

Lessons
with
Daddy

*a taboo
erotic novella*

B.SOBJAKKEN

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A TABOO EROTIC NOVELLA

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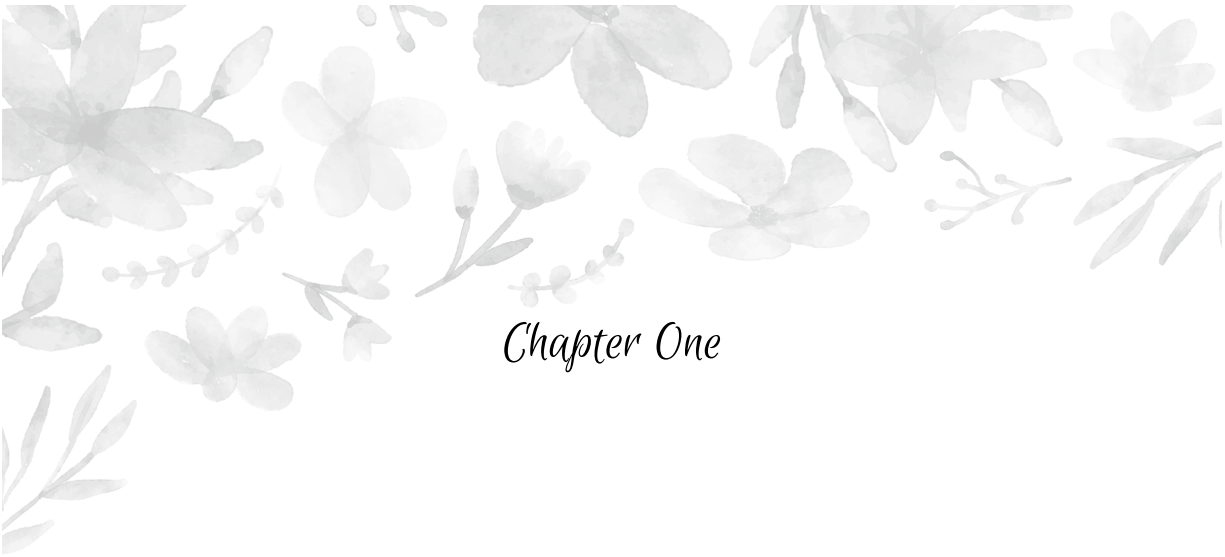
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Chapter One

The small triangles of her red bikini barely concealed the hard nipples on her generously-sized breasts. The material clung to her tanned skin as the mounds bounced with every step. I wanted to pull them to the side, desperate to know what color those pebbled nubs would be, before I suckled them into my mouth.

Adjusting my erection, I turn back toward the grill, kicking myself for having inappropriate thoughts of my daughter *again*. Last month, I had come home early from work and heard the noises of my daughter and her boyfriend fucking. Imagery of what happened behind her closed door has been leaking into my thoughts ever since.

It doesn't help that they're home from college for the summer and spending a lot of time here since we have a pool. Today was one of the rare days I haven't seen him lingering around.

"Should I make extra for Trevor?" I call out over my shoulder.

She doesn't respond, and I turn to look at her. She's frowning, her arms wrapped around her waist. "Kimmy?"

Her bright eyes look up at me, and her lip quivers. “He broke up with me.”

My chest aches at the heartbreak written all over her face, and I open my arms. She flings herself into them, a hiccupped sob coming out as she hugs me. “What happened?”

She shakes her head, hugging me tighter. I pat her back as we stand there. After a few minutes, I maneuver us around so I can reach and check on the burgers I have going. “Let me finish dinner, and we can talk about it, okay?”

Kimmy lets go and steps back, wiping away her tears. “It’s embarrassing.”

I kiss her forehead. “I’m sure it’s not. Go grab me a plate so I can bring the food inside.”

She skips off with a sigh. I watch her ass jiggle for a few steps before tearing my gaze away. It was shameful that one of my first thoughts about my newly single daughter was that I couldn’t listen to them from outside the hallway anymore. I was familiar with the sound of my daughter fucking her boyfriend, even familiar with his moan as he came. My cock was familiar with my hand as I eavesdropped on the pair.

Frowning, I add the cheese onto the patties as I think about why he broke up with my little girl. Kimmy sets a metal tray next to me and moves to lounge on the chair in silence. I watch her for the next few minutes. Her head tilted up as she blinked at the sky, clearly thinking hard about something.

I load up the tray with the finished burgers and nod at her to follow me back into the house. She silently slips onto a stool as I make our plates. I

sneak glances as I make our food, I don't have to ask what she wants since she eats the same thing every time.

"You ready to tell me what happened?"

She groans, sipping on her soda. "I will, but you have to promise not to laugh about it." Her face is flushed, and I can tell she's really embarrassed about whatever she will tell me. Anger surges in me that he's made her feel this way.

"Of course, I won't."

Kimmy swallows another mouthful. "Right. He said I was terrible at giving blowjobs and that he only came fast so he could get it over with." She keeps her head facing the counter, hiding behind a curtain of her dark hair.

"Blowjobs?" I repeat, stunned.

She nods.

Clearing my throat, I try to come up with a response a few times but fail. I just stare at my daughter as she picks at her food. "I-uhm, I'm sorry to hear... about that."

Groaning, she pushes away her plate. "You're trying not to laugh."

"No," I say quickly, "I'm just unsure what to say. I don't see how someone can be terrible at a blowjob."

"He just said I wasn't good, but I asked how to improve. And he said that it's not his job to teach me."

Fuck, this guy was a douchebag. And if I had known, I would have never allowed him in my house. "Kimmy, believe me. You're not the problem. Trevor was. Every guy enjoys a woman's touch."

She blinks up at me, uncertainty swimming in her eyes. "What if he's right, though? What if my next boyfriend leaves me for the same thing?"

I grimace, running a tired hand down my face. It was days like this that I wish her mother was still around. “Baby, all I can say is that if a man doesn’t enjoy a woman’s mouth on his... It’s probably not the woman.”

She considers it before jumping off the stool and rummaging through a freezer. She holds up a long orangish-red popsicle. “I have an idea.”

My eyes go wide as I stare at the dessert in her hands. “An idea?”

She nods. “Maybe, you can watch me while I pretend on this.”

“Pretend?”

“Yeah, pretend to give the popsicle a blowjob.” She says, unwrapping the plastic on the icy treat.

My cock twitches. I wanted to be that popsicle, but I never could be. And I needed to stop this before it went any further. “I don’t think that’s appropriate, sweetheart.”

Kimmy pouts. “But you’re a man. You would know just from watching, right?”

Not really, No. I want to tell her. I would know by shoving my cock so far down her— “If you feel this is necessary.”

She beams and slides back onto the stool across from me. Her eyes don’t leave mine as she sucks the tip of the popsicle into her mouth. I step closer to the counter between us, ramming my hard cock into the cabinet to prevent myself from rubbing it. Her tongue peeps out, swirling around the top before she sucks it in further.

Jesus Christ, I shouldn’t be watching this as my daughter moves the dessert slowly in and out of her pouty red lips. She lets out a little moan as she pulls it out of her mouth with a pop, my hand cups my cock. As discreetly as I can, I rub my hand along my shaft as she swallows it again, working the popsicle across from me.

Kimmy pauses, the tip of it resting on her lip, “Daddy, you’re supposed to be giving me pointers.”

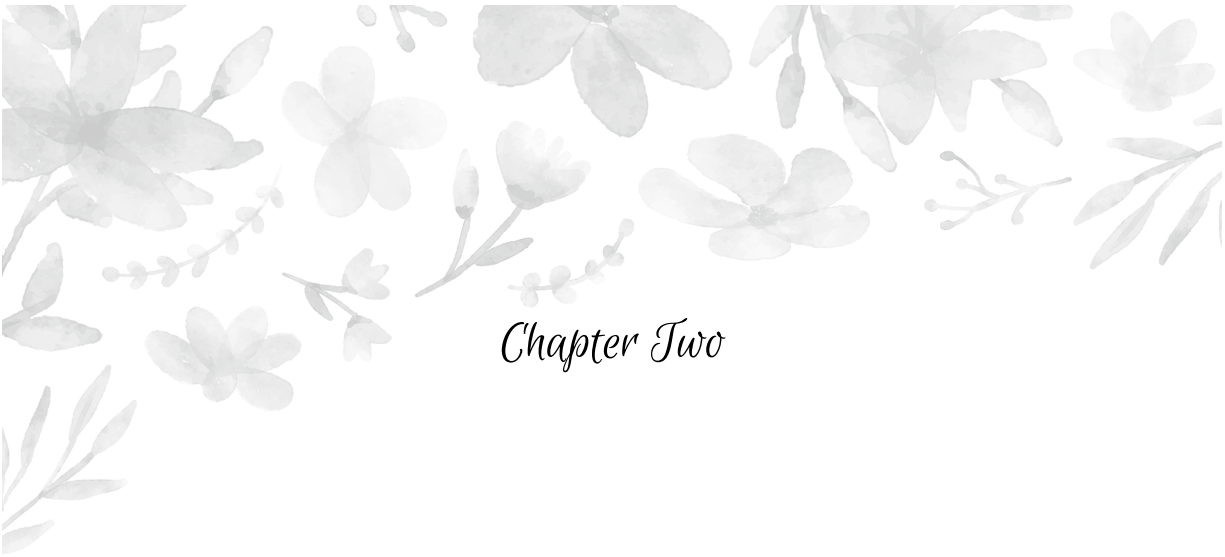
“You look good, baby,” I rasp before clearing my throat, “I mean, it’s hard to tell, but I don’t think there’s anything wrong with what you’re doing.”

She frowns. “Are you sure?”

“Kimmy, like I said, any man would be crazy not to enjoy your mouth on him.”

Sighing, she dumps the popsicle in the trash and gives me a soft smile. “Do you mind if I just go to my room?”

I shake my head. “I’m here if you need anything, baby.”



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“Good morning,” I say, sipping my coffee. Kimmy smiles, skipping to grab a banana from the counter.

“Morning, Daddy. Do you have work today?” She leans next to me. Her breasts were pressed against the tight tank top, and her toned legs were on display with her tiny sleeping shorts.

I shake my head, setting my cup down and resting my hand on her waist. “No, I took the day off. I wanted to check in and ensure you’re okay.”

She holds up the banana. “I was thinking maybe we can try another lesson with something larger than the popsicle.”

I swallow, my mouth watering at watching her again. Glancing at the fruit and back at her, “You don’t think you got it last night?”

“The popsicle was so thin. I don’t think it was realistic enough,” She pouts, pushing out her bottom lip.

I straighten, wetting my lips. “Everyone comes in different sizes, darling.”

She tightens her mouth, stroking her hand down the banana. My cock hardens at the motion, imagining she was doing that to me. Kimmy pauses, looking at me with hooded eyes. “What size are you, Daddy?”

“*What?*” I croak out.

She holds up the banana. “Is this closer to you, or is it closer to the popsicle?”

“Kimmy—” I shake my head, palming my mouth, trying to control my breathing. My cock is throbbing as more blood rushes south. I wanted to show her just how big her Daddy was.

She glances at the freezer in disappointment. “Trevor was thin, and I guess an okay size.”

“I don’t give a fuck what size that bastard was,” I grit out, my fists clenching. I exhale sharply, rubbing a hand down my erection. She watches the movements, her lip twitching in the corner.

“The banana,” I sigh, grimacing as I step away from her and around the counter. “I guess closer to the banana.”

She follows me into the living room, the fruit still clasped firmly in her hand. “Wait, Daddy. Where are you going?”

I stop walking and turn around her, pointing at the bulge in my shorts. “This is inappropriate to have in front of my daughter.”

“Why? I like it,” She smiles, her bright eyes heated.

My chest caves, my heart pounding in my ears. *I like it. I like it. I like it.*

“**Don’t. Say. That.**” I hiss, adjusting my cock again. It was so painfully hard.

She steps closer, and I mirror the step backward, my knees pushing against the couch. Kimmy pauses, her bottom lip quivering as she blinks at

me with wide eyes. “I have an idea, but you have to promise not to freak out.”

I rub my eyes, my stomach filling with excitement or dread. I was fairly certain I knew what she was going to ask. “What’s your idea, baby?” My voice is hoarse, arousal drying my throat.

“You’re the only man who has ever loved me. I trust you. I trust you won’t take advantage and genuinely want what’s best for me, Daddy. You should just let me practice on you.”

“On me?” I rasp, not blinking as I absorb her words.

She nods, “On you. Not on a banana or popsicle.”

“Are you asking to give your father a blowjob?”

Kimmy bites her lip and nods again. “Please, Daddy. Let me suck your cock.”

“Oh *fucking* god damn it,” I groan, grabbing my cock as it leaks with pre-cum. I need relief desperately, but I need to decide if it's by my hand or.... or my daughter’s mouth.

She steps closer, her little hand resting above mine. “Please,” she begs, and I let her remove my hand and stroke me through my pants. My skin heats with overwhelming arousal as I watch her move up and down my shaft, pressing against the material. I pant as my balls draw up, wanting to spill my seed already.

Her other hand comes up to my chest, pushing me to sit on the couch. I fall easily, widening my legs as she sinks to her knees between them. Her one hand still rubbing against me as the other snakes up to my waistband, pulling at my shorts. I lift up, helping her drag them over my ass and pull them past my knees. My hard thick cock flops against my stomach as it escapes its cage.

Kimmy inhales sharply, “Oh my god. You’re...”

I grip myself, stroking slowly and smearing my pre-cum all over my large mushroom tip. “Your daddy’s got a huge cock. You still want to practice on him?”

Her eyes flash with the challenge, and she pushes my hand away. Her little tongue tentatively licks at my tip, and my stomach flexes.

“Swirl it around, baby. Flick it underneath the head, along the vein,” I tell her, drawing in a breath when she does just that.

“Like this, Daddy?” Her hot mouth moves all the way down my shaft to my balls before sucking gently on them. My cock jerks in her small hand.

“Yeah, like that,” I breathe. I wrap my hand over hers and guide her to stroke me. She moves back to my tip, sucking on the mushroom head. I move her hand faster, thrusting gently up into her face.

She pops off with a frown, “You’re so big, Daddy. I don’t think I can fit you in my mouth.”

I groan. “*Jesus*. Do you wanna try too?”

She nods eagerly.

“Stay on your knees,” I say, standing. I cup her face and tilt her head back, moving her hair away. “Open your mouth, keep your tongue curled under. Let’s see how much you can take.”

I push my cock into her waiting mouth. I’m slow at first, her knees shifting as I reach the back of her throat and hold there before thrusting forward. She gags, her hands clawing at my thighs. I pull out, letting my tip rest on her pillowy lips. She takes a panting breath, her eyes glistening with tears. As one slides down her cheek, I wipe at it with my thumb.

“You okay, baby? Want to try again?”

She swallows the saliva that had been gathering in her mouth and nods, licking at my leaking slit. “Yes, Daddy. I want to taste your cum.”

Shoving my dick back into her mouth, I wrap my hand around her hair, keeping her head in place as I thrust. I pump in and out a few times, hitting the back of her throat.

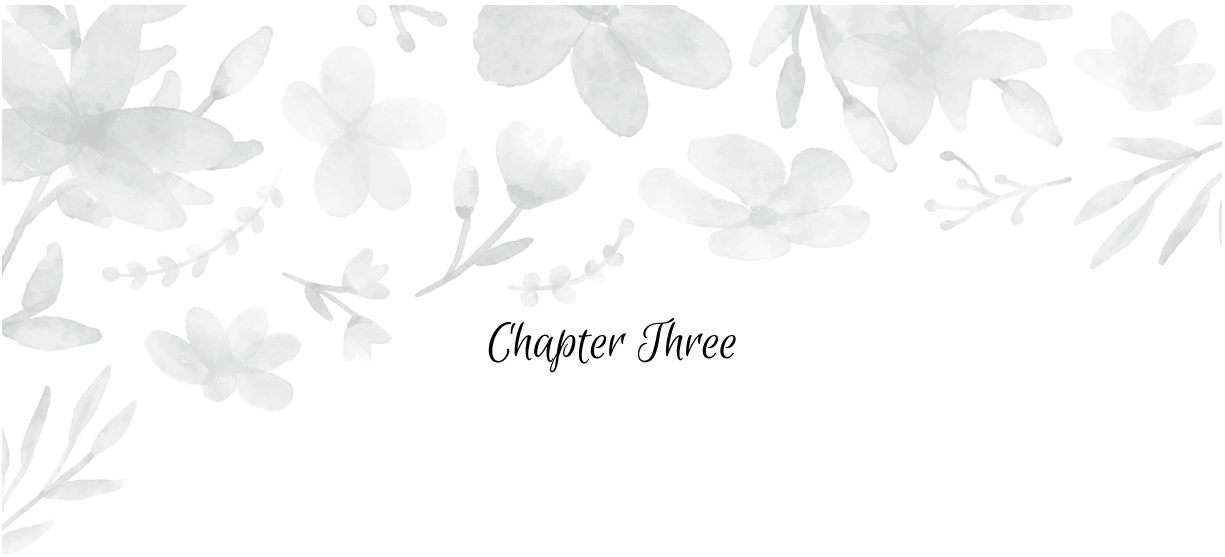
I groan, letting her catch her breath before continuing. Her bright eyes stare up at me, tears streaking her cheeks. Spit leaks out of her mouth as I fuck her face. My balls draw up, and my cock swells. “I’m gonna come, baby. Swallow it, fill your belly with my cum.”

Her hands dig into my ass, pushing me further into her as my release pulses through me. I flood her mouth with my seed, moaning as I feel the convulsion in her throat as she swallows.

“*Fuuuckkk*,” I yell out as she sucks down harder and overwhelms me. I pull out of her mouth, dropping down on the couch.

She climbs onto my lap, resting her head on my shoulder as we both catch our breath. The heat of her pussy through her shorts burn my drained cock. “Was that good, Daddy?”

I let out a laugh. “So good, baby.”



Chapter Three

She had fallen asleep in my lap, so I carried her to my room. Laying us in my bed, I stroked her hair and let her sleep on my chest. That was not how I expected my morning to go, but I surprisingly didn't regret it. Perhaps it was the many times I had gotten off to the sounds of her fucking that made the shame burn away.

We crossed a line today that we wouldn't be able to take back, but I knew I shouldn't be as happy about it as I was. A part of me knew that if we started the lessons we did last night, it would quickly lead us to more.

She wiggles against my chest, her head snuggling closer into my shoulder. I stroke her back, kissing the top of her hair. I could feel her body tensing as she stretched out before blinking up at me with a smile.

"Hi," she whispers.

"Hey," I say, tracing a finger down her nose and pressing the pad of my thumb against her lips, "I've been thinking while you were sleeping."

Her smile falls. "About what?"

"About how this hasn't been entirely fair to you. You did so well for Daddy earlier, I think you should be rewarded."

Her nipples poke out from under her shirt, and her breathing picks up. Her leg is thrown over mine, and she moves it closer. "Rewarded?"

"It's only fair that you come for me, baby. You got me off in your perfect mouth, and I'm going to do the same." I lean down, pressing soft kisses to her lips till her mouth opens. Our kiss turns more passionate, hungry for her taste.

Adjusting our position, I scoot her down and hover over her. I pull her tank off, kissing down to her collarbone. Palming her naked breast, I thumb her hardened nipple. Her skin pebbles with goosebumps, and I suck the pink bud into my mouth.

"Daddy," she gasps, her hand running through my hair.

I hum, squeezing at her other breast. I skim my fingers down her toned stomach, pulling at her shorts. She helps shimmy them off and kicks the pajama bottoms away. Dragging a finger up the inside of her thigh, I switch my mouth to the other nipple. "You wet for me, baby?"

She nods, "So wet, Daddy."

I slide a finger through her folds, pushing inside her hot pussy. It was unreal, feeling the inside of my daughter's cunt. I push a second finger in, and she whimpers, rocking her hips with my hand.

Kissing down to her belly, I push my face into the soft flesh, pressing a kiss to it. A forbidden thought flickers in my mind, and I groan. "Are you on birth control?"

Kimmy stills, and I gaze up at her. Her mouth is hanging up. "Yes, are you going to fuck me?"

I smirk, "Do you want your daddy to fuck you?"

She nods, "Please."

"In a bit. Daddy is going to have a taste of his little girl's perfect pussy."

Opening her legs, I settle my face between them. I pry the lips of her pussy apart, inhaling deeply the scent of her. With a groan, I lap at the wetness dripping from her tiny pink hole. Kimmy jerks in my hold, her hands flinging to the side and fisting at the sheets.

“Oh god, what are you doing?”

I pause. “Baby, have you had your pussy eaten before?”

She blushes. “Trevor said guys don’t do that.”

“Fuck, he didn’t deserve you.” I push her legs further apart, sucking her swollen clit in my mouth for a second. Letting go of it with a strong pop sound, I push a finger inside her. “Any man that doesn’t make you come on his face first isn’t a man worthy of you, understand?”

“Yes, Daddy,” She moans, her hands tangling into my hair as I swirl my tongue around the hard nub and pump out of her. Her cunt clenches as I curl my fingers, looking for that sweet spot. Kimmy lets out a squeal at my first swipe of the bumpy tissue, and I smirk into her pussy. There’s a lesson for you, baby. Find a man who knows his way around a cunt. She squeezes my fingers hard.

“Baby, the next time you feel that. Don’t squeeze. Push against my fingers, okay?”

She pants, nodding, “I’ll try, Daddy.”

Alternating between licking and gently sucking on her clit, I guide my fingers back to her g-spot. The first touch has her squeezing before I watch her stomach flex, and I feel her bearing down on me instead. I want to praise her for following directions so beautifully, but I don’t want to break her concentration. Pulling my fingers away from the spot, I pump them in swallow thrusts and lackluster tongue action to the engorged button. After letting her rest for half a minute, I suck her clit harshly into my mouth and

guide my fingers back to the top of her pussy. She makes a choked noise, her pussy pulsating around me before she remembers to push. It was only a second time trying, and my baby squirts. She splashes all over my face, neck, and chest, and I groan. Her legs shake as she tries closing them and twisting to her side.

I sit up and hold her knees, pushing them to her chest, and display her glistening pink pussy. “Fuck, look at you.”

Her hand drops to run her fingers through her wetness, staring at the dripping mess still on me. She holds her hand up, and I suck her juices off them. She gasps, and I kneel closer, rubbing my tip along her folds. “Think you can handle daddy’s big cock into your tight little cunt? It’s going to tear you apart.”

She nods, twisting her nipples, and I see her pussy clench. “Please, Daddy. I need it. *Fuck me.*”

I line up at her entrance and push in. She’s so fucking tight that there’s immediate resistance. I pull out, making short thrusts as her walls start to relax. Her fingers rub at her clit, gushing more wetness around my cock. I can’t look away from where I am disappearing inside my daughter. I am fucking my flesh and blood, and I have never been hornier. Instead of being ashamed, possessiveness pools in my chest, and surge forward with a harsh thrust. I bury my dick inside her to the hilt. She screams, and her nails dig into my wrists.

I push her knees further apart, draping over her and shoving my tongue into her mouth. Her legs and arms wrapped around me, meeting my kiss with equal ferocity. Gripping her ass, I grind her pelvis against mine as her pussy wall pulsates around my cock, adjusting to my size. I kiss down to her ear, growling, “This is my pussy now.”

“Yours, Daddy,” she moans.

I start pounding into her, determined to leave my imprint inside her. Her heat is unrelenting, gripping my cock without remorse. She grabs onto my back, holding on as she cries out.

“*Ohmygod,*” is being chanted into my ear with a combination of “*holy fuck.*”

Each word is like a tiny zap to my cock, threatening to send me over earlier than I want to. I move my hand over her mouth, biting her earlobe. “Shush, baby. You’re going to make Daddy come.”

Her eyes roll back, and she mumbles something against my palm. It sounds brat-ish, and I growl, pummeling into her harder with a few more thrusts.

Pulling out, I flip her and smack her ass. “On your knees.”

She does, resting on her forearms and wiggling her bottom against my hard cock. I grip her cheeks, digging into the flesh and pulling them apart. Shoving my tongue into her sloppy pussy, I slurp up her juices. Dragging up her slit and swirling around her little asshole in between her cheeks. She gasps, rocking forward to get away.

“You been fucked here, baby?”

Kimmy shakes her head. “No, Daddy.”

I pull her back to me and rub my finger on the virgin hole. “It’s mine to take then.” Gathering my saliva, I spit on it, pushing up till my knuckle into the burning heat.

“Oh my god,” she tightens around me, her cheeks clenching.

“You gotta relax. Daddy is going to take care of you,” I soothe, wiggling my finger around the tight ring of muscle. It’s reluctant to let go of me as I try to pump the finger in and out. I remove my finger and get off the bed,

rummaging through my nightstand till I find the small bottle of lube. Her eyes watch me curiously as I move back behind her.

“I’m gonna take this ass, baby. Your last virgin hole is mine.”

She nods, her fingers clenching into the sheets. I pour some of the lube down the crack of her ass. Smearing it all over her hole and pushing my finger back in, she moans. “That feel better?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good, let’s get you all stretched out,” I add more lube, pushing a second finger into her. Grabbing the bottle, I drop some of the slippery gel onto my hard cock and toss it to the side. Wrapping my hand around my shaft, I spread the lube up and down, getting it ready to slip into my little girl’s ass.

“I’m going to go slow, but you need to push through it, okay? I promise you’re gonna love it,” I tell her, pulling my fingers out and rubbing my tip against her asshole. It slid easily against her soaked skin, with no friction between us. I line up my head, pushing against the tight hole, and she inhales sharply.

“Daddy,” she whines, her body tensing.

“Relax, baby. You can do it,” I whisper, moving to rub at her clit as I continue to thrust forward. My head makes it past the ring of muscle, and we moan as I’m sucked into her ass. “There we go, baby. That was the worst part. Keep touching yourself for me.”

I pull her cheeks apart and slide a few more inches in, astonished that I am fucking my daughter in her pink, puckered hole. It is as heavenly as her pussy, and I know I am going to have a problem deciding where to come inside her daily. She moans, pushing two fingers into her pussy, and I feel the tip of them rub against my cock through the thin skin.

“Fuck, baby,” I grunt, thrusting till her ass is flush against my stomach. Kimmy cries out, and we stay like that for a minute. We stay with her fingers buried in her cunt and her father’s cock buried in her ass. “I’m not going to last long if I can feel you like that.”

“Come in my ass, Daddy,” she begs, rubbing my shaft purposely.

I grip her hips, pulling out halfway before sliding back in. I’m still moving gently to give her time for her newly devirginized hole to be properly stretched out. My fingers squeeze at her flesh as I fuck her, picking up pace. The sound of my balls slapping against her hand has me grunting with each thrust. She whimpers as she speeds up the pumping of her own fingers, the slick sloshy noise of her wetness mirroring mine. I feel the clenching of her pussy as she comes, her hand falling to the bed limply as she leaks all over the sheets.

Pummeling her ass, I push her forward and off her knees as I Hoover over her back. I kiss her shoulder. Kimmy lifts her ass with each thrust. We work in sync with one another, fitting together like perfect puzzle pieces. I’ve never had sex like this.

She was everything, and now she was mine, forever. My cock swells, and she gasps as I thrust one last time, staying buried completely inside. I bite onto her shoulder as I flood her ass with my cum, wave after wave of seed spilling inside her.

As we stay like that, catching our breath, her voice is barely above a whisper, “Was that good, Daddy?”

I lick the marks I left on her skin, my cock jerking its last few drops. “So good, baby.”



Her fingers clutch onto my thighs, her breasts bouncing with each rise and fall of her hips.

I drag the melting popsicle over her nipples, my tongue following to lick up the dripping sweetness. I suck the popsicle into my mouth, biting off the tip and grabbing the back of her head. Smashing our lips together, I push the frozen treat into her mouth. Kimmy's head falls back as I let go, her hair tickling my legs as she groans. I stare down where we're connected, my cock slick with her juices as I slip in and out of her pussy.

I will never get enough of this. This was one of our favorite spots to fuck in the house, the couch it all started on. It's been a year since we started our lessons, and I don't think I can ever let her go. She moved home and transferred to online courses for her school. There's not a day that goes by where I'm not spilling my cum in one of my daughter's holes.

"Daddy, please," She begs, her legs trembling as she comes down from her orgasm. Her pussy was still clenching down on me hard, but I wasn't ready to stop yet.

She pushes up, and my hands slide up her back, helping her lean forward. Her mouth crashes onto mine, her tongue licking my sticky lips. Tossing the half-eaten dessert onto the table before the couch, I grip her ass and thrust hard into her as she continues to fuck me.

“I need your cum,” she whispers, licking my ear. Her hands curl into my hair. “I stopped taking my birth control last week.”

I pause, my cock jerking. “What?”

She rocks, clenching down. “I want your baby, Daddy. Give me your baby.”

My eyes squeeze shut before I shove her face into my neck, holding her to my chest as I thrust as far as I can into her pussy. She cries out, and I don’t care. I must shove my cock into her womb and paint her insides with my seed. “You’re gonna have all my babies. I’m going to keep you fucking full of my children. Your belly is going to be swollen as much as possible.”

“Yes, yes, yes.” She pants, rubbing herself against me. Her nipples drag on my chest as I pound into her. “Breed me, Daddy. Fill me with your cum.”

“Oh god,” I groan, flooding her with my release as I grip her to me. Our chests breathe in sync with one another as my cock continues to drain my balls, splurt after splurt. There was so much of it that it was starting to leak out of her and down my shaft. She whimpers, and I shush her, “If you think we’re done, you’re mistaken. Your pussy is going to be so fucking puffy and red by the end of the day. It’s going to be so swollen with my cum. Every movement you make will leak it all over the house.”

She hums, pressing a kiss to my lips. “I love you, Daddy.”

“I love you, babygirl.”

About Author

STALK ME



*Lover of all things forbidden and taboo. Sprinkle some breeding in it and
you got perfection.*

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