

SUMMER VACATION

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AN EBOOK SERIAL



CHAPTER 6

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A STORY OF SECRECY & DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
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CHAPTER 6

Carolyn

Sunday morning

"I don't know, Constance. I tell ya...it was the weirdest shit I'd ever seen. I don't know if I'm gonna make it the whole damn summer with that girl in the house!" I fumed as I tried to sip on my tea. It wasn't helping to calm me like my dear sister thought it would.

"That is weird. I've never heard such a thing before! Poor Cassie. I know it had to be so tough on her when her folks split up. Stress-induced sleepwalking...who knew?" Connie replied as she shook her head.

"I do feel bad for her, but at the same time, I just don't want to deal with it," I mumbled as I avoided eye contact with Connie.

"You just have to be patient and understanding. Obviously her mother isn't too concerned about her. What a shame!"

I watched as Connie slowly stood up from her recliner. She crossed the small living room and patted me on the shoulder.

"It will all be okay, Carolyn. Bill was right in sending you away for a few days. You just need a little break. I'm going to get some more tea," she advised as she shuffled off to the kitchen.

I loved my sister dearly. She had always been there for me when I needed her. Connie was only three years old when I came along, but she always took care of me as a kid. And still was.

I had always kind of envied her, because she took after our father, and I took after our mother. She had beautiful blue eyes, light sandy-blond hair, and a tall, slender figure. She also looked like she was still in her thirties instead of her mid forties.

I wasn't so lucky when it came to the gene pool. I was short and fat, and had always resented Connie just a little for always being able to eat what she wanted and never gain a pound.

I was lost in thought when Connie came back in the living room with a pot of fresh tea. I don't know why she insisted I drink it...it wasn't doing a damn bit of good and I was feeling more agitated than ever.

I had arrived at her house yesterday morning, after a short two-hour drive. After what happened two nights ago, Bill suggested I take a few days for myself.

I was reluctant at first, but I soon realized that I needed to get away from all the craziness at the house.

Connie had been gracious enough to let me stay with her while Bill dealt with Cassie. I hadn't planned on spilling everything that had been going on, but I needed to get it off my chest.

I hadn't told her about the worst part yet, since I was trying to figure out the best way to tell her. I figured it would be a good idea to just blurt it out.

"Well, the sleepwalking isn't really the problem with Cassie. It's even stranger than that," I admitted as she refilled my cup.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"There was a problem a couple of nights ago. You see, when we caught Cassie sleepwalking the first time, she was...um...naked."

I paused, anticipating a reaction from Connie, but she just stared at me, waiting for me to continue. That made me smile a little as I continued.

"So, we've been trying to keep a watch on her since she isn't really aware of what she's doing while she's sleepwalking. Bill has been staying on the couch downstairs...just in case.

"I heard Cassie's door creak open Friday night. It was kind of late, so I figured it was happening again. I wasn't going to get up, but then I was worried that Bill might not hear her or something, so I decided to go see what was going on.

"When I got to the stairs, I nearly had a heart attack. Cassie was naked, straddling Bill on the couch. I didn't know what to think."

Just thinking about it got my blood boiling again. It was a mix of anger and shock...and maybe a bit of jealousy.

"Wow. Did not see that one coming. What did you do?" Connie asked. Her mouth was hanging open in shock.

"I ran downstairs and asked him what the hell was going on. You should have seen the look on his face. He was totally stunned. Cassie was completely zoned out.

"I had to help get her off of him. He had been sleeping on the couch when Cassie had come down the stairs and climbed on him. He had tried to wake her up, but it's almost impossible to get her to snap out of it.

"I felt so bad about yelling at him. I mean...I knew nothing was going on. That's his daughter, for crying out loud. But I couldn't help my reaction...at least not at the time.

"We got Cassie back upstairs and into bed, then Bill calmed me down. That's when he suggested that I get away for a while. I was more stressed than I realized. He's supposed to be taking her back to the doctor tomorrow. We don't really know what else to do with her."

I sat quietly and sipped my tea as Connie processed everything I had just told her.

"That's...really disturbing, Carolyn. I hope they can find a way to help her. I know it's hard for you and Bill, but just imagine how Cassie must feel!"

"Oh, she was horrified the first time it happened. She was so disoriented when we finally got her to wake up. She was upset about the whole ordeal. But it's just getting to the point where it is overwhelming.

"You know about all the other stuff that happened a couple of weeks ago...binge drinking and then her line of

work...it's just too much to handle."

"I know it feels that way, but she won't be living with you much longer. Summer won't last forever...and she'll head off to school and things will quiet down. You just have to hang in there. At least you have Bill to lean on. He'll get you through it," Connie comforted.

"Yes, that's true. Bill has been great...and I haven't once stopped to think how stressful all this must be for him. Poor guy. But you're right...it's not like this is a permanent living arrangement. She'll be off to college soon and we can put this all behind us."

Connie sensed that I needed a change of subject, so she started talking about a new book she was reading. We made plans to visit the mall the next day, and try a new Italian restaurant in town.

I was really glad to be with my sister...it was just what I needed. Bill was right, as usual. I would have to find a way to thank him for letting me get away for a few days. I just hoped that he wasn't under too much stress himself while he was trying to deal with Cassie.

Bill

Sunday afternoon

The sunlight of a new day filled the bedroom. I stretched and yawned, trying to wake up. I realized that I had to pee pretty badly...but I wasn't ready to crawl out of bed yet. Must have had more booze than I thought. It felt like my bladder was going to explode.

I flopped over onto my side and very nearly screamed. Beside me in the bed, Cassie was asleep...and naked. I clamped my hand over my mouth to keep any sound from escaping. I didn't want to wake her up.

I realized that I was also naked...and that was unusual. I slowly slid out of the bed and ran into the bathroom,

shutting the door behind me. After emptying my bladder, I splashed my face with cold water.

As the haze of sleep wore off, the events from the previous night came flooding back. I apparently had way too much to drink the night before. I was completely hung over. And considering that Cassie was in my bed, I couldn't pretend that everything I remembered was just a dream.

I gripped the counter for support. What had happened last night? What had I done? And what the hell was I going to do now?

And yesterday had started out as such a normal day. I was telling Carolyn goodbye...

Saturday morning

"Are you sure you'll be okay?" Carolyn asked as she put her bag in the trunk of the car.

"We will be fine! Go! You need a break from all of this. I promise you'll feel better...you just need to relax. I'll call first thing on Monday and get Cassie in to see the doctor," I assured her.

I kissed her and gave her a hug, and then she climbed into the car. She still looked worried. After last night, I was surprised that she had agreed to leave. I wasn't sure if she suspected anything or not. I was probably just being paranoid.

"Fine. Just promise to call me if anything happens. I'll be back on Tuesday. I'm going to miss you," she said sadly.

"I'll miss you too, honey. It's just a couple of days. You'll be back before you know it," I said cheerily.

"I'll call you when I get there."

"Okay. Drive safely...and tell Connie I said hi. I'll talk to you soon." I shut her car door and watched as she backed out of the driveway. She waved and then drove away.

I headed back in the house to get something to eat. Cassie was still asleep, and probably would be for a while. She was always exhausted after sleepwalking.

I wondered if she would remember anything about last night at all. Carolyn and I had managed to get her back to bed without waking her, so she probably would have no clue what went on.

After breakfast, I took a shower and got dressed. We had all planned on doing something together this weekend, but now it would just be me and Cassie.

I hung out in the back yard, waiting for her to wake up. She still wasn't awake when Carolyn called to tell me that she had made it to Connie's house.

Finally, Cassie got up and came downstairs. She found me in the yard, relaxing on my hammock. She looked like she was still half-asleep.

"Mornin' dad. Where's Carolyn?" she asked as she yawned and stretched.

"Carolyn went to stay with her sister for a few days," I explained.

"Oh. I thought we were going to hang out this weekend. Why did she leave?" Cassie asked.

"You don't remember last night?" I asked casually.

"Um, no. What happened? Did I do it again?"

"Yes...you were sleepwalking again. It was...kind of like what happened before."

"You mean I was naked again, right?" she asked as she blushed.

"Yes. It was just a little too stressful for Carolyn, so I told her to take a couple of days to unwind."

"Dammit. I'm really sorry, dad. I didn't mean to bring all this drama with me. And I really didn't mean to run Carolyn out of the house. I'll go back to mom's house if you need me to. I don't want to cause any trouble with you and Carolyn," Cassie offered.

"No, there's no need for that. It will all be fine. I'll take you back to the doctor on Monday if you want. I'm not sure if there is anything they can do to help, but we can check. Don't stress out over it, honey. You can't help it," I

said as I stood up from the hammock and embraced Cassie in a hug. She hugged back briefly, then let go.

"I'm going to go get something to eat and check my e-mail. Maybe after that, we could watch a movie or something," she suggested.

"Sounds good to me," I replied. I sunk back down into the hammock and lounged as I watched her retreat.

I was already aggravated. I knew exactly what she was checking her e-mail for...Angelo. I hated that little prick. I would have to find a way to get him to buzz off.

I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing I knew, Cassie was shaking my shoulder.

"Dad? Wake up!"

"Huh? Oh, sorry honey. Did I fall asleep?" I grumbled as I tried to sit up. It was a bit difficult to do in a hammock.

"Yeah...apparently. It's been a few hours. I figured you would have gotten up by now," she said as she helped me up.

"Well, shit. Sorry about that," I replied as I tried to wake up. The sun was already beginning to set. I had wasted a whole day.

An entire day...alone with Cassie...and I spent it sleeping in a damn hammock. What the hell? I was determined not to waste another second.

"C'mon. Let's go watch a movie. I'll make us some popcorn." I draped my arm around her shoulder as we walked into the house, and she made no move to get away. I liked that.

I popped some popcorn and grabbed a six-pack of beer from the fridge. I figured I could let Cassie slide and have a few drinks...since Carolyn wasn't home and since I also wanted her to be good and tired tonight.

Cassie was popping a DVD into the player as I walked into the living room. I sat the bowl of popcorn and the beer down on the coffee table, and then plopped down in the middle of the couch. She would have to sit next to me if she wanted to sit on the couch.

I saw the look on Cassie's face as she spied the beer. I didn't say anything as she sat down beside me.

“Um...” she said, clearly not wanting to ask.

I laughed out loud and grabbed one of the beer cans, cracking it open for her.

“Just don’t tell Carolyn or your mother about this, okay? I don’t mind as long as you are at home and not driving,” I informed her.

She hesitantly took the beer from me, not sure if I was just teasing her. She relaxed a little after her first sip, then she chugged half the can, confident I wasn’t going to take it away from her.

“Thanks, dad. You’re a lot cooler than I gave you credit for,” she admitted sheepishly.

“Gee, thanks!” I chuckled as I grabbed a beer for myself. I began munching on the popcorn and pretended to watch the movie. Cassie turned her attention to the television, and was totally oblivious to the fact that I was watching her every move out of the corner of my eye.

I really just wanted to jump her, but I was going to have to bide my time. All good things come to those who wait... or so the saying goes. We would see just how true that was.

The evening was mostly uneventful. We watched two movies, then I called and say goodnight to Carolyn. Cassie went off to her room to make a call of her own, and I knew it was Angelo she was speaking to.

Unfortunately, there wasn’t a damn thing I could do about it. After I got off the phone with Carolyn, I called to order some pizzas for dinner.

Cassie had managed to chug down three of the six beers during the movies, but she didn’t seem to be too affected by them. She probably drank more frequently than I thought.

Fortunately, I had a stash of vodka in the kitchen. I grabbed the vodka and some orange juice, mixing them together in a large pitcher. A screwdriver wasn’t my all-time favorite drink, but it would suffice.

I grabbed some glasses, filled them with ice, and took

everything to the kitchen table. It wasn't too long before the pizzas arrived. It was the same joker who had delivered to us before, and I could tell he remembered his last delivery to us.

He craned his neck, trying to see around me, hoping to get a glimpse of Cassie, I assumed. I was smug when he left unsatisfied...because Cassie was in her room.

Once again, he did not get a tip. Normally, I tipped well. Delivery guys had a shit job with shit pay...so I tried to make up for it with a hefty tip. But, not tonight. I didn't like delivery guys that ogled my daughter.

I took the pizzas to the kitchen, and called Cassie. I heard her bounding down the stairs. She saw the pitcher of juice on the counter and shot me a confused look.

"Orange juice with pizza? That's a little odd," she grumbled.

"It's not just juice...it's got vodka in it. You don't have to drink it if you don't want to. I just want something with a little bite to it. I've had a long week," I explained.

I knew, given the option, she would go for the alcohol. I was right...she grabbed a glass and filled it to the top. Then she dove into the pizza, eating four slices within a few minutes.

Cassie had at least five screwdrivers with her dinner. She was a pro at drinking. I wasn't sure if I should be concerned or be impressed.

I had quite a few drinks myself, and two more beers before bedtime. We stayed up late, talking and laughing, until I was close to passing out. I was completely toasted by the time I climbed the stairs.

Cassie waved goodnight as she stumbled to her room. I went to pee, then changed into sleep shorts and a t-shirt. I grabbed my pillow and a blanket, and headed back down the stairs. I was going to stay on that couch, just in case.

I was hoping for the best...that Cassie would sleepwalk tonight. Even massive amounts of alcohol would not be able to keep me from fucking the hell out of her tonight.

I passed out quickly, and slept soundly. I was deep in sleep when I felt someone nudging me. I grunted and

squirmed, trying to get comfortable.

I woke up just enough to be able to remember that Carolyn was gone. My heart started pounding as my eyes flew open. My breathing accelerated as my eyes adjusted to the darkness. Cassie was there on the couch with me, naked and trying to climb on top of me.

I immediately felt my dick standing up in my pants. I wasted no time tonight. There was no one here to catch me.

I flung my blanket to the floor and yanked my dick out. It was completely hard by this point. Cassie slowly crawled on top of me, straddling me...her pussy hovering just an inch from my erect cock.

I didn't say a word...I didn't want to risk waking her up. But I was about to explode. She just hovered over the top of me, unmoving. I reached up and gently pushed down on her shoulders with my hands.

She was already lubed up and dripping wet, so it was no trouble at all for her to slide slowly down on my dick. It was amazing.

I was completely awake at this point. I was still under the influence of the alcohol, and my head was swimming a little, but it didn't hinder me in the slightest.

I closed my eyes and tried to enjoy the moment. So I was a little confused when Cassie stopped riding me. I was even more concerned when she hopped up and stood beside me.

My eyes flew open, and I sat up on the couch. What had happened? Had she woken up? She wasn't saying anything...she was just staring at me.

I knew something was wrong, because she never looked at me while she was sleepwalking...she was always dazed.

I didn't so much as breathe. My heart was pounding so loud and so fast, I was sure she could hear it. Then I watched in horror as Cassie smiled at me wryly.

"Jeez, dad...you look like you're gonna have a heart attack or something," she stated clearly.

"Um, wh--what are you ttt-talking about?" I stammered.

This was it, it was over and done for. I had never considered the possibility that she would wake up.

"You're not gonna pass out on me, are you? I wasn't quite done with you yet," she said in a seductive tone.

I was confused, and then I realized that I must have been dreaming. Yes...that was it. The booze had made me have this very vivid, realistic dream.

That would have been a very good explanation except for the fact that I knew damn well that I wasn't dreaming. All of this was really happening. And I had no idea what was up next.

Cassie's laughter pulled me from my thoughts. She bounced over to me on the couch, her tits jiggling just inches from my face.

"I don't understand," I said lamely.

"It's okay...don't freak out. I guess I sorta owe you an explanation," she said with another chuckle. "You really oughta see your face! Priceless!"

I was beyond words at this point. What was going on here? Was she trying to catch me in the act? If so, why was she so giddy about it? Shouldn't she be pissed and yelling?

"Okay...so I was really glad that you sent Carolyn away so I could get some straight answers," she began. She smiled when she saw the confused look on my face.

"Fine...I'll start from the beginning. Just promise not to freak out, okay?"

"I'll do my best," I assured her. My voice was tiny and weak. My dick was completely limp, and I grabbed my pillow to put in my lap, covering myself up.

Cassie sprawled out on the couch next to me, not bothering to cover up or worry that her pussy was on display. I felt my dick slithering around under my pillow, so I shook my head fiercely and forced myself to ignore Cassie's nakedness for the moment. I needed answers, and she was trying to give them to me.

"Let's see...where to start. I guess I should probably tell you that I've known for a while." She paused and looked at me, waiting.

I knew what she meant, so I nodded slightly, and she continued.

"I found out that night...after the chat room incident. As soon as I got out of the chat, I e-mailed the company and asked them to pull the billing information. I had no idea who would have found me and paid for a session. You really did freak me out, y'know."

I sat, unmoving. She knew it was me in the chat room. She knew, but never said anything. I was floored.

"So, you can imagine my surprise when I get an e-mail back from them and they listed your name and information. At first, I thought that they were joking with me, but then it kind of made sense, in a way.

Mom had told me about why you left...cause she lost all the weight, and how you were attracted to bigger women.

"I had no idea that there were people out there like that. I just assumed all guys liked skinny chicks. Boy, was I wrong. And I saw the way you looked at me when I first showed up here. I must admit, that I was a bit shocked after I found out it was you that was in that chat room with me...that's why I went out drinking.

"That was totally stupid and reckless of me. And I'm really glad you came to get me before anything bad could happen. I could have really gotten into trouble that night," she said with genuine shame.

So I guess she really didn't remember what happened with me and with Chase. That was a bit of luck.

"Anyway, I wasn't sure what was going on...or what to do next. I noticed the way you looked at me all the time. I started kind of...testing you. Like you catching me coming out of the hot tub. That wasn't an accident.

"And then I ended up walking in my sleep. I didn't realize I was so stressed out. But that was totally by accident...and embarrassing because I was naked. Except for the fat that you seemed turned on by it. At first

it was a little disturbing, and then I was kind of flattered. That surprised me.

“So, I came up with a plan. I could “pretend” to sleepwalk and see what happens. You were all alone downstairs, so I could experiment with you...and see how you reacted.

“I was stunned that you actually let me suck you off. You didn’t even put up a fight. That was totally astounding! It was really hard to do all that while pretending to be sleepwalking. But I managed,” she finished with a giggle.

“And you seemed to enjoy it, too,” she tacked on.

My mouth was gaping and my eyes felt like they were about to pop out of my head. So she had known this whole time, and had wanted to put the move on me. She had tricked me. I wasn’t sure how I felt about that.

“And I’m really glad you sent Carolyn away. It’s been kind of hard to sneak around with her in the house. So, there it is...that’s all of it. Now the next move is up to you,” she murmured. Her face lit up with a wicked grin as she stood up.

She posed in front of me, showing off her massive breasts. Then she giggled and left the room. I was beyond words. There was a war raging inside of my head. Part of me knew I needed to be rational, to tell Cassie to put her clothes on and never speak of this again.

On the other hand, this was what I had been waiting for. The one and only time I had been with Cassie, she had been completely plastered and didn’t remember everything. She was also a bit passed out by the end.

Then another thought occurred to me. What if she was just fucking with me? What if she was checking to see how far I would really take this? I didn’t want to be literally caught with my pants down.

“So, are you coming or not?” Cassie asked as she slowly walked up the stairs.

“Uh...” was all I could manage. I stared after her as she disappeared into my bedroom.

And then my mind was made up. I was already knee-deep in the shit...I might as well dive in headfirst! I stood

up and raced up the stairs to the bedroom. I guess I would find out soon enough what was really on Cassie's mind.

My fears turned out to be wholly unnecessary. Cassie was *not*, in fact, messing with me. She was one hundred percent serious...and it was easily the wildest night of my life.

I ran into the bedroom and she was waiting for me. She was lying on the bed, legs spread, with a wide grin on her face. I think she probably knew what I was going to do.

"Well, are you just going to stand there or are you gonna come over here and fuck me?" she teased.

I watched as she slid her hand down her chest, then her stomach, and finally to her pussy. She slowly slipped two fingers in, and let out a tiny moan. It was enough to drive me wild.

And apparently it also drove my dick wild. Before I could walk the few steps to the bed, it was already standing straight up. I swiftly yanked my clothes off, and then clambered onto the bed.

"You don't know how long I've waited for this," she whispered fiercely as I climbed on top of her.

I fully intended to get right to it, but the opportunity to get between those legs of hers was almost irresistible. She had spread her legs wide, anticipating that I was going to shove my dick in her.

She was quite surprised when I slithered down between her legs. She let out another groan, and I forcefully spread her legs as wide as they would go. I spread her pussy wide open with my hands, and then dove in.

The smell was amazing. The taste was even better, if that's possible. It was a sweet taste...almost addicting. I felt around with my tongue until I found her clit. But I made sure not to focus too much on that. I wanted to lick and taste every part of her pussy.

By the way Cassie was thrashing around, I must have been doing a good job. I sucked on her clit for a minute,

then I would move down and tongue the opening of her pussy. It really drove her wild when I would stick my tongue in and move it around. It had to feel better than being fingered.

And I knew I had skills when it came to eating pussy. I had been told that on more than one occasion. I moved back to her clit, and used one hand to slide two fingers into her, pumping them in and out.

Cassie began squirming and wiggling underneath me, so I knew she was getting close. I buried my face even deeper in her crotch and suck harder on her clit. I felt her legs clamp tight around my head.

She reached down and yanked on my hair with her hands, forcing me down on her even harder. She was thrusting her hips against my hand as I rammed my fingers in and out of her.

“Fuck! Right there! Right there! Oh God! Oh fuck! Don’t stop! Oh, daddy! Don’t stop! Keep sucking! Oh yeah! Suck that clit...harder! Ungh!!!” Cassie moaned.

I almost hesitated as she screamed “daddy” over and over, but the situation was what it was. I couldn’t change it...as sick and deplorable as it may have been. Rather, I let myself enjoy it...and boy did I enjoy it.

Cassie released my head just long enough to grasp at the pillows under her head. She gripped them tightly as she arched her back. The thrusting underneath me stopped suddenly, and I felt the orgasm take over her.

It was fantastic, and I didn’t stop what I was doing. She was grunting and panting as she quivered beneath me, but I did not let up. I kept at it...steady and fierce. I was certain I knew when her orgasm started to subside, because she began to slowly relax her legs.

I was about to stop, but she suddenly clenched her legs around my head again.

“Don’t stop! Keep going! I wanna go again! Keep sucking on it! Fuck!” she shouted.

I didn’t waste a second. I shoved a third finger inside of her, which was quite difficult considering the fact that she seemed to be tighter than ever after that orgasm.

I swiveled my head in fast, jerky circles, massaging her erect clit with my tongue. I alternated between licking furiously, and sucking softly. The second orgasm happened only a minute or so after the first one. This time, Cassie wasn't nearly as quiet.

"Oh fuck! Yes! Yes! Right there! Almost there! Don't stop! Keep going! Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah! Ungh! Fuck! Lick it, daddy! Lick it hard! Oh yeah! I'm about to go! Oh shit!!!" she screamed as she dug her nails into my shoulders.

I didn't mind the pain. It was worth it. Her second orgasm shot through her like fire. She was shuddering with desire as I continued to assault her clit with my tongue.

After a while, Cassie began to relax again. I fully expected her to demand that I keep going, but apparently two was her limit. She reached down and shoved my head roughly, forcing me off of her.

"Okay! Oh shit! No more! No more! Fucking hell! I can't take it!" she wheezed, trying to get her breath.

I rolled over and laid beside her, waiting for her to catch her breath. It didn't take her long.

She almost scared me. I wasn't expecting her to move so fast. One minute, she was on the bed beside me, panting. Then all of a sudden she was on top of me. I just rolled with it.

She leaned down and began to kiss me. It wasn't a sweet, innocent kiss...not by any means. It was rough, fierce and passionate. She used her tongue expertly, and it turned me on in ways I can't describe.

"I love to taste my own pussy juices...and you are covered with it," she admitted.

She had a wild look in her eyes, which made my dick throb with eagerness. Before I could respond, she assaulted me again, shoving her tongue deep into my mouth.

I was so busy kissing her that I didn't realize she had managed to slide my dick into her dripping wet hole. But I did eventually figure it out. I began shoving my hips up

and down, pumping my dick, but apparently that wasn't what she wanted.

I was a little disappointed when she climbed off of me. The disappointment didn't last long, though. She got onto her hands and knees, her plump ass sticking up in the air. She spread her legs wide open, then smiled at me.

Apparently the love of doggy-style ran in the family. I quickly got behind her and roughly shoved my cock in her. She was looking back at me over her shoulder. When I buried my dick in her, her eyes rolled back and she bit her lip. A moan of pleasure slipped through her lips, sending me into a frenzy.

I fucked her damn brains out. I was worried I might have been a little too rough with her...but if I was, she never complained. I grabbed her hips with both hands, forcing her to rock back onto me as hard as possible as I slammed into her again and again.

Cassie didn't say a word, although an occasional grunt or groan came out. She panted a lot, but otherwise it was quiet and intense.

I almost shot my load without warning. My dick was aching with the need to explode, but I tried to ignore it. When it was almost too late, I pulled out of her.

She turned around, looking confused.

"What's wrong?" she asked breathlessly.

"I'm about to cum...and I didn't figure you were ready for that yet," I admitted.

"No, I'm not." She jumped off of the bed and ran to the corner of the room.

Carolyn had a small vanity set up there, and Cassie grabbed the sturdy vanity chair. She set the chair up against the bed, using the mattress to brace the back of the chair. She then motioned for me to sit down on it.

I did as she wanted without question. She obviously had something in mind. As soon as I sat down on the chair, she climbed on top of me, burying my face in her colossal tits. I surely wasn't going to object to that.

She reached down with one hand, grabbing my dick and guiding it into her pussy. It eased in with very little

effort.

And then she was unstoppable. I didn't want to think about how she got this way...but Cassie was definitely a professional. She grinded on my dick in ways that shouldn't have been possible. Or legal.

She used her hands to heft her gigantic tits up, smothering me with them. They were the most beautiful breasts I had ever had the pleasure of burying my face in. Her succulent nipples were plump and erect...and I enjoyed sucking on them.

Her jugs slapped in my face as she continued to bounce up and down on me. I knew why she had put the chair up against the bed like she had. If she hadn't, we would have already toppled over.

I tried my best to hold it in, but it was building up... getting stronger by the second. I knew it wouldn't be long, despite my desire to fuck Cassie all night long.

"I'm about to cum!" I whispered in her ear.

She had wrapped her arms around my shoulder, and I was busy kissing her neck behind her ear. I felt her shudder as my hot breath blew in her ear.

"Do you want me to cum in you?" I asked eagerly.

"No!" she cried, startling me.

She jumped off of me and knelt down in front of me. I knew exactly what she was planning on doing. She grabbed my lubed up cock and stuffed it in her mouth. She wasted no time...she immediately began sucking on it with as much force as she could manage.

I put my hands on the back of her head, roughly gathering her hair up in my fists. She seemed to like being treated roughly, because she began sucking harder and faster.

As remarkable as it felt, I couldn't contain it any longer. I watched Cassie as she bobbed her head up and down on me. She was smiling, and looking up at me...waiting.

I exploded in her mouth, and it was awesome. Considering all the masturbating I had been doing lately, I didn't expect quite so much cum...but it was flowing out of me like a faucet.

I shot hot cum down Cassie's throat, and she swallowed every drop of it. Cassie pulled me out of her mouth, only keeping the tip of my penis in. She sucked softly on it, getting every bit of goo out of me.

I watched as spoooge dribbled out of her mouth and dripped down her tits. When she was certain I was done, she used her fingers to wipe up all of the cum...and then she sucked it off of her fingertips. If I hadn't just done so, that would have made me fuck her.

She didn't realize just how hot she was and how horny she made me. She grinned up at me, causing me to smile back at her in return. God, she was gorgeous.

She stood up and climbed back in my lap, and began to kiss me again. It wasn't quite as urgent as before, but it was still fantastic. She grabbed one of my hands, and moved it to her breast. I gently cupped it in my hand, squeezing it.

She moved my other hand to her ass, then wrapped her arms around my neck. We kissed for what seemed like an eternity. Eventually, though, it had to come to an end.

Cassie released me with a sigh. I grabbed her around her waist, not wanting her to go. She didn't try to stop me.

"Why don't you stay in here tonight?" I offered.

"Okay," she agreed.

I was instantly tired. It had to be after three in the morning, and between all of the alcohol, lack of sleep, and wild sex, I was just worn out. Cassie seemed to be just as drained.

I tossed the chair back in the corner and then climbed back in bed, not bothering to get dressed. Apparently, Cassie always slept naked, and it didn't bother me in the slightest.

Cassie curled up against me, and it felt nice. I couldn't believe all that had happened. I was still in disbelief. I just hoped that tomorrow Cassie wouldn't wake up and regret what she had just done.

Most people usually regretted what they did when they had too much to drink. Hell, I might even wake up

regretting it. There was a whole lot wrong with the situation.

My mind kept spinning in circles, and before I knew it, I was out. If I had any dreams, I wasn't aware of them.

Sunday afternoon

So, that was it...there was no pretending it was all a dream. It really happened. Now it was the morning after, and I had no clue how Cassie was going to react. She had a lot to drink last night...so her judgment might have been impaired. What would she think when she woke up?

As it turned out, I didn't have to wait long. And I must say, her reaction wasn't reassuring.

I was looking at myself in the mirror, trying to figure out what in the hell to do, when the bathroom door burst open.

Cassie came streaking in, hand clamped over her mouth. She raced to the toilet, and threw up. I was so bewildered that I couldn't move...or do anything to help her.

After she threw up twice, she flushed the toilet, stood up shakily and wiped her mouth. I moved out of her way silently so she could rinse her mouth out at the sink.

She splashed cold water on her face and neck, then dried her face off. She didn't so much as glance at me as she stumbled out of the bathroom. She disappeared out of the bedroom.

I was on the verge of panic. What was she thinking? I was certain I had really fucked up last night...and I was sure I would pay for it.

Before I could hyperventilate, Cassie came back into the bedroom. She was dressed in a tight-fitting sleep gown. She had also pulled her hair back into a messy ponytail.

I had to admit, she looked pretty rough. Maybe all the

alcohol wasn't such a good idea, although I had seen her hung over far worse than this.

She came back into the bathroom, rooted around in the medicine cabinet, and found a bottle of aspirins. She popped a few in her mouth and swallowed them with water straight from the tap.

She took two deep breaths, smoothed her hair back, and turned around to greet me. She smiled hesitantly at me, gauging my reaction.

It was hard not to smile back. The fact that she hadn't run screaming from the house was a relief. She looked down at me and my nakedness, which made me a little self-conscious. I was a lot bolder when I had alcohol coursing through my veins. I eased out of the bathroom and threw on my clothes from the previous night that I had discarded on the floor.

I felt a little more normal once I was dressed, and I perched carefully on the edge of the bed. Cassie joined me.

"So...now what?" she asked quietly.

"Um, I'm not sure," I answered honestly.

"Do you...regret last night?" she asked timidly.

"No, of course not!" I said firmly.

"Okay. Then it's okay." She cautiously reached over and put her hand on mine.

"Are you okay? Do you need me to get you anything?" I asked, concerned.

"No, I'm fine. Too much to drink last night. I really should know better by now," she joked.

"You wanna get out of the house today? How about we take a drive somewhere? I don't want to be stuck here all day."

"That sounds good to me. Just give me an hour to wake up and shower. I feel gross right now."

"Yeah...I need to go call...Carolyn. So, take your time."

I wasn't super excited about having to talk to Carolyn, but I promised her I would call. I was sure that the guilt would be obvious, but she didn't notice anything out of the ordinary.

I told her we were planning on heading out for the day, and then I told her I had to go. I promised to call her before I went to bed, told her I loved her, and then hung up. I felt dirty all over.

Not long after I got off the phone with Carolyn, Cassie bounced down the stairs, ready to go. She was wearing tight blue jean shorts and a spaghetti-strap light pink top.

"Ready to go?" I asked, trying to keep my eyes on her face instead of her chest.

"Yep. Where are we going?"

"I thought we could get something to eat and maybe catch a movie."

"Great! I need a day off."

We piled up in my car and took off. I took Cassie to one of my favorite restaurants for lunch, and we ate quietly. She wasn't very talkative today, and neither was I.

I figured we were both probably thinking about the previous night, so I didn't try to force her to converse with me.

After we ate, we headed to the movie theater. I purchased our tickets, and Cassie followed quietly behind me. She even declined popcorn and candy.

She must have still been hung over from last night, cause I had never seen her turn down food. We got seats at the very top, and there were only a handful of other people at that particular showing.

I tried to pay attention to the movie when it started, without much luck. Suddenly, Cassie stood up and dashed out of the theater. I almost got up and followed her, but I didn't.

I waited almost half an hour, and got worried when Cassie didn't come back. Eventually, I got up and went to find her.

She was just coming out of the bathroom at the end of the hallway, and she looked bad.

"What's up?" I asked, trying to be casual.

"I think we should go home. I don't think the alcohol is out of my system yet. I just threw up again...twice."

"Okay," I said as I wrapped my arm around her waist.

She leaned on me and I helped her out to the car.

On the way home, she asked me to stop at the drugstore so she could get something for her stomach. I offered to go in and get it for her, but she didn't want me to.

I waited in the car for her, deep in thought. My whole life was turned upside-down, and I had no way of fixing it. I couldn't go back now. I wasn't sure if I *wanted* to go back.

But Cassie was going to school in a few weeks, and I probably wouldn't see her again except for a couple of times a year. I guess it would just be our dirty little secret.

Cassie came back to the car, bag in hand. She was looking more green by the minute, so I tried to get her home as fast as I could.

When we got to the house, I tried to help her in, but she assured me she was fine. She took off upstairs and I heard the door slam upstairs.

I didn't know what was up with Cassie, but I tried not to think about it.

I decided to check my e-mail to pass some time. I had a few from the office. I was busy replying to a colleague when I heard Cassie yell from upstairs.

"DAD!!!" she screamed at the top of her lungs.

I threw my laptop down and darted up the stairs. Cassie was in the bathroom in the hallway, with the door closed.

"What is it?" I yelled, out of breath from running.

She flung the door wide open and rushed out into the hall. She threw her arms around me and hugged me tight. She had tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Did you get sick again?" I asked.

"Yes," she cried.

"Are you okay? Do you need me to take you to the hospital?" Damn. I hope I hadn't let her drink *too* much. Maybe she was coming down with something...

"No," she wailed, hugging me tighter.

I helped her into the master bedroom, and put her in the bed. She was still crying, with her head in her hands.

"Baby, what do you need?" I asked desperately.

She didn't answer...she just kept on crying. I was lost. I didn't know what to do.

"What is it? What's wrong?" I asked again.

"In the bathroom," she choked out.

"You need to go to the bathroom?" I asked stupidly.

"NO! Go look in the bathroom!" she yelled.

I backed away from her, wondering where her anger had come from. She curled up in a ball and buried her face in my pillow.

I went down the hall, shaking my head. Women were so unpredictable. Hot and cold...constantly. I couldn't keep up with their mood changes. And teenagers were the WORST.

I rounded the corner to the guest bathroom, and walked in. I wasn't sure what I was looking for. Then, I nearly passed out.

I saw it almost immediately, and it answered all of the questions that were buzzing around in my head. The room began to shimmer around the edges. I had never fainted before, but I was close now.

I backed out of the bathroom, and slowly walked back to the bedroom. I could hear Cassie crying and sobbing. I went in and sat beside her on the bed. I didn't say a word.

"I don't understand," she sobbed. "It's not possible. There is no way I can be pregnant! I haven't had sex with anyone since before graduation.

"I've had my period since then! I just bought the stupid test today to rule it out...cause I knew it couldn't possibly be the reason I was feeling sick!

"And then I get home and take the test and it's POSITIVE! Luckily I got a multi-pack. I took all three! And they all came out positive! What the fuck? There's just no way in hell this could be happening to me!"

I patted her shoulder, trying to comfort her. I knew exactly how she was pregnant. She didn't know, because she had no memory of the evening. And that meant that there were two candidates...Chase...and me.

I almost threw up myself. I figured I didn't have a

choice but to tell her now. At least about the Chase part. She didn't need to know about what I did. That certainly wouldn't help the situation any. Let her think that she got knocked up by him.

She didn't know who the hell he was...and neither did I. There was virtually no chance that she would see him ever again. Carolyn knew what happened that night, so she wouldn't be the least bit suspicious about anything.

"Honey, there's..." I started, but chickened out.

"What is it?" she asked, no longer crying. She could tell something was up by the tone in my voice.

"Um, well...there's something I need to tell you.

Carolyn and I kept something from you, and I realize now that it wasn't such a good idea. But, I can set the record straight," I said hesitantly.

"What? What is it?" she asked angrily, knowing now that I was keeping something from her. Something big.

"Do you...remember that night you went out to the bar drinking?"

"Yes," she seethed, waiting for me to get on with it instead of stalling.

"Well, honey, there was more to that night than Carolyn and I told you about. We kept a few details from you to spare you, but I guess you need to know now."

I began pacing around the room, trying to put some distance between me and Cassie's anger. It didn't help.

"Okay...so that night, I found you at the bar. You were flirting with a guy...and you ended up leaving the bar with him. You had sex with him...in the park," I blurted out.

"What? I don't remember that," she huffed.

"I know you don't remember that. He gave you some pills...so you were hopped up on something in addition to being drunk."

"But how do you know that I slept with him at a park?" she asked. Of course she would ask that question...the one I didn't want to answer.

"Okay, I know you're going to be mad. I had to make a choice, though, and I didn't have a lot of time to make it. I followed you and that guy.

"You left with him in his car, and I was worried about you. When he stopped at the park, I knew what he was after, but I didn't know what to do about it. You seemed to be really into him," I murmured.

"So...you what? You watched? While some random guy plowed me in the park? You hid and watched?"

"I didn't know what else to do. I didn't want to just let you run off with him. He could have been a total psycho!"

What happened next blew me away. I totally did not see it coming.

Cassie jumped up off of the bed and hurried across the room to where I was pacing. She got right up in my face, and for a moment I thought she was going to punch me, or maybe scream at me. I was incorrect. She grabbed me by the collar, pulling me closer.

"Tell me!" she demanded.

"What?" I asked, confused.

"I want to know what happened!"

"I already told you what happened," I responded, still perplexed.

"No...I want to know every...single...detail!" she said vehemently.

I didn't realize what she meant until she knocked me down on the floor. I was stunned, but only for a moment. She climbed on top of me, ripping her shirt off simultaneously.

"Wha--?" I stammered.

"Tell me what happened. I want to know everything you saw! And I want you to fuck me while you're telling me! RIGHT NOW!" she commanded as she reached down in my pants.

"Cassie, I--" I started, but she put her finger to my lips, silencing me.

"Shhh! You should know by now...that I get VERY turned on by being watched. I've made a few porn movies this year...and I like knowing that guys are wanking off to *me*. And I especially like the fact that *you* were watching me...and getting off to it, no doubt."

She was already panting with desire as she yanked her

shorts off. I wanted to protest, but I didn't. I should have, considering all that was wrong with the situation.

My daughter was pregnant, and there was a fifty-fifty chance that it was mine, but she didn't know that. My stressed-out wife was out of town, oblivious to what was going on between me and Cassie.

The relationship I had with Cassie now still shocked me, to be honest. Not to mention that Carolyn still didn't know about Cassie's...situation. That was going to be a fun conversation.

This hole I was digging for myself was getting deeper by the day, but I just kept on digging.

TO BE CONTINUED

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