

Headlights

by Pan

"Okay," Trevor said with an exaggerated sigh. "Let's do this."

"Thanks Dad!"

Trevor smiled down at his teenage daughter. He knew he spoiled her, but he just couldn't help it. She was smiling up at him, her green eyes sparkling with gratitude.

When he'd bought her a car, he hadn't expected it to require so much maintenance. Still, he was always happy to help out.

"What's wrong with it today?"

"I think it's the headlights," Sasha said, tilting her head to the side.

"Show me."

Sasha lowered each of her top's pale-blue spaghetti straps, and revealed her headlights to her father. He squinted slightly, and leaned in for a closer look.

"These seem totally fine," he said, a hint of confusion in his voice.

"Are you sure? Maybe you need a closer look."

Trevor felt like he should have objected as his daughter pushed him back onto the couch and straddled him, positioning herself so that her car's headlights were right in his face.

"Nothing wrong with these."

"Hang on," Sasha said, slightly breathily. "Let me turn them on."

Waiting patiently as his daughter fiddled with her car's headlights, Trevor wondered if she wasn't yet ready to be trusted with such an expensive vehicle. She was, after all, only sixteen...

"There we go!"

"Honey, they really seem fine."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure."

Trevor rolled his eyes as Sasha grabbed his hands and moved them to her headlights. He supposed he should be proud that she was so diligent, but really...

To satisfy her worries, he played with them for a few minutes, tweaking and turning the large bulbs. Glancing up at his daughter's face, Trevor wasn't entirely sure if he was alleviating her worries or not - she was biting her lip nervously, and she seemed flushed.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," she gasped. "Just...worried about my car."

"Well," he said, letting go, "I can tell you that everything seems fine."

"Oh!" she said, sounding disappointed. "I suppose I'm just being, uh, paranoid."

"A little, yes."

"Well, what about the tailpipe?"

"The tailpipe?" Trevor said, confused. "What on earth could be wrong with that?"

"I dunno," Sasha said, squirming around on his lap. "What if it's clogged?"

"Tailpipes don't really get clogged..." Trevor said, and his daughter let out a shuddering sigh of frustration.

"Daddy..." she begged. "Can you please just check?"

"Fine."

He sat back as Sasha got up and removed her shorts and panties.

"Use your fingers," she instructed. "But be careful."

"My fingers?"

"Mm-hmm," Sasha said, her green eyes wide with anticipation.

“Honey, they’ll get dirty.”

“It’s okay,” his daughter said, bringing his hand to her mouth. “I’ll clean them off...”

Trevor felt like he should object as Sasha lovingly tongued his fingers – to point out that they weren’t actually dirty yet, if nothing else – but he could just watch as the young woman enthusiastically licked and sucked his fingers until they were dripping with her saliva.

“Okay, Daddy,” she said coquettishly. “Check now. Please.”

Though he’d never before checked a car’s tailpipe, Trevor was determined to do a thorough job. It wasn’t easy, with his daughter writhing around on his lap so enthusiastically that once or twice, her car’s headlights smacked him in the face. Not hard enough to hurt, but enough that he felt distracted.

Finally, he pulled his sticky fingers out, and his daughter let out a long, disappointed sigh.

“No clogs,” he said with confidence, and Sasha pouted.

“Are you sure?” she moaned, and Trevor nodded.

“I’m certain.”

Sasha took a moment to collect herself. Her headlights were glowing, and he found it difficult to look away from them.

“Well, what if it’s just in really deep?” she finally said. “Your fingers are only so long – what if the clog is in really, really deep?”

“I...I guess that’s possible,” Trevor sighed. On one hand, he had to admit that her level of thoroughness bode well for how well she’d take care of her car. He just wished that her concerns were more about keeping to the speed limit, not bizarre car issues he’d never encountered.

“Well then,” Sasha beamed, “we should check really, really deep.”

Ignoring the strange tone that his teenage daughter had used to deliver her last few words, Trevor threw his hands up.

“With what?”

Sasha surprised him by sinking to her knees, and undoing his pants. Without a word, she pulled out his long tool, and her father was forced to nod.

Well, yes. That’d do it.

“I’ll clean this off, too,” she said, her green eyes burning into his. Sasha didn’t break eye-contact as she took his tool into her mouth, giving it the same loving attention as she’d given his fingers when she’d cleaned those.

The teenage girl gagged several times as she tried to take the entirety of her father’s tool down her throat, but after just a few minutes her look of consternation turned to triumph as she managed to wrap her lips around the base without choking.

“Okay, Daddy,” she said, standing up and stripping naked. “Let’s do this.”

A small part of Trevor felt like he should have objected, as his daughter positioned her tailpipe above his long tool, but he couldn’t put his finger on why. Yes, it was wasteful – who’d ever heard of a clogged tailpipe? – but that wasn’t the problem.

So what was?

With a shrug, he dismissed his fears, and focused on the task in front of him.

It wasn’t long before he and his daughter settled into a rhythm. He’d thrust his tool forward, and she’d move the tailpipe firmly against it.

At first, he was worried that there really was a clog. His long tool seemed to meet some mild resistance for the first half-dozen insertions, but it wasn’t long before it must have knocked whatever was causing the problem loose. It almost felt as though the tailpipe was adjusting to his length, though that obviously made no sense.

Sasha's headlights were bouncing around, and – worried they were going to break something – Trevor grabbed them. His daughter cooed in appreciation, so he held onto them, squeezing and tweaking them, using his hips to guide his tool into the car's tailpipe.

"Do it, Daddy," Sasha groaned, so loudly Trevor was worried his wife would hear. "Oh, god, Daddy, yes...do it. Please. Please!"

Trevor wasn't quite sure what his daughter wanted him to do, so he continued plumbing the depths of her tailpipe. That seemed to be exactly what Sasha was after, as she soon began shrieking appreciatively.

"Now!" she gasped, and Trevor finally worked out what she was referring to. He began spraying his tool deep inside his daughter's tailpipe, cleaning it thoroughly, before sitting back, suddenly exhausted.

"Oh, Daddy..." Sasha moaned, peppering his face with kisses. He just smiled; she'd always been affectionate. He didn't even object when she moved her kisses to his mouth, slipping her tongue between his lips.

After several minutes of allowing his daughter to enthusiastically express her appreciation, Trevor pulled away.

"Come on, kiddo," he said, lightly slapping her car's exposed trunk. "Let's go see what your mom has made for dinner."

"Okay, Daddy," Sasha replied, her green eyes shining. "But maybe later tonight we can come back and look at the car again?"

It took all Trevor's willpower not to roll his eyes. "What on earth do you think is wrong with it now?"

"The oil," Sasha purred. "I think it'll take a really long dipstick to check the oil..."