

Daddy's Piggy

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Scarlett never saw her mother's new husband with a good eye. Butch was a 6 feet tall, 330-pound smelly mass of sweat and farts. The hairy 55-year-old was bald, with only a halo of greasy, greying hair. His swollen face was covered in untrimmed grey scruff, not concealing some gross pimples. His yellow teeth were pointing every which direction. His giant belly and double-chin stored all sorts of sweaty filth in their flaps.

Not only was the man revolting to look at, but he offered little in terms of a loving, caring partner. He had no manners, rarely dressing in anything different than stained wife-beater and sweatpants and ever more rarely showering. He spent most of his day either wasting away on the couch, snacking and watching sports on TV, or pressuring Linda to have sex with him. Sometimes both at the same time. He did none of the house-chores, always playing the card of the 'bread-winner' of the household.

Sure, being a lazy-ass rentier, he had more than enough cash to supplement Linda's alcohol dependency, put some food on the table and more importantly, provide the all-but-homeless mother and daughter with a roof above their heads, but that was such a low bar to clear.

Despite that, Scarlett's mom was strangely enamored by him, gaslighted into a romantic relationship. While Scarlett (and everyone else) saw a disgusting fat bastard, the fragile, mentally withering woman saw a man that took care of her and her only daughter. Unable to work or provide much to her family due to her dubious mental state, Scarlett's mom had mistaken her dependency on this man for love.

The 55-year-old creep had actually sweet-talked 44-year-old Linda into marrying him six months ago and now she and Scarlett shared the man's downtown residence with him. A turn of events that the teenage girl was not thrilled about. As nice as it was having a roof over their heads, it wasn't worth it to be around this crude asshole.

Scarlett was a beautiful 18-year-old girl, on her last year of high-school. Despite having good grades, her dreams of making it to college were pretty slim. She was searching for scholarships, but unless some money fell out of the sky, she'd probably have to wait tables for a living pretty soon.

Scarlett was a soft-spoken, shy girl, something mirrored by her dainty stature of 5 feet and 2 inches. The small-framed woman had very long, very curly, light-brown hair, which she usually let flow freely down her shoulders, chest and skinny midriff. She weighed like a feather, never clocking above 100 pounds.

She had big, gorgeous green eyes, framed by her horn-rimmed reading glasses. She liked wearing floral dresses below her knees and plain, boyish sneakers. Though many girls her age dressed much more sexualized due to their new-found adulthood, Scarlett did not seem in a rush to grow up. She was still a girl of her (until recently) adolescent age. Despite some subtle flirts here and there with boys at school, it was Scarlett's friends, homework, her biking around town and her Nintendo games that still comprised most of the teen's day.

Butch had not made a good first impression on Scarlett. Not a second, third or a 60th. Simply being around him, Scarlett could not help but feel unease. The way he shamelessly stared at her slim body, his droopy, fat-lidded eyes scanning her from thighs to her little tight ass to her slender waist and cute chest, up to her beautiful face. It was all sleazy beyond redemption and it often happened with the girl's mom present. Scarlett could have sworn the old man had licked his sticky, white-crusteds lips a couple of times, just by watching the girl get on her bike in her short sporty shorts one day. There were times where he'd pass through the hallway and linger his steps for a few moments, just to sneak a peek inside the crack of the girl's bedroom door, trying to catch her mid-undressing or in some other private moment. Scarlett was feeling increasingly uncomfortable with this man's presence in their shared home.

But all her worries fell on deaf ears, whenever she brought them up to her mom. Linda always waved her off with some vague comment about 'overreacting' or 'imagining things', usually followed by a big slug of scotch. Linda loved Butch, and these troublesome topics brought forth by her daughter only seemed to Linda like Scarlett was trying to undermine her new marriage.

Lately, Scarlett's mom had started going to this card-playing joint a few blocks down the street, leaving her young, pretty daughter alone with that couch-glued pig for many hours in the afternoon. Scarlett tried to stay in the room, studying or browsing on her laptop, in an attempt to minimize her run-ins with Butch.

Unfortunately, she eventually needed to use the restroom, meaning passing by the living room, where the fat slob was, 'sunk' in the couch. "Hey! Girl! C'm over here" Scarlett cursed inwardly at hearing that unmistakable apneic voice coming from behind her. The girl let out a defeated sigh and turned around.

“What is it, Mister Butch?” she addressed her gross stepdad as polite as she was raised to be. “Come here. I wanna tell you som’tin’” the man invited her over with an eerie smile and the girl obliged begrudgingly, in her red, short-sleeved, floral dress. Her cute appearance was harshly clashing with her stepfather’s, whose stench easily reached her nostrils before she even reached him.

“You’re blossoming into a fine young lady, Scarlett” the man placed his thick, sweaty hand on the girl’s much smaller, pantyhose-clad thigh. Scarlett cringed, instinctively shaking her leg, without the man removing it. “As your legal guardian I oughta teach you that things are gonna be happening to your body that are only natural, ya know?” his twisted smirk was only concealed by a thin façade of ‘parenting’.

“Uhhmm, it’s ok Mister Butch, we don’t have to have that talk, I’m not a child” Scarlett was already blushing, wanting this awkward conversation to end. She had nothing private to share with this pig-man.

“Please, we’re family now. Call me Dad. Or even better, Daddy” the man tightened his grip on the much weaker girl’s thigh. Scarlett wanted to eject right out of this interaction, but couldn’t find the courage.

“Ya see, you’re at an age where boys look at you...differently” the sleazy pig brought the uncomfortable girl closer to him. “They’re gonna want to touch you in places, private places...” he slid his hand from the young girl’s nylon-covered thigh up between her legs.

“Pl..please, stop” Scarlett’s plead was barely audible, the man groping the girl’s virginal sex-mount, over her panties. “Ts’ aw’right, you don’t have to feel bad. You’re becoming a woman” Butch creepily cooed.

“Have you kissed a boy yet? I can show you” the obese guy didn’t wait for a response, pulling the girl towards him by the small of her back and leaning his rancid face closer to Scarlett’s angelic one. “NN...no...” the girl mumbled, turning her face away from an incoming kiss. “HEY! Don’t be a brat or I’ll ground you!” suddenly Butch yelled, grabbing the girl’s thick tufts of curly hair and rattling them warningly.

Seeing the antsy bitch stay still, he planted his chapped, white-crustied, but also somehow slimy lips on Scarlett's delicate, rosy ones. The girl whimpered in disgust, trying to keep her lips pursed. Her eyes were similarly closed, as the creep's mucousy saliva coated her lips and dripped down her chin. Butch licked the teen's lips and her perfectly straight, white teeth with his tangy tongue, which was pale and purple from lack of hygiene.

Scarlett did not imagine her first kiss being anything like that. Everything about this was awful! The fat slob's breath stunk like a swamp, Scarlett trying not to inhale at all to not get a waft of rotting teeth in her nose. Butch held the back of her head with his hand, making sure the little slut did not avoid his 'lesson'.

"Open your mouth more, baby, stick out your tongue" Butch sleazily 'instructed'. Driven by sheer fear, Scarlett complied, opening her lips slightly. As soon as she did, she felt the man's fat, slimy tongue violently thrust inside her mouth, in an aggressive Frenching.

"GGhuuhmmM!" the girl gagged and dry-heaved at this invasion, but Butch simply kept her from pulling back with a tight grip on the back of her head. It felt SO REVOLTING, like an eel assaulting her throat.

"You'll get the hang of it" Butch said, his 8-inch, thick rod visibly erect through his week-worn shorts.

"Please, Mister Butch, I...I don't want this..." Scarlett took the opportunity to voice her objection, only to receive a hard slap across her face that flung the girl's glasses off her face and onto the floor. The slap immediately left a red mark on her cheek. "Cut that nonsense RIGHT NOW young lady. Daddy's doing this for your own good" the man roughed his stepdaughter up. Scarlett was holding back tears.

"Now, what do you say when Daddy is teaching you things?" Butch said with a twistedly wholesome smile, grinning with his yellow, half-rotten teeth. "Th...thank you Daddy..." Scarlett replied, so afraid to answer 'wrong'.

"Good girl. Now, just like you kissed Daddy, boys will also want you to kiss their peckers and take them in your mouth, just like you took Daddy's tongue" the gross fuck continued this horrible 'birds and the bees' talk with his 18-year-old stepdaughter, who was more horrified with each passing second.

"I...I don't want to put anything in my mouth" Scarlett went to hop out of the couch, but the man gripped the girl's tiny wrist so hard, you'd think he might break it. "You must learn, otherwise I can't make an honest woman out of you" Butch grunted, getting up.

In one swift move, he pulled the string off his food-stained basketball shorts and used it to tie the innocent girl's wrists behind her back. "Please...Butch...Daddy, don't do this!" the girl begged in different ways. Her struggles were so overpowered by Butch's grip, they didn't even register.

"It's for your own sake, kiddo. Lots of gals don't know their place until someone shows 'em. I'll teach you the right way to please a boy, with those pesky hands outta the way" the despicable monster said, pushing the tiny girl down on the floor to her knees. Holding her firmly by one tuft of her big curly hair, he pulled his loose shorts and shit/piss-stained tidy whites to drop to the floor and stepped out of them.

As soon as his massive, soda-can thick monster-cock flopped out, standing in attention like a meaty bat. It curved slightly downwards due to its sheer mass, over 8 inches long and almost 3 inches thick. His penis was hairy up to a third of the shaft, the man's big balls even hairier with grey, curly pubic hairs. The cock had a yellowish hue to it from never really being washed. Half a droplet of precum could be seen poking through the dick's urethra.

As soon as his bottom half was free of clothes, a new, hideous stench wafted over the girl's pristine nostrils. It smelled like something had died on the man's crotch, Scarlett dry-heaved again just by the proximity.

If all boys looked and smelled like that, she wanted nothing to do with them.

"Before we start, be a doll and clean Daddy's dick cheese" he said, pulling his foreskin back and revealing a white substance trapped in the crevices and folds. It was covered in retched smegma.

"Please...!" Scarlett tried to appease him. "Shut it! I'm not raising no lazy-ass woman in this household!" Butch got angry again. "Just like you'll learn to clean around the house when mama's away, you need to keep your man and his cock sparkling clean. And DON'T talk back. No one likes that" the obese prick instilled his dogma.

"But ...but..." before the girl could construct a retort, she received another heavy-handed slap across her face. Resigned to her horrible fate, the silently sobbing schoolgirl inched her gaping mouth and reluctant, protruding tongue towards the man's soured dickhead.

In contrast, the young woman smelled nothing like him. Scarlett was properly bathed, with her red dress clean and with a lightly sweet, teen perfume emanating from her body. The wonderful scent of her lotion came from her full, silky hair. Butch caressed them with his chubby, dark-nailed fingers, as the miserable maiden lapped at a 'flake' of smegma, having no choice.

"UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUHHhh!" Scarlett winced with an open mouth, keeping the disgusting piece of dick-cheese on her exposed tongue, not wanting it to touch anything else! She was retching just from holding it there. "Come on, piggy. Eat your blue cheese, it's Daddy's delicacy, haha!" the morbidly obese man chuckled as a hopeless Scarlett finally retrieved her tongue inside her mouth with a crying whimper, gagging throughout it. It was the most vile thing she had ever tasted; like a sick goat's pimple puss. Scarlett then swallowed Butch's foreskin-churned cottage cheese with a horrific gulp. "Bleeeuuuuuaaggh...!" She immediately dry-heaved intensely, almost vomiting.

"Don't cheat baby-girl, show Daddy your work" Butch said. The girl, still in shock by the aftertaste of her 'hors d'oeuvre', opened her pretty mouth wide open and stuck her tongue submissively out and towards her chin, pitifully looking up at her stepdad with pretty, furred brows.

"Good", Butch nodded, prompting her to go for another 'treat'. And then another, until there was no 'white stuff' left at the 'undercarriage' of his cockhead. Scarlett was feeling literally ill, barely able to stand upright on her folded legs.

"Now, to be a good lil' cocksucker, you have to wrap your pur'ty lips around the shaft, and not let any teeth touch my woody, got it sweet-cheeks?" Butch gave the quick 'rundown' before pushing the unprepared teen's face down on his filthy rod.

"NoooGGGHuhhhhhh...khhh....!" Scarlett immediately choked on the massive phallus that filled her face-hole and threatened to split the corners of her cherry-red lips with its girth. She tried to back out of this invasion, while wiggling her bound arms, but Butch firmly held her hair-tufts with both hands. He now possessed full leverage over his thrusts, as he started working his enormous boner in and out of his step-daughter's too-small, but too-hot-to-resist mouth. "MMMKuh....kuh....mnnng!" the girl could only cough and choke, with her throat plugged by 'Daddy's' cock, her eyes soon watering.

"You gotta relax that throat, sweetie, let Daddy slide through it" Butch said, driving his huge erection harder against the much girl's narrow throat, bruising it ruthlessly. This was nothing like the tender love-making Scarlett imagined she would someday enjoy with a handsome boy. She was trying to mentally escape this ordeal, going to a happier place.

“Are you listening to me?” He slapped the close-eyed girl’s face, not pausing his face-fucking.

“YUH DDu-Duh...!” (*Yes Daddy*) Scarlett was snapped back, straining to reply with a cheek-bulging mouthful of Daddy’s spoiled ‘salami slab’, keeping her gorgeous, teary green eyes up at the large bastard.

“Oughta girl! And keep those lips tight around my rod. Think of it like your mommy’s vacuum. You gotta suck everything out” Butch’s fun lesson continued. That little slut’s untrained mouth felt great on his giant pecker. He couldn’t imagine how good it would feel once that teenage whore got some dick-sucking hours ‘under her belt’.

Meanwhile, Scarlett was feeling many horrendous sensations at once. The man’s landfill-smelling erection tasted horrible. Many times the girl puked in her own mouth from the vial taste, like rotten, mold-ridden mushrooms. A thick coating of piss-grease and a layer of dirt was covering the entirety of the man’s sex member. The girl was involuntarily scrubbing off this film of filth with each ‘stroke’ of her youthful lips and mouth. It added that extra bit of sludgy ‘fattiness’ to her ‘meal’.

The monster hadn’t scrubbed down there in months, if not years! No wonder Linda never go down on him, or have much sex with him. Not that Scarlett knew that, off course.

Despite the horror, Scarlett tried to please her abuser, afraid of what would happen if she didn’t, all while anxiously shifting her skinny arms, that were locked behind her back.

Butch’s ‘meat-snake’ kept railing on the poor teen’s mouth, visibly expanding her slim, slender neck from the inside. “Glag...glag...glag...glag!” Scarlett could only make these involuntary, sloppy throat-fucking sounds as, instead of thrusting with his hips, the giant man maneuvered the girl’s small head rapidly back and forth onto his cock with ease.

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The arguably uncivilized guy let a huge fart rip amidst his stepdaughter’s blowjob. “GGghhhugh!” Scarlett shut her eyes tightly, feeling the horrid smell penetrate not only her nostrils, but also her eyeballs. The man’s flatulence was like a tear gas. “Don’t slack” Butch slapped the girl’s cock-bulging cheek, feeling his dick rubbing onto it from the inside.

After fucking his step-daughter’s mouth for a while, Butch happily ejaculated - without a single warning - inside it, shooting his horribly discolored, chunky semen straight down her throat.

“MMMMMGH....khuh.....khuh.....gulp...gulp...gulp!” the girl moaned, then coughed, before finally swallowing this awful surprise, still in a tight hair-grip as to not ‘turn down’ Daddy’s present. The taste was beyond awful. Whatever this man was eating, was definitely not pineapple. The man’s heterogeneous, ill-looking semen was incredibly tangy and bitter, possessing the texture of expired milk-cream mixed with slimy snot. But she downed it all, immediately feeling nauseous.

“Good girl, swallow, boys think it’s rude if you don’t” the fat slob nodded, letting the bitch snap her head backwards, as his filthy firehose sling-shot out of the girl’s violated mouth. Thick, throaty drool dangled from the panting, debilitated girl’s bottom lip. She wanted to light her tongue on fire just to not sense that horrible lingering taste.

“Not bad for a newbie whore” Butch ‘praised’ his debilitated, traumatized stepdaughter, pulling up his sweat-shorts and walking over to a drawer a few feet away. He took out a checkbook, and in front of Scarlett’s moist eyes, wrote a check for a hefty sum of money. Enough to get the girl into college. He wrote the girl’s full name underneath that number.

“This is yours, if you keep taking care of your old man” he flashed her the signed check with an expression full of meaning, before putting the valuable piece of paper in his shorts’ pocket.



During the following days, Butch continued his beloved step-child's abuse, much to her misery. On top of metaphorically waiving the poor girl's college tuition in front of her to keep her more... cooperative, the repulsive ball of meat had threatened the schoolgirl not to say a word of their new 'quality time together' to her mother, or else they'd both would find themselves kicked out on the streets. Her mother would be divorced without much fussing around and left to the curb, alongside Scarlett.

The meek, young woman was unable to handle this stressful new burden, succumbing to going along with her step-dad's twisted whims, all of which were unbeknownst to Linda. Especially when the unsuspecting woman was off to her gambling/drinking buddies, Scarlett was sure to be degraded and raped by the sadistic blob of fat in various ways. As much as her daughter tried to convince her mom to stick around with her, Linda could not see the reason she had to stay imprisoned at home.

It wasn't but a few days since that first 'lesson', that Scarlett unceremoniously lost her virginity to Butch's pussy-defiler of a cock. In the girl's girly, colorful bedroom, on her single bed, the girl was violently deflowered by the naked pile of fatty meat. Her pristine, hairless pussy was blooded immediately by the man's rough penetration.

"NGh....NGh....NGh...!" Scarlett's sheer agony was unable to be vocalized, due to the man's huge sausage fingers tightly wrapped around the girl's fragile neck, squeezing it senselessly as he kept pounding her poor sex-hole to samples, stretching it further with each thrust. The small girl thought her pelvis had split from this invasion. Her rapist's size was overwhelming for her tight, sexless pussy. Butch easily smashed against the tiny girl's cervix with each 'push', Scarlett crying throughout the experience.

When he finally retrieved his blood-smeared python from her abused cunt, Butch saw a fully gaping, prolapsed hole, his cum slowly oozing out of it. Its muscles were far from ready to retract back to their normal size. Scarlett laid there, her sundress still on, but lifted from her waist up to expose her from the waist down. The once clean fabric was now soaked with the man's copious sweating and miscellaneous filth. With her skinny legs remaining spread like a cumed-on sex-doll, the girl breathed heavily through cries, trying to deal with the splitting pain of her rape.

Butch rarely missed a chance to bust a nut inside his new ragdoll. Scarlett might have been sexually inexperienced, but 'Daddy' was very 'hands-on' when it came to showing her the ropes. The unlucky girl's sex-holes (all three of them) were pummeled on a regular basis, despite the complete and almost dangerous incompatibility of the girl's pocket-sized body with Butch's battering ram of a dick. It didn't

seem to worry Butch much, his usual solution to the girl's "it won't fit" or "it hurts too much" begging and crying being:

"Then slurp it up better, get some more drool on there and it'll slide right in".

No matter how sloppy of a blowjob the girl graced Daddy's 3-inch-thick, soap-less Loch Ness monster with, it always stretched her poor holes to the brim of tearing, bringing her unspeakable pain. The girl's virginal pussy and her untouched buttohole were always left damaged by the rough, vacuum-sealed 'loosening' they got from Butch's 'lovemaking'. He always left the Scarlett unable to sit properly for hours after their 'encounters'.

"It's ok... I...i just like doing my homework standing up, helps keep me energized" the girl would lie with a forced smile to her inquisitive mother, watching her lean over her desk instead of sitting at it.

As a result, Scarlett dreaded her stepdad's visits to her innocent, pillow-covered bedroom. It didn't matter if she was halfway through her homework or video-chatting with her friends online. If the horny beast entered her room, Scarlett had to drop everything and drop to her knees. Or an all fours. Butch let her bite her own pillows, in order to not scream as much.

But Butch did not simply want to get his cock wet with his newfound, 18-year-old cock-sleeve. No, he wanted to completely degrade young Scarlett, to turn her into his personal, secret piggy slut. Pigs are filthy animals, aren't they?

In that regard, the fugly sicko begun 'conditioning' his dear step-daughter to start 'helping him' with his daily toilet visits. Every time he went to use the bathroom, Scarlett would soon after inexplicably (at least in Linda's eyes) leave the room, too, concealing her dread as best she could.

Once in private company, Butch would make his new piggy-slut kneel beside the actual toilet, with her arms resting on her pantyhosed thighs. She'd open her mouth like a good girl and take his stream of piss right into her mouth. The hot piss tasted sickly revolting, it was always a deep yellow color, instead of a clearer, healthier one, but poor Scarlett downed everything regardless, hating her life throughout.

Any yellow droplets she 'missed', spilling from her overflowing mouth, had to be licked clean off the ground, something Butch was adamant about. With the man's lackluster job of keeping the bathroom clean, its tiled floors were often left cleaner than before the two had entered it, so an all-fours-crawling Scarlett was always lapping up layers of dust, crusted urine that had missed the toilet bowl days before, as well as many of Daddy's pubic hairs that were 'decorating' the filthy floor. As much as she hated it, her tongue obediently traced over everything.

If Butch had just emptied his bowels, a whole new level of debauched submission was required. With the fat fuck not bothered to strain himself enough to wipe his own ass, it was up to Scarlett to pick up the slack, sticking her pretty face between his giant, blobby asscheeks and get to work cleaning his shit-stained asshole clean.

The first few times, Scarlett silently pleaded with praying hands to the obese deviant to spare her this horrendous treatment, but it only stiffened his wood more and made him more certain of his conviction. A couple of more face-slaps and threats later, the little Princess was opening up nice and wide and sticking her tongue all over Daddy's freshly-gaped, 'chocolate star'.

Butch would simply bend his stiff whale-like body forward (not like he could move very much) and press his 'Little Piggy's' face between his enormous, flappy ass-cheeks, until he could feel her moist little tongue start getting all the poop residue on his wrinkly, hairy asshole. "NNNMMMGGG!!... **cough* *slurp*cough* slurp**" Scarlett would simultaneously cry out, hold back retches and deep-tongue Daddy's asshole with the enthusiasm and energy he demanded.

Her petite body would tremble in disgust and her hands, always held behind her back like Daddy wanted, would twitch, itching to push the gross fat-ass (each flabby ass-cheek larger than her head) away from her. Daddy had mentioned that if he ever even as little as felt Scarlett's hands make contact with his asscheeks, he'd tie them up behind her back to "teach her good lady posture"

It took tremendous amount of self-restrain for the young woman to remain 'dedicated' to her ass-cleaning duties. Eating the fat slob's rotten asshole coated her tongue, throat and taste buds with shit-scent. The immeasurably horrid taste lingered well after her 'bathroom dates' with Daddy. The degraded young lady had to aggressively brush her teeth three and four times afterwards, and chew multiple mint gums to get the taste off.

During the first weeks, it was very hard for the unlucky teen to not throw-up during her toilet-time with Daddy. To further 'motivate' her, Butch made clear that if she ever threw up, little Piggy would have to lap the vomit back up like a good cleaning maid. Scarlett found out the hard way that the bastard was not kidding, after having failed to keep it together during her morning bathroom break.

She was then forced to slurp up every last drop of her vomit in all its chunky and loose glory. After that day, she kept her vomiting to a bare minimum, exerting titanic amounts of concentration and will-power.

The girl also tried to hold her constant dry-heaving under wraps, an instinctive reaction that Daddy described as 'unladylike' and 'annoying'. In reality, such suspicious sounds threatened blowing 'Piggy's cover with her mother, which Daddy did not like. Even with her extensive 'aversion-therapy', it was still impossible not to be physically revolted by all these vile acts, Scarlett unable to hold back gagging from time to time.

It was yet another of those father-daughter 'bonding' moments. Kneeling like a good, subservient whore, Scarlett was running her tongue around the shit-stained wrinkles of Butch's loosened (by frequent diarrhea) asshole. The wonderful sensation of the teen's tender, moist tongue on his perpetually shitty sphincter would stimulate and trigger his asshole to grace his hardly working stepdaughter with plenty of paralyzing flatulence.

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"MMNGG! **cough* *slurp* slurp* *cough**" the ass-worshipping teen flinched by the surprise burst of sewer air hitting the back of her throat, but she did not even flinch away, her face self-buried between Butch's two giant sacks of ass-meat.

"Shhh, be quiet back there. Daddy likes some morning peace when he's unloading" Butch scolded his hard-working ass-cleaner, as Scarlet was letting out too many pathetic moans, all muffled by his enormous ass. Scarlett tried to shut up and eat her stepdad's browned ass in silence.

Just then, a polite double-knock was heard on the door. "Occupied, honey!" Butch semi-yelled with a cheerful tone, whilst pressing Scarlett's face deeper into his brown, canyon-like crack, smothering the girl's sudden yelps for help. "MMMFF! NNGG!" the poop-lipped girl's attempts at reaching out to mommy were drowned out by 'Daddy's' ass. She was fully suffocated in poopy fat-folds.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Linda's polite, almost embarrassed voice was heard from the other side of the door, as the woman departed.

"AAwww, that's the stuff..." Butch said as another poisonous fart ejected from his asshole, shooting right through Scarlett's cherry lips. "GGHHHHGNNNN!" the girl moaned as Daddy's fart was now already down her stomach.



A pattern was quickly being established, regarding the blackmailed girl's service towards her yucky, cruel stepfather. Though she was lucky the stinky ogre was always sleeping through her morning routine before going to school, Scarlett could not avoid him once she returned home. Scarlett would sometimes not even have time to take her schoolbag off her shoulders, before finding herself kneeling in the bathroom with Daddy. With Linda humming radio tunes to herself, preparing lunch a few meters away, the mortified girl would 'open up' to clean all the smegma and crusted piss that had accumulated on Daddy's cock since last night, trying her hardest not to retch and gag too loudly.

After that, Butch would either empty his bladder down Piggy's gullet (not caring much if he spattered the girl's pristine clothes with his urine, she could change after) or if he was feeling frisky, get a quick nut by fucking his step-child's accepting mouth.

Then it was lunch, followed shortly after by Butch's post-meal shit, meaning Scarlett was on clean-up duty. Only after she had left Daddy's asshole as clean as it could be (since he never showered) could she go to her room.

The rest of the afternoon was a constant horror for the poor 18-year-old, wondering when would her legal guardian 'stop by' for a taste of her pussy or ass. Linda often napped, which was bad news for Scarlett. She'd be around the house only for a few hours before she'd take off gambling and drinking.

Butch had convinced his gullible wife that it was dangerous for Scarlett to be left to wonder out of the house sundown. With Linda adamant about this new safety policy, the fuming Scarlett was practically imprisoned at her own house, with her sadistic step-father the only company.

The worst thing for her safety.

Linda's conscious house-roaming in the afternoon was Scarlett's only brief window to study for the upcoming exam season, since Butch's 'bedroom visits' were certain with the two alone. She counted down the days till September, when she would grab the bastard's check and run away to college, away from this horrific deal for good.

As Scarlett's weeks of abuse turned to months, Linda remained blissfully clueless as to her little angel's demeaning 'pact' with her stepfather. Paralyzed both with fear of what 'spilling the beans' might entail for her and her mother, as well as the hope of that life-changing check Butch was dangling before her face, Scarlett kept quiet about her new role in Butch's life, as much as she wished otherwise. As caring and loving of a mother as Linda was, she was also equally naïve and gullible, unable to see any misdoings going on behind her back. The girl tried getting Linda to notice without giving herself away to Butch, but it was no use.

The family of three was seated around the modest dining table, enjoying some rise and peas. Well, Linda and Butch were. As delicious as her meal in front of her smelled, the curly-haired maiden was

anxiously biting her lips, not taking but a couple of forkfuls. "Why aren't you eating, sweetheart?" Linda asked, confused, as Butch was eating next to the girl sloppily and loudly, like an animal.

He had recently made a new 'rule' with his stepdaughter whore, one that saw the already feather-weight girl cutting down on her lunch, in 'favor' of Daddy's cum-load. Butch's gag-inducing 'protein-shake' was the only thing she was allowed to have for lunch.

"UMmmm...I'm not that hungry" Scarlett replied, as soon as she felt Butch's giant paw-hand warningly squeeze her thigh from under the table. "Ow...ok..."Linda replied slightly bemused, noticing none of the subtext of what was happening.

The girl would get to enjoy her mom's cooking, by the sliver of difference the day's meal made on Butch's semen. An exercise for sophisticated palates, no doubt.

"You're not eating much lately. I hope you're not turning anorexic or anything" Scarlett's mom raised her concern. "You're such a beautiful girl, it'd be a shame" she said with a sincere, loving smile, in her mind trying to help the girl see herself as she saw her. "I'm not anorexic, mom" Scarlett said with a tone that telegraphed she didn't wanna talk about this any further, glancing towards her 'father' with a fearful look.

"I'm sure she ate something at school, didn't you sweetie" Butch added with a fake, fatherly smile. "Yes, I ate something at school" Scarlett replied robotically, finally feeling the man's peer-pressuring hand leave her pantyhose-dressed thigh.



The living room was dimly lit and relatively quiet, with most sound coming from the ambience of the neighborhood and the TV, broadcasting the football game. A non-eventful Monday afternoon. As per usual, Linda was off drinking and card-playing with her pals, leaving Butch to 'keep tabs' on her daughter. She didn't want her leaving the house without a good excuse.

And tabs he did keep, as the man knew exactly where his stepchild was; literally under him, with her pretty face buried/crushed underneath his swampy ass, as he leisurely watched the game butt-naked on his favorite leather couch, sitting on Scarlett's face.

The poor girl silently writhed under the man's enormous weight, which her face and chest were unmovably trapped under 330 pounds of sweaty, furry fat. Her delicate wrists were tied in front her by the laces of her own All-stars, her arms left to anxiously shift under Butch's loose slong.

Her petite body was still dressed in some cute jean shorts and a pretty tank top, which was lifted to reveal her perky titties, currently in gross contact with Butch's sweaty ballsack. The rest of her helpless body was left to drape down from the edge of the couch and to the floor, her skinny, bare legs reflexively shifting on the cold marble. The shifting would gradually turn to desperate kicking the closer to 'bursting' the breathless girl got. There was no way in hell she was finding any glimmer of oxygen 'down there'.

"Don't get lazy, lil' slut" Butch said mildly annoyed, though not taking his small, ugly eyes from the screen. He wasn't feeling Scarlett's tongue and lips eating him out as much as they should have. He put the button on his order by bringing his open palm down on the tiny girl's exposed, utterly flat belly, with quite some force.

"NGGG!..." Scarlett's painful moan had to travel through such a thick layer of mass and fat that it never reached Butch's hairy ears. The man's 'gesture' worked like a charm though, cause a split second later, the suffocating piggy renewed her lapping of Daddy's rim-hole with increased enthusiasm. Butch didn't thank or even acknowledge the girl's service, simply taking another chug from his beer can, the fourth of the evening.

Meanwhile, Scarlett's face was absolutely drenched in the man's shitty ass-sweat, no light reaching the dark crack of the man's swamp-ass. Everything, from the woman's feminine eyelashes to her beautiful long, curly hair was soaked with the man's ass-juice. Harshly pinned down between his enormous weight and the fully sunken leather couch, the girl could only squirm the rest of her appetizing body and hope that the bastard would let her breath anytime now, while eating his ass like a shameless 5\$ whore.

Having this huge mass seating on her face was only an afterthought by this point. Scarlett was just grateful that her cute French nose, smashed and bent by the obese prick's resting on it, would eventually snap back to its normal shape. His giant tailbone cyst was often pressing against the poor girl's forehead, leaking puss on her head.

Finally, the buffalo-man mindlessly shifted his ass on the couch. It was barely enough for the girl to inhale some stale, farty air, before the monster plopped his lardy ass back onto her face.

****FART****

The gross prick ripped a big one, straight to Piggy's already busy mouth. Her miserable moan was smothered just like the previous ones. "Catch the ball you useless piece of shit!" Butch yelled at the TV, the irony of a man of his shape bashing these professional athletes, going over his hairless, psoriasis-ridden head.

The game might not be that thrilling but hey, at least his little Piggy was providing some pleasure, with her face buried in his ass-crack. The man saw the delicate little fingers of Scarlett's graceful, roped hands, flailing close to his swollen ball-sack. "Cup my balls, Piggy" the naked bastard 'helped' his blinded, deafened slave by moving her wrist-tied hands onto his hairy nut-sack.

To his satisfaction, his 'pleasure-seat' understood his prompt and started blindly massaging his heinous, wrinkly and hairy balls, which barely fit in her small grasp. Meanwhile, she didn't stop penetrating Daddy's asshole with her tongue (as copiously instructed) and twirling it around his putrid, hemorrhoid-ridden 'rosebud'.

She had gotten pretty good at her debauched 'duties. Obediently taking Daddy's cock in her mouth, wrapping her flowery, Lolita lips over the man's retch-inducing hog and sucking it sensually and intensely, all while running her increasingly skillful tongue all along its length. She now knew just how to work her tongue all over his shaft and swollen, smegma-ridden, fungal infested cockhead, giving his taint, his balls, his shaft and his dickhead many tender kisses and leaving her light-red, glossy lipstick all over them.

The schoolgirl whore always looked up at her disgusting Master with lustful, submissive eyes, eyes that thanked him for using her and maybe asked for more, even though the girl could not wish fast enough for all this to go away. But Daddy wanted to see her 'devotion' to him, and so, Scarlett did everything with the apparent conviction that the man's nasty body parts were as appealing as a frozen Popsicle in August and 'gobbled them up'.

Keeping with her duties' requirements, Scarlett had gotten familiar with breathing only when Daddy 'allowed' (a skill she was utilizing right now) as the mean fuck liked to fill her face-hole at his own pace or keep her face shoved onto his ass-crack or ball-sack for as long as needed. Finding spare air for her lungs was her problem, not his.

None of that was possible without some stringent 'discipline'. When Scarlett was a 'bad girl', her punishment usually consisted of Daddy putting her over his lap and spanking her bare 'tooshie' again and again with his heavy hand, turning her tight ass a deep red color, as deep as her inflamed, devoid-of-recovery, crotch holes. Her pained cries were usually muffled by a pair of Butch's balled up, half-melted, fungal-smelling socks, which he made 'Piggy' hold in her mouth.

Scarlett obediently kept fondling Daddy's nut-sack whilst eating his ass with whatever oxygen was left in her lungs. Part of her wished the man would simply smother her to death one of these days, so that she wouldn't have to endure this unjust fate any longer. He never did her the favor.

With the schoolgirl's gentle touch 'igniting' his lust, Butch saw his flaccid 5-incher rise to the stiff, 8.5-inch anaconda he was blessed with. With the wrist-bound Scarlett straining (though you wouldn't know it by her ass-smothered groans) to pleasure both his balls and his needy asshole, Butch started stroking his meat. He wasn't planning on coming (at least not yet), but that teasing whore of a stepdaughter had done her trick again.

With little in the ways of romanticism or build-up, the disgusting pervert quickly rose through the levels of arousal and shot his load straight onto the girl's exposed, floored bare-skinned thigh, some of it landing on the girl's jean shorts.

With her whole face smothered in a heavy mass of hairy fat folds that were slippery with trapped sweat that had never seen the light of day, and with an empty oxygen tank, an asphyxiating, tongue-flailing, ball-fondling Scarlett could only feel the temperature and texture of Daddy's hot load make contact with her soft, smooth flesh.



Scarlett's double life continued into the following months, her unsuspecting mother stranger to her new role in her husband's life. From accomplished student and wholesome friend to deprived, shit-cleaning, cum-guzzling slut a few hours later.

The only change visible to her mother was the small tweaks in the girl's appearance. From one day onwards, Scarlett would suddenly have her huge, dark-blonde, curly hair caught in two puffy, girly pigtails. A week later, a choker necklace would appear around her slim neck. Then, she'd wear more make-up than her usual light pass. The next week, she'd wear some high-heeled, sexy pumps, very much not her style. After that, she'd have a stud-piercing punched in the middle of her tongue.

As a religious, conservative woman, Linda was not thrilled with the girl's new, sexy accessories, but she didn't want to appear pushy. Her daughter's 'experimental phase' as she called it, was only natural. All young women go through this transition of presenting as more adult, more sexualized women. It was nothing to write home about. Plus, the girl's dresses remained buttoned up and long to the girl's knees, concealing her 'sexual parts'.

Everything was fine.

What Linda didn't possess was the whole picture. Not only did Scarlett want none of these changes to her appearance, but hidden underneath her otherwise unassuming, modest, wholesome sundresses, the girl bared more, sluttier piercings, namely on her nipples and her cute clitoris, all 'gifted' privately by her 'thoughtful' stepdad. The inner side of her choker, seen by no one, bared the phrase:

Daddy's Little Piggy

Her clothing concealed her constantly red, marked asscheeks, beaten regularly by Daddy's hands or his favorite leather belt. Her pantyhose undergarments were all replaced with thigh-high stockings. When dressed, the girl appeared the same as before, but her holes were now always accessible to Daddy, without the fuss of removing the pantyhose.

Furthermore, the words "*Daddy's Favorite Hole*" were tattooed over the girl's smooth-shaven pubic mount. The phrase "*Daddy's 2nd favorite Hole*" was decorating her lower back, the tramp stamp pointing with a little arrow towards her asshole a few inches below. In the middle of the girl's perky chest, right above her perky B-cups, the involuntary slut had her third tattoo:

Daddy's Pissmat

It was a reference to one of Butch's favorite dad-daughter activities. Usually taking place in the family's bathroom (but not always) Butch would stand over the floor-lying girl, facing her feet and piss all over her naked, shapely chest.

What Scarlett's inconspicuous attire also concealed were the degrading and painful sex toys that Butch would demand of his daughter to keep sealed inside her already battered pussy and asshole. The two dildos, always longer than 6-inches and wider than 2, were held from slipping out of her filled holes thanks to Scarlett's thongs (the only kind of underwear Daddy allowed) being fashioned into a tight crotch rope, with Daddy cruelly tying the waist-bands on the sides of the girl's waist together, in a slutty high-waist fashion. Shortening the strings in that way helped hold the considerable weight of these rubber monster cocks, which were then secured by the crotch-thread of Scarlett's thong, which was fed through a seam on the dildos' base.

Scarlett was rarely left without her two rubber 'buddies' as Butch called them. With them 'present', perpetually stretching her vaginal and anal walls apart and prodding at her cervix and lower intestine, the girl was forced to do her homework, help Linda with chores and generally go about her day at home, all without revealing her dirty secret to anyone.

Linda's weirded out couple of remarks about the girl walking weirdly were brushed off by the suffering teen, who was often silently counting to ten and doing breathing exercises, in order to withstand this 'expanding' pain in private.

The family trio was enjoying another great lunch prepared by Linda, seated around the table. Well, Scarlett was mostly playing with her food, since her own white, sticky meal had been scheduled by Butch, taking place in the bathroom in about 20 minutes.

The meat stew did smell amazing to the miserable girl. She wished she could enjoy it, but was too frightened to even nibble.

It was a miracle the already tiny girl hadn't lost more weight, only thanks to the supplements she was taking like gum.

Her two crotch-holes were generously plugged while usual, further pushed towards her intestines and womb by the girl's seat, which forced them deeper. It was a miserable inconvenience, but like all the rest, one Scarlett had no choice but to learn to live with.

Suddenly, Scarlett felt a strong buzzing sensation go from zero to 100 right on her two stuffed orifices. As much as she tried to stifle it, a high-pitched squeal of enforced arousal escaped Scarlett. "Not

again!” she thought, biting her lip. The remote controller that Butch was holding under the table was the culprit.

He always had it by his side and ‘detonated’ it at random, whether the girl was doing her homework, the dishes or just searching for some excuse to leave the house.

“Are you ok, sweetie?” Linda asked with mild worry. “Em, yes mom, just bit my tongue, your food just tastes so good!” Scarlett played it off, taking one of the few bites she had tonight, with Butch stealthily eyeing her full of menace from his seat.

As Scarlett’s secret abuse within the four walls of her own home, continued to escalate, Butch became more unhinged with ‘Lil’ Piggy’s’ usage. Laying alongside his fast-asleep wife and missing his stepdaughter’s cunt tightly embracing his nob, Butch often made Scarlett stop by her parents’ bedroom late at night, and ask if she could sleep with them (and cuddle with Butch specifically), making up fake stories about nightmares or scary taps at her window.

Not being the first mother to keep infantilizing her child past the normal age, Linda adamantly agreed, happy to see her daughter and husband being so close. She found it heartwarming that Scarlett and her new stepdad were suddenly so intimate.

With Scarlett always laying on the outside of the bed and only clad in her cute nightgown (her panties long gone before she even knocked) Butch would then ‘lovingly’ spoon her, lying on his side with his back to the clueless, sleeping Linda. The ruthless monster would rape the teenage girl right beside her sleeping mother.

“MFff...mfff...mff...” Scarlett’s pained moans at Butch’s cunt-splitting thrusts were smothered by the man’s large hairy hand over her mouth. The poor girl could only lay there, devoid of any clothing, as her nightgown laying on her bedside’s part of the floor, while was stealthily being spoon-fucked for yet another night by Daddy, his sewer-smelling erection making a visible bulge on her tiny belly from the inside.

Her mom’s gentle snoring could be heard right behind Butch’s back, who kept ramming his cock in his Piggy’s poor pussy without a care in the world, his non-gagging hand wrapped ‘tenderly’ around the girl’s tiny waist. Scarlett could only hope one more after-hours rape would end soon.

Linda was a heavy sleeper, but at one point, Butch's side-ways-laying shuffling as he fucked her teenage daughter, woke her up. "Are you ok, honey?" she caringly asked her husband with a drowsy voice.

"Mm!.....!.....!" any sound Scarlett could make was fully muffled as Butch swiftly smothered not only her mouth, but also her nose with his giant hand. "Yes dear, just spooning with our daughter", the man slightly turned and uttered nonchalantly, with his 8-incher still buried in Scarlett's sex, and the eye-wide girl writhing voicelessly in his grasp, desperately trying to be heard or seen.

"Aww, that's adorable" Linda uttered and rolled over to face the opposite wall, snoring again in seconds.

"Now where were we, sweetheart?" Butch leaned in and whispered to the ear of a dejected, hand-gagged Scarlett, 'gassing' her with his almost poisonous breath. Keeping his lil' Piggy 'quiet' in his 'embrace', the naked, fat slob continued penetrating Scarlett's obscenely stretched sex-hole until he busted inside her, coating her insides with his huge load.

"Good girl" the gross man kissed the girl's temple, leaving a big drool stain where his disgusting lips touched. "Hmff" Scarlett whimpered pitifully with Daddy's hand still firmly over her mouth, as a small squirt of cum managed to squeeze its way out from between Butch's cock and her packed cunt.



It was exam season and despite her full-time whoring gig for her stepdad, Scarlett did her best to do well on her SATs. Though in front of her mother, her teachers and friends, Scarlett was the same lovable gal everyone knew, with her signature geeky glasses and feminine sundresses, in Daddy's presence she transformed into this truly degenerate whore, 'happily' tonguing Butch's taint with a snap of his fat fingers.

"That's it...get it all" a content Butch, seated at the toilet with his giant belly drooping between his thighs, mumbled. His hard-working stepdaughter, dressed in another cute, blue polka dress that concealed her sluttified body, was busy energetically prodding her tongue around the man's cavernous belly-button and sticking her pretty face against his bulging, almost enveloping, hairy, round belly. She was like a dog, lapping enthusiastically at those toys that you stick peanut butter in.

Working silently and meticulously, with none of these pesky gagging sounds, Scarlett dug up another huge pile of oily, putrid-smelling belly lint, resting on her tongue. The undetermined clutter was of dubious contents and horrid taste. Thick, coagulated dust, cracker and cookie crumbles, chocolate ice-cream that had been stewing in this airless crevice for weeks. It now tasted more like black mold than chocolate. Who knows what else had collected in the soap-less man's belly button for an indefinite amount of time.

But Scarlett swallowed everything like an attractive garbage disposal, her stud-piercing feeling nice against the inner surface of the man's belly-button.

FAAAAAAAAAART

The man's huge fart echoed further inside the toilet bowl, though 'Piggy' had learned not to get distracted by Daddy's frequent flatulence. In fact, Butch had trained the little cunt to always savor them, dropping to her knees at a moment's notice and sticking her face in Daddy's ass, to breathe in his sickening gas. Though the girl had gotten familiar with his lower intestine's wreaking smell, letting it violate her nostrils hadn't gotten any easier.

Without wiping, the hideous fatso got up and shockingly unprompted, the schoolgirl crawled over to his dirty backside and started hungrily licking his hemorrhoid-ridden asshole. "So proud of you, Piggy, Daddy loves ya" Butch watched with a satisfied smile.

"U LUuu' Ooo 'thooo, Tha'thy" (*I love you too, Daddy*) he heard Scarlett's voice reply without missing a beat, with the girl's head fully shoved down his asscheeks and her tongue out, licking with no pause.

With her puffy, cute curly pigtails poking out of either side of Butch's pimple-covered ass, Scarlett ate Daddy's ass like a good girl, leaving no brown stain unlapped. As horrible as it was, the taste of her stepdad's shitty ass had become as mundane as... a normal meal, like a ham-and-cheese sandwich. The defeated girl was now fully conditioned to cleaning up her stepfather's waste.

Did that mean it was now normalized? In a twisted way, yes. Because as vile as her actions were, Scarlett was not second guessing them anymore. She was resigned to her awful duties, her awful life. Her spirit appeared broken by this monstrous man.

She had to wait out the entire summer to see the light from this tunnel. Three more, long months.

Enjoying the young woman's moist, warm tongue stimulating his sphincter, Butch felt the sudden urge to cum. "Jack me off Piggy, and don't you dare think of stopping back there" he ordered and his rimming, kneeling slut obeyed, moving her skinny arms though his flappy-fat, pimple-covered thighs. Blindly, knowing well where everything was after so much 'practice', Scarlet capped Daddy's hairy ballsack with one delicate hand, while stroking the undercarriage of his already erect shaft with the other.

The rustiest of trombones.

Butch enjoyed his stepdaughter's hand and rim jobs. Piggy had learned how he liked it. He had taught her well.

"Faster whore, you'll take care of Daddy's feet, next" Butch reminded his slave-daughter, who was breaking a sweat sucking his asshole whilst stroking his 8.5-incher and massaging his balls. "Yeth, Tha'thy" Scarlett assured her Master with a busy tongue. The pain she felt on her crotch, from the two giant, obscured dildos 'strapped' to her thong, was never appeared in her submissive voice.

Every once in a while, Butch made his girl kiss and lick his callus and fungus-ridden, hairy feet, to soften their rock-hard exterior like those fish that nibble on a sole's dead skin.

With her tiny hand gripping tightly and sliding alongside his giant, greasy cock and her tongue stimulating his hemorrhoids nicely, Butch came with a flying load that landed on the bathroom's tiled floor. He didn't seem worried about the mess.

Piggy would get that.



Scarlett's 19th birthday, June 22nd, came and went. No friends of hers were invited, by Scarlett's 'wishes', meaning Butch's threats. Following Daddy's words, the girl had gradually isolated herself from any pesky social circles, devoting herself further and further to her house-duties as mom's helper and as her stepfather's secret slut-slave. While Butch ate most of the cake that Linda baked for her, Scarlett was allowed a slice in the bathroom, only after it was glazed with Daddy's more-sour-than-sweet cum.

The girl devoured it with no complaints.

Overall, Butch's little slave-pig was not allowed much rest. The gross hunk of fat really enjoyed raping his toy in her mom's presence, and degrading her just out of Linda's sight. A thin, metaphorical veil (as thin as her flowy sundresses) kept Scarlett from tasting freedom. Instead she tasted Daddy's red-spotted cock, his piss, cum and shit.

"What's up sweetie-pie? Should I call a doctor?" Linda asked one day, seeing her daughter with red pimple-spots all around her lips. They were the same red spots that were covering Butch's cockhead, a result of his perpetually untreated fungal infection, which had - not surprisingly - moved on to the thing in most contact with said cockhead.

"No mom, I'm fine, I'll...I'll put on some cream on it or something" the mentally-removed girl responded with a weak, powerless voice.

It was another peaceful night in Butch's household. The family is sitting on the living room's leather couch, watching an old-timey, black and white movie on TV. Taking another sip from her scotch, Linda is pretty content, glancing towards her husband and daughter. At first their relationship appeared rocky, but now, she couldn't be happier that Scarlett had bonded with her stepfather so well.

The young, pigtailed teen, dressed in another black dress with pink roses all over it, was actually sitting on Butch's lap, as the family enjoyed the movie. What a wholesome sight!

What the girl's knee-long dress was concealing though was the fact that the pantyless girl was not simply sitting on her smelly step-dad's lap, but actually his erect cock, fully penetrating her aching pussy. Putting his bear-paws on her dainty shoulders, Butch was ever so slightly pushing his dear stepdaughter further down his shaft, making her softly bob up and down his throbbing cock. Linda had no clue of her daughter's rape right next to her, only seeing a heartwarming moment of tenderness between her spouse and offspring, from the corner of her eye.

“Mnff” Scarlett had to put both her hands over her face to conceal a pained moan, as Butch was bruising her cervix during this stealthy hook-up. Enjoying how her tight cunt squeezed his cock from all directions, Butch kept his huge arms around his ‘baby-girl’, as he called her around Linda.

Though in private, he had a better name for her, one her secret, humiliating tattoos gave away.

His Piggy.

Stealthily moving his one hand under the skirt of Scarlett’s dress (from the side Linda could not spot) Butch started rubbing the girl’s pierced clit, moving the tip of his fat finger in circles over Scarlett’s sensitive sex-nubbin. Still obediently riding his pelvis-rapturing cock, the girl bit her lips, having a really hard time keeping her moans in check. With the pressure the enormous erection was exerting on her poor, tiny cunt, the girl would have a tough time getting ‘up’ from Butch, its rise she did pulling her prolapsed pussy alongside Daddy’s shaft. It was a tight fit.

“Nice movie, ain’t it sweetie?” Butch asked his dick-seated step-child.

“Yes, Daddy” the blushing, hurting teen uttered, turning her head and giving the lumpy bastard a tender, daughterly kiss on his cheek, with his cock still burrowed in her warm flesh-pocket.



As July was close to ending and Scarlett only had about a month left before college applications could start, and her new life away from this hell could begin, something odd happened. She was feeling ill often and not in the presence of the obvious culprit, Butch's sickening body. She realized that her tummy had started swelling a bit, and when she did not get her period, the horrible realization hit her. The pregnancy test showed the two lines clear as day. Scarlett was carrying her disgusting rapist's child!

A couple of days later, Linda and Butch also got a whiff of what was going on. Scarlett was already three months pregnant, her perfectly flat belly already visibly grown. With Butch threatening the girl with the worst, Scarlett was too scared to tell Linda that she was baring her raping stepfather's offspring.

As much as Scarlett begged her mother for an abortion, the religious mother was not having it. Whoever college boy had knocked up her little girl was nowhere to be found, so the girl would have to stay at home with her and raise her new baby.

In a single moment, all of Scarlett's hopes and dreams of leaving this prison and escaping Butch's abuse had vanished.

No college, no moving out, no new life.

5 MONTHS LATER

The atmosphere in Linda and Butch's household is peaceful in this late afternoon. The mostly dark living room is illuminated by the festive, blinking lights of the joyous Christmas tree. Linda is off playing blackjack, so Butch and his stepdaughter have the place to themselves.

Butch is too lazy to ever stand, sitting on his favorite couch with his shorts lowered to reveal his crotch, watching another game, while his 8-months-pregnant Piggy, dressed in a red floral dress with a belly as round as a ball bulging underneath the fabric, is on her knees between the man's spread legs. Her skinny legs are adorned with her usual, slutty, white, thigh-high stockings, and a pair of black, Mary-Jane style, 5-inch heels.

The girl is working his stiff 'Johnson' like a pro. Maintaining perfect suction with her puckered, red lips, the pigtailed whore has a double grasp on the fat man's equally fat slong, moving both her small hands in unison up and down the shaft. Even though Butch rarely bats an eye at his living cum-drainer, Scarlett keeps her gorgeous green 'marbles' up at her Daddy's face, for that spare, fleeting moment he might look down and meet them.

“Mmmm” Scarlett lets a moan escape her cock-wrapped lips, as her eyes instinctively glance down; she felt a kick in her belly! “What have I told you about looking away?” Butch groaned annoyed, catching his toy’s misdemeanor. “I’m sorry Daddy, it won’t happen again! **lick-smack*lick-smack*lick-smack**” the curly-haired lass apologized with outmost repentance before ‘diving’ right back to her job of pleasing Daddy’s cock with ultra-puckering, red blowjob lips.

“Huh, look what I found” Butch mumbled to himself rather than his Piggy slave, retrieving a folded and a bit crumbled piece of paper that had been forgotten on the shorts’ side-pocket. It was a check for a 5-figure sum, made out to one ‘Scarlett O’Neal’.

Scarlett’s eyes fell to that piece of paper with a sorrowful emptiness in them. She did not stop bobbing her face onto Daddy’s ‘pipe’ and squeezing her hands alongside it. “With a baby on the way, I assume you won’t be needing this college money” Butch smirked sadistically and pushed Scarlett’s forehead off his cock with a pop, ever so objectifyingly; like she was an automated cocksucker. He then pushed the balled-up check past Scarlett’s open lips, the girl accepting it, just like everything Daddy deemed appropriate to enter her mouth.

“Go on then! You’re a cum and piss dumpster, you can be a paper one, too” Butch made his wish clear and Scarlett made them reality, gnawing on her one chance at escaping this hell-hole, dissolving it in her mouth as best she could before swallowing it.

Just like with Daddy’s first cumshot so much time ago, she opened her mouth wide and stretched her tongue out to show Daddy she was a good girl.

“Hm” Butch simply nodded and his Piggy got back to pleasuring his stinky, filthy erection with a devoted, almost brainwashed expression.

