my bed. They're sensitive, and even the slight pressure of my arms is enough to make me wince.

Daddy glances around the room, his eyes catching my exploded phone on the ground. His brows furrow and he steps through the door, closing it behind him.

Daddy's large figure is intimidating, especially because I know he's not happy that I lied to him. His arms cross and strain as his muscles lock onto each other.

Daddy's a big man. Like, scary big. He's probably a foot taller than me. And as petty as it sounds, I like having him around, because I swear it makes Mark a lot nicer knowing Daddy's just around the corner. Any selfish shit Mark is usually into seems to fade for a little bit, and he becomes a lot more attentive and caring.

It's like Daddy rights Mark's shitty personality, if only for a brief moment.

"That doesn't look like nothing," he says, nodding his head in the direction of my phone.

I don't look at it, focusing instead on the ground in front of me. I just shrug, not wanting to get into it.

But Daddy's not so easy to dismiss. Not like I am. "Tell me. Come on."

"It's Mark..."

The look in Daddy's eyes shift. "What did that little shit do now?"

He's never liked Mark. I swear, even from day one, Daddy looked at him side-eyed, never quite happy with anything Mark did.

Even though Mark tries to get on Daddy's good side, Daddy has none of it.

Mark 'tried', I mean. Past tense. You know, when he was actually talking to and visiting me. I haven't seen him in weeks.

“You know how Mark hasn't been around lately?”

Daddy nods, smirking. “Yeah, a blessing.”

He thinks it's a good thing he doesn't have to deal with him, and I wish I could feel the same way. I wish Mark would just fuck off outta my mind. I'm so done with him.

Well, I wish I was.

“He's ignoring me Daddy. I can't seem to get through to him,” I swallow. I feel a tear come to my eye when I think about it. “I don't think he wants to be a father.”

Daddy grits his teeth, shaking his head. “I told you. I told you that asshole doesn't have it in him. He's not father material. Believe me, I know. I know what it takes to be a father, what it takes to be a man—”

“Daddy, don't say that.” I don't know why I'm defending Mark. It's almost like an unconscious reaction, like it's the right thing to do. He's the father of my baby. Even if he doesn't want to be a father, I don't want to think he's not a man.

“He isn't, Babygirl. He's a boy. No ambition, no life, nothing. He'll be working that gas station till he's dead. He's got the smallest bit of charm to wrap you around his little finger.”

I shake my head. “That's not true.”

Maybe I'm not defending Mark. Maybe I'm defending myself.

Daddy scoffs. “It's partly my fault. I knew he was garbage, but I let you make your own decisions. I said, 'Eh, she'll figure it out'. And now look where we're at.”

I cast my eyes downward again, looking at Daddy's work boots. It was my decision, through and through, and Daddy did voice his opposition, if only momentarily. But I wanted to fight him, I wanted to show him that Mark truly loved me. You know how it goes. It's like the more someone doesn't like the person you're with—the person you *chose*—the more you defend them to save your own dignity.

I'm definitely not defending Mark. Right now, I hate his fucking guts. I want nothing to do with him anymore. All I'm doing is trying to save face.

I choke as emotion wells up in my throat. "I didn't know."

"No, you didn't."

"I... can't do this myself, Daddy. I don't know what to do."

He shakes his head, breathing deep. His arms finally unfold, the anger dissipating as he witnesses his little girl's fragile state. "There's no way you're doing this yourself. I won't let you."

But when I look up at him, he's not angry, like I thought, but oddly determined. His fists are balled up at his sides, his posture tight and erect.

"You want a man in your life to take care of you and your baby?" he asks.

I nod, still too choked up to speak. "I don't think I'm strong enough to do this myself."

"Then you're mine, Babygirl," he says, walking up to me as I sit on the bed.

"W-what do you mean?" I ask, as I crane my neck upward to look at his dark eyes. His gaze is so piercing, so utterly focused, it's both frightening and exciting. I don't think Mark has ever looked at me like that. Mark's eyes seemed to want to escape their predicament, and he rarely looked at me without disdain.

But Daddy's eyes...

"From here on out, you and that baby... you're mine. I'll take care of both of you." His hand goes under my chin, holding me in place so my eyes can't look away. I feel this tremendous pull in my body, like I'm gravitating toward Daddy. A flush of heat and embarrassment hits me as my body reacts hard to him.

I swallow, my eyes fixed on his.

"Mark is gone. I don't want to ever hear that name in this house again, you understand?"

I nod, replying to Daddy's stern command without thought.

“I told you he was a mistake. And now I'm going to make sure you never make another mistake about any other guys. I won't let you. You're with me now.”

Daddy lowers himself to me on the bed, and as he gets closer, I squeeze the teddy bear against my chest, frozen in fear. I know exactly what he's about to do, but I don't have the wherewithal to do anything but wait for his touch.

His lips press into mine, and as much as I'm weirded out by Daddy's lust for me, my body doesn't have that hesitation. All that libido I'd been agonizing over for weeks comes to the forefront, my body flush with all sorts of chemicals and arousal, like a burst of unbridled energy.

“Daddy,” I say. “What are you doing? You're my stepfather.”

He grips the back of my hair, lightly tugging on it to steady my head as he looks deep into my eyes, towering over me. “Not anymore, Babygirl. I'm the man who's going to take care of you.”

His eyes look down my shirt, past my swollen breasts to my extended stomach. “And any girl who wants a man in her life to take care of her needs to pay a price.”

I blush, and when Daddy's lips touch mine again, I melt, my muscles loosening as tension seeps away.

It feels so good! All that desire of being touched! It wasn't that I wanted Mark, I just wanted a man, a real man, to take my delicate body and have his way with it. My hormones are active, and the dirty desires are dying to be discovered.

“You ready for that? You ready to be Daddy's girl?”

I nod, swallowing, licking the apprehension from my lips.

He reaches down and pulls my shirt over my head, getting it easily off.

“Oh my god, Daddy!” I gasp, my arms going to my chest. As much as I burn for bodily touch, Daddy's aggression is shocking to my system. My modesty won't let me be me, but instead forces me to cover up my indecency.

But Daddy doesn't care. He grabs my wrists and pulls them from my chest, exposing my swollen, sensitive nipples. They're already extended,

preparing themselves for my baby's hunger.

What they weren't expecting was the hunger of my Daddy!

He pushes me over onto the bed, binding my wrists at my sides. He lowers his head against my breasts and takes an engorged nipple in his mouth.

“Ah!” I cry out, a flare of pain brewing in my chest. “Daddy, it hurts!”

My nipples are incredibly sensitive. I don't know why, but every touch to them is uncomfortable. Not super painful, but more like a bruise or something. Pain that hurts, but pain that also makes you want to keep testing it, to keep poking and prodding.

That's exactly what it feels like as Daddy's lips suckle on my nipple. I have to grit my teeth as he sucks on my flesh, the pain intense and flowing with his lips. But after a while, the pain starts to morph into pleasure, and even though it hurts, I start to appreciate the pain far more. So much so that I enjoy Daddy's rough touch.

His tongue circles my nub, licking my flesh repeatedly as he bats my thick nipple back and forth. And when he reintroduces the bump back between his lips, I find out exactly why my breasts are so sensitive.

Something comes out, something I wasn't expecting. A pull on my breast and a squirt, a stream of liquid shooting out into Daddy's mouth.

Daddy's head pulls back and he licks his lips, smiling. “Oooo, a mother's milk tastes good.”

My face burns red. “Oh, Daddy, that's so wrong!”

He lowers his mouth again, ignoring my complaints as he latches back onto my nipple. My complaints don't have much effect on me either as pleasure rushes through my body, my pussy aching at Daddy's need to feed. My back wants to lift off the bed, but I don't have the strength to lift my large belly.

Daddy drinks from me, pulling on my nipple, drawing the pink flesh in and sucking on it like a straw. He hums, his pleasure vocal, his pleasure passing through his throat and thrumming my body with intense vibrations. My whole breast shakes with him, and the lust I'd been saving for Mark

attaches to the man who actually cares for me. The man above me, promising to make my life as easy as possible for me and my child. The man who's a real man, more than Mark could ever be.

Just as long as I pay his price.

“Daddy, that feels so good!” I moan, and Daddy responds by wrapping his hand around my tit and squeezing, ejecting milk into his mouth.

I wince as his fingers dig into my tit, my flesh burning like a fresh bruise. And like I said, the more he fucks with my body, the more my body takes that pain and shifts it into some sort of perverse pleasure, turning my punishment into a form of satisfaction.

And as much as Daddy takes my body, he's gentle at the same time. He carefully turns me on my side, letting my belly rest as he guides my head to a pillow, letting me find comfort as Daddy takes off his pants.

Dropping his boxers, Daddy releases his cock, turgid and dominating. His cock is so fucking big! It curves upward, and from my sideways position, I can see the veins underneath his shaft straining as they work to keep him rock hard.

Daddy kneels beside me on the bed, crawling toward my face. Setting himself up, one knee above my head and the other below my chin, Daddy leans into me, feeding me his cock.

“Oh shit, Babygirl!” He groans, his eyes rolling upward as my lips circle his bulbous head.

He lets me suck on his pole for a bit. And he wouldn't have to work at it anyway, because my body is burning hot for his cock. The way my sensitivity acts up, my loins, my breasts, all of it scorching as if touching me would sear everything in contact.

And as his meat fills my mouth, the salty musk of him flavoring my lips and tongue, the grip of his shaft in my hand as I tug, pulling the soft skin against the firm cartilage, I'm overwhelmed by my lust. It supercharges me, electrifying my senses, making me taste every inch, smell Daddy completely, feel every fold as it passes my fingertips. I'm enveloped in Daddy as I envelop him, satisfying my base instincts on the man who's watched over me a big chunk of my life.

I love it! I love bringing joy to Daddy's tense body, the way his muscles seize up as a heavy dose of energy floods him. I love that I give him that warm feeling inside. And the thoughts that must be coursing through his brain, the thoughts of his stepdaughter sucking his cock...

They're probably the same thing I'm feeling now tasting Daddy willfully.

And then tasting him not so willfully.

Daddy grabs my hair, clutching it fiercely in his fingers as he pulling my head into his pelvis. Down, down, down his cock goes, plugging my throat with his massive girth, clogging me as I gag on the force he's pushing down my throat. All I can do his stick my fingers into his thighs, my nails digging in as I support myself on the side of my stomach.

And then Daddy fucks my mouth mercilessly, thrusting into me with rough, hard, mean strokes, using me like a toy. His hands pull my face into him at the same time as his thrusts, ensuring his cock reenters my throat, slipping far past my teeth as he pushes for something soft.

Something to coat his cock in a heavy glob of saliva.

Because even though Daddy abuses my mouth, my pussy yearns, lusting after him. The aggression makes me submit, makes me strive to be Daddy's. The way a man can use my body is the ultimate enjoyment. Even as I lay pregnant, my body at its most vulnerable, my frame fragile as a weight makes every little movement a struggle...

The thought of being force fucked is enough to make my pussy soaking wet!

Daddy uses me thoroughly, face fucking me for hurried, intensive bouts, only giving me respite for a matter of seconds to breathe and swallow my collection of saliva.

He teases me with his dick, tapping my lips with the tip, running the shaft through them like were the folds of my pussy. He brings it forward, and I open my mouth to take him, only for him to pull it back at the last second, leaving me to close my mouth around nothing.

“You love this dick, don't you, Babygirl?”

I nod, my eyes unwilling to leave the thick member in front of me. I'm obsessed with it, waiting for Daddy to push it back down my throat and dominate me. To make me uncomfortable all over again. To make me struggle to live and breathe.

To make me his.

The tingle that floods me when I think about Daddy taking care of my child, taking care of it like it was his own, carrying it in his arms as I watch in amazement. I'd give anything to see that wonderful scene, to experience the bliss of my baby boy in the arms of such a strong and caring man.

I'd do anything for Daddy if he could make my dreams come true!

He finally pushes his dick back into my mouth, letting me taste his flesh, as if I hadn't just been fawning over it for the past few minutes. As if I'm tasting it for the first time.

And when he pulls it out again, I'm annoyed. I just want to suck on Daddy forever, damn any other responsibilities! I'm like a baby latching onto her favorite pacifier, ready to throw a temper tantrum if I don't satiate my greedy cravings.

But when Daddy shifts off the bed, my mind travels to his new destination. He lifts my legs straight up in the air—a difficult task around my belly—and pushes his hands under my ass. Grabbing my waistband, Daddy pulls my panties and removes them like a father removing a diaper.

And I've made a mess just like any other baby, but mine only gets better as I spread my legs, my juices dousing me from pussy to thighs. My cunt aches its pregnant heart out, so utterly captivated by Daddy's touch that it seems to quiver waiting for him.

Daddy has to squat slightly to position himself under my pussy, and holding my legs up in the air, Daddy inserts his cock deep into my begging cunt.

I cry out, the sensitivity just as bad, if not worse, than my nipples. My pink flesh ignites, my slickness sucking him in, Daddy's cock lighting a fire that resonates through my entire lower half.

“Daddy! Oooooohhhhhhh! Oh fuck!”

His cock nestles inside me, Daddy shifting his feet so he can support my legs better. Just the subtle movements of his dick inside me is enough to make me squirm. I want to roll over, to escape, but I'm left on my back, weighed down by pregnancy, in a position of complete submission.

And when Daddy pulls out and slams into me, I yelp. Heat rushes me and energy crackles, sizzling my flesh as I feel a spike in my temperature almost immediately.

Daddy draws back and feeds me his length again, another steady thrust to settle me in for what's to come. My pussy is soaked, but the pain is harsh, like Daddy's punishing me on his dick for being such a stupid girl.

I shouldn't have let Mark impregnate me, his dick tells me. I should've let Daddy do the deed!

His pumps come in quicker, my body shaking as Daddy thrusts his powerful hips into me. Potential builds inside me with every thrust, his cock energizing me with pulses of power and euphoria.

“God, that's so good!” I groan in between thrusts. Daddy's dick saturates my pussy, and just like my nipples, the pain and sensitivity becomes a tantalizing pleasure, Daddy torturing me until I enjoy it!

“Feel that big dick, you naughty slut!” Daddy gives me mean, aggressive thrusts, slamming his body into mine, fucking me angrily. The sound of his hips against my ass—an ass I've packed pounds into lately—reverberates heavily, shattering my entire body on his cock. It's not just my pussy feeling the pounding, but every passageway through my spine, my fingertips stunned by Daddy's assault.

And when he leans over me, he grabs my nipples, eliciting a grunt from my lips punctuated by an explosion of breath. My nipples burn between his fingertips, all the sensitivity back from when he was sucking on me!

“Owww.” I groan, my long sigh broken up by Daddy's dick slamming into me.

But it's far more erotic when he squeezes my nipples, causing milk to spray out onto my stomach!

“Oh shit, baby!” Daddy laughs. He squeezes my nipples again, shooting pain into my body as milk shoots in the opposite direction, bathing me in my

own dairy.

My pain—the sensitivity from my cunt and nipples—and the milk I'm producing only makes Daddy more excited, his thrusts picking up as he drives his weight into me.

“You fucking take it, Babygirl! Take. That. Dick!” His thrusts are somewhat fast, but mostly destructive, his dick hitting me so hard I go numb from the impact.

A numbing that slowly dissipates, revealing a hidden pleasure welling up inside me so quickly I'm left speechless, the energy amassing under my baby bump. Daddy fucks me brutally, his own joy written in his smile as he watches my body tense up and my tits leak breast milk.

He loves to see my body break!

I writhe from the unsettling pleasure and pain, paralyzed by the weight pinning me to the bed. I can't turn, I can't look away, I can only sit there as Daddy fucks an orgasm into my pussy.

As I explode, he follows suit, my body spasming as I grip the bed sheets under me. My fingers dig in hard as energy ripples through my body. Both my own and Daddy's. Warmth floods my pussy as Daddy's cock pulses, hot liquid pumping into me as streams of ejaculate enter me, seeding me all over again. Daddy empties himself inside of me, flooding me to the brim.

If I weren't already pregnant, I'm sure the amount of Daddy's cum filling me up would do the job for sure!

But instead, I have to settle for the feeling of contentment as Daddy's baby batter shifts inside me, like a hot bath, warming me in feel-good chemicals and the reminder of the man who'll be the father.

The man who is my stepfather will be my baby's father! Not that no-good, piece-of-shit Mark. He abandoned his duties, and I've found a man glad to claim them for himself.

Daddy helps me to my side, wrapping me and him in a blanket as he cuddles behind me. The feeling of his heat warming me and my baby is something I've never felt up until now. It's the most satisfying feeling in the world, one I wished I had since day one.

But now I might just be a smarter girl about all this.

I know exactly who's going to be the next man to make me pregnant.

His cock is firmly nestled in my ass crack as I speak!

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Daddy's Bodyguard Gets Revenge

I smirk. I pinch my lips, trying to keep from forming a wide-ass grin. I just can't help myself. It's too funny, if not incredibly messed up.

It is messed up. Anyone would say it is. But I don't care. I don't give a single shit: I had to be here to see this because it's exactly what he deserves for turning me down.

My stepfather's bodyguard stands tensely in front of my stepfather's desk, his eyes forward, not making eye contact with me or Daddy. His hands are folded behind his back, just like the military man he is, waiting to be dismissed in the most humiliating way possible.

Daddy chews on his cigar, smoking heavily as he studies his favorite soldier, the man who guarded him from the first moment Daddy had any sort of money. He's the first man Daddy let protect him from the savage world.

So it's funny how deeply he's lost in thought as he ponders terminating Nick's contract.

All because of me.

I clear my throat. "Come on, Daddy," I say. "You know you need to do it."

I glance at Nick, watching his eyes, trying to find any sense of disappointment or sadness. But like a good soldier, he shows me nothing. He doesn't want me to know how much I've hurt him.

I bite my lip again, suppressing a laugh. God, I'm sick, but I've never denied that part about me before, and I'm sure as hell not going to now.

Nick rebuffed my advances. You see, I don't really hate Nick. What I hate is how much my stepfather likes him. I hate how much they get along, how close they are. Nick is just a worker; Daddy's a baron of industry. To see him so chummy with someone so low-wage just... ugh. It's beneath him, is all.

So I tried to convince Nick to sleep with me. It wasn't hard to try. As much as Nick is below my station, he's a hot piece of ass. His skin is mahogany, his head so finely shaved you can see your reflection. He's gotta be six foot five and built like a man who's never taken a day off in his life. If

my purpose wasn't to screw around, Nick wouldn't be a good fuck buddy to have on the side.

I wanted to fuck with their relationship, to show Daddy Nick couldn't be trusted, to show him just how low-class the stupid guy is. Again, it's not like I really hated him. I just wanted Daddy to feel ashamed, because I can't stand how controlling Daddy is.

It's, like, my stepfather spends so much time running my life, telling me how I should be dressed, where I should go to school, what type of job I should have after college, I just like introducing some chaos into his equations. I kind of want his attention, but in a different way—no, no, I'm just tired of him obsessing over me.

I'm not going to act out like some idiot child. No, what I'm going to do is play a game of mental warfare.

He wants to control my body? Then I'm going to give it away, just for the fun of it, and I'm going to make it sting when he finds out who took it from him. I'm his stepdaughter, not his wife and not his slave.

He wants to fuck with my life, then I'll fuck with his.

I sigh, staring at my finely filed nails. “Daddy, this is taking forever. Nick touched me, I'm telling you. He's a pervert.”

Maybe my accusation's a little petty. When Nick rebuffed me, it kind of bothered me. How the hell could he turn me away? No matter how I tried to seduce him, the man barely showed me an ounce of interest. He just kept to his business, his mouth and his pants sealed.

So if he wasn't going to act on manly urges, then I'll just have to make them up. Sucks for Nick, but Daddy needs to learn a lesson, even if his bodyguard won't play along.

“Babygirl,” Daddy says, taking a puff of his cigar, “I heard you. I heard you when you went shouting it all through the house.”

“Then what's the hold up?”

“This isn't easy for me. Nick—“

“Daddy, I don't care. The man molested your stepdaughter.”

“Did he now?” Daddy says.

“Are you going to believe him over your own stepdaughter?”

“Believe him?” Daddy scoffs. “Nick hasn't said anything yet.”

I glance at Nick, who doesn't move. He makes no effort to defend himself, only letting my stepfather speak for the both of them. It feels all too easy when the man you accuse won't speak out of turn. No passion for innocence could only mean he's burdened by guilt.

“And the way you're dressed,” Daddy says, “what the hell is wrong with you girl? There are men walking this house.”

I turn my head, if only to hide my smile.

“Daddy, it doesn't matter how I dress. I should be protected at all times.”

“I'm not saying anything of the matter. You can dress how you see fit, but it's bizarre you'd come to my office accusing a man of touching you”—he gestures to me—“while dressed like that.”

I'm dressed in a sheer white negligee and panties, my huge breasts popping out of the top of my cups. What can I say? I wanted Nick to feel the sting of what he turned down as he's turned away from the house. If he just played ball, he could have had *this*, and he wouldn't be looking down the barrel of the gun.

“What is your game?” he asks, his brow furrowing.

“Game?!” I ask, mocking surprise. Daddy's always been suspicious of me. It's not like this is the first time I've manipulated him. “For you to ask that? It's insulting!”

He breathes deep through his nose. “I'm sorry, Babygirl,” he says, putting down his cigar, “I don't mean to doubt you. I just want to hear your side of the story.”

“Like I said, Daddy, Nick came into my room late last night,” I say, clearing my throat, coming up with my story at the moment. “He ran his leg up my thigh, and he even”—I lower my voice to an innocent whisper—“touched my vagina.”

Daddy's eyes go stern, turning toward Nick. “Is this true?”

Nick says matter-of-factly, “No, sir.”

I scoff. “He's lying. He can barely even talk through all the fear he's holding back. He's so scared of getting into trouble, Daddy. Just look at him.”

“Focus. What else happened, Babygirl?”

“Well,” I swallow, pushing the envelope, “I don't quite remember. It was so dark, and I was so tired...”

“What?” Daddy asks.

I can't help myself. I feel like Daddy needs a story to make it all final. Something so messed up that he'd have no choice but to fire Nick. “I saw Nick pull his penis out and start stroking himself...”

Nick doesn't flinch, once more. He's stoic, to the point where I'm not even sure he's listening. It's so strange. The man's job is on the line, and he's not even sweating it. What the hell is going on?

“...well, eventually, I think he finished, because I could feel warm goo land on my legs. I think Nick came on me while I was sleeping. He's so gross!”

Daddy shakes his head, sighing as he stares at his cigar. “My god,” he ponders, the disgust apparent in his face and voice. “I can't believe...” He looks up at Nick, studying his dark features. “...this girl would lie so maliciously to get you in trouble—no, maybe even thrown in jail.”

Nick shrugs. “It's not surprising, sir. Not to me, at least.”

My jaw hangs loosely. “What?! I'm not lying! Those things actually happened! Nick is a sick pervert and you need to get rid of him.”

Daddy picks up his cigar and takes a long drag of it. He removes it, rubbing it in his finger tips as he contemplates his words. “That's strange,” he says, “since Nick was on an errand out of the house and didn't show up until this morning.”

Both of them look at me, and my heart sinks into my chest. Oh my god... I thought... I thought the guy I saw guarding outside Daddy's door was Nick. That's his usual position.

I titter. “No, Nick was here, Daddy. I swear it.” I swallow, my

realization that I accused him on the one night he had a solid alibi burning a hole through my brain.

I have introduced chaos... into my own thoughts.

“I—I—I... he must have come back early. That'd explain it.”

“No,” Daddy says, “what'd explain it is you are one selfish brat. Brat wouldn't even be the right word, but I'm not interested in being crass. No, what you wanted to do is sabotage the career of a man because—because, I don't know—because you weren't getting enough attention? Because you can't stand playing second fiddle to someone else? Your mind is so fucked, I can't even wrap my head around it.”

I scoff, clutching the arms of the chair. I have to keep myself from bolting from the room in a panic. “Daddy? Second fiddle? Please, I don't care one single shit who you spend your time with.”

“Oh, yes, you do. You don't think I notice how much you try to insert yourself into every aspect of my life—you know what, no, I'm not going to argue with you about this. What you just did—the length you went to to destroy Nick—is sickening. It's a level I didn't think you had in you. But I was wrong.”

I clear my throat, interrupting him. “Yeah, well, whatever. It's just a game. I play it how I want.” I stand and turn toward the double doors of Daddy's office. I pull on the doors, but they won't budge. They're sealed shut, and Daddy's made sure I'm incapable of leaving.

Not until he's done with me.

“See, that's the problem,” he says, leaning back in his chair and folding his hands on his lap. “You think this is a game. Fine, if you want to play a game, lets play a game.”

Daddy turns toward Nick and nods his head. Nick turns, breaks his stance, and heads toward me.

“You wanted to wreck Nick's life, so how about I let him wreck yours?”

Nick grabs my wrists roughly, slinging them up against the double doors behind me. My heart leaps from my chest, and I'm unable to escape his dominant grasp.

“Daddy, what the fuck are you doing?” I call out over Nick's shoulder.

“You've been tempting him, trying to seduce him. Nick and I agreed you need to be taught a lesson. If anything, lets call it Nick's reward for having to deal with your shitty behavior. This way he's happy, and I don't have a lawsuit on my hands defending my horrible stepdaughter from an honorable man.”

Nick grabs the spaghetti straps of my negligee and rips them down my shoulders, successfully exposing my tits with a single pull.

“Oh my god!” I shout. “Daddy! This is so wrong!”

He chuckles. “We'll see about that.” Daddy watches, relaxed, sitting in his chair without a care in the world.

Nick leans into me, whispering in my ear, “I know you want this.”

As he looks me in the eyes, I feel a surge of dominance travel from him into me. My stomach quivers at his words, and I know the lust I felt for him before is still brewing inside me. His chocolate eyes survey me, and when I don't respond, he only smiles.

“A bad girl like you needs to feel what it means to be controlled. A nasty slut needs to be put in her place.”

I shake my head. “Daddy, this—“

Nick covers my mouth with his hand, muffling me. “Enough of that. From here on out, I'm your Daddy.”

Sealing my trap, Nick lowers his mouth, kissing my neck lightly. The sensation tickles me, and I flinch, shocked by my body's response to his touch. As much as the idea of being forced into this goes against everything in my flesh, my body has a whole different feeling about it.

And it's only upped when I look across the room at Daddy, who's watching with a smile as his stepdaughter is dominated by his giant, black bodyguard.

I can't believe he'd let this happen! I thought he saw me as something to protect, something that needed to be saved from the dangers of the world. It baffles me how he watches Nick kiss down my chest with joy.

His own stepdaughter!

But rather than disgust me, the feeling of his eyes on me, my tits exposed to him, my body captured against the wall, only seems to excite me. This dirty feeling runs through me, and I feel goosebumps prickle my skin.

No, this isn't right...

Nick's lips circle my nipple, and my lower back arches, pleasure diving deep through my muscles, agitating body and mind. My thoughts are corrupted as heat flushes my skin.

I groan into Nick's hand. That actually feels really good...

And even though my tits are large, Nick's hands are larger, circling my breast easily as he pulls me into his mouth. My pink nub burns as his lips massage it, his saliva warming me to the pit of my stomach.

I moan, and Nick lifts his head to look at me. He removes his hand from my mouth. "You want this off your mouth?"

I lick my lips, which are dry and sore. I nod, and he says, "Then who's your Daddy?"

I look over at my stepfather, who's posture is awaiting my response. Nick grabs my chin and gently pilots me back to his eyes. He waits.

I say, "You are."

"I am what?"

"You're my Daddy."

"Good girl," he says. "I think you need a heavier hand to guide you."

My face heats up when he says that. I never thought a man dominating me would be something so enticing. But the way he makes me call him Daddy, like I really don't have any control over it, tickles me deep down. My stomach flutters at the thought.

How he'd take this new title, this new title while my actual Daddy is looking on?

It's so utterly taboo, and so completely erotic!

And when his lips meet mine, I soften, my hard resistance shuttered

quickly. The way his hands move down my torso, crossing over my nipples, pulling on them as he passes by, makes me give in.

To go from hardcore defiant to compliant in five minutes flat... my body's never felt such a transformation, and it's confused as to what to do with the conflicting impulses.

But it won't take long before I'm consumed by the only thing that matters.

Submission.

His tongue enter my mouth as his hands pin my wrists against the wall again. His fingers grip me hard, and the powerful restraints has a freeing feeling, like I don't have to worry about making any decisions for myself. The only thing left is to let this former marine have his way with me.

His mouth makes its way back to my chest, and Nick—no, 'Daddy'—feasts on my open nipples again. His tongue circles my flesh before his lips pounce on my meat, sucking in my nub and beating it with light flicks of his tip. My nipple knocks back and forth, and I can't help but push my chest out, pushing it closer to Daddy's mouth. The feeling is sublime, and I melt back into the doors, letting him do all the work.

My body calms, and the only thoughts roaming my mind are tied to sensations. The hard wood at my back, the rough hands at my wrists, the looseness of my muscles, the eager tongue at my chest, the warmth enveloping me as Daddy leans harder into my body. It's like an aura surrounding me, his masculine presence forming a sold casing around my body, ensuring it stifles every bit of control out of me.

“You like Daddy on these titties?” he says.

I nod, swallowing away the heat strangling my throat. “Yes, Daddy.” I look over at my stepfather, who's no longer relaxed. His concentration is fixated on me: the hue of my cheeks, the flush of arousal, the way I say 'Daddy' so convincingly. It turns me on to see him watching me wilt in his presence. Another man conquers me, and Daddy pays me all the attention I crave!

And crave it I do. It amazes me how much I want Daddy's eyes on me, how much I want them to never leave. He needs to see me, needs to see

everything about me.

I'm fine if it involves all my naughty bits first!

My new Daddy wraps his left hand tightly around my throat, while his right hand goes to the center of my negligee. With a violent yank, he rips it down my body. I yelp as it crumples at my feet, and Daddy squeezes my throat harder, silencing all complaint.

His right hand finds my panties, his finger dipping into the fabric, pushing the cloth into my slit. My ass pushes back into the door, but I can't escape, Daddy slowly caressing my juices between my lower lips.

"You dirty little whore," he says. "This wet little pussy is going to feel my big dick tear it apart. I know you want that more than anything."

I can't speak through his grip, which can only be interpreted as tacit approval. Whatever I think, however I feel, the fact that I can't express it makes it meaningless. The only thing that matters is what Daddy wants, and what he wants is to destroy my tiny body.

His spins me around, shoving my tits into the door, shaking the wood fiercely. He lifts his hand and smacks my ass, vibrating my flesh with his tremendous power.

He growls. "Goddamn, that ass, little girl." He leans in behind me and whispers menacingly. "I'm a big time ass-man. If your stepfather weren't watching right now, your Daddy would stick his huge cock right up that ass."

A knot forms in my throat and fear strikes me hard. He slaps my ass again, growling low, like an animal licking its chops, so hungry it foams at the mouth.

"But that's not what he and I agreed on. It's that cunt I need to bust a nut in."

He pulls up on my panties, scrunching them harshly through my ass crack. If he can't have it, he wants to abuse it. He nearly hangs me from the fabric, drawing it up into my cunt, forcing me to experience pain and humility, forcing me to relinquish all control.

I don't have a choice. I'm on my tippy toes, the fabric lodging in both cracks. He jerks it a number of times, dropping me slightly before yanking it

back up, severing me on the string of cloth.

My stepfather watches as I'm obligated into my new g-string, my ass shaking as Daddy roughly splits me on it. And then with a fourth yank, he completely rips my panties in half, breaking them on my cunt.

I fall to the floor, my broken waistband hanging at my hips. I sigh in relief, but I'm given little time to catch my breath as Daddy straddles behind me. His black cock slips out from the hole in his perfectly pressed slacks, and with hands at my hips and an easy push, Daddy slides his cock all the way into my pussy.

I cry out as his giant rod punctures me, filling me roughly as I fall forward into the door. My forehead presses against the wood, my fingers scratching the frame, as Daddy begins his assault on me.

His thick cock splinters me, spreading my walls wide as his girth makes my knees weak and his length shoves me into the door. My tits press against the wood with his first push, arching my back severely as he drags my hips down into him.

The brutality of his thrusts wipe all thought from my mind. All there is is the burning sensation, the energy mounting as his dick conquers me. In and out, long, strong thrusts break my body. His muscular form controls our motions so easily, his hips working with so little effort, but the aggression is there. It's there in spades.

It's there in military time.

Savage thrusts as he dictates the flow, throwing me his entire shaft, Daddy fucks me mercilessly. It's not fast, not slow, but right in the middle, giving him enough time to drive all his weight into me, to make me feel just how much he fucking hates my cunt!

And that's exactly what it feels like. A ferocious show for my stepfather, to show him just how much my new Daddy's feeding me, how much I deserve everything his bodyguard is giving me.

The sounds from my mouth, my god! The screams of intensity turn into heavy moans of pleasure, the tightness of my pussy giving way to accommodation, my body bending to my new Daddy's will. I take his cock because that's what my body wants. It softens and opens up, giving Daddy the

room to thrust to his heart's content.

To fuck me as hard as he wants!

“Oh fuck, that pussy's so good! I wanted to fuck the shit out of you the second you tried your shit on me. And to think you'd be so stupid to put yourself in this position!”

He turns us around, laying his back against the door. Grabbing the crooks of my elbows, Daddy lowers himself against the wood, pulling me back on him. Using the frame of the door, he braces himself, his hips thrusting slightly upward, driving his cock hard into me, fucking me so I launch to my toes, and pulling me back by my elbows so I fall down on his cock all over again.

I'm now staring at my stepfather, whose lust is written all over his face. His hand is massaging his crotch, his eyes are wide as they go down to my thighs squeezed together, my pussy soaked, my legs barely holding me straight as my new Daddy rams himself into me at his new angle. My large tits bounce uncontrollably, flailing wildly as the strong man behind me impales me on his dick.

I look at my stepfather, pleasure blasting through me, and the words just come out on their own. “Oh, Daddy!” I moan, staring into my stepfather's eyes.

The look in him is transformative. It takes him not a moment's thought before he's pulled his own cock from his pants. He jerks himself, watching me intently as I get fucked by this low-class, black Adonis. This man so below me, I can't help but feel sated on the taboo desires fueling me.

“Daddy... Oh, Daddy!” I bite my lip and keep my gaze forward, not wanting to miss a thing.

My stepfather's cock is just as hard as my new Daddy's, and I envision myself sucking him off. One dick in my mouth: an incestuous, older cock making me salivate. Another dick in my pussy: a low-class man getting his vengeance on me, all through Daddy's permission. The feeling is so intense it piles inside me, the sickness of my perversion eating away at me.

And then it all hits me, and my new Daddy's words send me over the edge.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, here I come!” His strokes speed up, his thrusts spearing me until he stimulates himself to completion. “Just like I promised I'd do to your stepdaughter!”

His orgasm releases, flooding my pussy in baby batter and heat. The white, hot jizz flows through me, splattering all over my walls as he slams his cock deep into me. I can feel his ejaculate fire my core, thick cream like coal on the furnace.

Starting my own orgasm.

“Oh god, Daddy!” I cry out. My muscles ripple as energy pours through them, my cunt contracting as my thighs waver back and forth. The pulses travel down my limbs, the only thing keeping me afloat is Daddy's strong arms, holding me back from utter collapse. My stomach and lower back convulse, my body shaking violently as I gasp for air. My breath is ragged and beaten, and I'm sputtering as I keep repeating.

“Come, Daddy, come for me. Come for me.”

My orgasm sparks my stepfather's, and my words spark his aim.

He strokes himself to completion, jumping from his chair and rushing over to me. With Nick holding me in place from behind, Daddy unleashes hot shots of cum directly onto my face, splashing me with his cream as he groans in ecstasy. He pumps just as many times as Nick, unloading as much on my face as Nick does in my pussy, a thorough end to my punishment and humiliation.

I get to my feet and collect myself before having to find a chair and rest.

Daddy shakes his head as he cleans himself. “Nick's not going anywhere, Babygirl. From here on out, I expect your best behavior; otherwise, I know just who to send to set you right.”

I blush, thinking about what Daddy's dick looked like exploding all over my face. Just how much he liked watching his little girl get fucked hard on his command. “Daddy, I don't know if Nick is enough to make me a good girl. I might just need both of you next time.”

My stepfather swallows, but then smiles. “I guess your Daddy can set a little time aside to discipline his bratty little stepdaughter every now and then.”

Daddy, Don't Make Me Wet Before Work!

The way my stepfather's fingers float under my shirt and over my stomach, caressing ever so lightly, settles every last nerve in a burst of nirvana.

I even sway on my feet as I let it all sink in, clutching my cup of coffee so I don't let it shatter on the kitchen floor.

But I giggle, lowering my hand and pushing him out of my clothes.
“Daddy, quit it!”

He huffs behind me before returning to the kitchen table.

He might have calmed my nerves, but I know that wasn't his goal. I know Daddy's whole reason for being so close to me is to turn me on!

He's such a naughty man!

“Aren't you going to eat something, Babygirl?”

I shake my head as I take my seat across from him, holding my mug in both hands as I sip my coffee.

“Babygirl, you really should eat. It's your first day, you're going to need your energy.” He chows down on his eggs and toast, as if signaling to me how it's done.

“I know, Daddy,” I say, slowly consuming my hot drink, somehow hoping time will slow with me, “but I'm just so nervous. I think I'd throw up if I ate anything. It's my first day at the center—like, real medicine, Daddy. No hand holding. I'm excited, but I kind of want to kill myself.”

Daddy smirks, but his smile grows into something far more endearing. I can see the warmth in Daddy's eyes as he looks me over.

He's so proud of me. I'm his little girl and I beat the system, or so he puts it. Daddy's a blue-collar guy from head to toe, and his construction job is the only thing he's known for a good ten years. His hours aren't even normal, going in when the sun's dying so he can come back late at night.

It's normal for him, but he doesn't think it's something normal for me.

So imagine his excitement when I actually went through college and graduated, intent on pursuing medicine. Hard work, sure, but my Daddy's use

to that. He doesn't hold that against me. He's just excited it's something real beyond using my hands.

And then that warmth in his smile changes again, but this time it turns to heat. Red, hot fire coursing through his veins. It's all coming back to him. I pushed his hands off only a minute ago, and he's already back to thinking about doing me again.

I know it sounds dirty, but he's my Daddy. I'd do anything for him. When he found out a week ago that I'd landed my new job, the first thing he did was fuck me raw.

God, my face burns just thinking about it! I lift my mug to my face, trying to suppress the urges in me that have been rattling around for the entire week.

It's not like they're going away anytime soon. After that first night, when Daddy held me against the wall, his cock sliding into me... a girl can't forget a night like that.

Or the next six nights that followed.

Daddy was insatiable. It's like all that pride and excitement morphed him into a lecherous beast, and Daddy took days off to spend with me before I would have to take my first shift. He wanted all the free time we could handle, to spend it together, to have our one last moment in the sun before both of us head off to our long hours and difficult jobs.

He took no time fucking the pleasure right out of me, leaving me numb every night in bed. Relaxing, calming, that's exactly what it was for me. All that time being in Daddy's arms gave me little time to suffer and worry about what my future's going to hold in the next week.

I was—I am—so incredibly nervous about it all. I don't know how you could ever prepare for that first moment where you leave your childhood behind and venture head first into adult life, taking a serious job that isn't nine to five.

The only way I could get past it was letting Daddy conquer my body every night...

God, no, okay, stop! I can't be thinking like this. If I go recollecting every touch of Daddy's, I'm going to have to take another shower. The last

thing I want is going into my job soaking wet.

But Daddy, being the lustful protector he is, wants to solve both our problems. “Why don't we”—he leans his elbows on the kitchen table, getting close to offer the most sultry tones he can—“run upstairs, and Daddy can fuck that anxiety right out of you?”

I blush, but I swallow, shoving the budding arousal back down into my gullet. “Daddy, I can't. I need to get ready for work.”

“You got time, Babygirl. What? Forty minutes? Daddy can do so many things to you in forty minutes.”

“Daddy!” I growl. “It's not forty minutes. I still have to get ready.” I look down at myself and realize I'm still wearing one of Daddy's dress shirts... and nothing else. I took a shower last night and just wanted to sleep relaxed, and nothing's more relaxing than Daddy's clothes covering my naked body.

But it also means I'm nowhere close to ready. “I still have to change, do my makeup, brush my teeth, find my clothes... Daddy, there's just no time.”

I finish my coffee, rinsing the mug in the sink as I head over to my room.

I sit down on my bed and sigh. I am gonna miss all the time Daddy and I have had the past few days. Not even counting the sex, it's been so long since we've been able to connect. It's going to suck having competing work schedules sometimes. It's hard for a girl to get so close to her Daddy one minute, and then have him ripped away the next.

I really need to start getting ready.

Daddy walks in, standing near the door. He doesn't say anything, just leans against the wall and looks at me.

I smile. “What?”

He shakes his head, pinching his lips. “Nothing. It's just... not much time left.”

I nod. We're both letting it get to us.

I look in my closet, sorting through all the dress pants and tops I'd

bought over the last week. So many I've been dying to try on, but now in the moment, I feel pretty indecisive about it. Or maybe not as interested as before.

I grab whatever matches and is at the tip of my fingers and lay it on the bed. As I lower my hands to pull Daddy's shirt over my head, I pause and glance over at him, his eyes fixated on me.

I can see it. The desire. Daddy so badly wants to see me naked, I know it. It's like I can see the dryness on his lips as he swallows.

And seeing him become interested in me, it's an aphrodisiac, and I suddenly become interested in him. I imagine what I must look like, what my arms must look like crossing my body, the way Daddy's shirt lifts over my head, my head blocked momentarily as Daddy examines my naked frame from tits to ass.

Oh boy, it's getting exciting again.

I let go of my shirt and clear my throat. "Uh, maybe I should brush my teeth first."

Daddy chuckles, knowing I know what he's thinking. "Sure, Babygirl."

I look around the room, absentmindedly. My mind is so clouded I don't even remember what I just said I'd do. Instead, I'm focusing on keeping my cool so I don't start thinking about all the nasty things Daddy can do to me.

The things with his hands, his mouth, his dick...

Ah, right, brushing my teeth.

Okay, okay. I shuffle through the connecting bathroom and Daddy follows close behind, watching me cover my toothbrush in water and toothpaste. I stick it into my mouth quickly, concentrating on a clean mouth in the mirror, not all the ways my mouth got dirty.

All the ways Daddy shoved his cock down my throat. Gentle and rough, loving and dominant, and the number of times I drank his seed...

Focus, focus. Not nasty. Not today. Last night was the last night, you promised yourself. You have work you have to get to. You need to go back to the right mindset, the one you had before Daddy turned all his lust on you.

You're an adult, you have a career, and in a couple minutes, you'll have a clean mouth again.

Daddy, though, has his own interests to consider. He doesn't work soon, and he doesn't see why his little girl couldn't be a little late.

Daddy slowly spins me around. I look into his eyes, the soft brown paralyzing me everywhere but my hand, which mindlessly brushes away at my teeth, the foam building as I seemingly spend way more time than usual cleaning my mouth.

I'm going to have a glowing smile after this. Caused by what, that's undetermined yet.

Daddy smirks and lowers himself to his knees. My eyes follow him, my hand brushing, my mind empty as I'm so lost in diverting my attention, I can't even process what's happening in front of me.

He lifts my shirt and his lips lightly touch my inner thigh. The electricity is intense, and I jerk instantly, my body giving off a surge of energy and spasms.

“Daaaagggddy,” I grumble through my toothbrush and paste. “Whcccaatt aaaa yooouuu doingggg?”

His voice comes from below, breaking between kisses. “Daddy's not ready to let you go.”

I really should. I should stop him. I need to get to work, to start my first day... but my brain won't work, my hands frozen as my eyes track the bobbing of Daddy's scalp.

And when his lips graze my lower flaps, his nose nudging me open briefly as he passes over my slit, the only thing my brain can do is enjoy the sensation rumbling up my loins. It bounces from my pussy to my butt to my spine, and makes its way up to my stomach.

I groan, removing my brush to speak. “Daddy, don't make me wet before work!”

My nerves are gone... but they're replaced by butterflies. Where I wanted to kill myself, now I just want to die, Daddy's touch like torture against my willing body.

Yeah, that's right, willing. My body can't forget the last week, can't forget all the amazing sensations I'd accumulated over the days. It was shocking at first, but slowly my body became accustomed to it, so much that I ended up anticipating it every day. Daddy didn't always pursue me; he conditioned me to want and expect it.

And every day he fucked me was another day that made the next one easier on me. No nerves, but my libido was charged, and even the lightest touch from him made me ready to be taken.

Today's no different. No matter what an adult should do in this situation, my programmed body is all too happy to light the fuse all over again. As much as I've tried to push him away since my coffee, I knew it was too late: my pussy was wet the second I woke up this morning!

When his fingers split my lips, it's clear just how late my complaints are. "Babygirl, your pussy's so wet. I think you want Daddy badly."

I shake my head. Propriety don't fail me!

"Come on, Babygirl. Don't you lie to Daddy."

Daddy's fingers open me wide and his tongue slips through my crack, coasting over my pink flesh. The shock rattles me, and I stick the toothbrush back in my mouth, biting on it as I stifle my moans.

The mint flavor is bizarre as Daddy licks my pussy. It swishes in my mouth, the cooling, comforting taste a strange counter to the powerful pulses traveling through my flesh. My tongue bathes in it, and I have to fight myself from accidentally swallowing it.

I turn my head and spit into the sink, getting rid of most of the liquid. But the taste remains, and the air is cool as I moan while Daddy's tongue laps through my slit.

"Oh, Babygirl. Daddy loves your little pussy. Can't get enough."

"Yes, Daddy." I groan, my butt leaning backwards into the sink, bracing me against the heat and energy weakening my legs. My hips buck into him, my body so inflamed it seeks Daddy's touch. It doesn't matter if he's licking my cunt at the moment. All it wants is everything, an overwhelming urge of pleasure that's impossible.

It's so utterly consumed by Daddy's essence, I don't think it could ever be truly satisfied.

But I'm certainly not stopping because I can't have it all. I'll take whatever Daddy gives me and be ecstatic with his gift!

Daddy's hands wrap around my pelvis, clutching onto my ass, digging his fingers into my fat, as he eats me out. His mouth plays games on my cunt, his tongue taking turns with his lips. He licks in circles, savor the edges of my hole, before flicking over it with light taps of his tongue. His lips wrap around the nub, stimulating me heavily on pressure and vacuum, pulling my clit into him as he massages it back and forth.

His tongue draws shapes on my flesh, random strokes to and fro, painting an image on my pussy. I don't know what Daddy imagines, but the image strikes all the points of my pinkness, testing the bounds of my arousal.

From clit to hole, from side to side, my edges coated in arousal and saliva.

Daddy growls, his hunger evident as he devours me. "Come here," he says, grabbing my hand and pulling me from the bathroom.

Dancing me back towards the bed, he turns me toward the mattress and pulls my shirt over my head. He leans down and bites my neck, no doubt leaving a nasty hickey for my new coworkers to find. His hands circle me and crush my tits, massaging them roughly as Daddy's aggression takes over.

He gives a few pulls and twists, his fingers smooshing as he drills into them, feeling them with as much lust as he can before he moves me to my new position.

I turn my head and Daddy takes my mouth in his. I transfer the mint flavor to Daddy, and he transfers my pussy to me, letting us each taste what the other does.

He picks me up and places me on the bed. Pushing my back down, my face presses against the mattress, and he ensures my ass sticks straight up as I rest on my knees.

Kneeling on the bed next to me, Daddy spreads my ass open, and dipping down, he sticks his tongue between my cheeks.

“Oh, no! Not the ass again, Daddy!”

He's going to make me a huge mess at this rate!

Using one hand to keep my cheeks open, Daddy's tongue flicks over my tight hole, teasing me with soft strokes that never reach far enough to penetrate. All they do is tickle me, like an introductory salvo meant to break all tension from my body.

With his other hand, he runs his thumb through my wet slit. Around the edges, he glides through my juices, tempting insertion just like his tongue tempts me at my other end. His finger runs over my clit, slipping easily over the wet nub, before making his rounds again, finding my clit once more and giving it a solid nudge as he passes through.

His tongue continues its torture, and I groan so loud, the torment unbearable. “Oh god, Daddy! It's so good. It feels so good!”

This is how he's crushed every nervous thought, every anxious desire, since day one. He's found my weakness. He teases me until all I want is pleasure. Nothing in the world could get in the way of that desire, and I soften from a girl with uncomfortable edges to a withering blob of hormones and libido.

My lower back undulates and my hips beg to be taken. They beg him, pushing back into his tongue, searching for the end of his finger, looking to draw it in on burning appetite.

When Daddy sees this, he knows my motions mean I'm ready for more. I want Daddy to push my boundaries. Nothing else matters. Not work. Not money. Not the wetness that's going to follow me throughout the day.

It'll just have to be a reminder for me to get through the day and come back home to Daddy as soon as I can!

Daddy curls his thumb and inserts it, shoving it into my pussy up to the second knuckle.

“Oh fuck!” I shout, the tiny digit enough to make me shaky.

His finger wiggles inside, testing my body as he explores it, testing my limits so he knows when he can push me harder. His thumb circles inside me, stretching my vaginal walls as he pulls against me, harassing me with

movements that are not quite close enough to bringing me to the edge.

No, they're meant more to relax my body, the first burst of intensity giving way to a softer, more pacifying pleasure. The way I sink into the bed as warmth flows through me, settling my mind into a silent bystander.

I can't think. I won't think. It's just feelings from here on out. I can't even keep track of the time. Daddy's motions are so slow, so agonizing, yet so calming, I have no idea how much time we have left. How many minutes before I have to spring to my feet and leap into the stress of adulthood.

There's nothing in this moment that'll let me even ponder leaving.

I'm Daddy's, and we'll take as long as he wants to take!

His thumb drags down, caressing the wall just under my clit, stroking it tenderly as his other fingers shift. They go to my slit, running through my lube as Daddy fondles my clit from the outside.

Masterfully manipulating my body, Daddy's thumb roots around inside my pussy, his other fingers circle the engorged nub at the top, and his tongue dances rings around my puckered backdoor.

It's so much sensation as once, all I do is breathe it in, ensuring I don't lock up and lose my lungs. My intake picks up, my chest bouncing up and down on the bed, my moans coming out in heaps of misery.

It's like it hurts, when something's so good you just want to cry. I can feel the pleasure reach my eyes, the tears wanting to form, like I'm on the verge of crying. It's so powerful, the sensitivity building immeasurably, seemingly attacking every naked joint in my body. Everything wants to lock up, all my muscles seize just before the final explosion.

I can't help it. I don't think I'll ever get used to the overwhelming phenomenon that is my orgasms.

"Daddy!" I suck in air. "Oh, Daddy!" My lower back arches hard, the muscles straining to keep me from snapping in two.

Daddy's tongue slips into my asshole, separating just a little, but enough to send me over the edge. The soft warmth entering my backside makes me open to the widest extent before convulsing closed over and over.

I groan, nearly whining, as my body shakes and sputters, my thighs, ass,

hips, and lower back all vibrating on their own frequencies. It creates a tumultuous exhaustion, nothing syncing, everything on its own, utterly draining me of all life force. My energy seeps through my knees into the mattress, finally sending me over onto my side, my muscles kicking me hard as I struggle to fight bodily destruction.

Daddy only chuckles, watching me writhe on the bed.

His hand slips gently under my head, lifting me to my butt. "Come here, baby," he says. Guiding me backwards, he leans up against the wall, bringing me between his open legs. I lay up against him, my back resting against his mountainous chest.

Daddy's animal side fades with my orgasm, transforming back to the caretaker in him. His left hand trails down my stomach, opens my legs to curve with his, and slips between my folds. He softly runs his finger through my arousal, stroking me delicately, washing away all the intensity of before.

He brings back that relaxation, the one that cleared my mind.

"I love you, Babygirl," he whispers into my ear. He pecks at my shoulder, moving up my neck with tiny kisses. His other hand seeks my nipple, lightly twisting it back and forth, avoiding anything too sharp. All I feel is comfort and warmth flooding my pussy and chest, Daddy's touch so careful.

"I want you forever. I don't want you forgetting about me."

I shake my head, biting my lip. "Never, Daddy."

"You like when Daddy touches you?"

I swallow, nodding, cuddling closer to him as he fingers me.

"You want Daddy all to yourself, is that it?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"I just want my little girl to be happy."

The soft touch starts to make me moan all over again, and I can feel my juices spreading on my thighs. All the skin from my pelvis to halfway down my legs is cool to the air, evaporating and drawing my heat away.

I'm absolutely soaking wet!

But I don't care. *God*, I love his touch!

The buildup starts up all over again, and even though Daddy makes no effort to change his stroking, no effort to make me come, I can feel a second orgasm establishing itself. The finger running through me, the hand grinding the pink, spongy tissue on my breast, is a constant flush of small pleasure.

But even the small flush is enough to set the tides flowing again.

I can feel it. I want to come again. My hips are grinding into Daddy's hand, my lower back incapable of laying flat against him, my hands gripping his knees as the intensity rises.

My stomach swirls, my mound heating, my skin numbing as my nerves pause before unleashing...

His finger slides out of my pussy, and my breathing immediately stops, surprise staggering my momentum.

"I think you need to start getting ready, Babygirl."

I gasp. "Daddy, I was so close! Don't stop!"

He tsks. "Babygirl, you know you need to get to work soon."

My fingers dig into his legs, but I sigh in exasperation. "I guess." As I crawl from the bed, my thighs are coated in arousal, slippery as they move past each other.

I turn to Daddy, using a towel to clean the inside of my thighs. It hits me when I see Daddy watching me clean up, satisfied with his work. "You did that on purpose, didn't you?"

He smiles, crossing his arms. "I don't want you forgetting what's waiting for you when you get back home. You make sure you're a good girl at work today. You listen, you pay attention, you tell me all about it."

He crawls over and swats me on the butt as I toss the towel to the side. He chuckles, "And then Daddy might just finish the job. Would you like that?"

I blush. I'm going to be flush with arousal all day—a whole shift—my thighs probably itchy and red, my pussy incapable of settling down. Daddy turned me on so I'd know what I was coming home to, so I'd be thinking all

day about how much I miss him.

Even through that frustration of Daddy setting me up, making my first day much harder than it has to be, I bite my lip and nod. “Yes, Daddy. I'd like that a lot.”

He stands. “Let me make you a lunch really quick while you finish up.” He kisses me on the cheek. “Go get 'em, Babygirl.”

As he leaves for the kitchen, I smile, that little line enough to erase all doubt from my mind.

I'm going to kill it at work, and I have Daddy to thank for that.

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Daddy's High-Class Call Girl

I stitch on a smile, the one I practiced in the mirror, the one I know guys like. Kind of innocent, kind of seductive, but mostly fuckable. A fuckable smile. That's all that matters in my job.

If I can hook them with a curl of my lips, then I've won the game.

They're going to pay—I'm already walking to them, they've already called—but maybe I can get an upsell working for me as well. Whatever they want. Whatever they'll pay for.

I can't get a buyer if I'm not for sale.

I breathe deep. Practice. This is practice, don't forget. I haven't done this yet. It's my first time, but I feel like I have it all under control.

How hard can it be? They've already invited me in, and once a man starts thinking with his dick, there's nothing stopping me from getting him to order off the menu.

At least, that's what my handler wants.

More food for more clients. How else am I going to pay for college? My handler says you can't make money without quite a bit of sacrifice.

The name handler sounds funny, but I have to remember to keep it as professional as possible. We want this to seem like a legit business for anyone who might be curious.

High-class, that's the image we want to present.

I look down at my dress, flattening the curves with my palms. My dress looks kind of fancy, but it's really a cheap knock-off. What do you expect? I haven't made a dime yet, so a dime-store, clearance-rack item makes sense.

But I love it anyway. It's this bluish-gray, yarn-like mess. Simulating something fancy, but nearly falling apart at the seams. I don't think a guy is going to pay much attention to the fabric anyway. What he'll see is the threads unraveling at the ends, and the strings stretching across my chest, barely holding me together and revealing the curves of my cleavage.

The tiny strings, the loose strands, makes it seem like my dress just *wants* to come undone with the simplest tug. It makes me feel vulnerable to

the desires of men, which makes me feel a whole lot sexier. And if I feel sexy, then I'm projecting sexy, which is all I need.

I knock on the hotel door, the one I was given over email. The hotel's nice, of course. I'm not trying to be a dollar hooker on the corner. I want the prestige of being a 'call girl', which means a higher-class, richer type of clientele. Hopefully, fewer problems is the goal.

It takes a moment for a voice to resound from deep in the room.

“Come in,” the man calls out.

The door beeps and I turn the handle, entering the low-lit room. It's like every step I take is another dose of adrenaline. I'm nervous as hell. Like I said, never done this before. My first client could be a prince, or a drugged-up frat boy.

The door swinging shut behind me, it takes a moment to adjust my eyes to the room. The shades are drawn and the man is sitting in the corner on the sofa chair.

As I approach, I'm caught by surprise.

What the hell? What's he doing here?

“Don't give me that look. I'm not throwing you to the wolves yet. You need some practice first.”

“Practice?” I thought I practiced enough.

He nods, patting his navy-blue slacks. “Come, sit on my lap.”

I scoff. “You're joking, right?”

“I'm not,” my stepfather says, “I need to make sure you can do this right.”

“But Daddy—“

Daddy raises a finger. “Ah, I'm your handler.”

“No, not now. It's just you and me. There's no one to be professional for.” I both slink my shoulders and breathe a sigh of relief. I don't know which one I prefer: the relief that I don't have to go through with this—just yet—or the defeat that Daddy tricked me into thinking I was about to have my first client.

“True, just you and me. But I want you to pretend with me. Like roleplaying. Your first time shouldn't be with a stranger.”

“But, Daddy, this is weird.”

He chuckles, “Not as weird as letting you be a call girl in the first place.” He pats his lap again, motioning me over.

“Yeah, but you didn't force me Daddy. I wanted to be one.”

“I know, Babygirl, I just want to look out for you.” There's a hint of sadness in his eyes, and I'm left feeling sort of bad for him.

I twist my lips but eventually make my way to Daddy's seat, turning and sitting on his lap. The warmth of his body is refreshing against the draft constantly running up my dress.

I never said the dress was comfortable.

Daddy's hand goes around my lower back, which makes me stretch out as a soothing sensation flows through me. It's not what you'd expect trying to make money off of horny guys, but then again, this isn't just any guy.

This is the man who went against his own wishes to make me happy.

The man who said it was okay to pursue my dreams.

“Are you okay?” he asks.

I nod, placing my hands on my crossed knees. “What's there to practice, Daddy?”

“Your pitch,” he says.

I laugh. “What's there to pitch? It shouldn't be that hard.”

“It's all a craft, Babygirl. You need to know what to say to men to get them to spend their money. You might be here, but not everyone's willing to let their bills go.”

“What should I do?” I ask.

“Guide the conversation. I'm not a thug, not some bum off the streets. I'm a wealthy man, let's say, and I can be both dominant and curious at a woman's resistance.”

“Resistance?”

“Playfulness, let's say.”

“So let me start.” Daddy clears his throat before continuing, “You are one beautiful woman,” he says, his tone taking on a more masculine edge.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

He chuckles, but then his eyes look past me. “I like that,” he says. “Maybe you should call your clients Daddy.”

“Are you serious?” I ask, furrowing my brow. I don't know if I can do that. Daddy's *Daddy*, but other guys? Have they earned it?

“Oh, the things I want to do to you.”

I turn away, biting my lip and blushing. I don't think it's because any man could say these things to me; I think it's because Daddy's the one saying them. It's so strange, and oddly erotic. But if he wants to play this game, then we can. I'll show him I know what it takes to sell.

“Ah, ah,” I warn. “Things done to me cost money.”

“What about things done to me?” he asks.

“Like what?” I play, innocently.

“Like sucking my dick.”

“Daddy!” I laugh, while a burst of energy flows down my stomach to the mound above my pussy. The suggestion is so sexy it throws me off-guard.

“No laughing, Babygirl. How do you respond to a man being aggressive? It's important.”

I lick my lips. “Things like that... they also cost money. Do you want me to suck your dick?”

Daddy smirks, his pupils dilating. “What'll it cost me?”

“Only two-hundred dollars, Daddy. Something I know you can afford.”

“Good,” he says, “play to their insecurities. What else will sell it? Why's it worth it to the client?”

I lower my voice as I lean closer to Daddy, swinging my arm around his neck. “Because my lips are so soft, Daddy, and when they get around your cock, you're going to wish you saved your money for something else, because

I'll make you explode before we get to the good parts."

That came out way better than I intended. It even surprised me at how sexy it sounded.

Daddy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a large wad of money. He unfurls it, counting through a few fifty dollar bills.

"Daddy, why are you carrying that?"

"Well," he says, removing two-hundred dollars from his stack before placing it back into his pocket, "only a stupid man would come penniless to a date with a call girl."

He sticks his hand out. The money stares me in the face as I look down at it. I unconsciously take it.

"Where's that go?" he asks me.

I didn't bring a purse, but I say. "The end of some surface, where I can grab it if I need to leave quickly."

He nods, and I stand up, placing it on the dresser by the door. It's good Daddy helped me think out some of the logistics first. I had my mind stuck on more... sexual things. I come back to sit on Daddy's lap, smoothing out the creases of my dress.

"So?" he says.

"...what?"

"I paid you money..."

"Daddy, you don't mean..."

"I'm not here to see just how you're going to talk about it. I need to see you're good to go, ready for action."

I blush, my face heating as my heart skips a beat. I shake my head. "We can't do that!"

"Why not?" he asks, shrugging. "If you're going to need a first, it might as well be me. I'll be a lot easier on you than some of the guys you'll meet."

I swallow. "I don't know."

"Come on," he says, "is it really going to be harder with me than with a

stranger? That's almost insulting, if you ask me.”

I lick my lips, my whole mouth going dry as I contemplate what's going on. Does Daddy really mean it? Does he really want me to suck his dick? Or is he just playing the part, playing a joke on me?

I meet his eyes and watch his reaction. But his eyes don't defer, don't dodge, don't pretend anything other than the truth. They only seem to suggest I keep up my end of the bargain.

But a thought crosses my clouded mind. “Is the money really mine?”

Daddy forms a grin. “That's my business woman. You're not supplying credits. Only do something if you're sure you're going to get paid for it.” He nods, and the next sentence out of his mouth is chilling, “You earn whatever you earn.”

Earn? My god, what does he mean by that?

Daddy leans back in the chair, taking a more comfortable position.

He really means to do this... I glance over at the money. If someone paid me that, I'd need to perform, right? I couldn't say no. I'd need to do whatever our agreed upon price stated I do.

My rationalizations circle my brain, trying their hardest to convince me to do what I deep down want to do already.

One reason I decided to become a call girl is because I need money for college, sure, but another reason was because I've always fantasized about being one. About the sex. About the strangers. About the seedy exchange of goods. About how money would buy any degrading act a man could want from me.

I liked the idea. To debase myself, and in the end, derive a whole bunch of nasty pleasure for myself.

So sucking my Daddy's dick? That's just as taboo as any other fantasy I've had about this job. It's nothing that would really hinder my goals, but instead turn me on entirely!

I've been paid the money after all. Nothing's wrong as long as I'm paid for it.

I drop to my knees in front of Daddy, his legs spreading wide for me to cut in close to him. I grab his belt, unlatching it to reach his zipper.

I can't believe I'm finally going to do this, and I can't believe Daddy's the first man who's going to pay me for it!

Reaching into his boxer, my hand circles around his soft shaft, and with his help, we get his slacks and boxers down to his thighs.

In my hand rests Daddy's thick cock, soft and ready to be stimulated.

"You want me to suck it now, Daddy?" I ask, looking into his eyes as I lick my lips.

"Mmmm, shit, Babygirl. I want nothing more than that."

I pull on his soft shaft, extending his floppy cock toward my mouth as I drop down on it. Opening wide, I engulf Daddy's whole member, soaking him in saliva.

Daddy groans, and I move him in my mouth with soft lips, pushing him around as his cock pulses at my touch. Slowly, as I continue to maneuver him from cheek to cheek, his cock grows, pumping with arousal. I can't see how thick he's getting, but I can feel his cock want to take over my mouth.

Huge and swelling, I can no longer move him around easily. I can finally inhale him, though, sticking his hard shaft down my throat. I suck his cock from head to base, pushing him down to the back of my throat and fully embracing his musky taste as my tongue runs along the bottom of his shaft.

It's not just sucking Daddy's cock that gets to me. It's the whole enterprise. It's being paid to do it, it's sucking a man at his comfort *and* my discomfort, it's having come here at his whim—to his room—having dropped to my knees for the right price.

There's a part of me that worries I would've gone down on Daddy for much less. I need to be careful my own lust doesn't turn me into a cheap whore!

I moan with each pull up on his cock, my throat clearing to express my pleasure. I slurp and suck, wrapping my lips tightly around his dick, drinking Daddy in and devouring his taste.

I know my wishes won't be met.

I know I'm obligated to fulfill a man's every desire.

But this only makes me more fervent in my actions. I want to be his whore. I want to be the girl who submits and works only for his pleasure. Mine comes secondary, which is incredibly sexy to me.

Of course, my pleasure comes anyway, once I'm caught up in my own mind games.

My pussy gets wet, and I have to stop myself from reaching down and touching it, from showing too much arousal. This is practice. I can't seem desperate; otherwise, why pay a slut if she'll just give it away?

I beat Daddy off as I look into his eyes, admiring the lust forming in him. "You like when I stroke you, Daddy?"

I think I'm starting to like saying Daddy, too. It might be part of my new business plan.

"I love it."

"You want to come down my throat, Daddy?"

He shakes his head, "No, no, you're right. I don't need to bust a nut just yet."

I'm feeling it. The nasty girl inside me escaping, lusting on the thought of selling myself. "What else do you want to do to me, Daddy?"

Daddy stands up and lifts me to my feet, spinning me and dropping down onto the couch. "Let Daddy see those nipples," he says, kicking his pants completely off.

I raise my hands to cover my chest, shaking my head. "Nng, nng. Daddy hasn't paid me yet."

"You're getting greedy now, Babygirl."

"Hmm," I ponder, sitting up on the couch. "Maybe I can show you a little. Just for you."

I reach one hand to the opposite strap, slowly lowering it and watching Daddy's eyes as I do. He's transfixed, obsessed with my body. The shiver down my spine doesn't slow me, instead helping me reach my other hand to the other side, lowering the second strap down my arm.

I remove them, and slowly lower my cups, exposing my smallish breasts for Daddy to fawn over.

“Babygirl, that's what I like.”

“You want to suck on them, don't you, Daddy?”

He nods, and I extend my hand to the dresser, pointing him to my object of desire. “Fifty dollars, Daddy. Right with my other money.”

He looks to the dresser, and then back to me, smiling. “I like that you're making me put it down for you.” He slaps the money on the dresser.

He returns, dropping down in front of me and hungrily inserting a nipple into his mouth. The pleasure is immediate, the moisture of his saliva drawing my nipple out in a slippery mess. His lips lock on me, and the groans from Daddy as he tastes me in return are carnal. He loves my body just as much as I do his.

He sucks on me, alternating nipples, too ravenous to focus on a single one. His lips mold back and forth, massaging me as he drinks from my flesh, sipping as if pulling liquid from my tits. The warmth is intense, adding to the ache of my cunt as it seethes beneath my dress.

It wants so badly to come out, but it needs to know its time.

I slide my fingers through Daddy's hair, mussing it as he presses his face into my tits, crushing them against my body. His tongue flicks over my nipple, batting it as he nips the flesh occasionally, wanting so bad to just eat me up. But all he can do is nibble, his libido raging in a blazing wildfire.

“Don't you want to fuck me, Daddy? I think I could use a big dick right now.”

He stands, reaching down for his pants and pulling the wad from his pocket.

“Can you afford it?” I smirk.

He laughs. “How much, Babygirl?”

“A thousand.”

He scoffs. “That's more than we settled on before.”

I stand up in front of him and slowly lower my dress, letting it hit the

floor. I pull down my panties, which are soaked completely through. I'm naked before they even leave my pussy, having become see-through from my wetness.

But I don't want to leave anything to the imagination.

They hit the floor as well. And when I sit back down, I spread my legs for Daddy to see everything: my perfectly manicured pussy, the arousal that's been spreading since the moment I walked in, the pink flesh as my legs open up wide enough to open my lips as well.

"Are you sure?" I ask. "I don't know if I can wait any longer."

He bites his lip, shaking his head. "That's a rough way to tempt a man." He swallows, his eyes glued to my pussy. The thoughts ricochet around in his skull, but how much that matters is tough to say, because at the moment Daddy sees my pussy, I can see his dick throb with excitement.

He's already rock hard. At this point, there's probably no price he won't pay.

Finally, he nods to himself, removing money from the wad and slapping it onto the dresser.

"That's a good choice, Daddy. My pussy's so wet for you right now."

I sit up a little more in the chair as he approaches, but he lifts me to my feet instead. Wrapping a strong arm under one of my knees, Daddy lifts it up to his side, keeping it set just above his hips. My arms go around his shoulders to offer me support.

"Daddy, you dirty man."

"You haven't seen anything yet. I want to take that ass next, Babygirl."

A flush hits me, and I can't help but smile. This is exactly what I want: a man so consumed by lust, he'll do everything to totally own me. He wants every hole, and he'll pay to complete the package.

But, oh, the ultimate form of submission! What I would give to sell my ass.

But this is practice after all, and Daddy needs to pay just like everyone else. Nothing comes free or easy.

“Daddy, you can't afford that.”

Daddy's cock slips up into my cunt, and I hiss sharply through my teeth, my pussy tight on Daddy huge dick. I grunt as he pushes into me, his cock filling me quickly against my lubed up entrance.

“Just be happy you get my pussy,” I finally get out, teasing him.

I wrap my arms tight around him, holding on for good measure as Daddy starts to pull his hips back.

His first push-through sends an electric jolt along my body, a crackling energy pulse. I moan at the delight, standing on my tippy toes as Daddy's cock nearly reaches my cervix. It's so tight, he's so big, the feeling so intense, to the point of being nearly painful.

“I don't want just your pussy,” Daddy says, his thrusts driving me slowly into the air. “I want to stick my dick up your ass.”

“You can't <moan> afford it, Daddy?”

“I've got plenty of <grunt> money. What's the price? What's the price to fuck you in the ass?”

I play the innocent card, to add as much value to it as I can. “We can't. It won't fit. It's wrong.”

Daddy's thrusts drive long and hard into my pussy, his shaft straining as Daddy's blood fills it to capacity. “We can do it <grunt>, Babygirl. I paid you a thousand for that pussy. I'll pay you another thousand for that ass.”

I shake my head, leaning onto Daddy's shoulder as I'm filled on his dick. “No, Daddy, you can't put something up there.”

“Two-thousand.”

I shake my head, moaning as Daddy pierces me again, a thrust much harder than before.

“Twenty-five.”

“You really want it, don't you, Daddy?”

“More than anything.”

I thought he wanted me to blow him more than anything? I smile to

myself, hidden from Daddy's view as I rest my head on his shoulder. I think I'm too aroused to negotiate any longer. "Fine. Twenty-five hundred."

The quickness with which Daddy lowers me to the ground, finds his wad of money, tears through it, and slaps the money on the dresser is frightening.

"Go ahead, Daddy," I say, turning around for him and placing my hands on the arms of the sofa chair, "fuck me in my ass."

His slides up behind me, his hands finding my cheeks as his cock taps at my back entrance. With an easy guide of his hand, Daddy gets what he paid for.

His thick cock pokes into my tight back door, eliciting a grunt and pain as I grit my teeth. Daddy's impatient, though, and using my pussy's arousal, as well as spit from his hand, Daddy coats his cock in anus-penetrating lube. His dick breaks through my entrance and slides in relatively easy, filling me up completely in a matter of seconds.

"Oh fuck, Daddy! You're so big! I can't believe I let you pay for this!"

Daddy moves as if I'm about to change my mind. He pulls his cock out and slides it back into me quickly, stuffing me on his full length. My ass clenches, pain shooting through me, my walls sensitive but inflamed at the same time.

Daddy doesn't relent. His hips pick up speed, driving into me faster and faster, fucking my hesitation right out of me. Fucking pain right out of me. Fucking pleasure deep into my body.

He pulls my stomach, lifting me so I stand straight up with him. I circle my arms up and behind me, behind his head, and hold onto him, letting Daddy give me long, vertical thrusts up my begging ass. Deeeeeeeep and sloooooooooow. Each one timed so perfectly to feed me his entire shaft at a rate I can endure, but a rate that makes me push down on his cock.

My own impatience gets the best of me and I start to drop down on him, pushing his length into me faster as he thrusts. Daddy's hands go to my tits, crushing them as he works his hips into me.

"Oh, Daddy! Oh, Daddy! You're fucking my ass so good. It feels so good when you fuck me there!"

Daddy grunts as his hips slam into me, and the pleasure flows readily, soaking my cunt. It's so hot, the way my body reacts to Daddy's dick inside me. The way Daddy's bought my behind, owning me for the short while until he's had his fill.

For the next few minutes, I control nothing, holding Daddy's hands on my hips as he lays into me, devilishly fucking me on bestial strength. His thrusts are hard and fast, his grunts wild and breathless, his power turbulent and threatening. He wants to fuck a hole right through me, and my body's all too willing to give him what he wants.

And like a good little call girl, I do the best thing I can, the thing every man wishes he could get out of a seasoned, practical woman.

I come. Hard.

My ass shakes on Daddy's dick as spasms open and close my anus around him. I reach back to hold onto his hips, my fingers digging into his thick muscles as energy ripples through my own muscles.

“Oooooohhhh, goooooooodddddd!”

Daddy's dick continues to plow into my vibrating body, feeding deeper into me as my muscles loosen, letting Daddy flow easily through my open cavity. It gives Daddy enough room to effortlessly glide along my walls, stroking his own cock to a masterful, paid-for conclusion.

“Oh shit, here I come, here I come!”

Hot jizz launches into my ass as Daddy continues to pump into me. The warmth splatters as Daddy's dick spreads it everywhere, slathering me in baby batter and creamy, white fluid. The warmth is enticing, like a shot of medicine to my broken body that unwinds my tension instantly. I can feel each pulse of Daddy's cock, the throbbing as pleasurable as the unloading of his seed.

Daddy's fingers dig into my hips hard before releasing slowly, like he's having a hard time letting go of me.

Finally, he slips out, his cock soft enough to be pushed out by my body. Cum drips onto my legs, and I stumble to get to the bed, to take a breath before I'm forced to leave.

“Babygirl,” Daddy says, logic striking him with only the speed an orgasm can release. “I don't want you selling your body to other guys.”

I chuckle.

“I'm serious. I think you... should spend more time with me, if that's something that might make you happy. I know it'll make me happy.”

I look over at Daddy, who's serious demeanor is startling. “But... if I can admit it, I kind of like getting paid to do this.”

Daddy smiles, grabbing what's left of the money he had in his pocket, and tosses it to me on the bed. The feel of it is heavy when it bounces on the spring mattress. “I'll pay you every single time if it gets you off.”

Daddy was so adamant before I earn my own money, it's not surprising he changed his mind when he heard what I wanted to do to earn it.

Or, maybe, he just needed a reason to give me money in the first place.

“I was going to put some serious hours in, Daddy, to make some real money at my new job.” I lay on my back, resting on my shoulders as I spread my legs open, letting cum seep out of me. “That's a lot of lost time. Do you think you can afford me?”

He bites his lip, studying the flow of ooze spilling from me. “I'll pay whatever it takes to keep you on retainer.”

Retainer? I like that. It took me one job to find the perfect man to set me well on my way to retirement.

Daddy wants me to come for him; all I ask is that he pay me for the pleasure.

Nothing's wrong as long as I'm paid for it.

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Daddy's Seven Minutes in Heaven

It's, like, how many times can you read the same note in ten minutes? It's the same letter, the same words, the same sentiment, the same objective...

But each time provokes a surge in me different than the last.

More powerful, more visceral.

Something completely uncomfortable in the din of my stepfather's party.

"This party's so boring!" the notes says. "Meet me in the closet in ten minutes."

I shake my head, smiling to myself as I sip champagne and read the note again. The feeling right now, when I look over the words once more, is a deep anticipation. My stomach knots so hard I have to place my champagne flute on the table, incapable of swallowing another drop.

I look up at the party guests. If only they knew what a perv my stepfather is!

He wants—right now, in the next few minutes—to spend time with me in the closet. At his own party! Daddy's so weird about this stuff.

But I can't say it isn't sexy.

The man just won is merger, bringing the company he'd been pursuing for the past year into the fold, consolidating all their stock and melding two different businesses into one. In one fell swoop, Daddy just doubled the size of his business, and probably quintupled its potential.

To throw a party... well, that was necessary. This is exactly the type of thing you celebrate. Too bad it wasn't Daddy's idea. His vice president volunteered our house to bring the two companies together to celebrate and form their important bonds over champagne, glazed ham, and music.

That isn't how Daddy celebrates, not with me at least.

Daddy knows all about bringing people together, making them happy so they value the work they put into his business. Doesn't mean he cares for it much. That's why he leaves it up to his VP, who used to work human resources way back when. So Daddy agreed, but he's just itching to get out of it.

And I don't blame him. Daddy and I are so close, we're like the same person. Ambitious but introverted, excited to achieve, but not hell bent on commemorating it. We'd rather bask for a moment before moving onto the next thing.

Well, Daddy's much better at it than I am.

Even though I don't blame him, he should be down here, showing these people a good time. Maybe I should be the one who picks up the slack and makes a good host for Daddy's guests...

Or, I'd try, if Daddy hadn't enticed me with his note.

His note he slipped into my hand as he passed by me while showing the previous CEO of the absorbed company around the house. It didn't take long for Daddy to grow impatient.

He was tired of entertaining people not even an hour into the party.

The only person he wants to be with is me.

That's why I can't ignore the note, because Daddy's the only one I want to be with as well. He's so funny, so handsome, so rugged, and so hardworking but so laid back. He's like the perfect man: a workaholic who spends every minute he's *not* working with me.

That's all I can ask for.

He takes care of me, in and outside the bedroom.

I bite my lip, hastily throwing my eyes to the floor. I can feel the heat in me rise up. I don't want anyone noticing just how uncomfortable I really am.

If they ask about it... I'm in trouble.

I don't have the conviction at the moment to make something up, but I sure as hell can't tell them that I'm on my way to meet my Daddy, so he can have me in the closet during the most important party of his life.

I read the note again. Ugh, god it's starting to make me horny. I'm seriously locked in on the idea of throwing it all to the wind so Daddy and I can have seven minutes in heaven. Each time I read it is like a new pulse of pleasure, until I'm forced to give up waiting, and I start to head upstairs, away from most of the party.

I couldn't even last ten minutes!

It's actually harder to find Daddy than I expect. I go to his closet, the large walk-in variety with plenty of space, but he's not there. Right then, I realize I have no idea what closet he's talking about. This is the only one where there's enough room to... well, you know.

I close it, looking around the room, thinking he's here but just not in the closet. It's obvious he isn't, so like a sleuth, I have to explore a little. There are a lot of rooms where Daddy might be, so I start with my own.

Opening the closet, I'm disappointed to find he's not there. I twist my lips. Damn it, Daddy! Where are you?

I walk between every room, looking through all the closets, but I'm unable to find him. The worst part is I'm walking around aimlessly through the halls upstairs, where I'm running into people while looking like a lost doe.

People say hi and whatnot, and I clumsily respond back, kind of embarrassed to even be talking to them. It's weird when people talk to you normally and you're secretly up to no good. Boy, what would they think if they knew I was searching closets in order to find Daddy and fool around with him?

How they wouldn't know what I was up to based on my awkward conversation is beyond me.

After exploring every room, I step out into the main hallway, overlooking the banister that leads down into the foyer. There are so many people standing at the bottom of the stairs, in the foyer, that I feel a strange surge of taboo. Nothing like I've ever felt being with Daddy. This is something far stronger. I think it has to do with my dirty desires bubbling up while all these people are standing around so close to me and each other.

I'm only fifteen feet away from the people below me, and I'm already starting to get wet with anticipation. If they only knew what was going on in my mind, and in my pants, I think they'd all be aghast at my filthy libido.

And all the while I can't actually find Daddy to sate my desires!

I slink my shoulders, leaning over the banister, defeated. I'm not even sure where to look next...

“Psst,” says a voice behind me, chuckling, “you have a nice little butt on you.”

My heart jumps as I turn around. The door to the hallway coat closet is slightly open, and inside is standing the figure of a sneaky man.

Daddy...

“What are you—“ I stop myself, lowering my voice to a whisper, looking around conspiratorially to see if anyone notices us.

Daddy wave me in, and when I think no one's looking, I rush into the closet, closing the door behind me. I swipe a number of coats to the side, but they only give me a little room, still pushing at my back as I face Daddy.

“Daddy, what are you doing in here?” I ask, worried as I look through the slats of the door, the small openings giving me enough light to see Daddy's grin.

He laugh quietly. “I thought it was funny watching to walk the halls trying to find me.”

“Daddy! That's not funny!” I say, even though I do get a little devilish delight in it. The man was playing with me, and even though I was feeling incredibly self-conscious and irritated, it dissipates when I realize he was doing it to me on purpose.

He shrugs, leaning close as he mockingly whispers. “Well, you didn't see what I saw: A little girl running around, trying desperately to find the man she loves. It was adorable.”

He pokes me in the side, and I all tension is blown away as excitement courses through me again.

I don't know why a man *purposefully* teasing me is so delightful, but it is. Maybe because if he did it accidentally, like I was inclined to believe, it would make him look incompetent, and that's the opposite of sexy.

“So, why don't you want to be out in the party, Daddy?” I ask, pushing my fists to my hips in the small closet.

“Because I'd rather spend a little bit of time with my Babygirl before I need to play to those simpletons.”

I laugh. “Daddy, you're bad.”

His hand wraps around my lower back, pulling me up against his body. “Only when I'm with you.”

At first, I couldn't understand why Daddy would pick a closet so small for us to be in. He has his giant walk-in, which even has a comfortable seat to let you relax your feet. So many options really, and none of them requiring us to contend with a few guest coats that couldn't fit downstairs in the main closet.

But when his arm brings me close to him—and the way the heat of his body's already warmed the small area up—I understand immediately why he did it.

It's confined, intimate, pushing us together in the tiny space. There's barely enough space for both of us to move around, so it leaves us forced to move as one.

And I have a feeling Daddy picked this closet because it has the appeal of danger. If he chose his closet, no one would've ventured into his bedroom without permission. No one could've possibly stumbled upon us.

We would've been safe; we would've been comfortable.

But here? Where we're only inches away from view, where a tiny, flimsy, slatted door keeps us private? Where anyone who needs the second bathroom upstairs will pass by us? Where anyone who's tired of this party and wants to leave early, who's coat is in this closet, would only have to come up here, open the door, and expose our secret?

Daddy's a devious man. He knows I'm not at risk at all. The only person who's reputation is on the line is his. Because he couldn't keep it in his pants while all his coworkers are around. Because he couldn't keep it in his pants with his own stepdaughter!

The way Daddy would take this chance just to fuck his little girl is wholly erotic!

So when he leans in to kiss me, my body's already pliant, and I can do nothing but sink into his arms. His lips are soft and his body hot, to the point where I can already feel beads of sweat forming on my forehead. I wrap my arms around his bulky shoulders, drawing myself close to him as he pulls my

body in at the same time.

His fingers run light under my shirt, caressing my skin as our bodies meld into one. The sound of party outside is muffled against the passion sizzling in the small closet. It's like Daddy has such a magnetism about him it makes everything else seem so far away.

I don't worry one bit whether someone discovers us or not. All I can concentrate on is Daddy's piercing eyes giving me that little wink of lust he always does. It's a signal that tells me just how much Daddy wants me, like a little nudge to quiet my hesitations and make me just give in.

"Daddy," I swallow, speaking up even though every molecule in my being wants me to shut up. One of us has to be logical. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

Daddy smirks, his right hand unbuttoning my shorts before slipping underneath the waistband and pushing a finger into my slit.

My back arches as Daddy explores my already wet pussy.

"Be quiet, little lady," Daddy whispers.

I stare into Daddy's eyes, my mouth hanging open as Daddy slowly rubs his finger through my slit. It's only one digit, but it feels incredibly thick, pushing my lips wide open as he grinds my pink flesh.

My fingers dig into his hair, stroking his scalp as he strokes me, my body begging for more. His knuckle presses into my clit, sending a pulse of energy straight through my cunt. It causes my butt to buck as my body's already halfway to explosion.

The power of anticipation can not be understated!

"I like that, Daddy," I hiss through my teeth.

He smiles. "I know you do, Babygirl. That's why you let Daddy do it."

I groan. I love when Daddy talks to me like that, as if this were all my idea. But I'm not the dirty pervert here. Daddy is! I'm just the willing, complicit participant.

When his finger curls into my pussy, the fire starts, the burning sensation of sensitivity that floods my loins. I lean in and kiss Daddy,

consumed by lust as I embrace him hard. I hold his body harder with every new stroke of Daddy's hand, feeling myself grip him as if I were going to explode if I let go.

The sensation is so powerful, I want to scream.

But I have enough sense to keep it bottled up so I don't alert every business partner to Daddy's lascivious desire. God, the looks on their faces if they opened this closet and found Daddy's hand deep in my shorts?

It'd be horrifying, but the most frightening thing is, I don't know if Daddy would stop. When his lust is boiling over, Daddy seems like a man on a mission. I think he'd take me right then and there without a care in the world.

I love how that thought makes me feel! I just want Daddy so fucking bad at this moment.

I lower myself to my knees, a task difficult in the closet. Daddy stands up against the wall so I can have as much room as I need as I undo his pants. Pulling them down only a little, I get them and his boxers to his thighs, releasing the beautiful, semi-engorged cock waiting for me.

I have to lower my head and flick my tongue upward to drag his cock into my mouth. The musky meat hits my tongue, and the arousal between my legs only carries over, causing me to squeeze my thighs and transmit fluid to them as it escapes my lips.

My motions are slow, my head moving in and taking Daddy delicately, enjoying the gradual increase of thickness in his cock. I can feel it beat, and when it does, it gets the tiniest bit thicker, growing inside my mouth. I love that feeling. I love taking Daddy when he's soft and making him hard. It's like my own little achievement, his hard cock my reward for being a good little girl.

"Oh fuck," Daddy groans through gritted teeth, keeping his voice low, "God, that's good."

Daddy's cock throbs as he speaks, his arousal building in bursts as he acknowledges it, as he moans in satisfaction.

I can see a shadow of someone walk past the door, but we're not making anywhere near enough noise to be heard over the party. They may not hear

us, but a surge of excitement wells in me, and I feel a spike in the buzz of arousal, a numbing sensation that cause my jaw to lose feeling for a brief moment. A numbness that fades gently and forms into something tantalizing, a new appreciation of the sensations happening to my body.

I engulf Daddy, pleasuring his cock as he finally reaches full strength. Daddy lays back against the closet wall as his little girl sucks his cock, his fingers softly floating through my long hair. He caresses me, and I can feel each pulse of excitement through him because it's followed by his fingers digging a little harder into my scalp, an overwhelming pleasure that makes Daddy more and more aggressive.

Whenever Daddy gets turned on, his behavior becomes more forceful, like sexual excitement turns him into something far more primitive. Daddy always starts out as this caring, protective watcher, but the more I turn him on, the harder I get his cock going, the more those instincts transform into something possessive.

His fingers grip my hair harder, grabbing a wad of it as Daddy's head rolls back. This only makes me suck him faster, my head taking him in while my hand strokes what's left. The more I work on his dick, the more excited we both get, until I know Daddy can't control himself and just needs to fuck me.

How's Daddy going to respond now when there's all these people just outside?

He's not the only one that can tease...

My tongue strokes the underside of his shaft, removing his cock from my mouth and lapping at the tip of his head. When that salty precum tempts my taste buds, I feel the urge to swallow Daddy whole. I want to drink him like a hungry little piggy, because there's nothing more satisfying than consuming the stepfather I love. His taste, his cream, it's all so rewarding, gulping him the relaxing antithesis to the roughness of his cock inside my pussy.

It would even be the right thing to do, what with the party at full swing around us. If I drain him, it'll be quiet and fast, and we'll be set to reenter the civilized party with little mess to hide.

But Daddy doesn't see it that way, and if I'm going to tease Daddy's

cock, then I'm going to be subjected to his desires. It's the animal in him trying to control me. I think he can tell I want to finish him off quickly, and he's having none of it.

He pulls me to my feet, turning me to the back wall of the closet as he gets behind me. Blocking the door, Daddy's shadow looms over me as it partially blocks the slatted light pouring in. His figure places my hands against the wall as he reaches down and slips my shorts down my body. He pulls them just below my ass, keeping them within a hand's distance just in case he needs to pull them up and cover me again.

“Are you going to fuck me now, Daddy?” I ask, looking over my shoulder.

I can only see Daddy's grimace as he looks me in the eye, his gaze not turning away as he manipulates his cock to my sheath. The way his eyes pierce me as his cock does the same makes me moan loudly. Daddy's first thrust is so intoxicating, the heat and pain and pleasure are too much to bear to keep my mouth shut. I just can't help it. I need to let Daddy know just how good he feels inside me!

We both bask in the fullness that Daddy's cock takes hold in my pussy. The pressure, the warmth, we both stay motionless as we shift together. Daddy's cock bulges inside me, and I can feel the tiny movements as my pussy clutches him tight.

I brace myself, knowing I'll have to keep my voice down as Daddy begins his fucking.

Daddy pulls back slowly, dragging along my walls a furious sensitivity, one amplified by the anticipation of what a cock leaving my pussy means...

It means it needs to slide right back to fuck me!

So when it does—when Daddy pushes his dick casually back into my cunt—the anticipation morphs into a deep groan. I'm so turned on, it's so difficult to keep from vocalizing it!

“Oh god, Daddy!” I whisper slash grunt, leaning harder into the back wall to support my agonizing body.

For the first few thrusts, Daddy's slow and meticulous, letting my pussy adjust to the intensity of his cock. But it doesn't seem to help much, because I

can't stop from absorbing each thrust and turning it into loud satisfaction.

Daddy's dick is just too long and thick to keep his little girl from loving every inch of it!

And when Daddy's thrusts pick up, I have to fight my voice, closing my throat and stopping my breathing, to silence just how badly I want to cry out.

His fingers clutch my hips, and with swift, hard, but somehow silent stabs of his cock, Daddy fucks me in the tiny, heated box. Our movements cause the wall to shake and the coats to swing on their hangars, the soft fabric swinging back and forth into me as Daddy pounds my pussy.

"Mmmmm," Daddy grunts, slamming his hips into mine. His thrusts are short and brutal, probably pulling his cock only halfway out before driving it into me hard, the vicious sound of our bodies colliding deafening in the small closet.

"Oh, give Daddy's those titties, baby." His hands slide up my torso before lifting up my cups and squeezing my tits. He uses them as handles as he savagely fucks me, fingers digging into my flesh, using short propulsive motions to angrily crush my pussy. It's like the idea of getting caught only makes Daddy all the more energetic.

It's like if we were found, Daddy's mean thrusts are all the excuse he'd need to tell everyone how much I deserved it. I deserved to get fucked because I'm a dirty little slut, that's what his thrusts would say. He wants his animalistic grunts and thrusts to convey the message so he wouldn't have to say a word.

But I gasp, and Daddy seizes up, the second a familiar voice calls out from mere feet away.

"Joe?" Daddy's VP calls out. "Are you up here?"

Daddy's cock slams into me, and I grunt, throwing my hand over my mouth. Daddy's fingers grab my hips again, using his strength to steady me as his cock resides snugly inside me.

Not far outside the door. "Have you seen Joe? We're trying to find him to give him a toast."

"No, sorry," a voice says.

“If you see him, let him know we're waiting downstairs.”

“Yeah, I'll check around here.”

When they stop talking, a shadow passes by the door, and Daddy's VP calls out again.

It's like Daddy finds it exciting that his employee is right outside, and slowly he starts to pull out of me again. I turn back to him and shake my head, but he only smiles, bites his lip, and thrusts his cock back into my pussy.

I clasp my hand around my mouth, stifling the automatic moan he induces. Seeing that I'm controlling my voice, Daddy's hips pick up again, sliding his dick into my soaking cunt.

Daddy's motions are even more controlled, more short, more intense, but he's still somehow able to feed me his entire shaft with tiny, concussive bursts.

I moan into my hand, the blaze in me building up again through the fear of being found. No, no, *because* of the fear of being found. Daddy doesn't care. He doesn't care if he fucks me just inches away from people looking for him. They call out to him from outside, but he ignores them, using my body roughly through the tumult of the party.

“Come here, come here,” Daddy says. He spins me around and pins me to the wall.

Having lost the interest to make my cover-up quick, Daddy pulls my shorts and wet panties down to the floor.

“Daddy, what are you doing?” I whisper harshly, lust clogging my throat.

He grabs under my legs and lifts me up, spreading me open as he draws my legs to his sides. Resting me against the back wall, Daddy guides his cock into my upturned pussy, the new position sending agony through me.

He's so deep, his cock filling me completely!

I have to throw one hand over Daddy's shoulder and the other over my mouth, crying into my hand as Daddy fucks me up against the wall. His hands cup my ass as his cock propels me upward, driving me to fall back

down on his dick, impaling me on his aggravated shaft.

Daddy's lust is too much, his power fucking me harder, his hips ramming into me at a frenzied pace. The fire shoots up my cunt, and all I see over Daddy's shoulder is people passing by the closet.

They're so close. At any moment, they could hear me, they could open the door, they could see me. They could see the ecstasy in my eyes as my own stepfather plasters my pussy against the wall.

I have to let go of his shoulder to cover my mouth with my other hand, supported only by Daddy's hands and my back against the wall.

I have to cover my mouth because the heat inside me finally becomes too much and the overwhelming pressure takes hold, launching violently through my body. I heave heavy cries into my palms, my body shaking in Daddy's grip as he plows me even harder, reacting to his stepdaughter's body breaking on his cock. His dick continues to slip into my cunt, my slickness sucking him in as my orgasm convulses my muscles, shaking my back against the wall as I forcefully bounce off.

Daddy knows he needs to go, he needs to finish. I've met my fate, so now he needs to meet his.

"Here we go, baby," he whispers, bizarrely calm as he comes in public. "Here we go. I'm gonna fill that pussy up. You ready? You ready for Daddy?"

I nod, keeping my hands clamped over my mouth.

He grunts a number of times, his body tensing up as he shoves his dick in as far as he can manage. His last grunt is met with a fierce thrust, propelling his cock deep into my cunt, where it fires a stream of hot jizz into my pussy. I moan in pleasure, Daddy's warmth filling me as he spills his seed inside my broken frame, satisfying all our dirty desires. Pumps of semen flood me, and I twitch in glee at each shot, imagining Daddy's brood impregnating me on the sheer force of his ejaculation.

Our breathing is reckless, almost as loud as my moaning, and it takes us both a moment to catch our composure. Daddy lowers me, helping me back into my shorts, tugging them into my slit as he gets them up to ensure all his leaking cum smears in my panties.

I love that part, when he makes me bathe in him without cleaning me off.

Buttoning me up, he takes my hand in his. “You ready to get this party over with?”

I lick my lips, clearing away the dryness. “Yes, Daddy.”

He opens the door, the light of the party hitting me full-force. Someone passing by—someone from the new company—looks at us with a quizzical glance. He keeps on walking, clearly confused at seeing us emerge from the closet.

I don't think he can even wrap his around what he might have just seen. I don't think anyone would expect to see a man holding his stepdaughter's hand, and her face aglow in orgasm.

Connecting those two ideas is just impossible for some people.

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Daddy Remote Controls My Body!

I wait with bated breath in the living room, sitting on the couch with my knees tucked under my large sweater. My stepfather's so close to finishing his project.

"Today," he said, "I'm going to change your life, Babygirl."

All I could do was blush at the time, but now I'm incredibly excited and apprehensive. By Daddy's account, by what his new machine can do, it makes me think I'm no longer going to be myself.

Which, like I said, is exciting and scary at the same time.

I like myself, I do. But I have to say my greatest weakness is my modesty. It's paralyzing to the point where I can't enjoy myself in... sexy situations...

Oh god, I can feel my face burn just thinking about it! I'm in my own head for cripes, but there's this judge wandering my brain, pointing out every naughty thought I have and telling me no good girl would ever participate in something like that.

I just want to tell him to shut the heck up, but this conscience has too powerful of a hold on me.

And when Daddy came onto me... I liked it so much! I liked how his hands felt on my skin, the way his lips pressed against mine, the texture of his hair when I ran my hands through it. His presence is so utterly comfortable, it's like nothing I could ever experience in my life could be anything close to it.

And all I wanted was to take a step further with him, really bond, really meld into one, our bodies joined as Daddy...

It's hard to even say the word. It's too rough. I think it's more decent to say 'makes love to me'. Daddy makes love to me...

Even that simple statement seems so wholly naughty. The taboo feeling of wanting to be with my Daddy has this hold on me that freezes every attempt to be with him.

Like last time—or the few times he tried before that—when things got

hot and heavy, and Daddy's hand began to wander my flesh, my instincts kicked in and I shot to his hand to stop him from breaking the band to my panties.

I wanted it so bad but my modesty wouldn't let me pursue my desires! It's so maddening. I feel like an idiot who can't even do what she wants.

I want Daddy. I want him inside—

“Ugh.” I groan, throwing my head under my sweater, hiding from my own indecency. I'm so naive and weak, I can't even say my naughty thoughts out loud!

I know it has to do with my upbringing, with the culture around me. I don't know why, but I took it to heart when grandma took me to church when I was five, and sold it hard to me how devilish sex was and how any good girl would avoid it to save her virtue.

It stuck with me. Like, ground into my very being. All I ever wanted to be was a good girl growing up, and if being one meant I had to abstain from sex, then I'd do it in a second.

But being a good girl means being a good stepdaughter, and if Daddy says he wants my body, who am I to deny him? I shouldn't... or at least, I wish I couldn't. But it'd been beaten into me by my own standards for so long it corrupted my own understanding of what it meant to be with someone. To really love them and let them have their way with me.

It was the ultimate sacrifice of the stepdaughter. But all these stupid inhibitions have made it all but impossible.

And when Daddy pulled his... you know *what* out, to show me, you know, I felt this amazing pang of hunger and lust. I wanted to touch him, the way it bobbed in his hand as he stroked it, the way the veins popped out as he strained against all his girth.

Even that image in front of me—all that dirty desire welling up instantly—couldn't get me to overcome my hesitations. I told Daddy I wanted to be with him, but that I didn't know if I could ever figure out how to see things differently.

At first, he understood. Daddy always understood me. He knows how hard I am on myself, and all he wants is for me to be happy.

And for himself to be happy. So he came to the conclusion he needed to create a device—he's a neural engineer—that would help me overthrow, if not eradicate, my mistrust. If he could divert my brainwaves, he said, they could bypass the area of my mind where everything comes to a screeching halt.

It sounded magical, too good to be true, but Daddy said he'd break time and space to be with me. And he'd pour his heart into capturing mine.

Today is months after he said that, and Daddy, through tireless effort, has assured me he's built the perfect device to help me realize my potential.

“You ready, Babygirl?” he asks, pushing his glasses up as he peers around the corner from the basement, where his lab is.

I nod, swallowing my nerves silently.

He comes into the living room, holding in both hands a small device.

“This,” he says, “will help Daddy fuck his little girl.”

My face goes crimson. “Daddy!” I cry out, completely embarrassed by his words.

He laughs. “Sorry, baby. I just like to see how uncomfortable it makes you. Even if it's frustrating, it's so cute.”

I look at him, my face always slow to release the blood flow from my cheeks. “You're so naughty, Daddy.”

He gestures to the device. “Soon, we can both be naughty together.”

“So what is it?” I ask, bringing my legs out from my large sweater. Daddy's eyes follow my bare legs as they touch the floor, admiring my flesh. I smile, enjoying how much Daddy lusts for me, how much effort he put into making sure he could do more than just look.

“It kind of looks like a TV remote, right? Well, I'm thinking of calling it a neuron skipper, since the primary function is to reprogram the brain to find new pathways to relay information.”

Reprogram? It's kind of weird, but if you think about it, my brain was programmed incorrectly when I was younger anyway, so I can't see any harm in trying to undo the previous damage to my mental well-being.

Daddy stands over me at the couch, kneeling down next to me. His finger travels under my sweater, pressing firmly against my panties.

“So when Daddy is touching his little girl's pussy, she can forget all about the negative feelings flooding her thoughts.”

The feelings inside me are utterly chaotic, lust and fear cycling me as Daddy's light touch drives my libido and sparks the flight aspect of 'fight or flight'. Daddy pulls away, knowing his touch would upset my brain, ensuring he doesn't make me too uncomfortable.

That's why I love Daddy. Even though I know he's impatient with my childish naivete, he's careful to take it very slow with me.

Until now.

“Using some of your DNA I gathered from your blood samples, I mapped the control to your specific framework. So when these buttons are pressed, they react specifically to your neural cortex.”

“How do you know it works?”

Daddy chuckles. “Uh, I've been secretly testing it on you.”

“What?!”

“Like breakfast yesterday, I found the rewind button worked a little while ago, which caused you to forget what had happened the previous five minutes. I wanted it to be a surprise, but I also needed to push some boundaries with you without making you uncomfortable.”

My mouth hangs open, having no idea Daddy was using me like his guinea pig. The thoughts of what Daddy might have been doing to me while my memory was erased is... I was going to say frightening, but I think it's far more erotic instead!

He adjusts his glasses. “This gave me a chance to test things out on you, re-calibrate so the controls influenced only certain aspects of your mind. Not everything, and not anything too important. Here,” he says, turning the remote toward me, “this is my favorite button. You get the first press to change your behavior, to start our life together.”

I swallow. Start our life together? That sounds amazing, like the last line of a romance novel. Even though the device seems intimidating, I'm more

than courageous enough to take the chance to be with Daddy.

The button he gestures to as his favorite says, “Power on.”

“Power on?” I ask. “What gets powered on?”

He smirks. “Something you’ll like... a lot, Babygirl. Go ahead, press it for Daddy.”

I push the button, and after two beeps, the device thrums.

For a second, I think nothing happens, but then my eyes close and my mouth goes wide as a warmth washes over me. This hunger, relaxation, or satisfaction—I’m not sure how to describe it—flushes me.

When I open my eyes to look at Daddy, I feel this insatiable urge to jump on him, to tear his clothes off, to kiss him all over, to see his cock nice and close so I can get a hold of it and never let go.

He smirks. “That one turns on your libido. Do you feel it?”

I nod, biting my lip, restraining myself from melting into a freakish blob of horny hormones. The fact that I can still restrain myself, though, has me bothered.

I swallow, dryness clinging to my throat. “I don’t know if that’s enough, Daddy. I was turned on by you in the first place.”

“But that,” he says, turning the remote back to him, “combined with this.” He presses a button. “Should make it a lot easier to do things you’ve never done before.”

Another thrum, and this time, my mind blows clear in a shocking burst of energy. It’s like every negative thought I ever had never existed, lost to some power I can’t understand.

“This one reroutes past the point of inhibition. It can be kind of dangerous, so we need to be careful with it, but it basically prevents you from feeling bad about anything.”

“Daddy, that sounds like it can be bad. Will I hurt someone?”

“It’s got a fail safe, so you won’t fly off the handle and lose it all. And you won’t feel those negative feelings, but you’ll still hesitate simply by muscle memory. So we have to help you get around that.”

“How?”

“By doing what Daddy wants you to do.”

Daddy stands up from the couch and takes a step back, sitting in the sofa chair across from me. He presses a button before saying, “Now be a good little girl and take care of your Daddy.”

I knew the device had some more functions to it, what with all the buttons on the controller. It's not like Daddy would ever design something with a bunch of superfluous nonsense.

An incredible surge hits me, and a desire to touch myself overwhelms my senses. It's not like mind control, but it feels like heavy suggestion.

I lean back against the couch cushions, that warmth from before flowing through me. From head to thighs, I follow the course of the wave through my body. My hands curve around my neck, a sensuous heat slipping down my torso. My hands flow over my sweater, over my breasts, reaching to my thighs. My hands caress my own flesh, the sensation aching and powerful, a desire driven into me by my own touch!

“That's my girl,” Daddy says, watching me intently. “Show Daddy what you can do.”

My fingers curl inward, stroking my sensitive inner thighs, before pressing up against my panties.

Oh my god! I'm already wet, my panties damp to the touch. And my fingers won't quit, pushing against the fabric, pushing it into my slit. It's like fire, my lips and pink flesh inflamed by my libido.

I've never really touched myself before, a squicky feeling keeping me from exploring my own body. So many frustrations and negative responses would cloud my mind and make it all feel so inappropriate, to the point where I'd be forced to stop because it actually *didn't* feel good.

But now? With no inhibitions blocking my desires? The fire building in my *pussy*—I said *pussy*!—is intense and all consuming. It feels so marvelous, like the release of years of built up pressure and bodily oppression.

“Daddy,” I coo, “it feels so good.”

“I know, Babygirl. Daddy likes to see you so happy.” He leans forward,

the controller resting softly in his hands as he studies my body. “You want to show Daddy your titties?”

I'd expect myself to blush, to say no, to hate the words coming out of his mouth. I'd shrink and hide, and if Daddy pushed me too much before, I'd run from the severity of his demands.

But I nod instead, almost without thought, biting my lip at the excitement flooding me from Daddy's words. The smoldering in his eyes makes everything feel all right, and when I reach for the hem of my sweater, it comes off like it was the easiest decision I ever made.

The shock to my system is exhilarating. It's not that my tits are exposed to Daddy, it's that I want Daddy to see me in full nudity! I want him to lust after my body, to lose control, to take me in the most brutal way imaginable.

I spread my legs open wide, a move I never would have made before because I would've thought it obscene. My tendons strain as my legs go to my sides, and my pussy quivers when I push my hand against my panties. “Daddy, don't you want to fuck me?”

Daddy licks his lips before pushing another button. “I want to see my baby come for her Daddy. Can you do that for me?”

I nod, my body jolting as the signals from Daddy's device command me to do something new.

My touch is no longer light, my libido charging even faster as I push hard into my slit, the pressure intense as I stroke my flesh. It's no longer enough. I need to feel it in the open, to *really* touch my pussy for the first time in my life.

I pull my panties off, sliding them up my lifted legs, before dropping them on the floor and spreading myself wide open for Daddy.

My fingers touch my pussy and I groan loudly, “Oh fuck, Daddy!”

It's so potent. The electricity sparks as I drop the breaker on my body, lighting up my entire cunt with a single touch. It's like heaven, the smallest touch the most redeeming thing I've ever felt.

And how strange it is I get it from not being a good girl, but from being a bad one. This isn't for procreation. My actions aren't for love. They're for a

dirty lust inundating every cell in my brain, a need crushing me as I sink into the cushions, content to fulfill my nasty desires. All I want to do is touch myself, to explode on my fingers in a fiery ball of orgasm.

The thought of orgasming turns me on. I've never touched myself, but I've fantasized about what it'd be like to touch myself so much to the point my body can't take it anymore.

My finger caress my pink flesh, sliding through my folds as I massage the hard cavity, rubbing my walls before focusing on my clit.

I moan, the energy something else when I touch that ball of nerves. "Daddy, please, I want you so bad."

"Do what Daddy says, Babygirl." His hand is on his crotch, coaxing his erection through his slacks. "You can have Daddy's dick when you've come for him once."

"Okay, Daddy, okay," I breathlessly nod. I'll do whatever Daddy wants if only so I can feel him inside me.

Two fingers slip into me, preparing me for what Daddy's going to feel like invading my tight pussy. I stroke my walls, gripping my body around my clit, clamping down and squeezing from the inside. My palm crushes my clit, and I shake back and forth to stimulate it all at once.

Daddy stands and approaches me, kneeling before my open pussy. "Yeah, Babygirl. I want to see your pussy quiver up close."

I groan, Daddy's naughty words doing nothing to suppress my desires, but everything to set them on fire. It's like each dirty thought from him enters my ears and sends a pulse of energy down my spine.

He leans in close, close enough for his hot breath to waft over my clit. "Come on, baby. Come for Daddy."

My fingers split me open as I ram them into me, fucking myself roughly as I listen to Daddy's ongoing commands.

"You can do it for Daddy. Fuck that pussy for me. Come right in Daddy's face."

"Yes, Daddy, yes," I moan, shoving my fingers in faster and faster, feeling my juices slosh as my hand slams into my hips. The pressure grows

so quickly, though, that all that muscle memory in me knows something's wrong, something's foul and dirty.

Daddy groans, and even though my fingers slam into me, my hesitations seem to make their way through the reroute of my neurons. "Daddy," I moan, whining, "this is so wrong."

"Go on. Don't stop."

"I can't... I shouldn't."

Even though I complain, my fingers continue to fuck me, and if anything, my hesitations up the pleasure, stimulating me on a sense of force.

"Daddy, we can't, it feels too good! I feel like I'm going to explode. We need to stop! Daddy, please, Daddy."

I can hear the smile in Daddy's voice as he speaks directly into my pussy. "There is no stop button, Babygirl. Daddy never installed one."

I gasp, but instead of fright wearing me down, it only amps up my arousal, and I unleash on those treacherous words. I moan deeply as energy fires through me, traveling up my cunt and down my thighs, vibrating every muscle on its way through like an earthquake. I sputter and bite my lip hard, the pleasure making me shiver in delight.

The orgasm fades, but my body jolts with the occasional burst of errant pulses. "Daddy"—I jolt, cutting myself off—"why didn't you put in a stop button?" I huff, looking up through heavy eyelids at Daddy as he stands. My body's so weak, the flood of pleasure like nothing I could've ever imagined.

"Because, Babygirl," he says, unzipping his pants, "if I give a hesitant little girl like you an out, you'll take it without thought. The fail safe was to protect you, and to make sure you go through the whole process of arousal from beginning to end, over and over."

He pulls his cock from his boxers, the massive, thick slab of meat I remember gawking at months earlier. Even in my destroyed state, I can feel my libido energize on the sight of the beast in his pants.

"No, you need to be trained to let Daddy in when he wants it. And while the remote's running, you're Daddy's, through and through, and nothing's going to stop you from getting fucked by this big dick."

I swallow, Daddy's dominance flaring my arousal, to the point where I choke out. "Yes, Daddy, please, just fuck me like a naughty little slut."

He stoops down, holding my legs wide as he brings his huge erection to my glistening entrance. His push through makes me flinch.

Daddy's so fucking big! His cock seems way too large for my small pussy, and when he pushes in further, an intense pressure rockets through my nerves. But it's so good, so absolutely powerful, I moan against the sensitivity of my spent body.

"Oh shit." I groan, as he pushes into me to my pelvis, sighing in relief when I'm completely filled.

Daddy groans in ecstasy as my pussy hugs his cock. "Oh god, Babygirl! Daddy's been waiting to fuck this pussy for so long. I just need to absorb this warmth for a little bit, take it all in that I'm finally able to stick my cock in you."

My face burns, and I look up at Daddy. I've never felt this extraordinary feeling before. I'm not talking about the body shattering pressure inside me, I'm talking about the pure abandon I'd taken to my hesitations. The only thing running through my mind is how badly I want Daddy to fuck me hard!

His cock drags on my tight pussy, slamming back into me, his thighs and balls smacking against my upturned ass. Pleasure launches into me like a ballistic missile, rattling up into the mound above my pussy. It nestles, and as Daddy plows into me, I feel that pleasure welling up in me again.

"Oh yes, Daddy. Fuck me. Fuck your dirty little girl."

"You're Daddy's, baby. He's gonna fuck this pussy till we're both nice and old."

He flips me over, and getting me to my knees, Daddy fucks me like a little doggy on the couch.

All the dirty desires I've thought about stream to the surface, nothing held back anymore. They all want to be experimented with, all seemingly stuck in high gear.

"Grab my hair, Daddy."

He wads it, pulling me back toward him, the tight pain in my skull

numbing me as he grabs near the roots.

“Choke me, Daddy.”

His other hand wraps around my throat, pulling me up toward him, my body floating from the hair and the neck as Daddy rams his cock straight up into my cunt.

He squeezes, cutting off air, strangling me as he roughly rams me. It's like every new furious interest only enrages Daddy, making him spear me harder, the animal in him coming to the surface as I let him abuse my body.

But my desires all want to be tested.

“In my ass, Daddy. Put your big dick in my ass.”

He pulls out, holding me by my throat as he adjusts below me. Positioning himself, he jams his cock up my ass, filling me in a matter of seconds as he roughly dominates me.

It hurts, but it feels unbelievable, the brutish force of ramming it deep into my anal canal without preparation only making it all the more exciting. The pain gives way to pleasure so quickly as Daddy effortlessly fucks my rear end, using as much strength on that hole as he did on my pussy.

And I'm conquered, my body bending entirely to his will, my position in front of him so well-cemented by his strong arms and aggressive cock, I can let my body go and melt into him, supported only by Daddy's power.

He grunts uncontrollably into my ear, taunting me with insidious insults. “You fucking little slut. Teasing Daddy like this. You take this dick in that ass and you love it.”

“Yes, Daddy, yes, whatever you want. I'm your little slut.”

His fingers squeeze into my throat at my admission, and he only gets more aggressive, his hips thrusting into my ass so hard my knees lift slightly off the couch.

But it won't matter, because the pleasure of no restraints, of inciting Daddy's sexual frustration, of being absolutely controlled by the man I love, floods my body in endorphins and bottle-popping steam.

And I'm uncorked as Daddy's moans repeat fiercely, his body straining

as his cock unleashes a tidal wave of semen into my close rear end. Heat pours through my backdoor as jets of cum shoot into my anus, filling me to the brim as my body sucks him in, my own orgasm squeezing and opening me, seizing Daddy in fits of convulsion. My hips buck into him, bouncing and slipping his cock in and out of me, ensuring Daddy's spilling seed coats every last inch of my anal cavity.

We groan into each other, our bodies exhausted against the brutality of it all.

Daddy pulls out and I spin around on him, my energy seemingly endless, spent but recuperated in a matter of seconds. My libido can't die, not now, not yet.

I take Daddy's dick in my mouth, sucking on him fiercely, not caring where it's been. I draw the cum from the tip of his penis, drinking it as globs continue to make their way down my throat.

But shortly, the clarity of Daddy's device wears off, and I can feel the urge of being forever filled by Daddy finally fade. I lick my lips and lay back, satisfied with my own sick behavior.

As much as I'm glad to let the overwhelming feelings subside for a little while, I say, "Maybe you should extend the fail safe. I think I need more time to learn, don't you think, Daddy?"

He chuckles. "I'll make any modification for you, Babygirl."

I can feel myself being reprogrammed already, because as Daddy heads back to his lab, my hand goes to my pussy, and I fantasize all over again about Daddy pressing those buttons and making me do things I never would've even thought possible.

I might be changing, but I'll let Daddy use his remote control on me for as long as he wants!

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Daddy Gets Me Hot in the Sauna

The sign is hastily written, stuck to the door with a single slip of masking tape. I have to pull it down to read it since it's curling from the tremendous heat in the hallway.

"I can't believe they didn't tell us the women's sauna was closed!" I replace the sign on the door and hug my arms over the towel covering my chest, suddenly feeling exceptionally self-conscious.

My stepfather chuckles.

"Daddy, it's not funny."

He puts his hairy palms up defensively. "I'm sorry, I just find it funny when you get all up in a huff about these kinds of things."

My shoulders slink. "I just... the sauna's my favorite part after a workout. I like sweating it all out." I tug on the towel circling my body, ensuring it's still snug enough to keep me covered completely.

Daddy tugs at his own towel in response, but his is more rough, as if it were annoying him how he needed to cover himself up.

I look around the hallway, peering around each corner. "Why is there no one ever around in this place. It's like a ghost town. I can't even find a worker to complain to."

Daddy shrugs. "I just don't think this gym is going to last very long. I swear they only have a couple people on staff at any time, and it's almost like we're the only one's ever here."

I sigh, then growl, disappointed I'm going to have to head straight to the showers. The thought of missing out on the pore-cleansing wonders of hot steam has me wanting to curl up in a ball and cry. I know, an overreaction, but I really like it. It's like a reset on the day, all the stress I'd been working out in the gym finally gets to melt away from my body.

I'm not new-age about this stuff, but it feels probably as good as meditation for most people.

I think Daddy notices how uncomfortable I feel, how I simply stand at the door, looking longingly at what could have been if this place was up to

code, or they had the money to keep everything up and running at the same time.

“You know what I think they'd say,” Daddy says, his hand sliding to my shoulder. I jolt from his touch, the soft caress stirring something deep in my stomach, akin to the relaxation I'd get if I were steaming right now.

“What's that, Daddy?”

“If someone was here...” he shouts, looking around as if calling to a phantom employee, “...they'd probably just tell you to use the men's sauna. It's up and running right around the corner.”

I bite my lip. “Are you sure, Daddy? I don't want to get in trouble for something like that.”

Daddy laughs out loud, a gut-bursting guffaw that makes me embarrassed. “Babygirl, get in trouble how? What, are they going to kick you out of the gym, their folding, nearly dilapidated business still standing only so they can run out the term of their lease?”

I shake my head, rolling my eyes playfully. It must be so nice to be a man and be so confident you can get away with anything.

“I guarantee you, they'll say nothing, if they even notice you in there. There's no other men around, and we haven't seen an employee in the past thirty minutes. They're probably cooking bowls in the alleyway.”

I chuckle. “Cooking bowls, Daddy? Geez, you're old.”

He taps his head. “Yeah, old enough to know that most rules in this world can be broken with few consequences.”

I blush, but I love how Daddy talks like that. It's so masculine, so domineering, like nothing in this world could hold him down. All it takes is that form of arrogance to make it seem no problem at all to do something so forbidden.

And even then, I could just play coy if we're discovered and blame it all on Daddy anyway!

“Okay, fine, let's do this. I really don't want to miss my sauna time.”

“All right, baby,” he says, taking me by my bare shoulders, “come on.”

He pretends to snoop through the hallway, as if trying to avoid detection from all the security guards and cameras teeming to protect this multi-billion dollar facility.

I'm embarrassed by his lame attempts at humor, but after realizing no one's around to see it, I play along, sneaking and creeping along the walls, my hands up in the air like I'm holding a pistol.

Luckily, I don't have to fire a single shot as we open the door to the men's sauna.

"Here," Daddy says, "I brought this to make you feel better." He takes the sign that was on the women's sauna and sticks it to this door, telling anyone else that this room is under maintenance.

"Oh, Daddy, you're so bad!" I bite my lip, exhilarated by the deception. I'm not even a part of it, really, but it feels good to be a bad girl, or at least associated with a bad boy.

He shrugs, smirking, following me into the steam of the sauna and closing the door behind us.

The steam is thick in the room, the heat oppressive. It's like all the steam that would've been in the women's room if it were functional found its way here. I arch my back, breathing in the vapor, letting it relax me as I let my muscles go loose, taking in the feeling I love so much.

It's the perfect scene of relaxation. It almost clears the mind as well, seemingly scrubbing away any worries or thoughts of the outside world for the thirty minutes I'm here.

"Babygirl," Daddy says, taking his place on the wooden bench, "come on, sit down."

I nod, walking over to him and taking my place not a few feet away from Daddy.

"You're so far," he says, playfully stretching for me as if he can't quite reach me.

"Quit it!" I titter, swatting his hand lightly. "I just need my space to sweat, Daddy. I don't want you getting yours on me either. I think that'd defeat the purpose of clearing my pours if I'm clogging them with your

stink.”

“Ooh, that's cruel, Babygirl.” He settles into his seat, content to let his little girl be by herself. He stretches his legs out, taking his manly space, and I lean my head back against the tiled wall, sucking in my daily vacation away from life.

It's quiet, super quiet, the only sound in the room the constant jets of steam escaping into the air.

And it only gets quieter when Daddy shuffles, and grabbing the edge of his towel's wrapping, he pulls it apart.

I glance over at him only to dart my eyes back in front of me, shocked at what I witness.

Daddy's towel is on the bench around him, and his cock is laying on his thigh! That's not even the most shocking part: it's that his dick is so big! It's flaccid, loosely laying there, but I can tell even from my glance just how thick he is, and how thick he'd be if he were hard.

I swallow, not saying anything, my eyes glued to the misty far wall. Did he really just do that? This can't be happening. It's so weird.

But even in weirdness, there's a part of me incredibly curious to see what Daddy's carrying on him. My glance was brief, and I really didn't get the chance to appreciate...

Jesus, appreciate? That's my stepfather. My Daddy. What the hell am I thinking?

But rational thought can't control the urges I have in me, intrusive thoughts that want me to investigate further. My rational mind wants me to look forward, but my eyes have this pull on them drawing me to Daddy's side.

Eventually, the urges win, and sneakily, I slowly turn my eyes to their corners, examining Daddy's big man meat. I swallow, my throat dry from an intense fluttery feeling in my stomach.

His cock is so thick, and the foreskin, the veins, the color, this hue slightly darker than Daddy's tone—probably darkened by the thinness of the skin on his shaft—is all awe inspiring.

I keep turning my eyes back to the wall, but they find their way back to Daddy's cock after only a few seconds, until I can do nothing but stare at his dick, absolutely fascinated by it. I can feel my stomach churn, and a tiny bit of pleasure well up inside me as I imagine what Daddy's dick could do to me.

It could fill my mouth, fill my pussy, empty inside me, make my cunt beg for more...

I jerk when Daddy speaks. "Take a picture, it'll last longer."

My face turns crimson as I dart my eyes away. "S-s-sorry, Daddy."

"Don't be sorry. I didn't really think about it until now, but I usually like to get naked in the sauna."

"Why?" I look around as if other people could see what I could see. But we're alone.

He chuckles. "I'm an old man, Babygirl. Daddy's not embarrassed by his body, and he sure as hell doesn't care what anyone else might think about it. I do it because it's freeing. To be naked in public."

"I just—didn't imagine you'd do that."

"Hey," he whispers, "you like this for relaxation, right? Well, being naked is relaxing. You should try it."

I scoff. "Daddy, I'm not going to get naked in here!"

He shrugs. "Fine, if you want to be the weird one in the room."

I shake my head, smirking at Daddy's oddly calming joke. It's silent for a little bit, but I eventually do feel kind of weird.

Not because I'm *not* naked, but because Daddy's so relaxed in his state, and it feels weird to bring those reservations into the sauna. I always saw this space as a safe spot, a place where I could leave the bothers of the outside world at the door.

It actually bothers me more that I'm so caught up in being nude. I shouldn't be, right? I should be able to express myself here and find my inner piece.

I nod to myself, hesitating for a second as I overcome my fears, and unroll my towel, exposing my large breasts and pussy to the hot steam.

I feel two things at once: relief at my freedom, and excitement, as if I just got naked in public. Even though no one else is here.

No one but Daddy.

“There you go, Babygirl,” he says, his eyes perusing me from the side.

I blush, Daddy's gaze on my body enticing. I glance at his cock, returning the admiration in kind.

I settle for a little while, enjoying just how much I like being naked. I imagine what my tits must look like, pushed out as I lean against the back wall, my legs slowly spreading open to an invisible crowd. I feel free, and for some reason, incredibly turned on by it!

My legs widen to the point where my small, lower lips open up, showing the tiniest fragment of pink flesh. A heat much different than the sauna's flows through me, and I feel my tits, stomach, and mound sink to the pressure of eroticism.

And my thoughts go to Daddy, whose eyes never leave me, whose eyes lock with mine, wordlessly conveying something to me. The way they're half-closed, beckoning to me, imploring me to do something. We stare into the colors of each other's eyes, my blue to his brown, and it's like I can feel this magnetic energy.

I don't know what it is. It feels like primal desire, a call to action between us. But it feels more like it's coming from Daddy! It's his aura, heavy and dominant, pulling me toward him. Even though my body is aching to be filled, it's Daddy's sheer energy that manipulates my actions.

And Daddy's hand helping me along!

He doesn't touch me, no. Daddy's hand goes to his cock, and as his eyes keep their gaze on me, his hand begins to stroke his cock.

Oh my god, Daddy! You pervert!

But I'm a pervert as well, because my attention won't leave his cock as it grows in every dimension. The more he beats it, the longer and fatter it gets, until Daddy successfully brings himself to full mast. His dick is just as big as I imagined it would be when it was soft, and when it throbs in his hand, my heart thrums along with it.

And as his dick stares me dead, that animal magnetism from before is incessant, speeding my heart up as I contemplate exactly what I want to do. The urges in me spread through my brain like a virus, and finally, Daddy's dick has completely infested my mind.

I reach out toward Daddy slowly, and as I get close to him, he lets go of his cock, letting me replace his hand with my own.

“There you go, Babygirl. Hold Daddy right there,” he says, licking his lips.

My hand is nowhere near as big as his, and my tiny fingers barely circle his massive shaft. The feeling of the tough, spongy tissue sends a shiver through my arm, which makes me squeeze him repeatedly, testing the strength of his cock.

He groans, his posture settling back.

I pull on him gently, testing him even further, seeing the extent to which I can play with Daddy. Like he'd ever disagree with my touch! I gather his foreskin up toward his head, bunching it up as I grip him tightly. I pull it down and watch his cock strain when I reach the hilt and listen to Daddy's magnificent groan.

“Yeah, Babygirl. Stroke Daddy good.”

I bring my hand up and down, quickening my pace, sending my lustful energy into his cock. The feeling of a man's hard cock in my hand is something else, a joyous merging of hard cartilage and soft skin, tempting every sense in me at once.

My own body responds to my naughty desires, and without all the outside world telling me how taboo this all is, I give into it completely, letting my dirty libido ride its wave to full arousal.

“Is it okay if I suck you, Daddy?” I ask.

He smiles, nodding. “Absolutely.”

I bend over the bench, leaning over Daddy as I push his cock into my mouth. The taste is like heaven. It's sweaty, intense, musky, but something that matches my forbidden desires so evenly.

My lips circle his shaft tightly as I draw up on him, running my tongue

underneath. I lick him from balls to head, tickling my taste buds on Daddy. He groans when I dip down into him, inserting him to the back of my throat.

All that dominance Daddy displayed to me earlier is having an effect on me, to the point where I want to submit to him. I want him to take me roughly, to hold me tight as he slips his long cock into my cunt.

Oh god, am I really going to go that far with Daddy?

But my submission won't let me stop, my mouth devouring Daddy's cock energetically, letting him know just how much I want him.

His hand runs down my back, caressing my body as I suck him off. He grabs a hold of my ass, his fingers digging into me harder the more I push down on him and gag. The more his little girl shows her delight, the more it makes Daddy tear into her flesh.

"Fuck, Babygirl," he growls, "suck Daddy's fucking dick."

"Mmm, it's so good."

"God, that's so hot. The things I want to do to you."

"What are you going to do to me, Daddy?" I look up at him, my soft eyes lost in his commanding glare.

He grabs me by my hair, pulling my face to his as he sinks his tongue into my mouth. Daddy kisses me fiercely, biting my lip as he grips my roots, sending pain and pleasure to collide directly into my brain.

I moan, and Daddy grabs my nipple with his free hand, twisting it in its place. Back and forth he tweaks it, occasionally digging his fingers into my tit, grabbing it hard as we make out.

My hand goes back to his cock and continues to stroke him, my pleasure moving me unconsciously. It's like him all over my body makes me want to be all over his, and when he's rough with me, I just want to feel the powerful symbol he's going to fuck me with.

"Oh god, Daddy!" I groan into his mouth as he kisses me. "Are you going to fuck your little baby? Right here, right in the sauna?"

He doesn't say anything, only leaning into me and forcing me onto my back. With a violent jerk, Daddy lifts the bench and pulls it away from the

wall, eliciting a giggle from me. That was no easy task, but Daddy didn't show an ounce of effort in it as his lust for me fuels him.

Straddling the bench, Daddy's swift in his determination, his angry cock making a beeline for my wet hole.

The way he glides in—a slick slurp of friction—sends a concussive blast of fire and energy up my spine. His cock rushes into me, filling me to the hilt in a split second, driving all of Daddy's weight with a single push.

I cry out, the intensity of his massive cock in me making me feel like I'm going to split apart. He's so wide in my tight pussy!

All Daddy does is groan and grit his teeth, his eyes piercing as he stares down at me. Our eyes connect, the lust in Daddy's eyes crushing me. It's so staggering, it feels impossible to escape, like I'm to the point where I can't stop him anymore, his manly aggression too hell-bent on consuming me.

And devastating me.

His thrusts are not kind, plowing into me with the full force of Daddy's hips, as he pulls back and slams his entire shaft brutally into my pussy. I scream in delight, the force reverberating through my frame, quaking my body to the dead weight of flesh.

Incapable of resisting the meat tenderizer inside me.

Daddy grunts forcefully with each thrust, using his power to feed me his cock.

“Fuck,” he growls. “That pussy's so good, Babygirl.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah!” I breathlessly heave, my body bouncing along the wooden bench. “Fuck me, Daddy.”

He leans into me, his mouth meeting mine as he can't help but kiss his little girl's dirty mouth. Our tongue's intertwine as Daddy's thrusts slow down to something more delicate. Not truly delicate, but respective to his prior pounding, they feel like love taps.

His back arches as his mouth meets my nipples, sucking on my hardened pink nubs. His lips interchange with teeth, Daddy's hostility manifest in his constant nipping at my flesh, chewing me like fresh meat.

And the pain feels amazing, Daddy's hands crushing my tits at the same time, using them as handles. My head lays back as I moan to the sky, Daddy's thick meat pulverizing my tiny body.

Daddy flips me over on the bench, and standing my feet at its sides, Daddy lifts my ass up into the air while keeping my face planted into the wood. I grip the wood as Daddy inserts into me from behind.

The new angle's extreme. Daddy's hands grab my hips and pull me into him as he thrusts, shocking my fat into large ripples as his weight slams into me. I vibrate with each impact, my pussy on fire, my body barely held up enough for Daddy to fuck me.

My tits smoosh into the wood and my back arches heavily as I feel weak against his onslaught. His fingers hook my hips even harder, allowing him to really throw my body into his. His dick goes so deep, I can feel it a hair from my cervix, completely filling me from one end to the other, stuffing his massive rod all the way into my canal.

"Take it," he huffs. "You fucking dirty slut. You're Daddy's dirty little girl. You take Daddy's dick all the way in that pussy."

"Mmm, fuck, Daddy. Yes, yes!"

He lifts me up onto my hands so he can reach over me and grab my tits from behind. I support myself on the bench, bringing my back straight as Daddy pushes into me. His chest leaning against my back, his hands circling my large tits again, Daddy fucks me like a dog mounting a bitch.

His thrusts are slow and violent, pulling back with his ass and hurling his cock into me. Massaging my tits, he kisses my neck, pulling on my nipples at intervals with long thrusts of his cock.

Grabbing my hair, he pulls us over to one side of the bench. Sitting down, Daddy guides me by my hair back into him. Opening his legs wide for me, he brings me between his thighs, pulling me down to sit on his lap.

Sit right back down on his engorged cock!

His dick slides in easily, my ass pressing against Daddy's stomach. Using just my hair, Daddy lifts me and drops me down, shoving his thick rod up my cunt. I lean forward slightly, placing my hands on his outstretched knees, giving me a brace for his abuse.

I help him out, using my legs to lift myself up as he pulls me by my hair, both of us bringing me to my zenith before letting me fall back down on Daddy's cock!

The sound of my ass smacking against him is loud in the small room, my flesh mistreated as Daddy and I use it to sate our desires. My body is thrown into him just so I can feel the pressure of his cock slamming into me, filling my tight pussy as my thighs come snugly together, closing my cavity around his shaft.

“Oh god.” Daddy groans, letting the newfound tightness exhaust him, “oh fuck!”

His hand falls from my hair as he drops it down to the bench to support himself. He just leans back and takes it all in. My closed thighs produce such a sensation on him, it basically paralyzes him, forcing him to let me do all the work.

And work I do, rapidly lifting and sitting down on Daddy's lap, sitting on his shaft, letting his thickness work over my sensitive walls. The mean friction works both our bodies to a frenetic lather, static electricity building between us until we finally come in contact, discharging it all at once.

The power of our orgasms is explosive.

Daddy can only lean back as I work his dick to finality, stroking him with my tight pussy until he's forced to unload every last bit of seed into me. His balls pull back before rubber-banding back into me, shooting thick, creamy streams of baby batter into my convulsing cunt.

His accelerating groans and ultimate ejaculation spurs my own orgasm, flooding my body in a destructive force that releases the tidal wave of bodily energy I'd been storing. It cascades magnificently, vibrating my ass and pussy on Daddy, shaking my ass muscles uncontrollably.

And when his cock unleashes his hot goo, my shaking turns to long strides from my pussy, like I'm grinding harder into him to let his semen travel further up my begging pussy. The heat coats my wall as fluid fills my constricted canal, squeezing it to every possible inch inside me, even coaxing some of it back out onto Daddy's shaft.

“Oh fuck!” Daddy groans, the last vestiges of his orgasm leaving him.

He has to help me straight up off of him because my legs are too weak to lift myself. The second his cock leaves my pussy, it flops over, utterly spent, and out of my pussy spills a tremendous glob of cum onto Daddy's lap.

We both rest on the bench, giggling as our bodies slowly come down from their highs.

“I liked that a lot, Babygirl.”

I smile, nodding my head, feeling a euphoria wash over my nerves. “I feel... so calm.” I swallow, chuckling to myself.

“What is it?”

I turn and kiss Daddy, running my hand over his cock. I collect a large deposit of unused cum and slip it between my lips, relishing the salty concoction.

“Maybe I don't need this sauna anymore to relax.”

“It is going to be closed soon, after all.”

I nod, girlishly kissing him. “Maybe all I need is you to be relaxed, Daddy.”

His hand slides around my waist, and all I want to do is get relaxed all over again!

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Daddy's Little Doll

My stepfather is my Daddy dom.

And I'm his little girl.

Just those thoughts alone are enough to make me shuffle my thighs together in the chair as I wait for Daddy to arrive home from work.

I know he's got something good for me. He always does. That's just how our relationship works. He spoils me, and I... well, I spoil him right back, just in different ways. Only ways I can do for Daddy.

Like look cute. Daddy loves it when I dress up for him, this delicious combination of cute and sexy, a merging of innocence and devilish desire.

So like every evening while I wait up for him to get home to me, I put on a pair of colorful stockings, one's that reach up past my knees. These ones are a swirl of orange and white, stripes that make me look like an orange creamsicle. On top of that, I have a tiny pair of gray boy shorts on that barely contain my large ass, and a tight, white t-shirt that accentuates my hips up to my breasts, exposing my small collarbone and hefty cleavage to Daddy's wandering eyes.

I bounce my feet up and down as I sit on the sofa chair in the living room, steadfastly staring at the door like an anxious puppy.

It might seem pathetic, maybe, to people who don't understand, but Daddy's my world. Ever since we developed our relationship, the way he coddles and baby's me is something akin to absolute bliss.

I love feeling vulnerable and small in his presence, love letting out the girlish side of me without any sort of disappointment or disgust from him. Daddy lets me be me. Not just let me, but encourages it. He wants me to let go completely, to give into all my naive and childish desires, to set my sights on living in the moment and truly enjoying myself.

All while he spends his time making the money and supporting us. That's exactly how he likes it: Taking care of his precious little girl while she gets to be happy in her own little world. It gives me goosebumps just thinking about it. Daddy gives me all the freedom I could ever want and none of the anxiety that goes with it.

And all I have to do is please my Daddy.

Something I look forward to every single day. He deserves it. Daddy's my hero and deserves a little girl that looks up to him.

Especially from her knees.

The lock to the door turns and my feet bounce uncontrollably, my heart skipping and exciting every muscle in my body.

I jump up to greet the tall man as he walks through the door.

I don't even give him time to close the door and drop his bags. "Hello, Daddy!" I cry out, seizing him in a huge bear hug, squeezing the life out of him. Of course, I'm not strong enough to hurt Daddy, but I try to anyway, to show him just how much I love him.

"Hey, Babygirl," he says, smiling as he wraps his arms lightly around me. "Miss me?"

I look up into his eyes and nod, my pigtails bouncing to and fro. "Daddy, you know I'm always bored without you."

He laughs. "That's why I always have to bring things home for you. I need to make sure you're a busy girl while Daddy's off working."

My eyes go wide, playing the game well. I'm not surprised, because Daddy is as caring as they come. He doesn't miss a day to spoil me to my heart's content.

"What'd you get me?" I ask, skipping backwards as he walks over to the couch and drops the bag on the cushions.

"Go ahead," he says, "look for yourself."

I tear into the bag, pulling the gifts out in a fevered charge.

Today he's brought me a coloring book and crayons!

It's exactly what I asked him for yesterday. I said I wanted something to color, because I remember doing that when I was a lot younger and feeling heaven pass over me when I had a crayon in my hand. The whole world could be on fire and I think I'd still be drawing in my books, entirely oblivious to everything around me.

I wondered yesterday if I could recapture that.

Daddy made sure today I could find out if it were true or not. “Daddy, thank you, thank you, thank you!”

He chuckles as I tackle him, barely moving his stout frame. “You’re welcome, my little porcelain doll.”

I blush. My Daddy knows just what to say to get my juices going. That’s his special phrase for me. It’s the thing he hooked me with all those years ago when I got out of college and felt lost in the big ol’ world.

I don’t even like to think about the anxiety I felt leaving the security—the child’s world—of school. School was nothing compared to the adult world, where everything was about careers and buying houses and starting a family without letting them all starve to death. I tried to adapt, but I couldn’t, and I suffered a horrible mental breakdown shortly after the first week of my first job. Bedridden the entire time, it broke Daddy’s heart to see me in such a state.

Which is why one night he came to me, sat me down, and proposed something that would change my life forever.

“Babygirl,” he said, stroking his beard as I remember, “I can’t stand to see you so depressed.”

I could barely look at him, since I was nearly always on the verge of crying. “I’m sorry, Daddy.”

He shook his head. “You don’t need to be sorry. You need to be happy. I’ll do whatever it takes to make that happen.”

I remember saying something along the lines of not believing I could make it in the working world.

The words are a blur now.

But his words I will never forget. “Then you won’t have to. You’re too precious to me to let you go down a path that might break you. You’re my little porcelain doll, Babygirl. I’ll take care of you your whole life if you let me.”

From there, Daddy slowly started treating me not like his stepdaughter, not exactly, but like his precious little girl. The more and more comfortable I got, the more I wanted to regress to a time of spiritual innocence.

And the more innocent I got, the more it turned my Daddy on, until one night, he couldn't take it, and he ravished my little body to his delight.

I was Daddy's porcelain doll, and when Daddy fucked me for being his good little girl, I made sure he always got the royal treatment.

Because this is the man who saved me from a future I might not have survived.

I look down at the coloring book, my thoughts running wild with the sense of calm I expect to feel drawing in it. I wanted to rush off and start right away.

But I know we needed to eat dinner.

And I know Daddy should get his reward first.

"I want to give you my gift, Daddy," I say, placing my books on the couch, leaving them alone until I fulfilled my daughterly duties.

He nods, and I lower myself to my knees, chewing on my lip as I unbutton his work pants. Pulling them down, I reach into his boxers and yank out his huge, soft cock.

I stroke his balls with my fingertips as I move his shaft, studying him as he gradually grows in my hand. "I love your cock, Daddy. It's my favorite part about you."

He groans. "Is that so, Babygirl?"

I nod, looking up at his eyes cast down at me. I lick my lips. "You like how that feels, Daddy?"

He nods, closing his eyes, taking in the pleasure as his cock finally comes to life.

I open my mouth wide and take him in, working his dick slow and sensuously, taking my time to show Daddy everything he's earned. Like a good little slut, I suck Daddy's dick, wrapping my lips lightly around him as I slather him in saliva.

My pussy aches as I grind my thighs together, my body happy to reward Daddy. I don't care if it makes me soft or weak or pathetic or whatever you might call it. I don't care if people frown that I can't survive in the real world

without a man to take care of me. All I know is that when I suck my Daddy's dick, that's when I feel happiest, knowing I'm doing something to make the man I love glad to be alive.

My head ducks into him, slipping him further and further down my throat. I get past half of his shaft, to the point where I used to gag on him, and then to the new point where I do actually gag. I'm nearly at the base of his cock, which I hunger for, but I know is my future goal to adapt to.

Right now, though, I cough and sputter as his dick tickles the back of my throat. I hold him in place, locking my mouth around him as I practice to accommodate his girth. I can only last five to ten seconds before I'm forced to pull off him, my spit dripping from his dick, slinging strings all the way to my lips.

I take a deep breath, overcoming the struggle of his length, and reinsert him, choking on his cock once more.

“Oh fuck,” Daddy groans, his head lolling back as his hand runs through my hair. He strokes my scalp, this amazing calming gesture that always makes me feel right at home when I'm kneeling at his feet.

I pull off, cough, and ask, “You like that, Daddy?”

“Keep going, my porcelain doll. Make your Daddy really happy.”

I know what he means, so I dive on his cock, stroking and licking his shaft, jerking him as I engulf his entire rod. Massaging his balls with my free hand, I signal to his testicles to give me everything they have because I'm a naughty, hungry little girl.

I suck on Daddy's head, sipping at the precum that's forming, tasting the appetizer before the meal.

Daddy winces, his head super sensitive, and I go back to inhaling him, using my moans to seduce Daddy. Each push down on his cock is followed by a harsh moan in my throat, which vibrates straight into Daddy's dick.

It doesn't take him long before the hand on my head stops stroking my scalp and starts gripping my hair.

“Oh god, oh god, oooooohhh god!”

Daddy growls, leaning his pelvis into my face. Straining forward, he

grabs a wad of my hair, locking me in place, and his powerful hips thrust his cock to the back of my throat, all before unleashing a hot stream of jizz into my mouth. Shot after shot coats me, inundating me with salty cum. Each splash of warmth sends a quiver down to my stomach, where it transforms into a settling relaxation, and I lie still for Daddy, letting him empty himself into my mouth.

He groans and twitches, and when he pulls out, I swallow every last drop, licking my lips to make sure nothing goes to waste.

Daddy slips his cock back into his pants before zipping up.

“Thank you, Daddy,” I say, my voice breaking from the force of his ejaculation. “Do you feel better now?”

“Yes, Babygirl. Thank you. I'd been holding that a long time for you.”

I smile, gesturing my head to the kitchen. “Well, come on. Dinner's ready and waiting for you.”

We sit down to dinner and Daddy talks about his day at work. I listen attentively, but I have to say, I'm somewhat distracted. I have a coloring book calling to me on the couch, and my pussy is burning to be filled at the same time. Even through the whole meal, I have a hard time ignoring the sensations welling up inside me as my juices spread to my thighs and panties. I keep shifting and squeezing my legs, which surely doesn't help.

But Daddy's an old man, so I have to make sure I give him some time to recuperate.

When we finish up, I clean the dishes, and then ask him, “Can I go color now?”

He chuckles. “Of course, Babygirl. Go have fun.”

“Yes, yes, yes! Thank you, Daddy!” I run over and give him a hug, before running into the living room, snatching up my gift, and taking it back to my room.

I lay it out on the floor, spreading my gift in a wide semi-circle. I lay down on my belly and carefully turn the pages until I find the figure I want to be my first experiment.

An octopus seems like a great, easy choice.

I pick up my purple crayon and go to work.

After only a few minutes, I feel that calming feeling I was hoping for. I'm completely oblivious to my surroundings, and in my satisfaction, I lift my feet into the air, crossing them and holding them up. I bob them back and forth as I scribble onto my pages.

"Do you like it?" Daddy says from the doorway.

My mind is so empty, I can barely get my voice up as I nod. "Yes, Daddy." I'm in heaven, content to let the world pass me by as I get lost in my little world.

"You look so adorable right now."

I know how much Daddy likes it when I look cute, but I don't really react to it.

I bite my tongue as I color in a particularly tiny tentacle, ensuring I don't draw outside the lines. I might want to be a little girl again, but that doesn't mean I have to be messy about it.

A warmth travels up my thighs as Daddy's hands pass over them. I giggle, but don't say anything, too concentrated on my task in front of me to express anything but the most base emotions.

His hands curve over my ass and he squeezes my cheeks roughly, digging his fingers into my flesh. "God, I love this little bubble butt, Babygirl."

I smile and shake it back and forth for him, which causes him to swat it in excitement. I yelp, but I keep at my task, letting Daddy have his fun behind me.

Daddy's hands slide under my shirt, caressing my back, relaxing me even further. They reach up to my shoulders before coming back down, connecting with the band of my boy shorts, where they hook and begin to slide my underwear down my big butt. I lift my hips off the ground to help my Daddy so he doesn't have to fight with it so hard.

Pulling my shorts all the way off, my legs lower to the ground, and Daddy spreads them slightly as I continue to draw.

His hands run up my thighs again, sliding over my ass and squeezing.

Daddy really does like my butt, and from my belly-flat position, I'm sure it's looking quite enticing to him right now.

His mouth meets my cheek and he bites my flesh, sinking his teeth in and shaking, growling like he's tearing into a piece of meat. He does this over and over, biting my fat and eating me up.

I barely even respond, my mind so lost in my little world.

But I won't be able to contain myself for long.

Daddy's fingers slide down my crack, passing over my tight backdoor before finding my slit below. I always makes sure I'm as clean as possible for Daddy, because sometimes he likes to get me all dirty at both ends!

My hips buck when his fingers slide through my pink folds, pressing against my slick entrance.

I moan lightly, my reverie broken by Daddy's adventurous hands. When he shimmies over my clit, I buck again, my lower back curving my ass upward as I push my pussy into Daddy's fingers.

“Oh, that's a sweet little pussy you got there, Babygirl. So precious for my little doll.”

I lick my lips, swallowing my dry arousal. “Thank you, Daddy.”

His finger slips into my entrance and I let out a deep groan, my hand stopping its work. I jolt forward when he pushes it into me, and it takes me a moment to adjust before I can start working on my drawing again.

Daddy's finger in my pussy, he bites my flesh again, never satisfied after only one meal. My Daddy is ravenous, and he loves nothing more than to have seconds on my small body.

Kneeling between my legs, he spreads them even further, allowing him to pull my cheeks apart and lean into me. His tongue reaches my backdoor and I squirm, the tickling sending erotic pulses through my system.

He's almost got me. Almost...

Daddy feasts on my ass, trading flicks of his tongue with bites in my flesh, shaking and tearing at me. His aggression picks up, his bites become harder, and the movement of his tongue over my hole speedier. He pushes in

with the soft muscle in his mouth, separating the tight orifice as he tastes the inside of me.

He pushes his middle finger into my ass next, inserting all the way in past the second knuckle, prepping me for something far bigger.

I groan, my eyes close, the heat in my body building. Finally, Daddy has my attention, breaking me from my silent contemplation into a lust-fueled blaze forming in me. It's not a bad trade off at all!

“Feel it, because here comes something else.”

Daddy closes my legs together, his finger tightening inside my ass. He straddles my legs, positioning his cock between my thighs before pushing, splitting my pussy open with his huge member.

“Oh fuck, Daddy!” I cry out, the intensity of his thickness is strengthened against the tightness of my thighs clamping my pussy closed around him.

He struggles pushing inside, grunting as his hips drive into me, skewering me. My walls hug him, the friction dragging along his cock as he burns a hole through me. His finger pushes up my ass even further as Daddy really leans into me, feeding me his entire length.

He grunts. “Ugh, feel it, doll. Feel that big dick go in your little pussy.”

“Oh, Daddy! Daddy, yes! It feels so good.”

His cock reaches the hilt, his balls laying between my thighs as he sits back down on me, groaning as he enjoys the warmth of my cunt. I can feel his dick pulse inside me, pumping and testing the tightness, Daddy's excitement see-through.

“Oh, you're so tight, and these thick thighs feel good to sit on.”

“Daddy, your dick is so big, I love it. I love when you put it inside me.”

“Are you mine, Babygirl?” he asks, wiggling his finger inside my ass as he adjusts his position, his cock stretching me as it shifts around.

“Yes, Daddy. I'm yours. You can do whatever you want to me.”

I moan as he slowly pulls out, my palms laying flat on the floor as the urge to hold onto something overcomes me. Daddy's thrust in is even more

intense, and I curl my fingers hoping to hook onto something.

But there's nothing to save me from Daddy's desires.

His thrusts are calm and drawn out, making me feel every inch of him as he meticulously pulls out to near exit before launching back into me. My pussy elicits sharp pangs of electricity, scattering through my walls like cloud lightning, surges tapping every nerve through my system.

It's the calm before the storm.

His thick cock plows into me, Daddy leisurely driving his cock up into my cunt as he rests on my thighs, pushing up against the wall connecting my pussy to my anus. It drags along, threatening to break through, begging to enter my naughty hole. I can feel his dick and his finger connect through the wall, pushing together as they stoke the flames of my libido.

Daddy always gets me going until I'm ready to give him what he wants. Not just ready, but needing. I need him to fuck my ass. I need him to own me completely, to abuse my body in the way only he knows how to.

His dick hardens to a point near impossible without my tight pussy crushing his cock. He uses my cunt to bring himself to the fullest capacity, so that when he shifts to his newest destination, we both feel what a thick cock can do to a bound, tight asshole.

And when Daddy feels ready enough, he pulls out of me, stands a little higher on his knees, pulls my cheeks apart hard, and lowers his weight into me. His thick, tumescent cock doesn't need guidance: Daddy finds my hole with no hand, merely leaning into me and dropping down, his cock hard enough to puncture my hole without assistance.

Pain floods me as his thick cock breaks me open, but it's ignored through the sheer pleasure of being utterly dominated. The sensation is so intense, it allows the pain to meld seamlessly into my consciousness, clinging to the lust Daddy has created in me.

“Ooooooohhhhhh.” I groan, Daddy's cock making it's way into me effortlessly. It chasms my backdoor, and Daddy dives downward, his cock spearing me at full force with a cruel barbarism.

When he reaches the base, Daddy doesn't give me a moment, instead pulling out immediately in order to slam his dick back into me.

Daddy's in full-on fuck mode, his brutality on my ass a far departure from every other soft aspect of his personality.

He lays into me like he hates me. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" he groans, accentuating each thrust into my upturned ass with a curse of aggravation. It's like I drive him so mad, my body so delicious to him, he becomes angry at me for doing this to him.

I'm a good little girl, but I'm too sexy for Daddy to ignore! He's too consumed by lust not to end every night inside my body.

"Yes, Daddy, yes!" I moan, the heat flowing through me in spurts of dominant thrusts. "Fuck my tiny butthole. Fuck my ass."

"Yeah, baby," he grits his teeth. "You take everything Daddy gives you."

"I love you, Daddy. I love you. Keep fucking me. Keep fucking me. Harder! Harder!"

However impossible it may seem, Daddy's thrusts blast into me even rougher. His hands spread my cheeks so wide, I can feel the force of his weight down on my ass as he uses my body to support him. And I can feel when the beams that are his arms give way, dropping his tremendous weight down on me, stuffing my ass with merciless efficiency.

"I love it! I fucking love it!" I shout, my ass bucking up into him ever so slightly. "It feels so good! Fill me up, Daddy! Fill my big ass up with your cum!"

"Yeah, yeah. Here we go, here we go!" Daddy lights into me, throwing everything he has into my ass, speeding up to the point where he knows he's going to finish inside. He huffs, grunts, his breath barely able to keep up with his ferocity, his end goal nearly in sight.

And without warning, he lets out a loud sigh, dropping all his weight down on my ass, where his cock shoves deep into me. It pulses, twitching and spasming, firing whole loads of hot jizz into my rear end. Warmth floods me, filling me entirely as it seeps into every empty crevice of my anus, spreading around Daddy's dick as it makes its way back to the entrance. My body shakes in turn, convulsing as I relish Daddy dumping all his seed and stress of the day deep into my cavity, relaxing himself on my body.

We hold in position for a long time, Daddy breathing heavily as he rests on top of my fat thighs and ass, his heartbeat slowing as he sways on me. His dick moves with him every time, and I love how it feels lightly shifting, even as it softens, it's still an amazing, submissive sensation.

He pulls out, and I sigh in sadness, the emptiness inside me disappointing.

But I lift myself to my elbows, picking my coloring book up in the air. "Look, Daddy, look. Look what I drew!"

"I see, Babygirl. Very impressive."

"Thank you, Daddy. I think I'm going to color this part red next."

I stay on my stomach, coloring, as Daddy watches me flex my anus for him, his cum oozing out of my ass. He squeezes my cheeks, playing with them softly as he savors my flesh.

I keep at my task, happy to have my gift while I give Daddy the show he loves.

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Daddy, I Can't Believe I Caught You!: A Quickie

The shock to my system is like nothing I've ever experienced before. I freeze in place, and a sudden surge—a delightful surge—travels down through my gut like the priming of TNT, the fuse burning to an undesirable end.

Undesirable, because it's my stepfather I'm looking at.

But the excitement is piercing, a stomach-churning disaster that erases all decency in a flash fire. I watch on, my eyes glued to the screen in the living room.

Two girls are going at it. One is using a strap-on on the other—doggystyle—spanking and fucking her hard. It's absolutely passionate and aggressive, and they're screaming out through the muted volume on the television.

My pussy feels a twinge immediately, ready to start up the factory of lubrication between my legs.

Not because of the women, no.

But because Daddy's relaxed in his lazy-boy chair, his pants down to his ankles, his cock situated firmly in his hand. His hand grips it hard, motioning it up and down, coaxing it to life as he watches the girls fuck each other.

Even from behind him, I can see how intently he stares at the porn, concentration focused on all the nasty bits in front of him.

I swallow, my inability to move, to escape, frightening. Why can't I look away? Why am I so utterly focused on the way Daddy strokes his cock? Up and down, hardening it as he moves his foreskin back and forth, alternating his grip from soft to hard, alternating the speed he jerks himself.

The heat in me rushes to my skin, and I feel like I'm blushing over every inch of my body!

A girl like me, this would normally be a horrible situation to find myself in. I never imagined I'd stumble upon my Daddy jerking his cock to porn, so I never once thought what I'd do in the situation. But I know from history, this

type of dirty, nasty thing would scare the bejeezus out of me, and I'd high-tail it out of here so I can avoid the confrontation.

The last thing in the world I'd want is for Daddy to know I saw him doing this. He'd be so embarrassed; I'd be so embarrassed. It's an ordeal I would normally wisely avoid.

Normally...

But I bite my lip as my own arousal builds. I can already feel a wet spot forming in my panties, a tiny little foreboding sign of what my mind really wants.

I don't turn away. I grip the framing of the door as my other hand slides between my legs, the pressure of my fingers sending a energy up through to my core. I'm so fucking horny! It almost hurts how much this whole thing is turning me on.

Come on, come on. I close my eyes. I need to turn away and go back to my room now. I nod in agreement with myself, concurring how wise that idea sounds. I should go back to my room and work on my report, or if I can't help it, I'll just rub one out really quick and settle my mind.

I nod to myself again. Right, right, that's what I should do.

But once I open my eyes, I don't move, Daddy's presence a focal point of my libido. It's pushing me hard to do something I can't believe I'm even thinking.

Against all rational thought, I tip toe into the room, my motions careful as I sneak up behind Daddy in his chair. The floor barely creaks in his room, but my heart is racing every time I make even the slightest sound.

Surprisingly, Daddy doesn't notice a thing, and I approach directly behind his chair.

What the hell am I doing? This is so wrong!

I look over Daddy's shoulders, his cock much bigger this close up. I can see all the details of him as he strokes his meat: the thickness of his head, the incredible length of his hard shaft, the slight darkening of the skin as it approaches his base, the clean shaven pair of testicles nestled between his legs.

My nipples start to get hard under my t-shirt, and I just want to cry out in temptation. It aches so bad! My body just wants to be filled by Daddy's cock, from head to toe, from tip to base, stuffed into my begging cunt. The feeling is so strong I have to fight myself from doing something stupid.

But it's a fight I can't win.

I drop to my knees behind the chair and crawl over to the right side of him. Lifting my hand, I slide it up over the armrest of the chair, and very delicately, I place my hand on Daddy's, gently letting him know I'm here.

Of course, Daddy jolts in his seat, shocked at my touch. His eyes turn toward me, our gazes locking. Daddy's frozen, just like I was frozen at the door, his brown eyes confused and questioning. He swallows, and then his eyes follow the course of my hand, seeing it latched onto his, which is in turn latched onto his cock.

I'm breathing so heavily, my nerves an absolute mess as my heart wants to jump out of my chest. I can't believe I caught him doing this, but I can't believe I did what I did. This is so fucked up. I should just get up and run.

He opens his mouth slightly, but reconsiders himself, instead closing it and glancing back at me, then back at my hand.

Slowly, he removes his hand from his cock.

Oh my god! Is he actually...?

After a moment, my rational mind screaming to stop what I'm doing, I reach over and replace his hand, slipping my fingers around his shaft.

It feels so good! So warm, so strong, so thick and dominant. His dick is like nirvana, and the only way to reach enlightenment is to feel his skin shift in my hand.

I pull down, a sigh of relief washing through me as I experience the soft flesh tighten against his base, and when I push up, the bunching of skin against his head.

Daddy watches my hand deliberately, not saying anything as I gradually stroke his hard cock.

Having watched him jerk it, I mirror the motions he used. I grip harder and pull faster, only to give way to something softer and slower. Daddy

appreciates it, his head lolling back as his mouth opens agape. He swallows, groans, and licks his lips, his eyes turning back to the porno in front of him.

I smile to myself, watching the girls fucking each other on the screen. I play a game with Daddy's dick, stroking at intervals that reflect the girls moving in the porno. When she thrusts, I pull down on him, and when she pulls out, I pull up. The faster she goes, the faster I do, beating Daddy off like he had his cock inside that other girl's pussy.

It turns me on so much to be manipulating Daddy like that! It feels like power controlling your very own cock, and I swear I can feel the arousal of Daddy through my own body, my own pussy getting wetter the more I imagine being the girl fucking the other one. It's weird doing the fucking.

But that power fantasy is brief as Daddy sits up in his chair.

Wordlessly, he gestures with his hands to me. I blush, my eyes locking with his as I take his hands and stand to my feet.

I swallow as he lifts me up to his lap, watching his cock go under me as I straddle him. I can feel his thickness pressing against the back of my panties, Daddy's dick throbbing against me. As I push my butt back a little, his dick grinds the fabric into my crack.

But Daddy grabs the back of my head, pulling me into him and sinking his tongue into my mouth. I'm shocked by his force, and I try to pull myself off him. For some reason, stroking Daddy felt a lot less inappropriate than kissing him.

Which feels a whole lot less inappropriate than what Daddy does next.

Leaning forward in his chair, he wraps one arm around my lower back, holding me tight. His hand sweeps under me, pulling my panties to the side, exposing my soaking cunt. Guiding his cock with his free hand, Daddy positions it under me as he lifts me up, only to drop me down on it, impaling me on his meaty shaft.

"Oh fuck, Daddy!" I cry out, sharp stabbing pleasure gripping my vaginal walls as his thick cock slides into me.

He tears down my shirt, sticking a puffy, pink nipple between his lips. He sucks on it, drawing my body in. Holding my lower back tightly with one hand, his other hand shifts under my ass, giving him leverage to control my

motions.

With his strong arms, Daddy lifts me up and fucks me on his dick.

My hands circle around the back of his head, keeping him close to me as he feasts on my tits. His hand hoists me in the air, driving me hard on his huge member, splitting my pussy open with forceful weight. The pain subsides into burning heat, my pussy acclimating quickly to Daddy's gargantuan size.

His lips suckle my flesh, his teeth chomping at me as his hunger overwhelms him. His tongue flicks rapidly over the nub. His hips lift up into me, propelling me hard as a counteraction to gravity, slamming his cock into me with violence.

I can feel him strain in my tight pussy, the tiny throbbing of his veins felt deep in my core, and it reconciles the taboo with my hesitations. This is wrong, so wrong, but all I want is Daddy to spill his delicious seed into my aching pussy!

Daddy turns me around on the seat, giving us both a view of the two girls fucking each other in his porn. I sit down on him reverse cowgirl, Daddy's dick hitting a whole new intense angle. His shaft slides gloriously along my g-spot, his head reaching further down, nestling deep inside me.

I lean backwards against him and Daddy's hands go to my tits. He squeezes roughly, gripping them with digging fingers as he plows his hips into my tiny cunt.

The girls on the screen are fucking each other hard with the strap-on, and I feel the propulsion of their thrusts just as Daddy thrusts into me. I'm now feeling it from the powerless side, the mound above my pussy growing in tremendous pressure as the cadence of our thrusts match each other.

He bites my neck and I'm his, his hands molding my tits as his cock spears me in frenetic bursts.

“Oh god, Daddy. Oh no, oh no, I'm going to come!”

My body shatters on his long cock, my hips vibrating as they grind themselves into his pelvis, extending the level of pleasure as Daddy's dick bounces from wall to wall. I melt back into Daddy, my body giving way just as his gains power, transferring all my spent energy into his masculine frame.

Daddy picks his speed up, fucking me mercilessly as I lie collapsed against him. My breathing increases as I realize what's about to happen, what exactly it is I've gotten myself into.

But it's too late, and though I'm rational again, I'm too exhausted to keep it from happening.

Daddy unloads his balls into me with a few hearty grunts, his seed hot and creamy. It splatters inside my pussy, bathing me in baby batter as Daddy's hands squeeze me extra hard. His dick pulses a number of times, his primal force conquering me, before he too loses all his might and everything goes soft.

I fall back against him, our breathing erratic as we both watch the girls get off on the television. It's a comforting, tiresome embrace, my body simply uniting with Daddy's as we finish off his porno together.

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Babygirl's Nasty Proposition

“Daddy, can I talk to you?”

I gave her a wary look as the warning bell chimed in my head. The only time Paisley referred to me as Daddy was when she wanted something.

Paisley wasn't my real daughter. She was my wife's. We married five years ago, and everything was fine until Paisley turned 18. It was as if a switch hit and one of Satan's spawn emerged.

The little brat was staying out past her 10 PM curfew, putting her phone on airplane mode, skipping school, and even got caught hanging out with friends she knew better than to be around.

Her mother warned her that one more bad report card, and she was going to be grounded until graduation. And if she didn't graduate? Shit. She'd better pack, because she'd be going to live with her dad and his new wife, both of whom were very religious and had an even stricter set of rules.

Now of course, at 18, Paisley didn't have to listen to us. She was legal enough to do whatever she wanted. But Paisley had never had more than a summer job, so unless she wanted to work in a drive-thru for the rest of her life, she was going to do her best to stay in our good graces.

“What do you want?”

“I need you to sign my report card.” She smiled at me sweetly, standing just a few feet away from me while I played on my phone.

Paisley was 5'4" with D cup breasts, a taut waist, and swelling, child-bearing hips. I could imagine this was exactly what her mom looked like in high school, because they were carbon copies, even down to the black hair and pretty green eyes.

“Why can't your mother do it?”

Her eyes widened, and I could tell she was freaked out by the idea.

“Mom can't see this...” She held a panicked look. “She'll kill me if she sees it.”

I held out my hand and she placed the envelope in it. I opened it up, and wasn't surprised to find it marked with absences, reprimands, and concerned

comments from her teachers. Paisley missed more than the maximum amount of days in school, and the best grade on her report card was a C-.

“Well, well, well,” I shook my head. “Looks like someone’s about to repeat senior year if they don’t get their act together.”

Paisley’s green eyes increased in distress. “Daddy, please don’t say that. I’ll go to class, and I’ll behave. I promise. But can you please sign this for me so Mom doesn’t find out?”

“There’s no way in hell,” I spat. It helped to think of the disgusting attitude she held towards me, especially when her mother and I attempted to address her bad behavior. As far I was concerned, the little brat could get shipped off to her dad’s house. Good riddance.

“Please, Daddy, please...”

“No. Get out of my face.”

She disappeared back to her room.

After a while, my wife texted me. Apparently, one of her friends had a crisis and she’d be coming home late. Being the understanding husband I was, I grabbed something for myself and set an extra plate in the microwave.

After that, I took a shower and sat in front of the couch, vegging out to ESPN, where I would stay until bedtime.

Paisley had been pretty quiet after I sent her to her room, and that was fine with me. If anything, the silence was welcoming. Her mother would have killed me if I signed that report card, especially in the condition it was in.

I yawned, ready to for bed, and reached to turn off the TV. But just as I did, a large slamming sound caught my attention, coming from upstairs.

Alarmed, I made my way up, calling out to Paisley.

“Paisley,” I called. “Paisley, are you okay?”

She didn’t answer and her door was closed. From what I could tell, the light was off as well.

Considering the circumstances, I was getting worried. I opened the door and flipped on the light, thinking maybe we had an intruder. Instead, I was shocked to find a boy face-planted into the carpet. If I recalled, he was one of

the guys on the football team, and the very one we banned Paisley from hanging out with.

He groaned as he lifted his head up, and his eyes widened in shock when he saw my furious expression.

My spoiled, insane, stupid stepdaughter was too much of a bimbo to keep herself out of trouble. Now she had to go and drag someone's son into this fracas.

"Sir, sorry, sir," he said, bumbling as he attempted to sit up. "She told me you were asleep, that nobody was home—"

"Keep your excuses and get the fuck out of my house," I said. He started to climb back out the window, but I stopped him. "No, I'll show you out the *proper* way. We don't need you to be injured before the big game Friday night, now do we?"

He reddened, embarrassed at the fact that I'd identified him as a member of the football team.

I pointed at Paisley, who looked shocked and horrified. She was wearing a slutty pink outfit. A crop top and pink shorts, baring her teeny midriff. I could see her busty tits begging for attention underneath that outfit.

"*You*, young lady, stay put. Don't move an inch if you know what's good for you." She nodded, eyes huge with fear of what I threatened with those words.

After showing the young man out, I informed him it would be in his best interest to stay far, far away from my stepdaughter if he knew what was good for him - or his coveted spot on the football team. I doubt he'd ever have the balls to try again.

As I made my way up the stairs, I shook my head at Paisley. She couldn't behave if you paid her.

"You know your mother's not going to believe this shit," I hissed. "First you come home with the world's most fucked up report card, and then, after you've failed to do anything to make me feel confident in supporting your poor behavior, you take it a step further and sneak a boy into our house."

"He's not any boy, he's my boyfriend!" Paisley shot back.

“Not anymore, he’s not.” I crossed my arms.

A look of anguish crossed her face. “You can’t do that! You’re not even my real dad.”

“Oh, I know I’m not your real dad, but this is my house and these are my rules. And I will make sure to call your ‘real dad’ in the morning to let him know how his little girl is behaving.” A light bulb sprang in my head. “Wait, maybe I’ll just call him now, and send him a picture of your fucked up report card.”

“NOOOO!” She roared. I could see her little teenage life flash before her eyes. Her chest started heaving, and it was so sexy, but I was steeled with resolve to drive home my point.

“You can’t,” she begged. “Please don’t. If you don’t, I’ll behave. I promise.”

“You have to behave anyway.” Tears started streaming down her delicate face. Too bad I didn’t give a fuck. She was a drama queen. This was just another one of her grand performances. “Stop whimpering and take off that ridiculous outfit you’re wearing. Tomorrow your mother is going to take you shopping. You’re getting rid of all these little trashy outfits you have stashed in this room.”

To prove a point I opened a drawer, finding it filled with thongs, sexy panties, and other filthy clothing I know that neither her mother, nor I, would have ever purchased for her.

The thought of Paisley in these items should have disgusted me. Instead they turned me on, and I could feel myself beginning to fantasize in ways I shouldn’t have.

I pulled the entire drawer out and tossed everything on the floor, yelling obscenities to mask the growing erection that threatened to make itself known.

“What are you doing!?” She cried, chest heaving.

“Throw all this shit out!” I screamed. “NOW.”

Paisley dropped to the floor, sobbing hysterically as I pulled all her clothes out of all her drawers and dumped them on the floor. I yelled at her to

pick everything up and put it in a trash bag, because there was no way in hell I would deal with a “stupid and slutty girl for a stepdaughter.”

On her knees, listening to my words of humiliation, she looked so sexy. I couldn't keep my cock from straining through my pants, and it wasn't long before Paisley paused to stare at my crotch.

“Daddy,” she gasped in horror. “You're hard!”

“You should be picking up these trashy clothes off the floor and putting them in a garbage bag,” I hissed. I stormed out the room, dick raging for a release, and went to retrieve garbage bags. I came back in the room and threw them on the floor next to her, but her eyes were still frozen on my cock.

“Daddy,” she said, this time her voice much lower. It purred, a little sexy drawl I couldn't help but notice. She scooted toward me, on her knees, giving me an illicit view of teenage lust in those pretty eyes. “Daddy, if I... suck your cock, will you sign my report card, and let me see my boyfriend?”

My dick leaked at the proposition. My wife was a great lay, but she hated to suck cock. And considering that she was gone for the evening and still not home, my balls tingled at the idea of some kind of action.

Paisley reached into my pajama fly, and fished out my stiff Daddy-cock. It was 8 and a half firm inches with a nice girth to it.

“I bet your boyfriend's dick doesn't look like this.” I glowered over her. I should have been disgusted and appalled by her proposal, but the truth was Paisley was fucking gorgeous, and she needed someone to clean out that dirty mouth. I couldn't wait to paint the inside of her mouth, including her tonsils, white with perverse depravity.

I widened my legs, so they were more than shoulder-width apart, and crossed my arms.

“You'd better suck me good, little slut, or else.”

Without further ado, she opened her mouth and sucked on my throbbing head. Licking up the precum with her tongue, Paisley's green eyes narrowed to horny slits as she moaned and slobbered on my cock.

My eyes rolled to the back of my head, and I let out a lengthy moan at the feel of her oral attention. Fuck, this bitch could suck, stroking the

underside of my dick shaft with her slut tongue as she bobbed her head up and down.

“Yes, that’s it. Suck my cock like the slut you are.”

Paisley groaned in protest, but I didn’t give a fuck. She couldn’t say anything with my dick buried deep in her throat. She was too busy trying not to choke on my cock. A feeling of excitement zipped through my balls when I thought about shoving her head down on me some more to see if I could make her puke.

Yes, I was a good man, and until this point, a loyal, devoted husband. I had no plans of ever cheating on my wife, and I never would. But Paisley wanted me to do things that would have my wife up my ass and around the corner, running from her. She would make my life a living hell on behalf of betraying her, and I needed to be properly compensated for my suffering.

“Men can’t control their erections when slutty things like thongs and tits are out and about,” I said, grabbing a fistful of Paisley’s hair. I began thrusting in and out of her mouth as I spoke. “You think you can walk around here, doing whatever the fuck you want, failing school and fucking boys, wearing slutty clothes to show off that tight little body, and I’ll never fucking know?”

Paisley looked at me, eyes widened as she attempted to balance hands on my thighs. She made gagging noises as I fucked her face, but they only made my dick harder. I knew what it was like to feel powerful and manly once again, something I hadn’t felt in a long time. My wife wanted to make love.

I was a man. I wanted to fuck.

And right now I was fucking my slutty, submissive stepdaughter’s face, because she was a spoiled brat who needed to learn her place.

“You don’t go to school and get good grades, you know what you’ll be doing?” I hissed, pulling out my dick with my free hand and stroking my shaft. I slapped my dick all over her face as I said, “You’ll be sucking down Daddy-dicks for the rest of your life. Huh? You want to be a dirty whore who has to suck cock for bubblegum and cheap shoes for the rest of your life?”

“No, Daddy,” she whimpered, to which I lifted my dick up, exposing my

neglected balls.

“Then suck these balls!”

I leered as I watched her stick out her tongue and lick me. Like a good little whore, she spent her time slobbering each ball in calculated, clockwise circles.

Paisley’s mouth was a hot, wet oven for my release, but it wouldn’t be enough to satisfy the debt.

“Get naked,” I ordered, pulling my nuts out of her mouth in time to prevent myself from coming too soon. She started to stand, but I told her to stay on her knees.

“Show me those tits, let me look at them.” I smiled wickedly as I said, “I want to see them from this view, so I can remember it every time I jerk off when your mother’s not home.”

She made a crumpled face, one of disgust but it only fueled me more. “That’s right darling, I’ll be thinking of the time I had you on your knees begging to suck my cock to keep your secrets.”

Paisley had stopped crying a long time ago, but her breath came in soft, sexy pants that made her pretty titties heave. I cocked my head to the right, then the left when she exposed those perfect tits.

“D cups without any sag,” I said, nodding in appreciation. “My favorite. I reached out and palmed one, and then the other. I loved the way her soft flesh bubbled up into tight nubs that shivered with need at the end. I crouched down just enough to slide my dick up and down her pretty cleavage, slapping my sensitive head on the nipples.

“Now stand and take off your bottoms.”

When she did, the fresh scent of wet teen pussy wafted to my nostrils. I reached my hand down there, and it came back sloppy wet.

“Well ain’t you the little slut, eh?” I said. “You’re on your knees, sucking my cock, and your pussy’s down there begging to be touched. Great minds think alike. I’m about to fuck the shit out of you.”

I grabbed that little bitch by the jaw and shoved my tongue in her mouth. She tasted sweet, like raspberries and bubble gum, even though there was a

hint of mint on her tongue.

Paisley almost didn't realize she kissed me back, until I pulled away and her eyes opened. She gasped in abrupt shock, and that's when I smirked.

"You've been wanting to fuck me, haven't you?"

Her shocked eyes widened further. "How did you know?"

"By the way your body's talking to me. Sloppy wet pussy. The gasp you gave just now when I stopped kissing you, and the way you sucked my dick like you owed me money. Nobody sucks cock that good unless they're a whore."

"I'm your whore, Daddy," she said. "I'm your whore and your bad, bad little girl. And my wet, slutty pussy needs to be fucked so I'll behave."

Lord, you could have seen the smoke blowing out of my ears at that statement. I knew her mother could come home at any time, and I was willing to risk it all for a slice of that pussy.

We fell back onto her bed, pink and fluffy, and I kissed my way up the slope of her tits as I teased myself. I thought I would be able to give myself a little more of a wait before I pushed into that pussy, but I was only fooling myself. My dick was begging for attention and I had no choice but to satisfy it.

Paisley's pretty pink pussy was shaven, wet and ready, begging for me. I imagine she was still horny from anticipation with her boyfriend, but I didn't give a fuck. No little teen punk could give my little girl grown-man dick like her Daddy could.

My shaft pushed against the entrance, and I worked my way in.

"Oh, you bad little girl, your pussy's tighter than a fist!" I gasped. She moaned in response and I continued to push my way inside, taking any ounce of her innocence that was left - if there was any to begin with. The heat of her pussy cooked by cock, and I could feel an intense burn as I slid deeper into her.

Paisley's breath hitched at the way I penetrated her. "Daddy, you're so big!" She said, breathlessly.

She winced and whimpered at first, her face contorted in discomfort as

she looked down and saw herself impaled on my shaft. Once her muscles gave a little, she began to stretch in a manner that accommodated me, and I started plowing into her.

She was wet, sloppy fucking wet, and deep. Delicious friction penetrated every nerve of my dick. My balls were on fire, my whole body focused on giving her a hot, searing creampie of Daddy-nut inside that soft, womanly body.

Hammering into Paisley with a hot rush of pure need, I watched my little girl's face contort as my deep thrusts filled her, fast and furious. Her cunt swallowed me with increasing ease as each moment passed, increasing the primal ferocity of my body's response.

"Daddy," Paisley cried, eyes narrowing with ecstasy. "Daddy... I think I'm going to pee... stop."

I looked at her like she was crazy and chuckled. Was she fucking serious? She was 18 years old and had no concept of her body's erotic functions?

"No, Babygirl, Daddy's fucking you so good, he's going to make you come. And you're not going to just come, you're going to squirt your sweet pussy juice all over the place, giving Daddy a pure taste of your love for him."

I could feel the little bubble - the G-spot - inside Paisley's body come to life with that statement, so I grabbed her thighs and lifted her, pile driving her pussy so hard she fucking roared. The echo of my hips smashing into her thick thighs was like heaven to my ears.

In addition to nearly breaking my eardrums, her orgasm broke her in two. I watched my teen slut writhing all over the place, losing control of herself and her body with my dick buried deep inside her.

"That's right, Babygirl," I urged, "Give Daddy that sweet pussy."

My dirty words pushed her. Fueled to new heights, I had the pleasure of watching that little spoiled brat buck and thrash while she took my dick. Her cunt convulsed, giving me a premiere massage as she lost her grip on reality.

Man, she was paying the price and taking it all so well.

Shuddering waves started to come through my body, and I felt my own orgasm rise to the surface.

“Daddy’s coming now, baby,” I growled in her ear. “Daddy’s coming, and he’s not going to hold back a drop of it.”

“Daddy come deep inside my pussy,” she said. “You fucked me so good, I want you to nut so deep in me!”

At those words I began to stiffen and convulse. I watched Paisley play with her tits and suck on her own nipples, enticing me to carry my orgasm forward.

My breath rumbled and every muscle tensed as I came. A fireball of pure bliss exploded within me as I emptied my vile, virile potency inside this visual viagra of a woman. Warmth splattered inside her, cycling back and coating my own cock in my seed.

“That’s right, Daddy,” she coaxed. “Fuck my pussy, come deep inside my pussy and mark me like the whore I am.”

Unable to stop myself from doing so, I pulled out and saved the last gush. “Open your mouth.”

She opened her mouth, welcoming my nut on her tongue and tonsils like the little whore I knew she was. The hot spray of seed flashed like lightning inside her mouth, and I couldn’t help myself from shoving my cock in her mouth.

Finally, when my dick was spent and I was out of energy, I pushed myself off of her and onto my back. I could have fallen asleep when I saw the tell-tale lights of the car light up the wall through the blinds. My wife was finally home.

I picked up the pink top Paisley had worn only moments before, rubbed my nuts on it, and told her to use that as a pillow case.

“Get used to the smell of my dick and nuts, slut.” I warned. “You’re going to be getting really familiar with them.”

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Daddy Slathers Me in His Lotion: A Quickie

I can see my stepfather from the corner of my squinted eye, pining after me as usual.

I pretend not to notice him as I stretch out on the lounge chair, sucking in the sun as I perfect my golden hue. I know I look good to Daddy right now, what with my back nearly nude against the clear day. All that's covering me is my bra strap and the pair of panties creasing through my ass.

Daddy's eyes have never been glued to me more.

It's creepy, but kind of cute at the same time. The man's so old, but I know he hasn't been with a beautiful young girl in a long time. Maybe ever, really.

It's not like mom was a killer in her day. I definitely hit the jackpot for looks between the two of my parents. It's just natural he'd want something he can't have.

I barely visit the man, anyway. He rarely ever sees me unless I'm trying to get away from my father and stepmother. Sometimes I just can't tolerate their lovey dovey nonsense and I just need someplace to get away to. My stepfather's big house and pool is usually the first place I think of when I need to unwind from all that crap going on at my house.

Even if it involves my leering Daddy, who even though he's sitting in the chair right next to me, it feels like his eyes are right on top of me.

Peeking through my eyes at the man who can't look away, I tease him with tiny movements. I move my butt, squeezing it like I'm adjusting my position on the chair. Daddy's eyes go wide as I move, licking his lips like he's smelled pork chops on the grill.

I have to stifle a smile watching the man fawn after me.

It's just too adorable.

But wouldn't it be messed up if I teased him further?

I lift my head slowly, opening my eyes gradually to give Daddy time to avert his gaze. "Geez, I'm cooking over here. It's so hot out."

Daddy clears his throat, his hand on his round belly like he doesn't know

where else to put it without looking awkward. “You should probably put some sun screen on. The last thing you want is end up like a piece of toast.”

He grins ear to ear, and I shake my head. Daddy, how the hell do you think you're cheesy humor would ever be attractive to someone like me? I expect better from the guys who want a piece of this ass.

“Do you mind, Daddy?” I ask, pointing to a bottle on the small glass table between our chairs.

“What? This?” He asks, pointing to the only thing I could possibly want.

I nod, smirking coyly. “Could you put some on my back, Daddy?”

“You want *me* to?”

I chuckle. “Yes, Daddy. I can't reach my lower back, silly. I probably need a lot here.” I point my thumb to the small of my back, that delicious little spot where all my muscles meet together to make a little bowl. I know Daddy's been looking at it, the simple point that draws the eyes, probably because its the indent that leads up to the curve of a girl's ass.

Telling Daddy to touch there is definitely something he can't pass up.

He nods, “Uh, yeah, no problem.”

He spurts a dollop of sun screen into his hands and rubs them together. Coming over to my seat, he sits down next to me, and I turn my head to the side and close my eyes, letting Daddy have his fun. I smile to myself, finding it hilarious I've put the man on such a ruinous path.

He's going to have an old man erection, one he can't get rid of! It's kind of crazy, but I'm perverse, and I can't say I don't enjoy turning men on and leaving them in the dust. I don't even care if it is my Daddy.

But that thought is lost briefly when his hands touch my back. Soft and gentle, his fingertips caress up my lower back, massaging the lotion into my skin. It's actually surprisingly relaxing. I feel the tension in my muscles melt immediately against the warmth of his hands.

My breathing slows, and so does my heart, my body calming to the point of bliss. This might be teasing him, but I'm sure as hell getting a lot more out of it than I thought.

I sigh contentedly.

“You like that, Babygirl?”

I nod, licking my dry lips. “Yes, Daddy.”

He massages the lotion into me for a few minutes, touching my back up to my shoulders and arms, and what should've been a simple application of sun screen turns into a full-on massage. But I can't complain because I'm too lost in the comfort to even notice.

I sure as hell don't want to say anything and make it stop.

I can tell the way his movements change something is about to happen. He starts from my shoulders and works his way down, pressing deep into my muscles, but moving so smoothly as to suggest his hands aren't stopping anytime soon.

And they don't, passing over my ass cheeks with a soft caress, making his way down my thighs. I shiver from his touch, an erotic sensation that chills me to the core.

I say, weakly, my body so languid I can barely get it out, “What are you doing, Daddy?”

His voice is low, almost seductive. “Well, all of this down here is exposed to the sun, too, Babygirl. It all needs to be protected against the harsh rays.”

His words make perfect sense to my relaxed mind. I mean, of course they do, but they seem to make *even* more sense than they should, if that makes any sense to you.

And when his hands cross past my inner thighs, a heat slowly builds in my pussy, and when his hands squeeze into the fat of my ass, the heat stacks up high, softening me to all of Daddy's advances.

My brain is numb, and all I can do is react to the sensations taking me over.

What was a cruel tease becomes a dirty desire.

Daddy's hands focus on my ass now, his finger digging into my flesh as he kneads my fat back and forth, pouring his aggression into my large cheeks.

He molds and pulls, spreading me open wide, working to tear me apart. I know he can see beneath the thin strand of fabric covering my asshole. I know it's moved to the side, and Daddy can see my naughty hole staring him in the face.

But my body's too consumed by my ramping libido to care.

My breathing picks up until I'm softly uttering moans into the chair. I grunt when Daddy grips me, and sigh when he lets me go.

"It's okay, Babygirl," Daddy coos. "Just relax and let Daddy do his magic."

His thumb slides down my cheeks until it presses against the patch of cloth over my pussy, softly massaging my slit with firm pressure.

Electricity crackles through me at his touch, and I let a serious moan escape my lips. I can't help myself. The small of my back starts to arch, my hips gently bucking against Daddy's finger as he rubs it over my wet spot.

He finds my clit through my panties and gives it focused circle, his thumb tracing the outer edges of the nub as he shoots fire through my pussy.

I can't stop my mouth from hanging open, my breaths loud and deep. "Oh, Daddy," I groan.

Hearing his cue—knowing his stepdaughter has succumbed—Daddy pulls the waistband of my panties down, yanking the strand of fabric from my ass and my moist cunt. His face lowers into my backdoor, and pulling my cheeks hard to the sides, Daddy feasts on my asshole.

His tongue dances over my hole, flicking back and forth, teasing it before pushing it into my dark entrance, inserting it deep. The soft wetness settles my nerves, my spine giving way to Daddy's pressure on my body.

"Mmm, you taste so good, Babygirl."

I moan, Daddy's words driving a spark of energy into my ass, like a nervous blast of butterflies to my stomach. His tongue is so fast, beating over my hole, loosening me with temptation.

He stands up, fabric rustles, and he squats down over me, his legs straddling to the sides of the chair. Something thick lands between my ass cheeks, and when Daddy grabs my hips, I can tell what it is when he pushes

forward.

Through my cheeks slides his thick, incredibly hard cock!

I gasp, “Daddy!” I glance back at him, turning slightly on my stomach to get a good look. His cock is massive, throbbing as he runs it through my ass crack, squeezing my cheeks together to give him a cradle of friction. I can see his angry slit staring at me, spreading open as his skin pulls tight from the friction of my cheeks.

“It's okay, Babygirl.”

I watch, my eyes wide, fascinated by Daddy's dick poking forward, taunting me as it looks me in the eye. It feels nice running through my cheeks, and I can't even form the thoughts to tell him to stop. It's warm and soothing, the gentle strokes hypnotic.

But not for long.

“Daddy can't get you pregnant, Babygirl. You understand? But it's okay because Daddy's wanted this ass for so long.”

He leans back, and tipping his cock down slightly, Daddy pushes his dick into my rear end, splitting me open with his bulbous head.

My head turns forward and I jolt, crying out from the pain. But Daddy keeps on pushing in, slowly but surely invading my ass with his huge cock. It feels like I'm going to rip open, and I'm afraid to move, my body frozen from the fear of being rent asunder.

“Oh god, Daddy, oh god!”

His dick feels mighty, this strangling force against my small body. It's terrifying how utterly powerful it seems and how utterly weak I feel. I can't move, can't even think about running away.

But part of it is because the feeling of being dominated is coursing through my veins, supercharging my nasty, taboo thoughts. Daddy having complete control of my body—fucking me in the one place I'd never willfully let him—is an absolutely life altering feeling!

Especially because I would never let an old man own me. I'd never let a fat, out-of-shape, past-his-prime man have his way with me. But here I'm not given a choice, forced to let him fill me up, and I love it! I love giving in to

the thing I'd never ask for.

Feeding me to the hilt, Daddy starts his thrusts, too impatient to let me adjust to his length. Instead, he smoothly transitions from slow penetration to powerful ramming, fucking me up the butt with no regard for my comfort. I grip the sides of the lounge chair, holding my breath at each thrust, his dick slamming into me and sending a flutter of nerves to scatter with every impact.

“Babygirl, you're so tight! You feel so tight on Daddy's dick! I love your virgin asshole!”

I blush, my face flushing with embarrassment and endorphins. But all I can attest to is the way my body responds, the way the pain fades to sheer pleasure, Daddy's dick plowing, pulsing inside my tight cavity, forcing signals of euphoria through my broken body.

His hands grip my hips and ass hard, his thrusts more powerful, his animal side taking over as he strives to finish. His dick bangs into me, the loud pounding of my flesh reverberating through my body.

“Oh fuck, Daddy! It's so good! It's so good up my ass! Yeah, yeah,” I breathlessly moan, “keep going. Keep sticking it up my ass!”

His thrusts pick up and beat into me a series of explosions, lifting my ass from the chair with each brutal smack of our hips. A tidal flow climbs up my body, recedes when Daddy retreats, climbs again with another thrust, fades back, and then a tsunami overcomes me with one last mean, ferocious heave of his powerful thighs.

My waves break on the shore, sending scattered energy to ripple through my entire frame.

“Oh fuck!” I scream out, the orgasm seizing my muscles and unleashing them, wrecking my body on the shoals and shipwrecking me hard. I sputter and spasm, Daddy's hold on my hips barely able to contain my writhing body.

Daddy doesn't mind, though, his hips unrelenting as he feeds off his little girl's orgasm.

“Oh, take that dick, you slut! Take it,” he grunts. “Fucking feel this huge cock!”

He grunts, ending it all, his dick throbbing inside me.

But Daddy pulls out quickly, and my ass fall back down to the chair. He stand over me, stroking his cock, unloading his cum directly onto my back. The warmth pools as he splatters it on me, collecting into the delicious small of my back. He groans, firing half a dozen shots, coating me in his goo as I struggle to regain my breath as my body releases errant pulses of orgasm.

“Oh god, Babygirl,” he breathes deep, “that was so good.”

I swallow, nodding, too tired to talk.

And made only more tired when Daddy pushes his hands over my back, spreading his seed on my skin, slathering me in his lotion. He massages it in slowly and for a long time, and I coo as I absorb his nutrients, basking in my newly oiled skin.

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Babygirl's My Sweet Little Flower

“Are you on your way home yet, Daddy?” My stepdaughter's voice purrs over the phone like an engine starting its first run. A test of her energy, her independence, her need for speed.

It hurts just to hear her voice. My body aches all over when I even think about the girl, and my bulge swells when she says the word 'Daddy'. It took me a long time to appreciate it, but I always knew she was my sweet little flower.

It just took me to now to know it extends far beyond my care for her.

It's something absolutely hellish on me like nothing else. I don't just want to see her, I want to own her completely.

I clear my throat, my arousal clogging me up. “Soon, Babygirl. Maybe five minutes.”

I can hear her smile through the phone, followed by a light giggle. “I have a surprise for you when you get here.”

“What's that?” I ask.

“Daddy, if I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise. I just wanted to say thank you for the flowers.”

I shake my head against the receiver. “You never need to thank me. I do that all for you, Babygirl.”

I smile to myself. It was nothing. It never is. Ever since I realized just how much I wanted her for myself, I started giving her a flower every day. A pink tulip every time. When I saw them at the grocery store, they just reminded me so much of her. They were her in flower form. Soft, white and light pink, barely blossoming, but holding a feminine charm impossible to ignore.

I've left her one on her bed every day for the past week, and since then, our relationship has changed. Not necessarily for the better. The tension between us is rough, incredibly thick and overbearing. I feel like I can't move around her anymore without absolutely losing my shit and just wanting to rip her clothes off. I think she can tell. Her reluctance around me is crystal clear, which has made me avoid her so I don't put her in an awkward position.

I know it's all new to her. I haven't expressed my sexual desire, but I think it's written on my face to the point even her naivete can't miss it. She's noticed my attraction to her, I don't doubt it for a second, which has made interacting between us far more of struggle than ever before.

But right now, over the phone, she's not so hesitant anymore. "No, Daddy," she says softly, "I do need to thank you. I know how much it would mean to you."

I swallow, her voice betraying something I can't quite put my finger on. It's confident, self-assured, and dripping in innuendo. "Maybe," I say. My dick throbs in my pants, my own word covering a dirty thought, a dirty thought of how she can repay me.

"Soon, Daddy," she says, playing with my own previous assurance.

She hangs up, and I feel my heart drop hard in my chest. I know something's up, something that excites me furiously to my bones. Is this finally going to happen? Is she preparing something for me I'll never forget?

My mind races, all the horrible, lustful ideas of days past flooding back to me after so long of trying to hold them at bay. Nasty, perverse thoughts of my cock plumbing the depths of her tiny pussy, pounding our flesh together as I hold her small body to me.

My dick is already raging, the tightness in my shaft ridiculously uncomfortable. My erection is the hardest it's been in a long time. The feeling of squeezing my pelvic muscles together as I drive my whole shaft into her slick pussy...

Jesus, it fucking hurts. I want to bite my finger off, and even if she doesn't have something like that planned for me, I'm too fucking worried I won't be able to control myself anymore when I finally see her again.

I turn on the radio and let my concentration take over, listening to the music as closely as I can, letting someone else's word crowd out my own. It gives me enough time before arriving back at the house to let my erection fade for the most part.

I exhale sharply, glad I let that passion disappear before I see the object of my desire.

But it only reignites when I walk through the front door.

The lights are off. Not just off, but the dark shades are drawn, and the room is nearly pitch black. As I close the door, I notice a number of candles spread throughout the living room, giving the atmosphere scant lighting. They rest on the TV stand, the coffee table, the foyer entry table. They guide me, but not as much as the sole interest to eyes adjusting to the darkness.

Pink petals—pink *tulip* petals—lay scattered on the floor in front of the door. They're almost expertly strewn about, seemingly chaotic but delineating a clear path through the house. It's like they're not telling me where to go, only suggesting, and suggestion is more than enough to get my blood boiling at the moment.

“Babygirl?” I call out.

No answer. I swallow, knowing what I'm about find is corrupting my mind entirely. She better hope she's not playing a game on me, because I don't think I could handle it right now.

I follow the path of petals slowly, taking off my jacket and tie as I move through the house. They lead straight into my bedroom, where the door is cracked only slightly, enough to let out additional candlelight from inside.

I place my hand on the door and gently push it open, staying in the frame as the scene washes over me.

The petals lead up onto the bed, sprinkled about on my mattress. They surround my little girl, who's leaning up against the backboard.

She's wearing a light blue set of panties and bra that snugly hug her tiny frame. They have little bows attached to their centers, like a finely wrapped gift waiting for me. Even in the low light, her body looks amazing, her skin reflecting softly. On each side of the bed is a bouquet of pink tulips. I'm pretty sure they're the collective flowers I've been leaving her every morning before I go to work.

Collected and displayed like the perfect embodiment of her beauty.

“Hello, Daddy,” she says quietly.

My stomach is uncontrollable, my nerves broken against the gorgeous sight of my stepdaughter on my bed. The dirty thoughts that can run through a man's mind in a split second could fill a book.

“Hey, Babygirl.”

Her head tilts to the side, and I notice it for the first time.

She's wearing a black blindfold.

“I've been waiting for you,” she says, talking in my general direction.

I chuckle, my erection growing again. “I can tell.”

“Do you like what you see?”

I can't see her blush, but the way her body shifts on the sheets, I can tell the idea is as taboo for her as it is for me.

“Like? No. Love? Yes. You look absolutely amazing.”

“I'm a little nervous, Daddy.”

Her words kill me. My skin prickles, her innocence something I could never have in myself. It's so precious, something I need to protect more than anything.

“It's okay, Babygirl. Just relax. Sit back, keep your blindfold on, and Daddy'll do everything.”

She nods, licking her lips in anticipation.

I approach, unbuttoning my work shirt and tossing it onto the floor. My belt and pants follow, and I climb onto the opposite side of the bed in my boxers.

She bristles as my weight pushes the bed down, and I bite my lip. God, this girl doesn't know what she's doing for me. She thinks she does, but she'll never know the kind of lust I have for her, the way my body burns in her proximity.

What she's giving me is the greatest gift she ever could.

I move toward her slowly, coming up to her legs. My arms climb to each side of her, moving me up along her body. I don't touch, only appreciating her flesh from so close a distance. My eyes trail her legs to her pussy to her stomach to her breasts. I swoop in close, breathing on her neck as I approach her mouth. She gasps from my warm breath on her flesh and turns her head away from my advances.

I know she's still hesitant, still scared to give into me. It's why she's wearing a blindfold in the first place. If she can't see me, she can't react negatively.

So I take it slow, gently tormenting her into submission.

My breath flows up her neck. I'm a hair's length from the cut of her chin, up until her ear, which I graze with my lips. She pinches her lips and swallows, keeping her head to the side.

I run my fingertips up her arm, feeling her silky skin. Goosebumps prickle and I circle around them, teasing her about her body's unconscious reaction.

"I know you want this," I say, "and Daddy's going to make you one happy little flower."

She turns her head toward me gradually, and I gently place my lips on hers, kissing her tenderly. Her breath escapes as I pull back, her lips reaching out for mine.

"I'd like that a lot, Daddy."

"Are you ready, Babygirl? Daddy wants to do so many things to you."

"Yes, Daddy," she says, biting her lip.

My fingers caress her collarbone, down and up, eliciting a sigh from her. I don't want to be soft with her. I want to ravish her. The way my cock pulses at her sight, at her touch, at her smell, it makes me want to grip her by the throat and fuck her mercilessly.

No preamble, no fooling around, the way she's turned her stepfather on... she doesn't even know the way I want to punish her little body.

But I know I need to take it slow. She's too nervous, too finicky, and the last thing I want is to scare her away forever because I couldn't control my lust.

So I graze her flesh, casually ramping up her libido in due time. Her skin is so soft, I could play with it for hours, enjoying the tenderness of her flesh.

I reach behind her and undo her bra, and she reaches unconsciously over her chest, trying to protect her modesty. But I'm able to peel it away from her,

leaving her hands to cover her small tits from view.

But Daddy can't deal with that. He wants nothing more than to see her little, pink nipples. Grabbing her wrists, I effortlessly drag her hands away from her chest.

She moans when I do—when I forcibly expose her against her wishes—and I grit my teeth in furious desire. I know she wants it good and hard. I just need to convince her body to give in to me.

Her little nubs stare me in the face. Lowering myself, I pop one between my lips, tasting her sweet flesh. I draw it in, drinking from her as she hardens in my mouth. She squirms in my hands, but I keep her held tight, refusing to let her derail my pleasure. I lap my tongue over, bouncing her nipple back and forth.

“Mmmm,” she groans. “I like that, Daddy.”

“Good, Babygirl. You taste so delicious. Daddy could suck on you all day.”

She giggles and shakes her chest in my face, clearly excited at the proposition.

Babygirl, you don't even know how much I'll fuck you. The time, the effort, I'll make you come every day of your life if you let me. You'll never have to be frustrated ever again. The way I think about you, my dick will be begging me to come home and stick it in you. Stick it in every hole it'll fit.

My hands wrap hard around her wrists, squeezing as my hunger builds.

She doesn't get upset, though. She only seems to struggle harder out of necessity. I'm going slow, Babygirl, don't you worry, but when the time is right, I'm going to abuse this body in the best possible way.

I kiss down her stomach, taking in her exquisite scent as I make my way to her light blue panties. Hooking the band, I free her from its confines. Her arousal is already building, her pussy starting to get wet, and her panties save her juices for me to savor. I toss her dainty underwear across the room, reminding myself to collect them for later.

I need the trophy of our first time together.

Lifting one leg, I kiss down her thigh, playing down her body with

fingertips and lips, guiding myself to her own precious little flower. The flower of my flower. The lips I keep glancing at from the corner of my eye as I move down her leg. I meet the crease of her thigh, kissing the delicate skin before moving inward and kissing around her folds

When I give her one tempting pass, and her body sends me all the signals I need, I score on the prize I'd been seeking for so long. I draw her pussy lips into my mouth and taste my little girl for real for the first time.

We both moan, her back arching as her flavor invades my taste buds. Her pussy is so young and clean, I don't think I've ever had a pussy that's tasted better. I've never been one for the taste, but hers is something completely different. It's almost addictive, almost like its merely an accentuated taste of her already sweet body.

I devour her, the revelation of her pussy enough to forgo the gradual buildup I'd been planning, the slow introduction to all things Daddy. No, her body has tempted me for the last time, and I'm in no mood to stifle my libido.

No, I'm going to feed it everything it wants.

My tongue moves quick, licking up and down her slit, pushing into her pussy without preparation.

Her movements are more dynamic, her body arching hard as I fill her with intense pleasure.

“Oh god, Daddy!” She groans, her hands pushing at my head, trying futilely to prevent her utter destruction.

I plant my lips on her clit, kissing it repeatedly as I slip a finger into her cunt. Stroking her vaginal wall, I flick my tongue over the bundle of nerves, dancing on her precious bean with gusto. My lips can't leave her for too long, so they find their way back to her flesh, kissing and tasting with an emphatic suction on her body.

I slip another finger in and starting fucking her on my hand. I push into her slick cunt, the sloshing building as her pussy gets wetter and wetter.

Her head lays back, her mouth in a permanent expression of arousal. She groans, gripping the sheets as I finger fuck her little body. I can't see through her blindfold, but I imagine her eyes have rolled so far back into her head she'd be blind anyway.

“Daddy! Oh fuck, Daddy!” She bucks her hips into my face.

“Take it, Babygirl. Daddy's fingers are so deep in you.”

“Yes, Daddy, yes!” she gasps, her fingers digging into the mattress.
“Ooohhhh, I'm going to come, I'm going to come!”

I feel her body seize up on my fingers.

Not without me, you're not!

I drop my boxers, and as her back arches and her body enters the point of no return, I shuffle up to her, grab her thighs, shift her toward me, and shove my cock into her tight pussy.

She cries out as my cock stuffs her full of man meat, but it's too late for her, and her body convulses violently on my dick. Her pussy squeezes on me over and over, gripping my cock inside her as her orgasm ripples through her frame.

The tug on my cock is powerful as her body pulls me in, her tight pussy clutching me and applying pressure, intent on carrying cum deeper into her womb. But I'm nowhere near done with her, and all her orgasm does is get her Daddy ready to begin his own fun.

When her body breaks on her release, I know her barriers are down, and I no longer have to be gentle on her.

I lean over her body, grabbing one thigh with my hand as I slide into her, shoving my entire length into her.

“Daddy, you're so big!” Her butt wants to lift from the bed, but I pin her down, refusing to let her move.

I reach up with my other hand and pull the blindfold away from her, letting her wide eyes see me for the first time. I kiss her, and whisper, “I want you to see what you're Daddy's going to do to you.”

I begin my descent, my hips pulling back as I fuck her missionary. Her pussy is so warm and inviting, this comforting little cave where I feel at home, completely sunk into her body. I look into her eyes as my dick fills her, watching the pleasure start to ratchet up all over again as she moans in delight.

Her ecstasy only drives me harder and soon I'm throwing my weight into her, lifting up to my knees before falling back forward into her, impaling her roughly on my cock. Her small hands grip my shoulders as I lay into her.

“Daddy, it's so good. Your dick feels so good.”

“Daddy could live in this pussy, Babygirl. He's going to fuck you like a dirty slut.”

I hop to my knees, clutching both of her thighs, her head flying off her pillow as I pull her into me. Resting my haunches on my ankles, I use the power of my thighs to spear my poor little flower, propelling my hips at a blistering pace. I slam into her, fucking her body into oblivion.

My fingers dig harder into her thighs, the aggravation in me boiling over. She's teased me for so long, even unknowingly, and I'm finally able to stick my cock in her. To say I'm not bent on vengeance would be wrong. I want her to feel all the arousal and frustration she put in me over the past week. I want her to feel it shot back into her body, to feel the aggression as I take it out on her.

She's so adorable I just want to fuck the shit out of her.

And my hips pick up to a tiring pace, ramming my dick into her at a frenzy. The suction of her cunt building as she clamps around me.

“Oh goooooodddd, Daddy!” she screams, her words vibrating against the impact of me into her.

Take it, you dirty little bitch. Take this fat cock all the way into that pussy and fucking love it! You deserve nothing less than utter domination, to kneel before your Daddy.

I flip her onto her knees. I turn her so easily, it's almost a joke, her body unable to resist my animal strength. Bringing her back into me, I slip my cock into her slit effortlessly, sliding all the way to the hilt with no resistance.

I wrap my fingers around her hips, getting the right grip, as I tear into her, hitting her so hard I think I'm going to bruise her ass. But I can't stop. I can't stop because the feeling on my cock is too fucking good. The way her body slams into me, shaking against my might, is something incredibly erotic.

All I can do is get harder and faster, her thin figure nothing against brute force. I grab her hair, pulling her head up so she stares forward. Her grunts are breathy, her pussy getting pounded to pieces.

I have no idea if she ever expected this, if she ever thought her Daddy would lose control and fuck her so savagely, his mad lust treating her like a fuck doll. She must've thought I'd take it slow and treat her like my flower.

But she's accepted her new role, her body banging hard against me, her moans loud and fierce. She's loving it! She's loving how rough Daddy's fucking her! Her voice is like heaven to my ears.

“You're so beautiful, my little flower.”

“Grrrr, fuck, Daddy!” she whines.

A little flower has to be plucked some time, and the only way to know you're loved is to have all the petals ripped off in a brutish fashion, leaving you naked and vulnerable.

I circle my hands under her, crushing her tits. I knead her fat, driving into her doggystyle. But eventually, my thrusts are too much for her, and she slowly slides down onto her stomach.

My hands still under her tits, I simply lift my hips up and drop them violently into her, filling her with the entire length.

The new angle is the deepest and tightest yet, her closed legs tightening her already tight pussy. The friction is enough to build up that burning sensation in my cock I love so much. It starts from the base, burning a fire up my shaft, stopping just below my head as it makes itself ready to pull back.

“Here I come, Babygirl. I'm going to fill that pussy all the way up.”

I fall down on her and the pressure floods all the way back inside me, pulling from my testicles all the seed my stepdaughter will ever need. Pumping it through my cock, I unload orgasmic energy into her. The pulses are hot and intense, my liquid batter flowing freely into her upturned cunt, her ass picking up as she lets me deposit my cum into her. I release an ungodly amount of semen, my body knowing exactly where it's going and who it's filling, making sure I don't leave her without a baby forming in that belly.

I collapse on top of her, our breathing in sync as our body heat cooks us together. It takes a moment for my legs to start working, allowing me to roll off in an exhausted sigh.

My Babygirl latches onto me immediately, resting her head on my chest.

“Daddy, that felt so good.”

“I knew your soft pussy needed a good pounding.”

She nods, falling asleep in my arms, arms that are unable to quit their exploring. I touch every inch of her, still caught in disbelief that I finally have her, and that she's going to be mine. Now and forever.

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Daddy Spoils Me Rotten

It had been three weeks since I turned 18, but all I could think about was fucking. Since I started liking boys, my stepdad had become the hottest man alive. It's a shame Mommy doesn't know what she has. She cheated and left him for an old rich man two years ago, leaving Thomas and I alone.

Yes, that's right. Her new husband didn't want any children, and my mother figured I could manage where I was, as long as she sent a check every so often.

Couldn't get in the way of her rich and famous lifestyle now, could I?

She promised to call and keep in touch. And she did. But the damage was pretty much done with her and Thomas. He wanted nothing to do with her, seeing as she crushed his heart.

With my biological father out of the picture, there was no way I could survive on my own. All I really had was my mother. And Thomas.

So we – Thomas and I – struck a deal.

I remain a virgin, focused on education and good grades, and he would be my legal guardian and protector. It was he and I against the world.

And so far, so good.

As promised, again, here I was at 18. I was barely legal, and still a virgin. Yes, I promised Thomas school would come first and boys wouldn't distract me. Little did he know part of the reason that was so easy was because I wanted him to be my first – and I'd act on my desires this weekend.

It was a 3-day weekend, so we had plenty of time together. Thomas had even gotten off several hours earlier than I'd expected. I didn't know until I'd heard the door unlock as I was getting out of the shower.

It surprised me to see him home so early. I stumbled on my words when I confronted him. "Hey Thomas!" I squealed. Giving him a hug, I asked. "Why are you home so early?"

"Hey, Babygirl." He kissed me on the forehead, as he always does. He smelled of Cartier cologne and musk. "I decided to cut out of the office early. Why would I want to be there when I can spend time at home?"

“You’re right,” I agreed. “We haven’t been able to spend a lot of time together, so now we can catch up.”

“I like that idea.” I nodded my head. We shared mild conversation as we foraged for food in the fridge.

Thomas spoke about a few annoying coworkers at his job, including a lady named Millie. She was slightly older than Thomas, who was 45. She always seemed to offer him lunch, especially once she discovered he was divorced. (He never accepts.)

“Why don’t you give her a chance?” I teased. “She could be the one.”

Thomas snorted. “Yeah, right. She’s not my type.”

“What’s wrong with her?”

“She’s nearly 50. She’s always talking about wanting children – can you still have kids at that age?”

“Yes.” I interjected. My aunt was 49 and just had a baby.

Thomas stuck his tongue out at me. “I was being rhetorical.” He continued his explanation. Generally speaking, he wasn’t interested in coworkers, especially when they were several years older than him, and had brassy red hair and a penchant for loafers.

“I’m not really dating anyway,” he added. I saw the look in his eyes, sadness, which he attempted to mask with dismissive humor. I felt sorry for him. He was a great guy and very handsome. He was tall, about 6’3”, and in pretty good shape for his age. He went to the gym regularly, and he still had most of his wavy brown hair. He also had a generous, kind smile and friendly disposition.

Women loved him, but due to the pain of what he’d gone through with mom, he had no interest in getting hurt again. I could tell, and it hurt me to see. I wish there were something I could do to help him.

Actually, I knew what I could do. I just needed him to let me do it.

“Well, Daddy, don’t you think it’s time you opened up your heart to try again?” I asked. “I’m 18. It’s not like you need someone who will provide a strong role model for me. And I know you have me, but don’t you want kids of your own?”

“I have you, and that’s all I need.”

After dinner – Chicago style pizza and breadsticks – Thomas and I were watching TV on the couch. There was an unremarkable movie on Cinemax. I don’t remember what the context was, but there was a casual sex scene.

Usually, girls become uncomfortable when these types of scenes come on, especially when they’re watching with their stepdad sitting next to them.

I, on the other hand, was turned on.

Sexual tension filled the room as the actors started having sex. My pussy tingled, and I knew it was getting wet, and my nipples were getting soooo hard.

Next to me, Thomas stiffened. His breath retracted and everything. I had a feeling he didn’t know what to do.

“What’s wrong, Daddy? You okay?” I asked, applying the most seductive, sexy, and innocent little girl voice I had. I wanted to arouse him, because even though I had asked, I already knew why he was uncomfortable. Even though he thought sitting next to me watching this movie was wrong, his cock stuck out through his pants.

It looked delectable from my peripheral vision.

He gulped, almost inaudibly. “What movie are we watching?” His voice held a sense of shock that he attempted to disguise as disgust. He did his best—even though it was weak—to behave as if he were completely mortified and in disapproval. “Doesn’t this kind of film seem kind of inappropriate for us to watch?”

“Hmmm.” I shrugged, pretending to consider his thoughts for a moment. His perspective would have been valid – if I hadn’t wanted him to get turned on in the first place. He wasn’t my real Daddy, so there honestly wasn’t anything for me to feel ashamed or turned off by.

“You know what? I think this movie’s just fine. It’s just perfect for the moment.” I slid my hand over to rub his cock, hard and alert through his crotch pants. Internally, I moaned at how turned on he was at the moment. This meant the high level of sexual attraction he felt would sway him to see things my way.

He froze in place, his eyes glued to my hand as I softly caressed his hard shaft through the fabric.

Daddy's lounge pants were deep red with a green and blue plaid print. They were cute and comfy looking, but they needed to go. I wanted to take advantage of his erection, so I fished his cock out and sunk my lips over it.

Thomas gasped with shock. I'm sure he never believed he'd ever feel my sweet 18 year old lips suck his cock into my mouth. He did his best to suppress audible gasps of pleasure but that didn't deter me. I knew the fact that he didn't fight meant that he enjoyed it as much as I wanted him to—if not more than I'd anticipated.

"Daddy, I have a secret. I've never sucked cock before," I mewled. "Yours is the first I've ever tasted, and I think I like it a lot."

His cock, with its nice thick shaft, jerked at my confession. You wouldn't believe how wet my pussy was! To see how much I'd affected him was such a turn-on, especially because I'd been dreaming about this moment from the time I first started watching movies on Pornhub.

I ran my lips and tongue up his meaty shaft, allowing myself to continue indulging in the moment as Daddy let my words sink in. I created a rhythm that worked for me, and Daddy groaned, throwing his head back as he fell under my spell.

"Babygirl. We can't—" He tried to protest that I was being bad. That this was wrong. But he couldn't. I'd cut off his ability to think straight by shoving his dick even deeper down my throat.

It's like pushing down on his cock stifled the words right out of his throat, a freeze frame holding of his slung open, paralyzed in disbelief as his stepdaughter inhaled him thoroughly.

He was going to be mine by any means necessary, and there was no turning back now.

"I licked it so it's mine." I teased, in my innocent sex kitten voice. "Don't fight it, Daddy."

"Fuck Babygirl," Daddy moaned. He'd started to lower his resistance. "Fuck."

Daddy gasped. I knew he would be reluctant to enjoy my surprise; however, I was a fighter. It felt sinfully delicious to feel him clasp the back of my head and encourage me. His fingers curled, digging into my scalp as the sensation of my lips took him over.

Finally, I was winning this fight.

“Suck Daddy deeper, baby. I want you to take all of Daddy’s cock deep into your mouth.” Daddy reached his hand into my shirt, and rolled his manly fingers around my nipple. They hardened in response and it felt like an invisible string attaching them to my clit was plucked, because my cunt got even wetter. I squeezed my thighs together, feeling the juices run and my clit engorge.

I wanted to pop.

“Mmmm!” I moaned with his cock in my mouth. Feeling the gratification of this sensation, I made notes about how good it felt to have a partner in my pleasure. I’d touched myself, made myself cum and everything.

But this was different.

This was literally and truly the first time any man had ever touched me. Ever. It felt so amazing. My puffy nipples rippled with ecstasy, and the sharp pangs running through my flesh were like nothing I’d ever experienced. My stomach churned and all I could think about was the nervous tension flailing deep in my core.

My Daddy abruptly pushed my head back. He pulled my head toward his, and we kissed before he lifted up my breast with his thick, calloused hand and began sucking my nipple. I moaned in frenzy, feeling my Daddy take control like a real man, just like I read in all my dirty stories.

“You have such pretty titties baby,” he said. He looked into my eyes with lust as he said, “You’re so precious. Are you still a virgin?”

Nodding my head, I answered. “Yes, Daddy. I am still a virgin.”

Daddy groaned. He bit his lip as his eyes narrowed. He cupped my pussy through my soft pink pajama pants. “Not even here?”

I shook my head. “Not even there.” I looked him in the face, and felt myself blush as the truth came out. “I want you to be my first.”

“Fuuuuck!” He couldn’t censor himself. His cock jumped at the news as well.

“Well, baby,” he spoke I don’t want your first time to be on the couch, sweetheart.” He stood up and then picked me up. Thomas carried me up the stairs of the house, which made me feel like a princess, and then laid me down on his bed.

I squealed with delight when he brought his lips to mine, kissing me with passion I’d never felt. Kissing him was like being kissed by a movie star. I felt all the butterflies and tingles they show in all the Hollywood films.

He pulled my top off and sucked on my tits. I’d never felt so much pleasure in my life—so I thought, until he made his way down my body and between my legs. My left leg trembled as he looked up at me; I’d never let anyone see my pussy, and I was nervous to let him see me, but I wanted him all the same.

“Relax baby.” He soothed. “Daddy would never do anything to hurt you. You trust me?” He asked. I nodded. He smiled and kissed my thigh, which made my heart flutter. “Okay then.”

He pulled my white cotton bikinis to the side, and gasped. “Mmm, mmm, mmm. Your pussy’s so pretty.” He smacked his lips as he added, “I can’t wait to taste you.”

He slid his tongue against the fold of my smooth shaven pussy, and I moaned. I was weak with lust and unable to control myself. Every ounce of attention poured into my pussy, where the excitement happened. Daddy spread my lips gently with his fingers and kissed my clit. I knew it was my clit because I’d played with it many times on my own. The intense when he touched it was fantastic, a little knob that drove straight through my body to the pleasure center of my brain.

“Oh Daddy!” I cried. “You feel so good.”

“You don’t know the half.” He insisted. “We’re only getting started.” Daddy continued to eat my pussy, making me moan and squirm. The pressure built so fast, I’d been caught completely by surprise when it overwhelmed me. Like a rocket, it launched with a burst of heat, and I was left breathless when he made me come. I trembled with delight because I had no idea sex could feel so good, the shock waves of orgasm numbing me all over.

After I'd caught my breath, Daddy pushed himself up. He crawled toward me so his body was pressed against mine. We were face to face, our eyes sharing lustful secrets in this private moment. Thomas looked at me as he rubbed his cock on my pussy, rubbing it against my highly sensitive clit.

"I want to be inside of you so bad," he confessed. "Can I have you?"

"Yes, Daddy! Take me, I'm yours."

He kissed me again, and then kissed my neck. I melted and moaned under his care as he took control of me. I felt his cock, rock hard, press against me. I grabbed his dick, and it felt so big in my hands as stroked it up and down. The strain of his cock was too much to bear, lighting every dirty desire in me at once, the strength of him calling to me.

"Daddy, you're so big. Will it fit?"

He murmured, "There's only one way to find out," and told me to guide him in. I paused, because I was so scared. My best friend told me sex hurt the first time you did it. I didn't want my Daddy to see me as a scaredy-cat when he put it in.

His firm, strong hand took over mine. He looked into my eyes. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes, Daddy." With that he gently pushed himself inside me. There was resistance as he pushed, because my hymen was intact. But as he pushed, he coached me, and eventually I felt him breakthrough, deeper and deeper inside me. Hot fire flooded me as my back arched against the tremendous push against my vaginal walls.

"Damn, baby." He spoke in a soothing tone. "Your pussy is so hot, wet, and tight. You feel so incredible baby." Daddy started to push himself in and out of me harder. I bit my lip, feeling the dull ache of my broken virginity fade into pleasure that intensified with every stroke. He kissed me passionately as he thrust in and out of me slowly and carefully, filling me with his much needed dominance.

"I want to make sure you remember this forever," he said. "I want to make this special for you, so you tell me how fast or slow you want Daddy to go."

"Daddy this is already special. You can do whatever you want to me.

I'm yours for the taking," I said.

He smiled at my words. "Daddy loves his Babygirl, with her gorgeous tits and tight pussy. Is it mine to keep?"

He picked up his pace and started thrusting some more. I could feel every inch of his huge cock inside me, molding my pussy to fit him perfectly. All I could do was moan as I felt him.

"I love feeling your tight wet pussy on my huge cock," he groaned. He pulled out and stroked his dick while he took the time to suck both my titties. My nipples instantly responded to these sinful sensations. My back arched under his touch. I needed him back inside me.

"Daddy, put it back in. Fuck my pussy." I begged.

"Say please."

"Please..."

My moan for help didn't go unanswered. Daddy slowly reinserted himself, taking time to watch himself slide in slowly. It must've looked glorious, but I didn't have the luxury of watching Daddy slip inside me. I gasped as I allowed myself to relax and really feel every inch of pleasure he provided. This time was less painful, as I'd already been opened up.

"Am I doing good?" he asked me. "How do you feel?"

"Ooooooh! It feels so amazing, Daddy," I confessed. "Please don't stop. I love how deep you feel inside of me. Fuck me harder!"

He picked up his pace. I felt my walls swell, and the pleasurable sensation increased inside my pussy until I realized I might be close to releasing for the second time!

"Daddy, I'm going to cum!" I screamed. "I'm going to cum."

"Cum on Daddy's cock," he urged. "I wanna feel you cum all over Daddy's big, hard cock."

His pleasant urging was all it took. Before I knew it, I'd let loose and lost control. I moaned and yelled so hard as I came, I nearly lost my voice. The rippling was even more intense than when Daddy ate my last orgasm, and my body spasmed and boiled over, flushing me with heated arousal. It

burned my skin, reddening me to the point of a full-body blush.

Daddy fed off my small body giving way, and he groaned and came inside me in response. For the first time, I felt the throb of a man's cock as he swelled and spurted his cum. It felt thick and hot, soothing the insides of my pussy walls, splattering me in his seed. The feeling of having a man fill me up was just as intense as my own orgasm. Maybe even more so, as I give in completely to his ownership of my flesh.

Once he finished, Thomas pulled out and lay next to me. Pulling me into his arms, Daddy said, "Baby, I'm so proud of you. You took every inch of me like a big girl, and you felt so good too."

"Thank you, Daddy," I beamed. "I wanted you so bad I would have done almost anything to make you mine."

"Well no need to do anything now... I'm all yours."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

I slid down on the bed, taking him in my mouth to suck him clean in appreciation for all he's done. I drank the rest of Daddy up, enjoying his salty concoction as I sip up what was left of the huge load he left in me.

Mmmmmm, I thought to myself. I got exactly what I came for.

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Daddy Makes Me One of His Bimbos: A Quickie

From the moment my mother married my stepfather, Grant, things haven't been the same. Mom works in corporate America; her job often pulls her away from home for months at a time. Grant, however, owns his own business, which he started after being laid off from his corporate job.

Grant and mom had a pretty fast courtship, but that's none of my business. I guess she really wanted someone she could trust to watch my brothers and I while she was away making money to support the family.

Grant was a perfect fit... except he had some peculiar ways about him. You'd think a self-employed business owner would work around the clock, right?

Wrong.

Grant spent most of his time sitting on the couch, watching sports, and fucking sluts. I'm so serious. He'd sleep until noon, spend a few hours in his office, go to the gym, then head out to the bar with his friends, find a few easy sluts, and sneak them in the house after we were sleep. He thought he was slick, but we'd caught on to his routine.

... And if there were ever any doubt, the screams those whores made gave us the confirmation we needed. Grant could go all night. And I mean all night. My brothers and I could hear the sounds of sluts moaning uncontrollably for hours on end.

My brothers and I coped by stealing bottles of liquor and whiskey from his private cellar. Grant drank so much he couldn't tell we'd taken anything from him. We'd grab one or two bottles, and drink ourselves under the table so we'd be too fucking plastered to hear the jungle sex he was having.

He'd only gotten worse. As of recently, we started to hear moans of two or three women more frequently. Like whoa. Damn.

The man was a fucking sex god.

And despite knowing better, I became curious to see if he could really fuck as good as he seemed to.

I was home alone. My brothers had gone fishing with our cousins for the weekend. Grant was headed out all night, as usual. He said he'd be bar hopping and then going to a bachelor party.

"Don't expect me to be home until late into tomorrow." That was the last thing he said before I heard the door close.

I looked out the window of my bedroom to check him out. Grant was 5'10" and 200 pounds, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. He was only a year older than my mother, so he was 49. At 18, we had a 31-year age difference between us, but he was sexy as hell. He didn't have the body of a weight lifter, but he was solid and definitely had a way with the ladies.

When he pulled away, I went about my regular life. I didn't have to work because I was in school. Mom and Grant gave me a regular allowance as long as I passed my classes.

Once I was done studying, I grabbed my vibrator and phone. I sat in front of the TV, and switched on some reality TV. I wasn't into the show tonight anyway. My pussy was wet. All I really wanted to do was fuck, but I didn't have anyone to give it to me.

So while I was home alone, with nobody around, I fucked myself with my vibrator, thinking about Grant's big dick inside me. It had to be big. Women didn't moan like that for tiny cocks, did they?

I had given myself at least three orgasms when I realized I was wearing myself out, yet still craving hot penetration. I wanted to have someone look me in the eyes and grunt while they plunged deep in and out of my pussy.

After the fourth or fifth orgasm, I passed out, sprawled all over the couch. I must have been in a lighter phase of sleep, because some time into my rest, I heard the sound of the door open and close.

"Hello?" It sounded like Grant's voice. He sounded drunk. I listened for the sound of heels, something letting me know he'd brought home another piece of drunk ass.

"Wake up, you little slut." I felt the tap on my shoulder.

I opened my eyes to see Grant leering over me. I sat up, eye to eye with his cock bulging through his pants.

“What the fuck were you doing?” He said, putting a hand on his belt and surveying the scene. There were dirty magazines on the floor, and my vibrator was strewn on the side of my leg.

I was too bleary-eyed to think straight when he grabbed hold of his fly, unzipped his pants, and freed his cock. Just as I thought, it was a huge cock. It was massive. It had to be 10 inches.

“Yeah,” he leered, nodding and wagging his cock. “I’ve got all the meat you need for that appetite you have. Go on and give it a little kiss.”

Grant brought the head of his cock to my lips, which parted ever so easily. Sucking in his length, my jaw stretched in reverence to the thick shaft he possessed. His cock head easily began to leak juices, drizzling salty precum all over the buds of my tongue.

“Fuck!” Grant groaned. “Suck this fucking cock.”

He reached to unbuckle his belt, unbutton his pants, and drop them so I could see his blue boxer briefs.

“Yeah, I see you’re nice and horny, Babygirl. That masturbation session wasn’t shit though. It won’t satisfy you the way my cock will.”

I moaned involuntarily, as my nipples hardened and blush flowed to my cheeks.

“Look at you blushing. I bet you’ve been thinking about this cock for a while now. You’ve heard the way I make women scream, haven’t you?”

I blushed even deeper, refusing to look up at him. He stepped back and pulled my head forward. “Get on your knees while you worship me.”

My pussy began to tingle. On the carpeted floor, my knees buried into the ground, demanding me to realize my submissive place beneath him. Grant groaned as he steadied a hand on my head and pumped his cock in and out of my mouth.

“Wrap your hands around the base of my cock,” he ordered. “Take ownership of your sluthood and suck me proper.”

My nipples hardened, much to Grant’s delight. He reached forward and grabbed one of my firm tits, rubbing his rough thumb against the nipple and eliciting squeals from me. It was hard, of course, trying to suck his cock

without getting distracted. But Grant helped me by keeping my head in place as he played with my tits.

My clit swelled with need. I dropped the hand that was around his cock down between my legs and started playing with my cunt.

“Yeah,” he growled. “Play with that pussy. You better be sopping wet when I dig into you. I only like hot, tight, wet, pink, slut pussy.”

Two fingers dug into my cunt, muffled moans pushing their way past my filled mouth. The whore inside me had been revealed, and now she was begging to be released.

“Go deeper.”

I whimpered, and shook my head. I had stretched my mouth as wide as possible and couldn't fit all of that big Daddy dick in my mouth. Grant refused to back down. He pinched my nostrils until I gasped, and shoved his cock even deeper into my mouth. The thick head of his cock pushed to the back of my mouth, and went down my throat. I gagged, which caused my throat muscles to convulse, and Grant moaned a loud, “FUCK YEA” while he began pumping harder.

Tears started to roll down my throat. He ordered me to look up at him, and I did as he continued to throat fuck me, leering as his seed threatened to spill down into my tummy.

“You're a real good slut,” he praised. “I can't wait to get balls deep in that slutty pink cunt. It's so ripe, I can smell it from here. So fresh and ready for my cock.” He inhaled, and sighed, as if he smelled mountain air.

My eyes widened as he said that. I wanted cock, but I could barely fit his in my mouth. He would destroy my pussy with that big monster he had.

“You look scared,” he chuckled, pulling himself away. Slapping that hard anaconda on my face, veiny and slick with spit and throat juice, he laughed wickedly as he confirmed, “You should be. I'm going to fuck you till you can't walk.”

I could have cum on myself then and there.

“Yes,” I whispered.

He pulled me to my feet. “Grab that vibrator, dirty little girl. We're

going to have some fun.”

He grabbed my free hand and led me upstairs. We went to his bedroom.

I gasped.

He looked at me and winked. “That’s right, Babygirl. We’re going to fuck here. In fact, we’re going to fuck on your mom’s side of the bed.”

He pulled off the rest of his clothes. At that time, he was only wearing his shirt, and the blue boxer briefs. They hit the floor, revealing the dark patch of hair housed around the base of his cock.

Laying back on the bed, he stroked himself with my spit and ordered me to hike one leg up and play with my pussy using the vibrator. “I want to watch you make yourself cum,” he ordered. “Cum all over your mother’s side of the bed.”

I moaned, feverishly sliding the vibrator—which was now puny in comparison to that thick Daddy cock—in and out of my cunt. My leg trembled, and I collapsed on the bed when I came.

“Shit... you’re nasty,” he observed. “Nasty and obedient, just like I like ‘em.” His thick shaft was pinched at the head, and he closed his eyes, squeezing them tight and holding his breath in an attempt to keep from blowing his load.

He leaned forward and pulled me to him. “Get on top of this dick.”

I bit my lip, nervous as I looked at it. It had the meatiest girth I’d ever seen. And it was covered with large veins, and it pulsed with menace. Nothing about that cock was going to be small and puny like the vibrator I’d been using.

Grant spread his legs, allowing his big hairy balls to spill on the mattress, revealing extra length to that big 10 incher. I was so scared, but I had to do it. I had to feel the legend that was living underneath the same roof with me.

Even then, I hesitated, and Grant threatened me. “You better hurry up and sit on my dick and make me feel good like the little slut you are, or I’m going to tell your mom and brothers you seduced me.”

There was no turning back now.

I spread myself over him, and slowly descended upon him. “Put your hand on it.” He wrapped his hand over mine, determined to sandwich me between him as I placed his monster cock inside me.

I heard the lusty hiss as he sucked in his breath, cursing how wet and tight I was. Once he was fully inserted inside me, he leaned back, placed his hands behind his head and told me to ride him, slowly.

His cock was so thick and big inside me. “That’s right, fuck my cock, little girl. You wanted this big snake deep inside those tight little pussy walls, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” I sighed, wondering how I was able to fit all of him inside me, and how I could have denied myself this pleasure for so long. I picked up the pace when my sweet pussy juice oozed down the sides of his shaft and on the bed. Every stroke and thrust felt better than the last, and the friction began to swell my walls, making for a tighter fit.

Grant looked me in the eyes as I rode his cock. He wanted a lot of eye contact as I bounced up and down on his shaft. I could feel him stretch against every wall, pushing the walls of my pussy apart to make room.

“How does my cock feel?”

“Gooooood, Daddy.” I couldn’t help calling him that, my toes curling with his bossiness.

“Got damn, your cunt is tight,” he remarked. He slapped my ass and told me to get on all fours. Eager to please, I obeyed, bracing myself for his hard cock in my pussy.

Grant lined the head of his dick against my opening, and pushed his way inside, inch by inch. “I love tight, raw pussy,” he said, slapping my ass. “Work yourself on my cock.”

Obedient to his demands, I moved slowly at first. It was a little work to catch a good rhythm without falling weak to the power of his stroke, but once I did, I then picked up speed. His strong hands firmly held my hips as he plunged in and out of me, saying the nastiest things.

“You like how this hard cock feels in your pussy, don’t you?”

“Tell me how big my dick is...”

“What’s my name? I can’t hear you – speak up.”

He groaned to himself as he fucked me, occasionally pulling a lock of my hair as he went. “I’m going to make you take all this dick.”

Before long I was screaming just like the sluts he brought home. Begging him to give me more and more of his cock one minute, screaming and begging for his mercy on my cunt the next. Grant knew how to fuck me with the right blend of pain and pleasure, and he was training me to take it.

“Fuck you’ve got the tightest cunt on Earth, Babygirl.” When he said that, I felt my breath seize as my cunt tightened and I creamed all over him. I couldn’t fucking control myself or my body in his presence.

Grant groaned when he felt me grip his inches, and go weak beneath him. He simply took advantage of my weakened, submissive state and wrapped his hand around my throat, choking me lightly, not with a lot of pressure, but just the right amount that made blood rush to my head. I succumbed to another orgasm and my eyes rolled to the back of my head.

“That’s right. Cum all over this cock.” He demanded, pumping me relentlessly as he pushed deep in me, hitting my cervix with the right level of sting.

“Taking all this dick like a good little bitch,” he murmured. “Squeeze me with that wet little snatch of yours. You’re going to make me cum... and I’m going to nut all over the walls of your sweet little pussy.”

“Ooooh...”

He chuckled. “You’re gonna take every damn drop of cum too, especially because I’ve never cum inside an 18-year-old before...”

Without warning, he grunted, and suddenly I felt his cock explode inside me. Rivulets of hot cum filled me, squirt after squirt, until it leaked out of my cunt and dripped down. He pulled out and I felt even more leak and squirt on my thighs and hit the bed.

“Fuck, you’ve got some good pussy.” Slapping me on the ass, he fell to the side of me and wiggled his now limp, yet still thick, meat in my direction. “Come clean me up before I go to bed.”

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Babygirl Gets What's Coming to Her

The way they hop around the kitchen makes my pants grow just a little bit tighter. She knew this would happen to me, she knew the effect it would have on my aching body.

She doesn't know what it'll do to her yet.

My stepdaughter, Moira, and her friend, Eileen, are prancing about the kitchen in only a pair of panties and a bra, hers a pink set and her friend's light blue. Moira is a darker brunette, with this amazing olive skin and tight, lithe body. Eileen is blonde, her body surprisingly as toned as Moira's. I shouldn't be surprised, both of them avid gymnasts as well as baseball players. But I'd never thought of Eileen as anything more than my stepdaughter's friend.

I say they're prancing, but my stepdaughter is a lot more into than her friend. I can tell Eileen is incredibly self-conscious of the whole idea, and she probably has no idea why she went along with it. Moira probably goaded her with 'being free', or some crap like that, not exactly sharing how much she wanted to turn on her restricted stepfather.

She's expressed her desire to me. She just couldn't keep it to herself any longer, and she told me how badly she wanted me. She wanted me to put my cock deep in that wet cradle and put a baby in her.

I was taken aback, and I almost caved right then and there. But I couldn't. She's my stepdaughter, and no matter how hard it felt, I had to turn her away. It felt like I'd be abusing my power if I did.

But she played the game hard. I know she wanted me, and she decided to be hardcore pressing her advances, telling me all the nasty things she wanted to do, all while giving me a sly smile and wink. She was teasing, wholesale, and I can't say I didn't like it.

But I had my moral leanings I had to rely on, and I worked my hardest to refrain from doing something I'd regret with my stepdaughter.

The feeling today, though, is now she's going a little too far with it. She's trying to drive me crazy with half-dressed sleepovers and seductive glances and suggestive words.

I sigh and shake my head. Moira's eyes keep glancing over to me on the couch, and I do my best to avoid her curious expressions.

She wants to know how I'm reacting. I'll tell you exactly. My cock is raging in my pants, straining hard against the fabric to escape and take the girl brutally. It's the only way to satisfy my urge to punish her.

She really thinks she can get away with this, she's got another thing coming.

As they run out of the room with their snacks, my hands goes to my cock, squeezing the hard beast into submission. God, it's hurts how much I want to stuff it inside her. But why should I, why should I give in to that little brat?

I think I might just have a better idea. A good way to teach her not to mess with me. She's going to have to take it the hard way.

A few hours pass and I run into Eileen outside the bathroom.

"Oh, h-hello Mr. Peters," she stutters, nervous as hell. It's incredibly cute how she can barely look me in the eye.

"Hi, Eileen."

She swallows, her hands going to her chest to cover her cleavage. It's too late. I saw everything, and I have to say, the girl's tits are on a level I couldn't even imagine. They're maybe even better than Moira's, round and pale, they look soft and easily pliable.

"I'm sorry about before," she says, "it was Moira's idea. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"Don't worry about, Eileen," I assure her. "Sometimes Moira can be a bit much, don't you agree?"

She chuckles, a light laughter that would kill a lesser man, and my cock pulses hard against my slacks. But I stand firm, intent on carrying out my plan. "She's headstrong, that's for sure. Maybe a little too much."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," I say, swaying into her, letting her feel the power of presence, "I think I should teach her a little lesson."

“Like,” she smiles, “a practical joke?”

I smirk. “Something like that. Do you...” I draw it out, making it seem like I'm pondering something. “Do you mind helping me?”

“Um, right now?” she asks, her expression timid as she closes her arms tighter around her body.

“Is Moira in the room?”

She nods, “Yeah.”

“Okay, if you want to help, let me know when she falls asleep.”

She pauses for a little bit before slowly nodding, and I let her go on to use the bathroom.

I wait for hours as the girls wind down after watching television in Moira's room.

It's late, maybe midnight, when Eileen slinks out of the room.

“Okay, she's been out for a good thirty minutes. So, what's the plan?”

“Come on.” I ignore her question. It's the point of no return, but I think it'll be a valuable lesson for the girl who wants to tease her old man.

I put a finger over my lips, telling her to be quiet, and we sneak into the bedroom, closing the door behind us. Moira's lying face down on the bed, passed out in a serene snooze. Her covers are tossed to the side, leaving her panties open to view. The television runs in the corner, some movie playing on low volume.

My little girl's a hard sleeper, so I don't have a worry if she's going to wake up from noise. She should wake up from something else, though.

Eileen starts again. “What—“

But I cut her off. “Stay here and watch.” I give her a glare, making sure she realizes just how serious I am. I stare her down until she gives me a feeble nod, letting me know one rabbit is going to be as obedient.

I lightly walk over to Moira's side of the bed. Yeah, she's definitely passed out: she's drooling a little as her mouth hangs open near the edge of the mattress. I run a finger over a strand of her hair, brushing it back past her ear and setting it aside so I can clearly see her face in the faint glow of the

room.

She looks heavenly, like a little angel. Her lips are so plump and her face so smooth, she's this amazing image of beauty. But I know she's got a little devil in her, and I know she deserves to see me take a great deal of pleasure embarrassing her, just like she embarrassed me.

My finger tips run down the curve of her back, tracing the outer edge of her spine as I make my way to her panties. I brush over the fabric, my middle finger pushing into the crack of her ass as I turn over the large mound of fat she normally sits on.

When I find her slit, I look over at Eileen, gauging her reaction. Kind of like Moira did mine in the kitchen. I'm sorry, Eileen, that you have to be a part of our sick, little game.

Eileen's hands are clamped over her perfect breasts, and her eyes are frozen wide as she follows what my devious hand is doing. I know she wants to say something, but the little rabbit is completely unprepared. She never thought I'd go this far.

But I'm pretty sure Moira did. Just not with someone else watching. She wanted to tease me until I couldn't take it anymore and jumped her against all of my convictions. She wanted me to break as if it were nothing, as if my words meant nothing. She wanted me to take her body and make it taboo in one dirty, filthy night. My desires meant nothing, only hers, and she wanted to claim me for herself, no matter how much I told her to keep to herself.

But I'm going to do things a little differently. She's going to feel a great deal of arousal and watch me not satisfy her!

I push my finger into the fabric, pushing it into her slit, which provokes a small response from her body. This delicate, little twitch in her frame tells me all I need to know about her responsiveness.

"You see," I whisper across the room to Eileen, slowly guiding my finger over Moira's slit, "my stepdaughter's a little slut. She wanted you to dress in your underwear so she could tease me."

Eileen croaks, "Is that true?"

I nod. "Moira used you to satisfy her own dirty urges. She couldn't help but try to fool me into doing something stupid."

Eileen furrows her brow. “It's annoying that she used me, but this is so wrong. Why are you doing this?”

I look her in the eyes. “Just watch.”

I hear a slight gasp come from Eileen as I grab the small band of Moira's panties. The girl is shocked at what she's seeing, which only brings a smile to my lips. I slowly maneuver her panties down her legs, having to lift her gently to pass her thighs, to twist and turn to get past her knees, and to pick up her feet as I toss it toward Eileen.

It lands at the girl's feet and I can see the tension in her body—even in the low light—as she realizes her friend is naked in front of her. She makes a move, but I gesture with my hand, calming her into staying still.

“Be quiet,” I warn, “let's not wake her yet.”

Spreading Moira's legs open slightly, I'm able to glide my thumb into her slit. It's already a little wet from my tapping at her entrance, and my cock starts to throb as I look at her beautiful, young pussy, freshly shaved and small.

I close in and take a whiff. The smell is delicious, and I press between her lips with my thumb. She flinches, and I back off. She only readjusts, and I do to, pressing the flat of my thumb against her pink flesh.

I slide it around, gliding through her folds gently as I massage her inner flesh. I push and pull, meeting her edges and then her clit, tempting it all with light touches and torturous play.

Her body starts out slow, but eventually she starts to pick her hips up, grinding her pussy into my hand.

I look back at Eileen, whose hands have found their way to her own pussy. She's not touching herself, not yet, but I can tell she's feeling a good deal of pressure down below, a pressure she can't stop as her eyes are glued to my stepdaughter's writhing body.

I watch as Eileen squirms, her thighs pressing hard together as I imagine her pussy getting wetter. The poor girl didn't expect this at all, and she's not going to expect the next part either.

Moira moans under her breath. “Is that you, Daddy?”

I turn back to her. “Oh, yeah, Babygirl,” I coo, “does it feel good?”

She nods sleepily into her pillow. “Yes, a lot.”

I slip my thumb into her pussy, fucking her on my digit and driving her body wild. Her hips pick up hard, bucking as she rides my hand, her moans getting louder and louder. The pressure must be building.

“You've waited for Daddy for so long, haven't you?”

“Yes, Daddy. I've wanted your big dick in my pussy.”

I glance over at Eileen, whose hands are cupping her pussy now, gently massaging herself through the fabric. That's it, girl, get more turned on for me.

I grip Moira with my finger, pulling my thumb down, latching onto her vaginal wall like a climber's hook. I squeeze and tease her, placing pecks on her ass as she continues her descent into release.

When I feel her body start to squeeze more and more, her ass cheeks closing and opening, I know it's time. The girl is so close to finishing, her body on the edge of an explosive orgasm.

Which is why I pull my finger out of her completely.

She's slow to react, merely waiting for me to push back in. She doesn't realize—not yet—that I've stood up from the bed and walked over to Eileen. Pushing the blonde up against the wall, I slip my hand down between her legs, feeling the incredible moisture emanating from her lower lips.

“You've been a naughty girl, haven't you?”

The look on her face is both surprise and arousal, her eyes wide but her mouth open, her body unsure of how to react. But I know I can clear that up in a matter of seconds.

Gazing into her eyes, I push my finger against her fabric, running it over her slit just like I did to Moira.

“Were you imagining me doing this to you?”

She swallows, licking her lips. She nods, unable to speak.

I push in. “Pushing like this?” Eileen's pussy twitches, her hips lifting off the wall.

Moira sleepily lifts her head, looking around before seeing me up over by the wall. “Daddy,” she says, “what are you doing?”

I ignore her, keeping my attention on the girl I'm really going to fuck.

I lean in and kiss her neck, and I feel her melt like butter, her hands going to my shoulders to support herself. My hand slides under her panties, and I feel a hot, sticky collection of arousal gather on my fingers, right before I slip them into her tight, pink slit.

She groans, and Moira notices for the first time that Eileen is the one I'm paying attention to. “Daddy, stop that!”

I turn my head toward her, my fingers still working Eileen's pussy, and say, “Oh, I'm sorry, Babygirl. Did you not come?”

She blushes, and I go on. “Because you teased me with your friend, didn't you? I think it'd be rude if I didn't serve our guest.”

“Daddy, you should be with me!”

I chuckle, grabbing Eileen's light blue panties and dropping them to the ground. “No, Babygirl, you're going to learn your lesson. I told you no, not to bother me with this, and you didn't listen. So now Eileen's going to get Daddy's dick and you're going to watch what you're missing.”

I lift Eileen's right leg, holding it in the crook of my elbow as I let my boxers fall. My cock is already engorged completely, the excitement of the young pussy in front of me—and the young pussy forced to watch—has me at the edge of pleasure already. I squat a little, lift my cock with my hand, and stand back up into Eileen, penetrating her open cunt with my stiff dick.

“Oooooohhhh,” she groans. Her pussy is ridiculously tight, clutching my cock as I push deep into her. Her walls cling, hugging me all the way until I get to the hilt, pinning her to the wall with my thick dick.

I don't give it to her gentle at all. The poor girl is just a mouse between my stepdaughter and me, but I'm absolutely enthralled with the feeling of power I have. It's like an animal running through my brain, tempting me with the chase. My hips drop and I light into her, fucking her hard with the full might of my shaft.

Her cries are delicious, her pussy warm and inviting. I have to squeeze

my cock at the base to keep from blowing my load immediately, to the point where my own excitement lessens and I can get back to fucking the girl against the wall.

Our hips impact, loud and rough, her ass slamming against the wall. I reach behind her and undo her bra, letting me finally see her perfect, pale tits. I'm so hungry for her flesh, I dive in, devouring a nipple. They're so small and soft, pink and puffy, hardening instantly to the touch of my tongue. I drink from her body, constantly ramming my cock into her pussy with aggressive thrusts.

I lower her, realizing I need Moira to see just how much her friend is enjoying my dick. I walk Eileen over to the bed and throw her down onto her back, climbing over her and straddling her legs around my hips.

Moira's dumbfounded, but eventually her fingers find her way to her own slit, ratcheting up her once near orgasmic pussy. I turned her on so much, and left her with so little, that even though this is probably bothering the shit out of her, she can't help but want to finally reach the point I denied her.

Just like I intended.

I lower my hips into Eileen, slipping my cock back into her spread open cunt.

“You like how Daddy fucks your friend?”

Moira's fingers slip into her own slit, pushing into her pussy with a slurp of juices. “Yes, Daddy. It looks so good.”

“Take off that bra, Babygirl. Let Daddy see you work.”

Her bra comes off, her tits just as delicious looking as Eileen's, tan and large. She grabs one, squeezing it as her fingers slip in and out of her, her eyes locked on mine, the most seductive, needy gaze I've ever seen.

God, I want to fuck her. She's such a kinky little slut, and I want nothing more than to claim her as my own. My plan is faltering as I picture myself deep inside her soaking cunt.

But I have Eileen to consider, and I certainly won't leave a guest in my house unsatisfied.

I lean into her small frame, planting my lips on hers as my chest crushes her tits. I plow into her, my hips picking up and dropping down, impaling the small mouse on Daddy's big dick. Her fingers scratch into my back, her pleasure building as I destroy her tight cunt.

“Oh fuck, Mr. Peters.”

It just occurred to me she doesn't know my first name.

“Just call me, Daddy,” I whisper in her ear.

“Yes, Daddy,” she growls back.

The pulse in my dick at those words almost does me in right then and there. It's one thing for Moira to call me that, but a totally different one when I convince her friend to do it as well. She's rewarded with a burst of energy from me, my cock slamming into her as I'm fueled by the forbidden desires coursing through me.

First I'll fuck her friend; then I'll shove it right in my stepdaughter's cunt!

I need this girl to finish so I can move on. “Come on, Eileen, come for Daddy. Can you do that? Can you come on Daddy's big dick?”

She moans. “Yes, Daddy. Anything”—her breathing is ragged—“anything for you.”

Moira chimes. “Do it, Eileen, come on my Daddy's dick. I want to you see you finish all over him.”

I don't know what turns the poor girl on more: that her friend's stepfather is fucking her, or that her friend is egging her on. The way her body twists and clutches onto me is an abrupt to reaction to one or the other.

But my dick does the rest of the work, splintering her tiny pussy until she's begging me to fuck her hard. “Oh god, Daddy, oh god!”

I have to concentrate as hard as I can to keep from blowing myself inside her.

I need to save all this seed for my *real* Babygirl.

“Daddy, Daddy, da—“

She's cut off by the spastic release of an orgasm running through her

body, seizing her vocal cords as it paralyzes everything at once. Her muscles convulse and her fingers lock, giving me one last squeeze before going limp, shattered on the power of my cock.

One girl down, one more to go.

I slip out of Eileen, who groans as emptiness floods her.

“Turn over,” I say to Moira.

The look in her eyes is precious, this ultimate level of excitement as she figures out what's going to happen next. She jumps up to her knees, bringing her ass to the edge of the bed, before dropping her face down into the mattress.

“I didn't think you'd do it, Daddy,” she says, spreading herself open for me.

I sidle up behind her. “Shut up and take it.”

My cock enters her begging cunt at a blistering speed, gliding through her so quickly I almost lose my balance. I clutch her hips, squeezing her ass as I bask in the warmth and tightness of my little girl.

“Yes, Daddy, yes!” my kinky little slut shouts. “Fuck me with Eileen's juices!”

I'm going to love this. I'm going to love being in this pussy for as long as I can.

My thrusts are cruel, my hands pulling her ass back into me as I shoot forward, slapping her flesh against mine. The impact is dynamic, our bodies hitting so hard as to try and meld into one.

My little girl groans, and I grab a wad of her hair, my vitality enlarging as I finally fuck the cunt I'd been fighting against. I lift her face up so her arms support her.

Eileen watches on, enchanted by the way I take care of my stepdaughter's pussy.

And the curses rushing from Moira's mouth. “Fuck me Daddy. Fuck this dirty little hole.” She growls as I pull harder on her hair. “Oh, I'm your slut, Daddy. Fuck my pussy hard!”

I pump into her, slamming into the bent over bitch, driven by how much I want to punish her for teasing me for so long, for making me go against my own moral code. My fingers sink into her hips, my hand tugging at her hair, and I fuck her with the most savage thrusts I can muster.

She cries out with every slam of my cock, propelling my body into her with a mighty force. I wrap my other hand through her hair, pulling her head back with the strength of both arms, and tearing into her pussy with angry thrusts.

“You fucking slut. You're going to come on Daddy's dick while your friend watches. She's going to see”—my breathing starts to catch up to me and my voice strains—“Daddy fill your pussy up with cum.”

“Oh shit, Daddy!” Her grunts are wild and chaotic, her body bouncing violently as I violate her from the other end. “Make me pregnant. Fill me up with your cum and put a baby in my belly!”

“Eileen, watch... me... fuck... my... stepdaughter's... cunt.”

Eileen bites her lip, as captivated by the end result as we are. She wants us to finish, to fill each other up, to let our passions consume us.

Moira drives her hips back into me, feeding my dick even harder into her. It takes only a few more grunts from both of us until we're both moaning ecstasy.

I lean into my stepdaughter, pushing her onto her stomach as I unload into her tight pussy. I fire hot shots of jizz into her pinned body, her ass quivering as her own orgasm rockets through her. Her body spasms and sucks in my semen, turning it from useless into potential baby batter.

My fingers dig into her lower back as I empty myself into her, my energy leaving my body and flowing into hers.

I almost crumple onto her body, just barely rolling off to the side. Moira slides over to me, resting her head on my chest as we absorb each other.

I look over at Eileen, who's staring at us enviously, and I smile, waving my hand at her. “Come here.”

She almost leaps at me, resting her head on the other side of my chest. “Sorry,” she says, nestling her head deep into my pec, “I didn't want to make

it awkward.”

“Don't worry, Babygirl, you can be part of this family for as long as you want.”

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Daddy Consoles His Birthday Girl

Buzzzzzzz.

The sound of the alarm pushed me out of my slumber. Unsurprisingly, I woke up on the sadder side of the bed. Today was the third anniversary of my mother's death. Struck and killed by a drunk driver, she died on impact.

I remember that day like it was yesterday. She was on her way home from the grocery store. She had gone to purchase a bottle of sparkling cider and some dinner items. It was my 18th birthday, and we wanted to celebrate at home, because it was a weeknight and she had work in the morning.

Sadly, the day she kissed me good morning and told me I was a woman, was the day she died, leaving me alone with my stepfather.

Liam and I always got along great; I'd known him since I was 12. Mom dated him for nearly a year before introducing him to me. As my father had never been in the picture, having died when I was very young, Liam was the first man to treat me like his own child.

Once Mom passed, he assumed full responsibility for me. Other members of my family were willing to step up, but they lived several states away. I was just months away from graduating high school and didn't need the upheaval. The acceptance letters for college had just started coming in.

I also didn't have the knowledge or strength to try and make it in this cold world alone, so I needed Liam to guide and protect me.

My stepfather and I were close before my mother's tragic passing, but her death forged an even more ironclad bond between us.

I never worked on my birthday—November 18th—no matter what. Part of it was because I felt like it was my personal New Year, my celebration of life. The other part of it was because I needed to celebrate my mother's life and legacy.

Liam and I usually visited Mom's grave together, and then we did whatever I wanted to do for the rest of the day. Today was my 21st birthday. I'd be bringing roses to her grave, and to her memory, and then I'd be celebrating my first drink by fireplace.

A knock sounded at the door.

“Are you ready?” Liam’s way of waking me up, reminding me of our plans.

“No,” I replied. “Give me 10 minutes.”

I pushed myself out of bed and looked out the window. Chunky storm clouds indicated heavy rains were on the way, as predicted in the forecast. This moody weather suited my emotions; it was contemplative and comforting all at once.

Ten minutes later, I was locking the door and stepping into Liam’s pickup. The black Avalanche was something he’d really wanted, and Mom purchased it for Christmas. It was the best—and final—gift she’d ever given him.

“How are you feeling this morning?” He asked.

“I’m all right.” My response was clean, neutral, but there was the slightest tremor in my tone. “It feels great to be 21, but at the same time...”

Silence between us spoke volumes. He knew exactly where I was going.

“... It never gets any easier.” He responded, finally. Reaching over to pat my leg, he reminded me that it wasn’t my job to feel too down. “Today you’re really an adult. Your mother would be so proud of you. I’m proud of you.”

I smiled. “Thank you, Liam.”

My stepfather was a handsome man. He was 41 years old, but he looked 35 and damn good even for that age. Whereas most men in their 30s had a tire around their bellies, Liam worked out everyday. It was how he coped after Mom’s death.

At 6 feet even, he was tall enough to command attention when he walked into a room. Women noticeably sat up straighter when they noticed him. His sharp blue eyes and chiseled features made him look like an old school fragrance model.

Mom definitely had great taste. Women were pretty envious, assuming we were together based upon how young he looked. They were pleasantly shocked to learn he was my stepfather, as if it would bring them further to his heart.

They had no idea that Liam was off-limits. He had no interest in dating since Mom's death, even when I insisted he do. Adamant that he wasn't ready, Liam refused to listen, and instead would work out even harder.

I wished there were something I could do, but I accepted the fact that all he wanted was my mother. And there was nothing anyone could do to influence his heart otherwise.

Our annual trip to Mom's grave was emotional. I couldn't help but burst into tears when we got there. I told her how much I missed her, that life wasn't the same without her. Liam shed a tear himself when he posited that he would give anything to have her back.

"All the money in the world wouldn't make up for not having you by my side," he said, laying a dozen roses of his own on the grave.

Thunder warned us of the need to leave. Light spatters of rain peppered the ground. We held hands and made our way back to the car before the full downpour began.

"You still want to go out tonight in this weather?" He asked me, blue eyes raking the sky and the road ahead.

Shaking my head, I replied. "No. We can just order a pizza or something. It's just another day."

"You're 21. We'll find a way to make it special," he insisted, grabbing my hand. His hand was mildly calloused, giving me extra sensitivity to the grains of his thumbpad as he swiped it across the top of my skin. Lusty warmth rose through my body and I felt the slightest of goosebumps. This was the worst time for me to be turned on, especially by my stepfather, a man I shouldn't be attracted to.

I say shouldn't because I was, but I couldn't help it. He was my stepdad, but he was fucking hot. And he was all I had. Even when I had sex with other guys, I didn't feel an emotional connection in our romance. And even though it wasn't supposed to be romantic, I just felt every ounce of connection with this man.

He was the man that made me his princess, and protected my honor and heart when the worst of life had happened to me after all.

Liam kept his promise. For the remainder of the day, he spoiled me like

the princess I was. First, there was a delivery of flowers—wild roses, my favorite—in a beautiful crystal vase. Then, he presented me a blue Tiffany box. Inside was a custom locket with pictures of Mom and me.

I burst into tears and cried in his arms. These were the most thoughtful gifts ever.

But the day wasn't over yet.

The storm had progressed over the day, worsening until, by 6 PM, the sky was black as coal. Thunder rumbled throughout the evening, and lightning crackled so hard you would have thought the apocalypse was near. We embraced the ambiance and lit candles throughout the house, a precautionary measure in case the electricity was shut off.

During dinner—Chicago-style pizza—delivered from the best place in town, Liam entered the kitchen with a bottle of wine.

“Your mother purchased this for you years ago,” he said. “She actually purchased it the morning of your eighteenth birthday. She was so eager for you to take a sip, but I told her to wait until you were of legal age.”

The bottle, gold and cabernet in color, was exotic looking. I'd never heard of the brand, and that's when I learned it wasn't even sold in the United States.

“We'll drink this in her memory,” I said, asserting my need to remember her during this day.

My first drink was a bittersweet moment. My mother's memory lived with us in the moment, but there was a smile on my face as my tongue embraced the wine from first sip. I couldn't help but smack my lips.

After the first glass, I had another. And another. And another. Even though he shouldn't have let me, Liam allowed my madness. He simply drank his glass, and then drank a few beers. The whole time we ate, he looked at me, smiling to himself in light of my silent approval.

Oh mother, you have the most exquisite taste...

I looked at Liam and giggled to myself. He was soooo sexy and he knew it too. Delicious shudders shot through my body, lighting me on fire as I looked at him. Blood rushed through my body as the wine continued to relax

and soften me, and I realized a familiar glow of desire spread between my legs. It revealed a secret I had kept hidden for the past few years:

I wanted to fuck my stepfather.

“Looks like you’ve had a little too much to drink,” he said, pulling my glass away from me. “No more for you, young lady. Let’s go watch a movie.”

I pouted, like a spoiled brat, but he didn’t fall for it. “That won’t work.”

“But it’s my birthday, Liam...”

Gently pushing me towards the den, he leaned into me, his breath making my ear tingle with sensation as he said, “Don’t worry, birthday girl. The night’s not over. You’ll need to sober up for dessert.”

I could only think to myself that the only dessert I wanted was him. We sat on the couch watching a movie, I’m not sure which. All I remember is leaning against him, snuggled up against the warmth of his sweater, and feeling cozy in his cologne-spiked embrace.

With his arm wrapped around me, I could have gone straight to sleep, but my panties were getting creamier by the minute. I thought about how much this man loved me, and loved Mom. His loyalty was so strong he wouldn’t even let another woman touch him.

“How do you do it?” I asked, not realizing I was thinking out loud.

“Do what?” He said, voice slightly weighted by his laziness.

“Don’t you ever get tired of being alone?”

“I have you.” He squeezed my shoulder gently and stifled a yawn with his other fist.

“No.” I allowed inebriated bravery to dominate for the moment. “I mean lonely...”

I gripped his crotch, and wrapped my slender hand around his thick and meaty length through the fabric of his pants, stroking it up and down as I realized I needed him like a crackhead needed a hit.

Liam suppressed his pleased cry with a gasp as he looked at me. His cock instantly came to life in my hand.

“Amelia,” he whispered. “This is wrong.”

“I’m just concerned about you,” I cooed. “I don’t want you to feel lonely. I feel lonely. I know you feel lonely... You don’t have to be alone.”

I lowered myself so that I was laying my head in his lap. Except instead of laying the back of my head against his lap, I was positioned on my stomach, perfectly able to rest my head facing him, and his thickening length.

He wanted to fuck me as bad as I wanted to fuck him. I knew it. He just didn’t want to feel disloyal to my mother, which made me so happy. I looked at him, eyes low, and said, “She wouldn’t want you to be lonely.”

Conflict ripped through his expressions, but that raging hard on in his pants didn’t lie. I looked exactly like my mother, and I knew that if I continued to press, he’d let me have my way.

“You’re my stepdaughter,” he said. I didn’t answer and gently bit his cock through his pants. He groaned and his hips bucked involuntarily. Before he could protest further, I yanked the front of his pants down, freeing his cock.

“It’s just the two of us,” I purred, running my fingers up his shaft. It was so thick and hard. He had to be crazy if he thought I would let this moment pass me by.

Opening my lips, I wrapped my tongue against the length of the shaft, lapping up the juices that were already flowing from the head. The salty precum grazed my lips, the taste reverberating down my body. His scent made me heady, and my entire body tingled in the rapture of being so wickedly naughty.

The blunt head of his cock forced me to suck slowly as he came more and more alive in my mouth. It jerked and thumped in my mouth, and my nipples hardened because I had never tasted anything so amazing. His musky flavor made my mouth water, and all I could was salivate on his cock like a hungry birthday girl.

“Babygirl...” He groaned and panted. He loved the way his cock felt in my mouth, gliding in and out of the wet velvety tunnel leading to my throat.

“You’re going to make me cum.”

I looked at him, purred like a cat, and begged for his milk. He gritted his teeth, fighting the oncoming sensation, but lost control because the sweet suction of my mouth was too much.

His cum, thick, hot, white, and milky, burst through the head of his cock and splattered all over my taste buds. The salty rush of hot cream caused me to moan as I lowered my free hand into my pants—spit and saliva falling down my chin—fingering my pussy with abandon. Multiple shots fired deep into my mouth, hitting the back of my throat and making drinking him all the easier. The heat built as I swallowed every drop of Daddy, taking him in like a delicious treat.

After his release completed, he was still hard, so I took it upon myself to continue getting my birthday gift. The mild roar of satisfaction he'd released wasn't enough, and that let me know he had another round left in him. I stood up, lowering my pants. I turned away from him, allowing him to see the little double heart tattoo I'd gotten on my buttcheek.

"When did you get that?" He asked.

"I have my little secrets." I winked.

I disrobed until I was bare, completely naked for him to see. I turned and showed my my full splendor, from the perky breasts with the rose nipples, to my smooth shaven pussy, glistening with desire for him.

Liam's blue eyes were burning with lust.

"You're so fucking beautiful." He gripped his cock and stroked it as he looked at me. Yeah, I knew then he was ready to keep fucking. Any man who can stroke his cock after an orgasm, wasn't fully spent from that orgasm.

I leaned over him on the couch, rubbing my breasts from the top of his head down to his lips. They greedily clasped on to each nipple, eliciting gasps of pleasure as I experienced my protector and true love tasting me for the first time.

Straddling my legs over his, I leaned back, writhing with pleasure. My body shuddered from his touch and I needed him inside me, so I grabbed his hard shaft and placed it against my entrance, looking him directly in the face. The way his blue eyes flashed at me with my nipple in his mouth let me know I'd won and he'd let me have every inch of him.

Spreading my thighs to receive him, I mused at how wet my pussy was for him. "I'm throbbing for you, Daddy." My desire had taken over, and I guided him in, gasping as I pushed down, inch by inch, rotating my deliciously tight cunt so that I could ensure he felt every ounce of me on the way in.

Once I'd had him in, nearly to the base, I felt a slight pinch, but it gave way to a burning pleasure. He met my strokes eagerly, fervently, and I braced my hands on top of his shoulders for leverage.

My bouncy tits thrust invitingly into his mouth as I rode on top of him. I'd had sex before, but Liam's length stretched me to my limit. Body to body, mouth to mouth, we moved as he bucked his hips, thrusting into me with every ounce of passion he had. A fire flowed through my frame, igniting all my nerves in a cascade of taboo energy. It numbed me to the core, only to rise back up and sting me at skin level.

Daddy's dick tortured me like a dirty little slut!

"Fuck, baby," he said, breaking away from my full breasts. He looked into my eyes with a bold, sweeping gaze. "You're so fucking beautiful to me." The hint of fire in his eyes led to a spark between us that emblazoned a trail of lust in my soul. I bit my lip, overcome with an urge to die right here, right in this position, Daddy's cock inserted inside me and our eyes locked indefinitely.

Our lips met in a wet, hot slide, and I felt my pussy spread and stretch as I was engulfed by our ravenous appetite, a combination of emotional, sexual energy that blinded us with unending need for physical release.

Together, blinded in a heatwave of our own lust, we fucked until our bodies shuddered and exploded from bombs of pleasure. I'll never forget the way he gripped my ass and hollered at the same time that thunder rumbled, clapped, and torched our electricity.

The lights went out, but the white cream of Daddy lit my body ablaze. Another strong burst from Daddy's cock unloaded a torrent of warm cum into my pussy, filling me abruptly with splatters of jizz. I moaned as my body shook on Daddy's cock, my hips rocking back and forth violently as they cradled him inside me and sucked in his baby batter. My cunt closed and opened on his shaft, and his dick rewarded me with a few extra squirts of

semen into my tired body.

My legs had melted to jelly. I had gone over the edge. I felt more than satisfied. From the look on his face, the feeling was mutual.

Too spent and satisfied to care, we sprawled out on the furniture, covered ourselves in the spare blanket we kept in the den, and curled up next to each other.

“Happy Birthday, Babygirl,” he whispered as we drifted off to sleep.

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Babygirl Meets Daddy's Warmth

“Brrrr!” Juliet slammed the door shut faster than she’d opened it. Winter had been ruthless this year, and more particularly, this week. Even the icicles looked mean above the doorway, these crooked monstrosities that crashed to the porch in her haste.

She pulled the sleeves of her thick Vikings hoodie over her fists, and retreated into the living room. Her stepfather, Lance, had the fireplace going, and she would camp out there instead of attempting to leave the house.

Juliet was barely legal. She’d just turned 18 last week, but celebrating was on hold. First, she was in the middle of her semester. Second, her mother had been out of town for over two weeks. She’d left Juliet in the hands of Lance because she was still not quite old enough to manage the household by herself.

Lance was 42 years old. He was a stout man with a thick brown beard and sharp brown eyes. Even though he wasn’t a supermodel, Lance had an endearing charm about him.

“Good morning,” Lance cheerfully greeted his stepdaughter as he walked past the living room to the kitchen. Juliet noticed that he looked warm and cozy, cuddly like a teddy bear.

“Good morning,” she replied, shivering just a bit. “How are you not freezing?”

“Built-in insulation.” He patted his tummy. Lance made his way to the stove. He had cider warming over the flame, which he planned to simmer with mulling spices and splash with vodka. It wasn’t very late in the day, but with the heavy snowfall bringing the city to halt, he didn’t need to worry about the indecency of drinking all day.

“You thirsty?” He called out from the kitchen.

“What are you making?”

“Spiced cider.”

“Is it spiked?”

“Mine is. Yours will be spiced.” He needed to emphasize that she wasn’t

of age, because his wife would have a fit if she even thought her daughter was drinking before she was legally allowed to.

His wife, as much as he loved her, was a wet blanket. Her constant rules drove him and Juliet crazy. He missed her dearly, but at least today would be one of peace. She wouldn't be running around trying to find ways to keep him, her, and Juliet busy. He could just drink, relax, perhaps watch a movie with his stepdaughter, and enjoy an afternoon of porn watching.

Juliet dragged her legs—wrapped in purple leggings and purple Viking slippers—into the kitchen. Lance drew his breath, reminding himself to behave as his innocent little stepdaughter ambled up beside him.

Quiet as he kept, Juliet had blossomed over the last year. The knock-kneed bony little girl with buckteeth and wild strawberry blonde hair had evolved into a slim yet curvy woman with long shapely legs and a full set of breasts. Those gorgeous tits she had were full-out sweater puppies begging for attention.

Lance kept his attraction to Juliet to himself because he knew there was nothing appropriate about this newfound interest he had to her. Of course, she wasn't his real daughter, so it wasn't like he was technically wrong for being attracted to a younger, sexier version of his own wife...

... Except he knew that if anyone discovered the tantalizing thoughts he'd started to have about the sexy little minx under the same roof, he'd be labeled a pervert.

Juliet closed her eyes and slowly inhaled the sweet, spicy fragrance. Lance loved to cook and was a true connoisseur in the kitchen. He took over cooking for their small family of her, her older sister (who now lived in her own apartment), and both Lance and Mom. If the key to a woman's heart was through her stomach, Lance was the pied piper of them all.

"Mmmmm," Juliet groaned, her sensual growl exposing her hunger. She was so cold she hadn't even thought about food, just curling up in front of the fire and staying there until she didn't feel like a block of human ice.

Lance's cockhead tingled. That little grunt sounded like a fully-voiced moan of pleasure, and a sinking feeling hit his stomach at the mere utterance from her beautiful lips. He smirked as he looked at her, ignoring the way his dick responded in hopes of mentally shaking himself back to decency. He

hadn't fucked his wife in weeks, and even then it was a dry experience. He would give anything to hear a woman moan for him the way Juliet moaned for cider.

Pouring her a fresh mug, he sprinkled it with a dash of cinnamon and handed it to her. Juliet thanked him for the cup, and took it with both hands. She closed her eyes and smiled, inhaling once more. Lance took notice of the way her pouty lips pushed forward, creating the perfect O-shape as she blew on her cider, hoping to cool it before the first sip. She took a slow, languid sip.

He swallowed, half-wondering what else those lips could do.

"How is it?" Lance asked, always ready to hear praise for his flavorful work.

"Delicious." She smacked her lips.

Juliet and Lance spent the rest of their day relaxing. After breakfast of cider and waffles, Juliet grabbed her blanket from her room and parked on the couch, determined to binge watch TV and text her friends all day.

Lance decided his time was better off catching up on some office work. Although he didn't usually work from home, there were a few emails to answer. His wife called to check on him and Juliet for a few minutes before retreating back to her business conference.

Lance reached for his cider mug and realized it was empty. He didn't remember finishing the mug, but shrugged and headed back to the kitchen. Passing by Juliet, he noticed she was sleeping. The phone on the floor was a dead giveaway. As long as that girl was awake, she never had that phone out of her hand.

He went to the kitchen and turned on the pot, reheating the cider he'd made just earlier that day. Taking advantage of Juliet's state, he decided to look at her, sear her into his memory for the dick-pump session he was prepared to give himself as soon as he made it back to his room.

Juliet's mouth was the focus of his staring. Her tits, while lovely, were covered under that damned Vikings hoodie. But those lips, plump and red, looked so soft, so kissable... Like they'd feel heavenly sliding across the length of his cock, engulfing him whole.

Unconscious of his behavior, Lance grabbed his cock through his flannels, eyes dark with lust as he fantasized about his stepdaughter. The light rumble of the cider in the pot let him know the cider was nearing its boiling point. Turning his attention to the task at hand, he poured himself a cup of cider, splashed it with vodka, and set it on the counter to cook.

Returning to the doorway, he continued to leer lustfully over his stepdaughter. She was so sexy... and clumsy, because her cider cup had fallen over. He could see the wet stain on the carpet. Hopefully it would dry clean before his wife returned and made that her first complaint.

Juliet was asleep, but her nose twitched at the scent of her stepfather's musky cologne, thick and mature, just like him. She heard him grunt as he picked up the mug and sniffed it. Fully awake, she panicked internally but kept her eyes closed. She didn't want to see the look on his face when he smelled the vodka she'd snuck into her cider. He'd chastise her, and she just wanted to have a little fun.

"She's lucky she's asleep," she heard Lance mutter. "I'd spank her like the naughty little girl she is." Something about the way he said that sounded different, as if he were reciting lines from a bad Cinemax movie.

She could feel his presence linger over her. She opened her eyes, low enough to still appear asleep. True enough he was standing there, looking at her... but his hand was fully gripping his cock. It stuck out through the fly of his pants, and looked hard as a rock pointed straight out towards her face.

Her heart leapt. What was he doing? And how long was he doing that? Looking at her with his cock pointed at her face, ready to aim?

She closed her eyes and groaned, sleepily, pretending to turn away and face the couch. She squirmed enough to register the twinges of pleasure in her pussy, which was wet from sexting her boyfriend. Was she turned on by her stepfather, or still experiencing the aftershocks of nasty messages sent to her phone?

Lance walked away from his stepdaughter. He couldn't believe he had the guts to stand there, with his cock pointed at her face, playing with the thrill of her seeing his hard cock. He wanted to cum all over her face, and make her lick him clean for punishment. It sucked having to jerk yourself off.

Friction made your dick hurt after a while... even though your

imagination got stronger and stronger.

Walking back to the kitchen, with the empty vodka-scented mug in one hand and his cock in the other, Lance set the mug on the counter as he returned his focus to the raging hard-on he felt.

He closed his eyes and stood right to the side of the doorway, jerking himself, each tug bringing him high as he imagined a topless Juliet bouncing on his cock and licking him clean, begging not to tell mommy she stole vodka behind her back.

Unable to sleep, and curious to see if she really saw what she saw—her stepfather's hard prick—Juliet slid off the couch and onto her feet. She tiptoed into the kitchen, and caught Lance stroking himself from base to tip, eyes closed as he grunted with pleasure.

“What the fuck!?” She reacted strongly to mask the excitement between her legs. She was badly turned on by catching her stepfather, the warm and toasty teddy bear, stroking that thick mature piece of Daddy cock.

He glanced at her, ready to make amends and fix the situation, but something gleaned across his eyes. He was already so far along, why not push the hell out of it?

“Come handle this for me, and I won't tell your mother,” He said, nodding towards her empty mug. “You know better than to be drinking.”

Hypnotized by the sight of his cock, which had to be about 7.5 inches and thick, she nodded slowly.

“Okay.” The alcohol had lowered her inhibitions, as did her desire. This was so bad, so wicked, but she wanted to play along with her stepDaddy.

As she approached him, Daddy gritted his teeth in lustful excitement. The thought that she'd give in so easily never crossed his mind, even if his daydreams got more crass and nasty by the minute.

She got close enough and Lance leaned into her, ravaging her lips with kisses, feverishly nibbling on her lower lip with desire and need. His kisses sent electric pulses to her pussy, which got creamy as it realized satisfaction was on the way.

She took hold of her Daddy's cock, stroking his hardness, and taking

note of his thick curve. The blunt head of his erection rubbed against her, the angry red color denoting serious need for release. Daddy's big bear mitts went to her shoulders and gently pushed her to her knees on the floor.

“Get down there and kiss it for me, sweetheart,” he ordered. “I haven’t been kissed in such a long time. Daddy could use a good touch.”

Obligingly, Juliet dipped her head low and parted those juicy lips. Her tongue reached out, licking the small bud of fluid that oozed from the tip. The salty, sweet taste of his masculine flavor, combined with the pungent scent of his skin and musk, made her nipples hard. As if he could read her mind, Lance reached into her hoodie and tugged.

“Take this off,” he said. “I want to see those tits.”

Lance wanted to live fully in the moment. He didn’t think Juliet would fall for his demands, but she did—and willingly. Reaching to the hem, she lifted the hoodie over her head, bringing her shirt along with it.

Since he was able to have his way with her, he wanted it all. Including those tits. Her bra came off and Daddy licked his lips, a ravenous hunger drying his mouth.

Her tits were just as he’d been imagining: full, ripe, and topped with pink nipples the size of half-dollars. “Fuck!” He exclaimed, feeling his dick surge with more blood. His cock was so hard it hurt.

Grabbing a fistful of hair, he pulled her mouth back on his tool, and started pumping, his eyes entranced on the hypnotic way his stepdaughter’s breasts swung back and forth for his viewing pleasure.

Juliet felt a flood of precum ooze into her mouth. Her jaw felt stretched to the max, but in Lance’s mind, it felt as if her mouth was meant to hold him. She sucked him, not like an expert, but good enough to make his legs shake. With practice, she’d be using the right amount of pressure in no time, working his shaft like a blowjob queen.

Before he could explode in her mouth, Lance pulled her off her knees. Reaching below her, he yanked her pants and panties to the ground. He was rough, sliding his fingers into her, enjoying the snug wetness of her pussy. It was tight, and lush, practically begging for his hard cock. The warmth itself made him growl, the thoughts of what his dick could do to her small body

enough to drive him wild.

He growled, swirling his fingers inside her, determined to make her cry with need. Juliet gripped the shoulders of her warm bear, eyes watering with lust as he massaged the insides of her pussy walls. Her best friend told her that older men were better in bed. She and Lance weren't in bed, but she was convinced her best friend was about to be proven right. His thick fingers ignited the passion inside her.

"Daddy..." She whispered, knowing most older men liked that name. She bit her lip as she moaned, further incensing Lance even further. His eyes went low as he ordered her to say it again. "Daddy..."

"What do you want Daddy to do?" He asked, knowing the answer.

"Don't stop..." She could barely get the words out; she was getting weak in the knees. The heat in her was overwhelming, her cunt aching against the cruel pressure Daddy applied to her.

They made it, somehow, to the living room. Lance spread her blanket on the floor and instructed her to lay down. She shivered, and he said, "Daddy will keep you warm."

Lance didn't want to pinch himself. If this were a dream or simple fantasy, he didn't need to mess anything up.

Juliet's sweet slit was wet, slick, and pink. Calling for love between her creamy thighs, he inhaled the gorgeous scent wafting into his nostrils and lined himself up to experience the most forbidden, nasty, wicked, illicit pleasure ever: fucking his stepdaughter in front of the fireplace, in the middle of a snowstorm, where nobody would be able to interrupt them.

He just needed to taste her, just a little. It didn't matter how badly his dick wanted to be inside her, he just needed to make sure he didn't miss the chance to taste her sweet pussy.

His huge hands pulled her thighs apart, allowing him to dip his bushy beard into her. His lips suckled on her, drinking in her exorbitant juices, her arousal already so far spread across her thighs. Her little flower tasted sweet and sour, and her delicious moans made the meal all the more enjoyable.

"Oh god, Daddy," she groaned.

He flicked his tongue over her clit, getting joy out of watching her twitch violently. The pulses came to her in brutal waves, crashing through her body and sending sharp pain through her back. It was like her body was receiving too much at once and could only react with confusing signals.

But Lance couldn't hold it any longer. Her sweet pussy should be devoured, it should, like any nasty little brat deserves, but his cock was singing a song he couldn't ignore. It was humming hard, constantly dripping precum at his little girl's teasing words.

“Oh, Daddy, it's so good. I want to fuck me, Daddy. Put your big dick in my tiny pussy!”

Lance eased himself into Juliet's hot twat, sighing in relief as he felt the way her pussy sucked him in, inch by inch. Juliet's eyes closed in bliss; the pain was very faint, but it gave way to a gateway of pleasure. She felt Lance fill her insides with his thick, curved shaft. Moaning in ecstasy, she welcomed his invasion, and felt the way he sunk into her, burying the length of his cock into the shaft.

Lance grabbed her legs and pushed them up to rest on his shoulders. Once he did this, he bore down on her, stroking her much more deeply, pounding into her as he released his fury into her. Her fat, juicy tits bounced with every pump he gave, and the gorgeous way her face contorted made him feel like a king as she surrendered to his dick and took every inch he pushed.

Juliet's legs trembled as she took Lance's cock. She'd never had anyone fill her tight little pussy like this. Her cunt clamped down on him, gripping him, pulling him in whenever he pulled out, trying desperately to keep him balls deep inside, where he belonged.

They were slaves to their own pleasure as their bodies intertwined, lustfully, flesh pumping into flesh, as they experienced the magnetic force of their push-pull fucking dynamic.

Lance sank his aching shaft into her wet cunt and hit Juliet's g-spot, causing her to explode into mindless ecstasy. As her mind splintered, pleasure possessed the airwaves of her thoughts, and Lance could feel the violent, needy pulses on her cunt. Her pussy was tugging on him, pushing him over the edge and begging for him to come.

Unable to hold back any further, Lance's balls—soaking wet with her

juices and sweat—tightened in response. He roared, nutting in a shuddering growl as he thrust into her, gripping her uppermost thighs as he emptied every ounce of his thick white seed inside of her. The fire of each pulse of jizz passed through him, sapping and unloading his energy into his sweet, little girl.

Lance and Juliet gasped and groaned, surrendered to the collective pleasure both their bodies felt. All they knew in that moment was each other, and the climax they shared. The mutual surrender led to instant exhaustion. They never made it to the bed, simply next to the wet spot. Juliet snuggled in her stepDaddy's bearlike warmth with the blanket partially covering them as they snored in front of the fire.

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Daddy's Kept Satisfied: A Quickie

Mom's out of town for the weekend, and I'm so excited. Now's the perfect time to stop procrastinating and go after what I want. I broke up with my boyfriend Dustin just a few weeks ago. I made sure he took my virginity before I did. Now that my cherry's popped, it's time to move on to better things.

Better things like my stepdad... Zack.

Zack and mom have been married for about five years. That being said, they have a strange relationship. Mom almost never spends time at home with him. She's almost always working and spending time with her friends. You'd think a woman would want to be around her husband, but it seemed she didn't care. She figured a 48 year old wouldn't want anything with an 18 year old like me, or the other way around.

I took an immediate liking to Zack, and even started calling him Dad after they tied the knot. I liked the fact that he wasn't bothered by having me around, unlike my stepmother who pretty much forced my dad to isolate me from their new family.

Anyway, Zack has been really great to me, to the point where when my hormones surged and I became a teenager, I realized I had a little bit of a crush on him. I masked it by calling him Dad... and sometimes Daddy. He was none the wiser.

But now, at 18, I was ready to consummate my desire for him. And I didn't think my mother would mind either. See, I'd overheard a few conversations she'd had with one of her best friends. She cried, bemoaning the fact that after giving her all, she still had too low of a libido to please Zack.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," she whispered into the phone. "I know he'll leave if I can't fix my issue."

Even though it was shocking to hear, realizing there was a need left unfulfilled—and one that I was more than happy to satisfy—filled me with sexy, delicious tingles. It sounded crazy—really crazy—considering the fact that I didn't have much sexual experience. Yet and still, I was so attracted to Zack that I was willing to do anything, especially for the sake of keeping him

in our lives.

After Mom left for another one of her work trips, I made my move. That evening, she called us after she checked into the hotel. Portland, Oregon was rainy as usual, and she was tired from the travel, so she only confirmed she'd made it to her room safely and that she'd call us tomorrow.

Zack retired to his room early, annoyed that his team didn't win their game. I knew the rest of his night would be spent in bed, watching Law and Order so he wouldn't be disturbed. He hated to be around people when he was in a bad mood; I didn't blame him. He could be quite the grumpster if you left him to his devices.

Right before bed, I took my nightly shower. I checked myself out when I toweled off in the mirror. I was petite, about 5'1", with dark brown hair and gray eyes. I had a signature mole on my upper lip, giving me a sexy Marilyn Monroe look. If Marilyn had gray eyes and long wavy hair.

My breasts weren't large, B cups, but they were perky with perfectly smooth round brown nipples. My belly button was pierced, and my tiny bubble butt gave me the perfect figure. My dark brown locks reached to the middle of my back.

I had the cute cheerleader look... and I needed to use it. Now.

Wearing nothing but my towel, I left the bathroom and went to check on Zack. The door was cracked open, and I could see the TV playing MASH. Everybody knows, nobody watches that stupid show, which meant Zack was asleep.

I pushed the door open a little more, allowing me to get a clear view. As I thought, Zack was knocked out cold. He laid on his back, one foot crossed on top of the other as he snored softly. The remote had fallen loose to the side of his hand, and he was wearing just his boxers.

I licked my lips, checking out the happy trail leading down into his boxers. He looked so primed for me. The stars were aligning...

I was scared, mildly, of waking him up before I got him in my mouth. I crawled on the bed, catlike, doing my best not to rouse him. The slit in his underwear was conveniently open, and all I had to do was reach in and fish his dick out. Even soft, it was a nice size, with a vein running along the

underside.

Knowing that time was on my side, but not enough to wait and waste my opportunity, I closed my eyes, opened my mouth and wrapped my tongue around his meat. Feeling the soft, squishy tube in my mouth, I moaned. Whatever flavor of lube he used, it was fruity and sweet, making the job even easier.

All the practice I got sucking Dustin's cock came in handy. Daddy's cock rose nearly immediately, growing with each stroke of my lips up and down his length. Holding him at the base, I ran my tongue along the underside of his cock's length.

Daddy snoring quieted. Low moans emerged. His fingers entwined themselves in my hair, massaging my scalp lightly as I pleased him. I sucked his length nice and slow a few times, then licked around the head, swirling the tip of my tongue on his lollipop.

"Mmmm, Kelsey." Zack moaned. He clearly thought I was my mother, but that didn't matter. I didn't need recognition. His cock was in my mouth and my pussy was getting so wet as a result.

"Yes, baby, suck my cock." I looked up to see his eyes were still closed. He wasn't even fully awake yet. Propping my ass in the air, I reached down to rub on my hardening clit as his hips started rocking in rhythm to my sucks.

His hand moved to my ass, and I turned to look. Zack's eyes were open, and a lewd smile crossed his lips as he realized it was me sucking him off, not mom.

"You naughty little girl..." He closed his eyes and thrust a little harder in his rhythm. "You have no idea... how long I've wanted to shove my cock in your mouth... And here you are, sucking me deep. This is a dream come true."

He squeezed my ass, further encouraging my ministrations as I worked him over with my lips and tongue. His fingers, thick and mature, slid down between my lips, causing him to gasp at how wet my cunt was.

"Fuck, Babygirl. You're wet for some Daddy cock. You ready to handle all this?" He pulled out the shaft and slapped it against my lips. "Tell Daddy you want to feel all nine inches of his cock inside you."

“Yes, Daddy!” I moaned, sitting on my haunches. I began to tease him, rubbing my nipples and squeezing them for his delight. “I’ve been thinking about your hard cock inside me all day... Please fulfill my fantasies... I can’t take it.”

Zack rolled over, instructing me to lay down. Throwing the towel off the bed—which was now just wasting real estate—he positioned himself between my legs and slowly pushed himself inside. There was a slight pause as his eyes rolled at the feeling of my raw, bareback pussy, wet and tight.

“Your cunt feels like a suction cup,” he gasped. “How the fuck are you so tight?”

It was a question I was all too eager to answer. I wanted Daddy to know just how much I prepared for him.

“I lost my virginity a few weeks ago. I only did it once... just so it wouldn’t hurt when you put your cock inside me.”

He moaned in appreciation and raised both my legs to the ceiling, pumping in and out while praising the snug fit inside my pussy walls. I grabbed the headboard, gripping tightly to stay in place so he could push himself deep inside me. Having my legs up gave him such a thick, filling fit, and I was scared he’d split me in two. But the way he moved his hips, rolling them in circles, made me cream with joy.

“You know this is so fucking wrong...” He growled, pumping me.

“Mom told her friend she can’t fuck you as much as you want...”

“But I’m your stepfather...” He gasped as he registered this. “This is so fucking wrong...”

“But it feels so good, doesn’t it, Daddy?” I countered, moaning. “Besides you’re my stepDaddy, not my real Daddy... and if I’m willing to do anything to make you happy, then you’ll stay my stepDaddy.”

He groaned, in a mild mix of “this is so fucked up” and surrender to the illicit pleasure of the situation. His thrusts grew more aggressive, the sound of his cock slapping into my sloppy pussy loud and delightful.

“God this pussy is so good...” He whimpered, at war with himself. But I grabbed his head with the back of my hand and forced him to kiss me.

Moaning into his mouth caused him to forget his morals and thrust harder.

I was creaming, nutting, and gasping. Calling him by his name, calling him Daddy, calling him the king of the Universe inside my pussy... and everything but a child of God, when I felt a small bubble raise and fill inside me. The head of his cock pulled out just enough to rub on it, and he looked at me, feeling my g-spot come to life.

“Oooh fuck, Babygirl... you're ready...” He pulled out enough and shallow stroked me just enough to continue stimulating just that area. I whimpered as my face crumpled into surrender.

He’s going to make me beg him to stop... because I didn't know if I could take the intense pleasure.

“Daddy, stop... Oh my god, it’s too much. Daddy you’re too much... Please, please...”

“Say my name,” he growled.

“Daddy...”

He slammed into me, pulled out and pushed himself in just enough to hit that spot. Despite the tears running down my cheeks, and the way I was putting up a fit, he kept going, until I literally burst, squirting my pussy juices everywhere on the bed. My body wrecked on the mattress as I squirmed and convulsed, my muscles breaking down in a brutal fashion, sending me writhing hard.

“Oh, fuck...” He said, and seconds later, I felt his cock pump and pulse, filling my insides with hot, milky cum. He filled me to the brim, the sticky semen leaking down my thighs as my pussy continued to spasm on his shaft. As he saturated me with his seed, my legs stopped trembling, and I completely melted into a subspace of ecstasy, nearly floating away.

We fell asleep, him still inside me, and drifted into bliss.

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Daddy Stretches His Little Ballerina

“Again,” my stepfather says.

I take a deep breath, straightening my posture as I collect myself. I lift up to my feet, standing on them, but I can't quite get all the way to my toes, instead resting on the balls of my feet. After a few seconds, I collapse back downward, looking to give my calves and thighs a rest.

I pace for a moment in the small exercise room in the house. It's been recently converted into a gym solely meant for my ballerina work.

“Again,” he says.

I swallow and repeat, staring into the mirror as I watch my form, trying to make sure it's perfect and erect, my spine straight and my arms reaching as high as they can go. I can do both of those things, but I can't seem to find my way to my toes, constantly falling back to the balls of my feet.

“Babygirl,” my stepfather says, “it's called en pointe. You need to be on your toes for the maneuver to work. And look, here”—he slaps the back of my bare thigh with the back of his hand—“your muscles are quivering. You need to be flexible yet solid.”

I feel a blush coming on at Daddy's touch. Even though it's meant only for correction, I love when Daddy touches my skin. My tight black leotard leaves a lot of skin open for touching—from ass cheeks down—and Daddy doesn't shy away from touching it when he needs to teach me something.

Studying him in the mirror with glances, I marvel at Daddy's large frame. He's so bulky, his shoulders so wide, it's a stark contrast against my super thin body. He couldn't be anything like a ballerina even if he wanted to. But I know he's not trying to. He's only trying to help me.

He has to weigh more than twice what I do, his 6'2 frame holding it all so well. I bite my lip as I imagine touching his muscles.

But it's hard to focus on that when my muscles are all so exhausted.

“I know,” I say, falling back down to my heels as I lose my strength, “I'm sorry, Daddy. I'm just tired.”

He smiles. “It's okay, but the show is in only a few days. We need to

make sure you've got all your techniques lined up. We're putting in a lot of hours lately, but I promise you," he says, his hand lightly caressing my shoulder, "they will pay off."

I smile back at him, but I chew my lip right afterwards as the anxiety of my future is eating away at me.

I mean, not really my future. It's only a bit part, one of the many dancers in the background while the leads talk about this or that. I'm not even sure what the play's about: it's not like they give us smaller parts the script to worry about. That'd just be a waste of paper.

But Daddy and I have been practicing hard—mostly ten hour days—and my body's at its breaking point. But I don't want to let Daddy down, more so than myself. This is my dream after all, but Daddy's so proud of me, so taken up by my dream that it's become his own. He's working just as hard as I am, and he's making sure that even though it's only a small part, I shine the brightest way possible.

I love the man. I love the way he treats me, how my life has become his life. Even if he drives me hard, I know it's for my own good. It's like every waking moment from him is checking in on me and making sure I'm keeping up with my regimen.

Something, though, has changed between us. At first it was completely professional, familial, I guess. Focused on work and trying to make the best of my small opportunities. But the more we worked together, the closer we got. It's hard not to grow attached to a man who's in your personal space ten hours a day.

And in your dreams the next eight...

That's right, dreams. I don't know what it all means, but the past few days, I've been thinking more and more about him. First he was invading my dreams to keep up his training, insisting I keep up with my plies and en pointes. But then my dreams started to take me out of my work—which was fantastic as I finally got to get some rest away from ballet—to lunches and dinners and lazy days in the sun.

And then... well, things turned a little dirty in my dreams. Daddy started seducing me, his hands grazing me and his lips searching my body. I resisted maybe the first time it happened but quickly found myself giving into every

taboo advance he pushed on me. I'd get fully into it, our bodies mingling as Daddy stripped me and finally...

Well, finally *nothing*. I always wake up just before anything serious happens. It's only touching and kissing, and my mind fades to black or goes alert when Daddy starts to undo his pants.

Frustrating as hell couldn't even describe it! Not only that, but I'd wake up wet with an uncomfortable ache between my legs. I never became ashamed of it, actually, just curious. Just curious at my feelings and how much I desired to act on them.

And when Daddy touches the back of my thighs, or when his hand caresses my shoulder in comfort, a surge of adrenaline rushes through me. Excitement and fear culminate into a tingly sensation that makes me aches for his big body. I know when that happens my feelings aren't contained only in my dreams. They want nothing more than to express themselves all over him.

“Babygirl, you okay?”

I swallow. I must've been just staring at him, my mind relaxed on all the dirty thoughts flowing through me. I nod. “Yeah, yeah.”

He chuckles. “Okay, well, did you hear me?”

“Stretching, right?” I groggily piece together.

“Right. Come on, lets get you over to the barre to help those muscles.”

“Okay, Daddy,” I say, loving the way the word comes out of my mouth. The word has this hyper-sexualized meaning to me, which is kind of humorous when you think about Daddy having no idea about it. It's like this secret I'm keeping from him but so badly want to share.

We head over to the barre—the ballerina's hip-height bar meant for stretching and exercise—and I grip both hands on it before lifting my left leg up to the side and leaning it on top of the bar.

I squat slightly on my right leg, wanting to get a good stretch out of my thighs and hamstrings, which have been the muscles most likely to complain. The pull is intense and I have to concentrate on my breathing to help get past all the discomfort in my body.

“Good,” Daddy says from behind me. “Keep doing that for a little bit.”

He takes a towel from one of the chairs in the corner and wipes his forehead and neck, soaking up the workout.

I smirk to myself. Daddy's sweating while I'm doing all the work! It just goes to show how intense he is about our time together.

And it's certainly nice when Daddy sweats. It's one of those things I've begun to appreciate way more lately. The smell of his sweat is just... well, it just makes him smell like a Daddy. Musky and powerful, I've become almost addicted to it. When that first bead forms on his forehead, I can feel a knot build in my stomach as I truly start to get excited about my workout.

“Babygirl, keep going.”

I lost my concentration. “Oh sorry, Daddy.” I squat again, feeling the tension in my legs grow as I push down on the bar.

Daddy's hand goes to my extended leg, his fingertips touching my skin lightly.

My heart leaps in my chest and my breathing stop completely, taking a second to restart my body up. My mouth goes dry and goosebumps explode in the region of his hand, and I can't help but feel a little woozy from Daddy's contact.

His hand grips a little harder as he pushes it down my leg. “A massage might help loosen up the muscles. I've seen your legs quivering a lot more lately.”

I nod, swallowing, unable to form words. I can't even express to him how good it feels. My body's reaction is so quick, it's stunning. My stomach tightens and my pussy burns, arousal flooding me heavily, distorting my thoughts.

My thoughts turn to Daddy wholeheartedly, my stretch and my work entirely disappearing from my mind. All I can focus on is Daddy stroking my thigh, his hands digging into my flesh as he coaxes the stubborn muscle into behaving.

And coaxes signals up my leg into my pussy, tingling me deep to the core!

Finally, after a minute of absorbing his touch, I'm able to squeak out.

“Daddy, that feels really good.”

“That's good,” he says, his voice low, an air of seduction clouding everything. I don't think Daddy meant it to sound that way, but my brain definitely heard it that way.

I buck my hips out slightly, pushing them toward Daddy. I can't reach far, but I'm able to brush my cheeks against Daddy's hard thigh. The feeling is strong through the light fabric of my leotard, and I surreptitiously arch my back, enjoying feeling Daddy without letting him know how hard I'm trying to do it.

Or, at least, my delusional brain makes me think I'm being sneaky about it.

Daddy certainly notices my ass rubbing against him. How couldn't he? He has feeling in his leg, doesn't he? His fingers slow down on my leg, an aura of uncertainty palpable.

But I'm too long gone to feel my normal hesitations. This feeling, today, is something I can't control. All those dreams have been leading up to this moment, and I feel an urge—no, a *need*—to have Daddy all to myself.

I lower my leg slowly, turning around against the bar. I lean back into it, gripping it behind me with both hands. I lick my lips. “Daddy,” I say, our eyes locking as I crane my head up to him, “I've been thinking about you a lot.”

“Oh,” he says, his eyebrows cautiously rising, “how so?”

“Well, in my dreams, we practice my ballet...”

He chuckles. “Not surprising. We've been at this for so long.”

“But then,” I say, ignoring him as I let my thoughts wander down their dark alleyways, “we start to have lunch together.” My hand picks up from the bar and I awkwardly caress his thick arm, feeling the tension in his triceps beneath. “And we start fooling around, and kissing.”

His lips pinch and his eyebrows lower to give his eyes a more piercing quality.

“And it gets me really excited. So excited. I never want it to stop, and I've dreamed about it for a straight week.”

“Babygirl...”

“But we never get too far. Every time you're about to take your pants off, my brain panics, and I never get to see anything beyond that.”

Daddy's eyes search me, and I feel an intense nervousness fall on me. Why did I do that? Why did I make this so awkward? Why couldn't I just keep my nasty thoughts to myself? Did I just screw up our relationship?

But Daddy doesn't say anything, only looking deeper into my terror-saturated eyes.

“What if your brain couldn't stop it?” he asks.

My breath catches in my throat. “What do you mean?”

He lowers his hand to his button, unlatching it and unzipping his pants. He lets them fall to his knees, his bulge in his boxers attracting my attention immediately. It's huge, seemingly crammed into his underwear.

He stands there for a moment as I take him in, my heart racing in an unsteady rhythm. He watches my actions, as if he's wondering if I'm going to run away. But the only thing I want is to see what Daddy's kept hidden from me for so long.

I told him my secret, now I want to see his.

When he realizes I'm not going to scream or run away, Daddy slowly hooks his fingers through his waistband and lowers his underwear down to his thighs. Out falls this amazing slab of meat, hanging loosely between Daddy's legs. It's thick, almost the size of my tiny wrist, and it looks incredibly long, even for being completely soft.

“Are you happy now that you get to see it?” he asks, his voice low.

I nod. “Yes, Daddy. Your dick looks really good.”

Unconsciously, I step forward off the bar and drop to my knees, my desires guiding me without any rational thought. I look up at Daddy, who's eyes are gazing down at me with flinching curiosity. He's still wondering just what I'm willing to do.

“Is it okay if I touch it, Daddy?”

He licks his lip. “Go ahead, Babygirl.”

Heat rushes me at his permission, and my eyes turn to the beast in front of me. His thick cock pulses when I slip my hand around the shaft, feeding him his thickening agent. He grows at the smallest touch! I lift his shaft and notice just how much heft he's packing as I feel the weight travel down my arm.

I grip and stroke him lightly, getting a sense of what his cock is capable of. It feels awesome, thick and spongy, but as it hardens, dominant and commanding. It feels flexible yet solid, just like Daddy's been training me to be!

I pop the head into my mouth and am inundated with a powerful, musky flavor. It tastes just like Daddy smells, and an overwhelming sensation hits the mound just above my pussy. I burn just from his taste, and the more I suck on his tip, the more my body signals to me how badly I want him.

And the harder he gets! It takes only a minute or so before Daddy's cock is fully engorged, his girth expanding to its maximum capacity. It's a struggle to get my mouth around his shaft but a struggle I gladly accept. I inhale him, going down deeper and deeper on his dick as I adjust to him gradually. I'm only halfway down his length before his dick is already hitting the back of my throat.

"Oh." Daddy groans, his fingers lightly massaging my scalp. "That feels good, Babygirl."

"You like it, Daddy?" I ask, glancing up at his rolled back eyes.

"Don't stop, don't stop."

I push down on him again, swallowing him whole. This time, though, droplets of precum escape his tip, dripping down onto my tongue. The salty taste is divine and I drink it all. I can't believe I'm finally able to fulfill my dreams, pulling the arousal straight from Daddy's urethra.

My fingers wrap tightly around the base as I stroke him in rhythm with my mouth, sucking and tugging with emphatic delivery, stretching my jaw to the limit as I greedily take in as much as I can. I suck on Daddy so fervently, intent on making him realize how much I want to repay him.

And that's when it hits me: I want to repay Daddy for putting so much into my life, for taking care of me like his little princess. I've always felt like

his special little girl, but lately, I've felt like the most special girl in the whole world! He's made me feel so important, and it's only fair I make him feel really good in turn.

I can't just suck on him. I need to give him more than that.

I stand up backing away from him slowly until my butt bumps into the barre. I turn around, biting my lip and giving him a seductive glance, letting him know I want him more than ever. I grip the barre and stick my butt out, my leotard pulling tight and digging in between my ass cheeks.

“Daddy,” I ask, “don't you want to put it in me?”

“Is that what you want, Babygirl?” he asks, stroking his cock as he watches me shake my ass.

I nod. “I want whatever will make Daddy happy.”

He kicks his pants off and steps up behind me, his fingernails raking up the back of my thighs. The shudder of excitement runs through me and I lean forward, offering Daddy more of my rear end.

Daddy lowers himself behind me, parts my leotard to the side, and stick his tongue into my cunt.

The warmth and softness overwhelms me, and I immediately let out a gasp followed by a moan. His tongue runs vertical through my slit, and the more he pushes in with his tongue, the more my upper body leans forward, until I'm nearly bending horizontal at the waist.

Daddy holds my cheeks wide as he licks from clit to asshole, stimulating the bundle of nerves before making his way through my slick entrance all the way to my tight backdoor. He dances over it, each flick of his tongue loosening me, piercing me with the occasional adventurous prod, splitting me open to taste me deep inside.

“Daddy, oh, Daddy! Your tongue is so warm.”

He growls, his fingers digging into my flesh. Lowering himself again, he takes my lower lips in his mouth, sucking on them, massaging them between his lips. His tongue laps my clit, his mouth circling the nub with frantic pulls as he sucks my little button into his mouth. Fast pulses of his mouth stuns me, arching my back as the pleasure floods up my spine, paralyzing me to

Daddy's feverish mouth fucking.

When my breathing picks up, Daddy realizes how close I am to coming, and he focuses exclusively on my sensitive nub. Constant flicking and kissing and suck, Daddy tortures my body until he forces an orgasm to rip through me with turbulent force.

“Daddy, I'm coming! I'm going to explode!”

I have to hold onto the barre hard to keep from tipping over, my orgasm rippling through me. My muscles spasm outward from the center, exhausted completely, and they seem to tear apart from the harsh orgasm. My toes curl, and I even climb to them, completing the en pointe I had been trying to figure out for the past half hour! Daddy merely keeps my cheeks spread apart, watching up close as my pussy convulses between his fingers.

“That was so good, Daddy,” I huff. “Thank you.”

But Daddy's not done, and he's impatient, grabbing the sheer, slim fabric of my leotard covering my pussy and pulls with all his might, ripping it in half with such brute force that a quiver attacks my pussy directly.

To be that close to something so primal is enough to reignite my body! A surge of excitement sets me ablaze, and I sit in frightful anticipation for what Daddy's going to do to my shattered body.

“I'm going to stretch this tight pussy open, Babygirl.”

He grabs my right leg, lifting it up to the side and hanging it parallel over the barre, stretching me out.

Standing behind me, Daddy guides his cock into my spread pussy, pushing effortlessly in as my uplifted leg gives him easy access. His thick cock expands me mercilessly, opening me so wide as to cause pain.

I cry out as his cock punctures me, and the pain remains as Daddy slides all the way into the hilt.

“It's okay, Babygirl,” he says. “Just relax.”

My breathing catches, and even when it goes, it's ragged, the pressure on my cunt nearly unbearable. But Daddy holds still, keeping my leg up on the barre, allowing my pussy to adapt to his significant girth before feeding it to me.

“You ready for Daddy?” he coos.

I swallow, nodding, my body not quite ready but my mind begging me to let him go at it. His first retreat is intense, the fire of his cock dragging along my walls softening everything in my body. I tense up, only to release it all as pleasure overcomes the pain.

“You're so big. Your dick is so big!”

Daddy only clutches me harder, his hips driving lustfully into me with slow, torturous thrusts. He grunts with each one, enjoying every inch he inserts, taking pleasure in watching and feeling himself fill me up.

I open my eyes, and for the first time, I can see Daddy in the mirror, the look of determination in his eyes sexy, the strain in his arms gorgeous as he gradually picks up speed. I want to be part of that, not lying over the barre lost in my own eyelids.

So using my arms, I push myself upright, my spine near vertical as I keep my right leg over the barre. Daddy watches me in the mirror and our eyes connect, both of us enjoying each other's gaze as we revel in our closeness.

Daddy unlatches from my hips and brings his arms around me, grabbing the shoulders straps of my leotard and yanking them down my arms, exposing my small breasts. He grabs my tits, crushing them in his fingers as he launches his cock into me, energetic in his new position.

And the new position has other perks: The angle is more intense as his cock splits me upward, driving up into my cervix, shocking my system with sharp bursts of pleasure and tiny figments of pain. It doesn't quite hurt, but it's so deep and the feeling so powerful, the pleasure almost feels like it's doing damage to me.

I lean my head back and turn, kissing Daddy over my shoulder, an easy task for my lithe body. Daddy's fingers clutch rougher, seizing onto me as his cock slams into me.

I stare into the mirror, the intensity of our expressions absolutely delicious. My face is expanded, my mouth a constant 'O' of sharp pangs; Daddy's face is tight, a fierce gritting of his teeth as his animal instincts feed his stepdaughter his cock. I can see every change in our faces as Daddy's hips

rapidly thrust into me, the demarcation from pleasure to overload, when the work of Daddy's thrusts becomes the finality of Daddy's lust.

His mouth open, his jaw hanging, he whispers into my ear. "Here I come, Babygirl, here I come!"

He grits his teeth, his cock pounding into my ass as he holds it deep inside my abused cunt. He tenses in the mirror as his fingers grip me harder, and then he unloads, instant relief written in his features.

My own mouth goes wide as Daddy's hot seed floods my pussy, the warmth transmitting through me into ecstasy written in my own features. Pump after pump makes my mouth go wider, the dirty, taboo shock of Daddy's baby batter filling me to the core. Each little pulse of his cock is felt throughout, and all I can do is lean back into him as he completely empties inside me.

He holds me there, arms wrapped tight around me, as we gaze into each other's eyes through the mirror. Our breathing is heavy, my tits bouncing up and down, when we start laughing through the surprise of it all.

It's the happiest moment I've felt in a long time, just sitting there and watching Daddy hold me in his arms. It's the slightest bit of relief against the difficulty of my career.

Daddy releases me and helps me get my leg down from the barre, which is stiff and aching, the tension of holding it up catching up with me.

"Come on, Babygirl," he says, taking my hand. "Let's get you cleaned up, and then we'll call it a night. But I expect you up and at them tomorrow morning. We need to make sure you're still ready."

I smile, biting my lip. "Yes, Daddy, whatever you think is best for me."

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Daddy's Sick and Needs My Body

My heart sinks when I hear the news. Even my stepfather's voice falters when he responds to the doctor over the phone.

“A-And you're sure?” he asks.

The doctor's voice is an emblem of finality, solid and clear over the speaker. “Yes, certain. Tests show the clots rising consistently. It's a bizarre condition, and we can't exactly tell you why it's happening, but we know what helps you out. You just need to keep up your routine.”

I shake my head. Routine is such a nice way to put it, if only to ignore the indecency of the act.

“Every day?” Daddy swallows.

“Yes, every day. Possibly multiple times to be on the safe side. It's not ideal, but you have to look at it like you're brushing your teeth. You make it a habit. Something you don't think about but just do. Your prescription for brushing would be something like, 'Twice a day, for the rest of your life.' You have to treat this in the same manner.”

Daddy sighs, blowing air out in frustration. He collects himself before speaking, though. “Okay, doctor, I'll keep at it.”

“I know it's tough,” the doctor says. “We'll be looking into it to see if there are any medications that might help. But, again, you need to keep up with your routine. Without release, the clots could build, break off, and lead to an aneurysm or a heart attack, so we can't falter in treatment.”

Daddy nods, says something, but I'm not paying much attention. I can feel the blood drain from my face when the idea of fatality runs through my mind. I can't believe Daddy is *this* close to possibly dying. I can't lose him, not like I lost my mother.

And the horrible thing is how connected the two scenarios are.

It all started shortly after my mother passed six months ago. It was a hit and run. Daddy and I were entirely distraught, like normal, and it took us a long time to get through it together. God, I'm grateful I have him in my life so I didn't have to go through that all alone. My mother was an outcast in her family, so almost no one showed up to her funeral, and certainly not many

people I actually knew.

It was just me and Daddy really grieving her in the small funeral parlor.

But after a few months, something else started happening to Daddy. At first, he kept it hidden from me. It's obvious why, but it didn't take me long to realize something was up with him. He'd lock himself in his room for fifteen to thirty minutes every day—sometimes multiple times per day—and when he'd finally come out, he'd be all sweaty and stressed out, like he ran a marathon.

I'd let him be and deal with it for a little bit, but eventually I became too worried to leave him by himself. He seemed so upset and desperate, I hated how much it was hurting him, and how I couldn't actually help because he kept it away from me.

Finally, knocking on his door repeatedly, he finally let me in one day. Sweating and stressed, I could see the massive erection in his pants, throbbing against the fabric with a fierce intensity I can't even explain to you. I didn't even know a dick could behave like that.

And, yeah, I was weirded out for a few seconds on why Daddy was so aroused. At first, I thought he was just grieving my mother's loss by—I don't know—*masturbating* his sadness away. I don't know how guys do it. I know they're supposedly horny all the time and maybe he just needed relief after losing the woman he loved after so long.

But after a moment of hesitation, he explained to me he'd been doing this multiple times a day, every day, and that he didn't want to. His dick was getting so hard it would start to hurt, and the only way to relax his dick after hours of intense erections was to jerk off, releasing all the built up tension in one go.

Believe me, the young, naive me of a few months ago would have found it hilarious, but after just losing my mother, it made me incredibly nervous for Daddy. I begged him for a few days to go see a doctor until he finally relented, calling me his 'little lady' who wouldn't let him get away with poor health.

After a number of visits and tests, Anxiety Induced Penile Clots is how the doctor described it. It was something completely new in the medical literature, so his nomenclature revolved around the physical description of it.

Most likely it occurred because of the stress of dealing with my mother's death, and Daddy's body was having trouble handling it.

How to fix it? Sexual release would drain the excess blood from Daddy's cock, canceling out the priapism forming every day, and break up the clot. Unfortunately, the solution was only temporary, and they only knew it worked because Daddy had already been doing it inadvertently for months before showing up. The clot would reform in a matter of hours, maybe a day at the latest.

The phone call we got today only made the diagnosis concrete.

And Daddy was going to have to jerk off every day to keep himself from keeling over!

You think a man would be excited to hear he'd have a medical reason to masturbate without judgment, but when Daddy hangs the phone up, his face is a mixture of disappointment and frustration.

"Are you okay, Daddy?" I ask, reaching my hand across the kitchen table and gripping his. I don't want to let this man go, and his warmth brings comfort to my ailing soul.

He nods reluctantly. "Yeah, little lady, you don't have to worry about it."

I scoff. "Daddy, I'm going to worry so hard for both of us. You don't understand, it frightens me so much to hear about your illness."

He smiles softly. "I know you're worried, but Daddy can handle this. You don't have to fret for both of us."

Daddy winces and adjusts in his seat, and I can tell an erection is forming. It's fast, hits him hard, and makes him pretty uncomfortable.

He stands up, and I can see the clear outline of his cock in his jeans, pushing strong against the fabric, screaming to get out. I blush, biting my lip and lowering my eyes.

"I'm sorry, little lady," he says, lowering his hands over his bulge, blocking it from view. "I don't mean to embarrass you like this." He clears his throat, "I'm going to go take care of this, okay?"

I nod and Daddy heads off to his room, locking the door. The heat in my face is embarrassing, but only because I don't mean to make Daddy feel self-

conscious about his illness. I'm the most important person in his life. I'm the last person that should be judging him.

And maybe I'm blushing because the sight of Daddy's cock is kind of exciting at the same time. I don't mean it, I swear! But what's a girl going to do when a mean, angry cock is staring at her through the pants of a man she's always found attractive? Not only that, but his dick is so engorged, it makes it appear super thick and long, making it even more tempting. And the more I see it, the more I want it, in my mouth, my pussy, my ass...

I shake my head, my brunette locks flowing over my face as I drop my head. I sigh. I can't be thinking about stuff like that. Daddy's in serious trouble, and I have to make sure I'm as supportive as I can be, not some horny little girl who's going to make this all way more awkward than it needs to be.

I can't even imagine what he's feeling at this moment. I mean, he must be scared he won't even be able to work, what with a painful erection threatening to show up at any moment and force him to have to deal with it.

It's unenviable, and it must be weighing on Daddy's mind pretty heavily. The only thing I can do is keep an eye on him and make sure he's doing everything he can to feel better.

Over the next few days, I watch his movements like a hawk. Not because I'm a slut or something, but because it seems like something is off. Every time Daddy escapes to his room, it seems to take him longer and longer to come out. He looks even more exhausted than usual, and then he has to go back to his room more often in the day.

I confront him on it, and he reluctantly tells me, "It's not working like it was before."

"Why?" I ask.

He sighs. "I think because it's become a chore. I was"—he clears his throat, warning me it's going to get personal—"masturbating because I thought I wanted to. But now that it's prescribed to me—like it's an obligation—I can't seem to shake the nagging thought about how unfulfilling it all is."

"So what's happening then?"

"It's making it harder to orgasm. I have to work at it for longer, and then it's weaker. Not much comes out, and it seems if it's weak, it doesn't have as

much of a release as before, and I have to go back to the room to start all over again.”

I can hear the annoyance in his voice. This is really eating away at him. I lean in to hug him, sucking in his aroma and muscles, hoping my touch can calm him at the same time. “It's okay, Daddy. We'll figure it out, okay?”

“How, little lady?” he asks, frustrated, kissing the top of my head. “I can't be masturbating five times a day. That's not a life a man can live.”

I feel the tears well in my eyes as I look up at him. “Daddy, don't talk like that! I don't want you going anywhere.”

He smiles. “I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything like that. I'm just having a hard time with it, you know?”

I nod against his chest, settling into the crook of his pecs. I can't let this eat away at him. I need to do something to help him out, because it's not just unfair to me if he dies, but it's unfair to him that the loss of his wife would do him in next. He doesn't need to saddle himself with that guilt of tainting her memory.

I'll help him however I can.

“Daddy...” I look up at him, holding him tighter than before as I weigh my words.

“What is it?” he says, his hands sliding down my back, sending shivers up my spine as the nasty thoughts pour through my head. There's even a tiny twinge of something under my skirt as I twist my legs from side to side.

I try not to, but I feel the redness flow up to my cheeks. “What if I help you?”

“How?”

“What if I help you... *release*?”

His eyes narrow, incredulous, “You can't mean, like, help me orgasm, right?”

I swallow, looking into his eyes for a few seconds as I find the bravery to admit it to him. I nod lightly. “Yes, that's what I mean.”

Daddy shakes his head, “Little lady, there's no way you can do that.

You're my stepdaughter, and I would never do that to your mother."

I nod quickly, wanting to acknowledge just how strange the situation is. "I know, Daddy, I know. But this isn't normal, and I know you'd never do anything to stain the memory of mom, but..." I sigh, thinking of the right thing to say. "Daddy, I can't lose you because we were too stubborn to try the solution staring us right in the face."

"But... baby, I—"

"I know, Daddy, you don't need to tell me how weird it is. I know it is, but your routine isn't working like it used to, and what happens when it stops working completely? Where you can't come because you're just not feeling it? It's fatal, right?"

He bites his lip, gazing deeply into my eyes.

"What if"—I swallow—"having sex with me gives you *real* relief, real release, and you never have to masturbate again? It no longer feels like a chore?"

"Are you saying—"

I nod, the heat in me rising. "Every day, Daddy, as much as we need to make you right again."

He slowly shakes his head as he contemplates the realization, but underneath his pants, my hips pressed against him, I can feel his cock spring to life. Thickening, hardening, becoming an inappropriate sign of his illness.

"You don't have to worry about it, Daddy. I'll do whatever it takes to make you happy, because I'd do anything for you. I'll be your nurse."

I slowly lower myself to my knees, keeping my eyes locked on Daddy as I let him know my intent. Focusing on his face, I undo the belt in front of me and unzip him, shimmying his jeans down.

The push of his cock straining against his tight boxers is enough to send a thrum of excitement into my gut. I can't believe I'm doing this! Right there, right in front of me, is my Daddy's cock, super charged on the effects of a new medical condition.

My fingers are heavy and cumbersome, pulling at the band of his boxers with anticipation. Getting it over his cock is difficult, having to pull the band

really far away from his body to get it over the incredible bulge.

But when I do, the sight is something beautiful in its malformed nature. Daddy's dick is so hard, it bounces visibly with his heart beat, throbbing and knocking up and down with force. The sides are expanded so far as blood courses through him, his head swollen and near purple, his shaft barely spongy as rockhard meets a new definition, and his veins are huge and distended.

You imagine someone who's sick to look like hell, not like heaven!

“Are you su—“

His words are stifled by his moan as my fingers wrap around his cock. I can't touch them together as I make only three quarters the way around before I'm met by the fierce resistance of his meat. I squeeze and it barely gives way, my eyes going wide at the revelation: this dick inside of any orifice is going to feel like nothing I've ever experienced before!

I look up at him. “Does that feel good, Daddy?”

He nods, his eyes closing. “Yes, yes, a lot better than when I touch myself.”

I smirk deviously. “Good, then we know we're doing something right.”

I pull back on his cock, tugging his foreskin as I stroke him with gentle brushes of my hand. I don't want to go too fast. I want to build Daddy up, so that when he finally does finish, it's going to be one explosive, serious bit of release. I need him to realize just how much I can do for him that he can't do for himself.

“Little lady,” he says, his fingers in my hair, “this might take longer than you're expecting. Daddy's orgasms take a while to build after so much stimulation over the past few months.”

I smile as I say, “I have all the time in the world to help you, Daddy.”

Even though he's worried about the timing, it takes almost no time at all—my hand on him for less than a minute—before drops of precum escape the tip of his head. I run my tongue over him as I lap up his seed, enjoying the salty taste as well as how quickly I'm able to stimulate his body into getting ready to release. It's probably way better than Daddy can do on his own!

I open my mouth and insert him slowly into me, clamping my lips around him and sucking his hard flesh with soft, open-mouthed kisses. Daddy's groans are loud, and I imagine that not only is his cock reaching beyond its physical limitations, but his libido is built off how hard he is as well.

He's incredibly excited, his body tense and rigid as I consume his mega cock.

It takes me a good while to adapt to him, gradually introducing more and more of his ridiculous cock down my throat, his pulsing, bobbing member bouncing off my teeth and the roof of my mouth.

But the stress of steadily introducing Daddy to my mouth is nothing compared to the magnificent taste of him, his salty, musky odor magnified through the pores of his tumescent cock. It's like everything about him is amplified, and I can't help but salivate and get wetter all at once.

And then I'm inhaling him, testing my limits by shoving his dick down my throat, choking and gagging myself as I please my Daddy. His groans grow, his fingers tightening through the locks of my hair, pulling on them as the agony of his body overwhelms him.

“Thank you, little lady, for helping your Daddy out.”

I pull off and gasp, breathing deep against the strands of saliva spilling over my chin. “Don't worry, Daddy,” I say, “we're not done yet. I'm going to make you come the hardest you've ever come in your life.”

He grins, the passion in his eyes apparent as I stand to my feet. I take his hand and lead him over to the living room couch, nonchalantly dropping my panties from under my skirt, letting Daddy know just how easy this is for me.

I sit down on the couch, hiking my skirt up and spreading my legs wide, sitting them up on the cushion as I expose my bare pussy to Daddy.

“Go on,” I say, “put your huge cock inside me and fix what ails you.”

Daddy's reluctance is long gone, and grabbing my knees, he pulls me to the edge, tipping me slightly over onto my back so my head rests against the lower part of the backboard of the couch.

Stooping low, his angry cock throbs as Daddy guides it to my tight

pussy. Daddy moves slow because he knows just how thick his cock is; he knows no woman could handle it easily, not on the first try, and not if she's as young as I am. I don't have enough experience to be spread open by Daddy's dick at full mast, and Daddy knows it, pushing his head in at a gentle pace.

But even his lazy speed is not enough to keep me from being ripped open. Daddy's bulbous head pierces me and I cry out, his tremendous girth expanding me to the edge of sanity.

"Oh my god!" Daddy groans, the ecstasy clear as day, "This feels too fucking good!" He only has his head inside me, but it's the first time since dealing with his mega engorged cock that he's been able to put it inside a girl. All he's had is his hand, and that's nothing compared to a tight and ready pussy.

"Daddy, Daddy!" I wince, pinching his arms as I struggle against his might.

Daddy only pushes it further, the pressure paralyzing as I'm left shocked by the stretch from below. It's painful, pretty painful, but the stretch is divine, opening me to the point of complete vulnerability, which morphs pain into numbness, and numbness into burning pleasure.

He reaches the hilt, his entire cock stuffed into me, and the animal in him takes over. As soft as his entrance was, his retreat is quick and brutal, and the aggression of his cock takes over, transforming Daddy from the kind protector into the barbaric sower of seeds, a gardener planting his future deep into his little girl.

And fuck me hard he does, gripping my ankles as his hips drop down into me, fucking me from above as my body sinks into the couch. His long cock penetrates me fully, filling my inner space entirely as Daddy slams his power into my widened hips.

"Fuck, Daddy!" I scream, my fingers clutching the cushions below me as his dick thrusts me into the couch, flaming my pussy purely throughout.

"Take it, little lady. Help your Daddy come hard."

"Yes, Daddy," I say, gritting my teeth through the propulsion of his cock, knowing my duty is more important than my own pleasure, "I want you to finish. I need you to satisfy your dick inside me."

Even though this is all for Daddy, I can't stop the pleasure from building tremendously in my gut. Every impact of his huge, powerful cock sends ripples of energy through me, pumping pleasure into my system whether I intend it or not.

I'm left to reel and exhaust myself on Daddy's brute force.

And I think the harder a cock is, the more aggressive it makes a man, because Daddy's thrusts are savage and lust fueled. The strain on his cock is too much and he's only focused on fulfilling the nasty urges living inside him.

It doesn't matter if he has to split his stepdaughter's cunt to do it, because fresh pussy is always better than a stale hand!

Daddy lifts me and turns me over. I lean forward, my hands on the backboard as Daddy thrusts in behind me, slipping his cock into my loose cunt, broken on Daddy's unbelievable width.

But Daddy grabs my elbows and pulls me back into him, his fingers digging so hard into my flesh, I can feel the future bruises already forming. But that pain is nothing in relation to the pleasure flooding my pussy as Daddy fucks me upright on the couch.

His dick slides in vertical, the new angle much tighter than the previous one as my knees lock together below me. It splinters me, and I can feel his dick burn along every vaginal wall at once from one end of my cavity to the other, thrusting into my cervix with hostile onslaught.

Daddy growls, his hands keeping my arms trapped back behind me as he lays into me, his thrusts so hard they launch me forward before his arms haul me back onto his cock, forcing it all the way up my cunt.

My moans are mixed with yelps, the brutality of his strokes impossible to stifle. But it only makes my conclusion all the more inevitable, as my body gives in completely to Daddy's dominant control of me.

This was all for his pleasure, but Daddy fucks my pleasure out of me first!

His dick forces an orgasm out, my mouth shouting to the ceiling as a tsunami of pleasure washes over me, my body going numb and then fluttering with pulses of electric energy. It sizzles my brain, euphoria striking me roughly as my vision goes white and hot vitality ruptures my insides in

domineering fashion.

I'm forced to scream Daddy's name as he brings me to the point of absolute bliss!

"There you go, little lady," he warns, thrusting into me with blistering impacts, "Every day Daddy's going to fuck one of those orgasms out of you, make you wish you never met this dick in your life."

He grunts with every perfectly timed, savage impact, thrusting until he reaches his medicinal relief. His thick, monstrous cock unloads an amount of semen I couldn't have predicted, flooding my cunt so thoroughly I feel my own body temperature sky rocket on contact. His hot cream fills his stepdaughter to the brim, sloshing and spilling immediately between my thighs, getting as much on me as inside me.

His cock come out and the great void left behind is terrifying, because I want nothing more than Daddy back in me to keep it from closing back up.

But all we can do is lie on the couch together, my pussy constricting back to something normal, and Daddy's cock slowly losing it's hard edge until it dies back down to his normal size.

It's a relief for both of us, and Daddy's arms around me only make me realize I'd made the right decision.

But I can't let this stubborn man forget all about the doctor's orders.

"From here on out, Daddy, I'm not going to wear panties in the house, and you're not allowed to wear pants, only your boxers. That way I can see when you're getting hard and take care of you right then and there."

Daddy's about to say something, but I raise a finger to his lips.

"Uhn uh uh, nurse's orders, you understand? This is not going to be a chore for you ever again. I expect you to get a timely release when an erection springs up. It's the only way I can know you're going to be with me forever."

He nods, taps my nose, and says, "Yes, little lady."

I rest my head against my Daddy, happy I can be the one to set his life straight again.

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I am a purveyor of smut. The dark kind of smut, or, at least, a little shady. Each of my stories are a little different in their context, focusing on different situations and different groupings of people, but they all have a prevailing, similar theme: characters are about to have some fun times in some ways they never thought possible.

Usually by a mixture of excitement and force.

But they always end up having fun...

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