

# SUMMER VACATION

AN EBOOK SERIAL

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CHAPTER 4

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**A STORY OF SECRECY & DEPRAVITY**

FICTION BY  
**AMANDA WRIGHTER**

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## CHAPTER 4

“Just calm down, Carolyn!” I commanded as she paced around the bedroom.

My brain felt like it was disconnected...I was on the verge of passing out, but I needed to diffuse the situation, and quick.

“Don’t you dare tell me to calm down, William! What was Cassie saying? I’m still waiting for your brilliant explanation!” she barked at me.

I sat on the edge of the bed and began to rub my forehead with the tips of my fingers. I could feel a headache cropping up.

“She was recalling something from earlier tonight,” I answered cautiously. I was ready for the look that Carolyn shot me.

“What was she recalling?” Carolyn asked between clenched teeth.

I knew there wasn’t going to be an easy way to explain it to her, so I did my best to tell her as much truth as possible. Maybe that way it would sound convincing.

“Okay...I know you won’t like everything I’m about to tell you, so at least let me explain everything first.”

I took a deep breath, trying to get my thoughts in order so I wouldn’t reveal too much. I exhaled noisily and stood up. I couldn’t sit still at the moment, so I began pacing.

Carolyn took my spot on the edge of the bed, looking at me curiously.

“I went to Bruce’s to find Cassie. I saw her car in the parking lot, so I went inside. She was at the bar, drinking. I took a seat where I could watch her, but she couldn’t see me. I noticed she was flirting with some guy that was sitting beside her. I think he was buying her drinks.

“I kept an eye on her, because she was obviously

plastered. After a while, the guy finally convinced her to leave with him. There was no way in hell I was going to let her go off alone with this dude in her condition, but I didn't want to just stop her. I figured she would have made a scene, and I didn't want to get her thrown in jail because she wasn't old enough to be drinking."

Carolyn shot me another look, and I knew what she was about to say before she said it.

"I know! I know! I will talk to her about that tomorrow. I will get to the bottom of it, and I won't tolerate that any longer if she's going to stay in the house, okay?"

"Good," Carolyn muttered.

"So anyway, I decided to follow them. She got into his car and they left. I followed behind them at a safe distance, but he only drove a few minutes away to the park. When he pulled into the parking lot, I knew what was going on. I wasn't sure what to do at that point, so I parked in a different lot and got out.

"Luckily, or maybe not so lucky, I suppose...they got out of the car and he lead her over by the lake. She was so drunk she was stumbling behind him.

"And then...you can probably figure out what happened next," I finished quietly.

Carolyn gasped in shock as the words sunk in. Her eyes popped wide open and her mouth gaped.

"What? She had sex with some stranger in the park?" she whispered.

"Yes. That's what she's remembering, although I don't know how. She wasn't even able to recognize me at times...that's how wasted she was."

"Wait!" Carolyn snapped. "You...you watched? You watched while Cassie was having sex with some stranger in the park?"

I knew there would be some anger from her, but it was nothing compared to what she would think if she *really* knew what had happened out there.

"I tried not to, but I didn't want to just leave her there! I didn't know what else to do! I can't stop her...she's a damn adult! But I sure the hell wasn't going to let her drive

off with some guy! He could have been some psychotic killer for all I knew! She was toasted and didn't have the ability to think clearly!" I blurted in frustration, hoping it would be enough of an explanation to calm her down.

"Shit, Bill! That's disgusting! Fucking disgusting!" she spat at me. However, I could tell she wasn't nearly as mad as she had been before. It was working.

"So tell me then, Carolyn...what should I have done? Tried to grab her in the parking lot? Huh? Wrestle her in the bar where we both would have gotten in trouble? Or try to snatch her in the park? I didn't have a lot of time or a whole lot of options! I just followed her to make sure she stayed safe! Cut me some fucking slack!"

She didn't respond immediately. That was a good sign. It meant she was thinking things over instead of just shouting at me. She took a deep breath and squared her shoulders before speaking again.

"I can't say that it was the smartest choice, but I agree that you shouldn't have just let her leave with him. With that being said...I will not condone this behavior from her while she's here. I know she isn't my daughter, but I can't handle this stress. And quite frankly, I don't think you can either. You look like hell," she explained. "And you smell even worse," she tacked on.

"Yeah...I was in the bar for a while. Stank like old cigarettes and stale beer. I'm going to go hop in the shower real quick," I said. I would be glad to wash off in hot water, making certain no traces of my actions with Cassie were left behind.

Carolyn didn't say anything else as I turned and headed for the bathroom. I sincerely hoped she bought my story and didn't probe much more.

I showered as quickly as I could. I was fading fast and barely able to stand on my own two feet. When I was done, I tossed my dirty clothes in the hamper and got dressed.

Carolyn was already waiting in bed for me. She looked worn out. I felt bad for putting her through so much tonight. It wasn't fair to her.

I climbed in bed and pulled her into my arms. She didn't try to fight me off, so at least she wasn't angry anymore.

"Sorry, honey. Didn't mean to stress you out tonight. I promise I'll talk to her tomorrow. I will make it work somehow."

"It's not your fault, Bill. She's just a teenager and she's a bit wild. We'll figure it all out. I don't want this summer to be stressful," Carolyn murmured.

I didn't know what else to say, so I just hugged her tighter. After only a few minutes, Carolyn was snoring lightly.

I could feel myself falling faster into unconsciousness, but I couldn't stop my mind from reeling. All of the things that had happened tonight came crashing down on me. Reality was starting to sink in.

I was torn between disgust and elation. I replayed the events between Cassie and me over and over in my head as I sunk into a deep and peaceful sleep.

The morning sunlight filtered through the curtains, forcing me awake. I noticed right away that I was alone in bed. I heard noise downstairs, so I figured Carolyn was already up and cooking.

With the haze of alcohol and sleep deprivation gone, I was suddenly very anxious. What if Cassie remembered what happened last night? I suppose in the heat of the moment I didn't realize that things could come back to bite me in the ass.

I never considered the very real possibility that Cassie would remember having sex with me. I had counted on the alcohol to erase her memory, and now I realized how foolish that truly was. Frankly, I was scared to leave the bedroom and face what was waiting for me.

After splashing my face with cold water, I got dressed in my favorite gray t-shirt and plaid sleep pants ensemble. Then, I slowly crept out of the room. I didn't hear voices, so I was hoping that Cassie was still asleep. I went into

the kitchen and found Carolyn there.

She was cooking breakfast, but I could tell by her body language that she was upset. She was still in her pajamas and her long dark green cotton robe. It didn't look like she had even bothered with her hair. She looked tired, with dark circles under her eyes.

She didn't greet me when I walked into the room, and that made me uneasy.

"Good morning," I murmured. Carolyn didn't turn towards me or stop what she was doing.

I heard her grumble something at me, but couldn't make out what it was. I was beginning to sweat. When we went to bed last night, everything had been fine. Or so I thought. So why was she upset now?

Had Cassie woken up already? Remembered everything and told Carolyn? Surely not. I was certain that Carolyn would not be making breakfast if Cassie had told her that we had fucked last night.

She would have been beating me senseless or packing her bags to leave. Or possibly both. I realized I wasn't breathing.

I inhaled sharply, and that caught her attention. She turned and shot me a dirty look. She was pissed.

"What?" she demanded.

"Nothing," I replied.

She grumbled under her breath again and turned back to the stove.

"What's wrong?" I asked after a few moments of silence. It was obvious she wasn't going to speak to me willingly.

"You really don't want me to answer that right now. I'm a little upset so it would be best if you would just leave me alone." She was stirring the eggs with a bit more force than usual.

"No, I'm not going to leave you alone. I want to know why you are upset. I thought we were okay when we went to bed last night...and now you're upset. So what happened?" I wasn't really sure if I wanted to know, but not knowing was driving me nuts.

"Fine...you really want to know? I heard you in your sleep last night. You were talking all damn night. Couldn't sleep because of it," she fumed.

My heart was pounding harder than ever, and once again I wasn't breathing. What in the fucking hell had I said in my sleep? That was about right. I was going to rat myself out without even knowing it. I couldn't remember much about my dreams last night, other than they were all about Cassie.

"What are you talking about?" I asked hesitantly.

"You were talking about Cassie all night long. What in the hell were you dreaming about exactly?" she asked brusquely.

"I have no idea. I don't remember dreaming about anything at all," I lied smoothly.

"Really? That's interesting. Cause all you were babbling about was her tits."

"Well, excuse the hell out of me. I went through something last night that I shouldn't have. I'm not surprised that I had nightmares about it," I rambled, hoping that my voice sounded innocent enough.

I stomped over to the dining room table and sat down without another word. I was so close to having my cover blown. I wasn't sure how much longer I was going to be able to keep this charade up.

I heard Carolyn sigh quietly. Then, she was behind me, hugging me tightly.

"Sorry. I know last night must have been hard for you. And I know I could be a little more understanding. It was just kind of weird to hear, is all."

I was trying to come up with a clever response when I heard Cassie coming down the stairs.

"Don't forget our agreement last night. You need to have a talk with her," Carolyn whispered in my ear.

"Mornin' honey," I said as cheerily as possible as Cassie stumbled into the kitchen.

At least she had changed out of that tight little top she had been wearing last night. She was now in a loose-fitting light blue t-shirt and a pair of blue and white striped

sleep shorts.

Unfortunately, she still wasn't wearing a bra. I did my best to avert my eyes before she could notice that I was staring at her chest.

She looked like she had been run over by a truck. She had a grimace on her face as she stared back at me.

"Uuuhhh," she grumbled as she shuffled over to the table and sat down beside me.

"So, how are you feeling this morning?" I queried. More importantly, I wanted to know what she remembered, but I couldn't very well question her about that.

"Ugh! I feel like shit! What the hell happened last night? The details are kind of fuzzy," she mumbled while she stifled a yawn.

Relief washed through me. If she had remembered what happened between us, she wouldn't be sitting next to me asking questions.

"Well, you had quite a night!" I said loudly. I knew what it felt like to be hung over, and I wasn't going to take it easy on her.

She was still my daughter, and she was still too young to be drinking, so I was going to have to talk some sense into her. I didn't want her driving drunk or getting arrested. Or sleeping around with random strangers.

She might be a legal adult, but she was still my responsibility while she was living here.

"Not so loud!" she protested.

"Sorry, honey. I forgot that you went out partying last night."

"Seriously...what happened?"

"You don't remember anything?"

"Not much. I went out to find a place to clear my head, and I drove by Bruce's. I saw a bunch of college kids hanging out in the parking lot, so I went in to check it out. I had something to eat and then some guy came up and asked if he could buy me a drink.

"I followed him to the bar and he bought me a couple of drinks. When he realized I wasn't just going to throw

myself at him, he left. I stayed at the bar and got slightly plastered.

“Some other college guy came up and started flirting with me...and then he asked me if I wanted to have a good time. He gave me a pill and told me to take it...that it would trip me out. It was stupid, I know...but I took it and that’s pretty much all I remember. I think he gave me another pill after that...but I can’t be sure.” Cassie kept her eyes on the table as she spoke, apparently ashamed to be telling all of this to me.

It was hard to be mad at her. She was a stupid teenager. I had been ten times worse than her, so I had no right to judge her. But, I was still her father and I had an obligation to look out for her. I might not be doing the most awesome job of taking care of her, but at least I was trying.

“You remember quite a bit of it. I called you not long after that, worried that you hadn’t come home yet. I could tell you were drunk, and I was concerned about you driving yourself home. When you told me where you were, I drove over there to get you,” I explained.

I wasn’t sure if I should tell her that she took off with Chase. She was obviously upset with herself, and I didn’t want to make it worse.

“The guy that was with you tried to get you to leave with him, but I made you come home with me instead,” I lied.

Cassie finally met my gaze, and she looked relieved. Carolyn, who had been silent through our entire conversation, cleared her throat. She was heading to the table with a plate full of bacon and eggs, which she put in front of Cassie.

Cassie’s expression of relief changed to an expression of disgust almost instantly as the smell of the food hit her.

“Oh God! I’m gonna be sick!” She clamped her hand over her mouth and went running for the downstairs bathroom.

We both stared after Cassie as she streaked out of the room. As soon as Carolyn heard the bathroom door slam,

she turned her attention to me.

"What in the hell are you doing?" she whispered angrily.

"What?" I asked, though I knew exactly what she was talking about.

"Why didn't you tell her what happened last night? She needs to know!"

"I don't think it's a good idea. She doesn't remember it at all. Besides, I don't think it's very smart to tell her that I followed her and sat by while she boinked some stranger in the park!"

Carolyn was thinking through what I had just told her. I hoped that she would agree with me, because the thought of having to tell Cassie more details about last night was making my stomach churn.

Carolyn sighed heavily and put her hand on her hip as she responded.

"Fine...if you think it's best for her. I still think she should know. Maybe that would keep her from getting into trouble in the future."

She had a point. If Cassie knew that she had gotten drunk and slept with someone as a result, it would surely influence her future decisions. However, I still thought it would be best to keep quiet about it.

"Look, let me talk to her. I will find out how she was buying the booze. If she's got a fake ID, I'll take it away. We'll set some rules about her behavior, and if she breaks the rules, we'll punish her.

"If she's smart, she'll listen to us and straighten up. If she keeps being stupid, though, we'll tell her...as a deterrent. Sound good?" I waited for another minute as Carolyn deliberated.

"Okay. But you need to be firm with her. She needs to know that we are serious," Carolyn replied.

The rest of the morning went by quickly. Cassie eventually came out of the bathroom, and passed on breakfast. She sprawled out on the couch, and Carolyn brought her cold ginger ale to help ease her queasiness. After a few aspirins and some rest, Cassie started to feel

better.

I waited until she was fully awake and headache-free before I started in on my lecture. She knew it was coming when I sat down beside her on the couch.

Carolyn was nice enough to go outside and soak up some sun while I tried to talk some sense into Cassie.

"You know we need to talk, right?" I asked quietly as I took a seat.

She straightened up on the couch and flipped the TV off.

"Yeah, I know. I figured it was only a matter of time. Thanks for at least letting my hangover go away first."

"Look, I don't want to drag it all up again and talk for hours. You know that's not my style," I started.

Cassie shook her head, knowing damn well that I hated having personal conversations like this...especially with her.

"You messed up last night, and you could have gotten into some serious trouble. How were you able to buy booze?" I inquired.

"I got a fake ID from a friend before I came here," she admitted.

"You know I'm going to take it, right?" I asked. I was fully prepared for her refusal, so her response surprised me.

"Yeah. It's okay...you can have it. I don't know what I was thinking. I could have been in some deep shit last night if it wasn't for you, dad. Thanks for bailing my ass out. It won't happen again." She was fiddling with the hem on her shirt as she spoke.

I was blown away. I was expecting screaming and yelling and rebellion from her, but she just gave in. She was more grown-up than I gave her credit for.

"Wow. I'm not sure what to say to that, honey. Not that I'm not proud of you for being an adult about this..."

"It's fine, dad. You don't have to explain. I'm just really relieved that I didn't do something really bad last night. I was afraid that I had done something I would have regretted for the rest of my life. But you were there to stop

me and keep me safe. I'll make it up to you by being on my best behavior. I know you and Carolyn didn't have to let me move in, and I really do appreciate it. I'm not going to take it for granted."

Guilt flooded through me. If only she knew that I hadn't saved her last night at all. I had taken advantage of her, and had allowed someone else to use her while I looked on. And then, due to my own guilt, I kept it all a secret.

It was almost too much to handle. I was on the verge of telling her everything that occurred. I stopped myself just in time before I spilled my guts.

"It's okay, honey. You made a mistake. God knows I've made more than my fair share of mistakes over the years." *And still am*, I tacked on mentally.

Cassie didn't say anything else for a few minutes. I sensed that she had something else she wanted to talk about, so I waited patiently. When she began crying, I almost lost it.

I leaned over and put my arm around her shoulders. For once in my pathetic existence, I wasn't turned on by her, and for that I was grateful. I was just her dad...there to comfort her and make it better if I could.

"What's wrong? Are you still upset about last night?" I asked.

"No. Well...yes, but not about anything that happened at the bar. It was before all that...something with work. I got freaked out and needed to get out of the house for a while. I was so stressed. I don't normally act like that... you know that. I can't believe I was so stupid," she said with remorse in her voice.

I was frozen. Somehow, I had completely forgotten about the incident that had caused her to flee the house. My stupidity in the chat room...revealing that I knew who she really was.

I knew I had scared her senseless and she went binge drinking. It was all my fault. But, I couldn't fess up to it without giving away my secret. I would have to try to find some way to calm her down and reassure her.

"Stop worrying about it! It's over now...and we can put

it behind us. Really. Carolyn and I aren't even mad at you. We were just worried about you...and now you're home safe and sound and you have learned your lesson. Now, what about work has you so upset?"

I could tell my voice was a little shaky, but I was hoping she couldn't hear that.

"It's nothing...don't worry about it," she whispered.

"I will worry about it. It will help if you talk about it, you know."

I released her, sensing it was hard enough to talk about it without having to be so close to me. I scooted over to my end of the couch and waited. I could tell she was trying to figure out what to tell me.

"Okay...you know what I do. I'm perfectly fine with my career. However, I never considered the idea that someone I know would have a session with me. It's almost impossible that someone I know would stumble across the site I work for and find me by accident.

"But, it happened. Last night during a session...a new customer came into the chat room and all was going well until they referred to me by my actual name. I always use a fake name in my sessions. It kind of freaked me out. When I questioned him, he disconnected our chat.

"That's when I left. I thought about telling Carolyn, but I wasn't sure how much she knew about my work. I didn't really want to drag her into it. So, I decided to go out. I just wasn't thinking right last night. I'm still freaked out. I don't know what to do about it."

I concentrated on my breathing, working to sound calm when I answered her. I had to find some way to make her believe that this incident wasn't worth looking into.

"You know a lot of people, Cassie. Isn't it possible that someone could have found you?"

"No, I don't think so. Do you know how many sites there are out there that do what we do? Tons! What are the odds of someone finding the site I work for? And not to mention there are hundreds of models on our site alone. I don't really think it was an accident."

"Okay...then let me ask you this. Besides me and your

mother, does anyone else know you do this? Any of your friends from school?" I asked, hoping desperately that she had confided in someone that could have potentially shared her secret.

"Well...I did tell Fiona after we graduated," she said slowly.

Relief again. I was able to breath. She had told someone. Fiona had been her best friend for the last couple of years. They had met shortly after Cassie relocated.

"But there is no way Fiona would have said anything to anyone. She promised!" Cassie said.

"She might have let it slip. Or she might have confided in someone she thought would keep the secret but didn't. It's possible, honey. I don't think she would have done it to hurt you.

"I'm just saying...it's possible that someone you know found you. Either by accident or by word of mouth. It's probably some dude from school that had a crush on you," I teased, hoping to convince her.

"I don't know. It's still creepy. Most guys video chat with me...they want me to see them. Very few come in anonymously. I don't know if I'm going to be comfortable working for them anymore."

"Well, don't. Didn't you just say that there were tons of sites out there? Go find another one. Ask your friends online...you said there were a couple of people on the site that you talked to before. I'm sure they know of other good sites.

"You can probably even retain your old customers if you wanted to. Just let them know what site you're going to and I'd bet they would follow you. That way, whoever had found you most likely wouldn't be able to know where you went."

Cassie had a look of amazement on her face. "Wow. I figured you would tell me to get out of the business entirely, and now you're giving me advice on how to stay in it," she said with a chuckle. "You're way too laid back nowadays. What is Carolyn putting in your coffee to make

you so mellow?" she said jokingly.

"Haha...very funny. I don't particularly want you to stay in the business, but you should be able to do what you want. And like you said...you'll never be able to make as much money at any other job while you go to school. As long as you're getting an education and being safe, then I don't care."

"Thanks, dad. You always know what to say to make it better. I'm going to go email my friend online to see if she has any suggestions. I think you're right. It's probably just some loser from school.

"Oh well. No harm done, I guess. I'll just move sites and I won't worry about it anymore. And this time I'll keep my mouth shut about where I'm working," she said as she stood up.

She leaned down to give me a hug as she passed. I hugged her back, glad I could help her.

She took off up the stairs and I heard her door slam shut. Well, that was one crisis taken care of, I hoped. On the down side, I wasn't going to know where she was working now, and I wouldn't be able to have any other sessions with her.

And that was fine. I made myself a promise that I would get over my infatuation with her for good. I had crossed the line last night, and it could have blown up in my face. Luckily, it hadn't. But, if I kept it up, eventually something would get me.

I swore to leave Cassie alone. I would not think about it again. I had Carolyn, and she was more than I deserved. I should learn to appreciate her before I fucked it all up.

I headed to the back yard to find Carolyn. She would be pleased to hear about the progress I had made with Cassie.

Things were going to be good now. Like they should have been all along. I would try to enjoy the summer with Cassie before she was off to college, and once she was gone, I would put all of this nonsense behind me.

Several weeks went by without incident. We all fell into a comfortable routine around the house. I went to the office only when necessary so I could be around the house as much as possible. Carolyn was happy that things had calmed down, and she settled back into housework and cooking.

Cassie happily handed over her fake ID and had been on her best behavior. She switched to a new site after her friend had given her a few good places to start, and she was pleased with her new employers. For a select few of her clients, she had given out her new site information, and they dutifully followed her.

It wasn't long before her clients were built back up again, and she was surprised to be making more money than ever. She stayed pretty busy during the afternoons and evenings.

When she wasn't working, Cassie spent as much time with me and Carolyn as possible. Carolyn was happy to have a shopping partner, and I often came home to an empty house.

I should have been upset that they were always out spending money, but I was just glad things were back to normal and happy to see Carolyn and Cassie getting along so well.

I was beginning to think I was over Cassie, since several weeks had gone by and I hadn't felt the need to spy on her. I still found myself thinking about her occasionally, but I would force myself to stop. I was hoping that since I had finally gotten what I had desired that I wouldn't lust after her any longer.

Things were better than ever between Carolyn and I, and she noticed the difference. She probably figured I was just happy to have Cassie around. Our sex life was rejuvenated after a couple of years of repetition.

All in all, things were great. Cassie still had over a month before she was off to college, so we were making the best of our time with her.

I should have known that it wouldn't last. It was all a

little too good to be true, and that should have warned me. It was heading downhill, but I didn't realize it until it was too late.

It had been almost a month since the "park incident". It was already after dark that day when I got off of work. I had just gotten home when I noticed that Carolyn's car was gone. I assumed that she and Cassie were off shopping again.

My assumptions were confirmed after walking through the house but finding no one. I headed upstairs to change out of my work clothes. I was planning on having a few beers on the deck in the backyard...or maybe even turning on the hot tub and soaking for a little while.

I padded downstairs wearing only a pair of thin cotton shorts, in case I decided to soak. I grabbed a couple of cold beers out of the fridge and headed out the back door. As soon as I opened the back door, I realized that I had been wrong.

I was not home alone, after all. I froze halfway through the door as I spotted Cassie. She was getting out of the hot tub, wearing only a bikini bottom. She was dripping wet, breasts hanging out.

She was reaching for a towel she had put on the side of the hot tub when she realized I was standing frozen in the doorway.

I turned and walked back into the house, mortified. I didn't know she was home...much less half-naked and in the hot tub. If I had known that, I wouldn't have gone outside.

I stood in the living room, unable to move. I was less than surprised when all of my previous feelings for Cassie came rushing back. And of course, my penis was starting to get erect. All I was wearing was flimsy shorts...which wouldn't hide my dick at all.

I quickly made my way up the stairs and changed into some blue jean shorts and t-shirt. I heard Cassie pass by in the hallway on the way to her bedroom. When I heard her door close, I quietly went downstairs and turned on the TV.

I didn't want to tempt myself by staying in the bedroom with an erection. I knew where that would lead.

A few minutes later, Cassie came downstairs and found me flipping through the channels. I didn't say anything as she walked into the living room.

"Dad...about earlier..." she mumbled as she hesitated by the couch.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know you were home," I said sheepishly.

"It's my fault. I never should have taken my top off. It's your house, you have a right to be in your own back yard without having to worry about catching me naked," she explained. By the tone in her voice, it sounded as if she thought I was mad at her.

"It's okay. I'm not upset with you, if that's what you're thinking. I just didn't want to embarrass you any more than I already had."

"Dad, I show my boobs off for a living...I let go of any embarrassment about being naked a long time ago."

"Well, I guess that's a good point. Let's just forget it happened, okay?" I suggested.

I was sincerely going to try and forget about it, but I seriously doubted I was going to have much success with it.

Already the image of Cassie being naked and wet was occupying my thoughts. It was everything I could do to carry on a conversation with her and keep my dick from bulging through my pants.

"Okay. It never happened," she said. Her voice didn't sound right.

"What's wrong? Is something else going on?" I asked, concerned.

"No...I just haven't been feeling very good the last couple of days so I thought maybe a dip in the hot tub would help me feel better."

I noticed she looked a little pale as she moved over to the recliner and sat down.

"You getting sick?" I asked stupidly. I didn't know what else to say or how to comfort her. I was out of my zone.

"Yeah, I think so. My throat is sore and my head has been hurting. I think I've been working too much. I haven't been getting a lot of sleep because of all the crazy hours I've been working."

"You should take a day or two off and get some rest," I recommended.

"Yeah...I think I will, actually. I wouldn't mind getting a break from the computer. Besides, Carolyn wanted to have a spa day with me. I think I'll take her up on that offer."

"That sounds like a good idea. Carolyn will love that," I said with a smile.

Carolyn came home a little while later, and we all ate dinner together. Cassie informed Carolyn about her intentions to take a couple of days off from work, and Carolyn immediately began making plans.

After dinner, we watched a little TV, but Cassie went to bed early and Carolyn wasn't far behind her. I stayed up late, watching TV in the dark. I couldn't get Cassie out of my head.

I could feel the obsession coming back stronger than ever. I thought I had been over my infatuation with her, but all it took was one look at her naked body to start it all up again.

I was already thinking of ways to spy on her again, trying to figure out how to be discreet. Thanks to my stupid chat room occurrence, Cassie had switched sites and I had no idea where she was working now.

I had gotten away with peeping at her once, but didn't dare try that again. I didn't know how else to watch her. And maybe that was a good thing. I knew I should have just let it go, but I could tell that I wasn't going to be able to do that.

As I sat up late that night, a brilliant idea came to me. The girls were having their spa day in two days, and they were going to be gone for hours. Maybe...maybe I could get some tiny cameras and put them up in Cassie's room. I really had no idea about how to use those spy cams, but it couldn't be that hard.

I immediately jumped up and grabbed my work computer. I connected to the internet and did some research. I found a wealth of information, and quickly educated myself. I found some awesome cameras that were so tiny and discreet they would never be found by anyone.

Since Cassie was in our guest bedroom, there were items already hanging on the walls. I could hide the cameras in numerous places and she would be none the wiser. What reason would she have for moving any of our things around?

I did a quick search and found that I was in luck. There was a small electronics store about twenty miles from here that sold the cameras I was interested in. They could be set up to record the material to a computer or a DVR. It was perfect...as long as I could get them set up before Cassie got back home.

I could record her sessions to my laptop and watch them later when I was alone. No one would know what was going on and I wouldn't have to worry about getting caught.

I knew it was wrong and a huge invasion of Cassie's privacy, but I made a mental promise to delete anything that didn't happen during one of her sessions. That way, I wouldn't be seeing anything she wasn't already showing to someone else.

I went to bed feeling a surge of excitement about tomorrow. I could sneak out and buy my equipment, and then install them the day after while I was home alone. Everything could be charged to my business credit card, and saved on my business computer.

I would be free to obsess in privacy without hurting Cassie or Carolyn. Plus, I would have files for future reference to watch after Cassie left for college.

I was eager to for the next morning to come, so I could get started on my convoluted plan.

The next day, I went to work as usual, but left early to stop by Mike's Electronics on the way home. The store

had everything I needed, and I headed home with my stash of surveillance equipment.

The salesman that helped me thought I was setting up a system to catch my wife cheating. I felt a little guilty about having to lie, but that guilt was pretty pale in comparison to the guilt I was having over spying on Cassie.

I would learn to live with it. I stashed my equipment in the trunk of the car and patiently waited for the next day so I could install it.

The morning came, and my mood was exuberant. Carolyn was also excited because she was going to be pampered all day. Even Cassie was energetic as she bounced down the stairs.

“How are you feeling today?” I asked.

“Much better. I think I was just exhausted. No more sore throat or headache. I’m looking forward to the massage today,” she said enthusiastically.

“Me too,” Carolyn chimed in.

They headed out the door, and I gave Carolyn a kiss as she left.

“Have a good day, you two.”

“We will, don’t worry!” Cassie called as she hopped into the front seat of Carolyn’s car.

“See you tonight,” Carolyn called as they pulled out of the driveway.

I waved as I watched them drive away. As soon as they were out of site, I went to my car and got the bags out. I dashed up the stairs and unloaded all of my goodies on Cassie’s bed.

The salesman had shown me a handy little camera that was installed in a casing that looked like a smoke detector. I swapped out the smoke detector that was already in Cassie’s room for the new one.

There was a detector in the hall, so I wasn’t really worried about taking the old one out of her room. After that camera was put up, I got the micro camera out and installed it in the a/c vent that was on the sidewall.

Now I had a view of her room from both sides, since

the smoke detector was installed on the wall instead of the ceiling. No matter which way she was facing, I would have a view. I followed the instructions that were given to me and set up the software on my laptop, then I tested the cameras to make sure they worked.

They did. It wasn't as good as if I were watching her through the door, but it would have to do. I had the ability to leave the cameras running constantly, or to turn them on via my laptop at the time of my choosing.

I kept them off, and would only turn them on at night when I knew she was working. That would minimize the chance of catching her doing something more private.

With everything installed and ready to go, I was now impatient for the girls to get home. The night passed slowly, and nothing held my interest for long.

I tried to do some work, since I didn't get much done at the office this morning, but that didn't last long. TV wasn't interesting, and I was too restless to sit in the hammock or hot tub.

To keep myself occupied, I decided to be nice and make dinner. I knew Carolyn would appreciate being able to come home to dinner after a day of relaxation.

I opted to make chicken and steak kebobs on the grill outside, since it would take longer and keep me busy.

By the time Carolyn and Cassie got home, I had dinner ready and waiting. Carolyn was thrilled, and, as usual, Cassie was starving.

After dinner, Cassie had to head upstairs to get ready for work. She claimed she had taken more than enough time off and was anxious to get back.

As Carolyn helped me clean up the dishes, we chatted about their day at the spa. I was in a rush so I could go to my laptop and set the cameras to record.

"It was so nice to relax. I wish we could do that more often. Cassie really seemed like she had a good time!"

"That's good. I'm glad you two had fun," I said enthusiastically.

I finished drying the dishes and tried to make my escape. I didn't want to seem impatient, but I didn't

want to miss anything that was going on upstairs.

“Honey, I need to go check my email real quick. I promised my boss I would review something for him tonight, but I haven’t gotten the file yet. I’ll be back in a few minutes, okay?”

“Sure, honey. Take your time. I think I’m going to watch some TV. Don’t feel like doing anything else,” she said as she put the dishes away.

I went into the living room and pulled out my laptop. I opened the software and activated the cameras. The screen flickered and then Cassie was visible.

She was changing into something that looked promising. I reluctantly closed the screen, hoping that I had set up everything correctly and that the files would save.

I put my laptop away, and would check the files later when I was alone and able to enjoy them. Carolyn got finished in the kitchen and we watched some TV together for a couple of hours.

Cassie came downstairs to get a drink and tell us she was done for the night. She was worn out, and was heading to bed.

“I think I’m going to go take a bath and go to bed myself,” Carolyn informed me as she got up and stretched. “Doing nothing all day sure is draining,” she teased.

“You go ahead. I’ll be up in a little while. Not quite tired yet,” I said.

“Okay. Don’t stay up too late, tiger.” She winked at me as she climbed the stairs.

I waited until I was sure neither of them were coming back downstairs. When I was sure I was alone, I grabbed my laptop and headed outside. I didn’t want to be in the house while I was watching...just in case.

I sat in one of the lawn chairs and angled it to face the back door. I wasn’t risking the chance of being caught.

There were two new files saved to my computer, and I nervously opened up the first one. This one was from the angle of the a/c vent. But, Cassie had her laptop

positioned in the corner, so I was only seeing her back.

I closed the file and opened the next one. This one was from the vantage point of the smoke detector. This time, I could see Cassie from the front. It was almost as if she was performing for me instead of the loser on her computer.

I adjusted the volume so I could barely hear it. I didn't want the neighbors to know what I was doing in case they were outside this late.

I watched carefully, waiting for the good stuff to start. Cassie changed out of her shorts and shirt. She went into her closet off screen. When she stepped back into view, she was wearing something that nearly stopped my heart.

She looked like a dominatrix. She had what appeared to be a whip in her hand. Her outfit was leather...black and red, and super tight. It was a snug fitting top and bottom...that didn't leave much to imagination.

She was so fucking hot. I watched as she put on some lipstick and jiggled her boobs around to make them fit in her top. Then, she strolled over to her laptop and typed a few keys.

She waited for a minute, tapping her foot impatiently. Finally, she reacted to something on her screen. A smile lit up her face.

"Well, hey there, studly. I haven't seen you in a while," she said to the man on her screen.

"It has been a while. I was so glad you contacted me to let me know you changed sites. That was really cool," the man replied.

"You are such a great customer. I really enjoy our time together...I didn't want to lose you," she said warmly.

"You look...so amazing. I really love that outfit," he complimented.

"Well...I hope you don't like it *too* much. It's about to come off," Cassie teased.

I watched her as she slipped one strap down on her shoulder. The man on the screen groaned.

"What's the matter, Angelo? Is this turning you on? I'm not going to go too fast...I want to take it nice and slow

tonight.”

So Angelo, was it? Now I had a name for the asshole. I watched as Cassie reached over and turned on her stereo beside her bed. Some sort of weird techno-pop music came on, and she started dancing around.

Apparently Angelo enjoyed that quite a bit.

“Oh yeah, baby. You know I loved it when you strip for me! Oooh! So fucking hot!” Angelo whispered fiercely.

I tried to tune him out...he was ruining my buzz. I focused my attention on Cassie as she continued her strip tease. She looked like a professional stripper. She wiggled around the room, dancing seductively.

After a few minutes of dancing, she began the stripping part. My dick was already hard and waiting. She eased her straps on her top off. I heard Angelo grunting. He must have already been spanking it.

Ugh! It would be so much better if he weren't on the video. Oh well...I'd have to take what I could get. I hunkered down in the chair and pulled the laptop even closer.

I felt like a damn stalker! Here I was, sitting in the dark in the back yard, spying on my daughter as she was stripping for another man. All I needed was a frickin' hooded sweatshirt and I would be complete.

At this point, Cassie had stripped out of her top. Her enormous breasts were bounced up and down as she continued to dance for Angelo. She grabbed a bottle of what appeared to be massage oil off of her nightstand, and doused herself with the liquid.

I drooled as I watched the thick, clear liquid ooze down her chest. She flung the bottle on her bed and began massaging her breasts. They were wet and slippery, and I was about to die. If only I could have slipped my dick between them again.

I remembered how wonderful it had felt to titty-fuck her. That had been almost as good as fucking her pussy. I wasn't sure how in the world I was going to be able to stand watching this without wanting to fuck her.

She slid her wet hands up and down her breasts,

massaging her nipples as she passed over them. They were erect...and magnificent. I wished I could put them in my mouth. Angelo seemed to have the same idea that I did. Stupid asshole.

"Oh, baby! If I could only be there with you. I would treat you right. Mmmm...I bet those nipples taste so good. I want them in my mouth right now!" he exclaimed.

"I know...it's a shame. I wish you were here too, sexy man. I'd love to see that big, fat cock in person," Cassie said seductively.

I was glad I couldn't see her computer screen. I didn't want to see Angelo's dick being pumped.

Cassie began dancing again, and I was mesmerized by the way her tits jiggled and swayed as she moved. She rubbed all over her plump belly as she bounced, sending Angelo into a frenzy.

"Come on! I can't take it any more! Please! I'm begging you!" he pleaded.

Cassie stopped and looked at the screen as she answered him.

"What, baby? What do you want?" she asked with a grin.

"I need it! Please! I need to see it! Come on! Show it to me! I've been dreaming about your pussy since the first time I saw you! I can't take it! I need to see it!"

Hah! Good luck with that pal. She doesn't show that off to her customers. But I felt for him. Cassie had such an amazing pussy...it really was too bad for him. I knew what it looked like, what it smelled like, and what it felt like. It was the most remarkable pussy ever.

And it wasn't for him. Okay...so it wasn't for me, either. But still. At least I knew something about her that all the jerk-offs online didn't know.

So I was shocked when she broke her own rule about not revealing anything below the waist.

"You know, Angelo...you really are my most favorite customer. You've been good to me. And you're not creepy like most of them are. So, why not? Let's go for it!" she squealed with delight.

“What? Are you serious? Don’t play with me! It’s not right to mess with me like that!” he said in exasperation.

“Who said I’m messing with you, hot stuff? I think I’ll bend my rule for you. I’m not saying I’m gonna do this every time...but I think you deserve it.”

“Holy shit! Holy fucking shit! I’m gonna put my dick away...cause if I don’t I won’t be able to hold off for long! I can’t believe this! This is the greatest night ever!!” he said jubilantly.

I was fuming. What in the hell? So much for her rule! Now she was just going to show it off to whatever low life she was chatting with?

I really shouldn’t have been upset. This meant that I got to see her pussy as well. And that was good news for me. I was worried that I wouldn’t get to see it again.

I observed Cassie as she backed away from her computer screen and began dancing again. She reached down with her hands and slid them under the edge of her leather panties.

She slowly pulled them down, watching her screen. Just a bit of her crotch was showing. She was gauging Angelo’s reaction.

It must have been good, because a wide grin spread across her face.

“Are you enjoying this, stud?” she asked. She had stopped pulling her panties down, waiting for his response.

“Fuck! You have no idea. Please! Stop teasing me! I’m going to explode! Just rip those bitches off and shove your pussy in the camera!” he requested.

“Mmmm...I like it when you tell me what to do! It turns me on!”

She yanked her panties off, and they fell to the floor. She stepped out of them, and kicked them across the room. Then, she took her laptop across the room with her and put it on the bed.

The view was still okay. Not as good as it was, but it would do. Cassie propped one leg up on the bed, close to the laptop. She was showing her crotch off...putting it

right in the camera, just like he asked her to.

“Holy...fucking...shit! That is the nicest twat I’ve ever seen! Oh God! I bet it’s tight and delicious! I would pay a million dollars to be there right now. I can only imagine how it would feel to slide my dick in there and pound it!” Angelo said.

His reaction seemed to please Cassie. She held one finger up to the camera.

“Hold on...I’ve got something for you.” She ran to the side of her bed and knelt down. I knew what she was planning to do.

She got back up, with her giant purple dildo in hand. She climbed onto the bed and repositioned the laptop to face her. She spread her legs on either side of the computer, giving Angelo an up-close view.

“How’s that, baby?” she asked.

“Oh...it can’t get any better!” he assured her.

Cassie reached down and spread her pussy wide open. I could tell it was already dripping wet. She must really get off on what she does. She was always dripping wet! Dammit! I would have given anything to fuck that pussy right now.

Cassie held her pussy wide open with one hand, and used her other hand to lightly massage her clit. She had her head propped up so she could watch Angelo as he watched her.

I could hear him beating his meat...and I was jealous. I wished I could spank off to her while she watched.

“Oh, sexy girl! You have no idea what you’re doing to me!”

“I think I do! And I’m enjoying every second of it!”

Cassie shoved two of her fingers deep into her pussy. They slid right in, since she was already lubed up. She leaned her head back and moaned softly. She began pumping her fingers in and out of her swiftly.

She kept that up for a few minutes, occasionally looking up at Angelo and smiling at him. Fucking asshole. I hated him.

She had apparently turned herself on, and was really

getting into it. She yanked her fingers out, and hastily grabbed the dildo that was beside her. She thrust the massive dildo into her twat, ramming it in as far as it would go. She dildo was buried in her pussy.

"Fuck yeah! Shove that bitch in deep! Oh fuck! I wish it was my dick! I would tear that pussy up! I would fuck your damn brains out, baby!" Angelo huffed as he wanked off even harder.

"Oh yeah! Keep talking, baby! I love it when you talk dirty to me! I wish you were here too! I've never wanted a dick as bad as I want yours! I wish you could get behind me and just fuck me hard. I love it doggy-style...I bet you'd be so fucking good at it!" Cassie said breathlessly.

She continued to pump the dildo in and out of her as fast as she could. She was grinding against it, gyrating her hips to make it go deeper.

"Oh, I'll talk dirty to you! Fuck yeah! Anything to see that beautiful pussy of yours! I would ram my dick so deep in you! I'd get behind you and grab that sexy ass of yours...slap it and watch it bounce as I fucked you.

"I'd grab those massive tits of yours as they bounced back and forth. Then I'd flip you over and put your legs up over your head while I kept on pounding you! And those nipples...mmm...those nipples would be in my mouth."

Cassie was definitely turned on by Angelo. She was breathing heavily as she pounded her pussy with her dildo.

"Oh yeah...put that dick up in the camera. I want to see you jerking it! Fuck yeah! Just like that! Oh God! Your dick is so big! I want to put it in my mouth! I would suck the fuck out of your dick and make you cum in my mouth!" She grunted and groaned as she watched the computer screen.

My dick was about to bust out of my pants. I didn't think I was going to be able to ignore it any longer. I quickly unzipped my shorts and pulled it out. I gave it a couple of quick strokes with my right hand and balanced the computer with my left hand.

I would have to be very careful. I couldn't make too

much noise, and I didn't want to shoot my load all over my work computer. My dick was actually beginning to ache, so I began to rub my hand up and down the shaft, enjoying the sensation.

It wasn't as good as Cassie's pussy by any means, but I could pretend. I focused on Cassie as she pulled the giant, dripping dildo out of her and flung it on the floor.

She used two of her fingers and began to stimulate her plump clit. She was watching Angelo as he spanked off, enjoying it more than I cared for.

Her back began to arch as she neared climax. She rubbed her clit vigorously with her fingers, moaning and whimpering under her breath.

"Cum for me, baby! I need to see it! Please! Cum for me! Show me how much you want me!" Cassie panted.

I was beating my dick even harder now. I was getting close to cumming, but I wanted to prolong it, so I slowed down a bit.

"You...have...no...idea!" Angelo grunted one final time and then I heard him explode. It was disgusting sounding. I could literally hear the liquid shooting out of him.

Cassie's face lit up and her mouth popped open as she watched. She rubbed even harder on her clit, really grinding it with her fingers.

"Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah! Just like that...right there! Right there! Oh yeah...fuck yeah...fuck yeah! Oh baby!" she gasped.

She threw her head back and closed her eyes. Her legs drew up as she tensed her entire body. Her tits were jiggling as her body rocked back and forth. Then, Cassie finally orgasmed. She cried out as she began quivering with pleasure.

"Fuck yeah, baby! Get it! Cum for me, princess! Oh yeah! Cum for Angelo!!"

Finally, Cassie exhaled loudly and her whole body relaxed. She dropped her hands to her sides and started giggling.

"I can't believe I just did that," she admitted.

"I'm so glad you did. That was amazing. You have the

most beautiful body I've ever seen," he complimented her.

He wasn't able to really appreciate her. He had no idea how truly amazing she was. The computer didn't do her justice. I jerked on my dick, remembering my time with Cassie in the park.

I wasn't going to be able to keep it up much longer. I could feel it building up inside of me. I was a bit smug, knowing that *Angelo* would never get to be with Cassie... and yet I had. What a schmuck.

"I'm glad you liked it. I've never done that before, but dammit you just get to me!" She sat up on the bed and leaned in towards the camera.

"I kind of like that I get to you!" Angelo teased.

"Look...I don't normally get involved with my clients. Well, I *never* get involved with my clients. It's kind of a general rule. You never really know someone online.

"But, we've been doing this for a while now and I kind of feel a connection with you. I've never felt that with anyone else," Cassie admitted.

"Wow. I can't believe this. Why in the world would you want anything to do with someone like me?" he asked.

"You seem like a really great guy. You're not just here for the sexual aspect of it. You get me...you know just what to say and how to turn me on. We always end up talking when our time is up. You care enough to get to know me," she said softly.

"Well, that's because you're someone worth knowing. I wish you'd give me a chance, Shanna."

At least she hadn't given him her real name, but I didn't like where this conversation was headed.

"Okay...so I think I should tell you that Shanna isn't my real name," she confessed. "I just use that name online... to keep my real identity safe."

"Oh. I guess I hadn't thought about that...but that's pretty smart. Hey...it's cool. I'll call you whatever you want me to."

"I want you to use my real name, Angelo. It's Cassie."

"Cassie? That's really pretty...it fits you much better than Shanna. So...Cassie...why don't we get to know

each other? I mean...outside of chat.”

“I would like that. Why don’t I give you my email address? We can talk about something other than sex.” She gave him a friendly smile.

“That would be really great. I’m looking forward to getting to know you better. Thanks for trusting me,” he said. He hesitated for a moment before he spoke again. “Look, I gotta go...I have to get to work. I’ve kinda got two jobs right now. Saving up for something and the night shift pays really well.”

“Oh...okay. Well, I typed my email into the chat box. Email me if you want. I know you’re probably busy.”

“Don’t worry. You’ll have an email when you wake up in the morning. I wish we could talk longer, but I’ve gotta jet or I’m gonna be late. Have a good night...Cassie.”

“You too, Angelo. Talk to you soon,” she replied.

She sighed and hit a few keys on her laptop. I watched as she collapsed back on her bed, throwing her arm over her face. She moaned to herself and began grumbling.

“What the fuck was that, Cassie? What in the hell are you doing? You know you can’t get involved with these guys! Argh!!”

It didn’t seem like anything else was going to happen, so I closed the file and turned my computer off. My dick was still stiff as a rod, but my hand just wasn’t doing it tonight.

I was too caught up with Cassie and her new friend. I tried to push it out of my head. She was an adult and she was allowed to do what she wanted.

I stood up, and tried to zip my pants up, but realized my dick was too hard. I gave up, letting it poke out of the top of my shorts, and walked into the house. I put my laptop back in its bag, and tiptoed up the stairs.

I was hoping Carolyn was still awake, because I was horny and in need of some pussy. And I was trying not to think about Cassie...sleeping at the end of the hall. She was probably naked in bed, her wet pussy all alone and in need of some cock.

I picked up the pace as I strode to the bedroom. I

stopped dead in my tracks when I reached the top of the stairs. Cassie was walking down the hallway towards me. She was completely naked, breasts swinging as she walked. She was looking straight at me and kept on walking. I wondered idly if I was dreaming.

My breath caught in my throat. This wasn't going to help my boner at all.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

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