

THE FACE-PAINTER CH. 12

rmddexter

Connor hires Deanna as his pimp. She checks out the goods.

Incest/Taboo

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I pulled Sally into my parking spot, opened the door to my condo and went straight to bed. After the incredible weekend with my gorgeous stacked mother, I slept the sleep of the blissfully fucked. It was late Sunday afternoon when I finally awoke, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes and shaking the cobwebs out of my head.

"Yes, it really did happen," I thought to myself. I, Connor Young, had fucked my own mother. And not just some accidental occurrence when she'd been passed out drunk and I'd taken advantage of her. No—she'd wanted it just as much as I did—maybe more. And the thing that made me love her even more—when she said she knew I wasn't a one-woman man, and that she had no problem if I pursued other women, including her sister, my Aunt Julia. I smiled when I thought about that, how fucking cool it would be to have sex with both of those beautiful older women. And if Aunt Julia was anywhere close to being the sexual dynamo my mother had shown herself to be, there was no way I was going to be disappointed.

This whole weekend had been unbelievable. I thought back to the discussions I'd had with my best friend, Andy Adelson. Friday night we'd had dinner together and he told me some of the things that had happened with his mother. And then, yesterday, he'd come over for lunch and told me all the sordid details—including how he'd fucked his busty mother for the first time that very Friday night. And not just once—they'd fucked all night long. Imagine, both of us secretly lusting after our own mothers all these years, and then both of us having our fantasies come to life on the same weekend. I guess some people would think that was the epitome of friendship. Maybe you could call it 'keeping up with the Joneses' or 'keeping up with the Andys'—whatever it was, it was fucking incredible. I promised Andy we'd touch base and get together soon to fill each other in on the last 24 hours. I grabbed my cell and punched in his number.

"Hello?" A groggy voice came over the phone.

"Que pasa, amigo?"

"Connor? What's going on?"

"I just called to check in and see how things are going since you left here yesterday."

"Oh fuck, you wouldn't believe it. I am so exhausted—but I've never felt better in my life."

From the tone of his voice, I could almost picture him beaming on the other end of the line. "Do tell, you horny little bastard." I heard a distant female voice call out his name.

"No time right now. Mom's just waking up from a little nap, and I think she's hungry for more."

"Hungry for what?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow. How about lunch at Gabriel's at 12:30?"

"I'll be there. I've got some news for you too."

"Good or bad?" Andy asked, and I could hear the intense curiosity in his voice.

"If something is better than good, do you say 'gooder', or 'goodest', or what?"

I heard Andy chuckle on the other end. "I get the picture. See you tomorrow. Can't wait."

"See ya," I replied and ended the call.

Well, well... things seemed to be going just as good for Andy as they were for me. The way I was feeling, I wanted to keep on a roll. On my night table, I found the slip of paper my hairdresser, Deanna, had given me with her phone number on it. I looked at the number and thought back on what had happened yesterday morning while she'd been cutting my hair.

She was leading me from the waiting area of the high-end salon back towards her work station. She'd commented on how she thought some of the attractive female clientele in her shop looked at me. I tried to remember the exact words of that conversation:

"Oh c'mon, are you serious? You've never noticed all those rich bitches here checking you out?"

"Uh...no." I had to admit that I usually went in and out of there without paying much attention to anyone other than her.

"Oh yeah, I've seen them look at you as if you were the main course on the all-you-can-eat buffet. And I've heard them talk about you; and most of them would like to do more than make a meal out of you; although I'm sure you wouldn't object to that. Yeah buddy, you'd be pretty high-grade stud material if this was a horse ranch. If you were mine, I could rent you out and make a fortune off these women."

I remembered being totally intrigued. I had enjoyed my little escapade renting myself out as "The Face-Painter", but Andy had struck the fear of God into me by pointing out the obvious risks of putting myself out there to the public at large. Once he'd laid it all out for me, I knew he was right—there were a hell of a lot of sick fucks out there—both male and female.

Deanna had mentioned that after breaking up with her asshole of a boyfriend, Brad, she might have to take a second job in order not to lose her apartment. The more I thought about the idea of putting forward a little business proposition to her, the more I liked it. Deanna had said how the rich women who came to her salon thought about me, and now, who better to screen those women as potential clients than someone who knew all their intimate secrets. What was that old saying, "Only my hairdresser knows for sure." I had an undeniable love for all women, but busty MILFs had a special place in my heart. If Deanna could help set me up with a few, and there was the chance to make a few extra bucks on the side...well...

"Oh fuck it!" I said to myself as I punched her number into my phone.

"Hello?"

"Deanna," I said, recognizing her voice right away. "It's Connor."

"Connor. What's up? Don't tell me you want your money back on the haircut I gave you yesterday?" she asked good-naturedly.

"No. Actually, my date with my mother went great. And she said I looked very handsome—including my haircut."

"Glad to hear it." She paused and I knew she was waiting to hear why I called.

"Anyways, remember yesterday when I mentioned about a business opportunity I was thinking about?"

"This isn't one of those stupid Ponzi scheme things, is it? Because after dealing with Brad, I've had enough of dealing with get-rich-quick assholes." I remembered her saying how her boyfriend—the so-called professional poker player—had pilfered her bank account to use as his gambling bankroll. Thus the sharp end of her boot up his ass as she shoved him out the door.

"No, it's nothing like that—I promise. Listen, how about I take you out for a bite to eat and run this idea by you? If you're not interested, that's fine. Just let me know. And hey, even if it's not for you, at least we can have a nice meal together."

"So this isn't like a date, right? Because Connor, I know you're a sweet guy and everything, but I'll tell you right now, I could never date someone like you."

"No, it's not a date—just two friends getting together to talk." I was somewhat taken aback by what she'd said, and I wondered exactly what she meant. I figured I'd bring it up when we got together, and I'd be able to see her facial expression when I asked her.

"Okay, that's fine. I'm going over my budget right now and...it's pretty depressing, to be honest. Going out for a few minutes would actually be nice."

"Great. How about BuzzBees at about 6:00PM?"

"Sounds good. I'll meet you there."

I ended the call and languished in bed for a minute, wondering why she'd said she couldn't 'date someone like me'. What the fuck was that all about? I was a nice guy, pretty good-looking, decent job. Well, semi-decent anyways. Had my own place, big cock. Hmmm, and she didn't even know about that. Maybe she thought I had a small cock? No, that couldn't be it. As much as I tried, I couldn't figure it out. Once again, the words "Fuck it," came out of my mouth as I climbed out of bed and hit the showers.

I still had about an hour until I had to meet Deanna, so I took my time in the shower, lathering up my cock and thinking about my mother's hands and mouth on me. Fuck, she had been fantastic—so wantonly desirable, sinfully talented and deliciously insatiable. "Down boy," I said to my good friend, Dick, who started to stand up and salute as I slid my lathered hands back and forth. Rather than turn the shower to cold—which I think nobody really does—I just released the old Oscar Meyer and thought about my taxes. Sure enough, the torpedo lost its will to surface.

I turned on some music as I got ready. It seemed like a good day to listen to some China Crisis. Yeah, that would hit the spot perfectly. As the pulsing strains of 'Working with Fire and Steel' filled the room, I felt rejuvenated by the thumping beat. I swear I was born in the wrong decade. The more I listened to music from the 80's, the more I was convinced of that. Combine the music of that decade with Sally, my old Mustang, and life couldn't get much better. Maybe a nice blonde MILF with a tremendous rack sucking my cock would help, but you can't have everything—or maybe you

could. I hoped that, with Deanna's help, I just might get a few busty middle-aged MILFs to help make life just perfect.

I picked out a pink casual shirt and a pair of jeans to wear. I had no problem wearing a pink shirt, and it was unbelievable how many women complimented me on it, most of them with a mischievous little twinkle in their eye. And this shirt was just a soft pink—almost to the point of being white—it wasn't some ridiculous bubble-gum Fire Island pink. A complimentary brown belt and pair of my favorite desert boots rounded out the look. Perfect for BuzzBees.

I hopped into Sally and headed for the restaurant, loving the feel of the warm Las Vegas air flowing through my damp hair as I took the expressway. I knew the area where Deanna lived and had suggested BuzzBees, knowing it was close to her place. If she felt uncomfortable at all about my business suggestion, I didn't want it to be awkward if we were someplace where I'd have to give her a lift home. Here, if she wanted to tell me to shove it up my ass, she could just do it and walk away—no questions asked.

I figured the place would be perfect for our discussion. BuzzBees was one of those typical roadhouse places. You know the kind, lots of memorabilia shit on the walls, old license plates, original signs for Dr Pepper, giant bottles of Tabasco sauce stacked on shelves, brown paper tablecloths slapped and taped down for each new patron, TVs hung all over the place making the joint seem lively and vibrant. Just like the young service staff, which was usually about two-thirds female with just enough guys thrown in there so the place couldn't be sued for sexist hiring policies. The service staff all wore black t-shirts with various snappy sayings on them, stupid shit like "A Day Without BuzzBees is Like a Day Without Fun". Blow me...please. The one thing about these places is that the female waitresses are generally pretty cute. They usually look like ones you'd love to take home and jerk off on their pretty faces all night long. You get the picture.

I pulled Sally into a parking spot and entered the restaurant. For a Sunday night, the place was pretty busy. Noisy as usual, with most of the seats filled. A sweet young blonde thing with dimples and a sizable set of tits beneath a t-shirt that said, 'Hot Stuff' stepped from behind the hostess' lectern and greeted me.

"A friend will be joining me soon. Do you think we could get a booth?"

"Absolutely," Hot Stuff replied, a big smile spreading over her face as I ogled her jiggy tits. She swayed slightly back and forth, subtly showing off her best attribute—and making sure I got a good look. "What name can I put that under?"

I was sorely tempted to give some smartass answer and say something like Peter North, but I figured it would be lost on someone so young as Hot Stuff here. Besides, I figured little jiggy tits was going to seat me while I waited, and Deanna would ask for me by name. "Connor," I replied, and little cutie-pie wrote it on her list.

"Connor, what a nice name," she replied, giving me flirtatious little smile. "Right this way." She grabbed a couple of menus and led me deeper into the restaurant. As I followed her I got the meaning of her t-shirt. The 'Hot Stuff' on the front tied in with the 'Try BuzzBees Killer Wings' written on the back. Gee, and I thought it had been referring to the temperature inside that steaming little cunt of hers. Silly me.

Some kid had just finished taping down the brown paper table cloth as Hottie ushered me into a booth. She placed the menus down, grabbed a crayon from the plastic cup filled with the waxy little things and scribbled the time on the corner of the table.

"Is your friend that's joining you male or female?"

"Female."

She looked a little disappointed when I said that. "I'll bring her right over when she arrives."

"She's already here," I heard Deanna say as she appeared next to Hottie and casually slipped into the other side of the booth.

"Oh good—that makes things easy," Hottie replied, seeming a little flustered by Deanna's confident entrance, not to mention her attractive appearance. I think Hot Stuff was probably used to getting a lot of attention from male patrons. As usual, Deanna looked fantastic. Something about hairdressers—they sure know how to look good when they go out in public. I don't think the youngster knew what to do next as she looked Deanna up and down enviously. "Uh, Matthew will be your waiter tonight. He'll be here shortly." She turned and looked directly at me as she spoke again. I gave her a typical Connor Young smile and nodded. "If there's anything at all you need, just let me know," she said, the mischievous look in her eye told me that she was offering more than just being able to fill my water glass.

"You made it," I said, turning to Deanna as Hottie trotted off back to her station.

"A free meal with a handsome young man—of course I made it," Deanna replied, a grin on her face.

"You look great." She certainly did. Her curly light brown hair fell in cascading waves about her shoulders. I had noticed when she slid into the booth that she wore a nice pair of slim-fitting jeans, the warm denim deliciously caressing her full thighs and curvy bum. She had on a cherry-red blouse which hugged her generous C-cup tits nicely, a couple of buttons open at the neck providing teasing glimpses of the upper swells of her breasts. I looked at her smiling face. Her makeup was beautifully done, making her look sensually glamorous without looking too over the top. It worked wonderfully with her casual attire which was bang-on appropriate for BuzzBees. Damn, she was cute as a button.

"Thanks," she said, shifting slightly on her seat and putting her elbows on the table. "You don't look too bad yourself. I love that shirt." See, what did I tell you about the pink shirt?

"How are we tonight, folks?" a young kid fresh out of a toothpaste commercial said, reaching across our table and grabbing a crayon out of the plastic cup. I always wondered why they invariably said "How are WE tonight?", as if I was going to invite him to join us. I used to get pissed off about it, but as I got older, I remembered the sage advice of my friend, Andy, "Just let it go, Connor...just let it go."

"My name's Matthew." He started to write his name upside down on the paper tablecloth, finished with a flourish, and then popped the crayon back into the cup. "Can I start you folks off with something to drink tonight?"

"That's pretty impressive," I said, looking at his name scrawled before me.

"What's that?" he asked, his toothpaste smile shining in my eyes.

"The way your can write your name upside down like that." Both he and Deanna looked down at the crayon scribbling. "Of course, with your name, Matthew, it's basically the same upside down as it is right-side up." I guess it was the writer in me coming out, but seeing the combination of letters printed out had caught my eye.

"Hey, I guess you're right," he said, looking back and forth along the line of letters and seeing how you could just write the letters in reverse and it would look basically the same from the other side. "Wow, that's pretty cool."

"I'll have a beer," I said, wanting to get on with things. "What about you, Deanna? What would you like?"

"Two beers," she said, holding up two fingers to the kid.

"Uh, you want two beers yourself?" the kid asked, totally perplexed. I smiled at the confused look on his face.

"No, just two beers total, Sport," Deanna said as young Matthew nodded and stepped away.

"I think you impressed him with that name business," she said, flipping open her menu.

"His name is basically an ambigram that looks the same from either side. I'm surprised he never noticed that before." I opened my menu and quickly scanned the myriad middle-of-the road offerings, typical for a place like this. "What are you gonna have?"

"I feel like a big salad."

"Sounds good. I think that's just what I need too. How about we split an order of wings?"

"If you want to get some, I'll have one or two. I'm trying to watch my figure."

"I'm trying to watch your figure too," I said playfully, an exaggerated lecherous grin on my face.

Deanna laughed and flipped her menu closed. "See, that's exactly why I could never go out with you."

"I'm curious. After you said that on the phone, I was wondering exactly what you meant. I'm not a bad guy, you know." I smiled and held my hands up to show my angelic innocence. "What is it?"

"You're a great guy, and I know there are many women who would fall for you like a ton of bricks. I just don't want to be one of those women."

"I know this isn't a date or anything, don't worry about that. But I still don't really get it."

"That little hostess for example."

"What?"

"Don't tell me you didn't notice how she was flirting with you?"

"Well...uh..."

"That's it exactly. Women like that—and not just young girls like her—are gonna flirt with you all the time, and at the point I'm at in my life, I don't want to be competing with that all the time."

I nodded, finally understanding.

"Don't get me wrong, Connor," she said, holding her hands out apologetically, "I know you love it. You love the flirting, the attention you get from women, and I know you love to give women just as much attention as they give you. Basically, you love all women, don't you?"

"I...I..." I stammered, holding up my hands in resignation, letting her know there was no way I could deny what she was saying.

"And that's fine." Deanna gave me a big beaming smile. Like my mother, she seemed to know me better than I knew myself. "That's just you, Connor, and that's the man who I consider a good friend. But would I like to date you? No fucking way."

We both laughed at her expletive, and it really took the edge off this topic of conversation. I reached forward and offered my hand. "Friends?"

She reached forward and shook. "Friends."

Matthew arrived with a couple of frosty mugs of beer and took our order: a big house salad for Deanna, a Caesar salad for me and a plate of Buffalo wings.

"So what is this big business venture?" Deanna asked after we each took a slug of our beers.

This was it—the moment of truth. I either told her the truth right now, or weaseled out of it with some lame-ass lie and called the whole thing off. I took a deep breath and made my decision. "Well, it's not really a BIG venture. More like a one-man show, actually."

"And does this 'one-man show' involve you?"

"Uh...yeah. I guess you could say that." I pulled out my phone and scrolled through until I found something I'd downloaded. It was the ad I had first put online to advertise myself as "The Face-Painter".

FACE-PAINTER, Well-hung white male willing to provide face-painting services. 6'-3", 215 lbs. Clean and safe. Over 10" of thick cut cock. If you are interested in having 12-20 shots of cum covering your face, respond to the e-mail address below. Serious replies only. Discretion expected and ensured. PRICE: \$200/load.

I handed her the phone. "Here, take a look at that." I watched her eyes grow wide as she read. She stopped for a second and looked at me in surprise, and then I could tell she was re-reading it a second time.

"This," she said, pointing to the phone, "this is you?"

I nodded.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" she asked loudly, and then, thoroughly embarrassed at the volume in which she'd spoken, she looked nervously around before hunkering down and whispering to me across the table, "This is really you?"

Again, I nodded.

"You're an escort?"

"Uh, yes and no."

"What do you mean, yes and no?"

"I put that ad out and met someone who responded, but it only happened one time. I pulled the ad after that one time."

"Did something bad happen?" she asked, and I could see she was genuinely concerned about my welfare.

"No, it was fantastic actually. But, you know my friend Andy, right?" Deanna nodded. "I ended up telling him about it and he thought I was nuts—not for wanting to do it, but because of all the risks I was taking with all the whack-jobs out there. The more I thought about it, the more I thought he was right."

"He is right. This is Las Vegas—is there even one sane person in this whole town?"

We both smiled at that. I saw her look down at my phone and re-read my ad once more. She then looked up at me, a confused look on her face. "And you're showing me this...why?"

"Well, like I said, that one time I met someone, it was great. I loved it...she loved it." I paused for a second. She was listening intently, and I knew I had her full attention. "So this is where you come in. I have to admit, just like you said—I love all women. I'd love to do more of this, but I also think it's best if I heed Andy's advice."

"You can't be serious?" she asked, shaking her head with a sarcastic smile on her face as if I was the stupidest idiot in the world.

"What?" I asked, holding my hands up in confusion.

"Your big business idea is to ask me to pay you \$200 for sex?"

"No...no," I blurted out, waving my hands in exasperation. "I want you to help me find women who are willing to pay \$200. Sane women, women you know I could trust not to go all 'Fatal Attraction' on me."

Deanna looked at me intently, the idea registering. "Let me get this straight—you want me to be your pimp?"

"Uh well...more like my business manager."

She smiled as she sat back. "So basically, your pimp."

"Uh...well...yeah, okay," I admitted, like a teenage boy caught licking his mother's panties.

"And why exactly did you think of me for this illustrious position?" she asked, barely able to keep the sarcasm out of her voice.

"Because of what you said at the shop yesterday. You said that a lot of the women that came in there were eyeing me up, and that if you had a horse farm you'd rent me out for stud service. Were you bullshitting me? It didn't seem that way when you were saying it."

Deanna looked across the table at me, and I could see it finally dawn on her that I wasn't fucking around with her. "No, I wasn't bullshitting you when I said that. I've seen the way all those women look at you."

"And I know the clientele you get in your shop is pretty high-end. Most of those women are pretty well-off, right?"

"That's an understatement," she replied flippantly, looking down at my ad once more. "Most of them love to spend that money their husbands shower them with. So this is how much you charge?"

\$200?"

"Uh, \$200 per load." I felt a little embarrassed talking so frankly, but if Deanna and I were going to work together, I wanted to be totally up front about everything.

"So that's how much you made from that one encounter you had?"

"Uh, no. I made \$400."

"\$400?"

"Yeah. She liked it so much, she offered to pay for additional services right away."

"So you and she...uh...twice?" Deanna asked, holding up two fingers.

"Well, twice that she paid for."

"What do you mean?"

"The second time was so great that I stayed for a while longer, but I didn't charge her after that."

"I see," she said with a smile on her face. "A hooker with a heart of gold, eh?" I simply shrugged, which seemed to just pique her curiosity. "So, besides those two times that she paid for, how many more times did you...uh...?" Deanna seemed to be searching for the appropriate words.

"Paint her face?" I interrupted.

"Uh...yeah."

"Three more times," I replied flatly.

"THREE MORE TIMES!" Deana blurted out, and then looked around again to make sure no one had heard her outburst.

"Yes."

"And how...how long were you there?"

"Altogether, probably about three hours."

"Jesus Christ." Deanna slumped back in her seat and looked at me like I was some kind of alien or something. "You came five times while you were with her?" she asked, an incredulous expression on her face.

"Uh...yes."

She looked down at the wording in my ad once more. She pointed to the cell phone, her voice and finger both quivering now. "And this...this description of your...your..."

"Cock?" I interrupted again.

"Yes. Your cock and...and the number of times you shoot when you climax. That...that's really true too?"

"Yes."

"Oh fuck," she said quietly as she put the cell phone down on the table and slid it across to me. I sat calmly, waiting for her to speak. I could really see the wheels spinning around like crazy in her head now.

"And you charged that woman \$200 a pop?"

"Yeah. I thought that would be about right."

She shook her head in dismay and then grabbed a crayon out of the little plastic cup. "If that description of yourself is accurate—"

"It is," I interrupted again, nodding to make sure she knew once again I wasn't fucking with her.

"Okay. Then this is how much you should be charging." She reached forward with the crayon and quickly scribbled a figure on the paper tablecloth: \$1,000.

"Are you nuts?" I asked, shaking my head in astonishment. "Who would pay that much?"

"The women that come to my salon—that's who," Deanna replied, sitting back and looking proud of herself.

"You're kidding, right?" I asked, pointing to the figure she'd written.

"If you are like you say you are in that ad, those women would gladly pay that much. Trust me—I know what they're like."

Just then Matthew arrived with our food. We both sat back as he placed our salads in front of us and the wings between us. When he asked if we needed anything else, we both shook our heads emphatically, and I could see that Deanna was as interested as I was at getting back to the conversation at hand.

"Really? They'd really pay that much?" I asked once Matthew was safely out of earshot.

"Oh yeah. I know a few who wouldn't hesitate for a second to spend that kind of money. Especially on someone they could trust to be safe and discreet."

"Exactly!" I gushed out, a big smile spreading across my face.

"Okay," Deanna replied. "I'm starting to think you just might have something here."

"So, do you think we could do this?"

"Definitely. With some of the women I have in mind, it would be like taking a candy from a baby—but in this case, the baby would get just what they want too." She was certainly looking pleased with herself now, the disconcerted look she'd had a few minutes ago seeming to just vanish into the ether. I looked again at the astonishing figure she'd written down, finding it unbelievable that I would get paid that much for doing something I would have loved to do for free.

"If those women would pay that much, it's something that we would only need to do every once in a while. Like I said, I kind of started this as a bit of an adventure, and the little bit of extra money was just a bonus. If we did this, it'll help you out financially too. It popped into my head when you mentioned yesterday that you might have to get a second job to keep your apartment."

"What kind of financial arrangement did you have in mind?"

"Uh gee, I don't know. I'm not used to this kind of thing. What do you think?"

"Well, since I'm going to be the one putting this idea out there to these women, and seeing the kind of things they want from you, I don't know...how about \$700 for you and \$300 for me?"

"That sounds great!" \$700 bucks sound absolutely perfect to me. I thrust out my hand, "Deal?"

"Deal," she said, reaching across and shaking firmly.

With that out of the way, we both dug into our salads. We were both higher than a kite, and the conversation flowed freely. I quizzed Deanna about some of the women she had in mind, and the more she told me about the wealthy attractive MILFs, the more excited I got thinking about all the possibilities. The idea must have sat well with her, because she polished off a few more wings than the 'couple' she had originally anticipated. I felt fantastic and it was nice to look across and see the happiness on Deanna's face. For her sake almost as much as mine, I hoped our idea worked out and the extra money would help her get everything she wanted. Well, hopefully it would at least let her keep her apartment.

We finished up and I had just paid young Matthew for our meal when Deanna said something that kind of surprised me. "Connor, look—I know this has just been a business dinner..." We both had a little chuckle at that "...but I think there's one more thing we need to do in order to move forward."

"What's that?"

"Well, I'm not really sure how to say this, so I'll just come right out with it—for me to recommend you to these women, I think I'm going to have to, shall we say, 'sample the merchandise' first hand?"

A sly grin spread over my face. "Okay, I get it. I can understand that. It would be like a car salesman recommending a car when he's never driven it himself?"

"Exactly," she replied, nodding her head up and down eagerly. "But remember, it would just be for business purposes, okay?"

"Of course...of course, nothing more than that. I understand. When did you have in mind?"

She looked pensive for a few seconds, but I knew exactly what she was going to say. "Well, uh...how about right now? My place isn't far from here."

"Sure," I replied. "I've got nothing else planned tonight."

"Was everything alright, sir?" Hot Stuff asked as we passed the hostess' station on our way out.

"It couldn't have been better," I replied, giving her a saucy little wink.

"Feel free to come back any time." She gave me a beaming smile and subtly turned her upper body, making sure I saw the way those big soft breasts of hers shifted beneath her t-shirt. In my semi-aroused state, there was no way I was going to miss something like that. When I looked back up, I gave her another wink, letting her know I knew exactly what she meant.

"I saw that," Deanna said, playfully elbowing me in the ribs once we got outside.

"What?"

"Connor, you are such a slut."

"But I might be a well-paid slut, right?"

"Well, we'll have to see about that. I need to check out what I'm selling first." She gave me a mischievous smile as we approached the car. I held the door open as Deanna slid into Sally, drawing her nice jean-clad legs in one after the other. The sexy high-heeled sandals she wore looked deliciously saucy with her jeans, and as I looked down at her from the side of the car, I caught a glimpse of her inviting cleavage and a lacy red bra, almost the same color as her blouse. Jesus, she looked good.

We made idle chit-chat as we drove the short distance to her house. My mind was elsewhere, wondering if she was just going to inspect my dick like an army doctor—"Bend over and cough, Private"—or whether this was going to be a hell of a lot more fun than that. As I looked over at her cute figure and sexy curly hair, I hoped for the latter.

"This is the place," Deanna said, ushering me into her apartment. It was a nice building and she was on the 8th floor with a pretty decent view of the city. She gave me a quick tour of the two-bedroom flat, and I could tell by the finishes and the location that this was something that wasn't usually affordable to the average hairdresser. 'Maybe to a hairdresser who was also a pimp', I thought to myself as a smile crossed my face.

"Nice place. I can see why you don't want to leave here," I said as we returned to the living room.

"Yeah, I like it," she replied, settling herself into an easy chair and tossing her curly hair from one side of her head to the other. It definitely caught my attention. "If this idea of yours works out, I can probably keep this place. I'd love that."

"I hope so too." I sat on the couch opposite her. "So, uh...how do you want to do this?"

"Well, I've been thinking—some of these women are going to want you to come to their homes, and then they'll probably tell you specifically what they want you to do. Remember, a lot of these women are used to getting what they want, especially when they're paying for it."

"That's fine with me."

"So, I think it might be best if I was just to pretend I was one of them. Of course, like I said, this would just be almost in the clinical sense, to check out the product I'm promoting."

"Sort of like product testing?" I asked teasingly, getting the idea this was going exactly where I hoped.

"Exactly—product testing." Deanna eagerly nodded, agreeing with the term I'd thrown out there to see how she'd respond. I could already feel my prick swelling in my shorts.

"Okay, how do you want to start testing the product?"

"Uh well, okay. If I was one of those women, I'd probably ask you to get undressed."

Without saying another word, I pulled off my desert boots and socks, and then stood up to take off my shirt. I kept my eyes locked on Deanna as I slowly undid the buttons and peeled off my shirt, watching her gaze shift to my defined pecs and tight stomach. I could see her looking at my muscular torso longingly as I tossed the shirt aside. I purposely spread my feet slightly apart, giving

myself a more imposing stance as I stepped right in front of her. I brought both hands to the waistband of my jeans. I seductively undid my belt, popped open the button and held the open flap with one hand while I reached for the zipper with the other.

ZZZZZZZIPPPPPPP...

I slowly, teasingly, drew the zipper downwards, exposing my toned abs and white fitted boxers. Her eyes were locked on my midsection as I pulled the flaps of my jeans open and deftly pushed them down, stepping out of them and tossing them aside next to my shirt. I could feel my heavy dick stiffening beneath the soft white fabric of my underwear, the bulbous head starting to lift and strain against the confining material.

"You...you should probably rub yourself through your underwear," Deanna said, her hungry eyes never leaving my growing package. I could tell that, at this point, she was asking me to do what she wanted me to do, the ruse of pretending she was a potential client tossed aside like a losing lottery ticket.

With my feet spread about shoulder-width apart, I reached down and circled my fingers around the stiffening slab of flesh. I gave it a gentle squeeze as my fingers wrapped around it through the white fabric, and then provocatively slid my gripping hand back and forth. I could feel my prick respond instantly, blood pulsing into my midsection and up the veiny shaft. I flicked my eyes from looking at her captivated face down to my crotch, my lengthening shaft expanding beneath my cotton shorts. The brilliant white of the fabric gave off teasing shadows as the knob became engorged and headed towards the waistband, aching for freedom.

"I...uh...I...I think you should take your underwear off now," Deanna gasped out breathlessly, her shaking hand gesturing towards my stiffening loins. I hooked my fingers in the top of my underwear and slowly pushed down. The taut waistband caught for a second or two on the massive head, and then I pushed harder, allowing the enflamed crown to pop into view.

"Aahhh!" I heard Deanna give off a sharp intake of breath as the engorged knob popped forth, the scarlet head hotly enflamed, the deep purple ridge of the corona looking like a beautiful speed-bump for a pair of needy lips or hungry cunt. I shimmied my hips as I pushed downward, letting my underwear drop to the floor and kicking them aside.

"Oh fuck," she muttered under her breath as my stiffening cock arced up, lancing into the air before it came to rest, pointing upwards at about a 45-degree angle to my body. As I straightened up, my dick bobbed menacingly, a glistening drop of pre-cum pulsing to the surface. Freed from the restrained confines of my underwear, my cock quickly thickened and extended. Deanna watched, her face flushing with arousal as my prick grew right before her eyes, the pulsing blood coursing through me resulting in a full throbbing erection within just a few moments.

"Oh my God, it's huge," Deanna said, her eyes feasting on the site of my rock-hard cock. "Just hang on a second." She quickly got up and hurried into her bedroom. She was back within seconds, something white and ribbon-like clutched in her hand. She slid back into her chair and sat forward, opening her hand. She was holding a flexible tape measure, like women use for sewing.

"Part of product testing is to ensure you know the specifications of your product." She unfurled the tape measure and laid it along the top of my thrusting erection, the cold metal tab at the end pressed against the joint with my midsection. She drew the tape out and dropped it over the engorged tip, the flexible measuring device hanging downwards. She closely inspected the reading. "Just under 10 1/2. Now, let's see how big it is around." Deanna quickly circled my rigid stick with the

pliable tape before taking the reading of the circumference. "7 ¼...oh fuck!" She sat back and stared wide-eyed at my throbbing fuck-stick, mesmerized by the rhythmic bobbing as it pulsed with each beat of my heart, blood flowing powerfully up the veiny shaft.

"Maybe you should...uh...," she stammered, gesturing towards me, unsure of what she was trying to say. I could see she was flummoxed by the unexpected size of my cock.

"Jerk off for you?" I interrupted her again, knowing she needed my help with this bizarre situation. She quickly nodded, and I slowly brought my hand up to my stiff member. I circled my hand around it in a warm loving corridor and then started to stoke it. I did it provocatively, slowly moving my hand back and forth, sliding the velvety outer sheath teasingly back and forth over the iron-hard core. With Deanna watching, totally entranced, I stepped closer, the head of my cock now less than two feet away from her pretty face.

The strange situation was unlike anything I'd been part of before, and for some reason, I found it to be a tremendous turn-on. Here she was, sitting fully clothed and watching, as I stood before her, totally naked and jerking off for her amusement. I loved it. If this was what some of those rich women would want me to do—fucking sign me up!

Deanna's face was flushed, and I could see a fine sheen of perspiration on her forehead, her eyes never leaving my stroking hand. Pre-cum was oozing from the tip as I continued to jack-off, the slimy liquid glistening lewdly as a shimmering strand hung from the tip of my cock. "Do you think those rich women would like this?" I asked in a low lulling tone.

She simply nodded as she continued to stare hypnotically. I smiled as I saw her tongue run out instinctively and circle around her soft lips, making them glisten wetly. Seeing her do that had me right on the edge, and I decided not to hold off any longer.

"Do you think they'd want to see what this feels like on their faces?" I asked in that same lulling tone. Once again, her head slowly nodded up and down, her eyes locked on my stroking hand.

"Then just sit a little closer," I said, reaching around from the side with my other hand and sliding my fingers smoothly into her curls, and then gently pulling her head forward. She eagerly allowed me to move her, her upper body leaning forward as the enflamed head of my prick got closer and closer to her face.

"That's a good girl." I continued in that same hypnotic tone, slowly bringing her head towards my surging prick. I stopped my stroking, and just wrapped my hand around the base of the shaft. Her eyes were locked on the enflamed knob, a shiny drop of pre-cum starting to drizzle from the tip. I shifted my hips slightly forward, pressing the tip of my cock against the soft skin of her cheek.

"Ohhnn," Deanna groaned deep in her throat as I drew the glistening drop of pre-cum all around her cheek. I could see her breathing raggedly as I got a little bolder and started to rub the florid knob all around her face. She instinctively closed her eyes as I fed the mushroom-shaped head into the ultra-soft skin of her eye sockets, first one, and then the other. I moved closer and let the long barrel of my dick slide up her face, the velvety soft skin of the outer sheath sliding luxuriously all over her face, the oozing tip burrowing itself into her curly hair as I rolled my hips upwards. I pulled back slightly and moved it all around her forehead, a shimmering snail-trail of silky fluid shining on her skin.

"Do you like the feel of that cock on your face?" I asked softly, drawing the incendiary cap all over her cheeks and jawline.

"Yessss," she hissed, her hungry eyes following the teasing movements of my rigid cock.

"Do you like the way that pre-cum feels as I rub it all over your skin?" I emphasized my question by giving my prick another smooth stroke, causing more of the shimmering discharge to pulse to the surface.

"Yes," she eagerly replied, her soft lips parted as she breathed raggedly.

"But you want the real thing, don't you? You want me to paint that pretty face of yours with a nice big load of milky cum?" This time I teasingly drew the dripping head right across her parted lips, letting her feel the intense heat of it, letting the provocative flavor of my manly nectar flow onto her lips.

"Oh God, yes," Deanna answered emphatically, her tongue instinctively slipping out to run over her glistening lips, pulling the tantalizing traces of fluid into her welcoming mouth. I couldn't believe how incredibly turned on this whole thing was making me.

"Well, since you've been such a good girl, I think you deserve a reward." I started stroking more vigorously, knowing I was close. With the surging end of my pecker rubbing against the soft warm skin of her face, I jerked off. My balls quickly drew up close to my body as the telltale contractions started in my midsection. I felt the boiling semen speeding up the shaft of my cock and pulled back about six inches, the engorged knob pointing right at her face. The first thick rope jettisoned forth, hitting her just beside her mouth and running upwards right into her hair.

"Aaaahh," she gasped as I really started to unload. A second massive rope spewed forth, pasting itself across her nose and onto her forehead. I kept pumping, my hand moving rapidly back and forth as I flooded her face with a fountain of cum. Shot after shot of thick white semen rained down upon her skin. The stuff was everywhere. Wads were running down her forehead and dangling from her eyebrows while silvery ribbons crisscrossed her face, the pearly fluid looking decadently luxurious on her smooth skin.

"Oh fuck, yeah," I groaned as I continued to shoot. My hand jacked vigorously back and forth, pumping out rope upon milky rope of viscous seed. I watched as the gathering gobs clung lewdly to her skin, some of the bigger ones sliding off her chin, the shimmering strands dropping onto her blouse and the upper swells of her breasts where her shirt gaped open. Seeing one slithering wad drop right into her inviting cleavage caused another surging pulse to go through me, even more potent semen spewing forth. I pumped away, white gobs of spunk spraying everywhere. Finally, as a blissful orgasmic shudder tripped down my spine, the last drops spit forth, landing right on her already gooey cheeks.

"I think you got it all," I said, letting go of her head and stepping back. Holy fuck! Her face was a mess! The strangeness of the situation must have really gotten to me, because this load was huge—even for me. Her face was almost totally covered with milky goo, and there were also sizable wads pooling in her lustrous hair, with glistening strands dangling from a few of the curls. A lot had dripped off her pretty face already, the warm pearly cum clinging to her blouse and exposed chest. My white jizz looked luridly obscene the way it stood out brilliantly against her red blouse, the shiny gobs already soaking in to wickedly stain the alluring red fabric. Man, did it ever look hot!

"Oh my God, I can't believe how much cum there is," Deanna said, bringing her hands up to her face and gently rubbing her fingers through the clumps of creamy seed, smoothing it sensually into her soft skin. I watched as she cupped her fingers and snowplowed a sizable wad right into her

mouth, her tongue slithering forward to catch the milky treat. Her lips closed and I watched the muscles in her neck contract as she swallowed.

"Mmmmmmm..." She purred like a kitten with a bowl of warm cream as my cum slid down her throat. "It's so thick. This stuff must be just loaded with sperm." The idea seemed to appeal to her, because she used her slender fingers to push more of the fresh spunk right into her welcoming mouth. I smiled, knowing I'd found another happy customer—even if this was a non-paying one. Her hands moved quickly all over her face, gathering in the deluge I'd covered her with. Her fingers flicked along the line of her chin as she swept up the dangling strands, licking her fingers clean before searching for more. Within a minute or two, she had most of it warming her belly, her tongue slithering around her spattered lips to draw in the last succulent morsels.

"So tell me, Connor, is that the way you shoot every time?" she asked, pulling her blouse up and licking a glistening strand off the stained fabric.

"Pretty much."

"Even when you've cum more than once? I know most guys lose a lot of volume after their first load."

"I come like that basically every time. I guess I'm not like most guys."

"You're fucking right about that," Deanna said, a big smile on her shiny face. "I'll tell you right now, with the size of your cock and the way you cum like that, I can definitely sell this product. Those rich bitches will just eat you up—literally."

"That's good." I had the feeling she wasn't done, but I wanted to see her reaction to something. I reached over and grabbed my clothes. "So, I guess that does it. It's been—"

"Wait!" she interrupted, holding her hand out with the palm facing me in the classic 'STOP' position. "Uh, I uh...I think we should do a little more product testing. You know, so I can kind of judge your staying power. I think that might be important to a lot of women who are willing to pay for more than one load."

Just what I was hoping to hear. "Well, for the sake of quality control, I guess I can go along with more testing. What did you have in mind?"

"I'm sure some of these women will get into a little role playing. Do you think you can handle that?"

"Sure. I'll try anything."

"Okay. Uh...grab your jeans and come with me." Deanna got up from her chair and headed towards her bedroom. I picked up my jeans and followed her, curious to see what she had in mind. When I got to her bedroom, I saw her rummaging around in her closet. She came out with a gym bag and turned to me as she headed towards the bathroom. "I'll be back in a couple of minutes. Just put your jeans on and wait here."

She paused for a second with her hand on the door. "Uh, when I come back, I want you to call me DeeDee."

"DeeDee?" I asked, a wry smile on my face.

"Yeah, DeeDee. I think you'll understand soon enough." She gave me a playful wink as she disappeared into the bathroom.

Standing there totally naked, I slipped on my jeans and did them up, wondering what the fuck this 'DeeDee' business was all about. Oh well, she said I'd find out soon enough. I looked around her room. It was tastefully decorated, and definitely a woman's room. Her bed was a queen-size four-poster with the comforter and pillows being of rich jewel tones, warm burgundies and golds. I was surprised at her choice of bed—you don't see many four-posters nowadays. Who knows, maybe it had been her parent's bed at one time. In the corner of the room opposite the bed, she had a big easy chair with a small table and lamp on it, obviously a spot where she could relax and read. I spotted a best-seller on the table next to the chair, one of those trendy books that women read. I stepped over and picked it up. I was reading the back of the jacket when I heard her open the door. I instinctively turned to look.

"Holy fuck!" I thought to myself as I looked at her. Deanna stood in the doorway, leaning against the frame. My eyes were immediately drawn to her chest, due the shirt she was wearing. It was a standard white shirt, but what made it so special was that it was easily one or two sizes too small for her. It was open at the throat and all the way down to a spot right between her two nice tits, where it was enticingly fastened by the first button. The buttons below that were done up, but the shirt was so tight that there were noticeable gaps between each button, revealing the smooth skin of her midriff beneath. The shirt hugged her tits wonderfully, all but mashing them together, the smooth white cotton of the shirt stretching deliciously as they encompassed her impressive mounds. She had left on the red bra she'd been wearing earlier, and it looked sexy as hell to clearly see the outline of it through the white fabric, not to mention the lacy edges that were clearly on display where the top of the shirt gaped open. Her scrunched-up breasts caused a deep dark line of cleavage to form between the two fleshy orbs, making them look bigger than the C-cups they actually were.

My eyes travelled down, where the tails of the shirt flowed out over her wide hips, giving way to a tiny plaid schoolgirl kilt beneath. The kilt was incredibly short, especially on a grown woman like Deanna. It ended mere inches below her pussy, showing nearly all of her lush thighs. I found myself licking my lips as my eyes feasted on the soft smooth skin, realizing once again that the insides of a woman's thighs were one of my favorite body parts. My eyes drifted down those smooth alabaster columns and I smiled to myself at her choice of stockings—they were brilliant white, and those stretchy ones that schoolgirls wear that end just slightly above the knee. Fuck, did they ever look sexy.

Following the line of the seductive stockings lower over her dimpled knees and full calves, the stockings disappeared into a pair of patent leather black Mary Janes, but these ones had a nice 4" high heel. The simple strap across the top of her foot made these shoes a perfect complement to the whole 'nasty schoolgirl' outfit she had on. I loved it.

Reluctantly dragging my eyes up, I saw Deanna watching me, her eyes open wide in doe-like innocence, the tip of one fingernail tracing slowly across her lip. Her lustrous curls were tied up in two pigtails with red bows, making her look even more girlish. She'd touched up her eye makeup and applied some blush to her cheeks, giving her a glow of youthful innocence. What made it even more wickedly exciting was that, along with the girlish makeup job, she'd given her lips a fresh coating of brilliant red lipstick, making them look like they were just aching for cock.

"Daddy, I've been bad," she said, nervously chewing on her fingernail.

"Oh, so this is what this is all about," I thought to myself. It looked like Andy and I weren't the only ones who had Mommy issues—or, in Deanna's case, Daddy issues. I could see her looking at me, a lurid wantonness lurking in her eyes, hoping I'd play the role she wanted me to. Just looking at her in that schoolgirl outfit had me turned on. Now, I was anxious to see how this whole scenario was going to play out.

"So Dea...uh...so DeeDee, how have you been bad?" I said firmly, putting a stern expression on my face.

"I...I let a boy kiss me."

"Hmmm, you know you're too young to be kissing boys." I looked at the easy chair beside me and then put on a bit of a gruff voice. "Come over here and sit on Daddy's lap so we can talk about this. I don't want any girl of mine doing something she shouldn't."

I plumped myself down in the chair and held my arms out for 'my little girl'. DeeDee slowly came over, looking nervous as hell that she might have upset her father. I felt a surge in my dick as my eyes roamed over her sexy outfit. I spread my legs and she perched on one thigh, her stockinged legs between mine, her little kilt riding high up on her thighs. A floral aroma filled the air, and I realized she had even put on a cheap flowery perfume, typical of young girls. I found it sexy as hell.

"So who was this boy you kissed? Was it Tommy from next door?" I asked, really getting into it now.

"Yes, Daddy," she replied with downcast eyes, still nibbling nervously on her fingernail.

"I knew that kid was no good. He's always been a brat." I decided to give her some leading questions, since this was her fantasy, letting her set the tone for what she wanted to happen. "Did you do more than just kiss him? Be honest with me, Baby. This is your Daddy you're talking to now."

"No, Daddy. I just kissed him. I knew that even doing that, you'd be upset with me" Deanna offered eagerly.

"You're right about that. You're Daddy's girl."

"But he did say there were some other things he wanted to do, and it kind of made me scared. I knew if I did any of those things, you'd be so angry with me. I only want to make you proud of me, Daddy."

"You were right not to let Tommy do anything more to you, DeeDee," I said, remembering the name she wanted me to call her. "And I am proud of you for making the correct decision. You need to tell me about those things he wanted to do to you. But first, I want you to show me how you kissed him."

"You mean by kissing you, Daddy?"

"Yes, I want you to kiss me just like you kissed Tommy."

"Okay." Deanna slipped her arms around my neck and brought her lips down to mine. Her fragrant girly perfume settled teasingly on my senses, arousing me even more. I looked at her mouth as she brought her face to mine. It looked so wickedly erotic to see her dressed like a little girl, but with her lips painted an enticing cherry red. Her lips were deliciously soft as she kissed me tenderly, letting her tongue slide provocatively into my mouth. I kissed her back, my tongue pressing against

hers. She moaned softly, letting me know she was enjoying it as much as I was. She slowly drew her tongue back, and I followed with mine, exploring the hot wet depths of her welcoming mouth.

"It was like that," she said, sitting back slightly, her lips glistening wetly from our passionate kiss.

"That's good that's all you did." Even though I was getting incredibly turned on, I purposely put a stern look on my face. "So what else did that punk Tommy want you to do?"

"He...he told me he wanted me to touch his...his thing."

"You mean, his cock? It's okay to say it. C'mon Baby, say it for Daddy."

"His...his cock. He wanted me to touch his cock."

"That's my girl. Now, I'm glad you didn't. That Tommy's a good-for-nothing little shit. But tell me, Baby, did you think about doing it?" She put her hands in her lap as she dropped her eyes and nodded in shame.

I found it ironic that here was Deanna, in her early 30's, pretending to be a teenager, while me, younger than her by about five years, was playing her father! I loved what was happening though, and found it an incredible turn-on. I decided to just go with what my gut was telling me to do.

"That's okay, Baby, that's okay. At your age, I know you're going to be curious about these things. Would you like Daddy to teach you? To show you how to take care of a man?"

"I...I'd like that, Daddy," she replied excitedly, eagerly nodding her head up and down. "Do you think if I do a good job, you'll let me do it again sometime?"

"If you promise to do just as I say, you can do it every day if you want—as many times as you want."

"Thanks, Daddy. I'll do whatever you want me to do to make you happy."

"That's my little DeeDee. Now, since you seemed interested in seeing what a cock feels like, maybe we should do that first. You can start by putting your hand on it and feeling it through my jeans. While you're doing that, I'm going to get a handful of these beautiful tits of yours. I never noticed how big they were before. It's kind of like you just grew up overnight on me." I reached my hand up and cupped one of her sizable tits, loving the feel of it straining against the confining material of the overly-tight shirt.

"I know, Daddy. It was almost like one day I was flat as a board, and then the next day I'm wearing a 36C bra." 'DeeDee' reached down and slipped her fingers around my semi-hard dick, tracing her fingertips teasingly along the length of it. "I think with my boobs getting bigger, I'm outgrowing my shirts too. Do you think it looks bad that my shirt's so tight like this?"

"I don't think it looks bad at all." It looked fucking great, actually. "I love the way it looks on you." I ran my hand beneath her other breast, cupping it and hefting it. Man, they were nice.

"Oh dear, it's growing," she said, looking down at the swelling bulge beneath my jeans. "Is that because of me, Daddy?"

"It sure is, Baby. Why don't you take it out and see how much Daddy loves his little girl?"

Deanna pulled open my belt, undid the button of my jeans, and then slowly slid down the zipper. "Oh my gosh!" she squealed as my surging prick found the opening like a heat-seeking missile and

sprung forth. She pushed the flaps of my jeans wide open, letting my swelling pecker rise into the air. Her hand instinctively settled around it, her fingers circling it in a warm loving grip.

"It's so big...and so hard." Her hand started to pump up and down as it stiffened in her skillful grasp. As I continued to feel up those luscious tits of hers, within just a few loving strokes, I was at full erection.

"Oh fuck," she gasped under her breath as she looked at my cock standing at attention, her small hand barely able to circle it. I could tell this subtle expletive had come from Deanna—not little DeeDee.

"Why don't you kneel down there between Daddy's legs, Baby? You can take my pants off, and then I'll show you something else I want you to do for me."

"Okay, Daddy," she said, slipping onto the floor and kneeling between my spread legs. She reached up for the waistband of my jeans, and I lifted my hips, allowing her to draw them down my legs and off. My boner snapped up, throbbing with need.

"That's a good girl. Now get up on your knees and move in closer. I think you'd better get used to being between Daddy's legs like that, Sweetheart. I think you're going to be spending a lot of time there from now on."

Deanna raised herself up on her knees and moved closer. As she reached for my cock, I could feel the soft sides of her breasts pushing against my inner thighs. The fingers of one hand slipped around my pecker, while she reached forward and cradled my swollen nuts with the other. "Oh Daddy, it's so big. You don't want me to take it in my mouth, do you? I don't think it'll fit," she said, looking up at me with angelic eyes.

That intoxicating allure of innocence shining in her eyes had me hard as a rock, with pre-cum pulsing to the surface of my dick and sliding sluggishly down the inverted V on the underside of the shaft. "Of course I want you to take it in your mouth, Sweetheart. And if it doesn't fit, we'll make it." I could tell from the way she was acting exactly how she wanted this to play out. I reached forward and slipped my hands into her soft curls, pulling her head towards me. "Now, put your lips on the end and give it a nice soft kiss for Daddy."

Deanna eagerly parted her lips and let me pull her closer, her gripping hand pulling my enflamed cock forwards to meet the enticing red gash of her open mouth. Her parted lips touched the pebbly tissues of my glans, and I felt a warm suction as she created a vacuum, her tongue slipping into the seeping tip, licking up the pre-cum oozing forth. "Mmmmm," she purred, my slimy juice soaking into her taste buds.

"You can do better than that. C'mon Baby, open wide and let Daddy tickle those tonsils for you." With both hands holding her head firmly, I pulled her closer, watching her lips spread open as I pulled her down onto my cock. Her lips stretched and stretched, the pouty red pillows pursed nastily forward as they adhered to the flaring contours of my mushroom-shaped cock-head. Finally, with a firm pull by me, her red lips slipped over the thick rope-like ridge of my corona and locked on, the sizable knob totally engulfed within her hot wet mouth.

"That's my good girl," I said, my voice warm with praise. "I knew you could do it. Now let's see if you can make Daddy even prouder of you. Move that pretty little mouth of yours back and forth. I want my baby girl to suck me off." She started to do exactly as I asked, moving her face back and forth, her stretched lips sliding deliciously along my rigid pecker.

"Oh yeah, that's it. Suck Daddy's cock." I kept my hands in her hair and worked her mouth back and forth, fucking her face just the way I wanted. She wasn't fighting me at all, and I could tell by the way she was working with me that she loved it. "Do you like having Daddy's cock filling your mouth like that, Baby?"

"Mmhhmm," she hummed in agreement, her sliding lips never missing a beat as she continued to suck ravenously, her cheeks hollowing in and out like a bellows as I pulled her face back and forth. I could see by the blissful look in her hooded eyes that she was loving sucking my cock. I relaxed into the chair and released her head. She just kept sucking slavishly, her warm lips sliding luxuriously back and forth. We kept this up for about fifteen minutes, her lips and tongue working me over deliciously as I fed her a steady supply of pre-cum. Her circling hand had been pumping back and forth near the base of cock, and now, she added a teasing corkscrew motion to it, her flowing saliva acting like a lubricant beneath her slender fingers. Once she started doing that, I felt my overflowing balls start to draw up close to my body.

"You're doing a good job, DeeDee. If you keep that up, Daddy's gonna give you another face-full of cum pretty soon. Would you like that, Sweetheart?"

"Mmhhmm," she agreed again, her fisting hand pumping harder as her sucking mouth enveloped me like a hot buttery sheath. I felt my boiling cum start to rush up the shaft of cock.

"HERE YOU GO, BABY, I'M GONNA COME," I said, reaching forward and taking her head in my hands once more. I fired the first powerful shot deep into her mouth, pounding the soft tissues at the opening to her throat with the forceful volley. I let her have a second massive shot, and then saw it already start to leak from the corners of her mouth. I pushed her head back and held it a few inches away from the engorged knob, just as another thick white rope jettisoned forth. It hit her on the cheek and ran right up onto her forehead. She fisted my cock vigorously, pumping out wad after wad of thick milky cream onto her face. I really let her have it, her feverish sucking causing me to spew out torrents of semen onto her face. The thrilling contractions raced through me as my cock kept twitching and shooting, ribbons of cum splattering all over her smooth skin. Her hand was working its magic, pumping as much sperm-laden semen out of me as she could get. Finally, a tingly shudder ran through me and I collapsed into the chair, a few final drops oozing out from the tip of my cock and dripping onto her stroking hand.

"Oh fuck," I moaned, my chest heaving as I drew in large gulps of cool air. Deanna had stopped her stroking of my cock, but just held it, the tip of her tongue slowly circling the sensitive membranes of my glans as she lapped up the final warm drops of my seed. Once again, her face was a total mess. There was cum everywhere, and just as much as last time. There was even a large wad of the silvery stuff dangling from one earlobe.

"Oh Daddy, you seem to have made quite a mess of my face," she said innocently, looking up at me with those doe-like eyes once more.

"That's okay, Baby. Daddy likes to see his little girl with his cum all over her face like that."

She stood up and looked down at the wads of pearly protein spackling her chest and the top part of her tight white shirt. "Oh dear, I've made a mess on my shirt too." She stepped over and opened the drawer of her night table and reached inside. She turned and came back towards me, colorful pieces of fabric clutched in her hand, gobs of cum still clinging to her face. "I'm sorry I've ruined my shirt, Daddy. You're not going to punish me by tying me up to the bed, are you?"

She held her hand out, and I could see she was holding a number of colorful silk scarves. Ah, I see. This was why she had a four-poster bed. Now it became obvious to me. I snatched the scarves out of hand. "I expected better of you, DeeDee. I can't let this type of behavior go unpunished. Not only have you ruined your shirt, you should have never kissed that boy Tommy in the first place. Now, put your hands out."

She dutifully put her hands out, her cum-covered lower lip trembling in fear and shame. I took one of the scarves and tied it firmly, but not tightly, around her wrist. I then did the same with her other wrist. "Get over here, girl," I said, getting up from the chair and leading her over to the bed. I pulled down the covers and stacked some pillows up near the headboard. She climbed onto the bed and lay on her back, extending her arms out to each side. It was obvious Deanna had done this many times before. I took the end of the scarf on the arm nearest to me and tied it around one of the top posts, and then walked around the bed and did the same to the other one, pulling her arms far out to each side.

"Hold your foot up, bad girl." She raised one foot and I tied another scarf around her ankle, just above the strap of those wickedly sexy Mary Janes. I did the same to the other foot and then fastened the scarves to the posts at the bottom corners of the bed. As I pulled her legs apart, her sinfully short kilt rose up on her full thighs, giving me a glimpse of bright red panties beneath. She was now totally spread out before me, a willing recipient of anything her Daddy wanted to do to her. She was tied firmly in place, but not painfully so. I left enough slack in the scarves so that I could move her up or down on the bed a little bit, if I wanted to.

I looked down at her, really getting into the scenario we were playing out. She looked incredibly sexy in the tight schoolgirl outfit, her overly-tight shirt gaping open at the buttons over her midsection, her plaid skirt barely covering her red-pantied pussy, her sexy legs covered by the white stockings that ended just above her cute dimpled knees. And those pigtails—those cute girlish pigtails and the little girl perfume. The whole thing had the air electrified with the sinfully luxurious feeling of illicit sex.

I climbed onto the bed and kneeled beside her spread-eagled form, running my fingers slowly up her stocking-clad leg from her toes to her soft inner thighs. "You've been a bad girl, DeeDee." I ran my hand further up her body, running my fingers over her beautiful tits straining at the white fabric of her tight shirt, gobs of cum splattered all over it. "And you've ruined this shirt. What am I going to do with you?"

"You're not going to tear it off me, are you, Daddy?" She looked at me wide-eyed, fear in her eyes. I moved closer, bringing my other hand up and tracing the fingertips of each hand along the edge of each side of the open shirt, from the collar down until my hands met where the shirt was buttoned just below her lacy red bra. I gripped each side tightly.

POP! POP!...POP! POP!

The buttons flew everywhere as I tore her shirt open, exposing her gorgeous body beneath. Her chest was heaving as she breathed raggedly, her ample tits within the jam-packed red lace bra quivering enticingly.

"I think I've soaked my panties right through as well. I'm sorry, Daddy." Her backside was squirming about on the sheets, and I could tell she badly needed to come.

I got off the bed and went down to the bottom, crawling on my knees between her widely spread legs. "I'm not too happy about that DeeDee. I better see what's going on down here." I reached

forward and slid my hand up her soft supple thigh, loving the feel of that exquisitely soft skin under my fingertips. As my hand started to disappear beneath the hem of her kilt, I could already feel the sticky dampness on her inner thighs. Fuck, if she was this wet down here, her pussy must be absolutely soaking. My fingers slid higher, getting wetter and wetter until I reached her panties, where I stopped to trace my fingertips along the edge of one leg opening.

"It feels pretty wet alright. I think Daddy needs to slip in here and see exactly what's going on."

"Okay, Daddy. I'm sorry," she said demurely, but eagerly nodding her head up and down. I pressed my fingertips beneath the leg opening and slid them sideways, right onto her plump juicy cunt-lips. Fuck, she was right, she was just gushing. Her whole mound was soaked with her juices, and I could feel her sodden panties pressing against the back of my hand. I reached forward with my other hand, and then took a firm grip of her panties.

RRRRRIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!

The sound of the damp garment shredding filled the air as I tore it away from her body. I stretched and pulled at it again as the fabric continued to tear until, at last, it came free and I held it up, the red piece of silky material now in tatters.

"You've ruined these too, little girl. I better look closely to see what's going on down here." I flipped her little kilt up, exposing her hot wet pussy. As expected, Deanna was totally clean-shaven, which helped with the little girl image she was trying to personify. Her loins glistened hotly, showing how wickedly turned on she'd been by everything that had happened so far. Her alluring womanly scent filled the air, and I breathed it in deep, luxuriating in the earthy aroma as it drifted across my senses. I looked down at her splayed out midsection, licking my lips in anticipation. She had full meaty pussy-lips, and I could see the swollen red spire of her clit peeking out from its hooded sheath. Her cunt looked red and puffy with arousal—this was a woman that needed to come badly.

"I think Daddy better see what's making you so wet down here." I reached forward and traced my fingertips along the line of her wet pink labia. She quivered wantonly under my touch, so I slipped a finger right up inside her weeping little box. Even with her legs tied the bedposts and spread open to each side, she was still able to shift her hips provocatively from side to side as I started to finger-fuck her.

"It's pretty wet alright," I said, watching her eyes close in bliss as I started to work her over. "I better go deeper to see where the problem is." I slipped in a second finger and started to saw the two of them along the roof of her pussy, rubbing salaciously over the upper folds of flesh inside her. In her excited state, that was all it took.

"Oh fucccckkkkkkkkkkkkkkk," she moaned deeply, an intense orgasm starting in the moist tissues on the underside of her sensitive clit and blossoming like an atomic bomb throughout her body. She started to flail away as the deliciously agonizing sensations of her climax wracked her body. The bed was creaking as she pulled at her constraints, her hips bucking up to meet my fingers as I continued to saw them in and out of her gripping cunt. I could feel my hand becoming awash with her juices, the warm nectar flowing from within her. She came for a long time, and I knew she needed it. Finally, as the quivering sensations started to wane, I slowed my moving fingers, but kept them inside her. I looked up at her, her eyes hooded in rapture as she lay there breathing raggedly, her beautiful tits heaving in the sexy red lace bra, a fine sheen of perspiration glistening on her pretty face.

"I'm still not sure what's wrong with my little girl." With my fingers still inside her gooey twat, I reached up with my thumb and rolled it over the swollen nubbin of her enflamed clit. "I think I better check again."

"Ohhhhhnnnn..." Deanna let out a deep groan as I started to work her over once more. I got comfortable between her widely spread thighs and really went at it, using both hands. I took my time, bringing her time and again to the heights of ecstasy before slowing, teasing her to the point where she was whimpering like a little baby. I slid my fingers deep into her at the same time as I rolled my thumb through the syrupy wetness oozing from her slit, and then brought my slippery thumb up to concentrate on her throbbing clitoris. As soon as I touched the sensitive little button, she twitched spastically and moaned loudly. She came hard, and then I kept at it for another half hour or so, bringing her to four more cunt-gushing orgasms. Finally, I stopped as she collapsed into the soaked sheets, her whole body covered with perspiration from her exertions. But now, I was ready to go again, my cock diamond-hard and needing to cut into something hot and wet.

"You've been a bad girl, DeeDee, kissing that boy Tommy like that. It's time for Daddy to show you what a bad little girl like you is good for." With her arms and legs still tied to bedposts and her body spread-eagled out before me, I moved closer between her spread legs, taking my rampant cock in hand and pointing it towards her beckoning cunt.

"Be careful, Daddy. I'm a virgin," she gasped out, lifting her head to look down between her spread legs, over 10" of hard thick cock rearing up before her.

"I'll take what's mine, little girl," I replied menacingly, really getting into it. I pushed down on the top of the rigid shaft, nestling the enflamed head between her hot pink pussy-lips. I shifted forward, watching the wet petals of her labia spreading out to circle my flared cock-head wantonly. I pushed harder, her labial curtains stretching and stretching as they fought to accommodate the tremendous girth.

"Oh fuckkkkk," she groaned, a deep animalistic growl coming from deep inside her. I could tell this sound was coming from Deanna, all thoughts of DeeDee washing away as I started to drive more of my rock-hard prick inside her. With the massive knob trapped inside her clutching pussy, I released my cock and leaned forwards, my body poised over hers.

"Daddy's coming home, Baby," I said, flexing my hips back slightly and then driving them forwards.

"OHHHHNNNN," she moaned loudly as I stretched her insides, mercilessly sliding inch after inch inside her. Her body was flexing and twisting like crazy, but the hot wet tissues inside her were gripping me like a hot buttery fist. Her cunt was pulling at me, the muscles inside her sending a tantalizing rippling massage along the length of my buried prick. I still had about three inches left to go. I paused for a second and then pressed forward, wanting those tight wet tissues inside her to yield and let me all the way in.

"AAAAAAAHHHHH!" Deanna gasped out loudly as I thrust forth. I could feel the hot oily tissues inside her parting reluctantly as I forced myself all the way in, my balls coming to rest against her backside as the knob of my cock rubbed hotly against her cervix.

"FUCK MEEEEEEEE..." she groaned loudly as she started to come again. She was shaking like a ragdoll as I rolled my hips, totally impaling her with every hard inch of my cock. She came like crazy, and I could feel her juices running out of her and down over our connected bodies where I knew they were puddling messily on the sheets.

I had never fucked anybody who'd been tied up before, and I found it alarmingly exciting. I knew she wanted it this way, so I drew back and started slamming it into her, fucking her with long deep strokes.

"OH MY GOD," she moaned again as I kept hammering away. She came again, and I could feel her body shaking like mad, the bed creaking in protest as my body slammed down onto hers, nailing her deep into the mattress. I was so aroused, I knew I wouldn't last long. Her talented cunt gripped down on my plundering dick once more, the hot wet tissues pulling at me like a fist. I felt my balls drawing up close to my body and knew I was close. I looked at her flushed face, still covered with my pearly cum from the last time I'd painted her. I knew what I wanted to do. I pulled out of her incendiary depths and quickly scrambled up over her until I was straddling her midsection.

"Here's another one for my baby girl," I said, surprised I was still able to stay in character. I wrapped my hand around my dick and pointed it right at her flushed face, just as I started to go off. A long milky ribbon shot through the air, landing with a splat on her cheek and almost filling her eye socket. A second, and then a third white rope shot forth, the heavy strands crisscrossing her face in a bizarre mosaic. I kept jacking away at my cock, pointing it downwards now as I unloaded all over her gorgeous tits. I pumped out a number of shots there, and then went back to her pretty face. I stroked vigorously, wad after syrupy wad of cock-sap raining down on her soft skin. Finally, the tingling sensations of my climax dwindled, and I shook out the final remaining drops of silky cum right onto her lips. I reached forward and scooped the wad of cum out of her eye socket, slipping my cum-coated fingers between her lips. She eagerly licked off every tasty morsel.

"Oh my God, that was incredible. I've never been fucked like that in my entire life. I can't believe how many times I came," she said softly, her chest still heaving as she fought to regain her breath.

"Daddy's not done yet," I said lewdly. "Is my little girl ready for more?"

Deanna looked at me wide-eyed, surprised after the intensity of the session we'd just had that I could still want more. "I...I...", she stuttered.

"Sure you do. Daddy wants to show his little baby what else he expects from her." She didn't complain as I pushed the pillows up against the headboard and then shifted her body up a bit so she was sitting partially against it, her legs still tethered to the two corner posts of the bed. I straddled her body once more and fed my spent cock into her hot wet mouth. As I slowly fucked her face, I reached up and took ahold of the headboard, flexing my hips back and forth as her beautiful mouth worked its magic, two loads of cum now decorating her face.

Once I was fully hard again, I pulled my cock out her sucking mouth and lifted myself off of her. I untied the scarves from the four bedposts, and then turned her around until she was lying on her back with her head at the bottom edge of the bed. In this position, I retied her, once more having her beautiful body splayed out before me for my pleasure. I slipped a pillow beneath her head, and then pulled her slightly towards me, until her head hung slightly over the bottom edge of the bed.

"Time for Daddy to work on that pretty little mouth of yours again. Open wide, Baby," I said as I stood at the foot of the bed and pushed down on the top of my throbbing pecker. With milky wads of cum dangling off her face, she eagerly opened her mouth into an inviting 'O'. I fed my cock right in between her parted red lips, sliding it deep into the hot wet tissues inside her mouth. With the engorged knob locked tightly in her mouth, I reached down with both hands and spread the cum I'd shot onto her all over her tits. I left her bra on, but slid my gooey fingers right down inside the

lacy edge and rubbed the milky fluid all over the soft warm mounds. My slippery fingers toyed with her nipples, feeling them stiffen even more as I rolled them between my thumbs and forefingers.

I worked her over real good as she slavishly sucked, playing with her tits until I was ready to come again. Once more, I pasted her face, wanting her to get the most out of this face-painting experience. With that load out of the way, I felt like I still had one left. Her body was near collapse as I turned her around again, once more tying her hands to the bedposts at the top of the bed.

I left her just tied like that as I stood back and looked at her. She still looked incredibly sexy in the schoolgirl outfit, which was now totally disheveled. She still wore her Mary Janes and white stockings, one of which has slipped down slightly. Her kilt was still about her waist and I flipped it up, totally exposing that delectable cunt for my use. She still had on her white shirt and the sexy red bra, the shirt torn and useless but still looking incredibly sexy on her. One of her pigtails had come loose and her makeup was smudged sinfully, but the mass of cum covering her face seemed to make up for all of it.

I climbed onto the bed once more and knelt next to her face. She eagerly opened her mouth and I dropped my cock-head right between her lips. She sucked at it dutifully, and I could see she was still ready for more. As she sucked, I wrapped my hand around my cock and stroked it, slowly feeling it start to harden again as my swelling dick stretched her circling lips further and further open. I worked it in and out of her mouth, sometimes pulling it out and rubbing it all over her cum-covered face, and then dropping it right back between her parted lips so she could lick off all the milky residue. It was an incredible turn on, and it didn't seem to take very long at all before I was ready to go again.

"Daddy wants to fuck his little girl one more time before he paints her face again," I said, "and Daddy knows just what he wants." This time, rather than tie her feet to the bottom, I tied them to the posts at the top as well, folding her right up in half, totally opening up that beautiful pussy of hers for a brutal assault. I crawled between her legs and slipped my engorged cock-head into her soppy cunt once more. It felt luridly wicked to have her at my disposal like this, and I was loving it. I reached forward and grabbed her ankles, pushing her open even further as I slowly, mercilessly, drove every hard inch into her.

"OH FUCCCCCKKKK," Deanna gasped as I went balls-deep in one slow powerful thrust. She came instantly, her tethered body thrashing about beneath me as I really started to fuck her. I knew I'd be able to go for a long time, and I did. I lost count of the number of times she came, and she almost seemed to pass out for a second or two a few times, but I kept going, driving my thrusting erection all the way into her oily depths. I must have fucked her for over an hour, fighting off the urge to come many times. Finally, with both of us covered in sweat, I drove deep and then pulled out for the last time. I knelt over her folded up body and stroked my throbbing prick. A long rope shot downwards, splashing across her face, pushing some of my earlier cum to the side. A second ribbon of semen spewed forth, landing on her cheek and running into her curly hair. I kept jacking away, flooding her face with cum. She opened her lips and I directed one shot right into the inviting opening. She closed her mouth and I saw the muscles in her neck contract as she swallowed, taking my silky juice to a warm spot in the pit of her stomach. I kept stroking and my cock kept shooting, creamy semen spewing everywhere. I jerked away, milking out every last drop onto her pretty face, letting her know what The Face-Painter was all about.

"You've got it all, little girl," I said, shaking the final few drops down onto her face. She just lay there gasping, totally spent, as I reached forward and untied the scarves from around her wrists and ankles. She collapsed on the bed, her clothes in tatters and her whole body splattered with semen. I

could see she was exhausted, and I smiled to myself at the thought of her sleeping with all those loads of my cum sprayed all over her body. I pulled the covers over her and grabbed my jeans. I started to tiptoe out of the bedroom when Deanna's voice stopped me.

"Connor?" I turned and looked at her. She looked at me through half-closed eyes as she rolled over and nestled her head into her pillow. "You and I are going to make a lot of money." Her eyes closed, a blissful smile on her face.

In her living room I got dressed and then let myself out. As I rode home with the top down on Mustang Sally, the cool air of the Las Vegas night washing over me, I thought about how incredible the last week had been. "Man, I should write a book about this stuff," I thought to myself, hitting the accelerator as I pulled onto the freeway, feeling like I was living a dream—and wondering what was going to happen next...