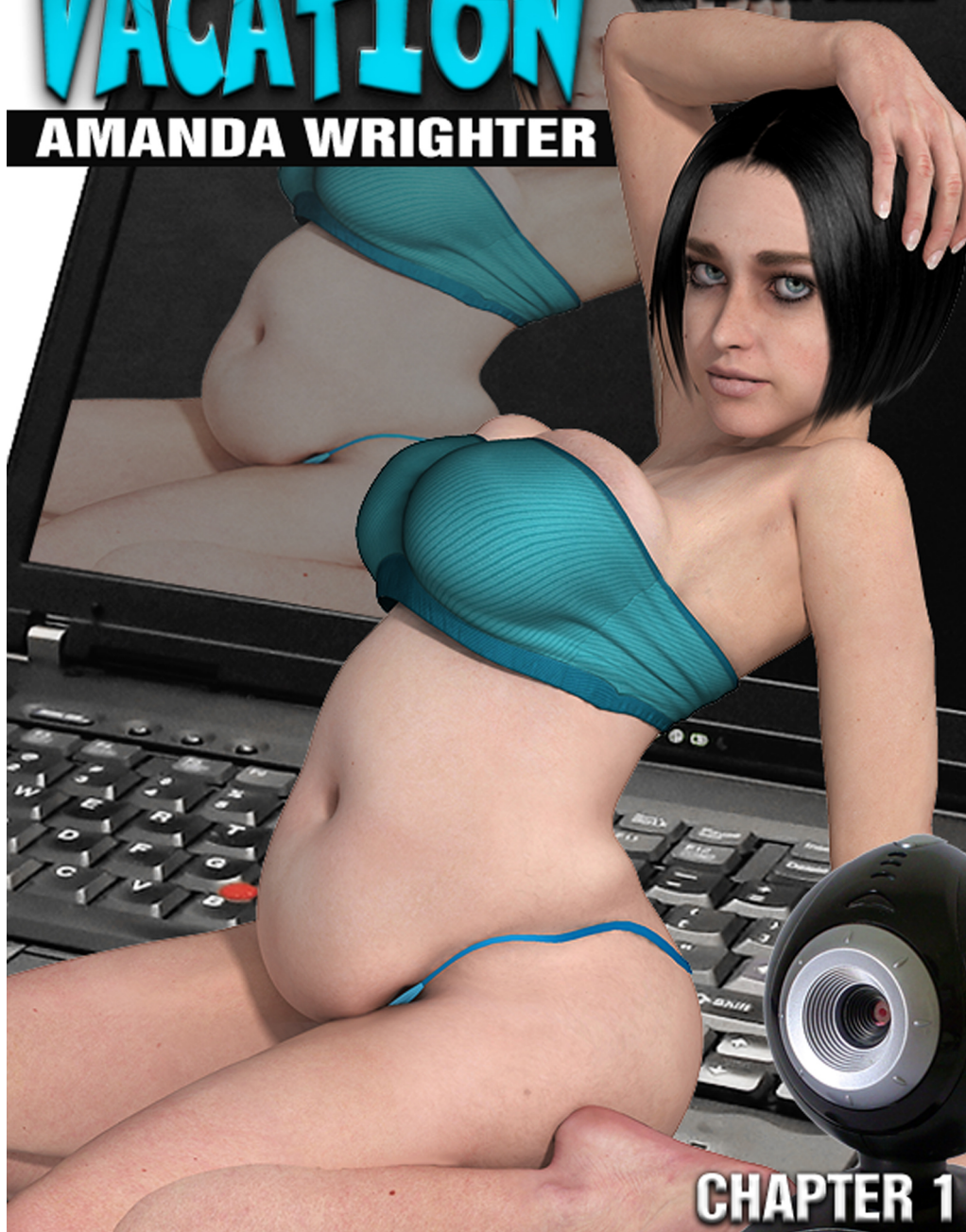


SUMMER VACATION

AN EBOOK SERIAL

AMANDA WRIGHTER



CHAPTER 1

SUMMER VACATION

A STORY OF SECRECY & DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 1

"I think you're going overboard, Carolyn."

"Shut your fucking mouth, William," she retorted. God I hated when she called me William. It reminded me of my bitch-whore mother.

"You know I hate that," I grumbled.

"I know. That's why I do it. Now why don't you mind your own fucking business and run along. I've got this under control," she fussed.

I stalked out of the kitchen, intent on giving her the silent treatment. She really knew how to push my buttons. When I walked past her, she smacked my ass and giggled. I couldn't stay mad at her...not even for a minute.

"That's it, you dirty whore! Off to the bedroom!" I commanded.

"No way, mister! I've got a lot to do before Cassie gets here," she protested.

I wasn't going to let that distract me. Apparently she wasn't *too* unwilling. I barely had one of her breasts cupped in my hand when she gave in. The next thing I knew, we were streaking up the stairs for a quickie.

Carolyn and I had only been married for three years. That was short in comparison to the sixteen years I had been married to my first wife, Angela. The only decent thing that had come out of that marriage was my daughter, Cassie. If it hadn't been for Cassie, I would have left Angela a long, long time ago.

Angela and I had met in college...freshman year. We got pretty serious almost immediately. We got married in our sophomore year, and concentrated on our education. By the time we were out of school, Angela and I were struggling with married life. I don't think either of us was

ready for marriage. I wasn't sure we were going to make it. I had actually left her for a couple of months...but she discovered she was pregnant and I went back to her. We found a way to make it work. We really did try our best, but it was just too much of a strain. I left her when Cassie was thirteen.

I have to give Angela credit...she wasn't one of those horrible, evil ex-wives that you hear tales about. She was actually pretty decent through the whole divorce. I think she was just as relieved as I was. We both agreed that Cassie was the most important thing, and we did whatever we could to make it easier on her.

Unfortunately, the inevitable happened. Angela met another man, fell in love, and got married. They made the tough choice to move with his job...putting a good seven hours between us. I wasn't able to see Cassie as much as I would have liked, but I knew she would be better off with her mother. Cassie was barely fifteen years old and I knew it would be too awkward for her to have to live with her dad.

Luckily for me, I had been dating Carolyn at the time, and she really helped me through it all. We got married a few months later, and we haven't looked back. I made it a point to see Cassie as much as possible, but she was a teenager so I tried to give her some space. It had been over six months since our last visit. She just graduated from high school last month and was planning on going to college in the fall. Her mother encouraged her to spend the summer with me, since she would be moving clear across the country for school.

Cassie was coming today, and Carolyn was busy trying to cook and clean and make everything perfect. But, I was a man...and I didn't care about all of that. I had picked my dirty socks and underwear up off the floor, so my part was done. Carolyn was still wound up too tight, and I knew a roll in the hay would help her relax. That's why I had gone into the kitchen. I knew exactly how to play her.

"You're a horrible man," she panted.

"Mmmm...is that so? If I'm so horrible, then why are you fucking me?" I asked as I slammed my dick into her with as much force as possible.

"Because," she stated, but she was suddenly overcome with desire and wasn't able to finish her sentence. She thrust her hips back and forth, forcing me deeper into her.

"What's that now? I think you were explaining how horrible I was," I teased.

"I'm getting to it! Just give me...a minute...to think," she stammered.

"Take your time. Meanwhile, why don't you roll over and stick that fine ass of yours up in the air for me? I'm in a bit of an ass mood today."

"Oh no! Not doggy-style! I *hate* that!" she said with sarcasm as she eagerly got on her knees and grabbed the headboard.

Carolyn's ass was divine. There were no words to describe it...it was just...heaven. It was big and plump and delicious. Carolyn would never fit into the "skinny" category. She was a curvy woman. A *very* curvy woman. Her breasts were large and jiggly, her belly was round and chubby, and her ass was like jello when it bounced. I loved every inch of her, and she knew it. She used that knowledge to her advantage quite often.

I was so busy admiring her ass that I forgot what I was doing. She snapped me out of it, though.

"You gonna sit there and stare like a buffoon or are you gonna fuck me?" she quipped.

"I'm getting pretty sick of your mouth, you crazy bitch," I replied as I rammed my dick back into her.

"Well, maybe you should teach me a lesson, then."

I grabbed onto Carolyn's hips and fucked her hard. With each thrust her ass would ripple and jiggle. I knew it wouldn't be long before I was shooting my goo in her. I reached underneath her to grope her massive tits. Her luscious nipples went from soft to hard with just a touch. I gently twisted the tips of them with my fingers, and was thrilled when I heard her moan. I learned early on that her

nipples were super sensitive. They were one of her “spots” ...like the back of her neck or the crease of her elbow.

My dick felt like a metal rod. I didn't think it could get any harder without snapping in two. Her pussy was so slick and hot...she had the tightest pussy ever. It was amazing. With each thrust I felt like I was going to explode.

She must have realized that I was close, because she started pumping her ass back and forth in rhythm with me, slamming into me and ramming my dick as far into her as possible. It was too much. With a grunt, I shot my hot cum deep inside of her. It was on the verge of being painful as my dick quivered with each gush of fluid.

I fell back onto the bed with a groan, covered in sweat and panting. She rolled over and flopped down beside me.

“Did I teach you a lesson?” I inquired.

“Hah! You wish, stud!” she laughed as she rolled off the bed and headed for the bathroom. “You better get your sexy, naked ass up. Your daughter is going to be here soon,” she reminded me.

I stumbled into the bathroom, grossed out by the sticky goop that was beginning to dry in my pubes and ooze down my legs. I hopped in the shower and quickly rinsed off. I didn't want to stink like sex when Cassie got here. Probably not the best way to welcome her.

When I was done in the shower, I got dressed and headed back downstairs to grab a beer while I waited. Carolyn came down soon after and kissed me briefly before she resumed her frantic cleaning in the kitchen.

As I sat in my favorite recliner and mindlessly flicked through the channels on the TV, my thoughts wandered back to Angela. I wondered if she had ever known what had attracted me to her in the first place. When I had first met her, she had been chubby. She was struggling to adjust to life on her own at school, and just like a lot of girls there, she had packed on a bit of weight. I thought it

made her more attractive. By the time we hit our senior year, she had shed most of the weight. I still loved her, but she was different. I like my women...meaty, I guess. She was happier without the weight, though, so I never objected. That was when I realized that I wasn't as happy with her as I used to be. I felt bad when I left her, but she didn't seem to be that upset about it. Of course, when she called me and told me she was pregnant, I went back to her. It helped that she gained some weight during the pregnancy. And after Cassie was born, she never quite managed to get back to her previous size. That made me happy, but it made her miserable. After years and years of struggling with her weight, she managed to buckle down and lose it all again.

It wasn't long before we were both unhappy. The decision to split up was mutual. There was never any tragedy between us...no affairs or secrets or lies. I was grateful for that. I wasn't even upset when Angela told me she had met another man and was getting married. I was happy for her, and I was glad she finally found someone that made *her* happy.

Carolyn was shocked when I asked her out. She was a friend of a friend. I noticed her at a party one weekend, and my friend Sarah introduced us. Carolyn had been married twice before to some serious douches, and she had some major issues with her weight. She never knew that there were men out there that actually *preferred* a curvy woman. On top of all of that, she had a fantastic personality, a wry sense of humor and taught me a few things when it came to intelligence. She was everything I could ever ask for.

Just then, the doorbell rang. I jumped up out of my chair, excited. I ran to the front door and yanked it open. The smile that was on my face froze in place. Cassie was on the other side, smiling at me. I almost didn't recognize her. For a moment, I wasn't sure it was her.

"Hey, dad," she greeted me as she stepped forward to hug me.

I reached out to her and embraced her in a hug, trying not to let the shock show too much. I didn't want to upset her.

"Hey, honey. How was your trip?" I asked.

"Fine. I got a ton of shit out in the car...can you help me bring it in?"

"Sure. Why don't you go say hi to Carolyn in the kitchen and I'll get your stuff. She's been dying to see you," I replied.

"Okay," she said as she trotted off to the kitchen.

My brain was having issues. It didn't want to work. I couldn't process anything. Cassie had always been beautiful to me. She was tall and thin, with dark brown hair that she kept short most of the time. She also had her mother's hazel eyes. The last time I had seen Cassie, she was maybe a size four, at best. She had always been a beanpole. I just assumed she had a great metabolism and would probably always be a skinny girl, since she could eat as much as she wanted, yet never gain a pound.

I was wrong. Within the last six months, something had happened. She had to have gained at least fifty or sixty pounds, maybe more. And it looked like half of that weight went straight to her boobs. By the way she was dressed, I guessed that she was proud of them and liked to have them on display.

I was still slightly shocked as I carried Cassie's bags into the house. I tried to compose myself as Cassie and Carolyn came out of the kitchen. Cassie shot me a smile as she headed out the front door and back to her car.

I glanced over at Carolyn and realized she had the same look of alarm on her face that I probably had.

"Holy shit! What happened to her?" Carolyn whispered to me, eyes wide.

"I don't know! It's only been six months!"

We quit talking and tried to fix our faces as Cassie shuffled in the front door with another armful of bags.

After we had unloaded all of Cassie's luggage and put it in her room, we sat down to dinner. If I had been

shocked before, it was nothing compared to what I was seeing now. Cassie had always had a healthy appetite, but she was now annihilating her food. I frankly didn't know where she was putting it.

"Oh my God, Carolyn! This is so *good*! Can you pass the mashed potatoes?" she asked between bites.

"Sure. I'm glad you like it," Carolyn responded hesitantly as she handed Cassie the potatoes.

I tried my best not to stare as Cassie ate, but I wasn't sure if I was succeeding. After I was done, I helped Carolyn clean up and wash the dishes. Cassie was still at the table.

Finally, Cassie got up and brought her plate to the sink. Carolyn had made enough to feed an army in her nervous frenzy, but there wasn't enough left to even bother putting up. When the kitchen was spotless, I headed for the living room, expecting to catch up with my daughter.

Apparently, Cassie had other plans.

"Dad? I think I'm going to head up to bed, okay? It was kind of a long drive and I didn't sleep well last night," she explained.

"Well, sure honey. If that's what you want. We can catch up tomorrow," I assured her. I wasn't really upset. Honestly I wanted a little while to adjust to the new Cassie.

"Thanks, dad. It's good to see you. Both of you," she corrected when Carolyn walked in the living room behind her. She gave Carolyn a quick hug before she turned around and headed for the stairs.

When I was sure that Cassie was safely in her room, I turned to Carolyn and gave her a loaded glance. She understood exactly.

"I just don't understand it," I whispered. "You'd think that Angela would have at least given me some warning. I mean...I don't really care either way. She's my daughter and I love her...but she's just so...different!"

"I know. And did you see how much she ate? I've never seen her like that before. Do you think that there's

something wrong with her? You know...medically?" Carolyn asked quietly.

"I have no fucking clue. I know that Angela is going to be getting a phone call from me tomorrow...that's for sure," I replied.

"Well, I think I'm going to head up to bed, myself. Kind of had a busy day and I'm beat," Carolyn explained.

"I'll see you in a little while. I'm too keyed up to sleep just yet."

I watched Carolyn as she trudged up the stairs and headed off to the bedroom. I wanted to follow her, but I needed some time alone to process everything. I hoped that I hadn't made my shock obvious...I didn't want to hurt Cassie's feelings. I also didn't want to broach the subject with her. That would surely only make things more awkward. Not to mention it would probably upset her. I mean, she obviously knew she had gained the weight. She didn't need me pointing it out to her.

As I sat in my chair thinking about the day's events, I must have dozed off. Before I knew it, I had startled myself awake. Snoring again. I glanced at the clock and realized it was almost one in the morning. I stood up groggily and stretched before I stumbled towards the stairs.

I tiptoed up each step, careful to make no noise so I wouldn't wake anyone up. I was about to sneak into my bedroom when I heard a voice. I looked down the hall and realized that Cassie's bedroom light was still on. What in the world was she doing up at this hour? I peeked into my room and noted that Carolyn was piled up in the bed, asleep, so Cassie obviously wasn't talking to her. I crept down the hall quietly to check on Cassie. I hesitated with my hand on the doorknob. I was almost about to barge into my grown daughter's bedroom without knocking. That would have been a mistake.

I hesitated and raised my hand to knock, but froze when I heard her speaking again. I listened closer, trying to decipher her words. She was definitely talking to

someone, because I made out a second voice. A male voice. That had my attention immediately. I leaned my head closer to the door and strained to hear the conversation. I would regret that decision later on. If only my future-self could have come back in time to warn me. I *should* have just turned around and went to bed. I should have given my daughter her privacy. I should have done a lot of things. I didn't, though, and that one event started the downhill slide of events that happened over the next few weeks.

"C'mon! You know you like it! Why don't you tell me?" Cassie said in a seductive voice. "I can see that you like it, you pervert! Why don't you show me *how much* you like it?"

"Oh yeah, baby! I like it a lot! Why don't you pook it out a little bit more? Mmmm! Yeah! Right in the camera! Oh yeah! Shake it around some more! Shit! Fucking hell, you're hot!" the male voice replied.

What in the hell was going on in there? Did Cassie have a man in her bedroom? I'm fairly sure that I would have noticed that. His voice sounded off, though. Not quite as clear as Cassie's voice. I took a chance and quietly turned the doorknob. When the doorknob unlatched, I carefully eased the door open as slowly as possible. When it was barely cracked open, I peered through the small opening into the bedroom. What I saw shocked me worse than anything I had ever seen before.

Cassie was on top of her bed, on her knees. She had a bra and panties on, but nothing else. She had her stomach ballooned out in front of her, holding it up with her hands. It was then that I noticed the laptop sitting on her bed. She was rocking back and forth towards the laptop, and leaning towards a web cam I noticed perched on top of the computer. Cassie hefted her huge stomach up with both hands and began jiggling it up and down. This apparently pleased her audience.

"Holy shit, girl! My dick is about to fall off! You have one fine ass stomach! Wish I was there in person! The things I

would do to you!" the man exclaimed.

"Mmm...I wish you were here, too, Ricky! I'd like to see some of the things you'd do to me!" she squealed. "Why don't you show me some more of that big dick of yours? And maybe you could *tell* me what you'd do to me. That would turn me on so fucking bad," she moaned as she reached down into her panties and rubbed herself with her fingers.

I noticed the computer screen, and saw the face of the man that Cassie was apparently video chatting with... Ricky. The angle of the computer made it hard to see him clearly, but I could see well enough. He was naked from the waist down, and pumping his cock as hard and as fast as he could with his hand. Was he her boyfriend? If not, who the hell was he and why was she doing this with him? I knew I should be outraged. I knew I should charge into the room and shut this shit down. I knew I should do *something*, but I couldn't. I was too stunned to move.

I just stood there in the hallway and watched. My mouth was open like I was going to speak, but nothing came out. So I just watched. It was disturbing, to say the least.

"Oh yeah, baby. My dick is so fucking hard for you right now! I wish I could shove it all the way up in that fine pussy of yours! Why don't you show it to me? C'mon! I'm begging you!" he huffed.

"Uh-uh! You know the rules, sexy! Waist up only! But I'm sure you've got a good imagination," she teased as she continued to rub herself and jiggle her belly. "Now tell me what else you'd do to me...I'm so fucking horny and I want to get off right now!" she demanded.

"Shit! You have no fucking idea how hard I'd pound you! Doggy-style...just like you like it. Mmm...I bet your pussy is fucking tight and wet. I'd love to taste it!" Ricky moaned as he continued to stroke his cock while he watched Cassie.

"Yeah...that's what I like to hear," she murmured as she pulled her hand out of her panties. She showed her wet

fingers to Ricky for a second. "You see what you did to me? You see how wet my pussy is for you? Since you aren't here to taste it, I'll do it for you."

She stuck her fingers in her mouth and began licking on them. This drove Ricky crazy.

"Oh yeah...it tastes good. Too bad you can't find that out for yourself," she said with a wicked grin.

Cassie continued on with Ricky for a while. She would reposition herself in front of the camera constantly, continually shaking her belly at him. He never stopped jerking off. After a few minutes, it was apparent, even to me, that he was getting close to going, so Cassie reached up and unsnapped her bra, yanking it off and tossing it on the bed. Her breasts fell out and flopped in front of the camera. She hefted one breast up with her hand and stuck it in her mouth, sucking on her own nipple.

That was all it took for him. He let out a moan and jerked harder on his dick for a few seconds. I watched in horror as he shot his load all over the place, including on his camera. It was grotesque.

When he was done, Cassie leaned in towards her camera and blew a kiss to him. He was smiling back at her as he panted heavily.

"How was that, hun?" she asked.

"Fantastic! I'm so glad I found you! I need to go take a damn shower now! I will see you in three days," he reminded her.

"Three days it is! I look forward to it, sexy man," she assured him.

Cassie tapped a few buttons on her laptop and the screen went black. She sighed and threw herself back on the bed.

"Good grief! Didn't think he was ever gonna get done," she whispered to herself. "I ought to charge him extra for the tits," she mused.

I was about to attempt to close the door and pretend that none of that ever happened, but Cassie reached down on the side of her bed and then straightened back

up. She had something in her hand but I couldn't tell what it was. I stared at her as she wiggled out of her panties and tossed them on the bed with her discarded bra. She lifted the unknown object up and flicked a switch. I realized instantly what it was.

The giant purple dildo came to life and started vibrating violently. Cassie's mouth turned up into a small smile as she stared at the dildo for a moment. Then she reached down and shoved it quickly into her twat. It was apparently wet enough that she didn't have any trouble getting the massive dildo in there.

Cassie let out a little moan of pleasure as she thrust the dildo in and out of her as it continued to vibrate rapidly. She forced the dildo in deeper and deeper with each thrust. She used her free hand to vigorously rub her clit. I felt sick standing here watching her do that...my own daughter. I couldn't even command my eyes to close. Nothing was working correctly on my body. Not my eyes or my hands or my feet. My brain was literally stuck.

After just a few short minutes of fucking herself with her huge dildo, Cassie began to pant and tense up. She kept massaging her clit with her fingers and then all of a sudden she arched her back and groaned. I saw her body flexing and tensing as the orgasm pulsed through her. She bit down hard on her bottom lip and squeezed her eyes closed as she let the orgasm have her.

It was at that moment that I noticed that my dick was as hard as a rock. I hadn't noticed it...nor did I have any clue how long it had been that way.

Cassie relaxed her body and slowly slid the dildo out of her hooch and flung it down on the floor. Her crotch was dripping wet, and it was making me salivate. It was like an open invitation for my penis. I was imagining how easy it would be to glide my erect dick into her waiting hole. The slip and slide of my thrusts as I mounted her. The hot, wet sensation of her pussy lips as they encompassed my gigantic cock. The feel of her soft, massive breasts in my hands. It was all I could do to keep myself in place and

not go to her.

It was difficult, but I forced myself to back away from the door. I didn't bother trying to close it now. I didn't want to draw any attention to myself. I snuck quietly into my own bedroom, hoping that Cassie wouldn't suddenly come out of her room. I thought about waking Carolyn up and begging her to let me fuck her, but it wasn't Carolyn I wanted at the moment.

I eased into the bathroom and shut the door behind me. I turned the shower on as quietly as I could and waited for the water to heat up. I doubted any noise I made would wake Carolyn up. She usually slept like the dead.

I quickly undressed and when the water was scalding hot, I stepped in and let the shower warm me up and relax me some. I noticed that my dick was still sticking straight up, with no intentions of going down anytime soon.

I sighed with frustration at what I was about to do. I didn't want to do it...I knew it was wrong on so many levels, but at the same time I couldn't stop myself.

My mind wandered back to the images of Cassie on her bed, ramming herself with her dildo. I squeezed some of Carolyn's body wash into my hand and rubbed my dick with it. When it was nice and lubed up, I began stroking it. I didn't want to rush, so I took it nice and slow. Gently strokes...just enough to arouse myself, but not push me over the edge.

I fantasized myself with Cassie then, replacing her fake purple dildo with my very real cock. I imagined that I had walked in on her, and instead of being angry or embarrassed or upset, she was happy. Turned on, even. She reached out for me and pulled me down on top of her, excited when she noticed my already erect penis.

I dreamed that I pulled my dick out and slid it in. That was the moment of anticipation. I could only imagine what her pussy felt like, but I was certain that it was nothing short of amazing. Hot, wet, tight and soft as I shoved my dick in as far as it would go. My face buried between her

massive breasts as she moaned with pleasure.

I began to pump harder and harder on my dick now, unable to stop myself. I had wanted to prolong it, but apparently I was already on the verge of cumming.

God, I wish I could shove my dick into her mouth! I thought to myself fiercely.

And then the orgasm shook me hard. I hadn't gotten off like this in a very long time. Carolyn always turned me on, but never quite in this way. I guess I had just been extremely horny. My cum shot out of me like a rocket, exploding against the shower walls. I tried to stay quiet but a few grunts escaped my mouth. At this moment, though, I could care less if Carolyn walked in and caught me. I just didn't want the sensation to end.

It did end, however...just as quickly as it had come on. It was almost depressing when it was over. I was breathing hard from the exertion. Then, when all of my urges were gone, the reality of what had just happened finally sank in.

I felt like throwing up. I quickly showered and tried to scrub myself clean. When I was done, I dried off with a towel and crept into the bedroom to get a clean pair of boxer shorts. Carolyn was still asleep.

I yanked my boxers on and eased into bed. Carolyn rolled over onto her other side and continued to snore. I breathed a sigh of relief. The relief was only temporary though.

Now that I wasn't in any danger of being caught, I had a chance to think about what I had done. *Really* think about it. It was disturbing...deeply disturbing. Wasn't it bad enough that I was a perverted peeping tom, spying on my daughter in the middle of the night? Did I really have to watch her pleasuring herself? She had a right to do that in the privacy of her own room if she wanted. I didn't have any right to spy on her. And I most certainly did not have a right to get turned on by it and then wank off in the shower while I thought about fucking her!

She was my daughter, for fuck's sake! What was *wrong*

with me? It's not like I was sexually deprived or anything! I had just fucked the hell out of Carolyn earlier in the day! Why didn't I just go to fucking bed and leave it alone? Why did I have to go down there and check up on her? And why in the fucking hell did I open her door without knocking? Sure, it would have been embarrassing for her if I had caught her, but it would have been better to what actually happened. Except for the little fact that she didn't *know* what had happened. She was totally oblivious!

And it was going to stay that way, dammit! She would never know about what happened. I would just have to let it go. What's done is done...can't change it now. I refused to make her feel awkward this summer. Not if I could help it anyway. Cassie would never know what happened tonight.

I went to bed resolved with my decision. I was absolutely determined to put this all behind me. I was a disgusting pervert that should be beaten, but nobody could ever know about it. Not even Carolyn.

I went to bed a short time later, but did not sleep peacefully. I had dream after dream about Cassie. Cassie naked, Cassie on top of me, Cassie sucking my dick, Cassie on all fours while I pumped her from behind.

I woke up the next morning drenched in sweat. Luckily for me, Carolyn had already gotten up. It was then that I realized that my dick was hard. I looked down with a groan as I noticed that apparently I had shot another load all over myself while I slept. A fucking wet dream? Really? Could it get any fucking worse?

I got up and stalked into the bathroom to clean up. When I was goo-free, I changed clothes and went downstairs to get breakfast. Carolyn was apparently still in her cooking mode. Not that I was complaining...I was starving.

I did a double take as I rounded the corner into the kitchen. Cassie was wearing a tight tank top and a pair of too-tight boxer shorts. She was quite obviously not wearing a bra considering her breasts were swinging

freely as she walked. She had heard me coming downstairs and was headed straight for me.

She reached her arms out and embraced me in a tight hug. Her breasts pushed tightly against my chest. I could feel her erect nipples pressing against me. I almost ran away screaming. It took me a moment, but I was able to recover myself. At least I was able to hug her back finally.

"Good morning, daddy," she said with a grin. She let go of me and returned to the table where her breakfast was waiting.

"Good morning, honey," I replied in a strained voice. I hoped that nobody had noticed that. "Did you sleep well?" I asked, trying to be a little more casual.

"Sure did! Slept like a log," she assured me.

"Good," I said.

I walked over to the stove and grabbed Carolyn around her waist. She had her back to me, so I leaned forward and crushed myself to her. She spun around to face me, shock on her face. I couldn't figure out why she was staring at me with a smile on her face. I cocked my head to the side with confusion, but the confusion didn't last long. Carolyn leaned toward me and whispered in my ear.

"Aren't we in a good mood this morning?" she questioned as she reached down and grabbed my dick with her hand. It was at that moment that I realized that, once again, my dick was hard.

Holy fucking shit...I couldn't believe it! Just by hugging Cassie and feeling her tits on me had caused me to get an erection. An erection that was getting more prominent just by *thinking* about her tits. Carolyn seemed pleased. She assumed my hard dick was for her. I felt sick. I tried to smile at her, but it was difficult. I just leaned in and gave her a quick kiss, hoping to reassure her. Then I let her go and went to the refrigerator. I opened the door and leaned in like I was inspecting the contents. I was really hiding, trying to calm myself down.

When I was absolutely certain that I had my hormones under control, I grabbed the carton of orange juice out of

the door and poured myself a glass. I wasn't in much of a mood to eat, but once again Carolyn had made too much food, so I forced as much down as I could.

I tried not to stare at Cassie as we ate, because I knew where that would lead. I also didn't want to watch her gobble tons of food down again. Everyone was pretty quiet through breakfast, thankfully. Cassie was done first this time. She jumped up and put her plate in the sink and then turned to face us. I tried not to look at her as she spoke, considering her tight top was riding up, revealing part of her belly.

"Thanks Carolyn. That was great...as usual! I think I'm going to head to the store, okay? I need to get a few things," Cassie explained.

"Okay, honey," I said as I got up and took my plate to the sink. I kept my eyes on the floor as I walked.

"Carolyn, do you want to go with me?" Cassie offered.

"Oh, thanks honey, I'd love to, but I have plans with a friend. I'm meeting up with her in an hour. She's renovating her kitchen and I promised her I would help pick out some new floor tiles today," Carolyn said.

"No problem. Do you want to go, dad?"

"Oh, I'd love to, Cassie, but I've got to, uh...mow the lawn today. Supposed to be getting a heat wave later this week so I want to get it done before it's too hot."

"Oh. Okay...well, then...I guess I'll see both of you later tonight," Cassie said as she walked out of the kitchen. She waved at me as she disappeared around the corner. I heard her walk up the stairs and then shut her bedroom door.

Carolyn got up and put her plate in the sink as she grinned at me. I was still trying to keep in control, so I didn't say anything to her. I had no idea why she was smiling now.

"You'll do anything to get out of shopping, won't you? Mow the yard? Really? You just mowed it three days ago! You could have come up with a better excuse," she chuckled.

"Yeah...you know me. Never liked shopping," I mumbled. I was glad she hadn't noticed that there was something wrong with me.

"I have to go get ready. I'll be home after lunch. Can you manage on your own until then?" she teased.

"I think I can," I replied with a smirk.

Carolyn kissed me on the cheek and then left the room. I slumped up against the counter, glad to be alone. How in the hell was I going to make it the whole summer?

I didn't really notice what I was watching on the television. It had been on all morning, but I couldn't say what I had seen. Carolyn left shortly after breakfast, and then Cassie had taken off a little while later, leaving me free to think. I had tried to do what I normally did when I was alone at home...pile up in my favorite chair and watch some mindless television. Today, however, my mind kept wandering. I was honestly trying not to think about it, but my brain had other ideas. I kept going back over the events from last night. I would realize that I was fantasizing about Cassie again, so I would force myself to think about something else, but it wasn't long until my thoughts turned back to her.

Instead of trying to ignore it, I decided to try and analyze it. I wanted to know why I was so infatuated with Cassie all of a sudden. I mean, sure, she was bigger now, and I had always liked big chicks. But that didn't seem like a reasonable explanation. Carolyn was exactly the right size for me, yet she had *never* turned me on the way Cassie had last night.

Perhaps it was the fact that she was forbidden territory. Maybe because I knew I couldn't have her, it made her more irresistible. But, there had been lots of girls I had drooled over throughout the years that I couldn't have, and none of them had gotten a response out of me like Cassie had.

I also thought that it could have just been the thrill of

spying on her. I had never done that before...not even as a teenager. Maybe that was the draw for me. Knowing that she had no idea that she was being watching could have excited me.

Still, I felt like my excuses were pretty flimsy. In any case, it was all still very wrong. Fathers were not supposed to feel that way about their daughters...no matter what the reason was behind it. It was appalling to think about.

After sitting in my chair for hours, I decided to get up and do something to take my mind off of everything. I wasn't aware of what I was doing until it was too late. I found myself in Cassie's bedroom. I wasn't sure what I was doing in there, but I had no desire to leave, either.

I walked around the bed, getting down on my knees and peering underneath it. Apparently Cassie wasn't concerned about anyone coming into her room, because her giant purple dildo was just lying under the edge of the bed. And honestly, she shouldn't *have* to hide her things. I *shouldn't* be in here snooping. None of the stopped me, though. I carefully reached under the bed and grabbed the squishy dildo. I pulled it out and held it up to my nose. I just wanted to know what it *smelled* like.

It smelled like heaven. I had been with my fair share of women back in the day, but none of them had quite this nice of a scent. Without giving myself permission to do so, I stuck my finger out and ran it up and down the sides of the dildo, certain that Cassie hadn't bothered to clean it off after using it last night. I stuck the tip of my finger in my mouth and groaned softly. The taste was more amazing than the smell. Of course, there was a rubbery-type aftertaste thanks to the dildo, but there was enough of Cassie's fluids on it to excite me.

I put the dildo back in its place and got up on my feet. I really had no idea what was wrong with me. Why was I in here? What had made me essentially lick her dildo? What was I doing?

I didn't have an answer to any of my questions. I was

beyond disgusted with myself. I turned to leave the room, but stopped dead in my tracks. I saw Cassie's laptop sitting on a chair in the corner of the bedroom. The power was on, but the screen was off. My curiosity got the best of me.

I quickly went to the computer and tapped on a few keys to get it to come on. The screen lit up right away. The background was a picture of Cassie posing with two of her friends from high school. They were just as chubby as Cassie, but neither of them caught my attention.

I wasn't sure what I was looking for on the computer, but I began searching anyway. It wasn't long before I stumbled across something.

I was randomly clicking into file folders on her desktop when I finally hit the jackpot. There was one particular file that contained tons of photos of Cassie. They looked like she had taken them herself with the aid of a tripod. I began clicking through them one at a time. At first, they were just random pictures of her posing in front of the camera, being goofy.

However, the farther along I got, the nastier the pictures were. She was stripping her clothes off slowly, taking pictures of each step...button by button. Then she was in her bra, then her pants were gone, then she was taking more provocative pictures.

A tiny voice in my head was screaming at me. I knew I should have closed the file and left the room, but I just couldn't. Or wouldn't...I wasn't sure which it was. I started clicking through the photos faster and faster until they got down right nasty.

In these photos, Cassie had stripped down completely. She was playing with her breasts in some, jiggling her belly in others. Then she apparently had a box of sex toys she was working her way through. Dildos, anal beads, leather whips...she had it all. The photos of her with the dildo crammed up in her pussy just about made me explode. It reminded me of last night, and all of the urges came crashing back to me. My dick, of course, was hard

as a rock yet again. What did I expect, though? I was looking at sexually graphic photos of my daughter that I apparently was lusting after.

I didn't want to wank off again, though. For some reason, my hand wasn't good enough today. I did something crazy...something I hadn't done since high school. I ran into our bedroom and grabbed the coin jar off of the dresser, turning it upside down and dumping the coins out. I went into the bathroom and rinsed the jar out while I rummaged through the medicine cabinet. I smiled when I found a bottle of mineral oil stuffed in the back. I dumped the water out of the jar and grabbed the bottle of mineral oil. I headed back to Cassie's room to do something totally sick and perverted.

I sat the jar and oil down, and I went straight to the small pile of dirty clothes in the corner. I picked the shirt up she had worn to bed last night and found what I was looking for underneath it. The panties from last night. I yanked them up and sniffed them. They smelled like her pussy...and that had my dick throbbing with anticipation. I tossed her shirt back in the pile and took her panties. I grabbed the jar and shoved the panties down in it, then I doused them with the oil. Just like back in the day when I would soak a rag with oil and shove it in a jar. Almost as good as fucking a pussy, but not quite. Good enough for right now, though. Even with the mineral oil on top of them, I could still smell Cassie's pussy juices. I shoved my fingers down in the jar, making a well in the soaked panties.

I reached over with my other hand and pulled up a good photo of Cassie on her computer. She had her tit in her mouth and a dildo shoved in her twat. I enlarged the photo as much as I could, and then adjusted the screen so that I could see it standing up.

I reached down and unzipped my pants, quickly freeing my dick. I held the jar in both hands and leaned forward so my cock would slip right into it. Then I stared at the photo of Cassie for a few seconds, letting myself get riled

up. Once again, I thought about fucking her pussy with my dick, and the urges pulsing through me were almost painful.

I quickly shoved my dick into the jar, holding it tightly as I began to thrust my stiff rod in and out of it. I continued to stare at Cassie's photo, imagining that I was inside of her instead of a jar with her panties in it.

In high school, it used to take me a while when I was trying to get off with a jar, but today it only took a couple of minutes. Of course, I didn't have to try to imagine a naked chick in my head...thanks to Cassie's photos. I reached over and flicked through the photos, finding one of her on all fours with her ass in the air. She was looking behind her at the camera, and still had the dildo shoved up in her. It was too much for me. I thrust my dick into the slick jar one last time and the semen exploded out of me even harder than it had last night in the shower. Stupidly, I pulled my dick out, wanting to spank it a few times with my hand. The goo flew everywhere, hitting the wall and the chair, and Cassie's computer.

That cut my orgasm short when I realized I had made a mess.

"Fuck! I can't believe I just did that!" I cussed myself out. I cupped my hand under my dick to catch the goo that was still dribbling out of the end. I quickly walked to the bathroom and towed off. I was trying to hurry so I could get the mess cleaned up before anyone came home.

Without bothering to pull my pants up, I tottered back into Cassie's room with a wet washcloth. I cleaned up every spot I had made and tried to make sure I left nothing behind. When I was sure I had everything cleaned up, I closed the photo file and shut the monitor on her laptop. Then I grabbed the jar and the oil and headed back to the bathroom.

I was halfway back to my bedroom when my ass fell to the floor. I had a jar with soaked panties in one hand, a bottle of oil in the other hand, and my pants were sagged down around my knees, my semi-limp dick hanging out for

the world to see when I realized that I was not alone in the hallway. I must not have heard the door slam downstairs. I had apparently been too busy to notice that someone had come home.

I froze in the middle of the hallway, unable to move an inch. My mouth popped open and my eyes were wide as the realization sunk in that I had been caught. As I stared at her, Cassie stared back. She had just come up the stairs and noticed me. She had also frozen...probably confused by what I was doing. Her eyes were wide as she caught sight of my dick hanging out.

"Oh shit!" she blurted as she continued to stare at me.

Oh shit, indeed. This one was going to be hard to explain.

I couldn't speak. I just shuffled as quickly as possible to the bedroom, slamming the door behind me. Had she noticed the jar in my hand? Or her panties in the jar? I hoped not, but there was nothing I could do about that now.

I was mentally cursing myself for this little fiasco. What was wrong with me? I needed help...serious help! I literally just got caught with my pants down by my daughter. She was probably wondering why I was naked in the hallway. The only other door past my bedroom door was her bedroom door, so she would assume that was where I had been. Had I cleaned everything up in there? Did I put everything back in its place? Had I missed something?

Man, Carolyn was going to kill me. There was no way Cassie was going to keep quiet about this, and Carolyn was going to badger me until I confessed. Then she would be just as disgusted with me as I was.

I was a chicken and hid out in the bedroom for the rest of the afternoon. I cleaned up my jar and put everything back in order. I hid Cassie's underwear in the bottom of the trashcan. I hadn't thought about how I was going to get those clean...so now I was just going to have to throw them away and hope she didn't notice that they were

missing. Yeah...like that was going to happen.

I was hoping Cassie would find a reason to leave so that I wouldn't be confined to my bedroom, but that didn't happen. So, I got dressed and sat on the edge of the bed. I kept waiting for Carolyn to come home, but she never did. Suddenly, a knock on the door made my heart pound. I was secretly hoping that it was Carolyn, but I would never get that lucky.

I cleared my throat and tried to speak, but no words came out. There was another faint knock, but I still couldn't speak, so I waited. Finally, Cassie spoke through the door.

"Dad, can I come in?" she asked timidly.

This was going to be awful. Just awful. How much did she know? How much had she guessed? Was she coming to tell me she was leaving because she couldn't stand being in a house with a pervert?

I took a deep breath and stood up. I walked to the door and opened it up. I almost had a heart attack when I caught sight of Cassie and what she was wearing as she stood on the other side of the door.

She was wearing a bikini, and a tight one at that. I tried my best not to stare at her, but her breasts were hiked up and spilling out of her top. Her belly was bulging out and her bikini bottom was so tight it looked like it was about to pop off. I tried very hard to think about other things so that this moment would not be made worse by me getting another fucking erection.

She noticed my ogling, and blushed. She cleared her throat to get my attention again.

Well, this conversation wasn't going to be good at all.

TO BE CONTINUED

**THIS NOVEL IS PRESENTED IN SERIAL FORM. NEW AND
SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT
REGULAR INTERVALS.**