

CANDY GIRL SERIES

Sharing
Daddy

LUCY
LIXX

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BY: LUCY LIXX

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Chapter One

James stared at me again, and I knew I couldn't be happier with my step daddy any more than I was right then and there. He never let on what we did when everyone was out of the house, and with his actual daughter staying at their grandmother's for the weekend, and my mother going on yet another business trip, I knew that we would have the house free to ourselves. It gave me a tingling feeling that ran through my whole body, and I knew that I was getting excited in more ways than one. Mom kissed Daddy goodbye, and I tried not to let jealousy run through me. She hugged me, and I hugged her back like the dutiful daughter that I was. She smiled a little more, kissing me on my head, even though I was eighteen now. I was going to start college in just a few weeks for their summer term, and yet here she was still treating me like a child.

"Have a good week." She told me. "Behave." She added, to which Daddy laughed.

"She always does." He said, glancing at me mischievously when mother wasn't looking.

"Yes, mom." I said, but I had no intention of behaving in the way that she thought I would. I looked at Daddy the moment that he closed the door and mom got in the car and drove away.

"You're going to give us away if you keep looking at me like that, sweetheart." He chided me, and I felt myself starting to blush. I was already wet, and I wanted nothing more than for him to take me, but I pouted. I hated it when he chided me like that.

“Gosh Daddy, stop being so up-tight. You can visit me in my dorm soon anyways.” I said, and he chuckled.

“Yes, yes I can. Maybe you should consider that roommate option.”

“Wouldn’t you love another girl in the bed?” He asked, laughing, but I said nothing. I pursed my lips together. I certainly would not like Daddy to have another girl in *our* bed, but then again we didn’t have *our* own bed yet. He took me wherever... on my bed, on mother’s bed, and he took me in *their* shower all the time. Just the other day he took me, bent over the living room couch, for a quickie while the house was empty. I giggled a little, and Daddy gave me an odd look, waiting to hear what I was giggling about.

“No, I don’t want to see another woman in the bed with us. I was just thinking about the time you took me bent over the couch,” I told him, blushing a little. I was learning to talk a little more openly about these things as long as we were alone together. He smiled and chuckled a bit.

“Well. How about if I shared that woman with *you*?” He said, and I shrugged. I didn’t quite want to talk about it, but he knew as well as I did that if he wanted another woman to join, I’d do anything to make him happy. I’d do anything to make Daddy happy. With that, I went into the other room to get stuff out for dinner. I knew he’d ask me what was for dinner later. He always did, and I always laughed. He knew how to take care of himself, but Daddy liked it when I took care of him. Other times, he’d take care of me. Usually we’d go out if I didn’t feel like cooking, but it wasn’t the same as having dinner with him at home. He left me to take the stuff out at first. I took out a lasagna from the freezer, deciding to be lazy.

“Lasagna okay?” I asked, and he laughed again.

“A lazy night?” He teased, and I nodded as he came into view through the doorway.

“Okay then sweetheart. That should be fine.” Daddy said, and I smiled a bit.

“Besides, for what I have planned for you tonight, you really shouldn’t be worried about dinner anyways.” He told me, and I gave him an odd look, but I knew that Daddy wouldn’t explain even if I asked.

So I didn’t, and I could feel my wetness gushing already. I smiled at him and he leaned down to kiss me. It wasn’t the same peck on the cheek that he’d give me in front of mom. Daddy kissed me deep and hard. Almost possessively but with a hint of love and tenderness as his tongue danced over my bottom lip, and I moaned into the kiss, allowing his tongue to slide over mine, making me kiss him back. He pulled away, leaving me breathless before kissing me again, but just a quick, gentle peck on the lips this time.

“I’ll be back later baby girl. I have to go talk to someone, so how about you go play with your vibrator for now, hmm? I’d like you to the edge for Daddy.” He told me, patting me on the head before he left.

It wasn’t so much of a question, but then again I didn’t need it to be. I wanted to play with myself, but I pouted knowing that he’d be mad knowing I went over the edge instead of bringing myself just to the brink of orgasm and forcing myself to pull away. Daddy had me *edge*

for an entire day before he let me come while mother was home. He had me wear my panties with the beads, forcing themselves between my lower lips teasing, me all day through dinner quite often, and I was getting good at hiding the amount of pleasure and frustration I was in...just like Daddy wanted.

Chapter Two

Daddy left me alone for quite some time, and I was getting frustrated. I could feel myself clench on the vibrator that he had gotten me. It was a bright blue, and called 'Big Daddy From The Natty'. It certainly was BIG. Daddy wanted me to get used to his size, and this 'naughty toy' was breaking me in very well.

I just wanted to come so badly, that I was pushing it in and out of myself while it vibrated a little quicker. I had stopped rubbing my clit or going gentle moments before because I couldn't do it any longer. I knew that if I did both I'd come, and even now I was having to slow down with fucking myself a little for fear that I'd fall over the edge. I turned the vibrator off leaving it inside me as I tried to calm down.

My breathing came heavy, and I couldn't help but to moan, wanting to fuck myself with it again. It was about the same size as Daddy, but it just wasn't the same. I knew that this is why he asked me to do this. So that I ached to be touched by him even when he was gone, and it worked. It was just too addicting not to do, and I don't know why, but I wanted to listen to him when he told me something. I adored and trusted him, and that's how Daddy found me. He opened the door, and I looked over. I used to be startled when he entered the room, but now I knew that he never knocked.

"Aww. How cute. Were you about to come baby girl?" He asked, causing me to nod. He walked over, turning the vibrator on low, and I felt it buzz to life inside of me. I groaned.

"Daddy..." I protested, to which he just turned it up on medium, making me squirm.

“Yes, baby girl?” He asked.

“You can’t...” I protested meekly, but he just chuckled, starting to move it in and out of me slowly.

“And why not?” He asked.

“Because I’m close to coming.” I blurted out.

“Then I don’t see why I can’t.” Daddy said bluntly, starting to push it in and out of me a little faster. He turned it on high, and I could feel my toes curling as I came closer to the edge of orgasm. Just as I was about to go over he turned it off and pulled the vibrator from me. I groaned, and he chuckled. Daddy leaned down to kiss me gently for a moment before handing me the toy.

“Go clean it up, baby. I put the lasagna in the oven. It’ll be done in about an hour.” He told me, and I nodded, trying not to pout. He started towards the door.

“I better not hear vibrating, and don’t forget to charge it. I bought you a chargeable one for a reason.” He chuckled, and I just nodded again. Just as I was told, I went to go do everything, washing my vibrator with my toy cleaner before hooking it up to the charger that I kept in my nightstand. I went out to see Daddy there. I had nothing on but the white nightgown he had bought me. I had changed the moment he left. It was see through almost with pink, sheer panties that matched the pink trim.

“I hope it’s done soon, Daddy.” I called out as I walked out of the bedroom and down the stairs to the living room.

“Oh, she is cute...” Someone said, and I turned to look at them, stopping dead on the stair that I was one. It was a woman sitting there, and it wasn’t my mother or my sister. For that I was thankful, but she sat there with a glass of water in hand, looking at me like I was the most normal thing in the world. Daddy didn’t tell me we had company, and I found myself blushing immediately.

“Come on, baby. Don’t leave me waiting.” Daddy said, bringing me back to reality. I went down stairs, looking at the woman as I did.

“Don’t I need to get dressed?” I finally managed to squeak out when he laughed and just shook his head.

“No, no baby girl. This is a friend. She knows, and don’t worry. She won’t tell anyone at all.” Daddy said kissing me on the forehead.

“Okay, Daddy.” I said. “I want some sugar?” I asked in a pouty, begging tone. I looked up at him hopefully. He knew what I wanted, kissing me on the lips. I let my eyes flutter closed as he kissed me, but he pulled away, telling me to sit down.

“Hey.” The woman smiled at me. “Gosh, she is a sweetheart. Look at her blushing already.” The woman said to my Daddy before turning back to me, biting my bottom lip I looked at her, waiting to hear what she had to say.

“My name is Ellen.” She told me.

“Ann.” I replied, to which Daddy nodded.

“Yeah, Ann is a sweetheart, but she’ll stop blushing sooner or later.” He told her. Daddy disappeared into the kitchen leaving me alone with her, and she looked at me, smiling as she shook her head. It was clear that the woman was lost in her own thoughts, and as I had a better chance to look at her, I did. The woman was beautiful. She had blonde hair and brown eyes. A combination that was somehow striking on her heart shaped face. I saw that she had at least a C cup, and I became instantly jealous. I don’t know why, but I somehow knew that she had probably laid in the same bed I shared with Daddy and that made me blush and angry at the same time. For a reason I couldn’t quite place. I tried not to sigh too loudly. Thankfully, Daddy came in a moment later carrying three wine glasses and two bottles of wine. There was a dark red and a raspberry blush. I gave him an odd look. I had never had wine before, but I somehow knew the bubbly pink one was for me. Daddy smiled back at me, and I just knew I guessed right. He poured all three of us a drink.

“I’ve never had wine.” I protested, and he chuckled.

“It’s fine. Your mother isn’t here, and I made sure to get something sweet for you.” He told me.

I knew that he didn’t want me to argue any more, and I had to admit that I was a little excited at the thought of drinking. I know for a fact that mother would never have allowed it. With a small smile, I took a sip, and as always Daddy was right. It was delicious. They didn’t say a word as I downed half my glass, but the lady giggled. I felt embarrassed right away.

“You’re supposed to sip at it, baby girl.” He told me, and I looked down with a sigh.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to embarrass you.” I said, but Daddy shook his head.

“Now, now. I didn’t say that.” He told me, and Ellen patted me on the leg.

“You’ve just been sheltered. There’s so much you can learn. *In* and out of the bedroom.” She told me, making me flush in embarrassment right away.

“Oh she still doesn’t like talking about *that*.” Daddy said, and I shook my head no, finishing the glass in a few more sips. Daddy didn’t say anything. He just took the glass from me and refilled it before handing it back.

“Ann, I’m sorry I made you uncomfortable.” Ellen said, but I tried to give her my best smile.

“It’s just we need to talk to you about something.” Daddy said, causing my heart to start to pound. I tried not to let all the worry of what I could have done wrong go through my head. I just wanted to relax. I knew that wasn’t the tone that Daddy used when he was mad. He’s almost never mad at me, and honestly it was better that way. I hated him being angry. That’s why I did everything I could to make him happier with me.

Chapter Three

“What?” I managed to squeak out, and he smiled a little, patting his lap.

“How about you come over here then?” He asked. I nodded as I got up. I put the glass down on the table, finishing another glass of wine. I knew I was still drinking it too quickly, but it was the least of my problems at the moment. Dad kissed me again, just a soft, sweet kiss as I settled in on his lap. I could feel that he was hard against me as I squirmed to get comfortable. Usually I’d love this position, but I felt a little uncomfortable because as I settled into his lap I realized that I was staring right at Ellen.

“You’ve probably already guessed that I’ve been with Ellen before, baby girl.” He said, running his fingers through my hair. I started out tense instantly, but he knew that him toying with my hair calmed me. I relaxed, looking down at the floor instead of at her.

“I haven’t since we started, but I don’t want to quit with Ellen either, sweetie.” He told me gently, nearly whispering it in my ear. I glanced up to see Ellen looking at ease despite what we were talking about. She just drank her wine like he wasn’t breaking my heart. “You know already that I haven’t been with your mother in quite some time.” He went on to tell me.

“I know, Daddy.” I said. I tried not to think of him with my mother, and luckily he changed subject.

“That’s why I want you to be there too, baby.” He told me, continuing while running his fingers through my hair. I smiled a little. It was such a relief that he wanted me to be there, and I couldn’t help but to grin a little more, thinking about it. I looked at Ellen, and then my face fell.

“But I’m not sure I want to share you.” I said, and Daddy’s fingers stilled in my hair a moment. I knew I had upset him.

“Don’t you want me to be happy?” He asked me, causing me to squirm in his lap. He leaned down to put his wine glass down before wrapping his now free hand around my stomach and pulling me close. I squirmed again, and he leaned down to whisper in my ear.

“Don’t you want me to be happy even when I can’t be with you?” He asked, and I nodded.

“Yes, Daddy...” I finally said, trailing off. I really did want him to be happy, and if this was what made him happy, I knew that I didn’t really have a choice in the matter. He was slowly becoming my entire world.

“I don’t want to take your place.” Ellen told me, sipping her wine. She had a sweet smile. “I never can or would, but I do like your dad quite a bit, and he is my friend. Don’t worry. I don’t plan to displace your mother either.” She told me.

“Which is one of the main reasons I haven’t left your mother.” Daddy told me too, and I frowned.

“I really don’t want to be reminded.” I finally blurted out before I could catch the words. They both paused for a moment before laughing. They were so in sync, I was a little jealous. I knew that it was a sign of a good friendship though.

“Then we don’t have to talk about it. It’s really that simple, sweetheart.” He told me, and I smiled. I reached for my wine glass as Ellen filled it for me. I was a little light headed, but it tasted really good.

“Do you like it?” Ellen asked, and I nodded. She smiled. “That’s good. I told him you probably would, but he wasn’t sure if blackberry would be better.” She told me.

“I’d like to try that too.” I told her.

“We can try a lot of things baby girl.” He told me, and I smiled.

“Good.” I told him. I looked at Ellen and then at Daddy before doing so again. I was trying to figure it out in my head how everything was going to work. It must have been obvious because Daddy laughed a little, kissing the top of my head before he told me to get up. Helping me to stand, he smiled at me, turning my chin up to face him.

“Just start by getting comfortable with me, baby.” He said, and I nodded. I didn’t think we’d jump right into it, but it didn’t bother me as much as it did a minute ago.

“Now what?” I asked a little boldly, causing Daddy’s smile to widen a little.

“Get down on your knees.” He told me, and I did what he said. It was starting to become clear what he was wanting from me, and I reached up to undo his pants. He already undid his belt buckle, and I looked up at him from the floor as I took him in my mouth. My tongue swirled around the head, just like he taught me too, and if it wasn’t for the clinking of Ellen refilling her glass, I could have forgotten she was there entirely. There was a part of me that wished I could.

“Concentrate on me, baby.” He told me, and I did. I started to take more of him in my mouth, and I could tell he was turned on. My eyes met his, and he looked at me before wrapping his fingers in my hair.

“Good girl.” He told me as I started to gag. “Now breathe through your nose. Just like we talked about. I know you can do this.” He said, not letting me pull off, as I started to gag a little more. I tried to breathe through my nose, and tears pricked at my eyes.

“You can do it.” Ellen said, causing my eyes to open wide a little, choking as I was startled. I tried to pull off, but Daddy only let me do so for a minute.

“Don’t disappoint your daddy, baby girl.” He said a little more sternly than I thought he should. “Baby I think you need to trust me more.” He said as I tried again, gagging as he tried to get me to go down further. I could feel myself getting wet, but I was oh so nervous.

Pulling back slightly, with my lips still grazing his head, “I trust you.” I whispered.

“But this will be more exciting.” Daddy said, making me curious what he was talking about, as my tongue continued to trace his shaft. Ellen rummaged in a bag before handing him something. It was a blindfold. I squeaked, but Daddy patted my head, wrapping it around my eyes and I was in pitch black as soon as it was tied. I couldn’t see a thing.

“This helped me get over my gag reflex.” Ellen told me. I almost jumped. I don’t know when she got so close to me. Daddy guided me down on his cock again, and I took him in my mouth. I started to suck as I bobbed up and down, and he guided me a little further each time, stopping when I gagged, but he held me there.

“Just a little more.” Ellen said, and it was her fingers running over my shoulder. Somehow, I found myself turned on, and I tried to breathe through my nose again, relaxing.

“That’s it.” She cooed in my ear, but Daddy just groaned as I took more of him into my juicy, warm wet mouth. I felt like I was choking, but I was somehow *still* turned on. Suddenly, it became a little easier as I started to breathe through my nose, bobbing my head up and down. I pulled back just enough to breathe.

“God, baby. I knew you could do it.” Daddy groaned, making me feel a little proud, as I felt his thick shaft throb and quiver in my mouth. I went down to rub my clit as I usually would when I was sucking Daddy, but Ellen’s hand went to circle my wrist.

“No, no. You don’t need to do that yet.” She chided me, and I blushed, whimpering around his cock before I went back to sucking.

“Ellen knows best sweetie.” He told me, and Ellen took my hands, putting them behind my back. Something soft wrapped around my wrists, securing them there. I could feel Daddy throbbing in my mouth as I continued to suck on him. He started to thrust into my mouth gently, rocking his hips back and forth. I groaned a little around his cock, trying to wiggle my wrists free but they were secured tightly. Ellen’s hand went down to my clit, rubbing it for a moment before her well-manicured, slender fingers ran down my slit.

“You’re really wet.” She commented in a teasing tone.

“I knew she’d like it.” Ellen said to Daddy, but he was lost in his own pleasure, thrusting in and out of my mouth. His grip was a little tighter in my hair than I was used to, and yet somehow that got me a little more excited. Her fingers went back to my clit, slowly teasing me as I groaned. My moaning caused Daddy to start to trust a little further. He pulled me all the way down, and I gagged before controlling it again. I could feel him throbbing as he came...hot, silky...down my throat, and I tried to swallow it all. At the same time, Ellen continued to tease my clit with her thumb, thrusting a finger up inside of me before adding another. I had never had a woman touch me, and she was softer and more deliberate than my Daddy. As Daddy let me off, I caught my breath, moaning a little louder as I rocked my hips on her fingers.

“Do you want to come, baby?” Daddy said, and I nodded. I couldn’t seem to form any words. I could still taste him on my tongue, and she started to thrust her fingers a little deeper inside me. I knew that I wouldn’t last much longer. I felt Daddy’s fingers tug at my hardened nipples through my nightgown, and I groaned, pressing my chest out. He started to massage my breasts, and I cried out as I came around her fingers. I knew that I clenched down hard as I cried out.

“Good girl.” He said, and Ellen continued to thrust her fingers inside of me as I came, letting me ride out my orgasm on her fingers before she slowly slipped her fingers from me.

“She is a good girl. So vocal too.” Ellen said, and she leaned in to kiss my cheek. It was an odd feeling. I found myself embarrassed, but at the same time her lips were softer than Daddy’s, and I knew that there was a small part of me that liked it. I especially liked the attention that she was giving me. I wiggled my wrists, and soon they were untied. I went to take my blindfold off, and Daddy stopped me. For a moment I thought that he wouldn’t let me take it off, but he took it off for me instead. I looked to see what I was tied with, realizing that it was Daddy’s tie. He smiled at me.

“I think that it’s time to grab a snack.” He told me, and I bit my lip. “You stay here with Ellen while I go get us something, okay?” Daddy asked me. I nodded. I didn’t know what to say. I couldn’t seem to stop blushing, and I was shifting nervously now from one foot to the other as Ellen handed me another glass of wine. I took it gladly. It helped me to calm down at least a little.

“It’s fine. I’m sure I can keep her entertained while you’re gone.” She said. Somehow, those words both excited me and made me nervous, but I smiled at Daddy.

“You going to be okay, baby?” he asked.

“Of course. Ellen seems really nice.” I said, smiling, which caused him to smile back. That’s how I liked to see him. I hated when he was worried. He didn’t need to worry about me. I knew that I could be a big girl, and there was a part of me curious how she’d be. I wanted to

know this woman that had gotten to know my Daddy in this way before I ever could. I wanted to know about her and everything that she could teach me. Daddy walked out the door, and I turned to her with a smile.

“I am glad you enjoy the wine.” She said, patting the seat beside her on the couch. I went over to join her.

Chapter Four

I looked at Ellen when Daddy left, trying not to bite my lip. She smiled at me, and then she winked, which made us both to bust out laughing. She seemed to know how to get me to feel a little better right away. She took a sip, and my head started to spin a little. I tried to put the wine glass down, and I just managed.

“Oh. I’m so sorry. This is your first time drinking. Damn it.” She said, helping me to lean back. The room swam, and I giggled a little. “I should make sure that you don’t get too sick. I’ll get you some water, sweetheart.” Ellen told me.

“You don’t need to...” I started to protest, but she shook her head, not taking no for an answer as she went to the kitchen to go grab a bottle of water from the fridge. She cracked the top, giving it to me, and I took a sip. It was refreshing, but it tasted so bitter after the sweet wine that I had been drinking.

“Thank you.” I said meekly. She giggled.

“Sweetheart. You mean something to me because your dad means something to me.” She told me, and looking at her I believed her. I smiled a little, and I instantly felt a little more cared for. She was already paying me more attention than my own mother. *Maybe she’s not so bad.* I thought to myself. *She’s not trying to keep me from Daddy, and she does seem to care about me for some odd reason.* I mused, trying to sort everything out in my head. I took another sip, and I turned to look at her.

“You really are cute.” She said, and I giggled.

“I’m nowhere near as pretty as you are.” I told her, and I meant it. She was beautiful. I looked at her C cup breasts again, and envy sparked in me for just a moment.

“You like them?” She said, motioning to her breasts, and I nodded.

“Well you can touch them. I know yours aren’t as big, and mine are real.” She said with a teasing tone. I bit my bottom lip, reaching out as she unbuttoned her top. She snapped her bra off, and I went to tweak her nipple. They were bigger than my own, and they were a slightly darker pink. I could feel myself getting wet, and as Ellen let out a soft moan I felt myself wanting to please her more. I did what Daddy did to me countless times. I leaned down to take her nipple in my mouth, flicking my tongue over the sensitive skin, and her fingers wrapped in my hair as I teased a little before going to the next one with my hand working on massaging her breasts.

“I see you two are having fun.” Daddy said from behind me, causing me to jump on the couch. She let go of my hair, and Daddy had brought baklava back. It made me smile as I took one before taking another sip of my water bottle

“Wine becoming too much for you, baby girl?” He asked, and I nodded.

“Maybe you should go to bed.” He said, but I pouted a little.

“I don’t want to go to bed yet.” I told him, and he laughed a little, kissing my temple.

“I think it’s time. She’s staying tonight, so you two can play more in the morning. He said, and with that I knew that I had already lost the fight. Daddy was going to have me go to bed if I wanted it or not. I knew that I was tired, but I was also excited.

“I can put her to bed.” Ellen said, giving Daddy a look that I couldn’t quite place.

“I don’t see why not. Everything is in my top drawer.” He told her, and she shook her head, picking up her big black purse. I looked at Daddy a little, biting my bottom lip.

“Go with Ellen.” He told me, and I did. I went up the stairs with her.

“I’ll come check up on you later.” Daddy called out and his voice was husky. I could tell that the idea of something was turning him on, but it seemed that I couldn’t figure out what it was. When Ellen and I got to the room she closed the door, locking it. The click seemed so definite, and I squeezed my thighs together. The way she was looking at me was making me wet.

“Get undressed.” She told me, and I knew that tone. It wasn’t a question. My fingers started to work on the baby doll that I was wearing, pulling it up and over my head. I worked my wet panties down next.

“Well aren’t you a naughty little girl getting wet already?” She told me.

“Lay on the bed.” She told me, and I did.

I laid down, waiting for her, and she came over to me, running her finger down my chest, causing me to shiver at the light, erotic touch. I arched my back, spreading my legs, hoping that she would play with me, but her fingers went down past my naval before stopping. She took out the blindfold from before, and soon I was in darkness all over again. I heard her rummaging in the bag, and I squirmed.

“You can’t hold still. I’ll have to fix that.” Ellen teased me, and I could tell that she was turned on as well. She went to fasten something around each wrist, and before I knew it my hands were forced over my head. I had enough slack to be comfortable, but that was it. I was secured to the bed. A bar was put between my legs, and it was fastened to my ankles. I let out a soft moan of protest.

“What are you doing?” I asked, and she tsked at me.

“Now, now. Be a good little girl. I didn’t tell you to talk.” She said, and with that she shoved something in my mouth before tying it there. It took me a moment to realize it was my wet panties. I started to blush immediately. I wanted to call for Daddy, but I was also dripping down my thighs and onto the bed. I didn’t know why it was turning me on so much, but it was. Her fingers finally, mercifully went to my clit, teasing it as she rubbed it. I couldn’t open my legs wider or close

them. I couldn't touch her. I had to lay there and enjoy what she was doing to me. That's when a familiar buzz sounded through the room. The vibrator touched my clit, causing me to buck my hips a little as I went to squeeze my thighs shut. I wanted this. I wanted her to push it inside me. As she ran it up and down my wet slit, I moaned, trying to tell her what I wanted. With the giggle, I was sure that she knew, but Ellen wasn't ready to give it to me yet. I whimpered, and before I knew it she had pushed it inside of me, I gasped and buck my hips. I felt it being turned up to high for a immediately.

"Such a pretty little girl." She said, and that's when something went on my nipples, making me cry out. The pressure was mildly painful, and yet somehow that turned me on more. No matter how much I wiggled, I couldn't seem to make them fall off. Ellen leaned down to whisper in my ear.

"You're such a cute picture laying there helpless for when your Daddy wants to come play with you. That's how a good little *naughty* girl should be." She cooed in my ear. Her hand went to my breasts, massaging them, but she didn't take the clips off.

"Your Daddy has a surprise for you when he comes up." She said, and with that her touch was gone.

I was left there with my vibrator buzzing inside of me. As I heard the door click closed, I came hard, clenching and unclenching around it. It seemed like ages before Daddy came up to say goodnight to me. A part of me was expecting him to untie me and hold me. Another part

of me just didn't want him to. I was enjoying myself, and I heard him chuckle the moment that he came in.

"She did well." He said. "You're so beautiful like this, baby girl." He said, and I went to say something, but I couldn't with my panties in my mouth. Daddy was beside me before I knew it, and I could tell because he leaned down to kiss my temple.

"Don't you like what she did to you, baby?" He asked, reaching down to play with my clit. I moaned, and we both knew that I couldn't hide it. Not with how much I was dripping. The vibrator was starting to work its way out, and I couldn't seem to keep it in. Daddy pushed it in for me, making me gasp with the swiftness.

"That's what I thought, baby girl." He said, bringing me to the brink of another orgasm before his fingers left me there on the edge. "Hold still, baby. I have a surprise for you." He told me, as he started to touch me back there. My eyes shot wide under the blindfold, and he pushed me back down on the bed as he lubed up my *backdoor*. Daddy had never touched me back there, and at first I started to blush. I couldn't get over how dirty it felt, or how good as his finger entered into me slowly. I came just like *that*...in humiliation and pleasure.

"See. I knew you'd like it, baby." He cooed, and he started to work his finger in and out of me, spreading the lube as his other hand went to my clit, rubbing it with his thumb.

Daddy kept telling me what a good naughty girl I was being. Soon the pain melted away into pleasure, but I still couldn't help but to

blush. I was moaning more than I expected it to be, and Daddy's finger slowly slipped out. I felt oddly empty for a moment before something cold and hard was pressed there. I groaned as he pushed it in, but soon I closed around it, and I just knew that he was smiling. I groaned as Daddy told me goodnight leaving. The door shut so definitely behind me, and I just kept waiting for him to come back as I started to come, working up to another orgasm as soon as I finished one. I was lost in pleasure as I drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Five

The next morning, I woke up with the blindfold off, and my nipples were sore. I saw two clothes pins laying on the nightstand beside me, and I was still tied up. The gag was removed, and my mouth was dry. I started to groan before Ellen came into the room. She smiled at me, and she was beautiful. She was naked, and a blush tinted my cheeks. After last night, I was curious how she looked naked, and I wasn't disappointed. Curvy, but she wasn't fat by any means. She had more curves than I did, and it matched her soft face.

“Poor girl. Your mouth is probably dry.” She said, and with that she disappeared again, leaving the door open. She came up with a bottle of water and a glass of orange juice.

“That'ah girl.” She said. “Did you enjoy yourself?” I nodded as she helped me to grab a drink of water before starting to undo my ankles first. She then slowly moved the vibrator in and out of me. It had died with pleasure last night, but I moaned despite it. I was still so turned on. I was all too aware of what Daddy had placed in my ass, and I as beginning to get sore. She took that out too, putting it in a bag with the vibrator.

“Clean these off, sweetheart.” She said as she let me go.

“Your Daddy is cooking breakfast in the kitchen, so you're waking up just in time.” She said with a smile.

“Okay.” I squeaked out, thoroughly embarrassed. It took me only a few minutes to clean everything, and I saw that it was a pink glass plug that he had used the night before. It was smaller than it felt, and it had a heart shaped base to it. I put it down on the bed after it was cleaned, letting it dry as I went downstairs to see Daddy was sitting a plate of pancakes down. There was another glass of juice there for me, and I smiled. Ellen was already eating, and Daddy was making his plate now.

“How are you, baby?” Daddy asked.

“A little sore.” I answered truthfully, and he chuckled. I looked down to tell that he was getting hard. *He seemed to really enjoy the way I was tied up last night it seems.* I thought to myself, and that made me feel a little better about it. Ellen just sat there smiling.

“Well you’ll get used to it, baby girl.” He told me. “I have some stuff to do today, and I have a list of chores for you to get done, but they’re not too bad.” He told me, and Ellen nodded.

“We’re getting a surprise for you.” She said, and Daddy’s smile widened a little bit.

“I have a surprise for you now, actually.” Daddy told me, making me squirm as I finished my pancakes and took a sip of my juice. He pulled out kitty cat ears, a small pink babydoll that I knew would look good on me, and then there was a tail. When I saw that it was attached to a small, silver plug I blushed again.

“But Daddy...” I protested, and he tsked at me.

“Don’t you want to look cute for Daddy?” Ellen asked, and I nodded, pouting a little.

Daddy’s smile widened a little bit as I stopped protesting. He preferred when I agreed with him, but what Daddy wouldn’t? He patted the counter as he helped to put the white and pink ears in my hair. I had to admit, I felt cute as he put the baby doll on me, making me feel pretty, but then he helped me down, bending me over a little. Ellen handed him something, and by the cool gel, I could tell that it was lube. I shivered, trying to relax as Daddy told me. The plug slid in easily this time, and I felt myself getting wet.

“Isn’t she cute?” Daddy asked, to which Ellen smiled.

“Adorable.” She said. Daddy kissed my cheek, giving me a small list telling me to make my bed, do laundry, and to do dishes. It wasn’t too hard, but moving around made the plug move slightly inside of me. I started to drip down my thighs again, and I knew that both Ellen and Daddy had to know. With a small blush, I went to look at myself in the mirror after telling Daddy goodbye.

“Sugar, Daddy?” I asked, and he kissed me softly before ruffling my hair and leaving me to admire myself in the mirror. I went about doing my chores, hoping to get them all done before Daddy got back.

Chapter Six

I heard Ellen before I heard Daddy. I had just moved the laundry over, and the dishes were done. I was trying to make my bed as they came in the room. Ellen smiled telling Daddy how adorable she thought I was. I looked at them, bending over to put the pillows on perfectly. I turned to look at Daddy proudly. I had barely made it, but I had my chores done, and he was back now.

“Did you do the laundry?” Daddy asked, and I nodded. “The dishes?” He asked.

“Yes, Daddy.” I said, smiling proudly. I knew that I had done well. He smirked, sitting down on the freshly made bed. He patted his lap, and I went over, biting my bottom lip. I had tried to sit down once while Daddy was gone, but it had pushed the plug snugly inside me. Daddy picked me up, placing me on his lap, and I squirmed. I moaned a little, and he kissed the side of my neck.

“Do you want your surprise now, baby girl?” Daddy asked me, holding me to him. I nodded.

“Ask Ellen.” Daddy told me, running his fingers through my hair.

“Can I get my surprise now?” I asked Ellen, who pulled out a small pink bag. It had nothing written on it, and I looked in it to find a pink leather collar. It had a white lace around the top and bottom. And a bell with a small ring under it. I looked at them, surprised.

“I think it’ll match well.” Ellen said, and I found myself embarrassed.

“When you wear this, it’s to remind you that you’re mine, baby girl.” Daddy said as he moved my hair. Ellen helped me to put it on as it was locked into place. Daddy was hard against my ass, and I wanted him to take me, but he didn’t seem ready to do so quite yet. Ellen smiled as Daddy sat me down on the bed. He gave me the vibrator that I had on the charger.

“Get me ready for my baby girl.” Daddy said, looking at Ellen, and I watched jealously as she took Daddy out. I started to turn the vibrator on, rubbing it on my clit as I watched her take him all the way down without gagging. I felt jealousy in me again before Daddy moaned, starting to thrust into her mouth a little rougher than he was with me. I was surprised how much it was turning me on to watch. I started to push the vibrator in and out of me, moaning loudly.

“That’s it baby girl. Watch me fuck her throat.” Daddy said as he started to thrust, and I saw Ellen lifting her skirt to rub her clit just like I would when Daddy let me suck him off. When I shifted the bell rang, and Daddy smiled again, moaning as he thrust in and out. Daddy groaned, and when I pushed the vibrator inside of myself fully, I could feel the plug all the more. I knew that I was tighter like this, and I wanted Daddy to be thrusting inside of me. Daddy groaned before he pulled Ellen off of him. He was rock hard as Ellen got up. She took a vibrator from her purse as Daddy lifted me on his lap again. I was facing away from him, but his cock rubbed up and down my slit with the vibrator laying on the bed beside him. He slid inside of me with ease, but he moaned when he bottomed out inside of me.

“You’re so tight like this, baby girl.” He said, and I moaned loudly. I felt so full. He was slightly wider than my vibrator, and I felt stretched around him as I started to move up and down. Daddy’s hands went to my breasts.

“Clips.” He said, simply, and Ellen reached over to secure the clothes pins on my nipples, making me arch as I clenched around him and the plug. I groaned a little, pushing up and down a little faster now. He was thrusting inside of me a little, rocking his hips back and forth as he guided me down on him. My breasts were bouncing, and the bell on my collar rang with every movement.

“That’s right, baby girl. Come for Daddy.” He told me. “Come with Ms. Ellen watching.” He told me, and I couldn’t help it. I started to come around him as he pushed in a little faster. He pulled me off of him, helping me to stand before sitting back down on the bed.

“I want you to do something for me, baby girl.” He said, and I nodded. I didn’t trust myself to talk. I was lost in my own world of pleasure, wanting nothing more than to come again and feel Daddy coming inside of me.

“Please, Daddy. Please fuck me.” I asked, and he chuckled.

“Soon, baby girl.” He said. “Right now I want you to eat out Ms. Ellen.” He told me, and I pouted. She spread herself with her legs wide. I pouted, getting on my knees in front of her as I closed my eyes.

Her fingers wrapped in my hair, a little softer than Daddy's did. I flicked my tongue over her clit.

"Play with yourself, baby girl." Daddy cooed making me moan as I ran my fingers down to rub my own clit, teasing hers with my mouth. My tongue darted between her lips, which Ellen held open for me. She groaned as she pulled me a little closer. My tongue traced around her pussy, pushing my tongue in just a little, testing the waters. I was nervous that I'd do something wrong, but she moaned, making me a little more adventurous as I started to eat her out. She was moaning, and as I pushed my tongue inside of her again, I could tell that Ellen would come soon enough.

She did. I could feel her clench around my tongue as I pulled it out, licking her as she came. Her juices were sweeter than I expected them to be, and I groaned, feeling myself getting closer as well. Daddy kneeled behind me, and he pushed into me as I continued to lick Ellen. I could feel him filling me again, and I was made all too aware of the plug as he pushed in. the bell around my neck was becoming a familiar sound with each and every thrust.

"Daddy." I moaned, muffled by Ellen's legs around me. Her thighs hugged the side of my face, and I couldn't help but to realize how soft her skin was.

Daddy's hands were on my hips as he continued to push in and out. I was so close to the edge, and I could hear that I was working her up to another orgasm as well. Ellen groaned, pulling my head close as she came, and my fingers went up to rub her clit as she continued to come. I came as Daddy continued to fuck me, pushing in a little faster as he started to climb towards his own orgasm. I groaned, coming

again as he pulled out to come over my back. I blushed, and Ellen came a moment later as I pushed my tongue into her.

Her fingers took a moment to unwrap from my hair, and I sat back on my heels looking at both of them as Daddy started to walk over to stand by Ellen, reaching his hand down to help me up. I stood unsteadily, shifting as I bit my lip. He reached around to undo the collar from my neck. Once it was gone the slight pressure it put on my throat was gone, and I felt bare without Daddy's collar around my neck. It must have shown on my face because Daddy laughed, patting me on the head.

"You can put everything on after the shower, baby girl. I want you to go clean up, okay?" He said, and I nodded. I didn't want to leave him, but I knew that I'd feel better after a shower. I looked at Ellen who smiled kindly back at me. She nodded at me, encouraging me to answer my Daddy. I didn't need any encouragement, but she was oddly comforting.

"Yes, Daddy." I said, biting my bottom lip as I went to do what he wanted. I closed the door softly behind me in my bathroom. It wasn't as nice as the master bathroom, but I had a decent size bathroom to myself, and I could take as long as I wanted.

I took the ears out of my hair, laying them on the counter. I reached back to slide the plug out, and I felt empty once again. Staring at the mirror, it didn't seem as right as it did before with everything on. I wanted his collar around my neck again. I wanted to be Daddy's little kitty that he gave sugar too often. I wanted to be Daddy's, and I liked

being reminded I was his. I took a quick shower, wanting to get back to him and Ellen as quickly as I could.

Chapter Seven

I had already gotten the lube and placed my tail back in, letting out a surprising moan as I did. The ears were harder to put in my wet hair, but I managed before I went down to see Daddy. He smiled at me, and he placed the collar around my neck. The bell chimed, and it seemed right again. Ellen laughed, and she leaned down to kiss me on the lips. I was in shock, but I kissed back. When she pulled away, I could see that Daddy was hardening in his pants again, and I smiled a little bit.

“I’ll see you both for dinner, okay?” She asked, and I nodded, looking at Daddy for confirmation.

“Yes, Ellen. You know where to meet us, right?” He asked, and she laughed.

“Of course, James.” She said, and with that she ruffled my hair, being careful not to mess up my ears before she left. Daddy and I were alone, and I liked that just as well.

“You did good, baby girl.” He told me, and I grinned.

“Thank you, Daddy.” I told him.

“You’re welcome, baby. I figured we’d go get some Italian food later. Sound good to you?” He asked, and I nodded.

“Yes, Daddy.” I told him, and he smiled.

“You’re doing so well today.” He said, and he handed me a glass of sweet tea.

“Ellen made that while you were sleeping. She seems to like you a lot. What do you think of her, baby?” He asked.

“I think she’s fine, Daddy...” I said, trailing off.

“What’s wrong?” He asked, waiting for me to explain, and I shifted from one foot to the other. I didn’t quite want to tell him.

“I like her a lot, Daddy. I just don’t like sharing you.” I said pouting, and he laughed.

“Yes, but you like her and that’s a good thing. I think I’m going to share you more often, baby girl. I like seeing you moan for others.” He told me. I thought that I wouldn’t blush any more or that I’d get used to it, but it seemed like he’d continue to find new ways to make me blush. Daddy was good at that.

“Men too?” I squeaked out, and he just shook his head with a smile on his face.

“Maybe, sweetheart. I’ve really not decided yet. I do enjoy you like this, and I’m rather greedy.” Daddy said.

“I am thinking about it though.” He added, making me moan. I smiled a little bit as we went into the living room.

He sat down on the couch, pulling me to lay down beside him. My head was in his lap, and his fingers traced over my nipples, making them harden immediately. It was times like this that really made me feel like Daddy cares about me. He put on a movie that was just starting to come on, and I was sure that I would like it. I settled in to watch, but he continued to steal my attention away from the movie with how he tweaked my nipples, pinching and pulling on them just enough to cause me to squirm. My hand trailed down to touch myself, but he tsked at me. I looked up to see that Daddy was arching an eyebrow at me, shaking his head.

“No, no, baby girl. I don’t think that I told you that you could play with yourself.” He said. “Good girls don’t do that without permission.” Daddy teased me.

“But Daddy...” I protested weakly, but he shook his head.

“Hands down, baby. I know that you can be a good girl for me. I want you to get pleasure, but it should be when I want you to.” He told me, brushing my hair out of my eyes. It was such a tender movement, and yet I bit my bottom lip as his words sunk home. I didn’t want to disappoint Daddy, especially not while I was wearing his collar. So I just nodded.

“What was that, baby?” He asked.

“Yes, Daddy.” I said, and he smirked playfully down at me.

“Yes, Daddy what?” Daddy asked, prompting me to say more.

“Yes, Daddy I won’t play with myself until you tell me to.” I told him, blushing as I rushed the words out. Surprisingly they made me wet to say. Especially because I knew that they turned my Daddy on.

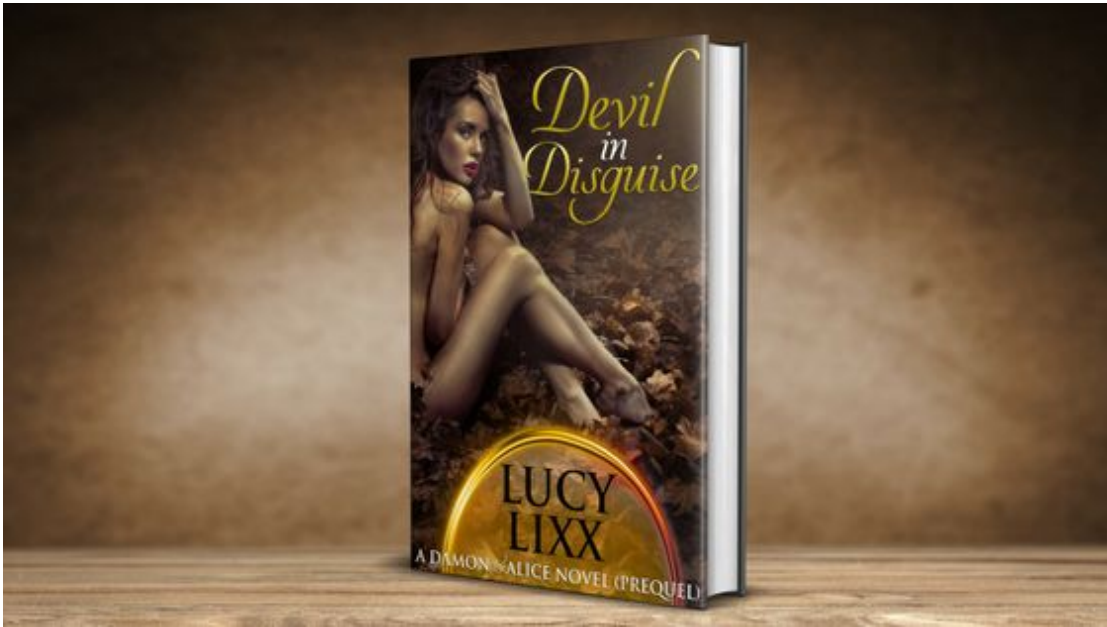
“Good girl. I’d hate to have to get you a chastity belt, sweetheart.” He told me, and I whimpered a little. Daddy turned my whimper into a moan quickly as he tweaked one nipple and then the other. I snuggled into him as he continued to massage my breasts. I knew that our time together was just starting, and my thoughts wandered back to Ellen. I wasn’t sure where she and I would lead, but I knew that Daddy liked her, and I was beginning to like her just as much. *After all, she picked out this wonderful collar. I thought to myself. She even made me sweet tea. It seemed that she cared about me too. She could never care about me the same way that Daddy could, but I know that she’s trying. I thought before the commercial was over, and my attention was stolen to the TV.*

Daddy settled down, his hand resting right on my breasts. It was a comfortable pressure, and every once in a while he’d give my breasts a playful squeeze. I didn’t want mother to come home any time soon. I just wanted to lay there with Daddy and not think of much else, and with his hand going from y breast to run his fingers through my hair, that’s exactly what I got. I was able to relax into him, feeling happier than before. I didn’t know what to expect from dinner, but I didn’t care what happened next. All that mattered was what was happening right here and right now.

* * *

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HAVE MY CAKE AND EAT IT TOO, DADDY



Have My
CAKE
And Eat It Too,
DADDY

LUCY LIXX

Chapter One

Daddy's eyes followed me as I sat down at the table. He smiled coyly at me. I always noticed when his eyes lingered on me a bit longer than they did Amy, his actual daughter. He'd stare at me much more often than he did my mother Daniella, and even though there was a small part of me that thought that this wasn't right, it also sent a thrill through me when he looked at me like he did. His smile seeming almost hungry, and I just couldn't ignore it.

The way he glanced at everywhere the nightgown clung from my breasts to my ass stirred heat inside me in ways I knew was wrong...but it made me feel wanted...beautiful...powerful. There was a part of me, an inner voice, telling me to cover up, and yet another would tell me that I should have come down in something a little more daring. A little more see through. I never knew which to listen to. My stepdad, James, wouldn't know what to do if I had come out in something more revealing than I usually did. Even now I could see he was turned on, and I bit the inside of my cheek, trying to chase the thoughts away, but they wouldn't leave. "Do you want orange juice today?" Daddy asked me, and I smiled at him a little, looking up from my French toast.

"Yeah, sure." I said, trying not to blush. I bit my bottom lip as he handed me the glass of orange juice. It had pulp. Just how I liked it, and it made me happy to know that he remembered.

“Not a problem.” He said, and I was going to say something else, but I realized I was staring too much. Amy came down, and the moment was ruined anyways.

“Morning guys.” She said, stretching as she shook her head.

I really didn't like her. She looked cuter than me, or at least I thought so. She had these beautiful c-cup breasts that I couldn't help but to envy. I had nothing but B's, but Daddy never looked at her like he did me. He just smiled, hugging her before handing her a plate of food as well.

“So when's Daniella going to get back?” Amy asked, and I frowned. I hated that she called my mother Daniella. She wasn't even going to be in for my birthday, and I didn't question my mother nearly as much. I knew that she was busy with work, and it wasn't as if we had the best relationship before now either. Shaking my head, I looked at Daddy who gave me an apologetic look. He knew it was a sore subject for me. He always did listen when I talked.

“I don't know, Amy, hunny, but really you should call her step-mom or something at least.” To which Amy only frowned. She was a year younger than me, only seventeen.

“Yeah, yeah.” She said, and I just bit my tongue to keep from saying something as I took another sip of my orange juice.

“Anyways. I'll be with Sandy for about a week, okay Daddy?” She asked, and Daddy thought about it for a moment. He didn't look like

he liked it at all, and I rolled my eyes. She was always hurting them. He looked at me, as if asking for my permission for her to miss my birthday and I just smiled and shrugged. It hurt, but if my mother wasn't going to be there I didn't want her there either. That was for sure.

"Sure." He said, and she perked up.

"Yay! I'll go pack now." Amy said before turning, and she looked at me.

"Oh, hey Ann." She said before bouncing up the stairs.

"Your birthday is tomorrow, and yet it looks like it's just us, huh?" He said, and I shrugged.

"I'm sure mom will celebrate later, and let's face it, Amy forgets anyways." I told him, to which he laughed, ruffling my hair.

"You always were a trooper." Daddy said as he went to clean the dishes.

"I'll do that for you!" I told him, and he shook his head.

"Oh, no. you just rest up and start thinking about where you'd like to go for dinner tomorrow." Daddy told me.

I got up, nearly tripping but Daddy caught me. His grip made me flush. I landed right against his chest, and I couldn't help but to feel

how oddly firm it was. I had seen him without a shirt, but only once or twice. He had been working out a lot since then. I tried to stop the thoughts, but they wouldn't seem to stop. I knew I was flushing when he gave me a worried look, patting my shoulder reassuringly.

"You be careful, okay?" Daddy said, flashing a smile at me.

"Okay, Daddy." I said, and he laughed again before turning back to the dishes.

"I'm going to go pick out my outfit." I told him, going to my room.

The stairs were tiresome knowing that I could run by Amy on the way up, but like usual she was too preoccupied on the phone in her room. I was silently thankful that she'd not be there, asking me tons of awkward questions or making snide remarks. One thing my Daddy didn't seem to know was that she certainly wasn't nice to me. He deserved a better daughter, and I certainly tried to be a good daughter for my step-Daddy, but I couldn't ever tell what he was thinking.

I looked at myself in the mirror, and I sighed again. I hated that I had a small chest. They were small B's, but at least they were perky. My slender hips didn't show much, and I figured that I'd always look young with my round face. Brunette hair never made me stand out all too much, and yet everyone always complimented me on my eyes. They weren't just brown, but a hazel that everyone always said had gold in it. I smiled, trying to find the perfect outfit, but nothing came to me. I decided it'd be best if I just went to bed, trying again in the morning. By then I'd be 18, and maybe the pressure that seemed to

settle over my chest would release. Sleep didn't come easy, and for some reason I couldn't stop thinking about the way that Daddy looked at me this morning, but eventually I fell deeply asleep.

Chapter Two

Waking up that morning I was groggy, but I smelled coffee. I slipped out of bed in my pink nightgown, making sure that it was straightened out so that my nipples weren't showing as I went down. The house was quiet, but with mom and Amy gone I couldn't be surprised. Daddy was there in the kitchen, and I knew it before I even rounded the corner.

It was the way he was humming, and for a moment I stopped to listen. He was one of the happiest men I knew, and yet I couldn't figure him out no matter how much I tried. He had taken me in, loved me, cared for me, and he had set a standard no man had been able to beat so far. Daddy turned around immediately when I entered the kitchen. He had always been attentive.

“Good morning, sweetheart. I hope that you're feeling well.” He said, and Daddy's eyes raked over me.

He looked up and down my body, and for once in my life I was all too aware that I was only wearing a nightgown. The look had never been so blatant, and for a moment I wondered if he had thought about me last night too. *No, I shouldn't think about that.* I thought, shaking my head, but they were hard thoughts not to have. He sat down a large plate in front of me. An egg white omelet because I didn't eat yolks, sausage because I preferred it over bacon, and toasted raisin bread because it was my favorite. A cup of orange juice was sat beside me,

and he smiled at me. He remembered everything, and so I smiled at Daddy back.

“Thank you.” I said, looking from the plate to those blue eyes that pulled me towards him in ways I knew I shouldn’t feel. Mother had always been lucky.

“I have coffee too. I’m trying Kona blends. You’ll probably like it since you like it strong.” He said, laughing.

“Happy birthday, baby girl.” He told me, making me bite my lip as I started to shovel food down. Daddy sat with me while I ate, eating across from me once his toast popped up as well.

“So have you thought about where you’d like to go out?” He asked, and I giggled.

“Yeah the new sports bar that opened up sounds great.” I told him, and Daddy nodded, telling me it wasn’t an issue. I finished the rest of my food, and yet I couldn’t stop smiling. I couldn’t wait to go with him, and somehow I just knew what the right outfit would be. He told me that he’d be back with my present later, and I frowned. The last thing I wanted was for Daddy to go and leave me, but I couldn’t wait to see what he had in store for me as far as a present was concerned.

I went to my room, thinking about him, and there was nothing that I could do but to put on Netflix. Trying to get my mind off of everything wasn’t easy, and I shook my head. He had a mischievous look in his eyes when he had left, and I wanted to see what Daddy was getting

me, but I knew it was only a matter of time. Turning eighteen was exciting, and I decided to hop in the shower. I had one last night, but I hoped that the cool water would calm me down. The thoughts that I were having were something I felt need pushed away, but with my mother gone I couldn't help but to think that Daddy may be a little lonely.

Chapter Three

Daddy came back just as I was blow-drying my hair, and he caught me in just a towel. I don't know why I didn't close the door, but I smiled at him, and he smiled back after the look of shock left his face. I turned the blow-dryer off as I finished, and looked up at him with the biggest smile I could manage. My fingers played with the edge of the towel.

“Uh, when you get dressed baby come down stairs.” He said, and I nodded.

“Okay, Daddy.” I said, and he gave me another odd look before turning around.

I know I caught him off guard, and I saw as he was turning around that he was getting aroused. At first I was shocked, but then I smiled a little. He knew I was becoming a woman, and I knew all too well that my step-Daddy was a man. It's why I always thought my mother was lucky, and yet she was never around anymore. A small part of me thought about going down there without putting any clothes on, just a robe, but I thought better of it.

I slipped on the little black dress that I had been saving for a special occasion, and it hugged the small curves I had. A pushup bra helped to make my B's look a little bigger than they were, and a little makeup helped as well. Some nice red lipstick and mascara to make my eyelashes look full and my eyes a little bigger, and I felt I was ready to

go down. The small heels I managed didn't hurt either. He looked at me as I came down, and his eyes widened for a moment. For the first time I noticed that Daddy's eyes lingered on my breasts, moving down and lingering on my hips with the way the dress moved halfway above my knees, riding up a little as I walked.

"Do you like it?" I asked, and Daddy smiled at me.

"Yes. You look quite like a woman..." He said, trailing off, and I couldn't help but to giggle.

Daddy had a box wrapped up in generic birthday paper and a pretty pink bow, holding it out to me. I took it, looking at the pink bow. I touched the satin fabric before pulling it free and unwrapping the gift. It was a Sharron's Pieces were a well-known store around here that did custom orders, and I couldn't help but to grin as I opened the box. The inside didn't disappoint. It was a necklace, and I could tell that he had ordered it just for me. It had white pearls all the way down to a white gold teddy bear, and yet somehow it fit. Despite me being a woman, he knew that I still kept a teddy bear tucked away in my closet. I blushed as I looked up at him, but my grin was even wider.

"It's beautiful." I told him, and Daddy motioned for me to let him put it on me.

I turned around, and he took the necklace gently from my hands. I moved my hair to the side, and the cold teddy bear landed between my cleavage before he dragged it up. I could barely keep from shivering as he clasped it around my neck. I almost let out a sound of

pleasure, but I barely held it in. my blushing wasn't going to stop anytime soon it seemed. His hands lingered on my shoulders for a moment before he stopped back and I turned around.

"It looks beautiful on you." Daddy told me, and I touched the small bear. The pearls felt cool against my skin.

"Thank you." I said, and he nodded.

"It just got done today. I'm sorry for running out on you sweetheart." He said, pulling me to him as he kissed the top of my head, and for a moment I thought about him kissing my lips. He pulled away, and I looked down. My stomach growled loudly, and he went right back to smiling and laughing. The odd look he gave me was gone. It wasn't long before we got in the car, and my stomach growled again. This time a little louder. Daddy only shook his head, assuring me that he'd order appetizers.

Chapter Four

The restaurant was wonderful, and Daddy ordered a beer which quickly turned into two. I didn't mind. His sense of humor got a little more active, and I couldn't help but to smile a little wider. Laugh a little louder as he made jokes. His eyes lingered on mine, and I just ate my Gaelic chicken when I couldn't think of anything appropriate to say. With a small shake of my head, I flicked my eyes over to him again to find that my step-Daddy was still staring at me.

Daddy didn't seem to be nearly as shy after a few beers. I drove us home, to which he laughed, telling me he was fine, and yet I knew that he'd be thankful I did it in the morning. When we got back home, I was happy. I had a great birthday, and I thought that I was going to go straight to bed, but as I lingered in kitchen doorway, watching him grab a glass of water, he looked at me. His eyes stopped me dead in my tracks, and I looked back, smiling a little.

"You know, baby girl. You've grown up a lot." He said, and my heart was hammering. My hand went back to the charm that he had given me, and I bit my bottom lip a little.

"Yeah, Daddy. I know." I told him, and at the word Daddy his eyes closed, and he seemed to hold back a groan.

He crossed the room to be by me, and he tilted my head up by placing two fingers under my chin. My heart hammered a little more as I tried

to process what was happening, but before I could Daddy's lips were on mine. The quietness of house was forgotten, and all I could think of was his soft lips brushing against mine as I moaned into the kiss.

I hadn't been kissed more than twice, and here he was causing a shiver to run down my spine. His tongue pushed between my lips, caressing my own, and I couldn't hold back the moan now. He pulled away a moment later, and there was something different in his eyes this time. He looked at me with lust. Not like a little girl any more.

"God..." He said, and I knew he wasn't thinking clearly, but I didn't want him to be.

"You're beautiful." He whispered, and I bite my bottom lip. I could still feel his own lips caressing my own, and I shivered again.

"I really shouldn't be doing this." Daddy said as he ran his fingers through his hair shaking his head, and panic seized me. I reached out to hold his hand, almost pulling him towards me.

"But I want it." I said, and that's all I could say as I bit my lip, and he nodded with a small chuckle.

"I know you do, baby girl, and that's why you'll have it." He said, and he switched to holding my hand as he led me to the master bedroom on the first floor. I knew it was their room, and I had never been it. My heart beat a little louder, and I could feel my palms shaking.

Chapter Five

I looked at Daddy as he closed the door before my eyes darted to the four poster bed. It was so much more adult than my own little canopy bed which was only a full. Mother had insisted on a king, and I was sure I was about to see why. He smiled at me, and it was devious. A look I never thought I'd see on him outside of my dreams, and then concern crossed his face.

“You're sure you want this?” He said, and my eyes darted towards my Daddy's bulge in his pants.

“Yes.” I whispered. I could barely speak, but I knew despite how nervous I was I wanted this.

I wanted this more than I had ever wanted anything, and his hands went to my black dress, sliding it down my arms and over my small hips. It pooled at the floor around my feet. I was in front of him in just my black pushup bra and boy short panties. He smiled at me, and before I could feel embarrassed Daddy started to kiss my neck. I had never had a boy kiss me there, and I closed my eyes before turning my head to give him better access.

“Yes...” I whispered, and I could feel him grin against my skin. He unsnapped my bra, and picked me up. I could feel his hands on my ass, as I wrapped my arms around him. I partially wanted to be closer to him, but I also didn't want Daddy to see how embarrassed I

was. I didn't want him to know I had never been with another guy, and when he placed me on the bed, I couldn't stop from looking up at him.

He kissed down the valley of my breasts as he pulled my bra away. His tongue teased one nipple, as he sucked lightly, nipping at it as I cried out. My back arched involuntarily as I moaned. His fingers hooked in my panties, pulling them down my legs. I looked at him, and my blush was full force now. Daddy gave me an odd look.

“Have you ever been with a man before, baby?” He asked softly, nearly purring it before I looked away. I couldn't find it in myself to answer, but he asked the question again. A little more forceful this time, and the tone startled me into answering.

“No.” I managed to stutter out. A strange look crossed his face, and for a moment I feared that he'd stop.

“But you want this...” He mumbled, and there seemed to be conflict in his eyes, but then Daddy seemed to have made his own decision. He smirked a little, kissing down my stomach as I gasped.

“I'll make it enjoyable for you baby.” He told me, and my thoughts of anything else went out the window as he pulled my lips apart.

I flushed a little since no one had ever seen me down there, and now he was looking at me therewith just my necklace and heels on. His tongue flicked across my clit, and I arched my back a little more, moaning loudly. He started to lick between my lips, up my slit as I

shivered again, crying out. I wasn't sure how much that I'd be able to take like this. I could feel my legs starting to quiver as he continued to lick up and down my slit, and his thumb started to play with my clit.

“God you taste as good as I'd imagined, baby.” Daddy told me, and the reality hit me.

He had thought about me just as much as I had him, and I couldn't help but to wonder how long. I didn't have time to wonder too much longer as he started to push his tongue into me, and I cried out loudly. I could feel my own pleasure starting to mount. As he pulled away I groaned, reaching for his head, but he laughed, catching my wrist as he moved to undo his shirt.

My eyes were glued to his hands as he exposed a black tank top which he slowly slipped over his head after removing the button up as well. Daddy working out lately certainly showed. Daddy had a six pack I wasn't expecting, and his hands went to undo his pants. He looked at me, glancing up and down my body as he pulled out his cock. I had seen it before, being eighteen had made me curious and I did masturbate quite a bit.

Daddy was bigger than I expected, and he reached for something in the nightstand beside us. It took me a minute to realize that he had grabbed a condom. His finger was still rubbing my clit as he put it on, and my eyes closed in pleasure again. I couldn't help but to be nervous as he moved between my legs, and I opened up a little wider for him. Daddy started to push into me before he hit a barrier. I groaned, and he closed his eyes just as I opened my own.

“God. Hold still, baby.” He told me before he pulled out, and thrust all the way in. I cried out in pain, but he kissed me, swallowing my cries as his hands went to my wrists, holding me until I calmed down. I started to adjust around him, and he loosened his grip and pulled his lips away from me.

“Are you okay sweetheart?” Daddy asked, and I nodded, biting my bottom lip.

My breathing was labored as he started to move inside of me. He moved slowly at first as I continued to get used to him, and the pain started to turn to pleasure. I shivered underneath him, and his hands went to my breast. His fingers tugged on my delicate nipple, and pleasure once again started to build up inside of me. I could tell that Daddy was building to his own climax as his hands kneaded at my breasts, massaging them as I started to clench around him.

It wasn't long before his thrusting started to thrust in and out a little harder. I moaned louder, crying out as I started to go over the edge. I was overwhelmed with pleasure as I came with him continuing to thrust inside of me. Daddy groaned again. I could feel him coming inside of me. He twitched as he groaned my name, and I looked up at him. I was exhausted, and he smiled down at me completely satisfied. His hand went up to move some stray hairs out of my face. He shook his head as he pulled out of me. I could feel exhaustion overwhelming. The last thing I felt was Daddy taking off my high heels and necklace as he tucked me in. I felt completely satisfied, and I fell asleep in a bliss for the first time in my young life.

Chapter Six

I woke up to light filtering through in a direction I wasn't used to. I groaned, rolling over, and then I saw Daddy laying asleep beside me. My eyes shot open wide as he looked at him, and my startled movements must have woken him up. His eyes started to open, and once again I was lost in that blue color that seemed to pull me in. He smiled at me for a moment.

"I'm happy to wake up to you beside me..." Daddy told me, and he smiled a little more. I gave him a puzzled look.

"What about mother?" I asked, and a sad look crossed his face. He leaned over to kiss me.

"Let's not talk about it, sweetheart." He told me, and I nodded. I didn't want to make him feel bad again, and so I nodded. His smile returned, and he got up. I could see his naked body, and I bit my bottom lip as I looked at him. To my surprise, Daddy was hard again. He must have seen my eyes open because he just laughed again.

"Men do get hard in the morning, baby girl." He told me, and I blushed a little, looking away.

"You're so innocent." He said softly, making it sound as if it was something desirable. I bit my bottom lip, and I went to move, but I was sore. I winced a little, and he patted the end of the bed. I crawled over, and Daddy helped me down.

"On your knees." He told me, but I gave him an odd look.

"What?" I asked, and he quirked a brow.

"When have you questioned your Daddy before?" He said teasingly, and I nodded. I didn't see why I should actually question him, and so I sunk to my knees. He rubbed his cock on my lips, and I looked at him.

“Suck the head.” He told me, wrapping his fingers in my hair. I don’t know why, but I felt myself getting wet as I took the tip into my mouth, sucking lightly.

“That’s right. No teeth, baby.” He told me, and his fingers tightened in my hair.

I knew I was wet now, and so I continued to suck Daddy’s cock. I soon realized what I was doing. Giving him a blowjob, and I closed my eyes as he started to push his cock into my mouth a little more. He started to thrust in and out, and I tried to keep my teeth away as I sucked on him. My tongue danced across the bottom of his shaft, and he groaned. My hand trailed down to between my legs, and I could feel my wetness on my inner thighs before he groaned again. I could feel Daddy twitching in my mouth as I started to slip a finger between my lips.

“Get ready baby.” He told me, but I didn’t know what Daddy was telling me to get ready for.

I just continued to suck, looking up at him as I trailed my wetness to my clit. He started to come in my mouth, and my eyes widened, but I swallowed. He smirked down at me for a moment as I swallowed him, coughing a little as he pulled himself from my lips. I looked up at Daddy as he ran his fingers through my hair, and Daddy extended a hand up so that he could help me to my feet. He kissed my temple.

“How about I make us some breakfast, sweetheart? We didn’t get to spend a lot of time together yesterday.” He said, and I smiled.

“Okay. Thank you.” I said, and he laughed, turning me around.

“How about you go clean up, baby?” He asked, and I nodded. I never had went into the master bathroom, but as I went in, it didn’t disappoint. The walk in shower was calling my name, and once again I realized just how lucky my mother was. I couldn’t understand why she wasn’t showing Daddy the attention he obviously deserved.

Chapter Seven

Daddy looked at me as he made breakfast, and I couldn't help but to smile. I had come out just in time, and he shook his head when he saw that I had grabbed his robe that he had hanging up. Just as he plated everything, I went to sit down, but Daddy stopped me. His hands touched my shoulders, and he slowly moved his hands under the robe, pushing it off my shoulders.

“Untie it babygirl.” He told me, and a blush settled over my cheeks. I went to shake my head, but Daddy gave me a look. I just couldn't say no to him, and my hands shakily went to untie the robe that I had secured tightly around me just moments before. Last night was embarrassing, and yet somehow in the kitchen it was even worse. It was also more exciting. I had stayed up countless nights trying to chase these thoughts and images away. The thought of coming out here naked to tease Daddy just to see what would happen. To see what he would do, and here it was finally happening. He let the robe drop a little exposing me. I wanted desperately to grab it and hold it close. To hide myself as my embarrassment took over, but he resolved that in one simple word.

“Beautiful.” He said, almost under his breath where I couldn't hear. Daddy telling me I was beautiful was all I needed to slide the robe all the way off. He took it in his hands, disappearing into his bedroom to put it up before coming back. I was already sitting, and we ate breakfast in silence. It was a comfortable silence, but it didn't stop

tension from building as Daddy looked at me with lustful eyes. I went to clear my plate away, but Daddy got up first. He took the dishes, putting them in the sink. I offered to do them, but he shook his head, telling me later. I gave him an odd look. I was used to doing my chores, and I certainly wasn't used to Daddy stopping me.

"It's not my birthday anymore." I told him. Daddy only laughed in response, shaking his head a little before running his hands through his hair.

"I know, sweetheart, but sometimes I just want to treat you special. I won't be able to do it as much when your mother and sister get back, and so I want to." He told me, but it still didn't make as much sense as I'd like it too.

"Now, I want to discuss a few things with you." Daddy told me. I listened with rapt attention as he picked me up, placing me on the counter. I straightened up as he put his hands on my hips. I was so much shorter than him, and now I giggled. I was a little taller, and it certainly wasn't something that I was used to. I reached out to run my fingers through my Daddy's hair, and he stiffened for a moment for laughing. I smiled at him, and he smiled back.

"Well. You don't seem to mind what I showed you this morning at all. I thought that things might be a little tense, sweetheart." He said, nearly mumbling it to himself.

I knew that Daddy didn't want me to reply just yet, but I nodded to make sure that he knew that I was listening. His smile widened some, turning upward in the corner almost devilishly as his eyes looked me up and down. He reached out to touch my hardened nipples, tweaking

them between his fingers before his eyes trailed up to meet mine again, as if getting back to business.

“Well. There’s a lot that I can show you about your body, and it’s obvious you haven’t explored it yet.” He said, and I nodded at Daddy again, asking him with my eyes to go on.

“Would you like that sweetheart?” He asked me, and I grinned.

“Yes.” I told him.

It was the first thing that he had asked me that I didn’t feel embarrassed about. I was almost excited. I knew that Daddy must know a lot more than I did about my body. He had handled it so expertly the night before, and I wanted to know more. I wanted to feel more. I wanted him to show me, but all of my thoughts were lost as his hand trailed over my bare hip, and he gripped my inner thighs.

Daddy had such strong hands, and his calloused fingers worked over my inner thigh, causing me to open my legs for him. I looked at him as his fingers went to my clit, circling it teasingly, and I shivered again as I looked at him, expecting something, but I didn’t know what. I was starting to get wet as Daddy continued to play with me, and I was biting my bottom lip without even realizing it. He started to trail his fingers down my slit, pushing one finger into me before adding another.

“Oh, Daddy...” I moaned, trailing off.

Daddy started to move his fingers in and out of me, and I clenched around his fingers. He pushed them further inside of me, and I could feel my wetness starting to drip down to my inner thighs as he continued. I groaned, letting my eyes flutter closed as I bucked my hips a little to meet his thrusting fingers. I could feel myself building up into an orgasm, and I bit my bottom lip to keep from crying out too much.

My body shook as I tried to keep from coming, but Daddy leaned down to place soft, gentle kisses on my cheek. Daddy trailed kisses down my jaw and then over my neck. A shiver ran through me, and with his fingers still thrusting, hard and slow I couldn't help but to spasm once more, moaning as I came loudly around his fingers. He stilled them inside me before Daddy started to withdraw them.

“Such a good girl.” Daddy told me, making me shiver a little as I opened my eyes. I didn't remember the kitchen being that bright, but a pleasurable tingling had taken hold of my entire body. I blushed, realizing how hard Daddy had made me come. I nodded, smiling at the compliment. His hands went to my hips before he slowly picked me up off of the cool counter, sitting me down on my feet. I shivered when my bare feet hit the cool tile, and Daddy placed a comforting hand on my shoulder.

“I have to go buy a few things.” Daddy told me.

“Aww.” I said, clearly dismayed that he was leaving, but this didn't seem to deter him. He placed a gentle kiss on my temple after pulling me close.

“I’ll be back.” He told me. “You find a way to relax, and I’ll be back. I’m sure you’re going to like the things I’m getting.” He reassured me before leaving me in the house alone.

I hadn’t had the house all to myself before, but I knew that no one would be getting mad at me no matter where I went. My eyes turned to the master bedroom, and so I went in there. I wanted to creep. Even though Daddy had let me in, going in without him seemed almost wrong. I curled up into the bed. .after coming, I was quite tired, but I would never want to admit to it. Laying my head on the pillow, it was just like I thought it’d be. His scent was everywhere, and I started to drift off to sleep. After all, anyone could use a nap from time to time.

Chapter Eight

When Daddy got back from the store, I know he found me curled up on his bed because that's exactly how he woke me. I worried for a moment that he'd be mad, and I gave him a look of concern. Despite him shaking me awake, Daddy wasn't mad at all. It was obvious that he found the situation a little amusing by the way that the left corner of his mouth tugged upward a little and he smiled at me.

“You can sleep here as much as you want when no one else is here, darling. As much as you want. In fact, I'd love it if you slept here with me all this week.” He told me, helping me to sit up as he pulled me to his chest.

I wrapped my arms around Daddy, giving him a hug. When I pulled away, I noticed the two black bags beside him, and I gave him an odd look. I don't know why the bags were black, and my natural curiosity started to take hold. It was all I could do to keep from reaching out and dumping out the contents just to see what that black plastic was hiding. Seeing my avid look of curiosity, Daddy laughed before taking one. The first thing he pulled out was a vibrator. It wasn't that I hadn't seen one before, but I hadn't seen one in person. I wanted to look away, but I was far too fascinated.

“There will be times I can't play, and I want to make sure that my little girl is taken care of.” He told her, handing me the pink vibrator. It was shaped like a cock, and she knew it was roughly his size. The bright pink threw her off a little bit, but seeing the knob I realized that

there were different speeds I could set it at. Despite only wanting him at the moment, I was curious.

“Seven speeds, and it’s rechargeable.” He told me, pulling out the box that it came in. I saw the power cord, and I smiled a little more. There would be no reason to try to hide how many batteries I went through that way. The next thing he pulled out took me a little more by surprised than I was expecting.

“A glass ball gag.” He said, and I had never seen a ball gag before. I had seen it in a video once, and it had always fascinated me, but it wasn’t something that I was ever going to tell anyone. That’s for sure, but it was black and slick looking. The one I had seen had been made out of rubber.

“In case I can’t have you getting too loud, but the straps are suede, so it shouldn’t cause any discomfort. It’s small enough for your mouth, but it’ll fit securely.

The glass will make sure that you can’t bite down, so you won’t hurt your teeth.” Daddy explained to me, and it was obvious that he had put in a lot of work thinking about it. I gave him an odd look, but he was grinning now. He paid no attention to my curiosity as he pulled out a blindfold. It was silky and black, quite like a few of the ties that I had bought him over the year. Next came a coil of rope that was red. Daddy called it bondage rope, but he gave me no further explanation. I had never asked what bondage was, and my heart started to pound, but the dampness between my legs made me realize that it wasn’t pounding just from fear. The next thing he pulled out was toy cleaner,

which had somehow managed to get to the bottom of the bag, and he pulled out throat numbing spray as well. It was supposed to taste like strawberries, but I doubted it.

“I hope you’re looking forward to trying these out as much as I am.” Daddy told me, and I smiled.

“Yes. I am, Daddy.” I said, and he grinned.

“How about you put your vibrator on the charger and we do, hmm? I have something I didn’t pull out yet, and we need to go grocery shopping.” He told me, and so I did what he asked.

When I came back, he pulled back a small pair of panties that I knew would fit me snugly. They were pink, but they had almost a string of pearls down the center where the crotch would go. I gave him an odd look, and he laughed, slipping them on me. The pearls nestled between my lips and my ass cheeks. I made a small mewling sound of pleasure as I shifted my weight and they pulled tight against me, teasing my holes and my clit at the same time.

“I can’t wear these out.” I protested to Daddy meekly, but he tsked at me, shaking his head.

“Now, now. I don’t want to hear that. I know you can be a good girl.” Daddy said patting my cheek, and I had no interest in disappointing him. I nodded again, wondering how I’d get through this shopping trip.

Chapter Nine

Getting through the shopping trip was as hard as I had expected, but I didn't want to stop either. Daddy smiled at me in the best way. I just smiled back, but walking caused the pearl beads to rub in just the right way, making my wetness drip down to my inner thighs, as I bit my bottom lip. I tried to shake the thoughts away, but even as Daddy helped me out of the car, I wondered if I'd be getting out of this at all without coming right there in front of everyone. The shopping trip itself was rather uneventful.

Daddy made sure to pick up everything we needed, and for that I was grateful. I knew that I couldn't do it. I could barely concentrate on one foot in front of the other. No less anything else. When we were at the checkout, he looked at me, ruffling my hair a little. A blush crept over my cheeks as Daddy picked out something for me to eat. I chose just a basic chocolate bar, and he slipped it into the basket to be rung up with everything else he had picked out. I looked over it all, realizing that it was to make nachos. For some reason, it felt even more embarrassing that I hadn't realized what he was picking up before now. My mind just wasn't able to process anything but the feeling of tension and need building up inside of me.

"You did really good baby girl." He told me when we got in the car, and I beamed at him as he handed me the bar of chocolate.

"Thank you." I told him, and Daddy smiled a little more, switching the radio on so that I had something to listen to while I ate my treat.

I was never as thankful that we lived close by the grocery store as I was today. I wanted to get home. My fingers were itching to relieve the tension that had built up inside of me, and I could tell that Daddy was excited as well. It was in the way that his eyes kept glancing at me, lingering on me as I shivered. He helped me out of the car, and we went inside the house. Daddy nearly slammed the door in excitement, causing me to startle. I walked with him to the kitchen as he put everything up, and the smile seemed like it'd never leave Daddy's face. He put away the groceries before turning to me, quirking a brow with a mischievous look on his face.

"How about you go to see if that vibrator is charged, baby girl?" He asked.

"Yes, Daddy." I said, going to the bedroom. I didn't need to turn around to know that Daddy was right behind me as I went into the master bedroom. He closed the door softly behind me, and I went to unplug the vibrator. Sure enough, it was charged, and I couldn't help but to jump as the buzzing was a little stronger than I had expected. Daddy chuckled.

"It's okay. It's just turned on high, but there's different settings. Don't you want me to show you?" Daddy teased, but I knew it was a serious question. I nodded in response, and he patted the bed.

"Hop on up." Daddy told me before I started to wiggle out of my clothes. He pulled them down, making short work of it as I laid back on the bed.

“Nah, uh.” Daddy said, shaking his head, and I gave him a confused look. “I want to show you something, so you’ll just have to trust me.” He told me, and he helped me to get on the bed properly, positioning me in the middle of it as he started to take something out of the drawer. It was one of his ties. Daddy slipped it over my wrists, tying them together and right through an opening in the headboard. My eyes widened, but before I could panic Daddy leaned over to kiss my temple.

“There, there. It’ll be fine. Watch. I’ll make sure that you enjoy every minute of it.” He said. I gasped as he positioned the vibrator between my lips, starting to slowly tease me with the cool, soft material before he pushed the button and it came to life.

“Daddy.” I cried out, but he only shushed me as he started to move it slowly around my clit, teasing me as I arched my back. I wanted to reach down.

I wanted to take some control somehow, but my tied hands forced me to calm back down on the bed as I let Daddy play with me. He started to push the vibrator into me slowly, teasing me with just the tip after he trailed it between my lips and back up again to tease my clit. He trailed the head back down, pushing it a little further inside of me this time. With another soft, almost inaudible click it started to buzz a little harder, making me cry out again in pleasure as I squirmed.

My hips started to buck back against the vibrator as Daddy pushed it in and out of me. With each thrust he pushed it in a little further until he had worked it all of the way inside of me. My eyes fluttered closed before opening again. I saw that Daddy was watching for a reaction as

he put it on a pulse setting. I could feel myself getting worked up, and I tried to not get too loud as I got closer and closer to going over the edge into pleasure.

“Please...” I said, trailing off, but I didn’t quite know what I was asking for.

“Please what, baby?” He asked, and I tried to think of the right words to tell Daddy what I wanted.

“Please, Daddy.” I said. “Please let me come...” I cried out, and he started to push the vibrator in and out of me a little faster but just as gentle as his thumb went to my clit, making me cry out in pleasure.

I started to come. My muscles started to clench and unclean as I spasmed. I groaned as I looked at him, but he didn’t stop. Daddy continued to work the vibrator in and out of me as I rode out my orgasm, continuing to buck my hips involuntarily begging for more. Daddy didn’t stop as I started to get close all over again, eyes fluttering close as my breathing got ragged.

His hand reached out to play with my nipple through the fabric of my shirt, and I arched my back again. Once again I wished that I could reach out and touch him, but Daddy had made sure that my hands were tied securely to the bed, and there was nothing I could do but lay there and take everything that Daddy was giving me. I went over the edge into my own pleasure again as I came, crying out a little louder. Daddy stopped, turning the vibrator off as he pulled it slowly from me. I could hear the sounds of my own wetness, which only caused him to chuckle.

“That’s a good girl.” He told me. “Now how about you stay here while I go cook us some nachos, hmm?” He said.

For a moment, it didn’t sink in what he was saying until he had already started to walk into the other room, closing the door softly behind him. I was left there, tied to the bed with my own juices slowly dripping o the bed from my orgasms, and yet somehow that had me excited all over again. I closed my eyes and groaned, hoping that Daddy would be back soon.

Chapter Ten

It seemed like I waited for Daddy to come back for hours, biting my bottom lip as I squirmed. The longer I waited, the more I wanted to touch myself. The more my clit ached to be played with, and I arched my back, hoping that he'd come back. When the frustration became too much, I cried out his name. It took him a moment to get there, and I thought briefly that he had left. When he opened the door, I knew that Daddy was cooking dinner because I could smell the taco meat and the tortilla shells baking.

“Just a little while longer, baby girl.” He told me, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. “Oh, you must be frustrated.” Daddy said, teasing me. I nodded a little.

“Yes...” I cried out, and he laughed again, shaking his head.

“You’re going to have to get used to that babygirl.” He told me, but Daddy crossed the room to get back to me as he started to push the vibrator between my lips. He pushed it into me with it being on low, and I groaned, clenching around it. I tried to come, but it was too low. It was meant to tease, and with that Daddy went out to finish cooking. I was starving by the time that he was done cooking, but Daddy didn’t look like he was about to let me finish anytime soon.

“Finish your plate, baby.” He told me as I sat at the table about a half hour later, grinding against the seat as if I could come, but he wasn’t

going to let that happen.

I pouted at him, but I did what Daddy told me to either way. It wasn't that I didn't want to listen. I did. I smiled at him as I finished my plate despite my need, and I thought that he'd finally take me to the bedroom, but he didn't. Instead, Daddy pulled out a piece of cheesecake, which I didn't remember him getting. I groaned again, and he quirked his brow.

“You were a good girl. Don't you want cheesecake?” He asked.

“I want to come...” I whined slightly, making him frown.

“After dessert, baby. I can't spoil you after all.” Daddy told me, running his fingers through my hair as he sat the plate down in front of me.

I started to get the feeling that he quite enjoyed me squirming in the chair with the way that his eyes raked over me. It took another twenty minutes before Daddy took me to his bed, and I had stopped feeling as awkward being naked in front of him, as I hadn't been dressed since he untied me. Dinner had been an odd affair, and yet I didn't care now that the door shut softly behind him. He smirked at me as he went over to the bed, undoing his pants as he slipped off his shoes. Daddy sat on the edge, and I smiled at him. I went to get on my knees, but he stopped me by putting a hand on my shoulder.

“No, no. not this time, baby. I want you to sit in Daddy's lap.” He told me, and I gave him a curious look.

He was already out and exposed, and my eyes trailed down his cock. He went to put a condom on before I started to get on his lap, but Daddy turned me around so that I was facing him. I started to straddle him as he sat me down, lining himself up with my entrance as I slid down the length of his cock. I tilted my head back to moan as he smirked.

“God you’re so tight.” Daddy told me, making me shiver as I started to clench around him. “Relax.” Daddy muttered, but it was barely audible.

I had never felt so full in my life. His hands went to my hips, guiding me up and down. My knees rested on the bed as he moved us backwards, and I used them to push myself up and down the length of his cock, groaning as I continued to ride him. He started to help me up a little faster, thrusting his hips upward each time that I came back down. I groaned a little louder, grinding my hips as he bottomed out inside of me.

“Daddy...” I cried, but he just continued to bounce me up and down on his cock despite my squirming.

My pleasure started to build, but Daddy didn’t let up. I could feel him throbbing inside of me. I knew from his own moans that I was bringing him pleasure. I went to touch his chest, running my hands up to place them on his shoulders. Daddy grabbed the tie, tsking at me as he stilled inside of me. He stopped thrusting inside of me as he quickly tied my hands so that I couldn’t use them. All I could do was push myself up and down on his cock.

“Why?” I groaned, rocking my hips with him deep inside of me, whining slightly. I wanted to touch him. I wanted to feel Daddy’s shoulders as he continued to thrust inside of me, but he smiled more, leaning in to whisper in my ear.

“Because I like you like this, baby girl. I like you giving your control to Daddy.” He teased me. The words sent a shudder running through me, and I clenched on him again.

“I like you letting me use you like Daddy’s personal slut, baby.” Daddy teased me, and I groaned.

The words pushed me over the edge as I started to come with him still inside of me. His hands went back to my hips, starting to thrust up into me as he forced me to ride him again. I thought that he was going to come inside of me, but just as he started to throb a little harder, Daddy stopped. He went to lift me up, pulling himself out of me, and I groaned.

I wanted to be pushed over the edge one more time. Daddy’s strong hands laid me on my stomach with my ass up in the air as he mounted the air behind me. He slowly started to tease me, pushing just the head in as he had done my vibrator earlier. I didn’t see his hand reach for it, but I felt as Daddy grabbed the vibrator, placing it on my clit. The soft material circled my delicate clit as I groaned, pushing back.

“Please don’t tease me.” I groaned, and with that Daddy turned it on high. At the same time he thrust hard, deep inside of me. Daddy started to fuck me differently than he had before. Each thrust was

hard and quick. He filled me with each and every one, causing me to groan as I laid there and took it.

“Good girl.” Daddy panted as I started to edge closer to another orgasm.

My head was spinning with the pleasure as I started to come to my senses, grinding my hips back against him. Daddy had never been so rough with me, but as he held the vibrator even tighter to my clit, I never wanted him to stop. Just as he started to push into me a little slower, I knew that Daddy was going to come. He still pushed in just as hard, making me edge a little closer to my next orgasm.

I couldn't concentrate on anything but the pleasure that he was bringing me. Daddy started to come inside of me, and I cried out, clenching around him as I milked out every last drop of his come. He groaned in pleasure one more time, slowly pulling out of me. My hands were still tied, and it was all I could manage to push myself up and turn over. My own juices had dripped onto the bed, causing a wet spot on Daddy's sheets. A blush crept over my cheeks, but he just smiled.

“Don't worry about it, baby.” He told me. “We'll get you on the pill and then these won't be needed.” He said, as he threw the condom in the trash. I don't know why, but the idea of feeling him come deep inside of me was exciting, and so I nodded. I thought that Daddy was going to untie me, but he didn't. He finished undressing, crawling into bed as he pulled me close to his chest. I didn't protest. I loved the feeling of him holding me close to him. I was just drifting off to sleep

when I heard the text message. I didn't think anything of it until I heard Daddy curse.

"Your mother will be home a little early." He said, clearly disappointed. "It looks like tomorrow will be our last day together for a few weeks." Daddy whispered in my ear.

"Oh..." I said, disappointed.

"Don't worry. There's still so much I can show you." Daddy told me, reaching around to tweak my nipple as I arched my back.

"Oh. I almost forgot." He said, and I could feel Daddy's smile against my back.

I didn't need to ask. In just moments he had the vibrator running up and down my slit again on high, driving me closer to the edge as his finger worked over my clit. I thought I was going to come just as Daddy pulled it away, putting it on low. He pushed it inside of me and told me to keep my legs closed. I groaned as Daddy slipped out of bed. He came back with panties, working them up my legs to hold the vibrator in securely. I knew there was no escaping it tonight as Daddy crawled back in, pulling me close.

"I have to keep you ready after all." He teased me, and I tried to grind back against the vibrator to no avail. I knew that tomorrow would be even more exciting, and I almost couldn't get to sleep. Eventually I found my way into dreamland in Daddy's arms with a soft buzzing filling the room.

THE END

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STRIPPED BY DADDY



LUCY LIXX

Stripped
BY
Daddy

CANDY GIRL SERIES

Chapter 1

I've always wanted to be like my mom. Don't judge me, but I was almost turning 19 then, and she was the most beautiful woman I knew. My mom, Monica was 48 years old, but I wouldn't give her a day over 30. Because of her bombshell looks, she always managed to date younger guys and even married one, not that long ago. I really, really liked my new daddy. Travis was 39, tall, dark and unbelievably handsome, and had arms to die for. His eyes were big and deep and just by looking at me, he could make me squirm.

From our friends' point of view, I was a younger version of my mom, although I had failed to see that. Long hair, perfect natural breasts, tiny waist, round ample ass and olive skin, my mom was truly a goddess of a woman. Everywhere we went, people would turn to look at her. And being an ex-model, it all seemed so natural to her: she simply seemed oblivious and aware of how she looked, although secretly I knew she was enjoying every bit of the attention.

My story started two years into their marriage, right as I was finally growing into my body and developing. At first, I was insecure about my height, my tits and my ass, but after I realized the looks I got, I kind of just went with it.

It wasn't just type of look that I indulged, it was specifically his: Travis's. During this time, I noticed him staring at me, looks I didn't think much of, until he started talking about it. While mom wasn't there, of course.

“You look so much like your mom...only better.” – He’d whisper, grabbing my palm on the dining room table or “You’re becoming a grown woman Katie, men will soon run after you but I won’t let them.”

At first, his comments seemed inappropriate to me, however after dozen of play dates with my mom’s friends, who by the way, all commented on how I look exactly like her, and more importantly, joked with Daddy on how he is a lucky man to live with two playboy centerfold look-alikes, I simply grew into it. Well, not just that. I relished it. I learned to love it. Who am I kidding? I loved it!

This all happened in the summer before I finished High School and during this period, mom was away for work. A lot.

Since I was my mom’s daughter, I not only idolized her but I wanted to be like her. Daddy’s comments and looks made me feel grown up and wanted. On top of that, everything he did was a confirmation that I was as good as her. That was the only approval I needed for as long as I knew I was just like my mom, I felt powerful. That was, after all, my biggest dream.

Chapter 2

I was nearing my 19th birthday and my mom had promised to take me and my three girlfriends to Vegas! Oh the excitement! Vegas was all we talked about, for hours and days, we simply couldn't wait to go!

At this time, mom was absent a lot. She was working in high-end real estate and her job meant everything to her. Travis and I were alone a lot and I started noticing him doing not so innocent things. At first, I was sure it was just my imagination, but later it proved to be much, much more. And, I loved every second of it.

Whenever we were alone in the house, I'd catch him staring at my pouty lips. He'd start talking and instead of looking into my eyes, he'd simply look at my lips. On top of it, while talking, he'd lick his own bottom lip. As much as all this made me uncomfortable at first, later on I not only learned to enjoy it but I also sought his attention. I'd wait to see my mom leave then I'd intentionally walk into whatever room daddy was in.

“Katie, looking gorgeous today.” – He'd whisper, while watching me enter the room. I'd keep quiet and I'd simply walk up to him, usually leaning on the chair he was sitting in. I'd stand there staring at him staring at my lips, licking his and often touching my arm. He'd simply glide his hand over my arm, up and down, while looking at my lips and whispering: “You are so beautiful.”

Then, one day after my mom left, I went down and walked in the kitchen. Daddy was sitting at the kitchen counter, facing the entrance. He knew I'd show up. As I did, he smiled and tilted his head to the right, eyeing my every move. I walked up to the counter, put my hands on it and sort of leaned in, lifting my butt up. I saw him stare: from my lips, to my ass and I saw him grab his dick, sort of readjusting it while clearing his throat. Once he removed his hand, I saw the imprint on his pants: I knew he got hard just by looking at me. And, it made me very happy. I was pleased I was able to have an effect like that on Daddy since to me it meant I was as good as my mommy. Since that day, I took every chance I got to provoke him and watch him suffer while I literally walked around him in all sorts of skimpy outfits. He'd simply lean in and watch.

“You’re driving me crazy, sweetlips. That’s your nickname from now on.” – Daddy whispered to me one day, while completely leaning in on me. I felt his body weight and it aroused me, made me wet and all I could think about was how much I wanted him. When I tried to reach out and grab his hand, he left the room: “Not yet, sweetlips.”

After that day, Daddy called me “sweetlips” every chance he got, of course while my mom was away. She never knew the games I played with Daddy. She never knew the effect I had on him.

Chapter 3

Those were all innocent games compared to what followed. I was always under the impression that as much as I knew Daddy wanted me, he'd never actually do something about it. He had this shy approach to our games and I always thought I was the aggressive one. As time went by, this proved to be completely wrong.

Daddy called me "sweetlips" every chance he got while mom was away. The moment I would walk in the room, he'd start: "Hey sweetlips, you're so hot today."

Whenever he'd hug me, his hand would rest at the point where my lower waist met my ass. At first, I thought this to be a coincidence or just my imagination, but whenever my mom wasn't around, Daddy would proceed to pat my butt while hugging me. He did it ever so gently, I always wanted more.

I'd smile, and I'd proceed to cat-walk in front of him, lean in on some furniture or even bend in front of him. I'd hear him moan and I'd hear him touching himself which made me feel wanted, and turned me on. The second I'd face him and try to put my hands on him, he'd go: "Not yet, sweetlips." And, he'd leave the room.

After a while, during the time when my mom was not at home, I noticed some changes in Daddy. For instance, whenever I was in the shower, daddy would somehow find an excuse to show up in the bathroom. The glass door, although steamy, was still see-through, so I

knew he was able to see my naked silhouette from where he was standing. I was also able to see his silhouette from where he was standing, and he'd usually be in briefs. Daddy started doing this using various excuses: he needed the toothpaste, he ran out of floss, or he needed a towel... And I pretended to believe him. I played the part he wanted me to play and I watched his silhouette from inside the shower. I knew he was staring at me. One day while I was in the shower, Daddy walked in murmuring something about towels and proceeded to walk in and stand in front of the glass-door. The water was on, so I couldn't really hear anything but I noticed he was standing in front of the glass-door longer than usual. I focused to try and hear what was happening and I soon realized Daddy had his pants down and he was jerking off while looking at my naked silhouette. As much as the glass-door was steamy, I could see his silhouette moving, I could see his hands and most of all, I could hear the rubbing sound his dick made. Not wanting to scare him off, I continued to play my part, more aggressively: I squeezed my tits on the glass-door giving him full view while massaging them, and right after, I pushed my ass up the glass-door, giving him full view again. I was trying to seduce him, to make him join me in the shower. By simply knowing what he was doing right outside my door, I was so turned on. I heard him: "Oh sweetlips, you're driving me insane!"

Right after this, he fell quiet, breathing hard and deep, and I knew he had cum just by hearing me. I'd never felt more dominant and confident in my whole life! All I wanted to do was make daddy cum again.

Chapter 4

During all of this game-playing, I was relishing every minute spent with Daddy. The fact that I was able to influence a grown man in such a way was a huge ego booster. On top of it all, it also was an affirmation that I was as good, if not better, than mommy.

What I never realized was just how much I was really enjoying these tantalizing games with Daddy. Although this whole period was a countdown to my birthday in Vegas, the closer it got the less I wanted to go. This was strange but it only meant I simply didn't want to go without him. I didn't want the games to stop. I was afraid that if I was gone for a weekend, he'd lose interest in me. And, I couldn't let that happen.

My mom used to always have her play her secretary, and call clients for her job, or would quickly hand me her cell phone when one of her clients would call and tell me to act like her secretary. She thought that it would give her more clout, and make her seem more legit and sought after. So after weeks of planning, I was able to imitate my mother's voice on the phone and actually called a couple of high-end clients to look at a mansion that just went on sale. Luckily for me, they were all interested and I asked them to call me the next day so we can schedule the viewing.

The next morning, as we were all eating breakfast in the kitchen, my mom's phone rang. I saw how confused she was while taking the call, but luckily she never questioned anything. That morning, she had to

schedule three high-end viewings, all on the day of our Vegas trip. I saw her heart sink, and although she was apologetic about it, I innocently played my part as a bratty teenage daughter saying: “But, mom you promised!”

My mom was devastated that she was no longer able to celebrate my 19th birthday with me. I acted as if I was completely devastated for not going to Vegas. I saw my mom thinking and contemplating her actions and I knew it was only minutes before she'd realize what she could do. And, I was right.

Mom turned to Daddy: “Travis, I have to ask you a favor. I need you to go to Vegas with Katie and her friends. For her 19th birthday, just for the weekend.”

I saw Daddy look at her, sort of confused and caught off guard, then look at me. He sat there, quiet. For a second, I was sure he would say “no”, so I had to intervene.

“Oh, Daddy please! Pretty please! We already booked our flights and the hotel! I can't tell them “no” now!”

Daddy took a deep breath and looked at mommy: “Fine. I'll do it.” Then, he looked at me and pointed his hand at me: “You. No funny business.”

I nodded and proceeded to jump up and down, throwing a couple of: “Yes!” In there. Mom was pleased that I was getting my birthday party. I was pleased she wasn't going with us but more, I was thrilled Daddy was taking me to Vegas!

Chapter 5

That whole ordeal happened the week before our scheduled trip. Mom was constantly occupied with work and she simply couldn't spend as much time with me as she wanted. We had an agreement that she'd take me shopping before the trip, but due to her constant meetings, she had to ask Daddy to go shopping with me instead.

I still remember the day very vividly: it was a Wednesday and we were leaving for Vegas on Friday. Just as mom left the house, Daddy called me in the living room: "Sweetlips, please get ready. I have to take you out shopping."

I was super thrilled! To me, it meant I could model bikinis for him. I couldn't wait! I went up to my room, got dressed and was ready in a minute. Daddy took the car keys and we were on our way.

In the car, while we were driving to the mall, I saw him glance at my lips a few times. I took the freedom to casually lay my hand on his knee. He looked at my hand then he looked at me: "Sweetlips, what are you doing?"

I smiled and squeezed his knee.

"Sweetlips, we're going to crash if you keep doing that..."

I simply ignored everything he said as I gently moved my hand upwards, towards his shorts, slowly reaching inside. I was able to

touch the head as Daddy reached and removed my hand: “Behave.” He said, sort of slapping me on the wrist.

As we got to the mall, I noticed he wasn't overly excited about being there. I realized he wasn't that interested in shopping, like most guys. As we walked in, Daddy looked at me saying: “I'm going to the men's department. Need to grab a couple of shirts. Meet me there?”

I nodded as I ran towards the bikini section of the store.

Half an hour later, Daddy was in the men's fitting room lounge and I walked in wearing a bikini, modeling it in front of him.

“How do I look?” – I asked, completely aware of his wide-eyed stare. As I moved my eyes from his face to his junk, I noticed he was hard, harder than he's ever been before. His eyes got even deeper and he stood there, contemplating his next move.

“Should I try this one as well?” – I asked, using my most innocent voice while waving a string bikini in his face. He looked at the bikini, nodded and grabbed me by my hand: “Sweetlips, you should definitely try that on. Come with me.”

Daddy pulled me in into one of the handicapped fitting stalls in the men's section. The whole section was literally empty. As I walked in the stall, I sort of laughed and I felt him spank me, very lightly.

The moment he locked the door behind him, he turned to me and I saw his bulging dick, fully erected and ready. I realized this was it, I

had finally managed to break him.

Daddy came near me, sort of gliding his hands through my arms and staring into my eyes.

“You’ve never been fucked, have you, sweetlips?”

I waved my head in disapproval, licking my bottom lip. He took my hands and guided them towards his dick, making me grab it. As I did, I started tugging, up and down, sort of massaging, until I heard Daddy moan. I smiled while looking at his face.

“So, you think this is funny huh?” – He whispered as I nodded in approval.

“I guess that means I gotta punish you, sweetlips. Daddy hates when his babygirl is naughty” – As he said this, he put his right palm on my face, slowly gliding it towards my lips. I never stopped massaging his dick. I felt it pulsating, he wanted more. Daddy opened my mouth using his thumb and his pointy finger and started putting his fingers inside my mouth: one by one, then two at a time, then one again.

“You have to suck on them, sweetlips.” – He leaned in, kissing me neck, as I moaned. He smiled, as I kept taking his fingers, licking them and sucking on them, as hard as I could. I saw him nod in approval and I knew I was doing exactly what he wanted...doing what lit his fire.

“Can you keep a secret, sweetlips?”- He whispered, leaning further into me, licking me from the neck to my ear, while gently tugging on

my earlobe. I eagerly nodded, using my hands to pull him in even further. I wanted this, I wanted him so bad.

In a second, he turned me towards the table behind me and bent me over. I felt his hands gliding over my torso, then onto my ass. I heard his moans as he grabbed my ass and played with it, spreading it and closing it. In a whisk, he removed the bikinis I was wearing and spread my booty with his hands. He used one of his hands to press my back onto the table so I wasn't able to turn around and look at him. The pressure on my back turned me on, I knew I was wet, and it was only getting worse as I finally felt his fingers on my pussy.

“Oh my, sweetlips, you're so wet. Are you ready for Daddy?”

I tried nodding, but I couldn't lift my head up.

“Tell me, sweetlips, do you want Daddy to fuck you?”

“Yes, Daddy! Oh please daddy! I want you so damn bad!” – I begged, realizing how turned on I was. Daddy kept rubbing his fingers on my pussy, and as I was dripping wet, I heard him unzipping his pants. I knew he was naked behind me, but I couldn't see him. Then, I felt it: Daddy took his dick and rubbed it all the way from my asshole to my pussy and back again. This was driving me completely insane!

“Tell me sweetlips, how does this feel?”

“Give it to me, Daddy! Please, give it to me!” – I almost yelled. With this, he slapped me on my butt real hard: “You have to learn to be

quiet, sweetlips. Or, you'll be punished.”

“Yes, Daddy.” – I whispered, as I finally felt the head slowly penetrating into me.

Slowly at first, I felt the blinding pain explode through me, and as I wanted to scream, I felt his hands pressing on my booty, my back and tugging my hair, leaning in close to my ear: “Don't you dare scream, sweetlips.” As he murmured that, I felt his dick penetrating me to the max. I felt full, I wanted to move, and to tug, to wiggle somehow, to show him how much I was enjoying it but his hands wouldn't let me move.

Daddy kept fucking me, entering me as hard as possible while containing his moans. Deep, hard, blow by blow his fingers dug into my booty. Pain, sweet pain radiated through me. Shocks of pleasure ran deep inside of my pussy, electric currents running up and down my legs. The pain made me feel alive. Feeling the warm trail of wet juices running down my inner thighs, I did my best to arch back into him, meeting him stroke by stroke, mesmerized by the light 'clap' my booty made each time it hit his thighs. I could feel his deep breaths on my neck. I was fighting for air, wanting to scream but not being allowed to. My pussy was pulsating from the undivided attention and I was on the verge of having an orgasm. I felt it: slowly building up from within, sneaking up on me, ready to tear to me to pieces.

Before I was able to cum, Daddy removed his hands from me and lifted me up. He took his dick in his hands and tuned me over, making

me kneel in front of him. He used his hands to push on my shoulders, guiding me down on the floor. I obeyed.

As I got down on my knees, I was staring up into his eyes. He was smiling, taking silky nectar glazed dick and leading it towards my face: “Time to shine, sweetlips.”

I fondled my pussy with my left hand, as I used my right hand and my mouth to take his thick, erect hard dick into my mouth. I was licking his shaft, flickering it with my tongue top to bottom, slowly. Teasing him with the tip of my tongue, and pucker of my lips before I took his cock by the head and started sucking. He pushed his member into my mouth as far and as deep as it would go, and it made me gag. With my eyelids squeezed tight, tears came down my face, as daddy was holding me by the head, pushing his cock in, over and over and over again.

“You’ll get used to it, sweetlips. Oh, your lips were made for sucking, baby. Keep going.” – Daddy moaned, as I kept trying to get it all in, gagging throughout the ordeal, looking up watching him smile.

He saw what I was doing with my left hand, and slapped my cheek real hard: “You stop that right now sweetlips. It’s too soon for you to be Cuming.” And, so I did. I used both of my hands to jerk him off while sucking him off and throughout the whole thing, I was trying to get my pussy flat on the floor to rub it off on something. Anything. But, I couldn’t. And, it was excruciating. I was in sheer ecstasy.

I was watching Daddy moan while pulling my hair, grabbing my head and pulling me in, as far as I would go, and it was a huge turn on. After a while, I felt his cock pulsating inside my mouth. He pushed it in and out even harder a couple of more times, before he exploded in my mouth. Warm liquid filled my palate, as I was fighting for air, swallowing and gasping at the same time. I could feel the warm silky liquid flow down my throat. The taste was salty yet delicious and without even realizing, after I swallowed it all, I licked my lips in satisfaction. Daddy smiled, playfully slapping me again on my mouth: “You enjoyed that, did you, sweetlips?”

I looked at him and nodded: “Yes Daddy. Now, can I cum?”

“No. I need you to be like this for a while longer. I like you horny, sweetlips.” – He whispered, helping me get off the floor and slapping me on my butt. I stood up, still weak in my knees, with a single desire: to cum.

“Sweetlips, let’s get out of here. And, remember: this is our little secret.” – Daddy whispered as we left the men’s fitting room.

Chapter 6

As we drove home, I tried to fondle myself in front of him, but Daddy simply removed my hand from my pussy: “Not yet, sweetlips. Soon, though.”

This was driving me crazy! I knew we were going to Vegas in two days, and I was sure he was making me wait so he can give me the greatest present for my birthday. It goes without saying, but I knew mom shouldn't know about my little 'sex-capade' with Daddy and I knew better than to brag around about it.

After we got home, mommy was already there making dinner. While Daddy joined in to help her, I went upstairs to take a shower. I took my clothes off in a hurry and stepped into the bathtub. I ran the water and grabbed the showerhead, guiding it ever so gently to my lady bits. My right hand was occupied with the showerhead, and my left hand was all over my tits. The pressure created by the water was massaging my sweet spot, making me relive the events from the mall all over again.

I closed my eyes and surrendered to the erotic sensation that was enveloping my body, slightly moaning as I felt my knees weakening, getting ready for the big eruption.

My head was buzzing from everything that just happened. I was both pleased that I lost my virginity to my Daddy, and at the same time, I was desperately waiting for more.

As I was finally nearing my climax, my mom knocked on the door: “Katie, Laura is on the phone! They want to talk to you about the flight arrangements!”

I took a deep breath to steady myself. “Coming mommy!” – I yelled, turning the water off and stepping out of the bathtub. It looked like I just had to wait to get *my* turn.

After I talked to my friends about our trip on Friday, I walked in the dining room where my mom and daddy were already seated, waiting for me to start dinner. My mom was all smiles, she had just made a big sale and was ready to celebrate. Daddy was more polite than usual, although he kept looking at me even deeper than before. While my mom went to the kitchen to grab dessert, he leaned in whispering: “Oh sweetlips, you made my day.”

I smiled, recalling what we did back in the mall. I was surprised that he freely talked to me this way while mom was in the house. It was obvious that we had broken all boundaries and there was no going back now.

The next day, Thursday was mostly uneventful simply because my mom took the day off to spend more time with me before my birthday. This was pleasant, but it completely disrupted my plan for the day. I was planning to fuck daddy’s brain out again right before we left, but for now it simply wasn’t possible.

The night towards Friday, while I was in my bed, I heard something I hadn’t heard before: my mom moaning. Their bedroom was next to mine, but in the past I had never heard anything coming from there.

Hearing her now, I knew daddy was pleasuring her, and I couldn't help but imagine what position they were in and who was he thinking about while fucking her. It made me jealous – the fact that he could freely fuck her and no one would care, hurt. I wanted him to be mine and mine only, and I wanted him to fuck me long and hard.

Just by thinking about that, I was aroused. I glided my right hand towards my pussy and I felt the wetness. I was ready. I started rubbing myself, harder and harder as her moans grew louder. I closed my eyes, focusing on her screams and I finally reached my peak. It was beyond glorious. Right after, I fell asleep, dreaming of the upcoming trip to Vegas, and all the ways I hoped daddy would spread me wide open.

Chapter 7

When I woke up, it was finally Friday. Mom had already left the house and Daddy and I were supposed to pick up my friends and go to the airport. I woke up excited: the trip, my birthday, him being there... everything just seemed to perfect! Our bags were already packed and waiting for us in the hallway.

I got dressed and hurried downstairs. Daddy was already there, in the living room, slouched in an armchair. I walked in: “Good morning Daddy! When are we leaving?”

“Good morning, sweetlips. Come over here. Don’t be afraid.”

I walked over to him only to see the bulge on the front of his pants. Daddy was already hard! I smiled and I proceeded to get down on my knees in front of him, licking my lips as I went down. Daddy grabbed me by my shoulders and made me stand up: “Not now, sweetlips. This time, I just want to spank you. Come over here.” – He was motioning me towards his lap. I laid face and chest down, butt up on his lap. Daddy proceeded to lift my skirt up and massage my ass.

“Oh sweetlips, what am I to do with you?”

“Anything you want, daddy.”

“Anything?”

I nodded. He ripped my thong out with his teeth. It made my toes curl and it gave me goose bumps all over. He laughed and I felt excitement get the best of me. Daddy used both of his hands to spank me. Very gently at first, then harder. After about 15 minutes, he was spanking me so hard, I had to scream.

“What’s the matter, sweetlips? You don’t like it rough?”

“Daddy, it hurts!” – I complained, as he slapped me again before diving in with his teeth. He removed me from his lap and made me lie face down on the carpet. After this, he kneeled behind me, as if massaging me, but solely focusing on my butt. Both of his legs were pressing me down on the floor. His hands were all over me: from pulling my hair, through my back, towards my butt.

“Your ass is perfect, sweetlips. It begs me to fuck it.”

I heard him unzipping his pants as I felt the familiar sensation again: he was rubbing himself off me. At the same time, I felt his right hand open my butt. Slowly at first, only to glide around my asshole. I felt his index finger enter my behind and I screamed.

“Don’t worry sweetlips. It’s just a finger.” – He leaned in whispering, while his finger was still in my butthole. I tried to move, to get up, but I was clenched on the floor, with the weight of his legs on me. There was no getting away.

Then, daddy pushed his finger deeper inside. I screamed again. He laughed: “Oh sweetlips, get used to it. No pain, no gain.” As he pushed his finger deeper in, I bit on my right hand to stop the screaming. He smiled again: “That’s better, sweetlips. You’re learning fast.”

Daddy proceeded to finger fuck my asshole, using a couple of different fingers. After about half an hour, I was already used to it, I was more relaxed and it actually felt good. I was ready to take his cock in.

“Daddy, give it to me.” – I pleaded as he ignored me.

“Sweetlips, you’re not ready yet.”

Daddy used his cock and rubbed it all over me: from my ass to my pussy and back again. This time, he didn’t enter me. I heard him jerking off and I felt the hot stream of cum dripping on my ass.

Daddy stood up and put his pants back on: “Clean yourself, sweetlips. It’s time to go.”

Chapter 8

We left the house and picked up my three friends: Laura, Sally and Ann. They were all my age and when it came to looks, we were pretty much the same: all tall, all model-like. After all, we were all cheerleaders. I was sitting in the front with Daddy while the three of them were in the back. They were all giggling of course, the excitement of the trip ahead was taking its toll. I was excited for the trip too, but at the same time I was extremely bummed for not being allowed to orgasm. It was driving me insane at that point and it didn't help that I could feel Daddy's smell so close to me.

Daddy was quiet, I could tell he was trying to play the "adult" role. He was stealing looks at my friends and I knew he found them all attractive. After all, Daddy wasn't that old and with his looks, it all seemed as if he was just one very lucky guy.

We got to the airport, checked in and took off. Nothing too significant happened on the flight except for me catching him staring at us.

Once we got to Vegas, we left the airport and took a cab to the ESQUIRE RESORT. Mom had everything planned out, and everything was luxurious and beautiful. She simply wanted her daughter to have the best 19th birthday possible. Once we stepped in the ESQUIRE RESORT, I swear everyone was staring at us! Well, more specifically, everyone was staring at Daddy. At first, we were taken aback, but then we realized with two of us on his one hand, and the other two on his other hand, everyone was staring at Daddy

because they were jealous! They all probably thought we were *with* him. My friends and I, we loved the attention and started giggling like teenagers do, completely ignoring daddy's plea to behave. As we were making our way to the check in counter, a guy walks up to us and asks daddy: "How much for the girls?"

"Excuse me?" – Daddy retorted.

"You know man, specimens like this get expensive. But, I'm willing to pay the price." – The man confidently replied. It was obvious the man had mistaken Daddy for a pimp, and he thought the four of us were high-priced hookers.

I've never seen Daddy like that: his whole face flushed red, he stood very still zooming in on the man and barking at him: "Fuck off you sick bastard! I'm their daddy!"

The four of us were all falling down from laughter as we thought it hysterically funny to be mistaken for expensive whores. We never actually realized how angry Daddy was.

"Ok, man, I get it. You're their 'daddy'." – The man said, using his fingers in air quotes, when he emphasized the word 'daddy'. The man laughed, as daddy looked at him: "They're my daughters, you sick fuck!" -He barked.

Realizing his folly, the man looked down and walked away immediately. My friends and I were laughing, calling daddy "our hero", only to have Laura remember how the man said "you're their

daddy” and we all started calling him “our *daddy*”, in a very sexual way. As much as my friends were joking about it, the sound of saying “daddy”, had always turned me on. From that moment on, I couldn’t stop thinking about taking his clothes off.

All my friends kept calling him “daddy”, accenting the word like I myself normally do when him and I are alone, and all I kept thinking about was what we had done these last 2 days. It was literally driving me up the wall every second, I was regretting having my friends there. All I wanted was to fuck daddy’s brains out.

Chapter 9

We checked in the hotel only to discover mom had booked one of their finest suites for us! It was absolutely fantastic! The suite was enormous, four bedrooms, huge living room, a bar, a big balcony and a hot tub. It definitely looked like something out of a movie and we were all thrilled to be there.

My friends and I were behaving like 18 year olds do: yelling in excitement, jumping up and down, trying each other's dresses...you know, the works. Daddy was sitting quietly in front of the TV, observing. I made it a point to walk out and model for him: from miniskirts to bikinis, I needed his eyes on me. Unfortunately, all my friends thought it was a good idea, so the next thing you know, all four of us are modeling in front of the TV, saying stuff like:

“Hey daddy look at me!”

“Who's your favorite girl, daddy?”

“Do you like what you see daddy?”

Just by looking at him, I knew he was getting uncomfortable. So much, that he needed to readjust his pants a few times.

Finally, we were all ready to go out! It was time to relax and have some fun! Daddy took us down to the strip of casinos. The air, the people, the hotels around us...it was as if we were in a fairytale!

Millions of bars and restaurants around us, people dressed up funny, hookers, gamblers...all of it! We were so happy to be able to see it all! During our walk, we had to stop at a MINI MART for water and stuff like that. Ann noticed the MINI MART sold liquor, which, I thought very odd, but this was Vegas baby! All four of us literally jumped on Daddy, tugging him and begging him to buy some booze so we can all drink.

This was all happening right in the middle of the MINI MART and boy, we got some strange looks. There were quite a few people in there, they were all eyeing Daddy simply because they couldn't believe his luck! They all thought he was actually *with* us! I saw Daddy look at the people around us, but unlike in the hotel, his eyes were different now: it was as if he was saying: "these are mine, don't touch!"

We kept begging him to buy some booze and he kept refusing in. Finally, I stepped right in front of him, literally walked into his personal space, leaned in and whispered: "Daddy do it for me. I promise you won't regret it."

He starred at me for a while, before finally exhaling: "Fine. But, you girls have to promise me NO ONE will ever know I did this. Promise not to tell your parents or your friends at home. I can get in HUGE trouble, you know!"

"We promise! I promise! I swear!" – The four of us were yelling as he finally went up to the cash registry and bought a whole bag of booze. While he was waiting in line, I saw him sneaking a peak at us: his eyes moved from our legs to our breasts, he eyed each of us separately. I

knew what he was doing as I'd seen that look before and it was clear to me he was longing for all of us. Our firm bodies, long legs, great racks, it was all circling in his head and I decided to make this a night he will never forget.

Chapter 10

After we walked around the strip for a little while longer, we decided it was time to get this party started. We went back to our beautiful suite, turned on the music and had Daddy make cocktails for us! We were drinking vodka with different syrups: raspberry, strawberry, lemon etc... while Daddy was drinking just straight vodka. It felt great: all four of us were kind of boozy and my favorite song was on, so we started stripping. Daddy stood there, looking at us, smiling, trying to control himself.

The four of us got naked, down to our bras and panties as we continued drinking and dancing and singing. It was really liberating and I was enjoying myself to the max!

I noticed Ann eyeing Daddy. She had been eyeing him even before our flight, and as much as I thought it meant nothing, I knew better when it came to her. Ann was definitely not a virgin, she had had at least three boyfriends so far, all much older than she was. By her look, I knew what she wanted.

The next thing that happened, Laura jumped up and offered to play “spin the bottle”. As much as it is a game for kids, we thought it was a great idea. Of course, we made Daddy sit and play with us. We drank, spun the bottle, kissed (we all got to smooch daddy on the lips, and he wasn’t complaining) after which, we all kissed each other. On the second round of spin the bottle, daddy said: “Let’s make this a little more interesting, ladies. How about French kissing from now on?”

We all yelled in agreement and in the next hour we were playing the game and French kissing whoever we got. While I was watching Daddy French kiss Ann, I saw their tongues intertwine and, I was surprised that I wasn't jealous at all. Not only was I *not* jealous, but it looked so hot, it actually was very arousing.

Sally and Laura were extremely drunk by this time, and once they saw Daddy make out with Ann, they didn't even wait for the bottle: they started making out with each other. I was sitting there, watching the two "couples" making out in front of me. It was clear that Sally and Laura both wanted Daddy so they were messing with him. As he was making out with Ann, he was staring at Sally and Laura, who in return started caressing each other's breasts. Such a turn on!

While Daddy tried to pull away from Ann, she simply wouldn't let him. Not only that, but she took her bra off, took his hands and placed them over her tits. I saw the bulge in his pants and I knew he was hard. They kept making out, Sally and Laura both kept kissing each other while staring at him and removing what was left of their underwear. Next thing you know, we are all completely naked, looking at each other. I saw Ann grab Daddy's dick and I knew I was wet. I sat back, looking at them, gently stroking myself, using my right hand to rub my pussy. Sally and Laura saw what I was doing and started doing the same thing. All three of us, legs spread wide open, were sitting right across Daddy, giving him and eyeful.

Ann tried riding him, she was already rubbing herself *off* on him but he stopped her. I saw him glance in my direction and I knew he

wanted to make this night special for me. He grabbed Ann by her hands and put her aside, as if she was a puppet.

“Kids, that’s enough.” – He said, standing up.

“I want a refill!” – Sally yelled, so we all jumped, butt naked and ran to our bar, where Daddy poured more drinks for us.

Chapter 11

It was already too late when we noticed Sally and Laura were completely passed out in one of the bedrooms. Daddy, being the responsible adult that he was, ran to them to make sure everything was in order. Luckily, it was. I guess they just got tanked on the booze, couldn't drink anymore and passed out, tired.

Back in the living room, it was Daddy, Ann and I and we were still sipping on our cocktails, butt naked. At this time, Daddy got too touchy with us: stroking our hair, gliding his hands through our arms, placing his hands around our waists... And, we didn't mind at all. Not only didn't we mind, we actually invited him for more.

"Let's play truth or dare!" – Ann suggested as we walked out on the gorgeous balcony. Daddy was laughing as he had his hand wrapped up around my shoulders, taking me outside where the hot tub was. We decided to play the game and then get in the hot tub.

"So, who starts?" – Ann asked as Daddy said he will go first.

"Okay, Ann, truth or dare?"

"Truth!"

"How many men have you fucked?" – Daddy asked, staring at her.

"Hmm...About 5 I think. And, I'm ready for more." – Ann retorted, pointing at him. He simply smiled.

“My turn!” – Ann said and turned to me: “Katie, truth or dare?”

“Dare!” – I yelled as I was scared she would ask if I was still a virgin. I couldn’t tell the truth since I promised Daddy not to tell a soul.

“Oh good, finally some fun! I dare you to grab your Daddy’s dick!”

I blushed as I turned towards him. His cock was already erected, standing right in front of me. I reached out and grabbed it, massaging it with both my hands.

“Oooh, nice!” – Ann squealed, as she came and sat next to me: “Let me show you how it’s done.”

She put one of my hands on Daddy’s cock and then one of hers. It was like a teaching course: “So you do this. And that. Pull here..lick here...” I was only nodding and following her directions.

As I looked up, I saw Daddy staring at us both, thoroughly enjoying the fact that two drop-dead gorgeous 18 year olds had his dick in their mouths. He reached down and put his hands on our heads, gently tugging in and out as we were licking simultaneously on his shaft and suckling his sack.

“Enough of this game.”- He said, removing himself and getting in the hot tub.

We looked at each other and smiled. We both knew what we wanted.
Ann and I followed Daddy right into the hot tub.

Chapter 12

Ann and I sort of ganged up on Daddy while he was relaxing in the tub. His eyes were closed but as Ann grabbed his dick, he smiled.

“Ladies, I thought we had enough.”

“But we haven’t been fucked yet.” – Ann whispered, making me wet just by hearing her say it.

Daddy sat there, looking at us: “So, what are you going to do about it?”

I saw Ann reach in and grab his dick again. I saw his face and I knew she was jerking him off. I took Ann by the hair and pulled her towards me, making out with her right in front of him.

“Oh girls...what am I to do with you?”

We both giggled as we turned towards him, both licking his neck on each side of his face. I felt his hand gliding through my back, all the way down to my ass. I knew he was doing the same thing to her.

Ann made him get out of the hot tub and we all moved on the balcony again. We made Daddy lie flat on the tiles as both of us were sucking him off. We were licking gently at first, only to start sucking him off, each on her side, showing ourselves for him, trying to make him even harder than he already was.

He stood up, removing us from his cock.

“Now girls, I’m going to sit here and finish my drink while Ann, you will lick Katie off, and Katie, you will lick Ann off. Do it for Daddy. I wanna watch”

Daddy leaned in one of the chairs that was outside as I laid still on the floor. Ann came over me, making a perfect 69. I had never seen a pussy up so close, or touched one other than mine before, so I really didn’t know what to do. I touched her gently, not sure what to do and as I touched her, I felt how wet she was. That was all I needed.

I knew where the sweet spot was and I immediately used my mouth to suck in on it, simultaneously pushing two of my fingers into her pussy. Ann was moaning, she was moaning so hard she wasn’t able to concentrate to pleasing me.

“Ann, you are being a bad lay! Stick a finger up her pussy or something. It’s her birthday, after all.” – Daddy yelled at Ann and I saw her nod, as if she was a naughty lil’ schoolgirl and this was a training class. I slowed down, and was massaging her with only one finger as I felt her fingers on my pussy. She finally put her head down and started licking and it felt amazing!

I felt when she pushed her finger inside me and I opened my legs as much as possible. I was fidgeting, trying to move, to arch my back, to somehow help myself get off, but I couldn’t.

I turned around to steal a look at Daddy, and I saw him: drink in one hand, dick in other, staring at us as if he was mesmerized.

“Great job, girls. Now, Ann you get on all fours while Katie will lick you from behind. Katie, get behind Ann and stroke that pussy.”

We both nodded as I watched Ann’s ass open up in front of me. I was on all fours in front of her lady parts, touching, pushing fingers in and licking while she was moaning and begging for more. With the corner of my eye, I saw daddy get up from the chair. He walked behind me. That same second, my whole body electrified. I knew what was going to happen and I so desperately wanted it.

I heard him kneel behind me. I heard the sounds his hand made while jerking off. I heard him moan, closer and closer as he was nearing my pussy. Then, I felt his cock rub *off* on me, from my butthole to my pussy, up and down, a million times, wiping my wetness on to his shaft.

“Katie, you need to stay focused on what you’re doing.” – Daddy said and I nodded, although I couldn’t feel my legs from excitement.

Finally it happened: Daddy pushed his dick slowly inside me, just like he did in the mall a couple of days ago, going too slow at first and then pushing himself completely in, for as far as it would go. I started moaning and had to turn towards him to see it. He slapped me: “Katie, I said focus!”

I nodded, turning towards Ann's pussy as I felt him fucking me, harder and harder. I completely lost focus on what I was doing to Ann. All I was doing then was simply pushing a couple of fingers in and out.

"This is not working for me!" – Ann yelled, as she turned around to see what was happening.

"Daddy, Katie is not focused. And, it's my turn to get fucked." – She said, standing up and walking towards him. As he was fucking me, I saw her kneel right in front, waiting for his cock to come out and as it did, she took it in her mouth. Daddy moaned as he watched her suck him off and I just stood there, on all fours, looking at them. He grabbed her by the head and pushed his cock as far as it would go in her throat. I saw her gagging and tearing up.

"This happens to girls that don't stay in their place." – Daddy whispered, as he kept pushing his dick harder and harder, until all her makeup was ruined and she was literally fighting for air.

"Stop! Please stop..." – She'd tried saying through inaudible groans, with a fat cock in her mouth, and right then, she'd get a mouthful.

I laid on my back in front of them, watching what was happening. I guided my hand towards my pussy and was massaging it, ever so gently.

"Please stop who, huh?" – Daddy asked, removing his cock from her mouth.

“Please stop, Daddy. I’m really sorry.” – Ann said, apologetically, while he patted her on the head going: “There, there buttercup...we all make mistakes. Now stand up and bend over.”

Ann stood up and touched her toes with her fingers. Daddy stood up right behind her, opening her ass and pushing his cock right in. Ann started screaming, but was silenced by daddy's right hand clasped quickly and gently over her mouth, from behind. It was clear to me he was fucking her butthole.

“Daddy it hurts please stop! Daddy!” – He relented, withdrawing from her hole, finally moved towards her pussy. He stroked her gently, allowing her pain to subside into pleasure again. Then he laid on his back, motioning me over:

“Katie, you’re going to ride Daddy now. Hop on.” – He smiled, helping me get on his dick. Ann sat on his face, facing me. We were both kissing and massaging each other’s breasts as Daddy was licking her pussy and fucking me.

“I’m coming, I’m coming!” – Ann yelled as I could see on her face that she had reached an orgasm. She slowly stopped rubbing her slit *off* on his face and stoop up, her legs quivering, voice trembling. Ann slouched in one of the armchairs: “I need to take a breath. You guys keep going.”

Daddy motioned me to stand up and lie on the floor. As I did, he grabbed both of my legs and lifted them off, putting them on his

shoulders. He pushed his dick in and I screamed: I had to, it was the most fulfilling sensation ever. The pleasure from being able to feel him so deep inside me was driving me crazy. I was grabbing him by his back, scratching him, grabbing his ass and trying to pull him in even more.

“Fuck her harder!” – Ann yelled from behind us as I caught a glimpse of her: she was touching herself while watching us.

Just by simply seeing her watching us, made me even hornier that I already was. Her gaze was so erotic, so animalistic, it woke up a part of me I didn't even know I had.

“Daddy don't stop! Fuck me Daddy! Fuck me harder!”- I was begging, pulling him in as much as possible. I saw it on his face: he was on the verge of Cumming. I tried to tilt my hips towards him, to give him the motivation he needed to cum, but he wasn't going for it.

Daddy stood up, walking towards Ann and dragging me with him.

“Katie, get on all fours, right in front of her.” – And I did. I was staring directly into Ann as daddy walked behind me and penetrated as hard as possible. This was even better than before: I was being fucked while I was staring into a person that was masturbating because of me. It was a huge turn on!

I saw Ann's eyes move from me to Daddy then back to me again. I was sweating, I was ready and all I wanted was to cum.

As I thought I was about to cum, I felt Daddy grab me by my hair and pull me towards him. He also motioned Ann to come close. We were both on our knees, in front of his dick, while he was jerking off and slapping us on the lips with his member.

“Put your tongues out!” – He moaned, as we watched him stuck his cock into mine then hers, then my mouth again. Finally, after a while, I saw his cock pulsating and I knew daddy was about to cum. He pulled our heads together as he exploded, watching his cum drip on both of our faces.

Chapter 13

We all fell down, dead tired after this. As I started rubbing myself in a final attempt to cum, Laura walked out on the balcony. We had all failed to even notice her watching us.

“Katie, this is your birthday present.” – She said, giving me a box. As I opened the box, I saw a huge 'naughty toy' inside.

“Why don't we try it out?” – Ann smiled, taking it outside of the box and setting it up.

“Look, it has two heads on both ends. Which means, two girls can use it simultaneously!”

“I want to!” – Laura said walking up to me. I leaned in and kissed her. I was aroused to the maximum extent and I needed to cum. Daddy stood up and sat in the chair, closely monitoring us.

Laura and I were on the tiles, each with a 'naughty toy' head in our pussy, facing each other.

“Uh a remote control!” – Ann said as daddy took it from her.

“Let's see how this thing works.” – Daddy whispered, as he turned it on.

Million waves of pleasure went through me, over and over again, while I was riding the 'naughty toy'. When I opened my eyes, I saw

Laure on the other end of it, doing the same exact thing. We were both rubbing ourselves off while completely allowing this dildo to fuck us.

Then, it happened. My knees went weak and I felt lightheaded as I had never felt before. My ears popped. I yelled as I finally reached the peak of an unforgettable orgasm. My body pulsed, my inner flower quivered, contracting uncontrollably, as I felt a warm hot gush of silk flow down my thigh.

Body still in fits and waves of ecstasy, I stood up and went to the nearest chair to lie in it. I finally had my peak and I was finally at peace. I sat there, while I looked at Laura riding the toy. Daddy was also looking at her while Ann was asleep in one of the chairs.

I watched as daddy stood up and walked towards Laura. As she was riding the toy, he made her suck his dick and I could tell she was enjoying it. Right when I thought she was going to cum, she reached down and removed the toy: "I want your dick, Daddy." – She told him as he smiled and made her ride him.

As the sun was appearing on the horizon, Laura rode into an amazing orgasm.

Chapter 14

We had the whole next day for walking around Vegas, instead we waited for Sally to wake up so we can fill her in on everything that happened. After all, she was the only one that didn't get fucked that night and when we told her, she was really bummed up about it. So, we used our last full day in Vegas for simply staying in and fucking.

We all fucked Daddy, multiple times, we all fucked each other and we all fucked the 'naughty toy'. It was the best day of my life, not to mention it was the most fantastic birthday ever!

The next day, it was time to pack and go. As much as we didn't want to leave, we had to. Before leaving our beautiful suite, Daddy sat us all down in the living room and made us promise not to tell a soul about what had happened. Of course that we wanted to brag about it, but it was far more important to keep him happy because we all knew as far as he was happy, we could play our little games forever. And, after all that was the most important thing.

After we reached an agreement, we left the ESQUIRE RESORT and we went to the airport. Once we got back home, mom was waiting for us at the airport:

“Katie, my *dearest*, happy birthday! You are a grown woman now! So, girls, how was it?”

I ran towards my mom, hugged her and kissed her, while yelling:
“Mom thanks so much! Best birthday ever! We love Vegas!”

All my friends ran up to her and thanked her. As much as she was pleased, I saw her leaning in towards Daddy and asking: “Did they behave? Nothing stupid happened right?”

Daddy put his hand around my mom’s shoulder, leaned in and kissed her:

“Everything was just fine. The girls are very easy to watch.”

Mom seemed pleased.

THE END

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Daddy's Lollipop

(Part 1)

BY LUCY LIXX

Chapter 1

As I was preparing for dinner tonight, mom walked in the room and stood behind me, both of us staring into the mirror:

“Honey, you’ve grown into a beautiful woman!”

I was staring at myself in the mirror, short black dress and not too high heels, and was pleased with what I was seeing.

I felt my face blush as I turned to her: “Mom, I’m only 18. I’m not a woman yet.”

“I’m so proud of you.” – She whispered, hugging me tightly before continuing: “I really can’t wait for you to meet Michael.”

I stood there, smiling, acting all polite, for my mom’s sake. She was a great person, after all. Michael was her new boyfriend, the first one in a string of relationships she actually wanted me to meet. And, as the good daughter that I am, I fully obliged. As for me, I am 18 now and I’m not dating. Not for now, at least. My friends make jokes about my virginity, but I’m in no hurry to go and fuck someone immature and childish. I have been on a couple of dates with boys my age, but I’ve realized that: they are only boys. Given the circumstances of my upbringing, I’m far more mature than any of them, thus I’ve decided to wait for the real, mature man in my life. The type of man that is strong, reliable, secure, stable, the type of man that knows how to talk about anything and everything and that will make me weak in the

knees just by looking at me. Until this man shows up, I've decided not to date.

It has been over two years now since my dad died. As much as it was extremely hard for both mom and I, we kept strong for the other one and we tried to move on with our lives. It was difficult for me as I was barely 16 at the time and I had no idea what was happening. It was devastating to have someone so dear taken away in a second. That being said, I've matured faster than my generation as I've seen what life can do to you. No, life is not fair, and it's not meant to be and the sooner you embrace that, the better it will be in the long run.

After dad died, mom decided it was time to move. And we moved a lot. The first year, we were still depressed from our loss and our house was pretty quiet – I was never the angry teenager, quite the contrary really. The second year, I saw my mom was trying to move on: she started dating again. And, as much as it made me angry, I tried to understand her. After all, she was still young and full of life, she certainly deserved love in her life.

The minute we walked in the restaurant, I saw him. Tall, blonde, gorgeous, perfect smile, broad shoulders, deep blue eyes... Maybe a year or two older than me. As I stepped into the restaurant, my breath was taken away.

“Oh honey, here we are.” – I heard my mom saying, as she was walking in *HIS* direction. I was so confused, I thought I'd faint.

“Hi, Brian! This is Elizabeth, my daughter. Is your dad here yet?” – Mom was blabbing, nervously.

The Greek god shook his hand and turned to me. As he approached me, I felt lightheaded.

“Hi, Beth. Mind if I call you Beth?”

“You can call me anything you want to.” – I thought, but instead of speaking, I just nodded.

“So, my dad and your mom. That makes you my step-sister, right?”

I blushed and nodded again. I was confused as Brian was still holding my hand. Then, it dawned on me: a step-sister? What?

“Hold on. What do you mean your step-sister?”

He smiled: “Oh, you don’t know? They are engaged. Your mom probably didn’t want you to find out until you met us.”

Unbelievable. She goes behind my back, finds another guy and wants to marry him again? I felt angry, really angry, all those mixed feelings were slowly combusting from within and I was running out of air.

“Let’s get you out of here. You need some fresh air,” he said to me as he grabbed my shoulder, tossing a look to my mom and nodding his head toward the front of the restaurant, signaling to her that we’d be right back.

We stepped outside and as I was breathing heavily, Brian stood next to me and lighted up a cigarette. “You know; your mom is a nice person. I’m happy for them. But then again, I will be off soon so it’ll all be on you, little sis.”

“It’s just...it’s too soon and it’s so...”

“Unexpected, I know. But, at least they are good together. You’ll see.”
He said

“How are you so okay with this whole thing?” I asked.

Brian smiled and looked at me: “Who says I am?”

“Ah kids, there you are!” – Mom showed up, obviously out of breath:
“Come on inside, our table is ready.”

As we went into the restaurant, I realized this was one of those high-end places. Very luxurious, all white decorations with beautiful flower arrangements on the tables. The waiter escorted us to our table where my mom’s new boyfriend was already seated.

“Michael, this is Elizabeth.” – My mom said, sounding like a squeaky teenager. As I approached the table, I saw what the fuss was all about. The man: tall, greyish hair, deep, dark blue eyes, stood up and walked up to me. As he extended his hand for a handshake, I felt weak in the knees. It wasn’t the normal weakness, the one you feel when a hot guy approaches you, it was a weakness that basically put me down on my

knees, a weakness that wanted to show him I'll oblige to anything he asks for.

“Beth, nice to meet you, finally. I’ve heard so much about you.” – As we shook hands, I couldn’t help but sink into his eyes, a feeling that made me blatantly uncomfortable, as if the handshake was something forbidden, something mom shouldn’t have seen. As that thought passed through my mind, I blushed. The heat that spread through my face made me even more uncomfortable. At that point, I realized I was still holding his hand and staring into his eyes, without uttering a single word. My mom, noticing my uncomfortableness, cleared her throat: “Beth, are you okay?”

I looked down, breaking eye contact, trying to acclimate and to hide my attraction to this man that was supposed to be my new father.

“Nice to meet you too...” – I whispered as I continued to take my seat.

“Michael. My name is Michael. But, you can call me Mike...or daddy.” – He spoke, with a voice so deep it made my toes curl.

The table we were seated at was beautiful. Four chairs only, a private affair, and it seemed that the waiters were told not to bother us. Appetizers and drinks were already served, and by the gesticulations of my mom’s new boyfriend, I could tell he was the one doing the whole thing. He simply oozed of confidence and strength, something I had forgotten how it looks. I could easily see women being attracted to this man as moths to flame. After all, he really was a flame, a type

of flame I haven't seen before. I was seating between my mom and Brian and Mike was seating right across me. I saw him looking, giving me the same look from a little while ago. Suddenly, it didn't feel uncomfortable. Suddenly, all I wanted was his eyes on me, forever.

“So, sweetheart, the reason we are here tonight is because I have something important to tell you.” – Mom started, reaching out to Mike and grabbing his hand. As I saw the two holding hands on the table, I felt jealous....and I didn't know why, exactly. I took a deep breath and I turned to face her: “Go on, mom.”

I saw her squeezing his hand, looking at him and smiling, before she turned back to me: “Michael and I are engaged.”

She said this so ever softly, with a tone of satisfaction in her voice I haven't heard before. I remained calm and seated, looking at my glass of water in front of me, slowly nodding my head. As if I was trying to act that I didn't know anything and I was slowly absorbing the news.

Brian leaned in and put his hand on my shoulder: “Welcome to the family, little sister!” – He exclaimed, quite loudly, taking his glass and proposing a toast. I followed his lead, as I was taken aback, not by the engagement, but by the effect Daddy has on me. This would take a while to get used to, I thought as I sat back and let mom talk about the wedding.

Chapter 2

Dinner was fantastic, the food was great and Brian kept the conversation lively. I noticed Daddy staring at me a couple of times during dinner and every single time I'd catch him look, it would give me the same burning uncomfortableness from the first time. I couldn't call it uncomfortableness as I was aware it wasn't not: it was desire.

Brian tried to talk to me during dinner, obviously flirtatious with me, but I totally let him down. Not because he wasn't attractive: he really was, but simply because his dad was way better.

After dinner, my new 'Daddy' took us home. He left us in front of the house, opening the door for us and everything. Such a perfect gentleman. He escorted us to the door and once again, extended his hand for a handshake. The minute I took his hand, I blushed. I swear he smiled. Daddy leaned in and kissed me on the cheek: "I'll see you soon, Beth." – He whispered as I stood frozen, completely unable to breathe or move.

His kiss was so soft, the hair from his beard guided on my face ever so gently. Daddy smelled divinely, like a real man should smell. As I turned around to open the door, his smell lingered around me and I closed my eyes in a bid to soak every little bit of it. As I closed the door behind me, I saw him leaning in and kissing mom. As he was faced towards the door, Daddy opened his eyes and looked straight at

me. This act took my breath away as I kept standing behind the door, staring at him while he was making out with mom.

As he was leaving the porch, mom walked in and I immediately ran to the kitchen.

“Beth honey, do you want to talk about it?”

I showed up, carrying a glass of water: “I’m happy for you mom.”

She walked to me and hugged me. I hugged her back, closing my eyes and feeling his perfume on her. The smell took me back to the moment Daddy kissed my cheek and I tried to linger it in for as long as possible.

“Oh honey, are you okay? You never hug me like this?” – Mom asked, obviously worried.

“I’m fine, mom. I’m really happy for you. What’s next?”

“Well, tomorrow we go to his house to meet his friends. After that, the rehearsal dinner.” – I saw the spark mom had in her eyes, something I hadn’t seen for a very long time. I could understand how a man like Mike was able to bring fire to everyone, especially to someone like mom.

“Okay, I’m in. I’m going to bed now.”

“Goodnight baby.” – She leaned in and kissed my forehead.

I went upstairs to my bedroom, changed, brushed my teeth and went to bed. Not for a second had I stopped thinking about Daddy. I was a virgin and I knew very little of what arousal felt like, but at that moment, I was sure that was it.

As I climbed into bed under the covers, my new Daddy's eyes came to mind: his look, his beard, his smell... As those images kept playing over and over in my head, I reached down, slowly inside my bottom pajamas and under my panties. I had no idea what I was doing, all I knew was my pussy was wet and it wanted to be touched. I used my right hand to slowly massage it, gently finding the sweet spot that needed rubbing and I obliged. With my eyes closed, thinking about my new Daddy, I was rubbing myself wishing it was him here with me. I rubbed faster and faster until I felt I was on the brink of the finish line after which I pressed harder and harder and in a second, I was lifted from the bed and carried somewhere above. The feeling of that orgasm can never be forgotten as it was sweet and powerful at the same time, but even sweeter because it was completely forbidden. I smiled at these thoughts as I turned around and fell asleep.

Chapter 3

The next day, it was Saturday. I laid in bed for a little while longer thinking about last night before I finally decided it was time to go downstairs. I took off my pajamas and put on a robe before I went out of my room and descended downstairs. Saturdays were normally mild in our house, mom was either out shopping or already cooking lunch, while I'd linger in between the living room and the garden until it was really time to get up and get dressed. This Saturday, was different.

As I walked into the living room with nothing but a robe, messy hair, no makeup and puffy eyes, I saw mom sitting with Brian and Daddy. It completely shook me up! She should've told me!

“Ah, there she is! Good morning, sleepyhead.” – Brian yelled, eyeing me from head to toe. I glanced in his direction, without saying a word but simply nodding my head. I've been nodding my head around him so much that he probably thinks I'm so nervous I can't speak in front of him. Mom jumped out of the armchair, walking towards me with her arms stretched:

“Good morning sweetie! Let me fix you some breakfast.”

“Good morning mom.” – I whispered, accepting her hug.

“Brian, can you help me please?”

“Of course, Mrs. Hughes.” – Brian said, standing up and following mom to the kitchen.

“I’ve told you to call me...”

“Emma, sorry. I’ll get used to it though.”

As their voices drowned in the background, I kept standing still in the same exact place I was before they left the room. Daddy was sitting on the couch, having full view of myself, clearly enjoying himself.

He was leaned in on one side, holding a cup of coffee in his hands. I saw his eyes move from my toes up to my face and down again. He smiled, contently.

“Good Morning Beth. How did you sleep?” – He asked, glaring into my eyes. His gaze was so expressive, it made me feel as if he knew what I did last night. And, it made me blush from embarrassment. I quickly looked away before speaking: “Fine. How about yourself?”

He stood up and walked to me. I could hear his breathing as he was stepping into my personal space. With his right hand, he touched my chin ever so lightly, turning my head towards him, making me look at him. As I did, he smiled.

“You’re a good girl, Beth aren’t you?” – He whispered under his breath.

I felt the same exact fire lighting up in me again. Moreover, I felt the wetness between my legs gush and I was afraid he would be able to see it. I tried to look away but he was holding my chin more firmly now, not allowing me to move.

“Yes.” – I whispered, feeling the attraction, feeling my heavy breathing and noticing him realizing what was happening.

I was afraid he’d say something, I was scared he’d be offended but luckily he only smiled. As he did, he kept holding my chin and staring into my eyes, while he used his left hand to touch my right thigh: I felt his hand glide up, gently landing on my butt and squeezing tightly.

“Daddy needs you to be a good girl.” – He leaned in and whispered in my ear.

“I will be.” – I replied back while I heard mom yelling from the kitchen:

“Breakfast is ready!”

Chapter 4

The four of us sat in our kitchen eating pancakes together. Daddy behaved as if nothing happened, he was so loved up with my mom that I thought the event from our living room had only happened in my head. Whatever the whole “good girl” thing meant, I was ready and moreover, I only wanted to please him.

As I sat there looking at Daddy and eating my pancakes, I had completely forgotten about my step-brother, Brian who sat next to me, watching me eat.

“You are looking at him in a way you’re not supposed to.” – Brian leaned in and whispered in my ear. It was a wakeup call. I almost jumped out of my seat, turning around, feeling as if I was caught red-handed.

“What are you talking about Brian?” – I almost yelled, diverting my eyes away.

Brian smiled: “I’ve seen this before. He has that... influence on women. You’re not the first one. But, you have to get over it.”

“There is nothing to get over from.”

Brian leaned in, putting his hand on my knee, gently gliding his hand towards my pussy.

“What are you doing?” – I almost snapped, taking his hand and removing it from my leg.

“It’s simple. I like you Beth. We’re not related, step-sisters and step-brothers share no relation whatsoever. I think we’d make a great couple. What do you say?”

I looked at Daddy who was following my conversation with Brian closely, and replied: “Let me think about it.”

After breakfast, Daddy and Brian left and mom decided it was time to go shopping so we can prepare for the event tonight. She wanted to look her best, and I saw she was so much in love that she only wanted to impress his family. We went shopping, bought new dresses and even had our hair and makeup professionally done. Apparently, Daddy was very well-off and all his friends and family were off the same caliber. Which meant, we simply had to look our best.

Mom wore this beautiful floor-length silverfish gown which complemented her eyes. Her hair was up in a very elegant bun, accenting her lean physique and beautiful neck. Me on the other hand, I wore this red, short dress, had my hair down and my makeup was “nearly there”, but enough to accent my eyes and lips. All in all, I was ready for Daddy’s looks.

He even had a car sent out for us to pick us up. The driver knocked on our door, opened the car door for us and took us to Daddy’s house.

“Oh, by the way, I forgot to show you this!” – Mom squeaked as if she was a teenager. Waving her hand into my face, I soon realized she was bragging with her engagement ring. And boy, she really had something to brag about! The ring was beyond beautiful and elegant, with the biggest diamond I’ve ever seen!

“I’m happy for you mom!” – I said, leaning in and giving her a hug.

“I guess it’s all official now!” – She said, almost tearing up.

“Yes, and it’ll be okay! Now don’t cry you’ll ruin your makeup!”

As we arrived to his house, I realized Daddy really was a very rich and successful man. No wonder his charisma was simply drawing everyone in. His house was a mansion: huge but tastefully decorated. It looked like a Spanish mansion, warm, inviting and elegant. Brian was standing in front of the entrance, apparently waiting for us:

“Welcome ladies! Please allow me to escort you to the dining room.” We smiled and we took Brian’s hand allowing him to escort us in. The mansion was truly breathtaking, I couldn’t stop admiring the architecture, the paintings, the walls... I heard mom laugh before she looked at me and whispered: “I was the same like you when I was here for the first time.”

As we entered the humongous dining room, I saw Daddy standing behind the head seat at the table. There were already a lot of guests, all elegant and dressed up, seated, waiting for us to arrive. As we walked in, mom went straight to Daddy who in return, walked to her,

taking her hand and kissing it: “My beautiful bride!” – He declared, as everyone around the table gave them a round of applause.

I was still standing at the entrance, next to Brian, trying to take in the whole grandeur of this night. On the other hand, I couldn't take my eyes off Daddy, who looked as if he was a movie star.

I completely forgot about Brian, until I felt his hand on my ass. I turned to him: “Take that hand away from me!” – I snapped, trying to keep it low. He smiled, leaning in and staring into my eyes. God, there was so much of his father in him and I knew Brian will grow to become the man that his dad was. But, for now, he was still just a boy. A very naughty boy.

As he leaned in, instead of removing his hand, he sneaked it in under my dress and into my panties, slowly massaging my pussy from behind.

“You can't tell me this doesn't feel good?”

As I was staring into his eyes, feeling the wetness, I thought there was no way to escape him now. Until:

“Beth! Please come over, I want you to meet everyone!”

I looked up and I saw Daddy, facing me with his arms outstretched. I confidently smiled, glaring at Brian: “It really doesn't.” - With this, I walked towards Daddy, hugging him while the guests were applauding once again.

In the midst of the applause, what no one was able to hear, was Daddy's words to me:

“Be a good girl don't let him touch you. Save yourself for Daddy.”

I nodded and went to take my seat.

Chapter 5

I soon realized that in between the guests were a lot of people from our family. Namely, my grandparents, cousins, mom's relatives which I didn't know were going to be here tonight. We met Daddy's family and it turned all of them were really nice people. His friends were high-class but they were also kind and good-spirited. The conversation at the table simply flowed and it felt good to be there that night.

Dinner was spectacular, there were so many courses and plates I stopped counting. But, everything was delicious.

Daddy was seated at the head of the table, with mom on his right hand. Brian was seated next to mom, and I was given the honorary seat on his left. During dinner, I felt him looking, staring at me even, and I was scared that someone else would notice. I had to control my gaze as I saw Brian closely monitoring what I was doing and simply sitting there and starring at his father.

Daddy on the other hand, behaved as if there was nothing happening. He drank, he offered a toast, and he laughed, talked, made small talk to everyone and was simply the star of the night. Mom was so bewitched by him, she didn't notice anything. Brian on the other hand, either knew or had a feeling about us and it gave me a feeling of unease. I didn't want mom to find out, especially since there really was nothing to be found out about. I was guilty about being so

intensely attracted to Daddy but except for that, there was nothing going on.

As dessert was served, I felt Daddy's hand on my right knee. He wasn't looking at me though, he was talking to mom. His hand went up my thigh and on to my panties. He was so smooth, so gentle, I had to grab a glass in front of me and pretend I was drinking to try to hide what was going on under the table. I saw mom, talking to him, so normally. She had no idea Daddy was touching me under the table.

I leaned in and spread my legs. His hand slowly moved my panties aside and he was touching my pussy. I was getting wet and hot, I was already breathing heavily and I was terrified of someone actually finding out. As I looked at Brian, he was the only person from the whole table, staring at me. I realized he knew what was happening under the table, although I had no idea how.

Daddy continued talking to mom, he even leaned in to kiss her a few times. As he leaned in to her, he took his hand away from me which gave me a moment to pull myself together. As I thought it was all done, Daddy leaned in towards me, making small talk, asking silly questions while completely stuffing his fingers into me.

I was staring into his eyes, breathless, simply nodding and saying "yes" to everything he asked. His questions were referred to the dinner itself, was everything in order, did I like the house, would I mind living here, and so on and so forth.

His questions were not important, what mattered was what was happening under the table. I saw the hunger in his eyes and I saw he wanted to go rough and hard with me, but given the circumstances, he had to be gentle. My panties were pushed aside as I felt his hand gliding, up and down, slowly pressing that sweet spot before going down and pushing a finger inside me. I almost screamed and he pulled out his hand. He smiled, leaning in and whispering: “You are a good girl, Beth.”

I sat there, breathless, not knowing how to pull myself together. I was very aware of Brian’s look – he was gazing at me this whole time. I was avoiding his eyes intentionally, scared of being judged, scared of being found out. There was no escaping him, however hard I tried, I had to accept this family was soon to be mine and I’ll have to live with them. With that, I looked straight into Brian’s eyes, waiting for his reaction.

He sat across me. I could tell he was surprised by my look but he pulled himself together and smiled.

Right after this, Daddy stood up and asked everyone to get outside on the balcony, where he said he had a special surprise awaiting.

As all the guests got up and walked outside the huge terrace, I saw the decorations and the chairs all lined up. Huge bouquets of roses were everywhere, making the terrace look like a fairytale venue. The chairs were lined up from both sides of the balcony, as the middle was decorated with a very romantic carpet made out of rose petals. The carpet was leading to the very end of the balcony where the biggest

wreath of flowers stood, tall enough for two people to stand below it. And then, it dawned on me: Daddy had prepared this whole thing so they can get married that same night.

As guests stepped out and all of them were taken aback by the view, Daddy came forth and asked all of them to be seated. He took my mom's hand and in the most romantic gesture I've ever seen, he kneeled in front of everybody, looking into her eyes, asking her to marry him, right there and then.

I saw my mom tear up as she nodded her head in approval and the applause exploded around them.

The registrar soon showed up, clearing his throat and asking everyone to take their seats. As we did, Daddy took my mom's hand and led her right below the huge wreath of flowers. A photographer soon appeared, snapping photos of everyone present, while all the guests were swelling up, obviously touched by his gesture.

I took my seat next to Brian and was completely immersed in the event, looking at my mom, realizing how happy she finally was. I glared at Brian and smiled at him, wanting to acknowledge how beautiful this night turned out to be. Brian leaned in and whispered:

“Now we are officially a family. How much do you love your daddy?” I felt sarcasm in his voice and decided to ignore it. I wasn't going to let anyone ruin this beautiful moment. I leaned in and whispered: “Very much.”

The second I turned to watch the event, I saw Daddy grab my mom's hand, while she adoringly gazed into his eyes. For a split second, I was jealous as I felt I was the one that was supposed to be up there with him. I tried to chase away those evil thoughts, as I saw a trio of violinists show up. They started playing and their music only enhanced the romantic atmosphere around us.

“We are gathered here today to unite this man and this woman...” –
The registrar started as I relaxed and decided to enjoy in the moment.

“Do you, Michael Jones, take Emma Hughes to be your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health, in good times and woe, for richer or poorer, keeping yourself solely unto her for as long as you both shall live?”

After a moment of silence, Daddy looked towards my mom and whispered:

“I do.”

The crowd started cheering but decided to wait until the bride said “I do.”

The registrar, pleased with the answer, turned to my mom, asking the same question:

“Do you, Emma Hughes, take this man, Michael Jones, to be your lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, in sickness and health,

to love, honor and obey, in good times and woe, for richer or poorer, keeping yourself solely unto him for as long as you both shall live?”

“I do.” – Whispered my mom, glaring at him adoringly.

“If there be anyone present who may show just and lawful cause why this couple may not be legally wed, let him speak now or forever hold his peace.” – The registrar announced and for a split second, I thought he was looking straight at me. The question made me feel uncomfortable, and with Brian leaning in and whispering: “Don’t you want to say something?” it made me even more uncomfortable.

After a minute, they exchanged the rings. I barely remember the last part of the event as my head was already buzzing. I do remember everyone stood up and applauded for a very long time.

Chapter 6

After the ceremony, I stood by at the side watching mom dancing with my new Daddy. Actually, I was staring at him, not able to look away. The charisma of power and success combined with experience and physical beauty was making me droll. Just by looking at him, I was wet. I was imagining his hands up my skirt, his touch on my skin, his prickly beard on my face when Brian came and stood right next to me.

“I see you watching. I just don’t know why you stare at him that way.” I was dragged away from my fantasy, painfully aware Brian was talking to me.

“What way? I wasn’t staring.”

Brian leaned in on me even more. I could smell his perfume, I felt his body weight on mine.

“Doesn’t matter little sis. As long as you pick me.” – He whispered, lowering his right hand on my ass, grabbing it with full force. No one that was in front of us knew what was happening. I wanted to move away and leave but I caught Daddy looking at us. From his look, I knew he was aware of what was happening and I knew he wasn’t pleased. I decided to play along, I wanted to make him jealous. So, I leaned in even more on Brian’s hand, looking up and flirting with him.

“What do you want Brian?”

“You. Isn’t it obvious?” – He gushed, surprised by my reaction. With his other hand he was holding a glass of wine: “You want some?”

“I’m not legally allowed to drink.”

“You’re not legally allowed to be this hot either.”

I smiled and took the glass from him. As I was sipping, I saw Daddy staring at me. I knew he wasn’t happy by what he was seeing. I knew he was jealous. And, it made me feel good.

“Shall we dance?” – I asked as Brian took my hand and led me to the dance floor. He held me real tight as we danced and I was aware at the glances we got from the people around us. I was aware they were already whispering how the step-brother and sister got too close. But, I didn’t care.

I relished his look. Daddy was staring at me with such intensity that made my toes curl again. I knew I was going to be punished for my actions as I just disobeyed him: I was not behaving as a good girl anymore.

As the party came to an end, it was mom, Brian, Daddy and I that were left on the balcony. Brian was clearly tipsy and I let him kiss me, without mom seeing us.

Daddy was staring at us: “Brian behave. Go to bed. Now.”

His voice was stern, stable and low, more like a growl than speech. It looked as if Brian sobered up the minute he heard his father talk and without saying a word, he left.

“I’m going to change.” – Mom said, kissing Daddy and hugging me. It was just the two of us outside, standing one across the other. The night was calm and warm but I had goose bumps all over. As soon as he was sure mom was not coming back, he slowly walked up to me. The way he walked made my heart race and took my breath away. I was left speechless and helpless.

“So, you let Brian touch you?”

I nodded. I couldn’t utter a single word.

He came face to face with me and put his right index finger on my lips. He was massaging them, touching them, rubbing my lips with his finger as he was staring into my eyes.

“I asked you to be a good girl, Beth. And it seems you have disobeyed me.”

I lost control over my knees and body. I was shaking. Not from fear but from anticipation, from attraction, from how drunk this man made me feel. I wanted him.

He slowly opened my mouth and put his right index finger inside.

“Lick. Gently.” – He whispered as he stood there, watching. I was looking directly into his eyes while I took his finger and licked it slowly before I started sucking on it. I saw him open his mouth in pleasure then close it again. Daddy leaned in even more, using his left hand to glide it inside my skirt from behind and spank my bottom.

He wasn't being gentle. The spanking hurt. I was surprised and humbled at the same time. He saw my expression and smiled: “You've been a very naughty girl, Beth. And I have to discipline you.”

With this, I felt his left hand struggle through my panties and opening my ass. He was gliding his hand up and down before pushing one of his fingers inside. It hurt like hell and I almost screamed.

“I'm finger-fucking your asshole, Beth. This is what happens to bad girls. Don't you dare make a sound.”

I completely fell onto him. The pain burst throughout me, I felt tears streaming down my face and I was biting on his shirt to contain my screams. As I leaned in, I felt a huge bulge in front of his pants and I knew he was hard for me. Despite the pain, knowing that I was able to turn Daddy on, turned me on even more and I lifted my head and kissed his neck.

“So much for the pain, huh? You are such a little slut, Beth.” – He whispered, removing his hand, grabbing me by my shoulders and pushing me away.

“We are not done though. You will be disciplined.”

I nodded, looking down. Part of me was scared as I didn't know how severe my punishment will be, but the other part of me was looking forward to it.

Right when I thought it was all over, Daddy leaned in and whispered:

“Punishment number 1 was this. Punishment number 2: I'm going to fuck your mom with the hard-on you gave me. Think about it.”

With this, he left the balcony and went upstairs. I exhaled deeply before leaning on the fence, trying to pull myself together. I looked up and my heart stopped: Brian was on one of the windows right above the terrace.

Chapter 7

This was my first night in the enormous mansion. I got my own room, beautifully decorated, with a walk-in closet and a marble bathroom. I was exhausted from the whole night and was able to take off my clothes and go to sleep.

The next morning, I woke up feeling someone's hand on my forehead. I thought it was Daddy and opened my eyes to see mom seating on the brink of the bed, gazing at me adoringly. She had a distinctive shine about her, something I knew she got from having sex last night. Sex she should be thanking me for.

“Good morning sweetie. You don't have to get up now. I just wanted to tell you I have to run to the office and I'll be back. Mike and I decided it was for the best for you and me to live here from now on. So, later today maybe we can go pack?”

“Sure mom. Anything for you.”

She smiled, leaned in and kissed my forehead: “See you later baby.”

As she walked out of the room, I turned and laid on my stomach with the pillow below my head, thinking about everything. I heard footsteps coming through the door: “Mom, did you forget something?”

“It's not mom.”

Daddy's voice made me tremble. Immediately, although still half-asleep, I was shaking and I got the goose bumps again. I tried to get out of bed only to be stopped: "Don't get out. Get in bed. And lay face down."

As I laid down, I took the courage to tell him: "Brian saw us last night."

"Oh? What did he see?" – Daddy was speaking, as I heard a noise: sounded as if he was taking off his belt.

"He was on the window atop the balcony. He saw us..."

"He saw us what, m?" – As he spoke, he lifted the sheet off me, only to reveal my complete nakedness.

"He saw you...touching me."

He hit me with his belt on the ass real hard. It hurt, I screamed. Daddy kept talking in his stern, stable voice as if nothing happened:

"I was touching you? Where?"

I kept quiet for a second, thinking about what I should say. He started spanking me, harder and harder: "I asked you a question, didn't I? I expect an answer!"

Although I knew what we were doing last night, I felt too embarrassed to say it. Daddy kept using his belt and his palms to spank me and I

kept screaming in both pain and arousal. I felt him getting on the bed, mounting me. I was laying head down with his legs holding me tightly underneath him.

“Should I repeat myself?” – Daddy leaned in and whispered on my ear.

“No daddy. I will behave.” – I whispered back as I felt him petting me on the head.

“So, what did I do to you last night?”

“You put your finger in my mouth...and you stuck your finger in my ass.” – I whispered.

“Good girl. And, did you like it?”

I tried to nod in agreement, but I couldn't as he had me face down, locked in, completely unable to move.

“Yes...”

“Yes what?”

I didn't know what to say and I went with: “Yes, daddy.”

He seemed happy with the answer. He took both of my hands and tied them up behind my back with his belt. I felt Daddy's hands glade through every inch of me, as if he was inspecting new uncharted

territory. It felt oddly satisfying, good, arousing...I was turned on and I wanted more. I never realized I was moaning until he leaned in, completely lying on me, with the heaviness of his torso on my body. I felt daddy breathing in me ear with his arms around me head: “You are a good girl. And, I’ll award you.”

I felt his hands gliding from my neck, through my back, my tied arms all the way down to my ass. He took his time there, squeezing and massaging me, right after which I felt daddy started opening it with his both hands. I couldn’t move I was squeezed under him, face down, not even able to see what he was doing.

“Tell me Beth...have you ever been fucked?” – He spoke, giving me goose bumps head to toe.

“No, daddy...no I haven’t.”

I heard him smirk in satisfaction: “Well, you’re about to be.”

As he said it, I felt my pussy drip of wetness. I was ready and I wanted him so much.

He pushed one of his hands in between my ass, gently massaging me all the way down. Daddy was really taking his time: he knew how much I wanted him and he kept teasing me, asking me to beg him. I was squirming under his hands, trying to move, trying to show him what I wanted.

He slapped me on my butt: “We’ll get there. I’m not in a hurry.”

Daddy kept rubbing me, from my anus to my pussy, slowly at first and then faster by the minute. I was moaning: “Give it to me Daddy, I want you.”

And, he smiled. A long, satisfying laugh: “Oh Beth, you’ve got so much to learn.”

My toes curled and my skin became too sensitive for his touch. I was wet, utterly turned on and as much as I was trying to move, to grab him, to show daddy how much I wanted him, I couldn’t. He wasn’t letting me.

Right after that, he took the belt that was tying up my hands and he used his left hand to hold both of my arms behind my back. Daddy took the belt and glided it through my ass, all the way down, rubbing me with it. This was a new sensation: the firmness and coldness of the leather brought me to a complete different dimension of arousal. And, I wanted more.

“Faster, daddy, faster!” – I dared to yell, only to have him remove the belt and spank me again.

“Not so fast baby girl. We’re taking it slow.” – With this, while still holding both of my arms, he leaned in and put his tongue in my butt first, after which he went down to my pussy. Daddy was licking me, sucking that sweet spot of mine and I was barely able to hold it together. I was trying to move, I was fidgeting, fighting to no avail. I was trying to cum, I was on the verge of a climax, but he simply wouldn’t let me.

All of a sudden, he stood up, picked me up by my arms and turned me to face him. We were both on the bed on our knees, facing each other. Me, barely able to catch my breath, him, with a deep desire in his eyes – something I hadn't seen before.

As I leaned in to kiss him, he pushed me away: "I'm the one setting the rules here, Beth. You better obey."

I nodded, as there was absolutely nothing I could do. He pushed me down, made me come eye to eye with his dick, something I was seeing for the first time. It looked enormous. It was hard and when I touched it, it felt as it was pulsating in my hand. I grabbed daddy and started going up and down with my hand, while staring into his eyes. He was looking at me and my hand, before stopping me: "You have to get it wet first, Beth. Be a good girl and put it in your mouth."

I obliged. I was licking the tip at first, completely caught off guard as I had no idea what I was supposed to be doing.

"Good...that's good...now, slide it in...suck it, Beth."

And, I did. He tasted deliciously fresh, raw, manly, something I had not experienced before. I was really enjoying myself as I was sucking him off, watching his facial expressions while he was holding my head, pulling me in and out.

"Touch yourself." – He whispered, as he was holding my head, and I removed my arms from his dick, while continuing to suck him off, and started rubbing myself. I couldn't believe how wet I was, it almost felt

embarrassing to be dripping in front of him! Daddy knew how much I wanted him.

“Good girl...you’re doing fine. Keep going.” – He said, leaning on the bed and opening his legs. I was laying in between his legs, touching myself and sucking my daddy’s dick. It felt hot, forbidden and arousing.

After a few minutes, he lifted my head: “That’s enough. Now, stand up and turn around. On all fours, please.”

And, I did. I felt a little weird for spreading out on all fours in front of him especially since I couldn’t see what he was doing. I felt his hands gliding through my body, all the way down to my pussy. Daddy pushed a finger inside and I screamed.

“Relax, Beth. Breathe.” – He was whispering, as I was trying not to scream. He was fingering me and I felt the wetness dripping. Soon after, he was just standing behind me with his fingers pointed, and I was leaning in and going back, all by myself. It felt amazing.

“You’re doing great, Beth. It’s time to see if you can handle it.”

I moaned in agreement as he came to me, opening me up and making me lean up front. I was with my arms and head on a pillow while my ass was up in the air. Then, I felt it.

Daddy took his member to my pussy and was rubbing it off me. It was the best sensation ever. I felt like I was on the verge to explode.

He pushed it in, slowly and I felt pain. I screamed, fidgeting to get away, trying to get out of bed, but daddy pushed me in, grabbing me by my midriff and holding me down.

“Not getting away now, Beth. It’s time. I’ve been polite enough so far.” As he said this, he pushed his whole dick in me and I screamed and yelled and begged him to stop.

“Relax, Beth. Breath. Relax.” – He was saying as I was fighting for air.

After a few moments, the pain was gone. I started to feel his dick inside me, his hand on my clit, massaging, going in and out, and bringing me on the verge of an orgasm. I started moaning: “Yes, daddy, please don’t stop, please give it to me.”

“You’ve deserved it. You’ve been such a bad girl.”

“Punish me daddy, please fuck me hard!” – I was yelling, not able to figure out where those words were coming from. At that very moment, nothing mattered, except the utter pleasure he was giving me.

“You want hard?” – He asked, as I felt him pushing in one finger in my asshole. I felt full, too full, stuffed in all my holes, as he kept going, harder and harder.

“Please don’t stop!” – I yelled, I begged, as he kept fucking me. Daddy stopped. He stood up, leaving me on all fours on the bed. I was

dripping, I was so close to cum, and I couldn't believe he would leave me like this. I turned around and laid flat on my back, legs spread, reaching down to rub myself as he stood there, watching. Daddy was naked, hands on hips, inspecting what I was doing. The moment he realized I was getting too close, he removed my hands from my pussy, grabbed me by my feet and turned me on the side of the bed he was standing at. He was holding me by my ankles, taking my legs up high, landing them on his shoulders, while entering me again.

I was arching my back and moaning, louder and louder by the minute. It was excruciating, the whole ordeal was tiring and all I wanted was to please him and to cum. Daddy wouldn't let me, though.

“Not yet.” – He leaned in and whispered.

“Please daddy, I beg you...please cum.”

“Not yet, I said!” – He yelled, as he continued to enter me while holding my legs on his shoulders. I was completely surrendered although eager to finally reach an orgasm. I realized daddy had intended to torture me, to get back at me for being a bad girl.

He pushed my legs away and climbed in the bed, lying on his back and spanking me gently: “Come on Beth. Time to ride daddy.”

“I don't know how to. I'm tired.” – I whispered as he reached to me, grabbed me by my hands and helped me settle right on him. My hands were on his torso as his hands were on my hips, moving me up and down until I was able to understand what he was asking of me.

Soon, we were holding hands as I was riding him, faster and faster, finally having the freedom to establish my own rhythm, a rhythm I knew was taking me straight to an orgasm.

“Yes, that’s it, keep going.”- He said, as I surrendered to riding and rubbing myself off him. It came in a second: complete warmth enveloped me, I felt dizzy, closed my eyes and the sudden wave of an orgasm swept all over me. I slowed down, just rubbing off him to keep the feeling last as much as possible, while feeling all my muscles flex and relax as my brain was blown away. Once it was all over, I stopped and got off him. Daddy stood up:

“We’re not yet done. Come here. I need to cum too.”

I returned in bed seeing him laid down on his back and I went down on him, sucking him off, stuffing his dick in my mouth for as far as it would go, licking it, rubbing it, and waiting for him to finally cum.

Then, all of a sudden, he jumped out of bed, grabbed me by my hair, pulled it back as he was jerking off in front of me.

“Open your mouth!” – He screamed at me and I did.

I saw his dick pulsating before it finally exploded in an orgasm. I saw his face, the sweet surrender to this long overdue satisfaction was all over him. His cum spilled all over my face and my mouth I was licking it, trying to get it all.

“Do you like the taste?” – He calmly asked as I nodded.

Soon, he climbed out of bed and put his clothes on. I was still in bed wrapped in a bed sheet.

“I don’t have to tell you this is our little secret, right?”

I nodded again and asked: “What about Brian?”

He stopped and turned to face me: “You’re not a virgin anymore and you can do anything and anyone you want.”

“I was thinking about what he saw last night?”

Daddy looked at me: “So make him keep his mouth shut. Be a good girl.”

He smiled and exited the room.

After he left the room, I took some time just lying on the bed, thinking about what had happened. I was happy: I finally found the type of man I was looking for, strong, stable, experienced. I needed time before I was able to get out of bed as my knees were shaking and I wasn’t able to walk properly. As soon as the euphoria had died out, I ran to the shower, got dressed and went down to eat. I was famished.

Chapter 8

Later that day, mom and Brian returned from work and we had a family lunch outside on the beautiful balcony. Mom was beyond happy: I could tell by the way she giggled all the way through lunch.

Brian, on the other hand, was staring at me. His eyes, so similar to his father's, only less experienced, were telling me he knew what was happening. I played it cool and tried to ignore him.

“I have an announcement to make.” – Daddy started and we all looked at him: “Now that we're a family, a new one at that, it's time for us to take a vacation together. Everything has been settled, and we all leave for Italy next week.”

“Italy! Oh my God, Mike you're so romantic! I can't thank you enough!” – Mom said, standing up and running to him, hugging him and giving him a kiss. I played the good daughter, picked up my glass for a toast and said:

“Thanks Daddy! You really are the best!”

“He really is something, isn't he?” – Brian whispered as we all smiled looking forward to our vacation.

Later that day, mom and my stepdad went to dinner with friends. They were newlyweds and were celebrating their newfound happiness.

Since it was the summer break, I stayed in the house out by the pool, reading. Brian walked up to me:

“So, would you explain what I saw last night?”

His sentence really hit a nerve. I was terrified and started trembling. As much I was trying to mask it and play it cool, I knew he noticed I was nervous.

“What are you talking about?” – I asked, as cold as possible.

He leaned in and sat right next to me. He put one of his hands on my knee:

“What were you doing with your new daddy last night on the balcony?”

I was shaking, my legs were trebling and he saw it. Instead of pushing further, he simply said: “Don’t worry, Beth. I won’t tell if you don’t. I will, however require a small favor for keeping my mouth shut.”

“It was nothing. We weren’t doing anything!”

“Really? How about we leave your mom to be the judge of that?”

Brian took out his phone and showed me a clip: a video he had made from standing at that window atop the terrace. It was dark but it was zoomed in and it showed both of us: daddy and I, getting close. As

much as the video didn't show his hand up my butt, it showed his finger in my mouth. It was beyond incriminating.

“Give me that!” – I yelled, trying to get to the phone, but he was faster than me. Brian was smiling: “So, as I was saying, you do me a favor and I won't tell a soul.”

I was beaten. I knew he had won and there was nothing I could do about it. The last thing I wanted was to compromise my mom's happiness, a happiness she truly deserved. I knew if she found out about this, it would break her heart. And, I simply couldn't afford it.

I stood in front of the pool, arms on my hips, looking at Brian who was stretched out on one of the sunbeds. He had a very satisfactory smirk on his face as he knew he had me.

“Fine. What do you want Brian?”

He took a deep breath and eyed me top to bottom: “You already know what I want, as I've told you.”

“I don't understand?” – I asked, crossing my arms and staring at him. I was agitated, to say the least.

“You. I want you, Beth. That's all.”

The dreaded truth. I was scared he would do something like this and it happened. I thought about it, if I did what he was asking me to, no

one will ever find out anything. And, I was no longer a virgin as the man I wanted to take my virginity just did that, this morning.

“Okay.” – I whispered, slowly sitting next to him on the sunbed.

“Good. I had the feeling you’d oblige.”

So many things in Brian reminded me of daddy. His poise, his voice, and the way he looked at me... He really was the spitting and younger image of his dad. Brian’s fault was he wasn’t as experienced as his dad was.

“So, what do you want me to do?”

He reached out and put his arm around me. I leaned in and put my head on his shoulder.

“I know exactly what I want you to do. Meet me in my room in 10.”
He stood up and left.

I kept sitting on the sunbed until the time was right. I climbed the stairs, went to his room and knocked on the door.

“Come in.”

I opened the door and walked in only to see Brian naked on the bed with his dick in his hands. It was a good size dick, not as big as his dad’s but still...

I walked to the bed and sat next to him. He reached out, grabbed my hand and wrapped it around his member. I started massaging it, up and down, until I felt it pulsating and hardening in my hands.

“You’re doing good...” – He was moaning as I stood up and climbed the bed. As he was sitting, I laid with my head in front of his member, caressing and licking him. I felt his hands wrap up around my head and I started sucking him off, faster and faster.

“Not so fast!” – He kind of slapped me on the face, but very gently. I continued to fondle him until I sensed him pulsating again: this time I knew what it meant.

His moans were a sign he was about to cum and I let him cum on my tits.

After all was said and done, I stood up, wiped myself clean and put my shirt back on. As I was preparing to leave the room, he was still sitting on the bed.

“You’re amazing, you know that?” – Brian said, completely out of breath.

I smiled as I turned to him: “Thanks.”

* * *

A week later, we were all on the coast of Italy. The vacation had been beyond spectacular by now. We visited a dozen of cities, slept in the best hotels and took a yacht to sail through the Mediterranean. The

sun, the sea, the music and the food brought us even closer than we were before. Mom was thrilled with her new husband and she was pleased that I was getting along so well with my new stepfather and stepbrother.

“We are finally a family again.” – She had told me as I hugged her and retorted: “You are absolutely right, mom. I love our family.”

During the various dinner parties, I’d sneak out either with daddy or my stepbrother for a little carnal fun. Daddy especially was able to teach me so many things I’m deeply grateful for. He’s given me orgasms women can only dream of and on top of it all, I know he cares about me. I learnt where I belonged in this family fast and I knew I was the glue that held them all together.

After all, I will be Daddy’s good girl forever.

* * *

Daddy's Lollipop

(Part 2)

BY LUCY LIXX

Chapter 1

The summer was truly the time when I fully discovered my sexuality. I was constantly thirsty for more: begging for pleasure, asking for satisfaction. I had known I was passionate, but I wasn't able to pin point it until I lost my virginity. Despite the initial pain, the sweet pleasure brought on afterwards was more than gratifying. It had the power to liberate me and even more: to ask for more, over and over again. I had chosen wisely when it came to choosing the man that took my virginity; I only wanted my stepdaddy.

Since my mom married Michael, a filthy rich hottie, my life had been turned upside down. I was 18, naive and eager to please, whereas Daddy was experienced, self-confident and reliable. I enjoyed how he pampered me, in fact I enjoyed it so much I let him do whatever he wanted to me. Daddy took my virginity the day after he married mom, in his own house, just couple of weeks before we left for Italy. At the same time, his son, Ethan my stepbrother, saw Daddy and I in a pretty naughty situation and decided to blackmail me: I had to 'service' him anytime, anywhere, or he'd show my mom the video he had made.

After we left the States, we went to Italy where the legal age for drinking was 18. Since I was 18, I was allowed a glass of wine every now and then, "to actually fully experience the vacation", Daddy said. We travelled everywhere, as a family: Milan, Florence, Rome and the coast of course: Daddy rented a yacht that allowed us to travel to the most beautiful beaches I had ever seen. Mom was happy: I could tell she was enjoying her honeymoon and at the same time, she was pleased with herself since she was sure she had made the right decision. After all, Daddy seemed like the type of a man that was a rock to his family, a caregiver, a true man. I saw the way she looked at him and I knew she was thankful she finally had some stability in her

life. In fact, those same qualities were the ones that attracted me to him, without realizing he was attracted to me as well. However, time showed not only that he was into me, but he actually wanted something much more. From the days when he called me: “A good girl.” And the times when he asked me to behave, it had all been a rollercoaster, thoroughly entertaining and erotic.

While we were in Italy, it was much more difficult to do the things we used to do since it was the four of us almost all the time, everywhere. I’d catch him watching me, his eyes travelling from my toes, up to my lips and down again, especially when I was in a bikini. And, I knew he liked what he saw. Daddy took advantage of every opportunity to approach me, and it was a major ego boost, to say the least. I’d literally start shaking, feeling weak in my knees every single time he’d walk up to me and whisper: “Are you being a good girl, Beth?” or “I might have to discipline you soon.” The tone of his voice was powerful enough to make me wet, to desire him even more and to spend my nights pleasuring myself while thinking about him.

Ethan, my stepbrother on the other hand, took all the time he could to spend it with me. He really was a younger version of his dad, and even though he was extremely good-looking, he was too young: he lacked the experience and the confidence which his dad exuded. I didn’t mind having fun with him, after all he did remind me of his dad. Plus, I knew I could use the experience since I wanted to prove daddy just how *good* of a girl I really was.

Chapter 2

As we stepped out in Naples headed for lunch, mom approached me.

“Beth, there are so many gorgeous looking boys around here! Why don’t you talk to them?” – She exclaimed, hugging me. I could feel daddy’s eyes on my ass as we were walking down the street.

“Oh mom, no. I get all the love I need in this family.” – I retorted. She was over the moon with my answer. She hugged me and kissed me, exclaiming: “Beth, I’m so happy that you feel that was!”

She had no idea just how much.

That same night, we got rooms in the most beautiful boutique hotel I’d ever seen, one room for mom and daddy, and one for me and one for my stepbrother. After we said our “goodnights”, later that night, there was a knock on my door. I went to see who it was and as I opened it, I froze: daddy was standing on my doorstep! He smiled while walking in and closing the door behind him: “Your mom wanted me to check on you.”

I took a step back as he continued walking towards me. When we finally came close, I felt his left hand stretch, grabbing my butt: “You are such a good girl, Beth. You’ve got such sweet lips. Maybe if you behave, I’ll call you sweetlips from now on, huh?”

I nodded, feeling his hand grip my ass as he put his index finger from his right hand into my mouth, slowly massaging my lips as he went: “Mmm yes, *sweetlips* is just perfect for you.”

I reached out and grabbed his member, massaging in while he was still dressed. I saw he was surprised by my action, but instead of reacting, he simply pushed me on the bed, so I was seated right in front of him.

“If you want to suck my dick so bad, you should’ve just said so, sweetlips.” – He whispered as he unzipped his pants, taking his cock out in front of my eyes then slapping my lips with it a few times. I opened my mouth, pleading to suck it and he allowed me to. I grabbed it with both hands as I licked and sucked the best I could, never breaking eye contact. I could tell daddy was enjoying every juicy swab my hot wet tongue made as I swallowed, then traced my lips up and down his cock. I loved how his dick throbbed and quaked in my mouth when I'd suck hard at his tip, each time I lips drew back up the length of his shaft.

He reached down and put his hand behind my neck, slowly rubbing the back of my nape, pushing my head forward as I sucked. He laid me back onto the bed. Straddling my head as I lay on my back, he continued to plunge deeper into my throat. I gagged. As I was sucking him off, his left hand reached around, his fingers trailed up my thighs to find my dripping wet pussy. Oh how I love it when Daddy finger fucks me. It was amazing! I wanted more, I tried to make him fuck me, but as I did, he pulled away: “No, sweetlips, not now” as he abruptly lifted off of me. “Behave now”, he said with a level of sternness in his voice, that the glint in his lustful eyes didn't reflect. “Good night.” – And he left the room.

I was really turned on and I didn't want to masturbate. I needed a good fuck and daddy kept playing with me. So, I got up and went to my stepbrother's room and knocked on his door. He opened the door, with a facial expression that told me he was already sleeping. His eyes lightened up when he saw me: “Hey Beth, what's up?”

I smiled and walked in, closing the door behind me. As I walked towards the bed, I took my dress off, completely showing him my naked body.

“Come here, big bro. Your little sister needs you.” – I whispered playfully as I motioned him to the bed. He knew exactly what I meant, and smiled as he walked towards me, undressing. I pulled him on the bed and sat on him, kissing his face, neck and torso, heading towards his dick. As I was about to put it in my mouth, he grabbed me by my shoulders: “No, Beth. My turn now.”

He laid me on the bed and opened my legs while proceeding towards my pussy. The thing with him was we had never fucked, I was only giving him blowjobs. Until tonight.

I felt his tongue on my sweet spot while he was pushing a finger inside me. This caught me by surprise, I had no idea he could do this! It blew my mind as I completely allowed him to pleasure me. As he was licking me off, I saw his cock was fully erected, 'at attention' and ready. I needed a dick that night, and I was going to get one.

I made him get off me as I got on all fours in front of me: “Fuck me Ethan, fuck me hard!” – I yelled, as I felt his hands wrapping around my ass, and finally...his dick inside me.

After what seemed like a quick barrage of short, deep strokes, I felt him pull out. Cum running all over my butt and I knew it was all over. As much as he was young, he still didn't have the stamina to fuck like his daddy did. But, at least I got some tonight. I got up, got dressed and as I was about to leave the room, he whispered: “You're amazing.”

Chapter 3

We spent the next full day at the beach. As I was basking in the beautiful warmth of the sun, I noticed daddy glancing at me, licking his lips. I felt as if I was an ice-cream ready to be eaten and in a way, it was an amazing feeling. I smiled and turned to watch the sea, where Ethan was coming out from. All the girls at the beach were looking at him. His body was amazing. He only looked at me, though. What a wonderful feeling...to be wanted.

That night we were to attend a very fancy party, thrown by the mayor of the town. We had to get all dressed up, hair and makeup, the whole nine yards and I was really looking forward to it. Mom took me shopping. I got a tiny little red number and killer heels. As I was walking through the makeup section, I noticed my face in the mirror: despite my illusions, the mirror was not lying. I was nothing but a mere 18 years old, a simple teenager. I wasn't happy at my mediocre reflection, and decided to get some makeup that would hopefully make me look older, more appealing, especially to daddy. I noticed a poster in the back, a huge poster of bright red colored lips, with a sign below: "Luscious lips. For women only". That is exactly what I needed! I needed proof that I wasn't a child and I wanted to show the world that I was a woman. I bought the reddest, brightest lipstick I could find and even though somehow it looked like hooker's lips, I thought it still looked tempting. I knew daddy would not be able to take his eyes off my lips and I was already planning on using the lipstick to leave bright red traces all over his dick.

Mom wasn't too happy about me getting the lipstick, she tried to persuade me to go with a different shade, but I wouldn't give in. I hoped she'd simply give up, and luckily she did.

After we got ready, we went down to the hallway of our hotel where daddy and his 'mini me' were already waiting for us. Both of them looked very handsome: elegant suits, expensive watches, and freshly shaved. They literally looked like models out of a magazine. Mom was wearing a long, whitish backless dress that fitted her perfectly. She was the tender princess: the natural makeup, the long, wavy hair and the elegant earrings. She looked like a little, innocent lamb. As she climbed down the stairs, daddy kissed her hand and told her she looked amazing.

As I came down, I saw the three of them staring at me: mom, in confusion, daddy in total arousal whereas Ethan wore a seductive smirk of admiration. I could feel their mixed emotions and I completely absorbed them: feeding my ego and my self-confidence. The tight, short red dress showed more than it covered, the high heels extended my legs even more, but the red lipstick was the absolute winner. I saw daddy staring at my lips and I knew it definitely was a winner.

Daddy stepped up, took my hand and kissed it, then proceeded to lean in and gave me a peck on the cheek while whispering: “You are ravishing, sweetlips. I’m looking forward to sucking the life out of that lipstick of yours.”

I smiled. At that moment, for the first time in months, I didn’t blush. I felt proud of myself because I had finally learned to take compliments as a woman.

The dinner was in an Old Italian castle, filled with beautiful people and live music. It was majestic to dance in a room like the one in Naples and it was more than pleasant to see people staring at you, admiring your beauty. That night, I was at the peak of my confidence,

my ego was fed and it had overeaten, but it yearned for more. I could see the glances men gave me, no matter their age: lust, interest, arousal, desire – I walked around simply absorbing all the mixed emotions with a big smile on my face. It was thrilling, it was exciting to know you're wanted, and for me it was the greatest form of flattery.

As mom and daddy danced and drank, Ethan came to me: "Wanna go outside for a walk?"

I saw it in his eyes: he wanted me. As much as I wanted to say "no", since I really, really wanted daddy to fuck me, I glanced at him and saw that he was busy with mom. Which, probably meant he didn't have time for me.

"Sure." – I whispered, accepting his hand and smiling. I could tell he was nervous and it intrigued me even more. He took me out into the gardens. Gorgeous, lush greenery decorated in a spectacular manner enough to provoke feelings of splendor and admiration. The gardens smelled beautiful: a scent that stayed and lingered in the air, waking up the summer within you. Ethan wasn't talking, he was just walking with me, as if searching for something. After we got to a part that was more secluded than the rest, I understood what he was searching for. He wanted to find a public place, hidden from the curious eye, where he could fuck me. It excited me, since I'd fantasized about sex in public, but had never had the chance to try it out. As he pulled me in, he started kissing me on the lips, looking for my tongue, while his hands were going straight towards my ass.

"You've no idea what you're doing to me, babe." – He whispered as he continued to nibble on my ear.

I felt his warm breath on my neck, streaming through my body, awaking every cell of my being, arousing, and firing up my sexuality and I knew this is what I was waiting for all night. I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him in, nibbling on his neck and ear, feeling the bulge in his pants. Simply knowing the effect I had on him was a huge turn on. I could feel I was awaking the beast within him, a part of him that he shared with his dad but didn't know about it. He pushed me only to grab me by the hands and push me again against the cold, hard wall in front of me. Ethan leaned in, forcing his full body weight on mine. The sweet squeeze made me almost drunk from anticipation as I couldn't wait for what was to follow. I felt his hands on my ass, feverishly pulling up my dress. He was in a hurry and everything was fast: so fast in fact, in had my heart pounding. For a second, I was sure someone would be able to hear our moans and the mere excitement of possibly being discovered made me wet, more than I'd ever been before.

I heard him unzipping his pants and I felt his hands pushing my panties aside. He slapped me on my butt, hard as his daddy used to do, and I moaned in pleasure.

“Tell me Beth, does my dad fuck you good?” – He whispered and the realization that he was jealous made me want him even more.

“Yes.” – I said, as he continued to spank me.

“You are so filthy. Dirty... You are a whore; do you know that? Huh?” – He said, as I waived my ass further up in the air, moaning: “Fuck me them! Make me *your* whore” I responded, defiantly.

All of a sudden, I felt his cock enter me: hard and fast, like never before. It hurt me, but I also liked it. I had my hands outstretched on the wall in front and I felt his hands wrap within my hair: pulling it harder and harder, as he was fucking me in the same bestial rhythm. I felt ravaged, used, taken advantage of, and I relished every second of it. I felt my orgasm building up, it was coming fast, and it was an explosion waiting to happen, as I heard a voice behind us: “What the hell are you doing?”

I froze. Ethan stopped. I felt him sliding out of me and releasing my hair. The voice sounded so familiar. I knew someone had caught us and even though, I knew we should be embarrassed, I only felt disappointed that I wasn't able to cum. As I turned around to see who it was, my knees felt weak: Daddy was standing right behind us.

Chapter 4

“What do you think you’re doing?” – Daddy said, a little bit louder than the first time, walking up to Ethan and slapping him across the face. I kept quiet, in total loss of words. Daddy never even looked at me, not even a glance.

“Nothing you haven’t already done.” – Ethan said, sounding cocky for the first time since I’ve met him. Daddy stood, looking at him than at me again.

“Haven't I taught your simple ass anything, son?" He said. I wore a look of total bewilderment at his words. Confusion splayed across my face.

He continued, "Boy, I guess I have to show you how it’s done.” He walked up to me, and pulled my skirt up. Ethan was standing right behind me, in awe, not knowing what to do. I was dumbstruck, completely betrayed by my own body that simply wanted to cum. As daddy pushed me against the wall, he reached down and grabbed my pussy staring into my eyes: “Mmm...you are *very* wet. I guess he has done something right, after all.”

Daddy pushed me down on my knees and as he did, he massaged my lips, completely spreading the bright red lipstick all over my face.

“Since I saw you this evening, I’ve wanted that lipstick on my dick, sweetlips. Now, get to it.”

As he unzipped his pants, I grabbed his cock, pulling it in, fast and hard. I started licking it: from his shaft to the head, passionately, slowly filling my mouth with his dick, with the deliciousness of his meat, feeling the arousal coming back again, only twice as hard as last time.

“Son, go behind her. I want to see you fucking her naughty tight slit.”

Ethan walked behind me, pulling my legs towards him so I was on all fours. I was sucking daddy’s dick from one side while my stepbrother was fucking me from behind. The sensation of having two of my holes full, at the same time, was divine. I had never experienced anything like this, and I wasn’t ready for it to end.

Daddy was watching him, then me, then him again as if he was a teacher watching his students write their homework.

“Stop. That’s enough. Both of you.” – He almost barked at us as we were trying to control ourselves and listen to what he was saying. As both of them took a step back, I used the opportunity to touch myself. My clit was more than ready. Daddy walked up to me and slapped me on the wrist:

“Stop it sweetlips.” – So, I did.

“Now, son, you are going to get down, flat on the ground on your back. Sweetlips, you are going to ride your brother.” – Daddy stood aside, looking at us following his directions. As I finally felt a dick enter me again, I moaned, loud and I felt daddy spank me hard on my ass: “Quiet darling. We don’t want anyone to hear us, do we?” – As he said this, he walked behind me, closing my lips with one of his hands, while with the other he took his cock and directed it to me asshole.

“Son, stop moving. Let me get in her tight ass first.” – Daddy said, as I felt another dick enter me.

“Now, slowly.” – Daddy commanded, as the three of us started moving simultaneously, making the most beautiful sound in the world.

As both of them were fucking me, I was squished in between, with no way out. Daddy opened my mouth and put his fingers inside, making me suck. I closed my eyes: as much as it was tiresome and painful, the pleasure was undeniable. I finally had them both where I wanted them and I finally had proof they wanted me too. This was as much loved as I had ever felt and it was more than divine.

All of my holes were taken: Ethan’s cock in my pussy, daddy dick in my ass and his fingers in my mouth was satisfying, fulfilling, and ravishingly beautiful. I felt my orgasm building up, this time it was different: I didn’t know how I would ever be able to release myself as I was completely clenched between these two men who took my body and used it anyway they wanted. As I heard daddy lean in and whispered: “You are such a good girl, sweetlips. It’s rare to find a good girl that’s able to take two cocks at the same time.” – I exploded.

The orgasm was the best I’d ever had. It literally made me dizzy...my ears popped. I was shaking and grasping for air. The feeling was out of this world, completely taking full control of me, it almost felt as I wasn’t there anymore. As I was fighting to get my senses back, I felt daddy stand up, ordering his son to do the same. As they did, daddy left me on my knees on the ground in front of them while both of them jerked off watching me. I felt empowered, wanted and confident as that was one of the best moments in my life. As both of them finally

reached their peak, I felt their cum drip on my face as I pulled my tongue out to taste the deliciousness of victory.

After all was said and done, we had to return to the party. Daddy walked away first, as we followed a couple of minutes later. I had to quickly and discretely find a secluded bathroom to clean myself as I was sure I looked horrible. As Ethan went in the ballroom, I walked in the female restroom, which luckily was empty. As I looked in the mirror, except for the wiped off lipstick and a messy, sticky hair, I looked good. I had my purse with me and I quickly reapplied my “sweetlips” lipstick and swept up my hair as best I could. As I looked in the mirror, I noticed there was something different from before: I had the glow of a freshly fucked woman about me, and I loved it!

Chapter 5

The rest of the vacation was quite mellow: we went back on the yacht and we didn't have the freedom to do what we wanted. I was thankful for having a stepfather and a stepbrother that not only loved *me*, but didn't mind sharing me between themselves. I was looking forward to our next encounter, and even more I wasn't lingering thinking only about daddy, I was constantly imagining what the three of us can do together.

As hard as it was to do what I wanted, while on the yacht, I had to console myself somehow: at least, mom was happy. More often than not, after we'd all say our "goodnights", Ethan would invite me back on the deck just so we can sit in front of mom and daddy's cabin and listen to them fuck. At first, it was weird and I didn't want to have anything with it, but after a week on the boat, it grew to be one of my favorite pastimes. We learned how to sneak out on the deck and walk towards the top window of their cabin. Ethan usually sneaked out a bottle of bubbly, or wine and we would sit right in front of the top window of the cabin, listening. It was surprising to learn that mom and daddy fucked almost every day. She moaned loudly and deeply as I would hear him entering her and spanking her. Eventually I realized he was fucking me and my mom the same way. But, I have to admit, he was more ruthless with her. The more Ethan and watched, the more we took advantage of it. A couple of times during the week we actually peaked from the top window to see what position they were in. This 'peaking and listening' really started as a game: whoever loses, had to drink a full glass of wine and we enjoyed it. After some time, being stranded on a yacht where it was hard to be fucked, the frustration of listening and watching their naked bodies clash, was overwhelming and it was simply too much.

One thing I noticed though, was that daddy had started to use mom's scarves and his belts to tie her up. Sometimes, it was only across her eyes, but other nights it was her arms, legs, and mouth too. He was literally subduing her to his will, spanking her with his belts as she would scream in both pain and pleasure. As their sex life had become more dominant, I had seen mom only wanting more. And, this was arousing as hell.

Then one night, as we were both leaned in and watching, daddy was fucking mom from behind and her hands were tied behind her back and he was pulling her hair. The sight, the sounds were so damn arousing and I was wet as hell, watching. I looked up towards Ethan and I saw his cock was out, completely erect. He was holding it in his hand while watching them fuck. I wasn't even sure if he realized what he was doing.

That moment itself, aroused me. It excited me so much, I felt the wetness drip on my panties. Without saying a word, and without removing my eyes from my stepbrother, I leaned in, lying on the deck, spreading my legs fully in front of him. Ethan was completely mesmerized by what was happening in the cabin below us, he never noticed me touching myself. I was grabbing my tits and pushing two fingers inside me as I was massaging my clit. The sight of him jerking off was weirdly arousing and I was enjoying it. Right before I came, he looked at me and as he did, I saw it in his eyes: without any hesitation, he walked over, leaning completely in me. I felt his dick enter me as I was lying on the deck. He grabbed my feet and tried to push them as far apart as possible. I put one of my hands on my mouth: trying to keep as quiet as possible as we didn't want to wake up the staff or alarm our parents. I felt him fucking me hard, fighting with the urge to scream, to moan, to yell, but knowing that he mustn't. It was the sweetest fuck ever: so dirty and filthy. I felt like a whore, indulging in my hellish fantasies.

After that night, every single other night that we came to the deck to watch them fuck, was a night of pure masturbation. Since we couldn't risk getting caught, we would sit one across the other, watching our parents fuck and listening to them, while stealing lustful glances at one another. I loved watching him touch himself, the way he jerked off his cock, stretching the skin so tight with each stroke, was something I've never seen before. Watching the pain and pleasure on his face was rapturous. The ease, the passion, the dedication was a huge turn on. I watched him watch me as I would raise my skirt to fully show him I wasn't wearing any panties, and I watched him get even harder as I would lick my fingers, grab my boobs and continue towards my pussy: slowly massaging it at first, only to show him how violently hard I was able to push a couple of fingers inside me. And, he loved it. I enjoyed the way his whole body would shake right as he'd cum and it was another level of visual sensations that would push me right towards an orgasm.

* * *

Though naughty and exhilarating, the whole *voyeur* thing was getting old, too soon, and we had to figure out something else to sustain our sexual high. I would've never imagined what Ethan had it in him next. But then again, he is his father's son. One day, while we were walking around a small Italian village, Ethan sneaked in mommy and daddy's cabin and stole one of their toys. I knew nothing of it, until that same night when both of us climbed the deck to watch our parents fuck again.

As we were going through our regular routine, I noticed there was a different spark about him tonight. He hadn't told me a thing, letting me lay down and raise my skirt while he was jerking off. Then, right before I was able to get off, he inched closer to me and took out two different toys: a dildo and a butt plug. I was already surrendered to my arousal and only wanted to cum, as Ethan removed my hands from my pussy, pushing the dildo deep inside me. He never thought

about going slow, and the sheer size of it was instantaneously painful, and it made me wince.

“Relax, sis. Let’s have some fun.” – He said, as he rhythmically thrust it deeper and deeper inside me. I put both of my hands around him, and allowed him to watch as I was moving up and down the rubbery toy. Beckoning each stroke, I willed the pain to turn into pleasure. The feeling was good, although it wasn’t the real thing, it was still enjoyable. The most arousing part were Ethan’s eyes: the way he was looking at me, travelling through my face to my pussy and back up again, made me wet. I moaned: a loud sound that we both knew was heard in the cabin below. We both froze as we listened to mom and daddy stop their fuck and focus on the sound. In a second, we gathered our things and I saw Ethan threw out the toys in the sea while we both ran down to our cabins. I laid in bed, lights off and covered with a bed sheet, as I listened to daddy climb the deck and inspect. My heart was racing so fast I was sure it would give me away. Luckily, he didn’t check my cabin and after that, it took me ages to actually fall asleep.

Chapter 6

From that night on, Ethan and I had an agreement we would no longer play our games on the deck, it was too dangerous. Daddy fired all of the crew the very next day and we spent a week in a port, while he was hiring a new set of people. As much as I saw daddy looking at both of us, I knew he knew it was us, he still had to play the part and make mom feel completely safe again. Nothing worked though.

She grew more restless the next week and she simply couldn't sail anymore. That's when we went to Sicily, Taormina and we ended up spending a week there. It was a small but beautiful town, one where we couldn't find any privacy. At the end of that week, Daddy informed us we were going home.

I knew it was all our fault, but there was nothing I could do. Once we arrived in daddy's mansion back in the States, mom relaxed and she was her old self again. Ethan soon left to go to college and mom started going to work again. I, on the other hand, decided to take a gap year, and I spent most of my time reading in the mansion. Daddy was busy: business trips, meetings and what not, and as much as I was looking forward to spending time with him, it seemed that he never had time to spare for me anymore.

A couple of months later, while mom was at work, I was down by the pool when I saw daddy walk in. He said something to the maid and walked straight towards me. I felt goose bumps all over me, because I was finally seeing his eyes lustfully survey my body the way he used to. It was thrilling, exciting and I had no idea how hard I longed for him.

As he approached, he sat next to me, gently caressing my thigh without removing his eyes from mine: “So, sweetlips, what happened on the yacht?”

I froze. I tried to look away but it was in vain. I had to come clean:

“Ethan and I played. It was an accident...”

“You watched us have sex?”

I nodded and I felt I was blushing again.

“Did you like what you saw?”

I nodded again, trying to get up. He pushed me firmly in the chair, not letting me move.

“What did you do on the deck?”

“I...we...we were touching ourselves as we listened and watched. He...fucked me once and then he stole two of your toys...and we used the dildo once when you heard us...”

I saw he was getting hard.

“Come to my study sweetlips. And put that red lipstick on” – He whispered and walked away.

I ran to my room, wearing nothing but a bikini and I applied the lipstick I had bought in Italy. As I climbed down the stairs, I noticed the maid was nowhere to be seen: he had to have sent her somewhere.

As I knocked, I heard him say: “Come in, sweetlips.”

I opened the door, and there he was standing in the middle of the study, completely naked with a raging hard on.

“Lock the door behind you.”

As I did, I walked over to him. His smell: that scent of man drove me crazy and I wanted to fall in his hands, kiss him and lick him. As I tried, he pushed me away, forcing me to go down on my knees.

“Kiss my dick sweetlips. Make sure you leave your lipstick stain all over it.”

I did my best in kissing, licking and sucking his cock and I watched his gaze on me. There was something different this time: a coldness in his eyes I hadn't seen before.

“Stop. Get on all fours, sweetlips.” – His demanding voice threw me off, I didn't know what to expect. As I did, I heard him walk towards his cabinet. He took something from there and walked back towards me.

As daddy took off my bottoms, I felt his hands opening my ass and I felt something cold getting slowly stuck in my butthole.

“You wanted toys, sweetlips. I’ll show you toys.”

The pain was excruciating! He pushed the butt plug completely inside while spanking me, hard. I screamed in pain. He took his tie and he tied up my mouth: “No more yelling!” – He screamed, hitting me again. I felt tears streaming down my face as I heard a vibrating sound, I turned my head around to see the biggest vibrator I had ever seen! Daddy was holding it in his hands and he was guiding it towards me. As I tried to move, he slapped me on my ass again, even harder than before: “You’ve had this coming, sweetlips. Behave now.”

I felt the vibrator’s head being placed on my clit. It was on and it took him a second to totally turn me on. I was wet and it was driving me crazy! My feet were vibrating, kicking, fighting to cum, but it was all to no avail as daddy wanted to play.

I moaned, that was the only thing I could do, as I felt the vibrator being pushed inside my pussy. It was big and it was very difficult at first, especially since I had the butt plug in.

“You like this, sweetlips, don’t you?”

I tried to nod as he went all in and I almost collapsed. He fucked me with the toys while I was lying flat on the ground, completely unable to move. He had broken me and he knew it.

As he finally removed the toys, I saw him open a secret door in his study and he took me by the neck and pushed me in there. All sorts of machines that looked like they were for torture, were in there.

He had me sit on one, had my hands tied on rails on either side of me. The chair I was sitting on had no middle, and I could see there was a dildo below. A screen was right in front of me and daddy played me porn. As I watched a girl being gangbanged, I felt aroused again. Daddy pressed a button and I felt the dildo below me enter and exit my pussy, first slowly, then faster and faster. It drove me insane: the sensation of being fucked so right and so good, along with knowing daddy had full control over me, was mind-blowing. I wanted to cum, I was trying to, and at the same time I knew he wasn't letting me.

After who knows how long, he turned off the TV and stopped the machine. Daddy untied my hands and mouth and had me kneel in front of him. I took his cock in my mouth and I felt him explode inside my mouth. He massaged my lips as he pulled out of my mouth.

“I want to cum.” – I dared to say as he gently slapped me on my cheek:

“You haven't deserved it yet.”

Chapter 7

I was barely able to walk out of his study. Luckily, there was no one in the house. My knees were weak, I was sweaty and I smelled of sex. That was one of the best fucks I had ever had, however I needed to cum. Desperately.

I ran to my room and laid on my bed. As I started touching myself, I closed my eyes and thought about the secret room again. Daddy knew how to fuck me; he knew what I wanted. I was trying to make myself cum when: “Guys, I’m home!” – A familiar voice sounded from down below.

Cursing and still wet, I got into the shower and after that, I went downstairs. Daddy was outside on the balcony with Ethan and a girl. As I walked to them, Ethan stood up, running to me:

“Hey sis! I decided to surprise you. This is Ann, my girlfriend.”

“Hi Ann! I’m Beth.”

“Glad to finally meet you, Beth!”

The four of us sat on the balcony, drinking ice tea. Ethan was telling us stories about his college and how he met Ann. Of course, he kept saying how awesome she was, and in a way, it did make me jealous. After all, she was only average looking.

Ethan and Ann got to stay in Ethan's old room, together. This was bothering me a lot, especially since it seemed he had forgotten about me. His room was next to mine but there was nothing I could do as precious little Ann was in there too.

It was late afternoon when mom came back home. All five of us had a lively dinner by the pool. We talked, we laughed and we had fun. After dinner, as we were climbing the stairs to go to our rooms, Ann asked mom if she can give her a tour of the house. Mom, of course, gleefully agreed and it was daddy, Ethan and I climbing the stairs.

“You two better behave.” – Daddy barked at us as he went to his room. As Ethan and I walked to our rooms, I couldn't help but ask:

“So, is she a better fuck than I am?”

He seemed surprised at first. After that, in a second, he turned towards me, squeezing me against the wall behind me and started kissing me, passionately: “No one is, Beth.” – He whispered.

Even though I knew we could be caught, I pulled him in and started licking his neck while touching his cock. He moaned in my ear as I felt his hands travel towards my ass, squeezing it.

“What are you doing?” – A female voice came from the hallway and as we turned, we saw Ann standing there.

“Ann I can explain...” – Ethan started as she walked passed us and went straight to the room. We both walked after her.

“Look Ann it’s not...” – As we walked in the room, Ann had already undressed and was lying on the bed.

“What you two were doing was f-ing hot. Close the door.” – She said. I couldn’t believe my eyes!

Ethan looked at me and smirked. -"Why don't you see for yourself if she is a better lay."

I locked the door as Ethan went to her. I stood there as I watched him kiss and lick her neck. I watched as she ripped his clothes off and took his cock out. I stood there while she was sucking him off. Ann was staring into my eyes while she was sucking him off and it was a huge turn on.

Ethan was grabbing her butt and pushing a finger in. That’s when I decided I needed to help. I walked towards her ass and leaned in, licking her clit. I heard her moan in pleasure: “Oh Beth keep doing that!”

I pushed two of my fingers into her pussy as I was licking her clit. Ann was sucking Ethan off while he was looking at what I was doing. Apparently, this whole thing was too much for him and in a minute, I saw cum dripping from Ann’s mouth.

“Sorry. Too hot.” – Ethan said, as he lied on the bed, looking at us.

Ann and I were facing each other and we started kissing. This was the first time I was with a girl and it felt oddly pleasing. It wasn't rough or painful, but extremely enjoyable.

We were touching our own bodies as Ann made me lay down flat on the bed, with my legs spread. She went down on me, licking my clit, massaging it then finally sticking her fingers inside me. She never broke eye contact, which was most arousing. Ann had a good body: she was short but well built, big tits and a nice round ass.

She made me stand up and place one of my legs between hers, in a way so my pussy was rubbing off of hers. We started moving, it was almost as if when I was on top, but different and better. Ethan sat there, watching us, as I saw his cock was getting hard again. Ann and I were rubbing our pussies off and in a second, I felt I came as hard as if an earthquake hit me.

I laid flat on the bed, grasping for air. I saw that Ann wasn't there yet, but thankfully Ethan was ready to go again as I had to strength left in me. I laid on the bed as I watched Ann bend on all fours and Ethan fucked her from behind. Both of them were staring at me and I was touching myself, gently, just to put on a show.

I saw Ann came before Ethan was able to. She helped me get up on my knees and it was the two of us licking his cock as he finally came on our faces.

Chapter 8

Ethan and Ann were visiting us for two weeks. During those two weeks, the three of us were inseparable. We went everywhere together, we did everything together. Mom was very happy that I finally had some female company and I have to admit, I really loved Ann.

After our first fuck, we took every single minute we could to do the same thing. Sometimes even without Ethan. Ethan loved fucking us, but even more he relished watching us fuck each other. Daddy had noticed there was something going on, but he wasn't exactly sure what since he was very busy and didn't have the time to be at home. I also saw him looking at Ann and I knew that look very well: daddy was longing for her but it seemed that I wasn't the only one that noticed it.

It seemed I was the only one that noticed the flirtation between Ann and daddy. Ethan didn't seem to pay attention and mom probably thought daddy was just being kind. As the days went by, I started feeling more and more jealous after all, sharing Ethan was one thing but sharing daddy completely different. Ann soon noticed the changes in my behavior as I refused to go out with them but would rather stay at home. What she didn't know is I actually saw her sneaking in daddy's study one day and I didn't have to see what was happening: I just knew. As much as I loved her up to that moment, from then on I simply wanted her to disappear from my life.

I soon realized daddy wasn't paying any attention to me. He was either absent, with mom or he was entertaining Ann. It made me mad to think that goose was able to take what was mine. On top of it, I looked a hundred times better than she did. I had to do something.

So, one night as I saw her sneaking in daddy's study again, I woke up Ethan and told him where to go. Reluctant at first, he decided to listen to me and went down the stairs and into the study.

I waited over half an hour and nothing happened. I grew impatient and decided to go see for myself.

As I walked in the study, I noticed it was completely empty. So, by default I knew they were all in the secret room. It took me awhile to figure out how to open it, but luckily I knew where to look. As the secret door opened in front of me, I saw daddy fucking Ann from behind as she was sucking Ethan off. As much as it was arousing, it also made me angry: why wasn't I invited?

"What are you doing?" – I yelled, intentionally so I would scare them.

They all stopped and turned towards me. Daddy took a step towards me, reaching out:

"Beth, sweetlips, come here."

"Yes Beth, join us!" – Ann said while Ethan was just nodding.

"Why didn't you invite me in the first place? Is she better than me daddy?" - I pouted in protest.

“No one is better than you, sweetlips.” – Daddy said as he took me by the hand and guided me inside the room. The door behind closed and daddy started kissing me, gently than more passionately in a way I’ve always longed for.

Ann walked towards me, opening my legs and sticking her head between my legs.

“That’s more like it.” – Daddy whispered as he was stroking her hair. Both daddy and Ethan stood there, watching us.

Daddy got too touchy with us: stroking our hair, gliding his hands through our arms, placing his hands around our waists... And, we didn’t mind at all. Not only didn’t we mind, we actually invited him for more. I blushed as I turned towards him. His cock was already erected, standing right in front of me. I reached out and grabbed it, massaging it with my both hands.

“Let’s make it a competition Beth. Let the best girl win!” – Ann said: “Let me show you how it’s done.”

She put one of my hands on daddy’s cock and one of hers. It was like a teaching course: “So you do this. And that. Pull here...lick here...” I was only nodding at first only to finally get rid of her.

“No Ann, you watch how it’s done!” – I said, as I grabbed daddy’s dick and I guided it in my mouth, sucking him off as hard as I could. Ann was surprised, but in a minute she joined me.

As I looked up, I saw daddy staring at us both, thoroughly enjoying the fact that two drop-dead gorgeous 18 year olds had his dick in their mouths. He reached down and put his hands on our heads, gently tugging in and out as we were licking simultaneously.

Ethan stood behind us, gently touching our butts and massaging our assholes and clits. He was really doing a good job as both of us were moaning.

I saw Ann reach out and grab Ethan's dick. I saw his face and I knew she was jerking him off. I took Ann by the hair and pulled her towards me, making out with her right in front of them. We were in the middle while Daddy and Ethan were at the sides, circling us, watching.

"Time for some girl on girl action, sweetlips." – Daddy said, gently tugging my hair. Ann came over me, making a perfect 69. I knew where the sweet spot was and I immediately used my mouth to suck in on it, simultaneously pushing two of my fingers into her pussy. We were both moaning as we had already done this before and we knew exactly what was good for the other. Daddy and Ethan stood there, watching us for a while, enjoying the view.

"Now, it time for something serious." – Daddy said, making both of us stand up. As we did, each of them grabbed us and started licking us and grabbing us. Daddy led Ann to the same machine I was on a few weeks ago. I watched her surprised expression as she had no idea what was happening. The mere fact that I knew more than her pleased me. I decided to help daddy in tying her arms and Ethan stood right in front of her, watching.

Daddy tied her mouth and arms and he turned on the machine. I noticed he wasn't playing porn for her. On the other hand, there wasn't any need of porn as Ethan and I were standing right in front of her. I got down on all fours and he was fucking me from behind up to the moment daddy told him to stop. Ethan moved as daddy walked behind me and we both watched Ann being fucked by a machine as daddy was fucking me. It was perverse and erotic; it was simply amazing!

I saw Ann was struggling with the machine just as I was. I knew she was trying to cum but she couldn't. I saw than look at her longingly and for a split second, I wanted to help them both out, but I didn't care as I was in paradise. Daddy was behind me, fucking my pussy so good. I couldn't remember the last time I had a fuck like this and then, I remembered it had to be the secret threesome we had in Italy.

An urge in me arouse, wanting to do the same thing again. I asked Daddy to lay down flat on the floor and I rode him like a cowgirl and I begged Ethan to come fuck my asshole. He listened and finally, I had both of my favorite men back when they belonged. We came together just as we watched Ann struggle. It was beautiful.

Chapter 9

The next following days, everything was quiet. Mom was home, she took a week of work to spend more time with us. I noticed Ethan grew more territorial towards Ann and he was fighting more with his dad than usual.

I didn't want to interfere, but it seemed as Ethan was bothered by his dad's ability to please his son's girlfriend better than he was able to. I tried talking to him, but he only got angry.

We went out a couple of times to dinner as a family and we did have a good time. At least, daddy, mom and I did. Ethan had started fighting with Ann as well, and we all noticed it.

"I'm not good enough for you." – I heard him say one night.

The next week, Ann left leaving Ethan behind. It seemed they had broken off. He didn't seem too concerned about the relationship and instead of going back to college, he had decided to stay at home before continuing his studies abroad. The next following days proved to be strange: daddy left for a business trip and it was just mom, Ethan and me in the house. I was under the impression that me and Ethan were finally going to get some alone time and I seriously turned my flirtation on. I didn't even think I will need it, but I simply wanted to make it more enticing for him. The strange part of the whole story was Ethan. He was completely disinterested, and if anything, he was acting as if he was he was actually ignoring me. For a couple of days, I was sure he had a grudge against me. But, then again I thought about what all happened with Ann real hard, and I figured I hadn't done

anything wrong. I was nice to her, more than nice, the whole time she was here. The way he was acting was just so damn confusing.

I tried talking to him a few times, I even sneaked into his bedroom one night, but he actually brushed me away. He basically told me he didn't want to fuck with me. Straight to my face. So, I decided to let it go, at least for a while.

After that, I started noticing Ethan spending a lot more time with my mom. It was almost as if he was making excuses to spend as much time with her as possible, instead of me. Like he was trying to deliberately avoid me at all costs, especially when daddy was away. At first, I was sure I was imagining it, but then this very weird thing happened: after running errands with my mom for the whole day, both of them walk back into the house, all laughing and joking, as if all of a sudden they were best friends. I was upstairs but I could still see and hear them as they went to the kitchen. I rolled my eyes in disgust. It was complete bull that 'My sweet, sweet stepbrother wanted to help my mom make dinner'. He was taking this way too far.

"Ethan...cooking dinner?" That would be a *first*, I scoffed to myself in annoyance.

I knew there was something weird about it, but I was trying to give him the benefit of the doubt. Half an hour later, I walk in the kitchen to see Ethan stirring a pot of stew, taking a spoonful of it and seductively holding it while asking my mom to taste it. As much as that ordinarily might seem a mundane thing to do, it was about the way he said "taste it". I did not imagine what I had just heard. The pronunciation was too erotic and it even made my toes curl. And, that wasn't even the worst part: I saw mom, her eyes shining as if she had a different glow to them, as if she was almost flirting with Ethan. I

shook my head, as if I was trying to erase the thought from my mind. Wanting to assure myself I was making myself see things. She accepted the spoonful in her mouth without removing her eyes from his and I swear she licked her tongue a bit *extra*, as if making an effort of tracing her lips with it, wanting him to notice it. As much as I wanted to convince myself I was only imagining it, there was no way to ignore the bulging thickness imprinted in Ethan's pants. It was more than clear that he had a hard on. I wanted to convince myself it was only him, that my sweet, beautiful mom had nothing to do with it. Naturally, I used that moment to interrupt, pretending I was walking into the kitchen that same instant as if I wasn't observing by the door the last 15 minutes.

I casually walked in humming. To my not-so-shocked surprise, they both jump apart very quickly as if they were caught doing something wrong. This single act confirmed that it wasn't only Ethan seducing, but mom *wanted* to be seduced. Of course, I played it cool. At least as much as I could, considering that my heart was beating out of my chest, as I writhed with anger and suspicion. Yet I acted as I hadn't even caught a hint, nor noticed them jumping when I walked in. I simply asked what's for dinner and once I got my answer, I walked up to mom, kissed her on the cheek, and I left the kitchen.

At dinner, Ethan was pouring extra wine to mom, and she was drinking it. All of it. I had never seen her drink that way and I wasn't sure if he was thinking he was getting her drunk or she had simply decided to let him get her drunk. Anyway, dinner was awkward, to say the least, although mom played it as cool as possible. She simply acted as if nothing was happening and the good daughter that I was, I acted like I believed her. I kept looking at each of them across the table. One, then back at the other. I kept saying to myself that there was no way this was even happening. Ethan did not have enough balls to try what I thought he was up to, not to mention mom. Mom was head over heels for daddy, and there was no way in hell she'd even

contemplate anything with Ethan. I mean, how could she? Or...would she?

After a while, mom excused herself as she was already tipsy and her face was blushed. She had to lay down and I understood that, being a bit relieved that mom didn't actually do anything except for flirt. As she stood up, she turned to Ethan speaking as softly as possible: "Ethan dear, thank you so much for this beautiful day. I really enjoyed spending time with you. You are the spitting image of your father, inside and out. And I'm glad to have you in our little family."

As she was leaving the dining room, I saw the glow in Ethan's eyes and I knew instinctively he had other plans.

"That little bastard" - I said under my breath.

As we finished our meal and went to our rooms, I took a shower and didn't even try to seduce Ethan, considering how annoyed I was. I was thinking about his actions concerning mom and I wasn't sure just where exactly was he going with this. As I went to sleep, I had a restless dream, constantly tossing and turning, until around about 2am when I opened my eyes, and heard a strange sound. In a sleepy haze, I heard panting and moaning coming from what seemed to be outside. Passionate cries of desire and despair filled the hallway and my eardrums. Was someone crying? I laid in bed for a while thinking it was my imagination or maybe the television downstairs was left on, making those intense sounds. Only after I was fully awake, I realized the sounds were coming from down the hall. I stood up, a bit giddy because that meant that daddy had returned from his business trip a day early. I thought about it for a little while, but my inside nymphomaniac got the best of me: I decided I'd walk up to their

bedroom to watch them fuck one more time. After all, I've had really good orgasms listening and watching them, so what's another one?

I walked down the hall and towards their bedroom. The door was opened, slightly ajar, as if someone opened it intentionally. I hid in the corner and decided to kneel and take a peak, trying not to be seen, of course. As I poked my head in, I was surprised: daddy wasn't back from his business trip it all! It was Ethan, my stepbrother, fucking my mom! Mom was blindfolded and she was grabbing her ankles, moaning uncontrollably. I've never heard her moan that way. Ethan was behind her, fucking her doggy-style, spanking her with each thrust, going harder and harder... Just by looking at his face, I was already wet. I wanted him, I wanted Ethan to come back and fuck me harder and better as he used to. I sat down at the floor, fully aware that he saw me. Thankfully, mom was blindfolded. I sat in front of him, spreading my legs full wide, staring into his eyes while touching myself. Anger and sheer lust swirled inside me simultaneously. I was overcome with pleasure, seething anger, yet dripping, soaking wet with arousal. I had never felt such extremes before. Not even when I walked in on Daddy, Ethan and Ann. I needed this. It was the most savage, the most wild, the most prohibited sort of sex I've ever seen. Ethan saw me, he smiled and simply continued to fuck my mom even harder, saying: "Does he fuck you like this huh? Answer me!"

I was rubbing my pussy as hard as I could, hearing his voice and then hearing my mom beg him not to stop. Ethan repeated his question a few more times before he finally heard what he wanted: "No! You are better! Please fuck me, don't stop!" – My mom said, as I finally was able to cum. I stood up and left the room, leaving Ethan to his own finale.

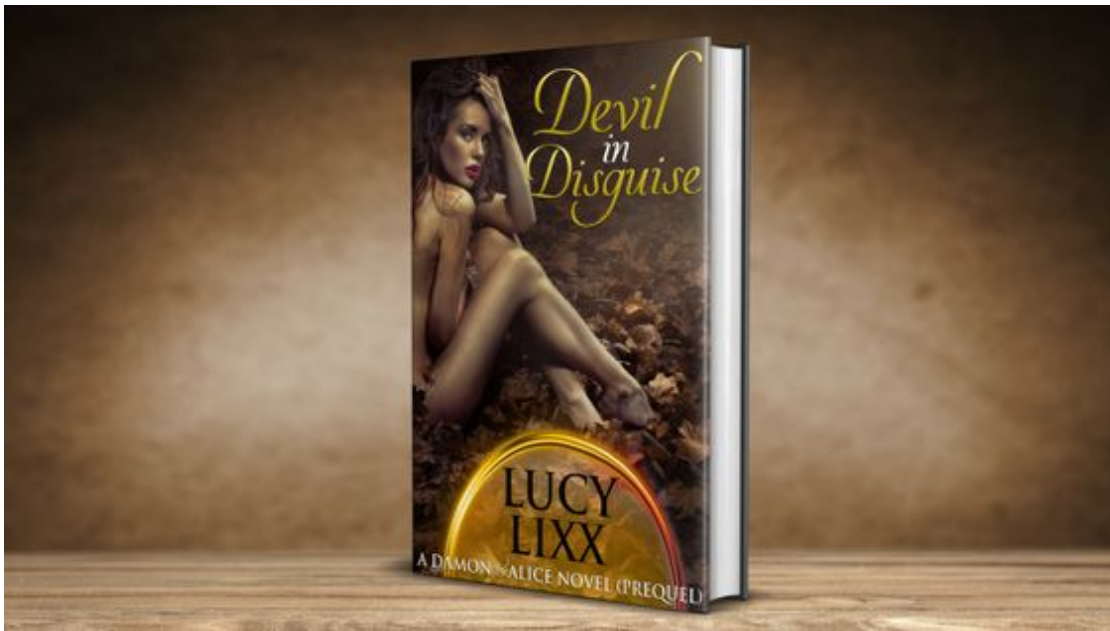
As I clasped the door knob to my room, my heart still racing, and my legs still quivering from my erotic release, I whispered to myself -

"Pandora's Box...Wide Open."

* * *

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The End