

Fun & Games While the Cat's Away

While the cat's away the mice will play; or so goes the old saying. Sometimes the way the mice play might not be so nice, and, in fact, might even be considered downright naughty.

The mother, aka the cat, left early on a Friday morning, leaving her eighteen year old daughter, and her husband, aka the mice, to their own devices. She was visiting a sick relative out of state and would not be back until late Sunday evening.

As soon as she got home from school the daughter rushed into the house anxious to see her daddy. It was her eighteenth birthday and she was in a bubbly mood with the cat away. After an exchange of greetings, he invited her out to a lavish birthday dinner to celebrate.

She had a better idea. "Let's go to the bowling alley and have some pizza. You know I love the pizza there and I am feeling casual tonight anyways."

He accepted her offer, and after a fun night of pizza and bowling they returned home. Her carefree mood was still in high gear helped by the clandestine sips she took from each of the three beers he enjoyed while they bowled.

After they settled down on the sofa in the downstairs living room the father asked her, "So it's only nine. What does my little princess want to do for the rest of her birthday?"

Striking a haughty tone, she frowned at him, "I think the princess would care for some of your finest champagne to celebrate her birthday. Could you be so kind and fetch it for her?"

"Princess or not, I don't think your mother, the ice queen, would approve of you drinking, hon."

"Well, she is not here so let's take advantage." She jumped to her feet, heading over to the bar in the corner of the family room announcing, "The princess will get it herself."

After grabbing a nearly full bottle of champagne from the fridge, she pulled out a six ounce crystal champagne flute and filled it to the brim. Hurrying back to the sofa with both the bottle and the full glass of champagne, she whispered to him, "When the cat's away, the mice will play."

"OK but you, little mouse, since you are little, only get a little. Understand?"

"Sure, but Daddy, since you are the big mouse you need to take big drinks."

"I'm the big mouse huh and what?" he said amused, "you want to get this big mouse drunk?"

"Maybe," she responded with a bright smile that suggested her answer was much more on the affirmative side than a mere maybe.

"Now why would you want to get your daddy drunk?" He could tell by the clever smile on her pretty face she was up to something.

"Tell you later, but first take a big drink. It's my birthday and we should be celebrating."

Shaking his head he took a large swallow of the champagne, leaving just under a half a glass, before she snatched it out of his hand. "My turn to celebrate."

"Only a little sip, princess. You don't want to celebrate too much."

"Of course," she replied. Despite his admonishment to only have a little, she finished off the balance of the champagne in two neat gulps.

"Hey, I said only a little!"

"Fine, I will only take a little out of the next glass," she replied happily as she reached over and grabbed the bottle of champagne off the coffee table. He looked on more amused than angry by her disobedience as she refilled the flute.

"So tell me, why don't you call me princess anymore? I used to love it when you called me that."

"Well, I sort of figured after you got older, like when you became a teenager, you wouldn't want me calling you that anymore."

"Oh Daddy, really! I am not one of those snotty teenage brats that is offended if my daddy still calls me cute little nicknames."

She paused, reaching for the glass of champagne sitting on the coffee table in front of the sofa while wondering if he would stop her.

He didn't stop her, but instead issued a stern warning which she promptly ignored.

"Honey, you need to slow down."

"Just one more, but a big one this time and then for the rest of the night I will only take the smallest of sips. I promise." This would be the first of many lies the princess would tell throughout the night.

"I don't know," he answered doubtfully.

"Please, Daddy. I need to be a little tipsy for our upcoming game and you need to be a lot tipsy."

"What game?" he asked now more than a little intrigued by her behavior.

She picked up the glass, while giving him her warmest smile, and after he nodded his approval, took a generous swallow before setting it back down.

"Now, tell me about this game you wanna play that we both need to be tipsy for."

"Well, you calling me princess brought back memories, nice memories of this game we used to play when I was little . . . chase and tickle. Remember that Daddy? We always played it, especially on my birthdays."

"I do. As I recall whenever we played chase and tickle I was the big bad monster, and you where the hapless young princess."

She nodded her head eagerly before speaking, "Yes. You calling me princess brought back the memory of us playing that game. That used to be so much fun. Maybe we could play again for old time's sake."

"Yeah, but you were a little girl then. I mean do you really wanna play a silly game of chase and tickle now that you are older? Besides

I doubt your mother would approve. As I recall she was the one who put a stop to us playing as it was."

"She doesn't need to know, and yes I wanna play. It will be funner now that the princess is older and stronger, and maybe not such easy prey for a tired old monster that might also be a little drunk."

She pushed the glass of champagne toward him with a clever smile before whispering, "When the cat's away, the mice will play."

He stared at his daughter trying to judge if she was serious. Apparently she was quite serious based on the way she continued to harp at him to play the game. "Come on! I am serious. I wanna play. It's my birthday and I wanna do something fun and different. Plus . . ."

"Yes, yes I know, when the cat is away, we mice should play." He picked up the glass full of champagne and nearly drained it.

"Does that mean we are going to play?"

"Of course, princess. Could I ever deny you anything?"

She clapped her hands and jumped across the sofa throwing her arms around him. "Thank you Daddy. I promise this will be fun."

While finishing the last of the champagne he took a good long look at his daughter knowing if he wasn't careful things could . . . ahh . . . get a little naughty considering how adorably cute she was.

He carefully sat the glass back down on the coffee table while enjoying the familiar feeling of having his world twisted in knots by his daughter's charming demeanor and smile. It was that same smile and demeanor which as a young girl forever ruled his world—and apparently, even as she became a young adult, continued to do so.

While she may have turned eighteen today, she appeared much younger due to her innate innocence. It was that innocence, combined with a generous sampling of both beauty and sweetness, that made his daughter so irresistible to him while making their impending game of chase and tickle they were about to embark on maybe a little dangerous.

Taking a good look at her, the father thought to himself proudly, "she could be a walking billboard for the old saying, good things come in small packages." She was all of five foot two and weighed a trim one hundred and fourteen pounds. In fact, she was ripped physically from starring on both the senior volleyball and swim teams at the local high school.

Being the product of a mixed heritage, the mother cat being half Spanish and half African American, while the father being Caucasian, gave the daughter a blend of stunning beauty from three different races.

The father adored his daughter's light brown complexion and her curly, kinky hair that fell past her shoulders in a rush of blended colors. While the roots of her pretty hair were dark, she added a bit of light blond to the ends to give her hair a stylish alluring look.

Although he would never speak such a thing, out loud anyways, the father was also very much enthralled by his daughter lithe athletic body. Basically, he thought she was nothing short of perfect in every way possible.

"So, are we really going to do this?" he asked half hoping she was only kidding, while at the same time praying she was not.

"Don't you want to Daddy?"

"Play chase and tickle with the beautiful princess. Of course I do, but I am just wondering, don't you think you are a little too old for such silly games."

"Never too old to have fun. Beside I am eighteen today, not eighty. Maybe you are too old to chase me . . . let alone catch me."

"I doubt that."

"Well, I guess we will find out, but you have promise me something. You need to act like a real monster, Daddy."

"Sure, why not," he replied remembering how he used to growl and grunt at her when they played those many long years ago.

"Daddy, I am serious," she whined. "I want you to growl like you used to, make those snarling noises, and maybe some grunting would be nice too. You have to take this serious . . . you promised."

"OK, OK, I will."

"And don't hold back either. Really attack me. I am bigger now and can take it . . . beside I am going to fight back . . . hard . . . so you had better come prepared."

"Sure, I promise to act like the big scary monster and attack you aggressively, but just remember you asked for it."

"Another thing, I want to create the perfect scary atmosphere so can we like make a rule . . . no lights? I wanna play in the dark."

"Really? I thought the princess was afraid of the dark?"

"I am, a bit, and that is why I want to do it. Being scared will only increase my excitement . . . hmm and maybe make it easier for the poor scared princess to hide from the big scary tickle monster."

She smiled, waiting for him to argue, and when he didn't her smile got wider.

He went upstairs to turn off the lights throughout the house while she sat on the sofa impatiently waiting for him.

Just as entered the kitchen, ready to turn off the last of the lights on upstairs, a sudden thought occurred to him. Going over to the drawer where the mother cat keep the candles in case of a power outage, he grabbed up a handful of small pillar candles and a box of matches. After stuffing the candles into the front pockets of his jeans, and the small box of matches into his back pocket, he hurried back downstairs.

When he came back downstairs she was pacing back and forth across the family room. Stopping next to the last remaining light on in the house, the large floor lamp next to the sofa, she said, "Now you have to sit down so I can have at least a little bit of a head start."

"Of course," he replied as he plopped down on the sofa leering at his beautiful young daughter with bad intent deep in his heart. If she wanted a monster—well, he was prepared to give her one.

Reaching out the princess clicked off the last remaining light on in the house. "Now catch me if you can you ugly old monster," she whispered in the darkness. Seeing his dark shape beginning to rise up from the sofa she decided to go on the offensive right away. Hoping to catch him by surprise, she suddenly rushed forward with a wail and gave him a hard two handed shove.

The monster, taken off guard by her unexpected shove, plopped back down on the sofa with a small grunt.

So that is how it's going to be huh, he thought to himself.

Laughing, she dashed off into the darkness. Instead of getting up and giving chase, the monster did something she probably was not expecting.

He sat there in the quiet darkness waiting for his eyes to adjust. He imagined she expected him to go stumbling around in the dark like some drunken fool after her.

Uh-uh. The monster had a different idea. Although a bit intoxicated, he would not act the part of the drunken fool. No, instead he would be sly and crafty, just like the monster he was.

He sat there all quiet like listening for any clues to her whereabouts. Being somewhat inebriated made it easier for him to put aside any

feelings of self-consciousness and play the role of monster-- just like she wanted.

After sitting quietly for almost a full two minutes, the monster was fairly certain the princess was still downstairs; if she had tried to sneak up the stairs he would either see her dark shadow pass the sofa, or heard the old stairs creaking as she went up them.

Silently, he rose to his feet. Peering into the darkness he searched for any sign of her. Seeing nary a sign, and with it being deathly silent in the living room, he determined she must have found a quiet little hiding place.

Then it came to him; an idea of just where she might be hiding. Slowly, he tip toed across the room toward the small bar across the family room remembering how when she was little and they played hide and seek, she used to like fitting herself under the bar.

Reaching the bar, he tapped on the bar's wooden counter top with his fingers before growling in his best guttural monster voice, "Come out, come out little princess and let the monster have his way with you."

The princess, delighted at his attempt to sound like a monster, snickered. The quiet sound was enough to affirm what he previously had only suspected. Circling the bar, he peered down into the darkness.

There appeared to his searching eyes the outline of a crouching shape. She was no longer so small as to fit herself all the way under the bar which left her dangerously exposed.

Backing off to the other side of the bar, he pulled two of the candles out of his pocket. While there was an agreement between them not to turn on any lights, there was no promises made about lighting a candle or two. After spacing the two candles out along the bar, he pulled the matches from his back pocket.

The candles flickered to life casting an eerily glow throughout the room. Lighting one more of the long wooden matches he crept around the bar.

She looked up at him. "Hey! That is cheating . . . no fair!" she cried as the light from the match fully uncovered her hiding spot.

"Monsters don't play fair," he replied as he reached down attempting to grab her. She rose up, trying to avoid his grasp, but it was too tight under the bar. He easily blocked her path, and remembering both her earlier hard shove, and her instructions for him to be aggressive, he did not hold back in yanking her out from under the bar.

With an iron grip around her waist, the monster half dragged, half-carried the giggling princess across the family room and back to the sofa. He twisted her around, before tossing her down onto the sofa.

She landed with a grunt sprawled out on the sofa on her stomach. Falling down upon his prey, the monster tickled her exposed mid-section with reckless abandon. It was easy as the cropped sweatshirt the princess was wearing rode up revealing her well-toned abs as she sprawled on the sofa trying to fend off the monster's attack.

Finally, the monster, thinking he might be playing too aggressive, his hands had come dangerously close to the princess' small tits several times, let up on his attack.

Rising up, he stared down at her as she rested on her back. She was breathing heavy; her light brown kinky hair was disheveled with a couple wild strands falling down into her face. In the soft glow of the candlelight the princess looked utterly beautiful.

"Please, show me mercy, Mr. Monster. No more tickling."

"But I am a tickle monster and that is what tickle monsters do . . . tickle." He reached down and started tickling her again as she wailed in girlish delight.

"No more, no more, I am begging. You win, you wicked monster," the princess cried out as she was finally able to grab his hands when he let his attack wane.

Holding his hands tight, she whispered, "Please stop and I will give you something . . . something nice."

"Like what?" the monster growled.

"Kisses . . . like this . . . soft and sweet."

She brought his hands to her mouth and kissed each of them softly in turn.

"Hmm, kisses are nice. The monster doesn't get many kisses, especially from beautiful young princesses."

"Oh really, you think I am beautiful," she whispered sitting up while still gripping his hands tightly.

"So beautiful you make this poor monster's heart ache."

"Hmm, how sweet. I think you maybe deserve more kisses for saying such kind things but this time someplace better than your paws."

She let go of his hands, and reaching up to his face, used one finger to stroke his cheek. "Like here, maybe."

"That would be nice."

She leaned forward and kissed him tenderly on one cheek before using her finger to lightly scratch his face on the other side. "And here," she whispered.

Again, she applied a tender kiss to his other cheek as the monster let out a gentle sigh.

"Is my sweet kisses taming your wild heart Mr. Monster?"

"Yes they are my adorable princess. Can I have more?"

"Of course, but first you must close your eyes and you can have one here." She tickled his lips with her fingertips suspecting the monster could not, would not, resist such a tempting offer. He couldn't.

Closing his eyes, he waited, and for his efforts he got yet another hard shove knocking him backwards as the princess screamed, "Stupid monster I shall never kiss your ugly lips."

The princess turned tail and scampering to her left, just avoiding his initial charge as bolted off the sofa. She headed for the stairs with the monster giving chase before he abruptly stopped.

Not wanting to be stumbling around upstairs in the dark, he backtracked to the bar and grabbed one of the candles. Going slowly

up the stairs, he strained his ears trying to listen if she went upstairs to the third level of the house where the bedrooms were located.

Nothing but silence filled the air as he paused at the top of the stairs. To his right was the living room and to his left the dining room, dominated by a large rectangular dinner table. The kitchen was adjacent to the dining room separated by a long marble counter.

He held the candle up peering into the living room. Deciding he would save searching the living room for later, he turned left into the dining room. Moving toward the kitchen, out of the corner of his eye he thought he spied a dim figure crouched down at the far end of the table.

Treading slowly, he carefully set the candle down on the middle of the marble counter that separated the dining room from the kitchen. He turned and smiled as he heard a scrapping noise in the dining room. She must be there after all!

The princess, trying to make herself smaller, brushed up against the chair she was crouched down behind. The wooden chair made a loud enough noise in the silence of the house to attract the monster's attention as it scrapped against the tile floor.

The monster rapidly advanced on her. She tried to dash by him and into the living room as a precursor to going upstairs, but taking two quick steps to his right, he reached out and just did snag a handful

of her sweatshirt. Yanking hard, the monster pulled his victim into his grasp.

He wasted no time in attacking her bare mid-section once again with a pair of clawing, grasping hands as she doubled over giggling.

"Gotcha," he yelled over her wails of laughter.

The princess flailed her arms about in abject panic and just happened to land a lucky blow across his face. He was leaning in to whisper a taunt in her ear when her open palm gave him a stinging slap across one cheek.

He pulled back the hard slap catching him off guard. She used the momentarily reprieve to scoot around to the other side of the table so it was between them.

The monster moved around the table so he was between her and the living room, cutting off any hope of the princess escaping to the upstairs. Turning frantically, she clawed open the large glass sliding door next to the table that lead outdoors to the patio and then the backyard.

Taunting him after getting the door open, the princess yelled, "Stupid monster. You will have to chase me around the yard now, but you will never catch me."

The monster, scrambling after her, yelled in frustration as the princess escaped into the cold autumn night.

The backyard was perfect for chase and tickle being surrounded on all sides by a high wooden fence affording them privacy. Plus as a fitting bonus, considering what they were doing, there was a full hunter's moon out bathing the backyard in soft moonlight.

The monster, seeing the full moon, stopped and let out a low howl causing the princess to break out in giggles as she stopped halfway out in the yard to see what he would do.

After his "baying" at the moon" act was over, he gave chase. The princess took off with a high pitched squeal as the monster lumbered after her. He chased her in circles, being careful not to go too fast as it had rained, off and on, throughout the day, leaving the grass wet and slick.

While the monster was being careful of slipping and falling on the wet grass, the reckless young princess raced about in her sneakers wholly unconcerned. Indeed, her only concern seemed to be in teasing the poor monster. Turning around, she shouted happily at her nemesis. "Ha, ha ugly monster you can't catch the little princess."

Sadly, her teasing would have dire consequences. She had slowed up just enough while teasing him to where with a quick burst of speed he reached out and was just able to nab the back of her sweatshirt.

The princess tried to twist away by making a sharp cut to her right, but her feet gave way and down she went.

She just starting to get up, when he dove headlong into her sending them both sprawling on the wet grass. The princess quickly recovered and tried to crawl away but he reached out and grabbed her ankle in a vise like grip, nearly ripping off her sneaker in the process.

"Ha, got you," he roared as he roughly pulled her into his grasp. She was kicking and screaming as the monster fell on top of her. In the ensuing melee, the princess' cropped sweater floated up enough to expose the pretty white bra she was wearing. Deep inside, catching a quick glimpse of his daughter's simple white bra turned the father on much more than he was willing to admit.

Taking full advantage of the situation, the brute tickled the poor princess with such ferocity that she soon was begging for mercy. "No more, no more," she wailed as she tried to push his hands away. "Please, I'm wet and cold. Let's just go inside. I will make it worth your while. I promise."

Pausing in his attack, he asked, "And just what is the princess offering the monster?"

Pushing a strand of loose hair out of her face, she tried to make her voice as sweet as possible.

"Take me inside, and I will let you do . . . anything . . . you want to me."

"Anything?" he asked getting to his feet trying to keep his thoughts on a somewhat innocent level. Reaching down, he extended his hand offering to help her up.

"Yes, anything, I promise." she whispered taking his offered hand and climbing to her feet.

Hand in hand, they went into the house, and then downstairs to the family room again. Their little game was about to have a new and quite serious twist added to it.

"I don't know about you, but all that running around and excitement has made me thirsty. Would you care to join the princess in sharing some of her royal champagne?"

Not waiting for an answer she picked up the bottle of champagne from the coffee table and poured them a fresh glass.

Seeing the look of concern on his face, she said, "Don't worry, Mr. Monster, the princess won't drink too much. Just a little swallow or two to quiet her thirst. She has to maintain her wits with monsters about always trying to attack her you know."

"Of course, she does," he replied as he watched her take a couple three sips from the glass.

Extending the still nearly full glass of champagne to him she said, "On the other hand, the monster should drink up to make him even more aggressive."

"Is that what the princess truly wants . . . an aggressive monster?"

"Very much so," she replied quietly. "Here sit down . . ." She took his hand and gently pulled him down to the sofa, before settling down next to him. "Relax and drink your champagne."

Pushing the flute in his hand, the princess smiled sweetly at the monster, causing alarm bells to go off in his head. She was being way too sweet, leading the clever monster to believe she was up to something.

"Me thinks the pretty princess is being too nice . . . trying to get the monster to relax, let his guard down so maybe she can run off again. Maybe she will go outside again and try to escape and this time instead of running around she might flee through the gate and run off into the woods where I might never find her."

"Hmm, you are probably wise to be suspicious, but what if there was a way I could make you believe I would not try and run outside again

. . . especially run off through the gate and into the woods. Would you trust me a bit more?"

"I would, but I am afraid giving me your word won't be good enough."

She slowly stood up. "I think you know your princess pretty well as you have been stalking me for a long time . . . right Mr. Monster?"

"Tis true, I have been stalking the regal princess for quite some time and yes, I probably do know her well."

"Well, then you know how the princess hates the cold?"

"Yes, I have come to that conclusion. The princess hates the cold," he replied wondering where she was going with this.

"Knowing that . . . do you think the young princess would dare run outside in the damp cold . . . and then through the gate and into the dark wood . . . if all she was wearing was her royal underwear."

The monster shook his head no as he watched, stared was more like it, in amazement while the princess slowly started to pull her shirt up and over her head. Dropping the sweatshirt casually on the floor, next she slowly, after giving him a sly grin, begin to undo her jeans.

The jeans joined her sweatshirt on the floor as she stood there beaming at him. Her matching bra and panties were an innocent looking white, with lace piping, and looked absolutely delicious on her.

The monster's wide staring eyes fell inadvertently to her chest. He could only imagine how delicious her small tits would look if he was to reach out and rip that bra right off of her.

His eyes, slipping downward, admired the young princess' body. She had a pair of classic swimmer's thighs, well-muscled while still managing to look deliciously soft and supple at the same time. Then she turned around and it was "LIKE WOW!"

Without pants on, he was able to fully appraise what a nice firm round bottom his daughter possessed, doubtlessly procured from endless hours of jumping around on the volleyball court.

Clearly, playing a monster was getting to him in a most deliciously evil way as he found himself simply unable to tear his eyes off his daughter's delicious young half naked body.

The princess, suppressing a smile—she felt his eyes crawling all over her body --reached out with one hand and tilted his head up so he was looking her in the face. "So do you trust me now not to go outside being the poor princess is half naked?"

"I trust you would dare not venture outside . . . such as you are princess," he replied before bringing the champagne glass to his lips and taking a small swallow.

He started to take another larger sip before abruptly sitting it down. "I better not have anymore."

"Why not?"

"Well, just because you can't go outside now, doesn't mean you still can't run from me inside the house. If I have too much to drink I won't be able to catch you."

"Another good point you make. I guess you are a clever monster after all. Let me see . . . oh wait, I have an idea where you can drink more and still have a good chance of catching me."

"Really? How?"

"I just have to run upstairs and get something from my royal bed chamber." She started to get up before he reached out and snagged her hand.

"I don't trust you to go upstairs alone. You might not come back. You might stay up there and find a good place to hide."

"Good point. I guess you better come with me but first I better grab a candle so we have a little bit of light."

After grabbing one of the candles off the bar counter top, she took his hand and led him over to the stairs. As they ascended both sets of stairs with her in the lead, he found it impossible to keep his eyes off her well-toned ass.

Upon entering her royal bed chamber, she took him over to the closet. Handing him the candle she said, "Here, hold the light down a little lower so I can see.

Bending over, she appeared to be searching for something among a dozen or so shoe boxes arranged along one wall of her sloppy closet.

Just like when they were coming up the stairs, he found himself staring at her ass as she stayed bent over searching for whatever she was looking for. He felt zero guilt for gazing so longingly at the princess' butt as it was actually quite evident by the seductive way she was wiggling that well-toned ass of hers back and forth she was showing off on purpose.

"Ah-ha, found them."

She straightened up holding a shoe box aloft. "Here let's go over to the bed so I can put these on, but we have to violate the rules for a

quick minute. Can you be a good monster and turn the light on so I can see better to put them on."

After clicking on the lamp on the nightstand next to her bed, the monster looked on patiently as the princess pulled out a pair of high heels.

"So what do you think . . . does the monster think the princess' new shoes look good on her," she said after getting them on. The shoes, silver with four inch heels and adorned with metallic studs, looked very nice on her in a very naughty way as she strode around the bedroom shaking her ass and generally teasing the poor monster.

"They look quite good on you princess, but I can't imagine the queen would approve of her sweet innocent young daughter wearing such sexy shoes."

"Don't worry, I keep them well hidden from the queen's prying eyes. Anyways, as you can imagine, I won't be able to run very fast with this shoes on."

Back downstairs, and settled on the sofa again, she refilled the flute. "Now you have to drink if only to make things fair, plus it's the princess' birthday and you should toast it with a hearty drink Mr. Monster."

"Oh, it's the princess' birthday, well, in that case . . ." He tipped the glass back and drained it in one fell swoop.

After he set the flute back down on the coffee table, she told him. "Remember my promise? How I would let you do anything you wanted to me."

"Yes," the monster replied trying to control the excitement in his voice. He could think of plenty of things he would like to do to her — none of them very decent.

"Well, it's time for me to make good on my promise." Leaning against him, she ran her fingers through his hair as she whispered, "So what does the monster want to do to his captive little princess?"

"I don't know," he mumbled.

"Yes you do." She pulled back staring at him pointedly. "You know exactly what you want to do to the defenseless half naked princess."

"What?" he lamely asked.

"You wanna tickle her all over, but maybe I have a better idea. I still owe you some nice kisses from when I tricked you earlier. I could give them to you now if you want. And just because you are such a

good monster, I will give you some kisses in some other places . . . besides your cheek."

Now he was growing excited as he whispered, "Like where?"

"Lay your head back and close your eyes and I will show you."

Once again the naïve monster fell under the princess' magical spell and did as she requested.

Leaning his head back he let out a gentle sigh as he felt his shirt being slowly unbuttoned.

After undoing the third button, the princess sprinkled a pair of light kisses over the newly exposed skin on his chest. This maddening game continued with each subsequent button she undid.

The monster found himself being slowly pushed back onto the sofa as her light kisses worked themselves slowly downward across his chest and then on down to his belly.

With his shirt nearly unbuttoned all the way now, she quietly lapped at his tummy even going as far as to twirl her tongue around his navel causing the monster to squirm something awful.

Pausing, she reached over to the coffee table and refilled the flute with more champagne. "Let the princess serve her monster a little more champagne before she gives him some real kisses right . . ." Extending her index finger, she brushed it lightly across his lips while whispering, "Here, but you must take another drink first if you want my kisses to fall upon your lips."

Falling into her trap neatly, he opened his mouth as she tipped the glass forward pouring the champagne into his mouth. After he finished nearly half the glass, she pulled it back.

"Now I will give you a kiss or two before you finish your champagne. Keep your eyes closed you handsome monster."

Keeping his eyes tightly shut, lost in a world of forbidden dreams, the monster was expecting heaven in the form of some sweet kisses, but instead, she giggled and tossed the balance of the champagne in his face before jumping to her feet and racing—as best she could in her high heels—up the stairs.

The monster shook his head angrily not believing she actually possessed the audacity to do such a thing. The princess would pay for her imprudence the monster vowed as he strode across the family room.

Moving over to the bar as he buttoned up his shirt, he blew out the candles still flickering on the counter top wanting the downstairs of the house to be completely dark when he started his search for her.

Moving with great stealth, the monster stole quietly up the stairs. He suspected the princess would be hiding somewhere on the middle level of the house as he only heard her ascending one set of stairs-- quite noisily in her high heels.

Reaching the top of the stairs, he peered in the darkness to his left looking in the shadows of the dining area for any sign of her. Seeing nothing to indicate she might be hiding there, he turned his attention to the living room as he thought he heard a noise. It sounded like a small scrapping noise-- like the noise a heeled shoe might make against a tile floor. Accidentally

The whole mid-level of the house was tiled so with her heels on the princess could not move about at all quietly. Besides, he was somewhat convinced she wanted to be caught and maybe made that small noise he heard on purpose.

He was half right. While it was true that she did want to be caught, eventually, but not quite yet, she had not made the noise on purpose. The princess' high heeled shoe inadvertently made a small clunking noise when she lowered herself into a crouch in the far corner of the living room behind the large decorative artificial tree that sat adjacent to the sofa.

In the complete darkness of the living room--the curtains were pulled shut over the large picture window that looked out over the

front yard—despite the small noise she had made, the princess was hopeful he would not spot her.

Trying to make herself even smaller, she shrank herself deeper into the corner behind the protective covering of the tree, but in doing jarred the tree causing its leaves to rustle ever so slightly.

The monster in the deathly stillness of the house just detected the rustling of the leaves. He smiled to himself as he peered into the far corner where the artificial tree was standing. The darkness there seemed darker-- like maybe someone was hiding in the corner.

Smiling to himself, holding completely still, he called out. "I hear a rustling in the forest. Hmm, and there is only one tree . . . so I wonder if the little princess might be hiding behind that tree?"

The princess, her heart beating wildly in anticipation of what must come next--yet another chase-- slowly got to her feet. Surely he would have no trouble catching her with her clunky high heels on, and this time, after dashing the champagne in his face, he would show no mercy in the tickling that would follow. She could hardly wait.

Still, she was determined to give the evil monster a run for his money. There were two ways out of the living room. To the left, back into the dining area, and to the right which led to the stairs and the upper level of the house. She gazed into the darkness, but could not

make out where the monster waited as he had lowered himself into a low crouching position staying completely still—ready to pounce.

She made a decision. Her adrenaline was pumping making standing still and doing nothing next to impossible. Not bothering to try and disguise her actions she dashed, if you could call it dashing in her clumsy high heels, back toward the dining area, hoping he was maybe over by the stairs.

She was wrong as she ran straight into his arms as he waited by the entry way into the dining area. "Ahh, ha, caught the little princess."

He easily picked her up and spun her around once as she squealed in both delight and terror, before sitting her back down on the floor. She started to slowly back away into the living room.

Reaching out, the monster grabbed her around her mid-section and pulled her close. "I am going to tickle you so bad little princess for what you did," he hissed in her ear.

"Nooo!!" she cried before pushing back on him hard enough to just squirm out of his grasp.

Backing still deeper into the darkness of the living room, she swung her arms wildly after feeling his hands on her tummy slithering all over.

"No . . . please," she whined before managing to push his hands off of her.

"Oh the princess doesn't want my tickles," he said dropping his voice to a low growl as he advanced on her. "Maybe she wants something else like this . . ."

Extending his right hand, he gave her a pair of hard pinches on one of her upper arms.

"Hey, no fair, no pinching!" she complained.

She tried to rush back around him toward the dining area, but the agile monster moved quickly to block her path. He pushed her back into the living room using a combination of light tickling and hard pinches on her vulnerable and fully exposed tummy.

She squealed and headed toward the stairs. If she could make it to the upstairs bathroom in the middle of the hallway she could maybe save herself as the bathroom had a door with a lock on it.

He let her get a couple steps away, just enough to let her think of escaping, before he gave chase. He easily caught her at the foot of the stairs, before snatching her up in his powerful arms and spinning her around twice to disorientate her.

Showing no mercy after setting her back down on her feet, he assaulted her arms with pinches, before he started to scribble his fingers all over her tummy causing her to double over in laughter.

When he let up for just a moment, not wanting to push things too far just yet, she straightened up and gave him a hard shove, before fleeing up the stairs.

He let her get two steps ahead before, without really stopping to consider the consequence of what he was about to do, he reached up and gave her a hard slap on the ass. "Better go faster little princess."

She let out a yelp before pausing. She was wholly excited, while finding it somewhat unbelievable, that her daddy actually possessed the nerve to swat her on the ass. Then again he was drunk, thanks to her, and she had been teasing him pretty hard, so, yeah, maybe it was not so hard to believe after all.

"I said go faster." This time he accented his words with a hard pinch on her ass.

She yowled before hurrying up the stairs again. Warming to this new form of attack the monster continued to pinch and slap the princess' delicious ass all the way up the stairs, and then down the hallway, as she cried out in girlish delight.

The lamp left on earlier in her bedroom allowed just enough light to spill out into the hallway so she could make out the dark shape of the bathroom door. Dodging into the bathroom, she tried to slam the door shut but the monster jammed his body inside the doorway.

He pulled her out by the arm, before yanking the bathroom door shut. Pushing her back up against the door, he barked at her, "I don't think so. No locking yourself away in the bathroom, princess."

"OK, OK, you win. I can't escape and I'm tired of your stupid pinches. Just tell me what you want."

"Revenge!!" he grunted in his best beastly voice.

"I'm sure you do," she replied sweetly deciding to turn on the charm. "Where would you like to take this revenge out on the poor princess? In her royal bedchamber maybe. Come, I will led the way."

She boldly grabbed his hand, leading him down the hallway while gyrating her butt back and forth knowing he would be staring at it. He was and it angered him, along with the exciting him, of course. His anger came from the fact she was once again teasing him by the exaggerated way she showing off that cute little butt of hers. She needed to be taught a lesson — of this he was sure.

After entering her room, the monster gave free reign to his anger slamming the door shut with a resounding bang as to make the

whole room shake. "W-what are you going to do to me?" Her voice quivered with excitement sensing their innocent little game was about to turn a little naughty.

"Stay here," the monster snapped as he moved past her circling around to the far side of the bed and to the lamp burning brightly on her nightstand. Reaching under the lamp, he pulled the cord casting the bedroom into darkness.

As soon as the room went dark, the princess, with a loud snicker turned and fled out of the room as she hurled an insult at him over her shoulder, "Stupid monster, you let me escape again."

Grunting his disapproval the monster turned and hurried after the princess with a grim determination.

Out in the pitch black hallway, she stumbled against the wall, barely getting five feet out of her room. She heard the monster huffing and puffing as he came storming up behind her. Bouncing off the wall, she tried to propel herself toward the bathroom, but with no light coming from her bedroom anymore to guide her, she was finding it next to impossible to locate the door.

In a panic, she flailed her hands along the wall in a desperate attempt to find the doorknob. Her hand brushed against it finally, but it was too late--the angry monster was on her. Grabbing her around the waist, he picked her up and swung her around, before dropping her on her feet in the middle of the hallway away from the door.

"Go . . ." he shouted angrily. "Back to your bedroom, princess and no more games!"

When she didn't move right away, he gave her a nice little swat on the ass to get her in gear.

With a yelp-- his swat felt serious and strangely good-- she started heading back to her bedroom.

"Faster," he snapped as he reached down and gave her ass a nice little pinch. She let out a yap and hurried as best as she could toward her room.

Once inside, he banged the door shut . . . louder even than last time. In an ominous sign, the sound reverberated throughout the silent house. She slowly backed away wondering just how aggressive and naughty the coming attack would be. She hoped for very on both accounts.

She was not to be disappointed. He let her back away a few steps so she would be closer to the bed and then charged. Tackling her around the waist, he flung her back onto the bed.

Not holding back at all, as he remembered the cold champagne she flung in his face, he assailed her entire body with both of his hands alternating between a wicked series of soft tickles and hard pinches.

She rolled around on her queen sized bed trying, but not very hard, to fend off the monster's attack. On more than one occasion during the melee, very much unintentionally, of course, his hands brushed up against her bra. It was to be expected after all in the complete darkness of the room—such "accidents".

Feeling her small boobies through the soft lace of her pretty bra excited the monster greatly to the point where he started to get hard down there. When the princess nearly escaped by rolling off the bed, the monster flung himself on top of her, pinning her to the bed with his body down pressed tightly down against hers.

Feeling his hardness excited the young virgin princess more than she could have ever imagined, especially since she was quite curious about sex. With his stiff penis throbbing against her backside, she squirmed on the bed while thrusting her buttocks up. The monster, despite his basest desire to rip the princess' panties off and fuck the shit out of her, somehow managed to retain some semblance of control.

Rolling off of her, he rose up to his knees and begin to tickle her tummy once more as she was spread out on the bed face down. Flipping herself over, she knew it was time, once again, to beg for mercy.

Dropping her voice to a desperate whisper she pleaded with him, "Please, no more. I beg of thee. Show the pretty princess mercy kind monster."

Her anguished cry for mercy, so pitiful as to even touch a monster's heart, did the trick. He pulled his hands back while keeping them ready at his side-- just in case, it was another of her tricks.

Trying his best to sound elegant he responded, "And what does the princess offer in exchange for mercy." She was just opening her mouth to respond, planning on once again to offer him kisses, when he added curtly, "If your offer includes kisses, you can forget it. I have been fooled too often by such offers of sweetness."

Lowering her voice, making it drip with sugared sweetness, she told him, "I am truly ashamed of that my lord monster. So I offer something else. The chase has left you . . . ahh tense . . . all over. Let your pretty princess relieve that tension."

"H-how would the princess relieve such tension," he asked in a voice that trembled slightly.

She reached up in the darkness searching for his face. Finding it, she stroked his cheek softly, "Why with a very gentle and tender massage my lord monster." She carefully rose up to her knees preparing to flee once more if he said no.

Feeling the bed shift, the monster readied himself in case she tried to flee once more. He shifted his body into a sitting position as he swung his feet out resting them on the bare wooden floor.

"I am not sure. I mean the offer is tempting . . . but still I doubt your sincerity."

"Then we must light candles and fill my bedchamber with light so you can see just how sincere I am. You have candles with you still? The sole one on my nightstand will not do"

"I do."

He hurriedly pulled the remaining candles out of his pockets. Placing an additional pair of candles on each of the matching nightstands positioned on either side of her bed, he lit them one by one.

After the last of the candles flickered to life he twisted around to glance at her. The monster felt his heart hitch and looked away. Sitting up on her knees, in the soft glow of the candles, the princess looked simply beautiful—too beautiful for words . . . too beautiful to look at even or he would be lost.

Her dark kinky hair, with its blend of light blonde highlights, was disheveled and fell in her face. Somehow, as she casually pushed a

few strands of that wild hair away from her face, the sloppiness of her hair only added to her overall beauty.

"Look at me," she commanded with a quiet authority that came with being a royal princess.

He looked, and just as he feared, was lost.

"I promise your massage will be so nice and sweet you will be begging for more." She then smiled, and thrusting her small boobies out at him, took one finger and slowly crossed her heart as she whispered, "Cross my heart and hope to die."

His eyes followed her finger as it leisurely crossed her chest. Her petite boobs looked so inviting—showcased as they were by that innocent white lace bra of hers— it forced the hungry monster to exert every ounce of his willpower not to tear it off her body and attack the juicy desserts underneath.

Positioning herself behind him on the bed, she asked, "Would the monster mind taking off his shirt? It will only be in the way of my massage."

He obeyed, removing his shirt and tossing it onto the floor.

"Better," she whispered as she began to knead his shoulders.

Pushing her body up against his from behind, she made it a point to rub her chest against his bare back. The monster, relaxing as her hands slipped up and down his arms, and then back to his shoulders, let out a small sigh. If he was a cat-- instead of a monster --he would have been purring loudly.

Leaning in, she whispered in his ear as her hands worked their tender magic on his shoulders, "Tell me, do you love the princess?"

"Yes," he whispered back, "with all my monstrous heart I do love thee."

"You speak of love my dearest monster . . . yet you attack . . . with such, tenderness, yet it's tainted with violence. I know not what to think?"

"Please, I beg of you, my beautiful princess, take pity on thy poor monster. It is your beauty that compels me, your grace that blinds me, and most assuredly, the splendor of your magnificent body that overwhelms my senses to the point where I attack . . . only because I am a monster and know no other way to make my presence known to you."

"Hmm, how sweet," she responded with a calculated indifference as if she heard such praise on a daily basis and was so used to it by now that it was nothing to her.

Pulling her hands away she raised her voice. "You know, I have heard that little boys throw rocks at young maidens because they like them and just do not know how to display their tenderness in any other way. Is this such the case with you my dearest monster?"

Moving around, she sat down on the bed next to him. Taking his hands in hers she continued, "Am I that fair maiden, and you that little boy, that knows only of throwing rocks to show his affection?"

"Yes, that is a very apt parallel, my princess. I attack, or throw rocks, if only because I know no other way."

"What if I was to teach you another way to show affection, besides attacking?"

"I would welcome such teachings."

"Then I shall show you. Indeed, I have already started to show you as . . ." She squeezed his hands, still resting in hers, tightly. "Did you not feel the presence of love in my tender massage?"

Bowing his head, he nodded yes.

"Do you not feel the love here . . . when I do this?" She slowly brought his hands to her lips kissing them softly.

Again, he nodded yes with a bowed head before looking up at her. "Please, more kisses for the monster is desperate to feel such love, princess."

"Then you shall, but first you must tell, once again, how you love me above all else, even above the beautiful queen, my mother, who I once heard you had a torrid affair with many long years ago."

"Tis it is true, we were once lovers, but now the queen shuns me and shows me no love . . . ahh but the daughter . . ." He raised his hands stroking the side of her face. "You my princess, have captured my heart like no one ever has. I am so deeply in love with you that mere words will not suffice to show what is in my heart."

"If words will not suffice to show your love, perhaps a kiss will . . ." She pointed to her lips. "Kiss me here and show me your love."

His heart pounding, he leaned in preparing to kiss the fair princess on her lips. He would have never ever dared dream their silly little game could have taken them this far, but yet here they were . . .

But just as their lips were about to touch she pulled back. "Princess, what is wrong? I thought you wanted me to kiss you."

"I do, but . . . alas, I am afraid." She wrung her hands nervously in her lap before speaking again. "Afraid you will attack again. I have trust issues."

"No, I swear on my heart of hearts, I shall not attack."

"Oh my dear monster, if only I could trust your words, but I fear I need more than words to calm my fretful heart."

"Name it! What do you need?"

"Wait here."

She jumped up, and hurrying across her room, she stopped in front of her dresser. Bending over, giving him a perfect view of her delicious behind, she opened the bottom drawer of her dresser.

She seemed to be taking an inordinate amount of time searching for something in her the drawer as he wondered, Is she doing this on purpose . . . bending over and showing her ass off like this?

Finally, she rose up holding a brightly colored scarf and a lighter tan one. As she crossed the room toward him, her high heels clicking seductively on the hardwood floor, his gaze became stuck on her chest as she approached. The sight of the young princess in her sexy

white lace bra was such a picture of innocent beauty he simply could not resist gazing helplessly.

Stopping directly in front of him, she slowly fell to her knees triggering a wicked thought in his mind. She paused for a long moment staring, it seemed, directly at his crotch and his growing manhood. Her tongue slipped out, flickering seductively over her lips—before she began to speak softly.

"If you are to gain my trust you must allow me this small measure so that I feel secure . . . that is if you truly desire to have more of the princess' sweet attentions."

"Oh but I do," he told her softly. "Whatever measures you require I will comply with."

"Good, then please put your hands behind your back and then twist around a bit. I am going to secure them so I feel confident."

Against his better judgement, and despite having been tricked too many times already, he complied with her request. He felt he had no choice; things had reached a point in their game where the action was like a good book that one just could not put down so anxious they were to get to what happens next.

He felt one of the scarves being twisted around his wrists just as she began to speak to him. "Oh and Daddy . . ." He turned and looked at

her in surprise. Was the game over? He wondered as she had suddenly fallen out of character.

"Promise me you won't quit our game no matter what. It's about to get really interesting and maybe a bit risqué . . . just the way we both want I think. Promise me, please, no quitting."

Her voice had such a pleading quality to it how could he say no? Again, against his better judgement he responded with a simple promise, "No quitting . . . you have my word, sweetie."

"And you have never broken a promise to me so, good, now we can continue." Smiling, she announced, "Game on."

After knotting the scarf around his wrists she whispered, "I must feel safe when I begin to show you more of my tenderness. Only with the monster's hands tightly bound will the princess have the needed assurance the monster won't attack again."

After the scarf was properly secured and knotted, he noted how it was not actually very tight. He wondered if this was by design as she crawled back up on the bed and once again begin kneading his shoulders. The serious teasing of the monster was about to begin.

Leaning forward she slinked her upper body against him like a cat in heat as she whispered in his ear. "I noticed earlier when you were

tickling me how your hands kept floating up and touching the princess' royal boobies."

"It was nothing but an accident my princess. I mean the way we were rolling around on the bed. I--"

"Accident," she said interrupting his lame excuse. "So it was an accident that kept happening over and over again . . . and never once was on purpose."

"N-no, I swear my princess. Never on purpose."

Crawling off the bed she moved around so she was standing in front of him. She stared at him for a long moment, her expression grave, before she began to speak. Her voice was harsh and cutting. "You insult me you insolent monster."

"No, no never. The monster would never insult the beautiful princess".

"By your own words you claim to have not once touched my royal boobies purposefully . . ." She dropped her voice into a soft, sexy whisper as she took a step forward so she was mere inches from him. "So you think my tits are not worthy of your filthy touch. Is that what I am to think?"

"I never sa--"

She cut him off with a harsh slap to his face that was more unexpected than painful. "Silence, monster."

"Maybe the princess should just show her boobies to the monster so he can decide on his own if they are really worthy of his touch."

"Maybe she should," the monster answered defiantly. If she thought he would be cowed by her threat to show him her tits, well, she now knew quite different.

"Fine," she answered in a small voice that barely rose to a whisper.

Taking a step back she reached around and begin to undo her bra. After unhooking it, she slowly moved her hands up to the bra's twin straps on her shoulders. Carefully she began to ever so slowly slide the straps across her shoulders and then down her arms.

The monster exhaled sharply after the bra finally slipped off her gorgeous tits. They were small, pert, and oh so perfectly formed. Staring at them, he felt his cock jerk inside his jeans as she took a small step forward-- dropping her bra in his lap.

Taking another delicate step forward so she was now mere inches from him she whispered, "Do you like them? Are they pretty?"

"They are beautiful beyond compare princess."

"Really?" she whispered tilting her head sideways. "That is sweet. Your kind words touch my heart deeply. You know, you are the first to ever lay eyes upon the princess' virgin boobies."

"Really?" he responded wondering if she spoke the truth. Considering what an overprotective hen her mother was with their only child, it was not such a stretch to believe her.

"Tis it is true. The queen allows me never to be alone in the presence of another. She is quite protective of her daughter. Now tell me, answer truthfully are they pretty enough where the monster thinks he would like to play with them? Like this . . ."

Shutting her eyes, the princess let her head fall back as her hands came up and began fondling her boobies tenderly. Flickering her fingers slowly across each nipple they both snapped to attention becoming instantly erect as she let out a soft moan.

The monster let out a loud sigh. His cock was dangerously hard along with his thoughts being dangerously impure. If not for the scarf around his wrists . . .

Opening her eyes, she dropped her hands, staring at him with a pensive look on her face.

"I bet the monster is hungry. Would he like to suck on the young princess' tits? I bet he would." She took a step forward, thrusting her breasts out.

The monster took a deep breath as she reached out and using a single finger on his chin, she tilted his face upwards. Her boobs were right there—in his face—her fully erect nipples mere inches from his desperate, hungry mouth.

"Close your eyes and surrender to your princess . . . please my most faithful monster. But I beg of you . . . do not spoil things by being too aggressive. Instead, let me rub my bare boobies in your face, but you must keep your mouth shut. If you can resist, until I grant you permission, your most basic instincts to devour my boobies . . ." She paused as she traced his lips with one delicate finger. "I will surrender to you and your deepest desires."

In her high heels, and with him sitting on the bed, she was in perfect position to rub her tits in his face. Twisting her fingers in his hair, she held his face captive as she slowly massaged his face with her tits. It was pure hell having to resist those tender young nipples of hers as she deftly pushed them against his lips.

And then, just as he felt he could not take it anymore . . . she suddenly stopped. Looking down, her gaze wandered to the monster's crotch. Inside his jeans the bulge he was sporting was quite evident making it rather apparent her little teasing game had been quite fruitful.

She took a step back and started to speak. Her voice was deep and throaty with forbidden lust. "My poor monster, I know how badly you must have wanted to devour the princess's small boobies with that hungry mouth of yours. Tell me it's true . . . given half a chance you would ravish my body . . . especially my boobies?"

"Princess I would only do what you desire of me. What you allow of me to do. I--"

"Nonsense! Go on tell me. You would overpower me, ravish my poor virgin body and then . . . fuck the shit out of me . . . if you had your way."

He looked up, shocked at her using the F word and even more so at her rough, yet truthful, assessment of just what he was feeling.

"Tell me. I need to hear the truth . . . Please." She stroked the side of his face with one hand so lovingly, so delicately he said the one word that set everything in motion.

With his eyes glued to those lovely tits of hers, as she stood there, looking so innocent, so sweet and so sexy all at once, he was forced to utter the truth aloud. "Yes," he whispered.

She gave him a knowing look indicating this was both the answer she expected, but what happened next was wholly unexpected.

Quickly, she snatched her bra out of his lap while she nearly shouted, "You filthy monster! You would ravish a virgin just to fulfill your beastly needs and a royal virgin at that!"

She glared at him, her eyes burning, as she hurriedly put her bra back on. "I shall take my leave of you now. I will be hurrying off to the queen's chamber and when she hears of your indecent advances toward her only daughter you shall be hunted down like the dirty monster you are."

"Princess, you mistake my meaning, I thou--"

A stinging slap across his face cut off his words. Picking up the second scarf from the bed, she quickly wrapped it around his head affixing it so it covered his eyes before securing it with a tight knot at the back of his head.

"Don't befoul me with anymore of your filthy lies. I said my piece and there is nothing left to do or say. If I was you, I would say my prayers to whatever pagan god a filthy beast like you worships. When the palace guard comes rushing in to find you blind and helpless, captured by me, the innocent princess, I will probably get a reward and you will get thrown in the castle dungeon . . . or worse."

And with those final parting words she turned and departed, slamming the door behind her. Jumping to his feet, the monster hurried over to the bedroom door. Fortunately, the scarf she

wrapped around his head to blind him was the light tan one allowing him to see through it just enough to make out the outline of the bedroom door.

Bending over, he placed his ear close to the door. He heard her high heels clicking down the hallway slowly and then stop. Turning around, he just managed to have enough wiggle room to grab the door knob and twist it. Pulling it open, he paused to listen. He heard the door to the master bedroom open, followed by the sound of her high heels clunking loudly across the bedroom's wooden floor.

Now that he knew where she went, he retreated back into her bedroom considering what to do next. But before he could make a decision, something rather apparent came to his mind. This was all nothing but a game of teasing to her and he-- the innocent dupe.

Well, the game was not over. Twisting his hands about violently, the monster began the process of getting himself free so he could have his revenge on that little teasing bitch of a princess.

Again, and again, he twisted his hands about feeling the scarf loosen with every twist and turn of his wrists. As he worked his way free something else was becoming quite obvious to him-- she wanted to ultimately be caught.

The loose way she bound his wrist together indicated as such. Besides, if she really wanted him to be helpless, she could have blown out the candles in the bedroom, along with using a darker

scarf to wrap around his eyes leaving him utterly blind. If she had done both of those things, along with making the knot in the scarf she used to secure his wrists tighter, he would have been truly helpless making any subsequent actions on his part to escape all that much harder.

No, it was quite obvious-- she wanted him to not only escape, but to find her. Evidence of wanting to be found was also right there in that she made no attempt to be sneaky after leaving the bedroom. She must have known the sound of her high heels clunking down the hallway, and then into the master bedroom with its wooden floor, would carry in the silent house.

At any point, she could have easily slipped off her high heeled shoes and stole on down the hallway silently before choosing anywhere in the big house to hide.

Finally, the knot came loose enough for him to slip his hands free. After ripping off the scarf around his head, he hurried over to first one nightstand, and then the other, blowing out all the candles, except one which he picked up.

Tucking both scarfs into his pocket, he slipped out of the bedroom, and made his way silently down the hallway to the master bedroom before pausing just in front of the door. Leaning down, he placed his ear close to the door, listening for any sign of movement inside the bedroom. After forcing himself to wait as he counted slowly to thirty. When still there was no sound he quietly slipped into the bedroom.

The room was bathed in soft candle light. She had obviously found the mother cat's stash of candles as both nightstands on either side of the bed were covered with about a half dozen flickering tea light candles. Turning to the chest of drawers closest to the door, he sat his own candle down on it before he began his search for the wayward princess.

After a quick check inside the master bathroom, and finding it empty, he determined she must be hiding somewhere in the depths of their spacious walk in closet. After first veering over to pick up his candle, he tip toed over to the closet door pushing it open silently.

Holding the candle aloft, the monster squinted in the closet's murky interior for any sign of the princess. Spotting nothing to indicate where she was hiding, he moved deeper into the darkness of the closet.

The closet was divided into two halves—his half and her half. On her half, along the closet rod that ran the entire length of the closet was her dresses, mainly bunched toward the back. Along his side on the opposite closet rod, also running the length of the closet, was his dress shirts and a couple suit jackets.

Having an inkling of just where she might be hiding, the monster moved the candle lower to the floor as his beady eyes scanned the queen's side of the closet.

There! He moved the candle down a bit lower as he just caught sight of the princess' sexy high heeled shoes.

She was crouched near the back of the closet, her body mostly hidden behind her mom's dresses-- all except her shoes. They were sticking out just enough to be spotted.

Raising back up, not yet ready to spring into action, the monster considered just what he should do next. Surmising she wanted to be found, he took this into consideration as he formulated a plan.

It did not take him long to decide just exactly how to proceed. He was on edge, sexually frustrated and burning with an intense desire to teach the insolent little princess it was dangerous to tease big bad monsters.

First though, he would make the necessary preparations to enact his plan. After finding a clear spot on the shelving at the very back of the closet to place the candle, the monster turned to his side of the closet. Pushing aside his dress shirts he unwound the first scarf from his hand. Working quickly, he looped one end around the upper wooden closet rod and knotted it tightly before doing the same with the second scarf a few feet apart from the first.

Knowing it would be to his advantage to have the closet be pitch black, he proceeded to shut the closet door tight, and then, pulling several of his shirts off their hangers, he arranged them on the floor to cover the crack under the closet door.

His preparations were nearly complete except for one final thing. Moving slowly, he advanced toward the flickering candle on the upper shelf and blew it out.

Just as he hoped for the closet was cast into utter blackness. Taking a minute to acclimate himself to the dark interior of the closet, the monster thought he could hear the nervous princess panting as she cowered in what he hoped was abject fear in her corner behind the queen's dresses.

"Oh little princess, I know you are in here. Come to me in the darkness . . . show me how brave you are and take my hand and I might deem to have mercy. Otherwise, you can expect to be assaulted . . . without mercy . . . when I find you."

His offer was met with silence, much as he expected it would be. Moving slowly, silently, he closed to within just a few feet of where she was hiding. Again he sang out, "Give yourself up now, and I promise mercy, otherwise . . ."

He paused, wondering if he should really go ahead and finish what he planned on saying. Oh why not . . . after all it was only a game. Besides, he owed her after those two stinging slaps, combined with the way she had teased him unremorsefully. Yeah, she deserved whatever was coming to her.

"You teasing little bitch, I am going to have my way with you when I find you." He silently dropped to his knees. Slowly, the monster felt along the wooden floor with his powerful right hand, making sure to rap his knuckles loudly on the floor so she knew he was closing in.

In his mind, he could see her, crouched there, holding her knees, her breath coming in short pants, as she waited to be found. She must have surmised, and if she hadn't, she should have, when she was caught, the monster would be in no mood to treat her kindly.

His fingers brushed up against the bare skin of her ankle. He heard her let out a little gasp as she tried to yank her foot back, but it was too late. The monster reached out with both hands, and either by luck or by fate, managed to grab both the princess' ankles at about the same time.

Yanking hard, he roughly pulled her out from behind the dresses. On the wooden polished floor, her butt slid smoothly out from under the dresses. Caught once more in the monster's clutches, the young princess was panting with excitement.

In the pitch black closet, the next few minutes passed in a feverish blur for the poor princess as the monster attacked her without mercy. At first, as soon as he let go of her ankles, she tried scrambling to her feet, but before she could fully regain her balance, the monster reached up and yanked her back down to the floor.

Her butt hit the floor with a small thud as the monster threw his body on top of her. Wasting no time, he assaulted her mid-section with a pair of clawing hands that made any other previous tickling session seem like mere child's play.

She tried to curl up in a small ball, but it was useless. The monster was too strong and too angry to allow her to protect herself in such a manner.

She tried to swat his hands away, but that too was useless as again he was just too strong and too aggressive for her. There was nothing left to do but give in to the monster's intense tickling. Sprawled out on the closet floor, the princess gave in as she giggled uncontrollably.

"You find that funny," he hissed, "well see if you find this funny!" Sliding his hands up slowly, he deliberately began to knead her small boobies through her bra.

Once more, the princess tried to swat his hands away. Again, she had no luck; although, truthfully, she didn't try very hard. She was not exactly surprised at the way he was fondling her breasts considering the way she had teased him back in her bedroom.

The monster, after a few more tender squeezes on her deliciously firm tits let up on his attack curious to see what she would do. Not surprisingly, as soon as he pulled his hands back, she flipped herself over onto her stomach, and then tried to frantically crawl away.

He let out a cackling laugh when the princess, disorientated in the darkness, crawled the wrong way, toward the back of the closet, and banged her head on the back closet wall with a dull thud.

Reaching out her found her ankles. Grabbing them, he yanked her back toward him viciously. Falling on her body, he whispered in her ear, "If you won't give me kisses I will take them. Shall you surrender and give me my due, princess?"

"Never," she cried as she continued to struggle to free herself.

Being true to his word, the monster proceeded to assail her neck and throat with a passionate series of kisses as he used his hands to pin her down on her stomach.

Still struggling mightily to free herself from under the monster, the princess twisted and turned as the monster nibbled on her neck with his hungry mouth, but her frantic struggles only seemed to spur him to new heights of passion.

This soon became quite evident when the monster began humping her lower body as he snaked a hand through her hair and twisted her face around. Their lips found each other's in the darkness as he kissed her with an insane, reckless passion while he continued to grind his hardness against her firm behind, and then on down lower, to the back of her supple thighs.

Before he could lose total control, that is before he had an accident grinding away down there, the monster, using both hands, flipped her around.

"No please, you are hurting me!", she whined.

"Bullshit," he spat back, but still, just in case, he raised up, afraid maybe he really was taking things too far. Hovering over he paused, panting, as he tried to regain some semblance of control. Sensing this was her opportunity to try and talk her way out of things, the princess brought her hand up in the inky blackness searching for his face.

Turning her innate girlish charm on full blast, she stroked his face softly with one tender finger. "Please can you light the candle? The dark frightens me so. Do me that one small favor and I will let you do anything you want to me, and I won't struggle. I promise."

The monster took a brief second to consider her proposal and once again found himself unable to resist the sweet siren of her whispered promises. "I shall grant you this one small favor princess, but if you repay my kindness by trying to escape . . . woe is you."

He stood up, and felt his way toward where he remembered leaving the candle toward the back of the closet on the shelf. Stumbling back away from her, he found the shelf and was tapping his hands all along it searching for the candle as he pulled the small box of matches out of the pocket of his jeans.

The princess, suppressing a smile at how easily her kind words swayed the monster, quietly climbed to her feet while he was distracted at the back of the closet trying to find the candle.

Making her way ever so carefully toward the front of the closet she might have actually escaped if she had not stumbled a bit at the very last moment causing one of her high heeled shoes to scap against the bare hard wooden floor. In the deathly stillness of the closet, the noise was jarringly loud.

Knowing her cover was blown, she frantically searched for the door knob in the dark, and finding it, she wrenched the door open. Freedom beckoned!

The monster turned, and letting out an angry yowl, hurtled his body across the closet guided by the dim candle light flowing in from the bedroom after she cracked the door open.

She was just slipping out of the closet when he reached her. Snatching her trailing wrist with one strong hand, he forcefully yanked it causing her to lose her balance and stumble backwards into him.

Snaking an arm around her waist, he pulled her deeper into the closet as he slammed the door shut with his other hand. The enraged monster twirled the poor princess easily around shoving her roughly up against the closet door. Dropping his mouth to her ear, his body

pressed tightly against her, he hissed, "You are never to be trusted . . . that I now plainly see."

The princess, in a panic now, tried to push him away, but only managed to turn herself around so she was facing the closet door. The monster's blood was up and he was not to be denied his prize any longer. Jamming his body against her, he blitzed her neck with dozens of hungry kisses as his hands moved around her back searching for her bra.

Finding it, he clawed at her bra, at first trying to unhook it, before deciding on a much rougher course of action. Using both hands to grip the bra strap on either side of the hooks, he gave it a hard vicious yank.

The hooks gave way as she let out a small yelp. Flinging the torn bra to the floor, he dropped his mouth to her heaving breasts after twisting her around.

"Please, no . . ." she begged as he ravenously devoured her small tits with his greedy mouth and tongue. Even as she fought against what he was doing, squirming and struggling as he pinned her wrists against the door with his hands, she found herself unwillingly thrusting her chest outwards offering her boobies up like a pair of sacrificial lambs.

He took full advantage sucking on each of them greedily in turn before, finally, his lust for the princess' boobies temporarily sated, he

moved his mouth up to hers. He tried to kiss her, but she whipped her head away denying him. Again, he lowered his mouth to hers, but as soon as their lips touched she whispered, "No . . . never."

Denied a chance to kiss her tender lips, the monster slipped his mouth down. Showering her throat with a series of affectionate kisses, he slowly moved his lips in a circle searching for her weak spot. The princess, feeling her resolve to resist weakening, made one last desperate attempt to fend off the monster when he let go of her hands, in order to slip them around to her backside.

As the monster started to massage the princess' firm little ass, she raised her hands up and tried to push him away. Pulling his hands reluctantly off of her ass, he easily grabbed her hands, pinning them against the door once more.

His passionate kisses floated all over the side of her neck and throat still searching. Finally, he found it when she let out a gentle sigh when his kisses slipped up the side of her neck and just under her hairline. Flicking his tongue out, he nibbled a bit below her ear as he felt her go limp against the door.

If he needed any further evidence of striking pay dirt, the audible moan she let out, combined with the way she began to shiver while ceasing to struggle was a dead giveaway the monster had found her weak spot.

He beset upon her weakness with a plethora of inflamed kisses igniting a passionate storm of forbidden ecstasy deep inside of her. He released her hands, knowing she would be helpless as long as he continued his relentless attack. His hands, once again free to roam, slipped around to her backside.

Kneading her ass vigorously, he sensed the time for her total surrender was near. Even nearer then he surmised as the princess snaked her hands around the back of his head. Applying just enough gentle force, she pushed his mouth down into the soft valley of her tits.

"Suck on them again, please but nicely this time." Her voice was rough with passion as he opened his mouth ready once more to feast on those delicious twin mounds. Flicking his tongue out, the monster whipped it around her erect nipples, moving from one delicious breast to the other, as she squirmed against the door.

Unable to control himself, he started to hump his lower body against hers while he suckled noisily on the princess' tits.

"Oh my God, what are you doing to me?" she murmured as his incredible hardness pushed against her now wet pussy. Arching her back, she tried to get more of her small tits deeper in his ravenous mouth.

Pulling back, he took a moment to collect himself. "Are you ready for total submission princess?"

"I am," she whispered.

Taking her hand roughly, he pulled her away from the door. "Well, you must excuse me if I don't fully trust you," he growled as he yanked her deeper into the dark closet.

He slowly navigated through the inky blackness heading for the back of the closet. Holding his free hand out, he found the shelf where he remembered leaving the candle. He danced his fingers lightly along the shelf until he bumped up against it.

"I am going to let go of you for a brief second. Don't you dare try and run little princess."

"I won't," she meekly replied and, for once, meant it.

Dropping her hand, he fished the box of matches from his pocket. Turning back to after getting the candle lit, he was almost surprised to see her standing there, her head bowed, in such a docile manner.

"Good girl," he whispered as he shoved the box of matches back into his pocket.

"What are you going to do to me," she asked quietly.

"You shall find out in a moment little princess but, first, I have learned the hard way you are not to be trusted. I must secure you. Now give me your hand . . . quickly now."

He snapped his fingers as she held her hand out. He pulled her around so she was astride the twin scarves he had knotted earlier around the upper closet rod. Pulling her wrist upwards, he lopped the end of one of the scarves around it before securing it tightly.

The princess, her breath coming in shallow gasps, whispered as he secured her other wrist. "Please be gentle with me. I am an innocent virgin remember."

"Oh yes," he snickered as he checked both scarves making sure they were nice and secure. "An innocent virgin that teases like a decadent whore."

Turning, he blew out the lone candle and stomped out of the closet slamming the door shut behind him. "Please where are you going?" she whimpered. "Don't leave me alone in the dark."

Back outside in the bedroom, the monster took his time. Ignoring her increasingly desperate pleas-- her whimpering, even with the closet door shut-- could be clearly heard out in the bedroom, he entered the master bathroom.

He took a piss and then brushed his teeth—again taking his time. After splashing some cold water on his face, he stared at his image in the mirror. "Yeah, let her stew for a bit alone in the dark closet. Maybe she will think I abandoned her, and then when I finally return, she will be overjoyed and be ready to do my bidding."

With this final thought clearly in mind, he went out and sat on the bed, but only after grabbing the raspberry flavored lube from the bathroom's medicine cabinet -- just in case. Silently he started to count to one hundred while listening to her quiet whimpers which, by now, were petering out.

It wasn't easy, considering the prize that awaited him inside the closet, but he managed to count to one hundred while barely moving a muscle.

One hundred. He stood up and walked to the closet door taking the lube with him—just in case. Opening it slowly he stepped inside. As he leaned against the doorway, a thin shaft of light from the bedroom candles allowed him to see her struggling against the scarves wrapped around her wrists.

"Is that you? Please don't leave me alone again," she cried in between her sniffing.

Had she been actually crying real tears? The quiet despair in her voice sounded real enough. He sighed as regret unexpectedly washed over him while he speculated if he pushed things too far by leaving her alone in the dark. His moment of quiet reflection was quickly interrupted by a small voice in his head speaking loudly — Remember her remorselessly teasing before you decide to feel pity . . . you stupid monster.

This lone thought spurred him into action. He quickly stepped inside the closet slamming the door shut, before kicking the shirts back into place plunging the closet into total darkness once more.

Feeling his way slowly in the dark, the monster listened to the princess' anguished cries starting up again with renewed vigor after he slammed the door shut. This only served to increase his desire as he drew nearer to her.

"Please, I want my Daddy back." This final supplication was so quiet and spoken under her breath-- as if she was speaking to herself-- he barely heard it.

But hear it the monster did just as he was reaching out for her. It gave him pause. His hand slipped down to his side as he spoke roughly to the princess. "What did you say?"

Thinking he might not need the lube after all, he reached out in the darkness to find the shelf so he could set it down.

"I . . . I want my Daddy back. No more monster. Pleaaaseee."

And just like that the game was over. He stepped forward putting his hands on her shoulders. "Oh honey, Daddy is here, baby. Right here. You are safe now."

His hands slipped around her waist, holding her tight, as she began to quietly sob. Bringing his mouth to her ear he whispered, "Yes baby, Daddy is here . . . I am here."

She pressed her nearly naked body back up against him. "I need my Daddy," she whispered.

He rocked her in his arms for a moment before turning her face toward him. Kissing her cheeks he felt them stained with tears causing his heart to wretch. "Jesus, let me release you. This has went too far."

Just as he started to feel around in the darkness for the scarves in order to untie her she said, "Wait. Don't release me. I still want to be your captive princess, Daddy, but . . ." He had just found the first of the knotted scarves and was beginning to loosen it from around the closet rod. "It is you, not the monster, I want to ravish my body . . . gently and sweetly."

"Honey are you sure? I mean things have went too far already . . . haven't they?"

"No, actually they have not. We need to end this properly and to be ravished is what I want and you deserve. Don't you want your plunder Daddy because your prize, your princess, your sweet baby girl, your innocent virgin daughter, awaits your gentle touch . . . bound and willing?"

Honey, I don't know--"

"Shh," she interrupted, "keep me tied up and take advantage of me. You have endured my teasing with honor and have earned your reward."

The thought of ravishing her body caused his cock to instantly stiffen. Guided by his hardening member below, he quickly tightened the loosened scarf back up.

"Daddy, can you light the candle again? I want to see you enjoy your prize."

"Is that what you are . . . a prize little girl?" he asked as the lone candle flared to life bathing them in a dim pool of light.

"The best prize ever I would think and one you very much earned tonight."

She watched him stare at her body; watched with amusement as his eyes instantly flickered down to her chest drinking in those pert little tits with their fully erect nipples.

Making her voice as soft and sweet as possible, she pleaded with him, "Please Daddy, I am cold . . . especially my poor little boobies. Warm them up for me. Please . . . pretty please."

He moved in behind her, placing both his hands on her shoulders. Lowering his mouth to her ear, he said in a low voice, "I shall do your bidding sweetheart whatever it may be. As always, I am mere putty in your hands."

"I know Daddy, and that is why I love you so. Now kiss me, touch me . . . all over."

Their lips found each other in the dancing shadows of the dimly lit closet. She was aggressive from the first, punching her tongue deep into his mouth and swirling it around just as his hands slipped down and cupped her tits.

After flickering his fingers across her nipples, while simultaneously pushing his tongue into her mouth, he felt her body jerk against him. Slipping his mouth down to her neck, his hands floated down to her ass.

He kneaded her ass with a pair of warm tender hands as she whispered, "Do I have a nice ass, Daddy?"

"Hmm, the nicest baby. I just wish these stupid panties weren't in the way."

"You can take them off if you want," she replied sweetly.

Slipping around to the front of her, he dropped to his knees. Twirling his tongue around her firm tummy, he used his fingertips to stroke her thighs up and down gently causing her to struggle against the ties that bound her to the closet rod.

"Please . . . Daddy." His mouth slipped lower, making its way down past her navel. "Take my panties off Daddy and kiss me there . . . in my secret garden of virginity that is desperate for your attention."

Her words inflamed his actions as he reached up with a pair of shaky hands and slowly, carefully pulled down his daughter's panties. Helping her step out of them, she was now stark naked except for her slutty high heels.

Going back to work on her body, he brought his lips again to that fantastic well-toned tummy of hers. Showering it with the lightest of kisses, he brought his hands up to knead her soft breasts just as he kisses skated lower.

Feeling his kisses approach her secret spot she whispered, "I have never been touched there, Daddy."

His voice shook with pent up excitement. "You want me to be the first?"

Leaning back to admire her body, he brought his hands down to her thighs parting them softly.

"Yes," she quietly responded as she looked down at him.

The intense hungry look on his face as he stared between her legs matched the yearning curiosity she was experiencing deep in her soul as she was about to have her pussy touched by another for the very first time.

Using one finger, he delicately brought it between her legs. He looked up at her, their eyes locking, as he brought his index finger up to his lips. He dampened his finger with a generous amount of saliva, as she watched anxiously, before he brought it back down and ever so deliberately pushed it up and inside of her.

She let out a soft sigh, and then a deeper hiss, as he wriggled his finger about exploring her virginity. Reaching over he grabbed the raspberry flavored lube and poured some onto his fingers.

Feeling the lube being meticulously spread all around on her secret garden, the princess closed her eyes as she felt his wet fingers dip in and out of her tight little cunt, before he lowered his mouth.

His tongue darted out tasting her for the first time. She tasted sweet-like the freshest of raspberries, of course. Using his hands, he parted her thighs wider as his tongue dipped and swirled up and down the moist folds of her cunt.

She let out an audible moan as his tongue found her clit and began to slither all around it. Adding a finger to the mix, he slowly worked it up inside of her as his tongue continued its magical mystery tour in between her thighs.

He pulled back. "Does that feel good honey," he whispered while working his finger in and out of her faster and harder.

"Ohh, y-yes. Please . . . don't . . . stop, Daddy. Lick me some more down there."

Sliding his hands around to her back, he stroked that firm ass of hers while he lowered his mouth to her sweetness once more and began to eat her out in earnest this time. Applying the lightest of pressure to her clit with his lips, he kissed it softly, before his tongue darted out. Flickering it all around rapidly, daddy's little girl shuddered as her moans of forbidden ecstasy filled the closet.

He used his hands, in tandem with his tongue, to bring her to the edge of her very first real orgasm. Reaching up he found her nipples and began flickering his fingertips over them lightly, to match the action of his dancing tongue down below.

Her moans were becoming louder, especially when he once again carefully inserted her index finger inside of her while his tongue continued to work its magic on her clit.

His tongue worked its way all around her magic bean sending her even closer to the edge. Her breath was coming in small gasps now, as his tongue flitted about her clit in a rapid fashion that had her struggling against the scarves as she whined for more.

Pulling back just for a second, his finger slipped out of her just as his tongue started a renewed assault. Licking and stabbing at her ripe little cunt, he flattened his tongue, gradually moving it up and down before settling on her clit once more. He tongue twirled out, faster now, and then slower, applying more pressure before he finished up with a flurry and sent her flying over the edge.

She bucked and heaved against the scarves as he brought his hands down to grip her lovely ass. Holding her bucking body in place, he caressed her clit with a final series of loving strokes of his tongue as the intense orgasm washed over her. Gripping her tighter, he pulled back to watch his young daughter trapped in the throes of climaxing.

Letting out a small little whimper, her body shook with the after effects of her orgasm as her breath came out in short little pants. Looking up at her, he smiled.

She finally recovered enough to speak. "Oh God Daddy, that was so good . . . so, so good," she whispered.

"I'm glad you liked it baby," he whispered back as he reached up and begin to undo the first of the scarves.

"You are releasing me?" She sounded almost disappointed. "But I haven't pleased you yet and I am ready to play our game again. I want you to force the innocent little princess to please the monster . . . please, Daddy."

"I suppose we could play again," he answered trying to sound casual although his heart was thumping away in his chest as the mere suggestion of playing their naughty game once more.

"So you want to be kept captive a bit longer . . . long enough maybe so the monster could maybe give the innocent little princess a big surprise."

"The princess likes surprises, Daddy, but of course, she is an insolent little bitch so you probably will have to fight her to get what you want."

He tore at the other scarf ripping it free from the closet rod anxious to get the game started again.

Wasting no time, he jumped right back into character as he barked, "Now turn around you spoiled little brat of a princess and put your hands behind your back."

The monster, not bothering to wait to see if she would turn around on her own, roughly twisted her around so her back was to him. Just as roughly, he used one of the scarves still attached to her wrist to secure her hands.

Deciding that things should end just as they started—in the dark—he turned, and blew out the lone candle plunging the closet into utter darkness once more.

Determining it might be fun to play a bit of hide and seek as a prelude to things, the monster purposefully turned away from where she had been standing and took a couple steps back.

Using his best growling voice he said, "Where is my princess. I hope she is not trying to escape."

He flailed his arms around in the dark as the princess, picking up on what he wanted her to do, slowly backed away from him as he closed his eyes.

"Where are you . . . you little bitch?" the monster hissed into the darkness.

With his eyes tightly shut, he really did not know where she was at now. Then he heard the clicking of her heels tapping across the spacious closet. She was moving away from him to his right not bothering at all to try and disguise the loud clicking of her heels on the floor.

Tracking the sound, he kept his eyes shut and charged forward blindly. His aim was true as he slammed into her as she let out a small grunt. His hands were all over her naked body even as she begged for mercy.

"Please no," she whispered as he groped at her tits before reaching down and pinching her ass.

Wrapping his arms around her, he pressed his mouth to hers. He tried to kiss her, but she was back in good form as the reluctant princess. Whipping her head around away from his mouth, she tried to push him away.

"Oh so that is how it's going to be?" he snapped while opening his eyes. Bringing one hand up, he tangled it deep in her hair forcing her face upwards towards his waiting lips.

This time when he tried to kiss her she could not escape. He forced his tongue deep in her mouth while keeping one hand around the back of her head tangled deep in her hair. After several desperate kisses, he slipped his mouth down to her weak spot at the base of her hairline just below her ear.

Attacking her weakness with renewed vigor, she struggled in his arms briefly, before giving in as he slowly pushed her backward until she was up against the closet's back wall.

Bringing his mouth down further, the monster sucked on her tits, almost violently, as she trashed against the wall. His tongue stabbed her erect nipples again and again, before returning to her mouth.

In the darkness, their mouths crashed together as they kissed with a reckless passion fired by the wicked game they were playing. Finally, he could not take it anymore. His cock ached with hardness.

Reaching down, he ripped off both his jeans and his boxers in quick fashion as he hissed, "On your knees princess."

When she did not respond fast enough he helped her by placing both hands on her shoulders and forcing her down. "I said on your knees you little bitch."

The "terrified" princess let out a well-placed whimper as she was forced to her knees by the monster.

"Now open that sweet little mouth of yours as the monster has a surprise for you."

"What is it?" she asked with exaggerated naivety.

"You shall find out soon enough," he said as he held his stiff cock in his hand in preparation of guiding to her mouth. Using one hand to tilt her head up slightly, he reached down running his fingers along her mouth.

"Good, your mouth is open."

"Of course. The princess, is prepared to do thy monster's bidding . . . if forced to that is."

His cock bumped up against her lips. Her mouth was now tightly shut.

"I said open your mouth."

"No, never!" she spat at the monster wondering how he would react to her defiance.

She expected the monster would react with anger but instead . . .

Lowering his voice the monster spoke softly. "Please, pretty princess, can't you open that sweet little mouth of yours. I promise you will like your surprise."

He helped her back to her feet. Leaning in he whispered in her ear, "The monster is begging. Just do this one little thing for me and I shall release you . . . unharmed." He showered her ears with kisses as he whispered "please" over and over again.

Turning her face up, he kissed her gently several times on both cheeks. "You know the monster is so in love with the princess and that is why he attacks her."

"Really," she whispered back.

"Here let me show you." He brought his lips to her showering them with several tender kisses before she began to kiss him back. His mouth slipped over, nibbling on her neck, turning her to mush while his hands were busy cupping her small breasts delicately.

Turning his voice into a soft whine, he whispered to her, "Please, I beg of thee. Open your mouth and receive what the monster has to offer."

Moving back to her mouth, he kissed her again gently, before pulling back.

"The monster lives for his princess' sweet attentions . . . you must know that?"

"I do," she whispered.

His hands slipped over to her shoulders. Applying moderate force, he started to push her down. Sinking to her knees, the princess offered no resistance as the monster stepped back gripping his throbbing hardness in his hand.

Guiding it to her mouth, this time he found it most willing when it bumped up against her lips. Opening her mouth wide, she took him in until she could feel his hardness tickling the back of her throat. Letting his cock slide out, she circled the head of his penis with her eager tongue as he held it aloft for her.

Tipping his head back, the monster let out a long sigh as he felt her tongue slithering along his hard shaft teasing him, before she started sucking on him in serious earnest. Shaping her mouth into a tight circle the princess slurped her mouth up and down on his cock like the cheapest of back alley whores.

"Oh princess, that feels so good," the monster whispered with a gentle sigh as he reached down to stroke her hair.

The whole experience bordered on the surreal as in the quiet darkness all that could be heard was the gentle sound of the young virgin princess sucking on the monster's big hard cock with a youthful exuberance that soon had the monster's knees quivering.

The suckling noises were interspersed with his quiet moans as he was rushing headlong toward a massive orgasm. Just as he was wondering if it would be OK to release in her mouth, she let him slip out of her mouth as she whispered, "You can come in my mouth if you want, Daddy."

When she, quite purposefully he imagined, reminded him of who he truly was—her Daddy and not the "monster"—it brought home the fact of how truly wicked he was being-- that is if one defined wicked as having your young virgin daughter sucking on your cock with her hands bound behind her back in a pitch black closet.

The thought drove his orgasm home as she gulped on his hardness faster and faster now. He started to shake all over. Reaching out he gripped the closet rod for support as he grunted just as his cock erupted with cum. The princess, greedy to the end, swallowed his cum and then licked the rest off from around her lips while making loud smacking noises.

"The monster is relieved now I bet," she giggled as he dropped to his knees still shaking. After undoing the scarf from around her wrists they quickly fell into each other's arms.

Leaning back, they rested against the back closet wall cuddling tightly in the still darkness. "Are you OK honey," he whispered in her ear.

"Just perfect, Daddy," she whispered back before kissing him lightly on the cheek. "That was fun but I am . . . ahh still a virgin. I hope before the night is over the monster will attack the princess again and relieve her of her virginity."

With the game over, at least in his mind, and his desperate sexual urges satisfied by that mind blowing blow job she just gave him, he returned to his senses.

"Honey no . . . the monster . . . I can't do that. You have to find someone special to give your virginity to. Besides this tired old monster is truly tired and needs some rest."

"Well, can I at least share your bed with you Daddy . . . if only for tonight before the stupid wicked queen returns?"

"Of course, baby we can share my bed. I would love to have you fall asleep in my arms."

The matter decided, as far as he was concerned, he scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the bed. He carefully soothed her hair back with a tender hand before applying a gentle kiss to her lips.

"Good night, sweet princess. I will join you shortly. I just have to use the bathroom first."

"Hurry" she replied quietly as a smile spread across her lips. The princess, even as she closed her eyes, pretending to go to sleep, was busy plotting her next move.

After slipping on a fresh pair of boxers, he went and relieved himself in the bathroom and then brushed his teeth. Emerging into the dark bedroom, he could hear her quiet breathing. It was soft and steady indicating his princess was asleep.

Almost disappointed, he had half suspected she would still be awake and try to tempt him with more of her sweet wicked beauty, the monster carefully crawled under the covers and soon fell into a deep slumber.

The monster had always been a deep sleeper. "Dead to the world", his wife, the queen, used to say. Tonight, if anything, after the extended chase and tickle session with the princess, culminating in their wicked end game that took place inside the dark closet, he was even more tired than usual.

He slept soundly content with the princess asleep beside him the wickedness of the night was over. He could not have been more wrong.

The cunning princess fooled him. The quiet breathing he heard indicating she was asleep was nothing more than a clever ruse on her part. Instead of sleeping, the princess was — plotting.

Waiting until the monster feel asleep, and knowing by reputation that monsters were deep sleepers—especially this particular monster-- the princess stole out of the bed ready to hatch her fiendish plot.

Making her way on tippy toes across the dark bedroom, back to the closet, she slipped inside. After shutting the door, she clicked on the overhead.

Humming quietly to herself, she quickly found the pair of scarves discarded on the floor. Gathering them up, and then two more from the queen's side of the closet, she hurried back out to the bedroom. After relighting the candles on both nightstands, working quickly, she attached a single scarf tightly to each of the four corner posts of the bed.

After getting the each of the scarves attached securely, the princess was hit with a sudden delicious idea to make the night's drama complete for them.

Rushing down to her bedroom, she grabbed, most fittingly, a princess costume out of her closet hoping it still fit. Three years ago, for Halloween, she wore this exact same costume. The pretty pink

dress featured a ruffled neckline with elastic -trimmed sleeves and hot pink detail at the hem of the full skirt.

Those many long years ago when she wore it for the first and only time, her daddy gushed over how adorably pretty she looked in her princess' dress. What would he think now that she was all grown up with a much more mature body then three years ago?

Adding to her princess attire, she also slipped on a pair of knee high white stockings, before donning the elegant pure white silk gloves that came with the dress. Finally, she fixed the blue jewel tiara, also an original part of the costume, completing her royal look.

Heading back to the bedroom, after a quick pit stop in the bathroom to freshen up, she was felt quite secure her daddy would be more than a little turned on by her outfit.

Next came the tricky part, but to this end fate seemed to be smiling on her. The monster was sleeping on his back stretched out which fit perfectly into her diabolical plans. The princess very slowly, very carefully pulled the first of his arms upwards toward the waiting scarf.

She experienced a brief moment of panic when the monster snorted in his sleep, and then started to pull his hand back down, just as she almost had his wrist in range of the first scarf.

Relaxing her grip, she waited patiently until he settled back down before gently pulling his wrist upward again. This time she was able to secure the scarf around his wrist without issue. Working methodically, the devious princess secured his other wrist to the opposite bedpost, and then moving down, carefully secured each of his ankles to the lower bed posts.

The monster grumbled as he woke up. Someone was shaking his foot. His eyes flickered open. Was this a dream? Standing near the end of the bed was a vision of beauty in a pink princess dress. It only took a brief moment before he realized the vision of beauty he was gazing at was none other than his beautiful young daughter, smiling slyly, as she stood there in the soft flickering candle light.

He shook his head, before trying to rub his eyes, but he couldn't seem to move his arms.

"The monster is awake I see," she said quietly.

Again, he tried to move his arms before twisting his head around to see both his wrists were bound to the bed posts by a pair of scarves.

"What the hell," he mumbled to himself just as he realized his ankles too were securely bound to the lower bed posts.

Moving around to one side of the bed the princess settled down on its edge. Reaching out she stroked the captive monster's face

whispering, "I have captured the monster and now it shall do the princess' bidding."

"The game again? I thought we were done?"

"No, you must give the princess her fairy tale happy ending."

"And what might that be princess? And, hmm, by the way you look lovely my cute little princess. If I was not so bound I surely would chase and tickle you some more."

"Alas, I am sure of it, but you are bound and you are mine to do as I please. Now be silent as I desire something."

She turned with a mischievous smile and started to pull the sheet slowly down.

"What is it you desire princess?"

"The princess is feeling playful I think and desires something . . . something big and hard to play with." Yanking the sheet down completely off his naked body, save his fresh pair of boxers, she whispered, "Shall you accommodate me?"

"It appears I have no choice your royal highness," he whispered back as he noticed how she was staring directly at his crotch with a twinkle in her eye.

"Well, I truly hope your best is better than this as I am a bit disappointed. I thought the monster's . . . thingy . . . would be bigger."

She poked at the bulge in his boxers with a playful finger, but he was basically still asleep down there. "I thought it would be a bit harder too . . . not soft like it is now."

"May I be so bold to suggest to the princess if you were to play with it with those soft and silky gloves of yours you might find the monster's thingy getting both big and hard for the sweet little princess?"

"Hmm, I shall try, but I hope for your sake you are right. To disappoint me would not bode well for your future Mr. Monster."

Reaching down she carefully began to rub his bulge in soft circles.

"I don't mean to tell you your business my lovely princess, but might it not be better if the monster's under garment was not in the way allowing his thingy to feel your soft touch directly."

"Oh, yes, how silly of me. I do believe you are right, but I fear if I was to undo the restraints around your ankles in order to remove the offending garment you might start thrashing about and try to attack the poor princess even if your wrists are still bound."

"Yes, I do see your point."

"But then again, if you did that I would have no choice but to unleash my secret weapon on you and begin to shower you with kisses in order to subdue you. We both know how the monster has a weakness for the princess' tender kisses."

"Tis true. I do have a weakness for your sweet kisses."

"Well, I guess I will take my chances after all," she said as she twisted around toward the foot of the bed. Giving him a smile, she began to carefully undo the first of the scarves that held his ankles secure.

The monster lay deathly still, biding his time, as the princess undid the second scarf wrapped around his ankle. No sooner was his other ankle free of its restraint, then he did just as she had feared, and hoped, he would do—he attacked.

As she started to rise up, he quickly brought his legs together trapping her around her waist in a scissors lock. She squealed in mock surprise.

"Ha, I have you now princess and shall squeeze the wicked life out of you," he shouted triumphantly.

The monster, true to his work, began to squeeze the trapped princess as she struggled to free herself. Grabbing his legs, she tried to pry them open to free herself, but his grip was too powerful.

"Let go of me you brute," she cried out before throwing herself forward. Her face landed, and then bounced off, his bare chest as she beat her hands against him. "I said release me."

"Never, instead you release me and I may show mercy and not squeeze the life out of you." As if to show her how serious he was he tightened his powerful legs together giving the princess a hearty squeeze and making her gasp.

"OK, OK . . . you win," she cried softly. "Lighten your grip around me and I promise I shall undo the ties that bind your wrists."

"I shall trust you as a royal princess is bound by her word, but if you try and deceive me. I will thrash about so hard and so violently that I will demolish this bed and be free of my own accord and then woe is you my pretty princess."

"I promise, just release me . . . I . . . I cannot breathe . . . your grip is so tight."

Releasing her, he was quite curious to see what she would do next.

"Thank you," she whispered softly.

"Now honor your word princess and release me fully."

"I shall," she said quietly as she moved forward toward the first of the upper bed posts.

Moving slowly, she brought her mouth to his ear as her hands stretched out toward one of the scarfs securing his wrist.

"Just grant me one kiss, before I release the monster," she princess whispered sweetly in his ear.

"No, I--"

The monster tried to twist his face away from hers just as he begin to violently beat his legs against the bed, but the determined princess was not to be denied.

Her lips showered his twisting face all over with delicate kisses as the violent beating of his legs upon the bed increased in fury. But when her lips found his, the beating slowly began to abate.

The princesses' soft kisses were indeed a tonic that made the powerful monster weak. His thrashing ceased to a weak thumping of his legs against the bed as her kisses slipped off his mouth and floated downward.

Flickering her tongue over his nipples, one after the other, the monster sighed in soft resignation. Kissing her way across his tummy made him go utterly limp, allowing her to hook a pair of fingers on the waistband of his boxers.

Raising up she stared at him before beginning to speak. "Be still now, or I will throw myself upon your naked body and shower you with so many kisses you will become so weak as to fall into a deep slumber."

He remained still as she ever so slowly pulled his boxers first down, and then off of his body, before tossing them aside onto the floor. Working quickly, before the effects of her kisses wore off, she secured his ankles once more.

The job of having him secured again completed, the princess sat on the edge of the bed and stared at the monster's cock with a sly expression. "I would have thought with the excitement of attacking me again your thingy would be more excited. Instead . . ." She poked it, just as she did before, "It's still not very big, nor very hard."

"Well, you haven't played with it yet, princess. I think all its needs is your soft loving attention."

"Hmm, maybe. We shall see."

Crawling up on the bed she sat astride him. He watched, holding his breath, as she slowly extended one gloved finger toward his "thingy". Thinking she was going to poke it again he let out a gentle sigh when, instead, she began to delicately stroke the underside with her finger whispering, "Are you going to get nice and hard for the princess . . . hmm are you?"

His cock jerked to attention from the soft stroking of her finger over and over again.

"Please, use your entire hand," he said in a soft whisper.

Moving closer, she took her hand and wrapped it fully around his growing manhood. Moving her hand leisurely up and down caused him to utter a soft moan.

The princess' silk glove felt so good that he was soon squirming against the ties that bound him to the bed. He was fully hard now, and getting harder, especially when she reached under and cupped his balls with her other gloved hand.

"Oh, Jesus that feels so good princess."

She replied, her voice soft and sultry. "Yeah, you like that huh? Feels good I bet."

"It does."

"Now it's the monster's turn to make me feel good."

Turning around on the bed, she positioned herself so her ass was facing him. "I want you to eat the princess' sweet little pussy again."

Pulling her dress up, he seen she was wearing no panties. Slowly lowering her pussy down toward his mouth, the monster greedily licked his lips in expectation of the tasty treat he was about to receive.

He flickered his tongue up and down the entire length of the lips on her tight little pussy making the wicked princess moan with forbidden delight. Her moans grew louder as his tongue dipped into her wet snatch box licking all around before finding her clit and attacking it with a series of gentle licks.

The princess became so lost by what he was doing, she soon slipped out of character. "Oh Daddy, that feels so good. Don't stop, please."

Flickering his tongue faster, he buried his face even deeper into the delicate folds of her cunt. His probing tongue had her squirming on his face in a mere matter of seconds.

He was thinking she just might come again when quite suddenly she rose up and off of him.

"I want you inside of me," she said in a harsh whisper.

Turning around, she positioned himself over him as she sank down softly onto his hard cock. Moving deliberately back and forth, she rubbed her pussy against his hard shaft making him squirm in anticipation.

He looked at his young daughter, in her princess costume she wore so innocently just a few years ago. The tiara sat askew on her head as she gave him a soft smile. His heart was pounding in his chest knowing he was about to deflower his virgin daughter.

Reaching up she carefully begin to yank down on the top part of her strapless dress until she had her young tits fully exposed to him. He sighed-- again totally enamored by the beauty of his daughter's delightfully pert boobs.

His sigh grew deeper as she reached under her dress and found his cock. Raising up slightly, she held his cock aloft, before she ever so slowly descended down onto it.

He gazed up in wonder watching as she closed her eyes and let out a loud hiss as his hardness pierced her innocence.

Now that he was neatly tucked inside of her, she rested for a minute, leaning forward on her arms, maybe getting used to his size, before she gradually began to rock her hips up and down.

He could hear her soft voice murmuring, "Oh God . . . Oh God . . . Oh God . . ." over and over again as she carefully increased her pace.

Not able to help himself, her tight cunt just felt so good, the monster pushed his hips up driving his hardness deeper inside the princess. She let out a loud moan as she threw her head back.

Leaning forward, using her hands on his chest as support, she bounced up and down on his cock as he matched her by carefully thrusting upwards just as she was coming down.

Her moans were increasing in intensity as they fell into a near perfect rhythm. Closing his eyes, he felt the familiar rush of an approaching orgasm just as she seemed to lose control.

Bouncing up and down on his cock with unabashed fury, the princess' tiara fell off her head and hit the bed with a soft plop. Neither noticed as both their eyes were shut while they lost themselves in a virtual storm of forbidden passion.

"Oh Daddy, I . . . think . . . I am coming," she cried as she bounded faster and faster up and down on his cock before slowing down.

Knowing she was near, he allowed his own orgasm to burst forth as he drove his cock upwards one last time as he came deep inside of her.

In an ending that could only be found in the most wicked of fairy tales, the princess' whole body began to shake and shudder as she sank down on her father's cock one last time. Her powerful orgasm swept her away just at the exact same moment his cock erupted inside of her.

Collapsing against him, she rested her head on his chest listening to his still racing heart thundering away inside of him. The princess smiled to herself, knowing his heart now belonged solely to her. The wicked queen, her mother, would longer have any dominion over it and together they would live happily ever after.

THE END