

SUMMER VACATION

AN EBOOK SERIAL

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CHAPTER 2

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A STORY OF SECRECY & DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
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CHAPTER 2

“Go sit down. You look like you’re gonna pass out,” Cassie instructed as she pushed me towards the bed.

I was trying very hard not to hyperventilate, without much success. I kept my eyes on the floor and stumbled backwards, finally hitting the bed. I sat down carefully on the edge, waiting for her to start in on me. I refused to look up at her, even though I could feel her gaze on me. The bikini was too much for me at the moment.

“Look, we don’t have to talk about what happened earlier. It’s obviously making you uncomfortable, so I won’t mention it,” she explained.

Her words confused me. Where was the anger, the hostility? Where were the accusations? I didn’t know where she was headed with this, and it was enough to make me curious. Enough to make me finally look at her. Big mistake.

Cassie was standing with her hands on her hips, staring down at me. At the moment I looked up, she was sucking in a huge breath, nearly causing her tits to pop out of her top. I couldn’t help but stare at the mountain of flesh bulging out. And I also couldn’t help but fantasize what they would feel like.

Stop it! I commanded myself internally.

Cassie noticed that I was staring at her, and she crossed her arms over her chest. I shook my head, trying to clear it, and looked up at her.

“It’s okay, you know...to do what you were doing. I’m a big girl now, and I know all about the adult things that go on. You don’t have to try and hide that kind of stuff from me. God knows mom and her new husband didn’t bother to keep it under wraps. It was like living with a couple of horny teenagers,” she said with a grimace.

"I'm not following you," I admitted. I wasn't sure what we were really talking about here. Did she honestly think she had just caught me masturbating and that was what I was upset about?

"Dad...I know what you were doing, and I don't care. So don't be embarrassed about it," she informed me.

Obviously she had no clue what had really happened. She genuinely thought she had just caught me wanking off. I wanted to feel relieved, but wasn't sure if I was out of the woods yet.

"Well, thanks, honey. That sure is nice of you to say," I said nervously.

"You still don't look too convinced," she replied. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about, actually."

My heart was thundering in my chest. I felt like a kid that had just got caught cheating on his test...too late to do anything about it, but still hoping there was a way out. What in the world did she want to talk to me about? And what up with the damn tight bikini?

"Evidently you have noticed what I'm wearing. I figured it would be best to show you what I am trying to explain to you...to help you understand."

Cassie took another deep breath and looked down at the floor. I noticed a slight blush on her cheeks as she tried to gather her courage.

"Dad...there is a reason why sexual things don't embarrass me. I don't know how to tell you this, so I'm just going to come right out and say it. I...am...sort of...a...porn model," she finally blurted out.

Her eyes darted to my face and then back to the floor. Apparently she was trying to judge my reaction. Even though I knew what she was doing in her room, it was still a shock to hear the words coming out of her mouth.

"You're a...porn model?" I asked quietly.

"Look, just let me explain before you freak out, okay?" she said quickly. "I don't do anything like porn *movies*. I work for a webcam site...and I do *slightly* pornographic things. I am usually wearing something like this," she said as she gestured to her bikini.

“Guys pay a certain price for a set amount of time with me. I do what they want and that’s that. There is no actual sex involved. I’m making really good money at it, and I’ll be able to put myself through school, so it’s not like this is a career choice. I know this isn’t what a parent wants for their child, but I’m a legal adult now and I’m going to keep doing it even if you don’t like it,” she blurted with frustration.

She was waiting on me to respond, but I wasn’t sure what to say just yet. It was still sinking in. She was trying to be patient, but I could tell she was getting more annoyed by the second. So Ricky definitely wasn’t her boyfriend...he was only a paying customer. That news pleased me more than it should.

“Well, I don’t really know what to say Cassie. But, you’re right. You’re a grown-up now and you are free to do as you please. It’s not really any of my business,” I murmured.

I was secretly relieved that Cassie had no idea that I was lusting after her. It would stay that way, if she was, in fact, going to stay here the rest of the summer. I would have to be more careful with myself.

That last thought disgusted me. More careful? Maybe I should just not have the hots for my own daughter and I wouldn’t have anything to worry about.

“Are you serious?” Cassie asked with a slight grin on her face.

I had to remind myself that she didn’t know what was going on in my head...she was merely responding to what I had said to her.

“Yes, of course. You are responsible for your own decisions now. I can’t make them for you anymore. And while the business you are in isn’t one I would have chosen for you, I’m not going to stop you. If you are happy, then that’s all that matters. I just don’t want you doing it because you have to. If you need help with money, I’ll be more than happy to lend a hand,” I offered.

“No, I’m not just doing it for the money. Thanks for the offer, though. I really kind of like what I do. And I know it’s

probably going to freak you out, but I just want you to know that I don't reveal anything below the waist during one of my...sessions."

I remembered her saying that last night to Ricky when he begged her to show him her pussy. That was also a bit of a relief to me. All those guys begging her to see it, but they didn't get to.

"You don't have to explain anything to me, Cassie. Like I said...it's your decision and I'll respect it."

"Wow. You are taking this a lot better than I thought you would. Mom totally shit a brick when she found out. That's one of the reasons I wanted to come stay with you this summer. I couldn't stand being in the house with her anymore. No privacy at all," she complained.

"I'm glad you came to stay here. Carolyn and I will give you your space, and I will try my best not to think about what you're doing, okay?" I said with a nervous chuckle.

"Thanks, dad. You are the best!" Cassie squealed as she embraced me in a hug.

I didn't want to hurt her feelings, so I hugged her back. I felt guilty because she didn't realize the meaning behind my words when I said I would try not to think about what she was doing. It wasn't because I was upset or revolted by what she was doing, which is probably what she thought. I was a disgusting pervert that was attracted to her, and was deviously plotting ways to continue to spy on her without her knowledge, despite telling myself that I was going to stop.

I was happy that I hadn't been caught, but a twinge of regret hit me. Some small part of me was wishing that Cassie had caught me, and known the full extent of what I had been doing. That way, she would be repulsed by me and leave immediately. That was the only way to keep my distance from her, and it wasn't going to happen now. She was here for the summer.

It was going to be a long summer, indeed. I felt tired just thinking about it. I was exhausted from trying to hide it for a day. I had no idea how I was going to survive.

As I sat in my chair in the living room again, I tried not to let my mind wander. I was seriously trying to focus on the television, but I wasn't seeing the screen.

Shortly after Cassie hugged me, she explained that she had to do another "session" and she needed to go. She escaped to her room and shut the door. I watched her as she left, trying not to think about the way her body jiggled as she walked.

She was apparently giddy with relief, now that I knew what she was up to and was okay with it. I was doing my best not to think about her up in her room right now. She probably already pulled her bikini top off...

I caught myself before my imagination could run wild again. That would be trouble for me. I thought about getting in my truck and leaving, but I didn't want Cassie to think that I was uncomfortable with what she was doing. So, I grabbed another beer and sunk even lower in my chair. Hopefully Carolyn would be home soon and she could distract me.

Cassie scared the crap out of me when she came down the stairs. I was deep in thought and wasn't expecting her. I had no idea how long I had been sitting there.

"Hey, dad," she said as she bounced down the stairs. At least she had changed into something a little more appropriate. A tight-fitting t-shirt and a pair of khaki shorts were much better than the skimpy bikini she had been wearing earlier. "I'm going to make something to eat. Do you want anything?" she asked on her way to the kitchen.

I was glad that she wasn't going to bring anything up from our earlier conversation. For now, we could pretend to be normal and go about our business. I got up out of the chair and followed her into the kitchen.

"Sure. Carolyn usually handles all the cooking around here. I'm sure you remember how bad of a cook I was," I said with a smile. I was trying to be covert as I watched her bend over and look inside the refrigerator. Her shorts

were so very tight...clinging to her curves in a way that was not good for me. I shuffled over to the pantry, looking around for something to eat.

"Yeah, I remember. Don't worry...I learned a few things from mom, so I can take care of you when Carolyn's not here," she laughed.

My mind began to spin and I couldn't stop the fantasies that popped into my head. I knew Cassie meant that she could cook for me when Carolyn wasn't home, but her words could have meant something entirely different. My sick, perverted brain interpreted it to mean that Cassie would *take care* of me...in a sexual way. Memories of last night crept back and took over. My thoughts were consumed with images of Cassie...naked on her bed, screwing herself with a giant purple dildo.

I knew my erection was coming back, so I deliberately stomped on my own toes as hard as I could. I kept my lips tight to keep from yelping in pain. That did the trick. All thoughts of perversion were chased away, and my dick went limp again. Luckily, Cassie wasn't paying any attention to me and didn't notice what had just happened.

Toes throbbing, I cautiously limped over to the table and plopped down into a chair. I kept my eyes firmly locked on the table and refused to look in Cassie's direction. I tried to be casual as I struck up a conversation with her.

"So, what's on the menu?" I asked.

"Hmmm...not sure."

"Hey...forget about cooking. I'll just order some pizzas, okay," I said.

"Sounds great!"

Cassie took off to her room again while I ordered pizzas. I ordered three extra large pizzas, taking into consideration Cassie's new appetite. Hopefully it would be enough.

When the doorbell rang, Cassie bolted down the stairs to get the door. I followed behind her and paid the delivery guy. I would have given him a nice tip, but I didn't like the way he was staring at Cassie's ass as she sauntered

away, so instead he got a door slammed in his face.

I went into the kitchen and helped myself to some pizza. I tried not to watch Cassie as she moved around the kitchen while she fixed her plate. However, my eyes had a mind of their own. I felt my hormones starting to get out of control, but I inflicted pain on myself before they could go crazy. My toes were going to be bruised tomorrow.

Apparently Cassie was too wound up to sit down while she ate. Or maybe she knew she was going to be going back to the pizza boxes often, so she stayed close by them. I watched her carefully from the corner of my eye as she wolfed down her food. She went back for seconds, then thirds, then fourths. I was both stunned and turned on at the same time. I wasn't exactly sure why watching her eat was riling me up. I keep trying to watch her, but not where she would notice. I wasn't as inconspicuous as I thought.

"What is it?" she finally asked when she caught me staring.

"Huh? What is what?" I replied nonchalantly.

"I see you staring at me. What is it? Are you still freaked out about earlier?" she quizzed. She stared at me for a moment with her head cocked to one side.

"No...I'm not worried about earlier."

"Ahh...I know what's going on in your head," she informed.

I tried to get a grip on my panic before it could consume me. She couldn't possibly know what was going on in my head. She must have come to some other conclusion. I sat very still in my chair, not even able to breath as I waited on her to speak.

"You're worried about my...sudden weight gain, huh?" she asked sheepishly. "I noticed you and Carolyn both staring at me last night and this morning. Mom at least was able to be around me while it happened, so I guess it wasn't much of a shock for her."

I breathed an audible sigh of relief. She was far from knowing what was really going on in my head. However,

the matter of her weight gain didn't seem to upset her, at least. She seemed to be pretty comfortable with it.

"I didn't want to say anything, honey. Didn't want to make you uncomfortable. Besides, it's your body...who am I to say anything about it?"

"When did you get so laid back?" Cassie teased.

"Thanks for not bringing it up, but it's not really a touchy subject for me. I did this to myself intentionally," she advised me.

A little bit of shock showed on my face as that sunk in.

"Hahah! You should see the look on your face! Quit stressing, dad! I know you don't want to ask, so I'll tell you how it happened."

Cassie shoveled a few more bites of pizza in before she continued. I was too interested in what she was about to say to bother eating.

"When I first started the webcam thing a few months ago, I wasn't doing all that well. I had a few customers, but I wasn't making money like I thought I would be. I had made friends with a few of the girls from the site, and one of them was nice enough to let me know how to make more cash. She informed me that there were plenty of thin models on the site...more models than there were customers. Sure, there were a few that had a loyal fan base, but for the most part the rest of us were barely scraping by.

"However, there was a niche that always had clientele, and if I wanted to make the big bucks, I would have to make some changes. That's when she introduced me to the world of stuffing."

She saw the look of confusion on my face, and gave me a wry smile before she explained.

"Stuffing is sort of a...fetish. A slender person like me... or rather, like I was, would eat a large amount of food and stuff themselves. The guys go crazy over it if they are into that kind of thing. It makes your stomach poke out, but the rest of your body is still small. I did that for a while and got an amazing amount of customers.

"It wasn't long before my clients wanted me to take it to

the next level. They weren't satisfied with just stuffing anymore, so I moved on and started to do the weight gain. When I gained the first ten pounds, everybody went crazy. They were throwing more money at me than I knew what to do with. I kept going and didn't look back.

"I know that probably sounds stupid to you, but I found a way to work less than fifteen hours a week and make more than I could by working sixty hours at a regular job. It was an easy decision to make, really."

She didn't bother to look at me to see my reaction. She went back to her food and let me think things over. It felt like my eyes were going to pop out of my head. This time, I couldn't stop the raging boner in my pants. Just the thought of Cassie stuffing herself with food and gaining weight for her customers...it was enough to drive me insane. I wanted to fling her on top of the table, rip her clothes off, and fuck her brains out.

It was almost ironic, in a way. She was worried that I would be upset about her weight gain, or the reasons behind it. If she only knew that I had a fat fetish...or maybe it was better that she didn't.

"Sorry. Didn't mean to make you uncomfortable with all that information. I just don't see any reason to keep it hidden, you know? Mom's so damn stuffy all the time, and I don't want to be like that. Hope I didn't upset you," Cassie mumbled.

"No, not at all. I just want you to be happy. So don't worry about offending or upsetting me. Not going to happen, young lady," I comforted her.

I got up and gave her a quick hug as I passed her. She hugged me back, and the way she twisted caused her boob to brush up against my hand. I quickly stepped away and walked to the sink with my plate.

"So I wonder if they have a bunch of women out there that would pay me money to eat? That would be the life!" I joked, trying to hide my anxiousness.

She would immediately blame herself for my unease, and I didn't want that. She should feel comfortable in her own skin, and if guys wanted to pay her for being chunky,

then more power to her. I wasn't really *thrilled* about it, but she was allowed to do what she wanted.

"I'll check up on that for you, dad! That would be amusing to see. I wonder what Carolyn would think about it?" she asked with a chuckle.

"Yeah, don't think that would go over real well with Carolyn."

We bantered back and forth for a while, and then Cassie had to escape to her room again. She slyly took a half box of pizza with her as she left. I knew there was no way she could still be hungry. She must have noticed the look on my face as I stared after her.

"I...need it for work. Do you mind?" she asked. I could see that it was still a little hard for her to talk to me about such personal things, and I didn't want to make it any more difficult than it already was.

"Nope...help yourself. I ordered extra," I replied, trying to sound casual.

"Thanks, dad. I'll be down in about an hour or so."

I forced myself not to stare at her jiggling ass when she left the room. Instead, I focused on the mess in the kitchen. I cleaned up and waited anxiously for Carolyn to come home. While I had no intentions of sharing everything that had happened today with Carolyn, there were definitely a few things she would want to know.

I wasn't sure how she would respond to the news of Cassie's new job, but I was positive she would take it well as long as I was cool about it.

I finished in the kitchen, then went out to the backyard to soak up some sun. If I was being honest with myself, I was really trying to stay as far away from Cassie as possible to avoid temptation. Since Carolyn was gone, I might have the urge to go peek in on Cassie, and I refused to allow myself to do that.

The backyard was my own little paradise. We had long ago put up a large privacy fence and then planted shrubs around the whole perimeter. The shrubs had grown up and given us even more privacy from the neighbors. Although I would have liked one, Carolyn disagreed on

having an in-ground pool put in. I did convince her to get a hot tub, and we placed it just off the back porch in one corner of the yard.

I had managed to plant and maintain a lush green lawn that was dotted with trees. I also installed a gazebo in the center of the yard, complete with a picnic bench and a grill. My favorite place to be, though, was in a hammock that I installed between two of the trees. I was lounging in the hammock when Carolyn finally made it home.

"Hey, you! There you are! How was your day?" she asked as she leaned over to greet me with a kiss.

I grabbed her and pulled her down on top of me, kissing her back with a little more intensity than usual.

"My day was great...except that I missed you terribly," I said as she tried to catch her breath.

"I'll say! What in the world has gotten into you?" she chortled.

I didn't have a chance to respond. She kissed me, and I knew where it was headed. For once today, I wasn't trying to conceal the hard-on in my pants. Carolyn jumped up with a giggle and took off. I climbed out of the hammock and laughed as I followed behind her. There was a particular spot in our backyard that she liked quite a bit. That was the spot we used when she was feeling "adventurous".

The spot was under a large oak tree in the back corner of the yard. It was shaded, well hidden, and had a blanket of soft grass that Carolyn seemed obsessed with. She was already stripping down as she sprinted behind the tree. I just hoped that Cassie wouldn't get curious and come outside to check on us.

Carolyn had her pants off and was already on the ground by the time I got to her. She must have really been in the mood. I grinned widely at her and got on all fours, crawling slowly over to her. I knew it annoyed her when she was super horny and I was super slow. She always seemed to fuck me harder if she was slightly annoyed with me.

When I finally reached her, Carolyn grabbed my shirt

and threw me to the ground. She climbed on top of me, swiftly unbuttoned and unzipped my pants, and freed my penis. She was shivering with desire as she straddled me and roughly grabbed my dick and eased it up into her waiting hole.

She unbuttoned her shirt and leaned forward as she began pumping up and down on me, allowing her tits to spill out onto my face. Other than doggy-style, this was my most favorite position. I wasn't having to do any of the work so I was able to fully appreciate every inch of her.

"I don't remember the last time your dick was this hard," Carolyn grunted as she bounced up and down on me.

"I don't hear you complaining," I said as I smacked her ass.

"No...definitely not complaining."

Carolyn continued to grind on my dick, and for a little while, I was totally focused on her. But, inevitably, my thoughts strayed to Cassie. I wondered about what she was doing in her room and who the lucky bastard was that was getting to watch.

I tried my best to give all my attention to Carolyn, but it was almost impossible. It didn't seem like she noticed my distraction. The more I thought about Cassie, the harder my dick got and the more my breathing sped. Luckily, Carolyn assumed I was reacting to her.

"I want to try something different," she exclaimed as she jumped up.

I was startled by her sudden movements, and it brought my focus back to her. She got down on all fours and turned her head back to grin at me.

"Do me from behind, stud. But not the *usual* way," she said with a wink.

"What are you talking about?" I asked. My brain wasn't functioning correctly and I wasn't sure what she wanted.

"I want you to fuck me in the ass...NOW!" she commanded.

Stunned, I scrambled up onto my knees and quickly got behind her. I could count the times I had anal sex with

Carolyn on one hand. She didn't like to do it that way, unless she was really, really turned on.

"Make sure you're lubed up!" she huffed as she stuck her ass ever further up into the air.

I licked my hand and then stroked my penis a few times, ensuring that it was good and wet. I carefully stuck the tip of my penis in her ass, slowly working it in. Carolyn moaned with pleasure, which nearly sent me over the edge. I slid my dick in even further, meeting no resistance. Her ass was slick and tight. It was amazing.

I finally shoved my cock all the way in with one final thrust, and Carolyn shuddered. I thought for a moment that I had hurt her, but she started panting and moaning, so it must have felt good.

I grabbed Carolyn's hips and began driving my dick in her as hard and as fast as I could. Now that she couldn't see me, I closed my eyes. For the first time in our marriage, I thought of someone else while I fucked her. I bit down hard on my lip to keep from moaning Cassie's name. That would surely be awkward for everyone.

I pretended that it was Cassie in front of me, taking my dick. I envisioned Cassie on her knees, moaning my name and rippling with desire for me. I thought of her gigantic tits, swinging in rhythm with my thrusts.

And, as sick and perverted as it was, I imagined Cassie yelling out "daddy" as I fucked her. That thought turned me on in ways I didn't know was possible. I was nearly done, even though I didn't want it to be over yet.

Just a couple more thrusts and I was going to explode. When I tensed up in preparation of climax, I thought my mind was teasing me. It was as clear as if she were right there with me.

"Daddy!"

I realized it was not my mind playing tricks on me. It was Carolyn actually speaking softly to me. Was she so in tune with my thoughts that she knew I wanted to hear that? She very rarely used that word during intercourse, but I was glad she used it now. I felt the first trickle of semen begin to ooze out. Then, reality crashed down on

me.

I wasn't quite sure what had happened at first. Carolyn wrenched herself away from me and twisted around. At the same time, my climax hit me and my cum exploded out of me like a rocket, but instead of shooting into Carolyn, it went all over the grass.

I was confused for a second until I caught site of Carolyn's face. It was then that I realized that Carolyn was not the one that had uttered the word that drove me crazy.

"Daddy? Are you out here?" Cassie called. She was louder now, meaning she was much closer than before.

I was frozen. I couldn't move, couldn't speak, couldn't breathe. It was too late to try to get my pants up, because Cassie was already coming around the tree. She spotted Carolyn first, then me. Shock crossed her face as her cheeks went bright red.

"Oh my God! I'm so sorry! I didn't realize Carolyn was home...and that...you were...oh God!" Cassie stammered as she put her hands up in the air apologetically. She turned around and walked back towards the house. I was surprised that she didn't break into a sprint.

"Oh, fuck! That was embarrassing!" Carolyn mumbled as she gathered her clothes. Embarrassment was quickly replaced by agitation as she glared at me.

"What?" I asked as I got to my feet and fumbled with my pants.

"Didn't you hear her calling for you?" she retorted.

"No...I was a bit preoccupied, you know!"

We both got dressed and made the walk of shame into the house. Cassie was nowhere to be seen, so we went upstairs and headed straight for the bedroom. Carolyn cleaned up quickly in the bathroom and changed clothes. I opted for a shower, since I had my own goo running down my legs. I tried to scrub the horrible memories away, but no amount of soap and water was going to help.

Twice in one day. Cassie caught me twice in one fucking day! What were the odds of that happening? At least this time Carolyn was with me, so maybe Cassie wouldn't think I was a total freak.

As I climbed out of the shower and dried off, I noticed Carolyn was staring at me. She was sitting on the bed, fully dressed, with a serious look on her face.

"What is it?" I asked.

"We are going to have to be more careful, William."

She was using my full name, so I knew I was in trouble. If she only knew what had taken place earlier today...

"I know it. I shouldn't have done that outside. We aren't alone anymore, so we need to tone it down a bit. She'll only be here for the summer," I agreed.

"I just feel horrible. Poor Cassie. I hope we haven't scarred her for life!" Carolyn cried.

"I, uh...don't think that's going to hurt her much," I said hesitantly. "I didn't get a chance to mention this to you earlier, but we need to talk about it now."

"Uh-oh. This doesn't sound good," Carolyn replied with wide eyes.

I got dressed and went to sit on the bed beside her. I slowly recollected my previous conversations with Cassie. I left out some of the details, but I gave her most of the story, including her new "job" and the reasoning behind her recent weight gain.

Carolyn didn't interrupt me one time, but I could tell that she was slightly shocked. When I had covered everything that was pertinent, I paused and gave her a second to let everything sink in.

"So, she's doing that here? In the house?" she asked timidly.

"Yes. I figured you needed to know right away, since this is your house too. Now, I don't have a problem with it, but if you do, you need to let me know and we can work something out with her."

I wasn't really going to give Carolyn an option. I wanted Cassie to continue with her work in the house, only for the fact that I wanted to continue to spy on her. However, I knew how Carolyn's mind worked. If she thought she had a choice, then she would usually go along with whatever I had in mind. But, if I backed her into a corner, she would rebel.

"If...you think it's okay, then I'm fine with it. I mean, she's your daughter after all."

I fought back a smile. It was almost too easy to get her to agree with me.

"Yes, I'm fine with it. It's like she said...she's an adult now and we can't control what she does anymore. She's taking care of herself and I'm not going to interfere. If I did, she would just leave. She wouldn't stop what she's doing. Might as well enjoy the time I have with her."

"Yes, you're right. Wow. I just...never imagined that there were people out there that would pay for something like that. Damn! I missed my calling!" Carolyn giggled.

"No ma'am! I'm the only one allowed to see what you've got!" I said as I embraced her.

It looked like everything was going to be okay...for now. I just needed to be more cautious and watch myself. God knows what would happen if I got caught and they found out my dirty little secret.

Time moved on, and things went back to normal. I went back to work on Monday, leaving Cassie and Carolyn at home alone. I hoped like hell that Cassie wouldn't mention catching me in the act, but it wasn't like Carolyn had never caught me masturbating before, so I was trying not to worry about it.

I was lucky and had an incredibly flexible job, allowing me to work from home quite a bit. I usually only went into the office two or three times a week. I had originally thought of how nice that was going to be this summer, so I could spend more time with Cassie. Now, however, I wasn't sure I wanted to spend more time at home. There, I would always be tempted to do something I shouldn't be doing. So, I threw myself into my work.

More than a week passed without incident. Carolyn had a blast with Cassie, and Cassie kept her mouth shut about the "occurrence" with me. I worked hard all day and came home exhausted. I forced myself to think of other things

when I realized my thoughts were turning to Cassie.

Carolyn and I never brought up what was going on behind closed doors with Cassie. She would simply excuse herself, go to her room, and do her thing. It was mutual between all three of us. It was just simply easier not to mention it.

When it was time for bed at night, I followed Carolyn to the room and locked myself in to avoid being lured down the hall to spy on Cassie again. It was hard, but I managed somehow.

Then...all my hard work went out the window. I don't know why, but I thought I had a clever idea that would let my desires win, but keep everyone else in the dark at the same time. And my plan was a good plan...and it went off without a hitch. How sad that one tiny mistake would come back to bite me in the ass.

I thought of a brilliant idea one day at work. I was finished for the day, but not quite ready to go home. It was getting harder and harder to ignore Cassie, and I knew that my will would crumble eventually. I didn't really much care that I was giving in...I had already made peace with the fact that I was a depraved man. I simply didn't want to get caught. I didn't want to inflict emotional damage on my daughter, and I most certainly didn't want to hurt my marriage.

So, my genius plan involved staying late at the office. I had my own laptop that I took back and forth to the office, and I could hook up to the internet at work if I needed to. The office provided me with a work computer, but it was easier for me to keep everything on my own personal laptop. I figured the company wouldn't mind me borrowing their internet services for a while, since I would be using my own equipment on my own time. That's what I convinced myself of, anyway.

My scheme was clever. At work that day, I had located the company that Cassie worked for. I tried to tell myself that I was just making sure that it was a safe, legitimate site, but I was checking it out for personal reasons.

Luckily, Cassie had casually mentioned some details about the site she worked for earlier in the week, and I saved the information to memory. It was easy to find. Apparently she wasn't too concerned with Carolyn or I to have the site information. She wasn't aware of how disgusting I really was.

I looked over the layout of the site and found how to locate a specific model. Each model had her own page with a description and a photo. Finding Cassie was easy. She was using a different name, "Shanna". The whole process was discreet. You selected a model based on your preferences, scheduled a time that she had listed as available, and gave them a credit card to put a charge hold on.

Once they verified your card and your information, the model was notified of your meeting. Once the meeting began, they charged your card. You had the option of a full webcam date, where both parties were visible on webcams, or you could simply create a profile and enter into a chat with the model. You could tell her what you wanted her to do through the chat, and you were linked up to her webcam.

Apparently a lot of guys preferred this "discreet" method instead of being seen by the model. I was excited to see that Cassie had an appointment available for seven o'clock that evening.

Without giving much thought to it, I created a profile, gave the website my credit card information, and scheduled the appointment with Cassie. After I read all the fine print, rules and regulations, and agreed to abide by their terms and conditions, I was all set up and ready to go.

I wasn't worried about Cassie knowing it was me, since the company kept all of the information confidential, and billed the credit cards themselves. They took a small percentage of the charge and paid the models once a week. The models never got any personal information about their clients unless you gave it to them yourself.

I was a bit relieved to see that the company monitored

your chats to make sure that you weren't harassing the models or saying anything inappropriate. The models had the option to terminate any connection if they found out you were a creep, and you would be blocked from the website. I felt a little better that at least Cassie wasn't dealing with complete sleazes.

What could go wrong? I would be on my own computer, at work, alone...and since I wouldn't be utilizing a webcam myself, Cassie would never know it was me. I created a completely lame profile with a cheesy username (which most guys do) and I could watch her in total confidence that I wouldn't be caught.

I was even careful to use a business-related credit card that Carolyn never checked. Anything I bought for work, I would charge to a specific personal card and have the company reimburse me. This charge would look like a business related charge since it wasn't billed as anything pornographic. No one would know.

It really was a great plan. I called Carolyn to tell her I would be working late. She said she was watching some movies with Cassie, and would wait to cook dinner late. No problems there.

I impatiently waited for my seven o'clock date as time dragged by slowly. The office cleared out promptly at five, and my boss told me not to work too hard tonight. I assured him that I would be out of there soon and would lock up when I was done.

I had been a model employee for the many, many years I had worked there, so nobody gave it a second thought to leave me alone. I had always been a hard worker, so it wasn't abnormal for me to stay late. I locked all of the external doors and shut all the blinds. The building was pretty isolated, so I wasn't too worried about someone coming in or hearing me.

Finally, the time arrived. I had made sure to logon early and get into the chat room, so I would be waiting when Cassie showed up. At last, the pop-up screen on the computer changed from solid black to a "connecting" status.

Only a moment later, Cassie appeared on the screen. She was gorgeous...wearing what appeared to be a baby doll-type outfit. The top consisted of a pink, lacy bra that flowed into a short, see-through skirt. Underneath that, she wore a skimpy pair of pink, lacy panties that revealed so much that it nearly stopped my heart.

For one quick second, I was worried that somehow she would be able to see me...and I would be exposed. I laughed out loud at that thought...it was silly! I didn't even have a webcam hooked up on my laptop, but that didn't stop the thought from crossing my mind.

After a brief moment of hesitation, my fears were laid to rest. The volume was turned up and Cassie finally spoke to me.

"Hello! I see this is your first time with me. I'm Shanna...is there something you'd like me to call you? Or I can use your screen name if you'd like, Mr. MorningWood54."

Cassie giggled as she read my screen name. I knew it was stupid, but I had to come up with something fast.

I very nearly typed my own name into the chat box, but caught myself. I smiled widely as I thought of a fitting name for myself. I typed a quick response to her.

You can call me "Woody".

I watched the screen for her reaction as she read what I had typed.

She laughed and then looked directly into her webcam at me.

"Alright, Woody it is then. So, Woody...is there something in particular you want me to do? Are you into bellies or boobs or stuffing? You name it, I'll do it!"

I had put a lot of thought into what I wanted her to do earlier, so I had my response ready for her. I knew she wouldn't show off anything below the waist, so I would just have to work with what I had.

And since I had seen a lot of her belly around the house, I decided I wanted to see her boobs tonight.

I am a boob man...and you look like you've got some nice ones...

"Oh, so you're a boob man, huh? Well...I like guys who are into big tits...it's kind of my thing," she said in a seductive voice after reading my reply.

I watched with eager anticipation as she reached up and yanked her top down, immediately revealing her breasts. It seemed like they were right in my face.

Her nipples were erect, and a beautiful shade of light pink. I imagined being able to put them in my mouth. I bet they tasted good.

Cassie grabbed both of her breasts in her hands and began to jiggle them right into the camera. Then she got on her knees and rocked back and forth, letting them swing free towards the camera.

She would occasionally sit back and bounce up and down. I pictured myself underneath her as she bounced. Oh, to have those gigantic, beautiful tits in my face...it would be heaven.

"Oh, don't you wish you were here with me, Woody? I bet you'd like to put these in your mouth," she said as she massaged her tits in circles towards the camera.

"Don't worry...I'll do it for you," she teased. I watched in shock as she hefted one giant boob up and stuffed the nipple into her mouth. She began to lick and suck on her nipple, letting out tiny little moans of pleasure.

It was then that I allowed my hand to drift down towards my pants. I had up to thirty minutes with her, and I didn't want to wank off and be done in the first five. My dick, of course, was already rock hard.

I was going to make damn sure that I enjoyed myself tonight, so I only allowed my hand to make a couple of strokes on my shaft, then I put my hand back on my desk. I wanted so badly to beat my stick into oblivion, but I would wait...and my patience would be rewarded.

I watched Cassie do a number of things with her tits...

each one exciting me more than the last. She playing with them, jiggled them, and bounced them up and down but I almost creamed myself when she pulled out a bottle of whipped cream and sprayed it all over her chest. Then she began to slowly and enticingly lick all of the cream off, one finger at a time.

“Mmmm...it tastes so good, Woody. I wish you were here to lick it off of me. I bet you would do a good job. Ohhh, I can just imagine your tongue running all over my bare breasts...licking me up and down. And your mouth on my hard nipples...sucking on them.

“I like having my nipples sucked. What do you think, Woody? Would you be able to do that to me?” she asked with a note of innocence in her voice.

I was barely able to type anything into the little box. I was afraid if I moved my hands, they would immediately go to my dick, and I was absolutely certain that I would only get a few pumps in before I blew my load everywhere.

“Come on, sexy man...don’t be shy. Why don’t you tell me what you’d do to me if you were here with me? I like to hear all of the nasty, hot things that would turn you on. I hope you don’t mind...but I like to get off to it.” She explained.

Cassie got right up in the webcam and started poking her belly out as she rubbed her hands across it. She was rubbing herself everywhere...her neck, her tits, her stomach, her legs...it looked like she was turning herself on, which turned me on.

That made me remember that first night I had spied on her. I had completely forgotten that she rubbed herself while she was chatting with Ricky.

She had even pulled her dripping wet fingers out for him to see, and shoved them in her mouth. That had driven me crazy.

Ricky was pretty damn nasty with her, so I doubted she would get offended at anything I would type. I wasn’t sure if I was going to be able to hold on any longer, so I just went for it.

I would fuck your brains out...doggy-style, while holding on to your sexy tits. I would shove my big, fat dick all the way up in you, and smack that fine ass of yours while I was doing it! I'm imagining it now...wishing I was there!

I sent the chat, and waited for her reaction, hoping I hadn't crossed any lines. I was relieved when I saw a smile spread across her face as she read what I wrote.

"Woody, you are a dirty boy. Now that's what I like to hear!" she exclaimed as she shoved her hand down in her panties.

She started rubbing vigorously on her clit, and I watched intently as I started beating my meat. I wished like hell that I could grab her hair and shove her face down on my dick. I doubted I would last a full minute if she were sucking my dick.

She kept one hand cupped on her breast, pinching and rubbing her nipple as she continued to pleasure herself.

"Oh Woody...I hope you don't mind that I'm getting off while you watch. It's just that you made me so horny! I haven't had any good dick in such a long time. I could only imagine what your big, fat, hard cock would feel like if you were here...shoving it deep inside my pussy. Mmm... I'm so wet." Cassie murmured into the camera as she massaged herself.

I was letting out little grunts and groans as I spanked off. My hand was nowhere near as good as a pussy, but it would have to do tonight. At least until I got home so I could fuck Carolyn. But even Carolyn's juicy pussy wouldn't be much of a turn on right now. Not with Cassie's sitting there in comparison. I quickly typed a response in the box.

Show me how wet you are!

She noticed the new message pop up and read it

quickly. She smiled at me and shook her head.

"No, no, bad boy! Waist up only! But...I will show you this," she said as she slowly pulled her fingers out of her panties.

Just like before with Ricky, she held her dripping wet fingers up to the camera for me to inspect.

"Do you see what you did to me, Woody? Do you see how turned on you made me? I'm soaking wet now."

Irresistibly, Cassie took her fingers and began licking on them. Her eyes rolled back in her head just slightly and she moaned.

"Mmm...it tastes so good. I wish you could taste for yourself, sexy man. I'd love to bury your face in my pussy. I can only imagine what your tongue would feel like on my clit. Oh, I've got to finish...I can't take it any more," she said as she shoved her hand back in her panties again.

This time, Cassie lay down on the bed and rolled slightly to the side, still facing the camera. Her tits were quivering as she violently rubbed herself, trying to reach orgasm. She had pulled her panties down slightly, and I could see a bit more of her flesh.

I had seen a lot more a week ago, and I yearned to be able to see her fucking herself with her purple dildo again. Maybe it was good that I couldn't, because I wasn't sure if I would be able to stop myself from barging into her room with a raging boner.

I was happy that I hadn't reached climax yet...but I was close. I was stupidly hoping that we could climax at the same time. Cassie continued to talk to me as she massaged her clit. I watched closely as she thrust her hips back and forth while she rubbed.

She bit down on her lip and arched her back. She was looking straight at the camera as she orgasmed, sending me over the edge.

"Oh, yeah, baby. I'm cumming for you...oh, hot, wet pussy juices all over the place. Wishing it was your mouth on me instead of my hand," she whispered as her eyes once again rolled back in her head.

I jerked on my dick once more, and that was it. I could

feel it tingling through my body, and I knew it was going to be a forceful, violent climax. Not that I was complaining. Those were usually the best. Semen came pouring out of the end of my dick, all over my hand, all over my legs, all over my computer.

I really should have thought that through a little more. Now I had a mess I was going to have to clean up. But at the moment, I didn't care. I was still oozing spooge, and I was still stroking my dick to get the last drop out.

Cassie was smiling at me on my screen. It was as if she knew what I had done. I quickly typed her a message so she wouldn't be left wondering.

*I haven't had an orgasm that strong in years.
That was absolutely awesome! But now I have
a mess to clean up!*

I tried to keep most of the goo off of my keyboard, at least, but I was too busy watching her. I was still turned on by her, and not ready for our session to end.

"I would say I'm sorry, but I'm not. I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, Woody. I hope you'll visit me again soon. I had a lot of fun with you," she informed me. "Maybe next time you'll go full webcam chat with me. Nothing gets me off faster than being able to watch my sexy fans beating off."

And that was when I messed up. I thought I was in the clear...which I was. Nothing left to do but terminate chat with her, clean up and go home. Everything went off without a hitch. But I was cocky, and wasn't paying much attention to what I was doing when I typed her back.

*I had a lot of fun, too. And I am definitely
looking forward to next time, Cassie. I'll
be thinking of you until then!*

She was all smiles reading my reply. I didn't realize that I had messed up until the smile disappeared and was replaced by a frown.

She turned to glare at the camera. I wasn't sure if she

was angry or scared. Maybe a mix of both. She covered her chest with her arms, looking as if she had been violated. I was completely confused. I was still trying to figure out what I had done when Cassie spoke.

She got right up in the camera and said, "I told you my name was Shanna. Nobody knows my real name...so how do you know it? Who the hell are you?" she breathed.

I couldn't think of anything to say, so I did something really stupid. I terminated our connection, probably freaking her out even more. She had caught me, and I didn't have an explanation for it. Fuck, fuck, fuck! How in the world did I mess up so bad? This wasn't good...not good at all.

TO BE CONTINUED

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