

Tastes Like Candy

The Talkman

Chapter 1

(Marcus)

My life was perfect.

Some see turning 40 as the beginning of the end, but I saw it as a new beginning. My name is Marcus and I couldn't have been happier about where I was in life. Married to my lovely wife, Linda, for almost 18 years now. And I had a good house, great friends and a good job. My cup was full.

My marriage was still going strong. We had had our rough patches in the past, but we had settled into our groove. She was an interior decorator, and the group she worked with had really grown over the years and gained a strong reputation. She started out decorating homes, but now she helped new businesses set up stuff and create a warm inviting atmosphere. We lived in a fairly rich area of the state, new businesses were always going up, so she was kept busy.

Her job complimented mine well. I was always good with my hands, so I got pretty good at woodworking. I knew my way around a shop with the best of them. After I graduated college, I got hired at a wood shop at a nearby school. Me and Linda moved around a few times, but we settled at where we're at now, and I found a job at the local school here. On top of teaching the students the finer points of the shop, I was an assistant coach on the varsity football team. Much like in the shop, I was never loud, never mean, never a dick. I was a coach to these young men, not a taskmaster. The head coach and most others I dealt with were that type of guy, kind of taskmasters, but I could tell the players gravitated towards me more than them. That old saying, you get more flies with honey than vinegar, kind of applies here. I was pretty popular with most of the players, and the students I had tended to feel the same way. But, with that relaxed attitude comes the fact that I had been working the same job for years, with no promotions or added work. Sure, I was happy where I was job-wise, but sometimes, I would have been more than happy to gain a little bit more responsibility within the school. But I wasn't too aggressive about moving up and it wasn't really a big deal that I didn't. I never wanted to be more than this. I just did my job to the best of my ability, and gave these students someone they could like and trust.

Spending all day in the shop allowed me to indulge myself. I loved custom woodworking, just creating things out of blank blocks of wood. Most of the furniture in our house was made by me. Dressers, tables, even my marital bed. All built by me. I built some things to sell as well, hoping to supplement our income at shows and stuff like that. I was moderately successful. But as the years went on, coaching ended up taking up more and more of my time, so I had fewer opportunities to create. It had reached the point where I was coach first, shop teacher second. But I loved to coach. I loved to mold these children into good, upstanding adults. Like this one guy on my team, Raymond. He was such a good kid, but he was a shy boy. He would come to me for advice. He was an average looking guy, but he was a lineman so he was a bit husky. But he was a good kid. The son I never had. And he had confided me that he had a crush on one of the cheerleaders, Becky. She was a good girl, a bit preppy, and way out of his league. He asked my advice, and I gave him the best wisdom I could. About dating and girls. And I was happy to say Raymond had worked up the courage to ask Becky out and they were going to prom together. Things like this left me fulfilled, being a father figure to these young men. And that wasn't

the only time I helped mold one of my students into strong adults. I was happy.

With my wife being a decorator, and me a woodworker, you could imagine that our house was the shit. And it was. Two stories, awesome furniture (if I do say so myself), interesting decor, it was great. But there was one thing missing. One hole in our house that would never be filled.

I still remember that day when I heard the news. Me and Linda had been having trouble conceiving, as we had been pretty hot and heavy during the first year of our marriage. We went to the doctor where we found out the truth. Linda would never be able to conceive. She could never give me what we both wanted. Children. I cried, we both cried, it was the darkest point in our marriage. We fought, we screamed, we cried. I was forced to confront things, confront my marriage.

I loved Linda obviously. She was beautiful, clearly. Not overly striking, but the type of beauty that sticks in you, that keeps making you think about her. My first thought was that she was a bit of a hippie, with her dressing in weird

clothing, and also that she was kinda of a bit kooky. But she was far from a hippie. Hippies are laid back, you know, calm. Linda was not. She was tough. She was demanding. Her very unique sort of fashion was misleading, a facade, hiding her hard as nails interior. The only thing I could think of was what she was like if you got past her hard exterior. It had to be a smokescreen. There had to be a soft side to her. I became obsessed with her, obsessed with that soft side that she must have. I had never met a girl like her.

And I was the jock, the all-American guy. But Linda just grabbed my attention. I was fascinated by her, by her uniqueness, and this grew into love. Our early relationship had been a bit volatile, as she was very passionate, and there was some friction that developed. I tried to get her to grow up a bit, stop being such a wild child, and she wanted me to loosen up. We had had some fights, horrible fights, about our different lifestyles. But we eventually pushed through it, and married soon after graduating.

She had grown into a great, professional woman, but she still had her uniqueness. She was silly, she had funky tastes in things and she was so fun. And I had loosened up a bit. We both got what we wanted.

That made the news we got devastating. I always wanted kids. I loved kids. But she could not provide them for me. I had thoughts, dark thoughts, wondering if I should stay with her if she could not provide me with children. I was an only child, and my name would die with me if I did not have children. I wanted to live on. I wanted someone to carry my genes and my family's history once I was gone.

Me and Linda talked for a long time confronting this fact. A lot of fights, a lot of tears, but we had pushed through it. I finally came to a realization: if I had to choose between having kids, or having her, I would choose her. I would rather share my life with Linda than with anyone else. I had made my choice. I accepted I would never have children. It still gnawed at me, I would admit. It came up in my head every so often and when it did it felt like there was a pit in my stomach. I would bury those thoughts, accepting the choice I made. We never adopted or anything like that. I had nothing against it but I felt like I wouldn't be able to look past the point that they were not mine. Maybe that makes me a jerk, but it was the truth.

However there were some blessings to not having children. We didn't have to put money away for them. All our earnings could be used for ourselves. We lived humbly for a few years, saving money. Our dream was for us to retire early, travel the world, and live our lives totally together. We worked hard and saved up and we were getting close to our goal.

One other pro to not having to worry about kids was to not worry about birth control. No pills for her. No condoms for me. I hadn't used a condom since college. So our sex life was good. She always kept me satisfied, and she was willing to try new things.

I had stayed in good shape. Being a football coach allowed me access to the weight room, so I stayed pretty fit. And I didn't look like too much of an old man yet. Sure, I had a little gray, but Linda assured me I looked distinguished. I had a few wrinkles, but I would say I was still a good looking guy.

So life was good. Our marriage was good. Our home was good. Our jobs were good. We had money. My life was perfect.

Then the doorbell rang.

It had been a normal day, like any other. Me and Linda had gotten home from work and we were discussing our day as we were starting dinner. Linda usually had more excitement than I did, as she traveled around town to different places and establishments. She had even met a few celebrities. So, I usually let her talk about her day and usually didn't give many stories in return. Hey my days are usually pretty boring anyway, and her stories were usually more interesting than mine, and I enjoyed living vicariously through her.

"So, this place is huge. Just totally open floor space. Just a big canvas for me. I can't wait to get to work in it." Linda said with a smile.

"It sounds great." I said. I marveled at how far my wife had come. When she was in College she was so cynical, such a downer. But I had seen that spark in her. The spark that said there was more to her tough exterior. Through our marriage, our trials and tribulations, she had grown so much. The Linda I knew in College would never have gotten this excited over anything. She would never smile this wide. I took some pride that I was able to bring this side out of her.

That was when we heard the doorbell. We glanced at each other in confusion. We didn't get many visitors so I had no idea who it could be. Probably a solicitor or someone from the church. I put down the wooden spoon, brushed off my hands and made my way to the front door, opening it up.

I was surprised to see a girl at my doorstep. As soon as I opened the door she looked straight up at me, taking me in. She didn't say a word for a bit, she just stared. I took her in for a moment. At first, I thought she was one of the students from the high school, but I didn't recognize her. And she was the type you would not forget.

She was stunning. Her face was gorgeous, with expressive, blue eyes, full lips, and smooth, tan skin. Her hair was black, cascading from her head, full and lustrous, falling past her shoulders. She was a petite girl, probably a head shorter than my six foot frame. And, uh, I don't want to come across like a dirty old man, but this girl had enormous breasts, straining the fabric of her pink blouse. They were just huge, and she clearly knew it, as the blouse was spread to show a hint of her cavernous cleavage. Those suckers were practically the size of watermelons it seemed like, especially in relation with her otherwise lithe frame. I looked past her boobs, to see her wearing a tight pair of jeans, leading down her legs to the pair of sneakers on her feet.

I met her eyes again, and hers looked to be tearing up. Her look almost broke my heart. Breaking the silence, I spoke up.

"Can I help you?" I asked, confused but willing to help. She smiled cutely, trying to stop herself from crying. I felt like I knew her, or at least I should know her. I felt some weird immediate bond with her.

"Are you, uh, Marcus Edwards?" she asked nervously.

"Yes. Why do you ask?" I asked. She smiled wide and wiped her eyes.

"Uh, it's just..." she stammered. I smiled, trying to ease her along. The next thing she said changed my life.

"My name is Brandy. I'm your daughter."

My mind went numb. I didn't have a daughter. How could this be? Could it be true? Did I have child after all this time? My mind burned for answers.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"I'm 18." she said, looking overcome with emotion, a big smile on her face.

"It's not possible. I was with Linda at that point." I said. Her smiled dimmed a bit, but she would not let up.

"My mom is, uh, Regina Slater." Brandy said.

Regina Slater. That name did sound familiar. I searched my memories, trying to remember. Then, like a vision, there she was. Regina Slater. I remembered her now. And I remembered our last meeting.

Regina was one of those people that you hear about but don't know. I knew of her in College. When guys compared notes of the girls they had banged, she was on most of those lists. I had never met her, but she didn't really seem my type. Besides, I had been with Linda since freshman year, so I wasn't looking for any action.

Like I said before, my relationship with Linda had been volatile. Passionate. So we fought quite a bit. When I met Regina, it was near the end of my senior year. I was engaged to Linda at the time. We had a huge fight about our plans

after school. She was stubborn, as was I. And she gave me an ultimatum. Support her, or leave her. I didn't respond immediately, so she stormed out, slamming her engagement ring on the counter. At that point, in my view, we had broken up.

A week passed and I had not heard a word from Linda. I went to the bar to drown my sorrows. And that's where I met Regina for the first time. She joined me at the bar, and I was too drunk to turn her away. She was gorgeous, but clearly a skank. Her top was indecent, letting her big boobs pour out. She wore a tiny skirt, leaving no doubt what kind of girl she was. I knew what she was after, but I was sad and I needed to pour my heart out to someone. I told her my story, and she kept feeding me drinks until she insisted she take me back home. I knew what would happen, but I needed something. Some sort of comfort.

Regina dropped me onto my bed and helped slip off my clothes. I was in a daze, so I didn't fight back when Regina joined me on the bed. Her clothes were gone, and I tried to stop her, but then she pushed her tits in my face and I... got lost in the pleasure. She straddled me, and I told her I didn't

have a condom. She told me not to worry, as she eased herself onto me.

The night was a blur of skin, boobs, and sweat, most of the memories erased by the alcohol. I woke up with a nasty hangover and this slut in my bed. She knew the routine and she slipped out, no phone number left behind, no illusions this was anything more than a one night stand.

Linda called later that day, apologetic. I felt so guilty, so I accepted her terms from our fight, eager for her to take me back. We moved a few states away for her job and we married soon after. Living happily ever after, that night of passion I spent with a slut stayed buried in the past. Until now.

I looked at Brandy, and she looked up hopefully, not wanting me to turn her away. Despite my better judgment, I glanced at her chest, and definitely noticed the resemblance to her mother.

"Um, I guess it might be possible." I told her. This caused her smile to brighten.

"What's going on?" Linda asked, emerging next to me.

"Uh," I said with a nervous smile, "It's a long story."

"You had sex with Regina Slater?" Linda asked in disbelief. We had gone inside. Brandy was in the living room, sipping on a can of soda.

"I'm not proud of it. We were broken up. I was drunk. It was a mistake." I stammered. I had to come clean about everything. About Regina. "I was young. I was stupid. I knew I had made a mistake. It was meaningless, emotionless sex. It made me realize how important what I had with you had been."

Linda thought for a few agonizing moments.

"It's okay. I was a bit tough to be with at that time. I made you think we had broken up. I wanted to hurt you. I broke your heart. I can understand why you did it. But just... after a week? Seriously?" Linda asked.

"I was drunk. I am not proud of it." I said, holding her hand. "It might be the biggest mistake I ever made. If I hurt you, I apologize from the bottom of my heart." I whispered, making sure Brandy did not hear.

"Listen, Marcus. I am not going to let a mistake you made 18 years ago affect our marriage now. I made lots of mistakes back then, mistakes I regret. And you took me back. You have given me 18 amazing years. Am I happy about this? No. But let's just deal with this. This is huge news." Linda said. I teared up, happy with her understanding, happy my marriage wasn't crumbling. I hugged her and kissed her softly.

"But," she started, "I have to bring this up... Regina was the biggest whore in school. How can we know that she's yours?" I nodded in agreement. "What does she want?" she added.

"I'm guessing she's looking for a place to stay." I said, remembering her crappy red car packed with boxes on the street in front of our house.

"I'm sorry, I'm not going to just let some girl off the street stay in our house if we don't know for sure if she's yours." Linda said. It was harsh, but logical. I nodded to the living room. We worked out a plan and we walked out together, joining Brandy in the living room. We sat across from her as she looked at us, hopeful.

"I'm sorry if I, like, caused you guys' problems. That's not what I came here for." Brandy said, apologetic.

"It's okay." I said with a smile.

"What are you looking for, Brandy?" Linda asked.

"I've been looking for my father for years. Mom would never say, but I eventually found out. I don't want money

or anything. I just want to get to know you." Brandy pleaded.

"Is that all?" Linda asked.

"Uh," she laughed, "It's just... my mom's a bitch. She kicked me out the door once I turned 18. I stayed with some friends for awhile but that didn't last. Mom, uh, would rather have her boyfriend around the house than me." she added, tearing up.

"I'm so sorry." I said

"Brandy, I feel bad for you, but if you look at this from our shoes you might understand what I'm about to say. We don't know for sure if you are actually Marcus's daughter. So, we can't let you stay here. We can have, like, a DNA test tomorrow morning, but until we know for sure, we can't make any decisions. And, we can't have you stay here." Linda said.

Brandy nodded, sadly, but understanding.

"We can pay for a hotel room." I added. "We are not turning you away. We just want to know for sure."

"Okay. It's okay." Brandy said, as if she were used to not being believed. My heart went out to her.

I offered to have her follow me towards the nearest hotel and she accepted. Linda rode with me, as we led Brandy in her car to a hotel. I paid for the room and I helped Brandy carry her bags to her room. I set her stuff down and then worked out the plan.

"Alright, I can pick you up early, around seven. We can get in and out of the clinic fast. Then, maybe we can get breakfast tomorrow." I offered.

"Sounds good." Brandy said. I leaned in and gave her an awkward hug. She pulled away, I started to head out.

"See you tomorrow, Brandy." I told her, walking out the door. And as the door shut, she replied.

"See you tomorrow, Dad."

(Linda)

I made the right call, right? I mean, I didn't want to ruin my husband's moment, and be the bitch I used to be. I couldn't help but think logically. I had always been logical. Analytical. Clinical. And the logical side of me had my alarm bells ringing. Any woman would react the same way.

When a little hottie, with her... big tits, her low cut shirt, her gorgeous face, her perfectly sculpted ass... and her enormous boobs again... so big... when a girl like that shows up at your door, you don't let her in immediately. You are skeptical of her. You question her story. Her motives. Maybe she had spied on us. Maybe she was trying to con us, charm us, get into our home, a happy couples' home, and rob us blind. Or kill us!

Okay, maybe I was jumping to conclusions. I had to calm down. Breathe. Remember my breathing exercises. Maybe she was telling the truth. She didn't look smart enough to lie so easily. Even though some girls can do it on command her tears seemed genuine. She didn't seem talented enough to act this well. So maybe it was the truth. Maybe she was Marcus's daughter.

But I didn't want to really think about it anymore unless I knew the truth. Until I knew the truth, I wouldn't make any judgments. I kinda hoped she was lying. That she wasn't my husband's daughter.

Cause, I didn't want to think of my husband having a child without me.

(Marcus)

I called off from work, having to take care of this whole 'daughter' business. I hadn't slept at all. Me and Linda had

been up late, talking about this situation. I could tell Linda wasn't happy about this, but she wasn't mad at me. Just the situation. Part of me was hopeful. Part of me wanted this. I always wanted a daughter. And if she was the real deal, if she was my daughter, I would be so happy. It wasn't the way I wanted it to happen, but it might have happened none the less. And I was happy at the idea. I would love to have a daughter in my home.

I picked up Brandy early the next morning, and both of us were pretty groggy, clearly neither of us morning people. We didn't say a whole lot through the appointment. I mean, what do you say to your long lost daughter? What could she say to her long lost father?

The appointment went fast, a few swabs on the inside of our cheeks. They said they are usually pretty fast, and they could get us the results by Monday (It was Friday today). By the time I pulled up to the breakfast place we were both starting to wake up. And as we sat at the booth, as I sat across from my prospective daughter, as we both sipped coffee, we finally began to speak.

"I thought people your age aren't supposed to drink coffee. It could mess up your development." I told her.

"All these life lessons I missed out on." she said with a laugh, causing me to laugh. "Besides, I think my development went just fine." she muttered, sticking her well developed chest out. I said nothing.

"So, you're out of school, right? What do you want to do with your life, Brandy?" I asked.

"Well, I was never much of a 'school' girl. I don't know what I want to do with my life. The only thing I want to do right now is find my father." Brandy replied.

"I wished Regina had contacted me. If... I am your father... I wished I had played more of a part of your life." I told her.

"We have the rest of our lives to get to know each other." Brandy said. "Besides, it's not your fault. It's Mom's. Like I said, Mom's a bitch. You're lucky you didn't get saddled with her. You're lucky you didn't have to deal with her."

"But still, I'm sorry." I told her.

We chatted for awhile, caught up with each other. I explained my job, and Linda, and everything about my life to her. And she did the same. She seemed like a sweet girl who had had a rough upbringing. Her mom had various men, all of them douche bags. I wished I had been there. To give her a man she could trust in her life. Maybe she could have had it better.

We definitely had a rapport with each other. A good give and take. An immediate bond. Part of me felt like I knew the results of the DNA test already. Part of me felt like this girl was my daughter. But I couldn't let myself get too excited.

We parted for the day. I told her about stuff in town that she could do until we got the DNA results. I told her we would meet on Monday once the results are in. We parted from there, both anxious for the results.

I had been nervous all weekend. The only thing I had on my mind was Brandy. My possible daughter. Finally Monday came, and early in the day the phone call came. The results were in. I called up Brandy, picked her up, and drove her to the clinic.

We waited impatiently for the doctor to meet with us. We waited in his office, me tapping my foot, and Brandy clicking her nails on the chair. Finally, the doctor emerged, file in hand. He sat down, us both watching him, and he read the results.

"We have gone over the results, examining the DNA markers of you both, and there is no doubt about it. Marcus, Brandy here is your daughter."

I couldn't believe it. I could not believe it. I had a daughter. I had a child. I had someone on Earth that I helped create. My eyes teared up. I felt Brandy's hand snake into mine, gripping my palm firmly. I looked over at her. She was in tears too. I was so happy.

"Thank you doctor." I said. He left the room, leaving us together. We stood and left the clinic. I put my arm around Brandy's shoulders. Around my daughter's shoulders.

I was a father! Unbelievable. I never thought it would happen, but suddenly, here it was. I had a child.

But part of me was disappointed. Part of the deal with having a child was being there for those special moments. The scraped knees. The birthdays. The good and the bad. But I missed all of that. I vowed to make up for it.

I vowed to be a good Dad.

"Well, I got the results." I said into my cell, driving back home.

"And?" Linda asked, desperately curious.

"Linda, you are now a stepmother. I am the father." I said with a laugh.

"Unbelievable." she said happily. "How do you feel?"

"Uh, yeah. I am really happy." I said, barely containing my joy.

"I'm happy too." Linda said. "Where's Brandy?"

"She's in her car, following me. I'm bringing her home."

"So, Brandy, this room will be yours." I told her, leading her into the guest room. Me and Linda had discussed where we would put Brandy up if she were my daughter, and this was the spot.

"Not bad. Not bad at all." Brandy said with a nod, setting a bag down. "Biggest room I've ever had."

"This is gonna be so weird. Having someone else around this house." I said.

"Ha, well, I'm a weird kinda girl." she said. "You gonna help bring in the rest of my stuff, Daddio?" she asked.

"Absolutely, daughter dearest." I said with a laugh.

It took about a half-hour to completely unload her car and get all the boxes. I had worked up a bit of a sweat, as had she.

"So do you need help emptying them?" I asked.

"Nah, I got it." she said with a smile. "Wouldn't want you to stumble on a box of my... delicates." she added with a laugh, causing me to do the same.

"One thing I do want to ask." I started, about to ask something I had been thinking long and hard about, "Can I have your mom's number?"

"Why?" she asked, looking at me funny.

"Well, I want to talk to her about a few things. Let her know you're okay." I said. She didn't look crazy about this.

"Okay." she relented. She wrote down the number and handed it over.

"Don't worry. You're not in trouble." I told her, leaving the room, leaving her to her own devices. I went to the kitchen and picked up the phone, dialing Regina's number. I was nervous, having to call this woman I hooked up with in college. The woman who had had my baby.

The phone rang a few times before a female voice replied.

"Hello?"

"Hi, is this, uh, Regina?" I asked.

"Yes. Who's this?" she said.

"Regina, this is Marcus Edwards." I replied. There was a long pause.

"Did Brandy find you?" she asked.

"Yes, she's here now. I just wanted you to know." I told her.

"That's good." she said.

"Why didn't you tell me about her?" I asked.

"I had no way to find you. We didn't have Facebook back then. By the time I could have tracked you down we had our own life... as did you." Regina said.

"You still should have told me." I said.

"Yeah, maybe so." she said.

"Uh, so how are you?" I asked.

"I'm good. You?" she asked.

"I'm good. I'm, uh, happy." I said. It was an extremely awkward conversation.

"This is really weird." Regina said.

"Yeah, tell me about it." I said.

"Yeah. I mean, what do you say to the man you had a kid with?"

"I know what you mean." I said.

"It's funny, this is the only sober conversation we've ever had." she said.

"You have any other kids?" I asked.

"No. Trust me, Brandy was more than a handful. I didn't need any others with her around." Regina said.

"Is there anything I should know about her?" I asked.

"She might act all sweet, but she has a nasty side. She is the type of girl that always wants to get her way. And if she doesn't, she will say and do some terrible things." Regina said.

"She outgrew that, right?" I asked.

"Tigers never change their stripes, darling." Regina said.
"Plus, she is absolutely boy crazy. Expect to see an endless parade of losers and burnouts."

"She's young." I said.

"Trust me. I know the type. I was the type. She is beyond what I was." Regina said.

"Is that why you kicked her out?" I asked.

"Not quite. Try living with her. You'll figure it out." Regina said.

"Hmm." I said. There was another long pause. "Well, I just wanted to check in, Regina. Let you know Brandy is in good hands."

"Okay, sounds good. And if you want to meet up at some point and discuss our child face-to-face, or maybe other things, let me know." Regina purred.

"Uh...okay." I said. "Bye."

"Goodbye Marcus." Regina said.

I processed what she had told me. She said Brandy was trouble. Brandy seemed like a sweetheart to me. Then, she claimed Brandy was boy crazy. More than she ever was. And believe me, Regina was a giant whore. So was she saying that Brandy, my daughter, was a bit of a... slut? No, it couldn't be. She seemed like such a sweet girl. Brandy wasn't a whore like her mother. And judging by that last bit of the conversation, Regina had not changed much.

I learned as a teacher and as a coach to let myself be the one to evaluate someone, as opposed to hearing about someone second hand. I would pass the final judgment on her. And besides, she was my daughter.

She couldn't be so bad, could she?

"We don't usually do this, but we thought it would be a good idea to have a family dinner around the table. Me and Linda cooked it up, plus it gave us the chance to get to get to know

each other better." I told Brandy as we sat around the dinner table.

"You built this table yourself?" Brandy asked, running her hand across the smooth, hard wood.

"Oh, yeah. Just about all the furniture in this house I built. The tables. The beds. The dressers." I said proudly.

"Wow. The most impressive thing any of my mom's boyfriends ever did was change the oil in my car." Brandy said with a laugh.

"What's your mom like?" Linda asked.

"A bitch." Brandy said. "She always had some new guy she was doing. She didn't try and hide it. She was always more worried about looking nice than taking care of me."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Linda said.

"Not your fault." Brandy said. "I was able to get by. She wasn't abusive or anything. She was just... a bitch. Everything I did was wrong if it was up to her. And she had awful taste in men. They would always perv on me. It was gross."

"Well, it'll be much different here." I assured. She just smiled. She looked around the room, and then she looked behind her and saw some pictures of me and Linda. On vacation with friends. She stood and looked at them.

"Oh, these are so cute." Brandy said. "Is this you guys in College?"

"Uh yeah. That was us at graduation." I said. A few weeks after her conception.

"You guys were cuties. But I will say, you two look even better now." Brandy said, glancing back at my wife then me. As she did, her shirt lifted on her back, revealing a tattoo on her lower back.

"You have a tattoo." Linda commented.

"Oh, uh, yeah. I had to be one of the cool kids." Brandy said, lifting the back of her shirt, revealing an ornate design on the small of her back. It looked like some tribal design, the main part on the small of her back, with long dark prongs extending from her lower back towards her hips. "It's tribal. I don't know what it means. And it's not the only one I have." she added, returning to the table, "But it's the only one I can show you." she said with a giggle. I didn't really know how to respond to that, so I just said nothing.

"So what are your plans for the future, Brandy?" Linda asked. She shrugged her shoulders.

"No idea. I'll do something. I won't be a mooch. I promise." Brandy said.

We made conversation for a little while longer. I tried to get a sense of the type of girl my daughter was. She seemed like a sweet girl. If she was as much of a problem as Regina made her out to be I figured I would have seen something by now. But she seemed like a friendly girl who had a rough family

life. And I vowed to be the father she never had. She seemed young, sure, and a bit focused on the now as opposed to the future. She had no idea where she wanted to go in life. I hoped to give her some guidance. Turn her into a fine upstanding adult.

I went to bed that night happy. I had a child. That hole in my life was now filled. I had left my mark on this planet. I had someone to carry a part of me forward. I had a beautiful wife. A beautiful daughter. A great home. Life was perfect.

I was happy.

(Linda)

I was conflicted.

Finding out that my husband had a child created many feelings from within me. I was overjoyed to see my

husband so happy. I knew how much he wanted a big family, and it ate away at me that I could not be the one that provided that to him. I felt inadequate as a woman and as a wife. I saw the hurt, the sadness in Marcus when he found out I could not bear him children. But I felt the love afterward. When he held me close. When he cried alongside me. When he gave up his dream to have children just to be with me. Nearly 18 wonderful years together. He was with me through the thick and the thin. The good and the bad. He was there when I got my dream job, and he was also there when my parents died. We had grown up together. When we met in College, we were so young. So immature. I was so childish, and moody, and I would freely admit I was a bitch. But Marcus stuck with me. He saw something in me I didn't see in myself. He brought out the best in me. He was a good husband. A good man. He would be the perfect man to grow old with. And... he would be a good father.

That was why I didn't hold a grudge when I found out about Brandy. And that he had sex with Regina in College. Because I didn't deserve a man as good as him. So patient and loyal. And I hurt him. A lot. I couldn't hold a grudge because I created this problem. I had been bitchy. I had

been demanding. I took advantage of my husband's good nature. I had driven him away, into the arms of another woman. But he felt bad. He took me back. And now the shoe was on the other foot, so I returned the favor. I took him back.

I had moved on. Marcus had made me a better woman. I stopped seeing so bitchy. I calmed down. I straightened up and flew right. And I loved Marcus as much as ever. And he loved me. And even though I couldn't bear children, I didn't let that get me down. I still was in pretty good shape. We had a good sex life. Marcus was always a stud in bed, and I always enjoyed trying to keep up. He had a nice big dick, nice and thick and 10 inches. That was part of the reason I realized I couldn't have kids. Cause I figured, with a dick that big, a dick built to get so deep inside a girl, it was designed to impregnate. And when I didn't get pregnant, I knew something was up.

And I knew he found me still attractive because he always wanted some of me. He was always game to get down to business with me. I was still pretty thin, and I had a bit of a big butt. That comes with age. But Marcus liked it very much. And he always loved playing with my petite, B-cup

breasts. And I only saw a few wrinkles when I looked in the mirror. My brown hair still looked good, and my face was still pretty. I was happy with how I looked.

But having this young girl in my house, my husband's daughter, got me down. My earlier flaws had created this situation. Brandy was the personification of all my failures. She was here because I used to be a bitch. She was here cause I mistreated Marcus. And knowing that my husband had created a child with another woman made me fume with jealousy. My husband and some whore had a baby! Having a child is one of the most intimate and important acts two people can do. And my husband had taken a part in this act... with someone else. A girl, who by all accounts was a terrible person, a giant whore. Regina didn't deserve the blessing. She didn't deserve to carry Marcus's child. She didn't deserve to be so fertile. But this slut was able to do something with my true love that I was not. She bore him a child. They were bonded forever. Their genes would live on. Mine would not.

I teared up as I slept, right next to my sleeping husband. My peacefully sleeping husband. It was easy for him to be

happy. He had a child now. I wanted a child too, but I couldn't. I had never felt so inadequate.

I didn't know what to make of Brandy. She was very... coy. I got the impression she was hiding something. Maybe it was what Marcus told me Regina said, but I felt like she was putting up a bit of a front. Like we had yet to meet the real her. She seemed nice. She seemed sweet. Seemed. But I could tell she had a dark side. She had a tramp stamp, and that was a sign that what Regina had said was true. That being a slut ran in the bloodline. That I would have to keep an eye on her. But I didn't want to be too quick to judge. I wanted to give her a chance. But still.

I was conflicted.

(Brandy)

I was horny.

I had unpacked my things and arranged my room how I liked it. Now I lied on my bed, all alone. And I could not hide from the fact that I was desperate to cum.

It would be hard to grow up alongside a slut like my mom and not inherit some of her characteristics. Sure, she was a bitch, and sure she was not fun to live with, and sure it felt like she had it in for me, but I could admire some aspects of her. That she had maintained her looks. Her body. Those were the things I was happiest to inherit from her. Her striking good looks, and her sizable chest.

I honestly think the reason she didn't want me in the house was that she was threatened by me. I was a younger, hotter, bustier version of her. I had taken her admittedly excellent genes, and a healthy scoop of my father's equally excellent genes and become a superior version of my mother. I was younger. I was hotter. I had better hair. Smoother skin. A fuller, rounder ass. Bigger breasts, easily a cup size bigger than hers. So it was no surprise a woman like her felt threatened by me. Mom quickly realized if an old slut like her wanted to be viewed as hot, she needed me out the door. If she didn't want her boyfriends to pay attention to me instead of her, I needed to be gone. I couldn't blame her.

If there was someone hotter than me living under the same roof as I, I would want them gone too. But that would never happen, because I had never met anyone hotter than me.

I was a whore. I had no shame admitting that. It would be easy to do a self analysis to figure out why. I never had a father figure in my life, so I was desperate to find the company of men. It wasn't my fault I was a slut. It was Mom's, for not letting my dad into my life. It was her fault I lost my virginity at 13. It was her fault I let three seniors on the football team run a train on me my freshman year of high school. It was her fault I was a cock-sucking queen. It was her fault I first took it in the ass when I was 16. It was her fault that I liked it. It was her fault I got gangbanged by three black guys my junior year. It was her fault that I could flirt my way into any bar and club. It was her fault that I wore such tight clothes. It was her fault I wore such low cut shirts. It was her fault I loved showing off my huge, juicy tits. It was her fault I let so many boys taste my sweet pussy. It was her fault that all the boys said that "Brandy tastes like candy". It was her fault that I kinda did. It was her fault I thought it would be hot to tattoo the word candy on my right ass cheek. It was her fault I had I decided to tattoo a

bright red lollipop right above my bare pussy. It was her fault I was into older men.

Again, it would be easy to psychoanalyze and say why that was. I never had a dad. I always wanted one. I always wanted a strong, father-like man in my life. Therefore, I was into older men. I got that. I understand. It doesn't change matters. And when Mom saw me flirting with older men, saw me flirting with her pig boyfriends, just for sport, really, she knew I had to go so her men would keep paying attention to her and not me. So I went. And in exchange, Mom told me who my Dad was.

I came here with the best intentions. Really. All the emotions I felt were totally genuine. I cried when I saw my Dad for the first time. I felt that instant bond between him and me. I knew he was my father before any test proved it. I wanted to be a good daughter. I wanted to be a good girl. I wanted my dad and his wife to think the best of me. I did. But some things are out of your control. Some things are the fault of your genetics. Your nature. Some things happen just because your mother is a huge slut, and the slut gene was clearly a dominant one.

It wasn't my fault I was sexually attracted to my father.

It wasn't my fault that when I saw my biological father for the first time, my pussy got sopping wet. It wasn't my fault that my father was so-fucking-god-damn hot. It wasn't my fault the slight gray in his hair sent a violent quiver deep through me. Who am I to deny the obvious sexual chemistry we shared?

I loved older men! Much older than me, to the point where it was indecent. A lot of my high school friends loved fucking college boys. No, I would much rather bang those college boys' fathers. The ones with those beefy Daddy dicks. The ones that knew how to fuck a girl right. The ones that would cheat on their wives to get at my young, tight pussy. The ones that would want you to call them Daddy when they fucked you. The ones who had those big, full balls that were just so much fun to run your young lips around. The ones who would give you more than a two minute fuck session like most younger guys did. The ones who could make you cum again and again in a marathon fuck session, with such pent up sexual frustration from the

lack of sex they got from their old, bland, ugly wives. The ones like my father.

He was so fucking hot! He was just my type. Older, but really fit. Those strong, firm arms. Those rough, manly hands. He was really tall, really tan, and so charming. He could charm the pants off any girl. He was the type of guy who was built to have a daughter. He is the type to totally make any daughter a daddy's girl. A little princess. He was destined to have a young, hot daughter. And I was meant to have a handsome, studly father. He would just love me.

If he put the moves on me I would totally let him fuck me. I knew how wrong it was but it only made my pussy wetter. My father was so hot. I would let him have me in any way he wanted. Any hole he wanted. Maybe it was because I didn't have a father most of my life. But that didn't matter when all I wanted was my father deep inside me. He was totally into young girls. I could tell. We both felt that bond when we first met. He saw it as a bond between a father and daughter. But I knew the truth. I knew that bond was something more. That our bond was not just one of family. Our bond was more... sexual. There was an attraction there, a bond of sexual compatibility that he probably wasn't

ready to admit to. But I would. I wanted to fuck him as soon as I laid eyes on him. And deep down, he wanted to fuck me too, I could tell. And I could also tell his wife did not keep him satisfied. He didn't really want a loose, dusty old lady cunt anyway. He really wanted a nice, tight young pussy to stretch with his fat mature dick. Deep down, that is what all men like him wanted.

All these thoughts of daddy/daughter fucking was really getting me hot. I didn't know if I could wait for him to make the moves on me. I mean, he totally would... eventually, but my hot cunt couldn't wait that long. I mean, there is that whole taboo of incest that would slow him down. And that didn't bother me. It probably should, but as soon as I realized how fuckable my new daddy was, the thought really didn't really bother me. I hadn't thought about it before, but now it was the only thing I was thinking about. Like I said, I am a total slut. I am down for just about anything, apparently even incest, especially with a daddy as hot as he was. But he wasn't down for incest... yet. Eventually, my gorgeous face and huge tits would overwhelm him. Sure, after a few years of me parading my huge tits around him, he would eventually want to give them a healthy squeeze. All concerns of incest would

eventually be forgotten. But, like I said, I could not wait that long. My pussy needed to get fucked, like, right now!

I would have to make him mine. It was the only choice. I would have to be aggressive, grab that fat daddy dick and make it mine. It wouldn't be that simple, obviously. I wish it was. But I could do it. I had never failed to get any man I wanted. And my hot father was now in my crosshairs.

One thing I would never need is a mother. I had enough of mothers in my life. No more Regina, and sorry to say, no more Linda. I saw nothing there I needed. Plus, I think she knew that I was bad news. Not like Daddy. He already thought the world of me. But my new mommy didn't, so she would have to go. Daddy didn't need her. He didn't need an old wife in his life. He needed a daughter. A tight young daughter. He would soon realize that too.

My cunt was absolutely dripping. I lied back on the bed, slipped off my thong, let my fingers slide down, and thought about my daddy for a little bit. Think about what I had in store for him. Thoughts of how I would tease him, show off my girlish charms, until he couldn't resist.

The thought made girl-cum squirt from my cunt.

(Marcus)

About two weeks had passed and we had finally reached the point where things settled into a groove. It stopped being weird that we now had a young girl in the house. The newness was starting to disappear, and it stopped feeling like she was a guest in our home. It was as if she belonged here now.

I was happy to have Brandy around. She brought a different energy to our house. Before, at times things could get a bit routine, but having Brandy around the house livened things up. We were suddenly going to new stores, new restaurants, places we never went to before. Places more hip. I would admit I did not understand the mind of a teenage girl. I didn't have many come through the wood shop, and none of them were like Brandy.

She was definitely a girly-girl. She liked those girly pop songs. She loved dressing up, buying clothes, and texting on her phone. Her room was already distinctly hers, her stuff strewn about disobediently, her sheets cute and girly, and the room distinctly smelling like the perfume she liked to wear, a scent which quickly pervaded the entire house.

But there were awkward moments. Including the time when all three of us were in the kitchen. Brandy had just padded in. She was wearing a white tank top, with a light green zip up pull-over. She had a matching pair of thin green sweats, with the word "Bootylicious" on her backside. She took a bottled water from the fridge and turn to face us.

"For the last time, Linda, I will never build you a wooden scooter." I told her with a laugh, her laughing alongside me. It was a running joke between us. She always wanted me to build fun, stupid stuff, but I much preferred making more practical things.

"All I'm saying is if you build it, I can paint it up, make it look all spiffy. We'll be the talk of the neighborhood.

Everyone will be so jealous." she said, dragging the last word out, causing me to laugh.

"Yeah, I bet." I said. I turned to Brandy. "What's up?" I asked.

"Hey, I was, like, wondering if, you know, if it's not a sore subject, uh... why didn't you guys ever have kids?" Brandy asked. I looked at Linda, silently asking how she wanted to answer this. For awhile this was a subject that would make her cry at the drop of a hat. But now, we had both accepted it.

"It's not that we didn't want to. It was that we couldn't." Linda said. I watched as Brandy processed this. I watched her look at both of us, trying to figure out which of us was the problem, then realizing who it was by the simple virtue that I had proven that I could procreate due to her own existence. I watched Brandy realize that Linda could not bear children.

"Oh. Uh, sorry." Brandy said, slowly escaping the room and escaping the awkward situation she created. I looked at my wife and she shrugged knowing Brandy meant no harm,

but it did bring back those old feelings of hers. I walked over to her and put my arm around her, pulling her close, and kissing her on the forehead. She smiled sadly at me.

(Linda)

As the days passed, I just didn't find myself warming to Brandy. Something seemed... off... about her. It wasn't anything obvious. And maybe she didn't even know she was doing it. But sometimes, the thing is, she did just seemed... insidious. As if she was secretly trying to acknowledged the differences between us. It was little things, things that on their own might come across as misunderstandings, but put all together, made me think it was part of some sinister plan of hers.

"Linda, do you know a good gym around here? I'm starting to feel fat." Brandy asked as we both stood in the kitchen. I glanced at her, and then I rolled my eyes as I looked back at the sink. It didn't look like she had an ounce of fat on her, and it always seemed like she was more than happy to show

that off. She always wore shirts that exposed her flat belly. She always stretched, showing off her firm muscles and her fit back. She always wore things that molded to her firm ass. She didn't need help staying in shape. And why was she asking me? I never really went to the gym. Never had I even mentioned it.

"No. I'm afraid I don't." I said with a small smile.

"Oh. Okay. Maybe I'll ask Daddy then." Brandy said, padding out of the room. I followed her as she spoke to Marcus in the living room.

"Hey Daddy, where do you work out?" she asked.

"Uh, I'll work out at the school when I can." Marcus said.

"It looks like it works." Brandy said.

"Oh, I guess it works alright." Marcus said, flexing his bicep jokingly. Brandy walked over and put her hand on his bicep, giving it a small squeeze.

"Wow, Daddy. That's impressive." Brandy said.

"Oh, uh, thanks." Marcus said.

"No problem. I love feeling my Daddy's big muscles." Brandy said. I rolled my eyes.

I don't know why that bothered me so much. She calls me Linda, and she calls Marcus "Daddy". As if she wanted to make sure I knew that she was the child of Marcus and not me. Plus, something just seemed off about that statement. I tried to look past this, but there were other things that gave me the impression she was up to something.

I was delivering some clothes to her in her room as she was lying on her bed, texting. Her long smooth legs and her bare feet were exposed, wearing some stretchy shorts. Her face was also totally made up as well. It would be okay if she had

been active today, but she had been lying around all day, looking pretty.

"You like your room?" I asked, trying to make conversation.

"It's okay." she said, not looking up at me, not giving me the time to at least glance in my direction.

"Well, if you want any help decorating it, let me know. That's what I do." I said.

"No thanks, Linda." she said, dismissively, as if she wanted no part in having me help, wanted no part in bonding with me. I finished up delivering her clothes and left the room quickly.

She was never outwardly mean. Just bratty. Dismissive. Like when we went out, as a 'family', she would be bubbly and young and cute. But that would be directed more to Marcus, and she would only interact with me only if she had to. Her focus was on her father. And she talked about the most inane crap. Like her friends back home and the stupid

things they would do. Marcus ate it up, loving to hear about his daughter's past. But I was finding it a bit grating.

My irritation was reaching a breaking point. Whenever Marcus was around she would be the cute doting daughter. But with just me, it was like she dropped the act. She would lie around, chat loudly on the phone, even when I was trying to watch TV. She would sleep in till past noon and would be napping whenever I went to find her. But when Marcus showed up she was full of energy. I would clean the coffee table, and five minutes later she would have her bare feet on the same table, doing her nails. She kept doing this crap in front of me, and not Marcus. He had been snowed by her, but I wasn't. I wasn't going to put up with her lying around all day, not looking for work. If she was going to live here, she would have to at least contribute. She didn't work. She did no chores.

Plus, it was just... I knew she was my step-daughter but... she dressed like a fucking skank! I swear, every fucking day I was assaulted by unwelcome views of her cleavage, her belly, her legs. And I could probably describe every mold and crevice of her perky little ass with the tight pants she wore. And plus, I knew which days she didn't wear a bra,

because she happened to be extra peppy and bouncy those days, testing the tensile strength of her tight tops with her perky breasts and her constantly hard fucking nipples.

Something had to change. I knew girls like her. Little whores who could turn on the charm and they think that guys will bow to them, will bend to their will. They would just flash their perfect teeth, show off a mile of cleavage, and get their way. Well, she wouldn't get one over me. She would have another thing coming. Girls like her made my blood boil. I had to calm myself again. Remember my breathing.

The next day she had woke up well past noon. I was on the computer doing some work. I was able to work from home quite a bit, and I usually enjoyed having the alone time. But having this young girl around put a wrench into things. She wandered into the living room, her eyes still full of sleep, and I looked up at her over my screen.

"Hey, Brandy?" I started.

"Yeah?" she replied.

"I know it's fun to sleep all day and lie around and talk to your friends. But you agreed to look for work. You agreed to contribute around here. And I am not seeing it. And we're beginning to get annoyed with this." I told her.

"You're getting annoyed." Brandy explained.

"What?" I asked.

"You're getting annoyed. You. Not Daddy. And I have no reason to listen to you. You're not my mother. If Daddy has a problem with me, he can come talk to me about it, 'kay?" Brandy said, dismissively, not even bothering to let me reply as she left the room.

I stewed in anger for the rest of the day at this petulant little girl. How did she stonewall me so effectively? How did she completely brush me off? Me? A woman over twenty years her superior. I was pissed! Finally, when Marcus got home I spoke up.

"You need to talk to your daughter about finding a job. She just lies around all day." I told him.

"She's just... getting adjusted." Marcus said, defending her.

"She's taking advantage of you." I said.

"Linda, I..." he began.

"She's your daughter, I get it. But you need to instill some discipline. She can't be a little princess forever. You need to be her father." I said. He nodded.

"I'll talk to her." he replied.

(Marcus)

Brandy was perfectly capable of doing things on her own, but she loved having me take her places and hang out with her. Most girls her age felt the opposite; they wanted to be as far away from their folks as possible. But we didn't have those years of time together to get annoyed with each other. Now we were both adults. Well, she was a young adult, but an adult all the same. So we weren't getting to know each other the way a parent and a child would. We were getting to know each other as two adults.

There was still the excited newness between us. I had a daughter! And she had a dad! We were both so excited at this change in our lives that we couldn't get enough. But I could tell that that connection wasn't really forming between Brandy and Linda. Linda hadn't warmed to her as much as I had, and Brandy didn't have those warm feelings for her that she had for me. So she was eager to go out with me, just me and her, and with Linda's frosty feelings, she was happy to sit some of these trips out. And it would give me the chance to talk to her about finding a job.

So I was at the mall, walking behind my daughter. She had the tendency to talk and talk and talk and talk and talk and talk... you get the idea. And she also spoke a mile a minute,

so I learned to just let her speak, and be a good sounding board.

"So, Carlee, she was like, dancing with Ronnie, but he was dating Kayla, and she was, like, dancing all skanky, trying to make J. J. jealous, and..." Brandy said, going on and on. I just smiled and nodded. Ah, the joys of having a teenage daughter. I was generally a pretty quiet guy so I was happy to let her spill her guts and dominate the conversation.

We stuck together for the most part while shopping. Me, following her when looking through her stuff, and her, following me as we looked at stuff I was interested in. But this stopped when we approached a place Brandy was clearly excited to go into, Victoria's Secret.

"Uh, wait, you want to go in there?" I said.

"Yeah, come on." Brandy said, ready to go in.

"Uh, I might let you do that on your own." I said, uncomfortable with the idea of going into a sexy underwear store with my own daughter.

"Oh, c'mon Daddy, this will be good father/daughter bonding time." Brandy said with a sickeningly sweet smile.

"Yeah, yeah, I don't think so. Have fun. I'll be over there at the sporting goods store. We'll meet up here when we're done." I said.

"Okay, Daddio." Brandy said with a laugh, walking inside as I walked the opposite direction.

I was looking for some new golf clubs but all the ones I saw were a bit too rich for my blood. So I was not there for long. I sat on a bench and waited for my daughter to return. I didn't want to be staring into Victoria's Secret like a perv or something, but I glanced in there every so often, looking to see if Brandy was almost done. For awhile I didn't see her, just other women and girls, and the occasional guy. I just sat there for a good fifteen or twenty minutes, waiting for my daughter to emerge. I finally caught sight of her. She

was talking to a guy, closer to my age than hers, not a bad looking guy, and she was looking up at him, smiling as they chatted, flashing her teeth, playing with her hair. If I didn't know any better, I would say she was flirting. It looked like she was showing some pieces of underwear to him. Maybe he was getting her opinion? They had workers for that. She had a bag in hand, so she looked like she was done shopping, but he had stopped to help her out. I saw he was pushing a stroller, with a young kid inside. I kept an eye on them for a few minutes, before Brandy saw me and headed out to meet me.

"Find what you were looking for?" I asked, not wanting to pry too much and ask about that guy.

"You bet." she said. "Wanna see?"

"No. No thanks." I said with a laugh. "Let's get something to eat." I said.

We made our way to the food court. We split up, as I wanted a burger and she wanted Chinese food. I looked back across the food court and saw a few young guys around Brandy,

chatting her up. Wow, it seemed like whenever I left on her own, boys would flock to her. My line was longer than hers, so she was seated before I was. It was as I got closer that I saw her seated at a table next to the same older guy she was talking with before at Victoria's Secret. He looked a little nervous as I approached, but Brandy did not as I joined them at the table.

"Hey Daddy, this is Russ." I said.

"Uh, hi." I said, nodding at him.

"I was helping him pick out an anniversary gift for his wife earlier." Brandy said.

"Oh." I said, confirming my suspicions.

"You're daughter was very helpful." Russ said.

"Good." I said. I looked to his side, at the little boy in the stroller.

"How old is he?" I asked.

"Oh, about eight months. My wife was telling me 40 was too old to have another kid. We've got a 15 year old boy as well. But Eddie here was a happy surprise." Russ said.

"I always wanted a little boy." I said quietly, watching the baby smiling, playing with a toy.

"Ah!" Brandy said in mock anger. I smiled at her.

"I should be going." Russ said. "It was nice meeting you, Brandy." he said, smiling at her. He nodded at me as he gathered his things and pushed baby Eddie away. Brandy smiled at them as they left, leaving me and Brandy alone.

She smiled at me as she picked away at her food. I had to take a bit of pride in Brandy. She was a spectacularly beautiful girl. Beautiful, with an infectious personality and a bubbly attitude. Just knowing that I had a part in creating

a girl of such incredible beauty filled me with a sense of pride.

"So... Brandy, while it's great to have you around the house all day, I would really appreciate if you could contribute more. Help out around the house. And start looking for a job, get out there a little bit." I said. Her eyes narrowed a bit.

"Did, uh, Linda talk to you?" Brandy asked, a little annoyed.

"What I am saying to you is coming from me." I said, placating her. "Like I said, I love having you around, but you do need to keep up your end of the bargain."

Brandy studied me for a second, then smiled.

"For you, Daddy... anything." Brandy said, causing me to smile in relief. "If you'll excuse me for a moment, I have to go to the little girl's room." she said, standing up. I watched her walk away, and I noticed guys following her with their eyes, their heads spinning as they caught sight of her, watching her jean-clad butt. I shook my head at this, and a

little bit of anger swelled up as these men ogled my daughter.

As she left my sight, I looked around for a bit. I saw Brandy's bag on the ground from Victoria's Secret under the table near me. I went to lift it from under the table making sure she didn't forget it. As I did the bag fell open, exposing its contents to me. I saw a few pairs of teeny-tiny thongs, one black, one a pastel blue, the other white. Each had a matching bra with them, tiny, thin, and lacy. I nervously set the bag down before anyone noticed.

So my daughter wore thongs. Great. Wonderful. I hated to say it, but this lent more credence to what Regina had said, which was that Brandy, my daughter, was a slut. A skank. I wanted to be the judge as opposed to listening to rumors, but finding out my daughter was partial to thongs didn't help her case. Because a thong was the type of thing the more sexual girls wore. The more skanky girls. It wasn't a big deal, even if she was kinda slutty. I would prefer her to be a pure, virginal little angel, obviously. But in this day and age, that is probably not possible. She was young. She was clearly a flirt. She was experiencing the world a bit. So what

if she might...MIGHT... be a slut? I don't even know if she was for sure. But it didn't matter. She was my daughter.

I saw Brandy approaching. And it would be hard not to notice the other guys notice her again. I could practically see their heads bobbing, following my daughter's breasts as they bounced when she walked. She reached my table and I stood up. We grabbed our bags, and I put my arm around my daughter's shoulder as she walked out.

(Brandy)

It was becoming clear I would have to speed up proceedings, cause I had no intent to work, or even lift a finger. Why should I when I had a big, strapping daddy around the house? That's not what he wanted either. He would happily dote on me for the rest of his life. But the pressure was rising on me to get a job. To do chores. Daddy's ugly wife was already, like, totally bitching out on me every chance she could. I knew if nothing was done, it would reach the point where it would be 'get a job', or 'get

out'. But it wouldn't reach that point. I would have to get Daddy on my side completely. I needed Daddy to fuck me before we got that far.

Daddy hadn't made a move, yet. I made sure to get a lot of private time with him on these shopping trips, hoping he would skip the mall and drive us somewhere hidden where we could get down to business. But no, he kept our relationship totally platonic. Completely non-sexual. No stolen embraces. No wandering hands. No un-fatherly caresses. No accidental exposure of big daddy, donkey dick in front of his delightful daughter. Just typical boring, father-daughter stuff.

It was cute how nervous he was to go in to Victoria's Secret with me. That would definitely soon change. Soon, he would happily join me. He would help me pick out the tiniest, nastiest of thongs. He would help me choose the underwear that would best highlight his daughter's goodies. He would sneak in the dressing room with me and get a quick peek. Maybe a quick feel. He would run his fingers under my bra, making sure the fabric was smooth, maybe let his fingers flick over my nipples. Maybe tweak them through the fabric. Maybe scoop my giant breasts in his

manly palms. Run his fingers under the straps of my thong, straightening it out. Maybe let his fingers run wild, and maybe slip one in my tight, pink pussy. Followed by another. Then he would flick my clit. And we would both lose control. I would fish out his dick, cause I would have to suck it. Then I would sit him down, and ride my Daddy's fat dick, keeping quiet so no one hears us, our grunts quiet but harsh, until we lost control. Until we both had to cum, and he buried his fat cock deep in his darling daughter and let loose, our moans uncontrollable, echoing around the store. Everyone would look at us, knowing what we did but no one would say anything. An illicit daddy-daughter tryst, right under everyone's noses.

Well, that's what would happen. What will happen. But Daddy had to smarten up. There was a glimmer of hope. I saw him watching me as I talked to boys. To men. I saw him clutch me afterward, possessively, jealously, I saw his eyes burn with annoyance. Deep down, he wanted his daughter all to himself. It's funny he got that jealous over a little bit of flirting. I could only imagine how jealous he would get after my upcoming fuck-date with Russ!

(Marcus)

"OH, FUCK ME! YES! YES! YES!" Brandy screamed, her pleas echoing through the walls.

I looked over at Linda, as wide awake as I was. It was 2 AM, and we had been startled awake by Brandy getting busy in the next room. She had gotten all dolled up and left just after dinner. We had speculated on what she was up to and after noticing the way the boys flocked to her I knew it was a date. A first date. And clearly, Brandy was not the type to wait for things to get physical.

"POUND ME! POUND THAT PUSSY! DO IT RUSS! DO IT!" Brandy squealed. Russ? That guy from the mall? The married guy from the mall? The married guy with two kids? The guy who was my age? That was the guy in the room with Brandy? Having sex with her? I was suddenly filled with anger. I suddenly felt the incredible urge to march into her room and rip that douche bag off my little girl.

"UUUGGGGHHHH! YOUR CUNT'S SO GOOD!" Russ grunted.

"FFFFUUUUUCCCKKK! DO ME WITH THAT FAT COCK!" Brandy moaned, the sound of skin slapping together echoing through our house.

"Unbelievable." Linda muttered. "I have to work tomorrow."

"I do to." I said.

"Never again. I don't want this happening again. You have to talk to her. No more boys." Linda said. Not really boys. Men.

"I will." I said, gritting my teeth. I wanted to stop this now, but if I did she would be horribly embarrassed, and I didn't want her to hate me forever. So, I would have to sit here and listen while my daughter got fucked. There was no chance of getting any sleep until they were finished. But apparently, this guy was a superman in bed, cause they kept

going and going and going. I just heard the bed springs groaning as they bounced.

CRACK!

A sharp crack followed by a loud thud. This caused me to sit up straight wondering if someone was hurt. Then, Brandy's girlish giggles bounded through the halls, followed by the deep laugh of the man she was with, Russ. Then, the skin slapping continued. For another 15 minutes the groans, moans, and cursing continued. Then blessedly, finally:

"Oh fuck baby! Oh fuck! OH FUCK! OH FUCK! I'M CUMMING BABY! MAKE ME CUM, HONEY! OH! OH! OH SHIT! MAKE ME CUM, BABY, MAKE...MEEEEEEEEEEEE... CUMMMMMMMMMMMMM!" Brandy screamed at the top of her lungs.

"UGGGHHHHHH!" Russ groaned, like a caveman, cumming right along with my little girl. Once their groaning stopped it seemed like they were finally done. I heard some light talking and laughter. I heard footsteps

walking out, and then a door shut. Good! Cause if Russ was around in the morning, I would kick his fucking ass.

I got home from work the next day before Linda did and I found Brandy in the living room, curled up on the couch, wearing sweatpants, eating a bowl of cereal and watching TV.

"Hey." I called out.

"Yo." she called out, not distracted from the show she was watching. I walked up to her and blocked her view of the TV.

"We need to talk." I told her, bending over to turn off the TV. She looked up at me cutely.

"What's up, Daddy." she said as I sat down.

"Okay, what happened last night, with you bringing over a... guest. That can't happen again. Both me and Linda have to work, and we can't be kept up all night with all of your noise." I told her.

"Sorry. I do get a little carried away sometimes." Brandy said, her cheeks turning red.

"A little carried away?" I asked.

"Sorry." she said with a laugh.

"Were you with that guy from the mall? Russ?" I asked.

"So what if I was?" she asked.

"Brandy, you're a young woman. I can't tell you how to live your life, but... you can't be going that far with guys you barely know." I told her.

"I can take care of myself." she replied.

"That guy is my age. You should be dating guys your own age." I told her.

"Guys my age are boring." Brandy pouted.

"He's married, with kids!" I replied.

"So?" she asked like a brat.

"It is bad news to be with someone who is married. It is really wrong." I told her.

"He came after me. If he didn't have me, he would have found some other young girl to screw." Brandy replied.

"Brandy, you know... I don't want to hear this." I began.
"Just... what you're doing is a bad idea. You can't keep doing this. It will get you into trouble."

"I love trouble." Brandy said with a smirk.

"Just, no more guys over here. You're your own woman. I don't like what you are doing, and those are your choices. But this is my house. So, no more guys here. No late night fun. Got it?" I said, angrily.

"Got it. Daddy." Brandy said, giving me a 'thumbs up'. A long pause fell before she spoke up, "Oh, before I forget. I need to show you something." she began, standing and padding towards her room in her bare feet. I followed her into her room.

"My bed broke." she said, facing me, pointing at the foot of the bed. I looked down at one of the bed posts, and noticed that a chunk of the bed post had broken off, causing the entire bed to be slanted now.

"Probably a crack was there. It broke completely after last night." I said, reaching under the bed to remove the broken off part.

"Can you fix it?" Brandy asked.

"Maybe a temporary fix, but nothing long term." I said. "The only permanent fix would be building a new one from scratch. This bed wasn't really designed for what happened on it last night." I told her.

"Can you build one that can?" Brandy asked with a laugh.

"I can whip up a new one, I think." I said.

"One a bit sturdier?" Brandy asked.

"Uh, yeah, maybe." I said. "But just because I build a stronger bed doesn't mean you get to repeat what happened last night."

"Got it." she said with another 'thumbs up'.

I grabbed my tools and tried to fix it, but what I ended up doing was just flattening out the broken foot of the bed and putting a brace under it to keep it steady and balanced. It

was a temporary fix until I could build up a new bed frame. I was already blueprinting it in my mind.

I enjoyed building and creating. The thrill of the build was in my head. I tried to ignore the disobedience that comes with youth. I tried to ignore the fact that Brandy would probably not be stopped by my warning, and as soon as she could, she would be having sex in that bed again. I tried to ignore the fact that I wasn't building a new bed for the guest room.

I was building a new fuck-bed for my daughter.

I couldn't get it out of my head. My daughter liked to get fucked hard, so hard that she could break a bed. It was obviously a hard thing to think about as a father, but it was hard not to. Regina was right. Brandy, my daughter, was a slut. She hit on older men, older married men. She was willing to put out on a first date. She was definitely slut material.

But she was young! She was sowing her wild oats. She would grow up eventually and learn the error of her ways. Learn that putting out a lot was not the best way forward for a young girl like her.

So I got to work on a new bed in the wood shop. A sturdier bed. With thick strong feet, able to handle a lot of force. I wanted to think that my daughter would listen to her father and obey my wishes to not keep up her late night activities, but I knew she was young and impetuous. As soon as she could, she would use this bed for sex again. She would turn all of my hard work onto a canvas where she could get down to business.

But I was her father. It was not my place to judge. It was my job to turn her into a better person. A person fit to live on her own in society. To not be a slut, and go from man to man. To not be a spoiled brat, and mooch off her father and stepmother. I had to find a way to get through to her. Did she need discipline? Did I need to be a hard-ass to her?

What would it take to get through to her?

"Why don't you, like, have a flat screen?" Brandy asked.

Brandy, Linda and I were sitting in the living room and we had just started up a movie Linda wanted to watch. The sun was set, it was dark outside, but we were all wide awake. But as soon as it came on, Brandy spoke up.

"What, you don't like this TV?" I said, remarking on our boxy, 40 inch TV. "We got this at our wedding."

"Yeah, but like, it's old. Aren't you guys supposed to be, like, spending money all over the place? I mean, you have, like, an old TV, an old car. You guys need to, like, live a little." Brandy suggested.

"Oh, I think we live just fine, thank you." I said with good humor, causing Brandy to smile brightly.

"Thanks for the life lesson, Brandy." Linda snipped a little. I gave her a little look, telling her to lighten up. Brandy shrugged her shoulders.

"This movie sucks." Brandy announced, four minutes in. She stood up and bounced out of the room. As soon as she was out of earshot, I spoke to Linda.

"You don't have to jump down her throat." I told her.

"Well, we just started the movie and she starts speaking up. She calls us cheap, and then insinuates we should be having a mid-life crisis." Linda said.

"It was an innocent comment." I told her. I moved closer to her and put my arm around her shoulder. She still hadn't really warmed to Brandy yet.

Despite the fact that we were both 40, we still didn't feel old. We hadn't reached that point that many others did where they face their mortality. We both still felt young at heart. We weren't spending money extravagantly. We didn't need

a fancy TV. A fancy car. A fancy house. We had each other. And besides, things were good with us. We were content. We didn't need anything more.

I still loved her. She still loved me. Neither of us were gonna freak out and cheat on each other. Neither of us were so driven by sex that we needed to find someone younger, and better. Our sex life was good. As good as ever. I never had the urge to cheat. Find some young, hot piece of ass to cheat on my wife with. A young, sexy fertile girl, eager to have my children... wait, what? I shook my head at this. Why did my mind go there? To fertility? Weird.

It's not like I had some deep seeded unrequited desire to breed with someone. I had already done that, even though I didn't know I did until years later. I didn't get the full experience of child birth, from beginning to end. To be by a woman's side as her belly grows with your child. To feel her belly as it swells up. To rub her bare, pregnant, sexy belly as you make love. To be there when your child is born. To be there to hold your child as he or she is born. The late nights, the crying, the joy of holding a life you created. That was something I had missed out on. I only experienced the very first part, the conception, and I barely remembered it.

I had always dreamed of making love to my soul mate and conceiving a child together. But you don't always get what you want. But I had had one dream come true already. Miraculously, I had a child. What I always wanted. Sure it didn't happen the way I wanted it to, with who I wanted it to, but it happened. And I couldn't be happier. But Linda wasn't.

I looked over at my wife and she smiled. And suddenly, I understood. Understood her resentment of Brandy. Brandy was a reminder of what she couldn't give me. A child. A constant reminder of her self-perceived failure as a woman and as a wife. And Brandy being a bit of a brat didn't help. I pulled her close and brought my lips to her neck.

"Stop." she breathed out, pushing me away gently. I nipped at her neck. I knew how to push her buttons. I knew how to unleash the sexy side of my wife. I knew how to turn her screw in just the right way.

"Stop, she'll hear." Linda said, scratching at my scalp.

"So?" I whispered. "She made us listen to her." I said, feeling frisky. "You want to make her regret it? You want to punish her? Let's make her listen to us."

With that thought, Linda smiled.

(Brandy)

I just knew Daddy's cock was fat. I just knew it. He just seemed like the type to be packing a massive rod. It was all I could think about. Whenever I was around him, all I could think about was the fat, meaty cock he had packed away, holstered, primed for action, desperate to be cared for correctly. I practically drooled whenever I thought about it. And trust me, I thought about it a lot. I'm sure Daddy was wondering why I had to retreat to my room all the time. If he knew his little princess had his fat cock on the brain he would not be happy. He would probably have to spank me. Spank those naughty thoughts out of my head. Make me moan. The thought made me shiver.

I lied down on my bed and unzipped my top, exposing my near bare chest, breathing hard, my tits covered in a tiny, stretchy bra, bursting to be free. I slipped off my pants, slipped my fingers under my tiny black thong, let my fingers circle my clit, and thought about my daddy for a little bit. I thought about his no doubt giant dick. I thought about him exposing it to me. Forcing me to my knees to appreciate it. And I would, because I loved sucking dick more than anything else. Just the feeling of a piece of huge, throbbing meat in your mouth. Having complete control of a man by using your mouth on him. Making him lose control, making you swallow their load, creating a bond. A bond that could only be shared by a man and a girl that swallowed his cum. A bond that would last for life. Cause a man would always remember the girl he was so intimate with, the girl who happily swallowed his cum.

So there I would be, on my knees in front of Daddy. My mouth would open on reflex, knowing a cock like that would deserve the very best: the tight, wet, eager mouth of a teenage girl. I would look down at Daddy's massive meat, appreciating its perfection. The way his dick was curved, like most big dicks are. The way his cock would drip pre-

cum. The way that dick would cause you to choke in just the right way when it was buried down your throat. I would look up at Daddy, noting the lust on his face, noting how badly he wanted to squeeze my big, bare teenage tits, but not being able to go through with it. He was begging me with his eyes to make the first move. To begin our incestuous coupling. And I would smile at him, stretch my mouth open till my jaw cracked, and begin to lower my mouth around his cock-head, my warm breath hitting his dick. And just as I was about to close my lips around his fat daddy dick...

THUMP!

My eyes snapped open, pulling me from my fantasy angrily. I looked around, looking for the source of the noise.

THUMP!

The noise came from the wall, the wall between my room and Daddy's. I pushed my ear against the wall.

THUMP-THUMP!

What the hell? I heard light giggling from the other side.

THUMP-THUMP!

Was that what I think it was? Could it be?

"Ohhhh!" I heard a muffled moan through the wall. Holy Shit! They were doing it! Daddy was fucking his wife. Awesome! This was great news. This would be the perfect chance to see Daddy's dick in action mode. I could see how Daddy fucked. How Daddy liked his sex. Whether he and I would be compatible in the bedroom. Wait, let me rephrase. I would check to verify what I already knew, that he and I were very compatible sexually.

I listened for a few minutes, making sure they were going at it, making sure Daddy was giving Linda his best. I got to my feet, clad only in my bra and thong, quietly opened my door, and tip-toed down the hall. Not surprisingly, the door was shut. But one thing I did know, none of the doors inside

the house had locks. Why would they? They never had any nosy children around the house, causing trouble... until now.

I got close to the door, putting my ear against it. They were still going at it, hot and heavy. The bed was still creaking, the headboard hitting the wall, my wall. It was as if Linda was trying to prove she could still get fucked too. Trying to prove to me that she was still attractive. Trying to prove that Daddy still liked her more than me. Trying to prove that she hadn't noticed his wandering eye devouring my gigantic, firm titties. Trying to prove that she was the one he should be fucking, even though we all knew that was not the case. Even though, deep down, we all knew, in the end, I would be the one taking his massive dick.

I let my hand rest on the doorknob, and hearing them still lost in the pleasure, I cracked open the door, enough to peek my cute little head inside. And what I saw nearly floored me.

Daddy was on top of Linda. Bare-ass naked! His ass was to die for. Fit and firm, enough to make me want to squeeze it

in my palms. And the way it flexed as he drove into her almost made me fall to my knees. But my attention was driven elsewhere, by the huge throbbing dick hanging between his legs.

HOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLLLLLLYYYY

FUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK! It was so much bigger than I thought. As thick as a soda-can, as long as my fore-arm, just a prime example of meaty, juicy daddy dick! He drove it into his wife, from knob to root, using the entire length like a true master of fucking would. My eyes were hypnotized by his balls. His big, fat balls, beating against Linda's ass as he drove into her. Each ball would fill my palm. I imagined squeezing his sack, his flesh oozing through my hands, the textured skin against my smooth fingers, feeling the balls that created me, feeling the cum swimming in his sack, swelling his balls to the bursting point, desperate for release, desperate to burst loads and loads of tasty, sticky, manly cum all over my angelic face. I couldn't wait to make this dream a reality.

The professional, fatherly veneer was gone. He was an animal! A rutting beast! My real father was this man right here. Not the guy who watched shitty romantic comedy's to

placate his wife. Not the guy who settled for a woman that couldn't give him children. No, this was the man who made me. This was how I got created. This was how he made me with my mom. This is the kind of fucking that creates a slut like me. It's too bad his wife wasn't keeping up.

She was just... lying there. She had just wrapped her arms around his back, spread her legs and let him do his thing. As if a silent acknowledgment that he was her superior in the bedroom, and she knew it. Any dumb bitch could just lie there and take it. Only a really special slut could tame a dick like that. And that dick, that fat daddy dick, was wasted on her. It deserved so much better. It deserved to have a tight young cunt stretching around it, smothering it in pleasure, drawing out that tasty cum from his big balls. He didn't want some used up old-lady vagina. If Daddy could get this worked up for her, I could only imagine what he could do with a woman at his level sex-wise. Not someone like Linda, someone so far beneath him. A real woman, or in his case, a tight young girl like me.

I watched my Daddy with pride, proud that I could fuck with the same ferocity as my father. I took pride that I was truly my father's daughter, proud that I inherited his genes,

proud that I had inherited his desire for rough fucking. And combine that with the genes of my admittedly super attractive slut-whore mother, and you get me, the perfect young slut.

I watched Linda's hand travel down Daddy's back, palming his ass. I was filled with jealousy, knowing that should be me in there, knowing it was my hands that should be on Daddy's muscular ass. My hands that should be helping him drive into me.

Daddy's thrusts sped up. I heard him grunt out, "Here it comes," as he rolled off his wife. I watched my father's throbbing dick in the flesh, completely bare, the head fat and thick, perfect for digging deep into a girl. It bobbed around as he settled on his back, standing straight up with pride. Linda rolled to her knees, allowing me to see her nude. And she was nothing special. She had no tits to speak of, and ugly saggy, old skin, and a fat, nasty ass. Just a plain Jane, ugly fucking fuck face. She was just... nasty. There were so many women with better bodies that deserved a guy like Daddy more than her. Like me. Especially me.

"Do you like my body?" Linda asked. Ha! Stupid ugly bitch looking for reassurance that her husband found her attractive. Newsflash bitch... you're not!

"Yeah." Daddy grunted, ever the good husband, not letting her know that he preferred his daughter's hot bod. How sweet.

I watched her reach down and begin to vigorously stroke Daddy's cock as if this was their routine. I smiled as I realized why this was. Why waste a perfectly good load of cum in Linda's dusty, useless cunt when it could be better spent spraying her down? Both options had an equal chance of getting her pregnant, I thought with a laugh. But these thoughts faded fast.

I became hypnotized by Daddy's throbbing cock. It was swollen, ready to burst. I watched Linda stroke it, and I watched Daddy writhe in pleasure. I gazed at the tip of Daddy's cock, ready to see the cum burst from it. And burst it did.

"FUCK!" Daddy groaned, a rocket of cum spewing from his fat cock head. It shot into the air like a fountain, shooting cum in perfect, artful bursts. I watched Daddy's dick flex as cum just kept firing again and again. These streams of cum landing on his belly, Linda's chest, her neck. Some shot at her face, but she dodged it, the cum firing over her shoulder, landing on the carpet. I watched Daddy's balls twitch as the cum fired out from him, stream after stream. And all I could think about was that 18 years prior, these balls twitched the same way when I was conceived.

I focused on the entire scene again. Linda was focused on the streams of cum still firing at her, starting to wind down. I looked at the spewing head again, until my eyes were drawn elsewhere by some unseen force, and I looked past Daddy's cock head to his face. At his eyes. The eyes that were now looking directly at me.

Holy Shit! Daddy and I were, like, sharing a serious moment here. Me, looking at my father's nude body, his rock hard dick firing heaping amounts of hot sticky cum. Him, looking at me, me in my barely-there underwear, my tight, stretchy black bra struggling to contain my gigantic firm titties, and my teeny-tiny thong, barely covering my

little pussy. Daddy, looking at his peeping daughter, exposed as the slut she really was, in her slutty undergarments, the kind a good daughter should never let her daddy see. Only a naughty daughter would let her daddy see her like this. This exposed, this raw. This sexy. Only a naughty daughter would wear a bra in front of her Daddy that really highlighted her huge titties, really caused them to pour out over the edges. That struggled to contain her breasts as her chest heaved in excitement. Only a naughty daughter would wear a thong that so barely covered her most cherished private parts. So low cut was this thong that Daddy would easily be able to see my cunt hair, if I had any. I was presenting a sight that no self-respecting father should be forced to see. No daddy should see his daughter all slutted up. Because honestly, how could any man, let alone a father, resist?

But this was his fault, really. No good father should so brazenly show off his massive meat in front of his daughter. He shouldn't tempt his little princess by so obviously fucking in the next room over. He should have known this would have drawn me closer. It was his fault I had to take a peek. He knew what type of girl I was. He knew I wouldn't be able to resist. He shouldn't have blasted cum all over the

place. That shit was like catnip to a slut like me. There wasn't a chance I would miss this, and deep down he knew this. He wanted this. Deep down, he was a nasty daddy. I knew that for a fact now. And how did I know?

My eyes were on him. His eyes were on me. My eyes admired his body. His eyes admired mine. Our gazes met. The only thing between us was his still standing cock. And the only thing that could tear our eyes from each other was the stream of cum that burst from his cock.

Before our eyes met, his orgasm was winding down, his cum bursting out in smaller and smaller streams. But the stream of cum that interrupted our moment was his biggest yet. It rocketed onto Linda's chest. But that cum did not belong to her. Even though his orgasm had continued from the sex he had been having, I knew this was another orgasm. He was cumming twice, back to back. The first one was because of Linda. But this orgasm, this cum... this was all mine. This cum was due to me. The cum rocketing from his cock onto Linda wasn't because of her stroking. No, it was because of me. Of me watching him in action. Of me, his nasty, slutty daughter, watching him cum all over the place. Of me, standing here in barely anything at all. That all

caused him to cum. Not Linda, his wife. Me. Brandy. His daughter. I had just made him cum. I had made my father cum. Daddy had just cum because of me, his daughter. I had to resist the urge to walk in, plant my mouth on his cock, and swallow the cum that rightfully belonged to me.

Good daddies don't let their daughters make them cum. Good daddies don't spew cum everywhere because of their little princesses.

Only naughty daddies did that.

Daddy kept cumming and cumming, all that sticky white nectar covering Linda. After what felt like forever, the cum bubbled to a stop, only now just barely leaking from the tip. Linda released his cock.

"Wow, that was a big one!" she said in admiration looking down at herself, her chest and neck covered with cum. That was why she didn't notice that Daddy was still looking at me. His daughter, who's nipples were rock hard, nearly peeking over the top of her bra, who's thighs were wet with her juices. Daddy was looking at me, into my eyes,

acknowledging that we had just shared something... intimate. He looked at me... scared...nervous. My lips curved up into a smile, maybe a little sneer, knowing I had him in my grasp. I spun around, flashing him a view of my thong-clad ass, before making my way back to my bedroom.

I barely had my door shut before I flicked my clit to a huge, shivering, fall-to-my-knees orgasm, the word 'Daddy' escaping my lips. But I wasn't done. I peeled off my bra, slipped off my thong and crawled into bed. I was up for the next hour, fingering myself, keeping the fires warm for my daddy, hoping he would sneak over to finish what he started. But he didn't. I knew deep down he wanted to, but he was too scared. Besides, his balls had to be totally empty, thanks to me. It would take time to recharge, for him to refill the tanks until they're filled to the brim, ready for his daughter to drain them. But I would speed up that process. He would see so much daughterly flesh that his balls would be swollen with cum in no time. I slowed my fingering, and fell into a peaceful slumber. I had made major strides today. I fell to sleep knowing that he was soon mine for the taking.

Finally, our father-daughter relationship had evolved. It was no longer completely and boringly platonic. Watching Daddy's spewing dick had changed that. Him witnessing my hot body had changed that. We had shared a moment that most fathers and daughters don't. A daddy-daughter moment that was definitely... sexual. Our relationship would never be the same. How could it? We had both seen something life-changing. I saw his huge dick cum. He wolfishly gazed at my rocking bod. Things had changed. How could we be around each other and not think about that moment?

Our daddy-daughter relationship had just been injected with a deep, heaping dose of sexual tension!

Chapter 2

(Marcus)

What the hell just happened? I was having sex with my wife, pretty damn good sex, when I got the sense I was being watched. I looked to the door and saw her. Brandy. My daughter. She was watching us having sex. She was watching us without shame or fear. Her eyes were wide, taking in what was happening, not missing a thing. I hesitated to say anything for fear of embarrassing everyone involved. I didn't want to call out Brandy and make things awkward between us forever. I know it sounds stupid now. I should have just shooed her away, because her eyes met mine. She knew I had seen her, and she still stayed there. I didn't want to tell Linda this and ruin the mood.

So there I was with my wife stroking my dick as my daughter watched. Brandy was just standing there, watching me, watching us have sex with no shame. She was watching me, uh... ejaculate, all over my wife, and she kept watching wide-eyed. Even though I was lost in the pleasure my wife

was bringing me, I couldn't help but notice what Brandy was wearing. Barely wearing, that is. My daughter was wearing a tiny bra which was barely covering her rather large chest. Her breasts were practically spilling over the edges, even larger than I thought. Not that I thought about my daughter's breasts a lot. I mean, she was my daughter. But it would be hard not to notice that my daughter had extremely large breasts. Reminiscent of her mother's, although I think Brandy's were noticeably bigger. Again, not that I noticed them a lot. Anyway, Brandy was also wearing indecently tiny underwear, which barely covered her... nether regions. She had so much skin exposed. Smooth, young skin. She was breathing hard as she watched us, as if she were... excited. Breathing in and out, causing her breasts to bulge outward even more.

I can't explain why my body reacted how it did. I can't explain why I had a second, admittedly incredible, orgasm directly after the first. I had never done that before in my life. And all it took was my daughter watching me have sex. Seeing me naked. Staring at my penis. That was what it took to make me cum again.

What the fuck was that about? Why the fuck did seeing my daughter peeping on us cause me to cum? Did I have some secret voyeuristic tendencies that I didn't know about? Did I like to have sex with others watching? That had to be it, because the alternatives were so much worse. The first alternative was that I saw my daughter's stacked young body and for a moment viewed her as something other than my daughter. I viewed her as a... woman. A voluptuous woman with a hot body wearing very little clothing. A sexy young woman who was admiring my large penis. A gorgeous teenage girl impressed by my large package. I hoped that this wasn't the reason I came again. But that alternative wasn't even the worst one. The worst one was this: I liked knowing my daughter was watching me fuck. I liked that she was impressed with what she saw. I liked seeing my daughter's body so exposed to me. I liked seeing her barely contained breasts. I liked seeing my daughter so barely covered. The fact that it was my daughter watching was what made me cum.

Eww! No, I couldn't even let myself think that way. It was so wrong. So messed up. So filthy. I was NOT that type of man. No, that wasn't what happened. What happened was I secretly liked being watched. That had to be it. I didn't know

I had that aspect to my sexuality, but it had to be the truth. It had nothing to do with the fact it was my daughter. The fact that my dick jumped when she flashed me her thong clad ass when she spun around to leave was just a coincidence. It had to be.

But one thing gnawed at me still. Brandy had seemed so excited by what she had seen. And by the end, I couldn't help but notice her nipples were hard. Her thighs were wet. It was very clear that she liked what she saw. Why? Was she a voyeur or something? It was so... strange. I couldn't imagine a girl her age enjoying watching her father having sex with her step-mom. Maybe she was just curious. Maybe it was like porno to her. Maybe we were just two bodies engulfed in sexual passion to her. That had to be the case. How could any girl enjoy watching her father having sex? There was no logical explanation. Unless... no, it couldn't be.

These thoughts swirled in my head. Needless to say, I didn't sleep at all that night. It was only when I heard movement that I thought about getting up, but I couldn't be alone with Brandy after what had transpired. I let Linda get up before I did until I decided to get up.

I cleaned up and went downstairs. I wrapped my arms around Linda from behind and kissed her, causing her to shiver. I grabbed a cup of coffee, then the paper, then went to the living room. It was there that I found Brandy.

She was on the couch, her legs curled under her, eating a bowl of cereal while watching TV. She was watching some reality show that followed around some spoiled Hollywood princesses. As I walked into the room, Brandy's eyes moved to me, watching me as I sat down. The tension was there. I didn't know what to say to her after what had happened. But she spoke up first.

"Long night?" she asked, smiling coyly. I tensed up and shrugged slightly and focused on the newspaper in my hand, trying to ignore her. But the chattering on the TV was making my blood boil. I hated feeling this conflicted. This annoyed. This upset. And I took it out on her.

"How can you watch this crap?" I muttered, not looking up.

"It's not crap, Daddy. These girls are stars. They are so pretty and glamorous. I wish I could be just like them. Don't you want your daughter to be a star, Daddy?" Brandy asked, the clanking of Linda moving dishes in the kitchen echoing through the house.

"You might need to get a job first." I said quietly. She held her mouth open in mock anger.

"Calm down, Daddy. I'm working on it." Brandy said. "Besides, they do work hard. They have Yvonne's seal of approval, and she's, like, the hardest working woman in, like, all of Hollywood."

"Yvonne needs to stop acting like she is still twenty and grow up. She's my age now. She needs to stop dressing in such skanky clothing and show a bit of class." I said.

"You don't have to be so cranky, Daddy. Besides, she still has her body. If she's got it, flaunt it." Brandy said.

"What do you care about Yvonne? She's a bit before your time." I asked, looking up.

"She's Mom's favorite singer. And I, like, idolize her. I want to be her when I grow up." Brandy said with a laugh.

"Have to grow up first." I muttered. The conversation just died for a bit as I resumed looking at the paper and she resumed eating, the spoon clanking off the bowl.

"Hey guys, I'll be in the shower." Linda said, going upstairs, leaving me and Brandy alone together. She kept glancing my way. I had to say something. I had to. I had to figure out what the hell just happened last night. I had to get this weight off my shoulders. I set the paper down.

"Brandy, we need to talk." I started. "About last night."

"You guys asked me about my tattoos before." Brandy started, "I figured since we've seen so much of each other, it would be okay to show you them now." she finished with a smile.

"Very funny." I said. "But seriously..." I began.

"You guys were making a lot of noise. I wanted to see what was going on." Brandy explained.

"I'm, uh, sorry you saw that. We got carried away." I stammered.

"Don't worry Daddy. You've got nothing to be ashamed of." Brandy giggled, standing and picking up her bowl.

"What?" I said.

"I have to admit, even though you're my Daddy, you were pretty impressive." Brandy said.

"Brandy, you shouldn't talk about this kind of thing." I said.

"What, can't I compliment my Daddy?" Brandy asked.

"Not about that!" I said, shaking my head.

"Okay, okay." Brandy said, holding her hands up.

"After you saw what you did... why did you keep watching?"
I asked.

"I guess I got a little... caught up in the action. Sorry about that." Brandy said.

"It can't happen again." I explained.

"Of course." she said, nodding.

"Okay. Good." I said. She started to walk past me, but suddenly, I felt her presence at my ear.

"And Daddy..." she whispered, "If you ever want to see my tattoos, all you have to do is ask. Don't worry, I won't tell Linda."

With that, she walked into the kitchen. I was frozen to the spot. What the hell? What did she just offer? Why is she so eager to show herself off to me? What the fuck is going on?

(Brandy)

Holy Fuck! The tension was thick between me and Daddy. Each word between us was filled with double meanings. Each moment between was now dripping with sex. He was beginning to realize I might have a bit of a crush on him. Ha! A bit of a crush. If you can call 'wanting to ride his big daddy-dick every day until I have a screaming orgasm and he fills me up with his cum' a bit of a crush, then yeah, I had a bit of a crush. And he was also beginning to realize how hot I was. How sexy I was. How fucking perfect my body was. How huge my tits were. How damn perfect I was. The line had been crossed. Sex had been inserted into our relationship, whether he liked it or not.

It wouldn't be long now until he crossed a few more lines with me.

(Marcus)

I had driven a couple hours to get here and now that I had gotten here, I didn't want to go in. But I had to. I had to go in to the restaurant. I had to go meet the mother of my child.

I had called Regina soon after the whole incident between me and Brandy. I was just starting to feel something about my daughter was... off. Something about her seemed not quite right. I had to find out if my suspicions were correct. And the person who would know best would be Regina.

I called her and we set up a meeting, face-to-face, at the halfway point between us, at a small restaurant. And I finally walked in, nervously, being forced to meet with a

woman I hadn't seen in over 18 years. The mother of my child. Regina Slater.

I scanned the tables, not knowing what to expect, not knowing what Regina looked like these days. I looked around, not finding her, until I felt a hand on my shoulder. I spun around and just like that, there she was. My college fling. Regina Slater.

I had to admit, she still looked really good. When I knew her last, she was immature, young, not quite knowing how to show off her body other than just displaying everything. But the years had been very kind to her. She had grown up and filled out into the beautiful mature woman she now was. Her face still looked young, not a wrinkle on it. She was still breath-takingly beautiful, with full lips, bedroom eyes, and perfect creamy skin. Her hair looked well taken care of, brown and shiny with a light curl. And her body still held up. Her breasts were as big as they used to be, probably bigger, and they had not succumbed to time yet. They still seemed as firm as ever, and she was displaying a healthy amount of cleavage in her low-cut top. She was still fit and firm, maintaining an hourglass figure. Her jeans looked expensive, molding to her firm legs and riding low on her

wide hips. She was wearing high heeled sandals, making her stand taller. She looked really good, as good as she did in College.

"Hey, Regina." I said.

"Hey, Marcus." she said, smiling brightly, pulling me into a hug, her large, full breasts pushing into my chest. "I already got us a table."

I followed her to the table across the room. I couldn't help but notice her butt in her tight jeans, as she shook it when she walked. Her butt still looked as tight and firm as ever. We sat down, me across from her. Just as we did, the waitress came by. Regina ordered a drink, while I just ordered a water.

"C'mon, Marcus, get a drink. Live a little." Regina said.

"I don't think so. Bad things happen when I drink around you." I said, causing her to giggle.

"So how are you?" I asked.

"I'm very good. And you?" she replied.

"Good. I'm good." I replied.

"How's Brandy?" she asked.

"Uh, that's what I'm here to talk about." I began. She smiled knowingly.

"She is something, isn't she?" Regina said.

"Uh yeah." I said nervously.

"What did she do? Cause I know that look. She spooked you about something." Regina said with a laugh.

"I just... wanted to ask, is something a little... off about her? It just like sometimes she says and does things that seem over the line." I said.

"Brandy has no boundaries. She's always been that way. Even when she was young, she... like you said, something about her was off. She was stubborn, she was driven, and she acted spoiled. Believe me, I did my best with her. Whatever she might say about me, I was a good mother to her. Trust me, I didn't want her to grow up and become the girl I was. But, it was, like, from the start, she was spoiled. I didn't spoil her when she was young, but practically out of the womb, she felt like this world owed her everything. She felt like she should get whatever she wanted. It was her nature. It was in her blood. When she was a child, believe me, she was a monster." Regina said.

"I bet." I said.

"Maybe it was because she didn't have that father-figure in her life. I don't know." Regina said.

"Hey, I didn't know she existed. Don't blame me." I replied, as our drinks came.

"I'm not. I'm just saying it was if she knew something was missing in her life, and she wanted that thing back. She always wanted stuff, clothes, toys. I had a few men in my life as she grew up, and she never warmed to them. It was as if she knew they were pretenders. Not the real thing. As she got older she got boy crazy. It was then that I noticed things about her, like you are now. I saw her flirting with men, much older men. Including the men I dated. It didn't matter that they were with me. She would do things, she would show herself off, she would flirt with my boyfriends! I tried to curb this behavior, but she would get more driven to spite me and do it anyway. That is why I was not heartbroken to have her leave. She became more trouble than it was worth. She was, liked you said... off." Regina said.

"So you gave up on her?" I asked.

"I did my best. I went to work. I gave her the best life I could. I gave her 18 years to shape up. She won't listen to me anymore. She's an adult now. She can take care of herself

now. She might have to learn the hard way that she has to grow up, like I did." Regina said.

"So you think she won't change until she gets knocked up?" I asked.

"Maybe. Marcus, change comes from within. No one can change who somebody is. Brandy has unhealthy behaviors. But she won't stop that until it negatively affects her life. She won't listen to anybody. Her mother. Her father. She is who she is. Some things don't change about people." Regina said.

"So you are giving up on her?" I asked, a little angrily.

"Of course not. She is my daughter and I love her. But I was not willing to just give in and give her everything she wanted. I'm too stubborn to back down, as is she. I've done what I can. Maybe you will be more successful. I hope so. I hope you can do something that I could not. Maybe there is something with you that I don't have. Something she wants. Something she needs. I hope she finds what she is looking for. I really do." Regina said.

"I hope so." I replied.

"So what did she do, to spook you like this?" Regina asked, sipping her drink.

"I'd, uh... I'd rather not say." I said, not wanting to confess that Brandy had watched me have sex. Didn't quite know how she would take that. But as she looked at me, studied me, part of me wondered if she suspected the truth. But that moment passed.

We ordered some food as we caught up with each other. Our lives. It seemed like she had grown up quite a bit. She had worked hard and earned a pretty good amount of money and lived a pretty good, pretty successful life. Not that I envied that kind of thing. I was quite happy in my own life. Even though she probably had more money than Linda and I did, I was very satisfied with the life I had. I told her about my life, and although she complimented it, I could tell that living a more humble life did not appeal to her. We finally finished our meals and I was trying to find

a way to part ways. But Regina took the opportunity to speak up.

"So, this was a very lovely meal, Marcus." Regina said.

"Well, I enjoyed seeing you again." I said.

"I can feel that old connection we used to have." Regina said.

"Well, uh, I don't know about that." I replied, confused.

"Sure you do. That connection is still there. I just knew it would be. That's why I already got a hotel room. I figured we could get to know each other even better." Regina said.

"What?" I asked, confused.

"I figured we could spend the rest of the day fucking our brains out." she said. I nearly choked on my drink. "Isn't that why you called?" Regina asked.

"No! Of course not." I said, backing up my chair.

"But Marcus," she started, "I'm wearing a thong. Don't you want to see my hot body in it?"

"Okay! I'm leaving!" I said, getting to my feet. "You clearly haven't changed at all."

"Oh, c'mon, don't be so dramatic!" Regina said, getting to her feet, walking up to me. Before I could do anything, she was directly in front of me.

"Your wife doesn't have a pair like these, does she?" Regina said, guiding my eyes to her creamy cleavage. "We had so much fun making a baby before? Let's go make another one."

I backed away quickly.

"It's a wonder Brandy doesn't have boundaries with the way you act around a married man!" I told her. She just smiled

evilly. I high-tailed it out of the restaurant. I knew this was a bad idea.

I drove home angrily. I shouldn't have met with Regina. I knew she was still the same. Still a slut. She hit on me! Me?! I'm a married man! She knew that and she did it anyway. But why was my dick throbbing? Sure, Regina was still hot. But... it wasn't till she got close, and purred in my ear, letting me know she was happy to make another baby with me. It wasn't till that point that I responded. It wasn't till that moment that my dick got hard. I tried to shake it off and think about other things.

It was her fault that Brandy turned out how she did. No boundaries. Brandy inherited her mother's slutty nature. I just wish I had been there when Brandy was young, to guide her along the right path, to prevent her from becoming what she is now. A slut!

I didn't tell anyone what I was doing, meeting with Regina. Neither Linda nor Brandy would like it. So I left it a secret.

My thoughts swirled. I was angry at Regina, for being such a skank, and passing those qualities over to our daughter. I was angry at Brandy, for how uncomfortable she was making me. So of course, this was the worst time for my car to break down. I slammed my hands on the steering wheel as I pulled over.

An hour later I was at a repair shop. I had called a tow truck and I was taken to the shop. The damage in my car would take a few days to repair so I would need a ride home. Linda was out of town for work. I had to call Brandy to pick me up.

It took about 45 minutes for her car to show up. I smiled as she pulled up, but I stepped back as I opened the door and was bombarded by a wall of noise coming from the stereo. I sat down and turned down the music.

"Thanks for the ride!" I said loudly over the tunes, looking over at her. She was dressed in jeans and a low-cut pink top. I had to stop myself from noticing her exposed cleavage.

"No problem, Daddio!" she replied.

"I suppose you really do like Yvonne!" I said, pointing at the stereo as I listened to the song that was playing.

"This song is my favorite!" she said as she gunned it onto the road. She drove a bit recklessly, impulsively. She drove where she wanted, as fast as she could get away with, forcing others to get out of her way.

"Slow down!" I said.

"C'mon, Daddy!" she said with a wild smile, "Loosen up!" We approached a red light but we were going too fast. She slammed on the brakes, and we came to a stop just before we hit the car in front of us.

"Brandy! Stop driving so fast!" I ordered. She just looked at me unaffected. And she began to sing along with the song on the stereo.

"Oh baby, be mine! Oh honey, take my... body and say, you'll always be mine." she sang, along with one of Yvonne's song's, 'Be Mine'. The song kicked in to an instrumental part, causing Brandy to dance along with it as we were stopped at the light. She danced around violently, shaking her head, and her body, not watching for the red light. This caused her large breasts to bounce all over the place, the smooth flesh threatening to pour from her top, her big boobs almost escaping. My daughter was lost in the dancing, so she didn't notice me staring at her chest. I couldn't help it. They were literally impossible not to notice. A horn from behind us shook us out of our reverie. I shook my head as Brandy composed herself.

What the hell was that? Why the hell did I just stare at my daughter's rack like some sort of disgusting pervert? I didn't know it at the time, but this was the first of many moments between me and her that was accidently sexually tinged.

(Linda)

I can't explain why, but I had been feeling extra frisky lately. Ever since that sex session we had after watching that movie, it was like I was constantly horny. I don't know if I enjoyed the fact that we were loud so Brandy would hear, but that night was something special. Both Marcus and I were at the top of our game that night.

I had noticed that Marcus seemed to be coming around to my line of thought. He seemed to be getting wary of Brandy. He wasn't as awestruck by his perfect young daughter like he used to be. He seemed to be getting a little bit tired of her antics. A little tired of her laziness. And this made me happy.

I know that sounds bad, but if I had to make the choice, I would not want her around. She was mooching off of us, taking advantage of our good nature. We had bent over backwards for her and she had done nothing in return. And something about her rubbed me the wrong way. Me and Marcus had a good thing going for a while. Now, we were stuck harboring this spoiled brat. A brat who didn't like me, and the feeling was mutual.

It felt like we were playing a game, vying for Marcus' affection. She had used her young, daughterly charms to get close to him. But she had to learn that when she was in this house she had to live by our rules. She couldn't just flounce them like she had. So far she had been unpunished. She had made snotty little comments about me or snarky little comments at our way of life. She had proudly displayed that she was a little slut by getting her brains fucked out in the next room. She had always gotten her way, and I hated that. I always hated little princesses that went through life never encountering anyone who told them 'no'. Spoiled brats who always got their way. Brandy had always lived that life, and she expected Marcus and I to continue treating her that way.

She needed to grow up. Stop trying to get her way by flaunting herself. Showing off her infuriatingly gigantic tits. I'm sorry, it's just, I swear that girl didn't deserve boobs like that. A spoiled brat who did zero work was still getting by just fine. Any other girl would have learned their lesson the hard way. But she didn't. She skated by just because she sprouted huge tits and knew how to show them off. Because she could get guys to melt in her palm with her giant breasts. And that got her by in society. She contributed

nothing! She literally just looked pretty. That's it! But men love huge boobs and that, even with her obnoxious laziness, allowed her to get by. Why couldn't it be that good girls, hard working women, like me, why couldn't they be the one to have huge tits? It was always the lazy, undeserving girls who sprouted huge boobs and got all the boys. Not the tough, independent and professional women. It was never those women that had big boobs. Those bitches with the giant tits were all sluts! You never met a nice, friendly, professional woman who just happened to have gigantic, enormous jugs. Why couldn't a woman like me have big breasts? I wanted to have huge tits! Hey, I was still a woman, and I still liked seeing my husband drool over me. And I couldn't imagine how much Marcus would drool over me if I had tits like Brandy's. It wasn't like I was jealous or anything. Really, like I would be jealous of an 18 year old girl. Ha! Especially a girl like her.

Sure, her body was perfect. Her ass was ripe. Her legs were perfectly smooth, and she had perfect tan skin. Hey, I was 40 and I still looked good. My legs weren't quite as long and smooth every single day. That's because I didn't have time to shave my legs each day. I had a job. I couldn't spend like an hour in the shower every morning like she did. And my

ass wasn't bad. No, it didn't ride as high as hers did. It wasn't as round and firm, but it wasn't bad. A little sag, but that comes with age. And we all couldn't have a flat belly. It's not fair how little work she has to do to be that fit. I did more work than she did to keep myself fit. I didn't go to the gym, I didn't have time, but I still looked fine. The genetics weren't in my favor here, and clearly, her genetics were the only reason she still looked that good. And hey, so what, I didn't have huge tits. Yes, guys liked them, but it wasn't a necessity. I was married for almost twenty years. So I'm pretty sure he liked my cute B-cups just fine.

I wasn't jealous. I really wasn't. Because looks fade. The real beauty lies within. We couldn't all be tight, perky young girls. I was an older woman. A real woman. But none of this mattered. I hated her because of her laziness, not her looks.

So it felt good to strike back. It felt good to show her that Marcus hadn't cowed to her bratty will. It felt good when she didn't get her way. It felt good to have sex with my husband, with her in the next room, getting a taste of her own medicine. I had to admit it turned me on to be so loud, and to rub it in her face. And that was what drove me to do it again and again. I doubt that little bitch had ever had

someone give a little back to her. I bet it felt strange to her to be on the receiving end for once.

I had reached the point with her where it was shape-up or ship-out. I understand she is Marcus' daughter, but that doesn't mean she could take advantage of us. If she could turn herself around, get on the right track, and not be such an insolent little bitch, I would be happy to have her around. I truly did want to give her a chance. But I didn't have high hopes. She needed discipline. And if it took the threat of kicking her out and losing her Daddy's love, than that might be what it took.

So I started a new plan to vocalize all the ways she was using us, taking advantage of us. Confirm my feelings to Marcus and show him that something needed to be done about her. And I had to admit, it felt surprisingly refreshing to finally begin to voice my negative opinions of her. And I wasn't worried if she would strike back, because there was nothing she could come up with that she could do to retake control of the situation, now that the truth about her was beginning to be exposed.

I had no idea what I was about to unleash.

(Marcus)

I can't explain why, but over the last week or two, my sex life had really picked up. I hate to make that connection, but ever since the incident with Brandy catching us having sex, it's just, I don't know, I felt more sexually charged than usual. I felt like everything around me was dripping with sex. There was the fact that Linda had been a lot more frisky than usual. Then there was the whole incident with Regina. Finally, there was the fact that I kept catching glances at Brandy's body. And there was something about her, when you looked at her, you thought about sex. Every move she made. Everything she did. It felt like every choice she made was to make herself appealing in a sexual way. In public, she had this swagger that caught all of the guys' attention. She had a very flirty, girly attitude. And unfortunately, I had begun to notice this.

I had also begun to notice other things about her as well. Or at least Linda had. She was pointing out things that she never had before. Pointing out the times Brandy was laying around, doing nothing. Or her going going out claiming to be job-hunting but coming back with bags in hand from shopping. It struck me a little bit when Linda first started doing it, but my wife wasn't wrong about anything she said.

Like one time, we had made a big dinner. Steak, baked potatoes, boiled vegetables. A good, healthy meal. While both me and Linda could not finish, we marveled as Brandy cleaned her plate. As we were cleaning up, Linda spoke up.

"That girl eats like a horse and she doesn't have a bit of fat on her. Some things just aren't fair." Linda remarked.

"Good genes." I joked, knowing full well that Brandy worked out.

"She's gonna clean us dry if she keeps eating up all our food." Linda said.

"She'll pay us back once she gets her job." I said. She looked at me as I said this, wondering if I really believed that. I wondered the same thing.

Then the doorbell rang.

Again, we rarely got visitors. The last time we did Brandy was at the door. Me and Linda went to the door and opened it together. It wasn't one young girl like last time. This time, it was two young girls.

One was blonde, a little ditzy, looking up from her cell phone, smacking her gum like a brat. The other was an Asian girl, with a streak of blue brattily and disobediently interrupting her dark hair. Her eyes clearly betrayed any humility as they were filled with mischief.

"Is Brandy home?" the young Asian girl said confidently. I glanced at Linda, and she looked upset, which was weird since she wasn't even looking these girls in the face. She was giving them the once over. Both were about Brandy's age. Tight stylish jeans on the Asian girl, a little skirt on the blonde. A bright, tight yellow blouse on the blonde, low cut

enough to show off her impressive chest. A stylish T-shirt and a pull over on the Asian girl, molding to her slim, firm, perky chest. Both of their faces were beautiful, but these girls looked like trouble. That was what must be putting Linda on edge.

"And you are?" I asked.

"Oh. I'm Alison. That's Carlee. We're friends with Brandy. She said we could, like, spend the night." Alison said.

"Oh, uh, she never asked us." Linda began.

"ALISON! CARLEE!" Brandy squealed from the stairs behind us. Alison and Carlee ran past us, and jumped into Brandy's arms. They bounced around in bouncy joy.

"Thanks Daddy for letting them spend the night." Brandy said, leading the girls upstairs.

"Thanks Mr. Edwards." Alison and Carlee said in unison, smiling mischievously, leaning in close to each other. Linda glared at me once the girls disappeared.

"I didn't know anything about this." I said, holding up my hands.

"Well, at least we know the crowd she hangs out with." Linda said, jabbing a bit at my daughter's choice of friends.

(Brandy)

"Oh my God! Your Dad is so hot!" Alison said as soon as we entered my room. At the same time, Carlee mouthed 'Oh my God', equally in awe of my sexy Daddy. I smiled with pride, not only in daughterly pride, but at the confirmation that it wasn't only me Daddy affected. Daddy's blatant sexual magnetism was enough to make other young, sexy girls like me shiver with lust. Sure, they were both very experienced in the ways of older men, like I was, but I had

never seen them this affected by a man like they were with my Daddy.

"So..." Alison said, turning to face me. "You sucked his dick yet?"

"Alison!" I said, shocked at Alison, blunt as always. "No, I have not sucked my father's dick..." I added

I had been afraid to discuss my naughty thoughts with my girls, even though these two were my best friends in the whole wide world. Even though neither girl was an angel, well, quite frankly both of them were fucking filthy, but I was unsure if even they would understand my indecent lust for my own father. But the way these girls were looking at me I could tell immediately that neither would judge me for lusting after him. If anything, it looked like the thought might interest them greatly. So, I took a chance and spoke up.

"Not yet."

Both girls giggled at my confession. As if a weight was lifted from my shoulders, as if the dam had burst, the words poured out of me.

"Girls, ohmygod, you have no idea how hard it's been being around him. He is so fucking sexy." I said quickly.

"Oh, I know, girl." Carlee said.

"Is he, like, into you?" Alison asked.

"I think so." I said cutely, loving to finally being able to gab with my girls about boys again.

"I don't blame him, girl. You're looking great." Carlee said.

"Thanks. Hey, I gotta do something else, other than hang out around here with his wife all day." I said.

"Ew, I know. She looked nasty." Carlee said.

"And you know me. I am not fucking getting a fucking job."
I added said, causing them to giggle.

"I've never seen you do an ounce of work in your life."
Carlee added with a smile.

"And that's not changing. Despite what the bitch thinks" I
said firmly.

"How did that troll end up with a stud like him?" Alison
pondered.

"I know!" I said, happy that she shared my viewpoint. "OH!
OH! Girls! I have to tell you. I saw his dick!" I exclaimed,
animatedly.

"You saw it? How?" Alison asked quickly.

"I caught him fucking his wife! I saw him in action. And the
best part is... he saw me!" I said excitedly.

"He saw you?" Alison asked.

"What happened?" Carlee asked.

"He kept going! He kept fucking her! He put on a show for me! He saw me! He saw my body! And he came! He saw my tits in that stretchy bra, you know the one, and he fucking came! He came like a fire hose! I made him cum!" I said happily.

"Holy shit!" Alison said.

"That's so hot!" Carlee said.

"I know, right! And like I said... I saw his dick." I teased.

"Tell me, girl. How big is he?" Alison said, holding her hands half-a-foot apart. I shook my head. She spread her hands farther apart, about eight inches apart. I smiled evilly, and shook my head no. Her hands kept going waiting for me to stop her. As her hands got about ten-inches apart, and I did

not stop her, her mouth opened in shock, as her hands kept going. Then, the door opened.

Daddy poked his head inside. He didn't know he was the topic of our conversation. He didn't know us three teenage sluts were in awe of his meaty cock. He didn't notice the lust on our faces as we stared at him. He didn't notice Alison's hands spread apart, just wide enough to fit one meaty, Daddy-dick in-between. He didn't notice Carlee licking her lips, her hand unconsciously stroking her water bottle as if she was caressing a large dick. He didn't notice Alison's open mouth, poised to take a huge, mature cock deep inside. He didn't notice my bulging tits, throbbing nipples, and exposed cleavage.

"Are you guys having dinner with us?" Daddy asked.

"Yeah. Of course!" Alison said, perkily, more perky than she had ever been, eager to spend time around my handsome Daddy.

"Okay, great." Daddy said, flashing his sexy smile, causing three 18-year-old girls to shiver with lust. He shut the

door and headed back downstairs, unknowingly walking away from three girls who were hot, horny, and ready to be fucked... by him.

And all I could think about was the next time he would be in the same situation; he would not make the same mistake.

(Marcus)

The next day, once Brandy's friends left, I noticed Linda staring out into the backyard at something. It looked like something was really pissing her off. She was seething. I looked out the window in the next room. In the backyard was Brandy. She was about to head out for a run. She was wearing a tight pink tank top and some stretchy elastic shorts that molded to her rear end. Her long legs were exposed and she was wearing some pink-tinged running shoes. She bent over, her butt pointed at the house. She then stretched from side to side. She stretched with a definite grace, showing she could have been an athlete if she had the drive to do so. Then she took off.

It was about an hour later that she came home. She walked inside, drenched in sweat. I was on the couch and she stood right in front of me, her butt a foot in front of my face. Linda looked at her, as if annoyed for some reason.

"How's the job hunt going?" she asked.

"No luck, Linda." Brandy said, quickly. "Hey Daddy, I know you said you wouldn't get me a gym membership until I got a job, but I think you should reconsider. I got hit on by, like, ten boys while I was running. I just don't think this neighborhood is safe for a girl like me to be running around in."

"Our neighborhood is fine." Linda said.

"Well, for someone like you... But you have to think about me." Brandy explained.

"What do you mean someone like me?" Linda said, getting mad.

"Well, you're an older lady. I'm just a young girl." Brandy said.

"I'm not that old, sweetheart!" Linda said, stepping up close.

"Hey!" I said, standing up and getting between them.

"Brandy, go to your room. Linda, go to the kitchen."

Brandy stormed off, angrily. Linda was not so happy herself as I followed her.

"C'mon, Marcus!" Linda said. "She was needling me."

"I know, but still, you need to be a bit more understanding of her. You win more flies with sugar than honey." I said.

"Real cute, Marcus. You need to stop coddling her! She is your daughter! Show her some Goddamn discipline! Stop letting her play this little girl bullshit on you! Step up! Be her father!" Linda said, grabbing her keys and storming out,

slamming the door behind her. I clenched my palms angrily and went to confront Brandy.

I went upstairs and knocked on her door. I opened it up and found my daughter, pacing around.

"She's always trying to start shit with me!" Brandy argued, moving her arms around angrily, causing her boobs to bounce under her top.

"Listen, she has not warmed to you. But you could do better, and you know it. You know what you're doing with her." I told her.

"But she's a bitch!" Brandy said, turning her back to me, showing off her spandex clad ass to me, showing how it molded to her behind.

"Hey! That is my wife. Listen, we can't keep you here if you don't help out. You need to get a job, okay? If you don't, I'm not going to be able to keep you around." I said, stopping her in her tracks.

"Can you help me?" Brandy asked, looking up at me hopefully.

"Sure. Absolutely." I said, putting my hands on her shoulders comfortingly, trying to calm her down. "Find a job for me." I added. She smiled warmly.

"I'll do anything for you, Daddy." she said, walking forward and giving me a hug, clutching me tight. Pushing her firm belly into my rock hard erection.

"Ah!" Brandy said, feeling it, stepping away quickly. "Save it for Linda, Daddy." she joked over her shoulder, smiling, as she walked out of the room. I was frozen.

What the fuck just happened? Why was I hard? It must have been the argument. The passion of it caused me to get hard. Yeah, that must be it. It wasn't my daughter parading around in her exercise clothes. It wasn't the way her top clung to her massive boobs. It wasn't the way her shorts clung to her butt. It was just the passion of the argument.

Right?

(Linda)

As soon as I slammed the door in my husband's face I felt bad. It reminded me of College and the girl I used to be.

I am a better wife than I was a girlfriend. I had never been the most outgoing girl and I never thought highly of my own looks. So when any boy ever approached me, I was suspicious, as if they were playing some trick on me and I was the butt of the joke. Needless to say I didn't date much.

Marcus had been my first real boyfriend, and he had leapt through hoops to win me over. Poems, chocolates, all sorts of sickeningly sweet romantic gestures, making it clear his feelings were genuine. I agreed to a date just to get him off my back.

It took a long time to drop my guard around him. A long time. I would yell at him, scream at him, get mad at the slightest thing. But he came back, every time, as loyal as could be. He saw something in me that I didn't.

I don't know what my deal was, honestly. I think I hated myself. I didn't let anyone in. I didn't trust anyone to see the real me and expect them to still like what they saw.

It was the first time that I saw Marcus get angry with me that won me over. For a long time, he just let me yell and scream and brow-beat him. Finally he had enough. He yelled at me. He got mad. He stood up for himself. He called me out for the BS I was putting him through. He showed me that he was ready to have me for the long haul. I saw the passion he spoke with. I saw him pulsing with emotion. I kissed him on the mouth.

I let Marcus in. He was the first man I exposed the real me to. I let him see my emotions, my deepest fears and feelings.

It was not smooth sailing from there. I was fiercely protective of him and I was terrified to lose him. I had let him in, I couldn't just lose him. So I became one jealous bitch. Every time I saw him as much as talking to another girl I got mad. When I saw another girl flirting with him I flipped out. I expected him to be loyal to me and only me. And when he didn't commit to me, I dumped him. And when I was away from him, I realized how empty I felt without him. I realized that I was not perfect, that I was still capable of treating him like garbage.

So, I took him back. I rewarded his loyalty to me with loyalty to him. I could tell he felt the same way, because he agreed to move with me, to help me pursue my job.

As our relationship flourished, the jealous part of me kinda just died out. He married me. That was all the loyalty I needed. These days I could see him talking to another woman and not fume with jealousy. But it had started to reignite as soon as Brandy entered our lives.

Knowing my husband had cheated on me reignited those fires of jealousy. But I had grown enough to know that a

drunken college mistake was not worth getting angry about. As much as it burned me to know Marcus had kinda cheated on me, I kinda deserved it. I had basically broken up with him, so we weren't technically together. I had been so angry at him for so long, for no good reason really. I guess I deserved some retribution. And now that retribution was personified as Brandy.

I really did not like her. Something about her rubbed me the wrong way. I hated that Marcus was obligated to care about her, even though she was a mooch. I hated that my husband had to be loyal to her, because he was her father. I hated that I was jealous!

I was jealous of Brandy. I was jealous of the attention she stole from Marcus. I was jealous that she was getting in on the perfect life we had created. I was jealous that Marcus felt loyal enough to her to look past her faults, her many faults. I was jealous that it had taken Brandy so little time to earn that loyalty from him, a loyalty she did not earn like I did. And maybe, just maybe... I was a little jealous of her body. I really didn't like her, but her body was infuriatingly perfect.

Brandy was just like those girls in college. Trying to steal Marcus from me. I knew there was something insidious about her. Like she wanted him all to herself. While the girls in college wanted him romantically, this little bitch wanted her 'Daddy' all to herself. Typical young girl, as if everyone owed her something.

I was caught in a pickle. I could speak up more and force Marcus to make a tough decision about Brandy. Show that jealous side of me to my husband again, that side that nearly drove us apart. Or, I could show how the years had matured me and made me a bigger person. A more mature person than this little princess now in my home. As much as I wanted Brandy out of the picture, I knew if I did, Marcus would resent me for driving his daughter away. He would resent me for still being the immature girl I used to be. No, I couldn't do that. Marcus had to come to this realization on his own. The realization that Brandy was bad news and needed to be dealt with. And I had to be by his side, a loyal, supportive wife, not a jealous, angry young girl.

So I returned home that night. I had a long, mature conversation with Marcus letting him know my feelings about her, but telling him I was wanting to give her a

chance. I wanted this to work. I really did. But I couldn't be happy with Brandy the way she was. She needed to grow up. I told him I was willing to defer to his judgment, as he was her father. He agreed, and he said he would make sure she would find work. He would make sure she would grow up.

He would make sure he would be the father she needed.

(Marcus)

Things cooled off for a bit. I explained to Linda that I would personally accompany Brandy to interviews, making sure she was trying to get a job. I told Linda she could try to be nicer and to try to give Brandy a chance.

About a week passed, and I had driven Brandy around to a few interviews, but not one of them had panned out. I questioned her on this and she said she must be a bad interviewee, but she was trying. Even though she had had

interviews like four times at the mall. And each time she just happened to run into either Alison or Carlee. And each time, she insisted she had gone shopping and bought bags of things after the interview. I wanted to believe her, but I was becoming unsure.

Brandy and Linda were cordial, but not exactly friendly. Linda knew that Brandy was putting in the effort, so she was struggling to find something to be mad about. I was doing my best to help them mend fences. And in the meantime, I was completing work on Brandy's bed. It was all coming together. The frame was strong, ornate and big. Perfect for Brandy.

While Brandy was out, me and Linda together replaced the old bed with her new one. We set it up, put it all together and got the bed made just in time for Brandy to get home.

"Surprise!" We said in unison, me a little bit more happy than Linda was.

"Aww! It's perfect." Brandy said, dropping her bags from shopping. She bounded over to the bed and jumped onto it, rolling around, testing its strength.

"Thanks Daddy." she said, leaning on her elbow.

"And also, we were thinking about going out to dinner, so get ready." Linda said, with a forced smile.

"Awesome!" Brandy said, jumping out of bed, grabbing a top from her dresser and running out of the room. I looked over at Linda and she looked back at me. I smiled at her.

"You're doing good." I said, giving her a peck on the lips.

"You too. You're a good dad. A better dad than I am a mom."
Linda said.

"It's tough, Linda. I know. But you're getting there." I said to her.

"I don't know. Maybe fate is not on my side. Maybe fate was trying to tell me I wasn't meant to be a good mother." she said, tearing up.

"Hey. Don't talk like that." I said, pulling her close, kissing her.

"I'm ready!" Brandy said, interrupting our moment. She had changed into a low scooped top, again showing off her bountiful chest.

As we drove to the restaurant, I knew Linda was feeling a bit down on herself, so I rubbed her leg warmly. Despite the ups and downs of the last few weeks, the fires were still burning strong in the bedroom. We had been going at it as often as ever.

I was still feeling a bit handsy as we got to the restaurant. The place was packed, so we were forced to stand in close proximity to each other, all bunched up as we waited for a table, both Linda and Brandy in front of me. Feeling a bit naughty, I reached forward and palmed my wife's butt. I gave it a little squeeze. God, I always loved her butt. It

always felt so firm, but today, it felt more firm and perky than usual. She must be working out more. Linda stayed facing forward, not acknowledging what I was doing. I got a bit naughtier, running my hand above the hem of her jeans. I slipped my hand under the hem into her jeans, palmed a bare ass cheek, and gave it a firm squeeze. I teased her ass crack, moving my fingers close to it, wondering why the cheek was uncovered. This struck me as unusual, as Linda always wore underwear. My fingers came across a piece of material between her ass cheeks. A thong. That was weird. Linda didn't own a thong. Before I could figure this out, Linda looked back and said:

"I'll be right back. I have to go to the bathroom." Then, she walked away. But... my hand was still squeezing an ass-cheek. I looked forward, just as Brandy looked back at me. Then I looked down, and realized the ass I was palming was Brandy's. My daughter. I was palming my daughter's ass. I was playing grab-ass with my daughter!

Brandy looked back at me, with no words. No complaints. No screams, as I violated her person. No, she just looked back at me, studying me. Like I was touching fire, I ripped

my hand from her jeans and brought it to my waist and looked away.

OHHH FUCK! I just palmed my daughter's ass! What the fuck was wrong with me? How could she ever understand? It was a mistake. A total mistake. She must think I'm a monster.

"Brandy, I'm sorry, I, uh, thought you..." I stammered.

"Its okay." she said with a light smile. I was sweating from my nerves and I prayed Linda didn't notice anything amiss.

Before I could react further, Linda had returned smiling and giving me a peck on the cheek. We were bunched up together and it was too loud to maintain a conversation, so I was alone with my thoughts. I looked down at my hand, knowing where it had been. Knowing the last thing it had touched was my daughter's ass. The last thing these fingers had done had run along the thong tucked between her ass-cheeks. I felt like the worst man alive.

We finally got called to the table and they had to notice I was being uncharacteristically silent. Brandy sat across from me, and throughout the meal she kept giving me looks but I was far too ashamed to even look at her. I participated minimally in the conversation and mercifully the rest of the meal went by incident free.

As I drove home I knew I had to talk to Brandy, and explain myself. I didn't want her to think I was a monster or something. I had to tell her it was a total accident.

When we got home we all separated, me to the bathroom, Linda to the kitchen to make a call, and Brandy to her room. I ran water over my face and looked into the mirror. What kind of man was I? I always thought I was a good, upstanding guy. But in the last few weeks, I got off when my daughter saw me cum, I secretly met with my old College fling and got propositioned, and then I accidentally palmed my daughter's ass. I had gone off the rails. I had crossed the line. I had to find some way to make everything better.

I opened the door, and there stood Brandy, with a sly smile.

"Hi Daddy!" she chirped.

"Brandy. I, I, I'm so sorry. It was a mistake earlier. I thought you were Linda!" I stammered in a harsh whisper.

"It's okay, Daddy. Really." she said, beaming. How could she be okay with this?

"I feel awful." I said.

"Daddy, I'm not mad." Brandy added. "I just wanted to thank you for the bed. It's awesome!" she added, her breasts jiggling as she bounced around excitedly.

"Oh, uh, you're welcome." I replied, confused. "Uh, Brandy, how can you not be bothered by what happened?"

"Oh, it was just an accident, like you said. Why would it bother me?" Brandy asked naïvely.

"Uh, just... nothing. You're, uh, welcome." I said. She bounced away, unaffected by my unfatherly feeling up of her young body. Maybe she understood. Maybe it was that simple. Maybe I was lucky to have a daughter understanding enough that when her father accidentally feels her up, she would understand. Oh God, that is so wrong,

I had trouble falling asleep that night, and I felt far too guilty and conflicted to have sex with Linda. So I went to bed that night, my balls uncomfortably swollen, not used to the lack of action.

And all I could think about was how good Brandy's ass felt in my hand.

(Brandy)

I bit down on my pillow as I squirted all over the bed.

Just thinking about how Daddy felt me up. How Daddy squeezed my ass cheeks. How he had fingered my crack, running his fingertips along my thong. That was enough to get any girl off, especially a girl like me with a major Daddy-crush.

Daddy had stepped up the game. He had taken this to a new level. Cumming in front of your daughter when you catch her watching you have sex is one thing. Deliberately feeling her ass in a public place is another thing altogether.

So it was time to step up things a bit. Turn up the heat. Confront him with so much daughterly flesh he had choice but to indulge. Get Linda out of the way. Fuck her over and get her out of the picture so he could realize that all he needed was me. That I could give him everything he ever needed. My clit was getting hard again.

And all I could think about was how my ass formed a perfect fit in Daddy's hand.

(Marcus)

I was at work when I felt my phone buzz in my pocket. Once I got the chance to check it out I saw I had received a couple texts from Brandy. The first was:

"Chek out these pix of me baby!!!!" followed by a URL.

The second one said:

"Oops. That wasn't meant for you Daddy don't look :)"

I fought the urge all day to check out that website. I feared the worst. I feared that she had sexy pictures of herself online, and she was showing them off to guys. I had to look, right? To make sure my daughter was not doing anything inappropriate. But would I be violating her privacy? I had to look. I just had to.

Once I got home, I made sure Brandy was holed up in her room and pulled out my laptop. I copied the URL into my browser and loaded the page up nervously. When the page loaded up, my worst fears were met.

On this page, someone's personal blog, were pictures of Brandy. And the best thing I could say was that at least they were not nudes. There were pictures of Brandy at parties, drinking, smoking, making out with guys. And it quickly became clear that my daughter was not shy about showing off her body. One picture showed her in a bikini, as she lied back in her seat, smiling cutely, her flat belly exposed for the camera. Another picture had her lifting her skirt above her waist, exposing her thong-clad butt. She had one hand on her butt and the other over her mouth, posing as if she was shy. Another picture had her sitting on a seat, one leg on the seat with the other on the floor, allowing the picture taker to see right up her dress. To see her nether regions, barely covered by her tiny underwear which molded to her, allowing the viewer to see an indent from the puffy lips of her...

I shook my head and moved on to the next picture. One which showed Brandy flashing her breasts to a room full of

people with her back to the camera. The next had a picture of some guy that looked older than me behind Brandy, his hands on her breasts while he looked smugly into the camera. This made my blood boil. The next had them both sitting on a couch, her head on his shoulder. I got even madder. The next had them making out, his hands arrogantly down her top. The next had him beginning to lower her top down her breasts, just about to expose her for the world to see, no doubt in the very next picture. I was about to click the next picture, to make sure she wasn't exposed, when...

"Hey, Daddy." Brandy said, emerging from the kitchen behind me. Like a teenager being caught looking at porn I quickly clicked away from this page to my homepage, hoping she didn't see what I was looking at.

But as she plopped down across in the loveseat across the room, she looked over at me arrogantly. She held one finger out and waved it back and forth, like a teacher scolding a child.

"Brandy, it's, uh, it's not what you think..." I started.

"It's my fault. I sent you that link. I should have known you would want to... check up on me." she said, wrapping her lips around the straw of her drink. I made an excuse to leave the room, once again fiercely embarrassed. I had done nothing to show Brandy I was not the pervy dad she might think I was.

I was a good dad. Right?

(Brandy)

Daddy was getting so hot for me. He was feeling me up, scoping out my sexy pictures, cumming when I saw his great big fat cock. He clearly wanted me, desperately. He was just too afraid to admit it yet. But once Linda was out of the picture, I could make him mine for good.

Linda was starting to become a real nuisance. She was starting to ruin a good thing. Why couldn't she just be okay

with me lounging around all day, looking pretty? That would have made this so much easier. But no, she was forcing me to do job interviews. Luckily, I was smart enough to completely tank them. As if a girl like me had to work. But this whole wife situation was annoying the fuck out of me. I needed to get her off my ass so Daddy could get into mine.

I had to get Linda on edge. I knew she was close to losing her shit with me. This close to just fucking going off on me. Maybe even coming after me. And we both knew Daddy would get between us, protecting his pretty daughter from his shrew of a wife. I had to drive Linda nuts. Fucking insane from jealousy. And I had the perfect plan.

"Hey Linda..." I questioned, walking into the living room one morning, while Daddy was at work, as she was doing some work from home.

"Yes, Brandy?" Linda asked, looking over her old lady glasses.

"I know it's been... weird between us. So I want to make amends. I want us to bond." I told her.

"Oh, uh...that's great." Linda said with a smile.

"So I wanted to ask you something, something girls ask their mothers all the time." I began.

"Sure." Linda said happily. I smiled and let my robe slip from my shoulders. Under it, all I had on was my skimpiest, nastiest, sexiest bikini. A tiny white little number made of strings. Tiny white patches covered my nipples but left the rest of my huge, jiggling tits exposed. The poor little strings digging into my shoulders were so fucking overworked. My bottoms were a thong obviously, the tiny little patch ever so barely covering my sweet little snatch. I gave Linda a spin, exposing my firm, fit back, and my perfect, round ass cheeks to my bitch of a step-mother. I was fucking dripping wet at this.

"Do you like it?" I asked with a sweet smile. I looked at Linda as I faced her. I saw the heat in her eyes as she consumed my rocking body with a harsh, meaningful glare. This bitch

fucking hated me! I loved it! I loved how she saw my barely encased tits. My flat belly. My nearly exposed cunt. My perfect ripe ass. And then she would fume with jealousy. Ha! This stupid bitch thought the reason she hated me was because of my laziness. As if! This bitch hated me because of my hot fucking body, a body an old lady like her could only dream of having. She wanted me gone because she didn't want Daddy consuming my tasty assets. She consumed my assets with wide eyes. I hoped for Daddy's sake I wasn't turning his wife into a drooling lesbo!

"Is it too much?" I asked. She gulped.

"Is it too slutty?" I asked with a nod. Her eyes narrowed.

"Is it too nasty?" I asked. She stood up, tense.

"But, it's perfect for me. I look SO good in it!" I said, shaking my tits, jiggling my tits in front of my daddy's wife. She walked right up to my face and stared me down. I bit my lip as I looked up at her, waiting for her reaction.

"You're this fucking close!" Linda said angrily, storming out of the room. She was right. I was so close!

Two days later, fate came knocking at the door. Literally. A package was delivered to the door, a very important package that Linda told me to keep an eye out for. Something about some very important floor-plans and contracts or some bullshit. I wasn't really listening. All I knew was that it was very important to her, something to do with some lucrative job she was on, people's jobs on the line or whatever. But this bitch would pay for getting between me and my daddy. So that was why the very important package went from the deliverer's hands to mine, and from my hands into the garbage can, just as the garbage truck was heading down the street.

I got a few calls from Linda during the day:

"Hey Brandy, did that package I told you about come yet?"

"Hey Brandy, did that package come yet?"

"Brandy, is that package there yet?"

"Brandy, call me as soon as the package gets there!"

"Is it there yet? Dammit!"

I smiled evilly as she got more and more angry. Finally, she stormed home earlier than usual.

"Is it here yet?"

"No." I said, shaking my head. She talked angrily to herself as she went over to the phone. She dialed it furiously.

"Yes I was supposed to get a one day shipment today." she said quickly.

"Linda Edwards." she added. "36457 Maple Tree Lane."

"What? I was told it wasn't delivered. It was signed for? By who?" she said. I watched her as the delivery company told her it was my name. I watched her turn and look at me then slam the phone.

"Okay! Where is it??" Linda stormed up to me angrily, getting into my face.

"I don't know what you're talking about." I replied.

"That package is the most lucrative project we've ever had. It needs to start tomorrow, and if I don't get that package, we will lose all of that. People's jobs depend on it!" Linda said.

"I dunno." I said, shrugging my shoulders.

"No more games, you little bitch. I know exactly what type of girl you are. I know what you've been trying to pull. No give me back that fucking package!" Linda yelled.

"You have no idea what type of girl I am, bitch. What do you think I'm trying to pull?" I replied, beginning to drop the act.

"You don't like me. You want it to just be you and Marcus. You want me out of the picture." Linda said.

"Daddy deserves better. And I'll do whatever it takes to make him realize that." I said simply. And just after I did, I saw Daddy walk in.

"Where is the fucking package?!" Linda screamed in my face.

"I don't know." I said, biting my lip. Linda reared back and slapped me in the face. I tasted blood in my mouth. On instinct, I fought back, my nails out, scratching her, creating a few scratch marks on her face.

"Oh, you bitch!" she said, jumping towards me. Marcus intercepted her, grabbing her around the waist and pulling her away from me.

"Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! What's going on?" Marcus yelled out, setting down Linda and stepping between us.

"She just attacked me! She's crazy!" I yelled out, turning on the tears.

"What? Linda, what's going on?" Marcus asked.

"That package that I told you about. She did something with it. It's not here. The company said she signed for it, but she did something to it. She hid it or something." Linda babbled.

"Brandy. Where is it?" Marcus asked, turning to me.

"I don't know." I lied, scrunching up like a little naïve girl.

"Brandy! Tell me where the package is!" Marcus asked angrily.

"I don't know! If I knew, Daddy, I would tell you. I would never lie to you!" I pleaded, running upstairs, tears falling to my cheeks. As soon as I was out of sight the tears slowed. I wiped my cheeks and eyes clearing the tears away. I slammed my door behind me, but listened intently to them downstairs.

"Marcus, she is bad news. I have to drive 300 miles over there tonight to get that info, and then 300 miles back in the morning before work. If she is not gone by the time I get home from work tomorrow... then I'm not coming back!" Linda yelled out.

"Linda..." Marcus said.

"Marcus, face it! That girl is evil. She is trying to sabotage me. She has been making shitty little comments for weeks now. And newsflash... she's a whore! She dresses like a complete skank! She gets along by mooching off guys. That's what she does. You know there is something wrong with her. You know it! I'm sorry to make you have to do this. I didn't want to push it to this point, but I've had enough! I can't deal with her anymore. It is time for you to

step up and deal with her! Kick her ass to the curb. She needs discipline! She needs to learn that there are repercussions to her actions! You need to choose Marcus! Your wife of nearly twenty years, or that little spoiled princess that you've only known for a few months. That little bitch off the street, or the woman you've been with through the good and the bad. The woman that loves you with all of her heart. Marcus, I'm sorry to have to do this, but you need to choose. I'll see you tomorrow. I'd better not see her." Linda said. I heard her walk out of the house.

Walk out of her house. Walk out of her marriage. Leaving me and Daddy alone at last.

Stupid bitch.

(Marcus)

I was numb.

Linda had walked out on me. My wife had walked out on me. She had given me an ultimatum. It was her or Brandy. My wife or my daughter. The woman I loved with all my heart or the girl I had created. The woman I pledged my loyalty to, or the girl I felt a biological responsibility to.

The evidence was there. It was. By all accounts Brandy was a mooch. A leech. A lazy spoiled brat. But she was my daughter. I had never been there for her, and I felt incredible guilt about that. So many moments that I missed that I should have been a part of. By the time I met her, she had grown to be a spoiled brat, poisoned by her slut of a mother. I had done my best to fix her, to give her a positive influence. But Linda was right. It wasn't working. Something had to be done.

I walked slowly to her room, where I knew she was. I opened the door and found her sitting on her bed, tears in her eyes, a sad smile on her face. My daughter. My beautiful daughter, the one person that would carry my genes once I was gone. I couldn't just abandon her, could I? I was her father. I couldn't just give up on her. I just needed to find a way to get things good. Get the life I always wanted, a lovely wife, a lovely child. But part me of knew that wouldn't

happen. I didn't know what to do. I just wished there was some way I could get through this situation. I wish someone could come in and tell me what to do to make this all better.

"Hi Daddy." Brandy said sadly.

"Hi." I said simply. I walked over to her and sat next to her on the bed. She looked like she was about to cry. Even when she did, she still looked cute. She was wearing tight jeans, a thick, chunky belt, a pink tank top, and a light zip up jacket.

"Did you do something with the package?" I asked. She looked at me, tears in her eyes, and nodded yes.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"It's gone." she said simply.

"Brandy, why would you do that?" I asked.

"I don't know. She's such a bitch to me all the time. I wanted to get back at her." Brandy said.

"Brandy, I can't undo this. This was really bad. I can't make this all go away or all better." I told her.

"I can." Brandy said.

"What? How can you make this better?" I asked skeptically.

"I heard what she said. How she wanted you to choose between me and her. I know what you should do." Brandy said.

"What?" I asked.

"You should choose me." Brandy said simply.

"Brandy, it's not that simple." I said, rubbing my forehead.

"Daddy, it really is." Brandy replied.

" No, Brandy, it really isn't." I said.

"Do you not what me around anymore Daddy?" Brandy pouted.

"That's not it. It's not about choosing between you two. I want you both in my life." I said. Brandy looked down and nodded. "Brandy you can't keep doing some of these things. You have to grow up. You can't be a little girl anymore."

"But I'm your little girl." Brandy replied.

"Brandy..." I began.

"Listen, Daddy, there is a way to make this all better." Brandy said, putting her hand on my shoulder, getting on her knees next to me.

"What's that?" I asked. She waved me closer and I leaned towards her. She put her hand to my ear and then moved close to me and whispered:

"You have to spank my ass."

"What!?" I said, moving away from her in shock.

"Daddy, you are right. I need discipline. I need to learn not to be such a spoiled brat. I need to learn not to be such a bitch. Daddy, I need to be taught. I need to learn how wrong I was. It's the only way to get your family whole, Daddy. It's the only way to get what you've always wanted. I want to be good, Daddy. I want to be a better person. If you had been there when I was growing up, you would have been the hard-ass I needed. You would have been the father I needed. You would have kept me in line. But you weren't there. Now it's not too late. You can get me on the straight and narrow. You can make me into a good girl. You can get your family back. All you have to do is spank my ass, hard, until I learn my lesson." Brandy said.

"Brandy, uh, I just don't know." I started, but the truth was, she did need a good spanking. If she was a child and she had been acting up like she had been, being lazy and bratty, she would get punished. Spanked. But obviously, she was too old for that now.

"Here, I'll make this easy for you." Brandy said. With that, she began to undo her thick belt, then she followed that by undoing the button and the zipper on her pants. Before I could stop her, she lowered the hem of her jeans and plopped over my lap, her jeans at her thighs, her thong clad butt exposed to my view. I couldn't stop myself from looking down... but then looked away.

"Brandy! No! I can't do this." I said.

"C'mon, Daddy. It's okay. I need this." Brandy said, her voice breathy.

"Brandy, this is, uh, this is inappropriate." I said, nervously, being confronted by my daughter's bare ass in a hot pink thong, poised on my lap. I tried not to look.

"Daddy, you've already touched my ass. What harm would it be if you did it again?" Brandy postulated.

"I... can't. This isn't necessary. Please, uh... move." I begged. I had no desire to spank my daughter. She was 18. She was not a little girl. At this age, it just seemed immoral. She looked back over her shoulder and watched me, waiting for me to take action.

We just sat there, my nearly bare-assed daughter lying on my lap. How the hell had I gotten into this position? I couldn't spank my daughter, could I? Sure, she was a brat. Sure, she needed discipline. Sure, she needed to change her ways. Yes, she needed a good spanking. Yes, a spanking would probably really reinforce the fact that her actions were very bad, and she needed to stop being such a child. But, she couldn't really want a spanking, could she? That would be so strange. Maybe this was a test or something. I had to resist. Spanking my 18 year old daughter seemed so wrong.

Yes, she had pissed me off. But my anger had never reached the level that I thought of disciplining her physically. I had never been that kind of man. I had always been good at never getting too angry. I always had ways of blowing off steam. But I was feeling closed in, in this insane situation with my daughter. My wife had walked out on me. I had to choose between my wife and my daughter. I couldn't think of any way out of this situation. I was confused. I was hurt. I was angry. I was conflicted.

"Daddy, I am not moving till you spank my ass." Brandy stated. "I've caused you so much trouble. Your wife walked out on you because of me! I have ruined your perfect life! I have made your life so much more complicated! You want to make me pay, don't you? You want to make me pay for all the trouble I've caused you? You want me to pay for being for such a brat? Then spank me, Daddy! Spank me!"

SPANK!

I did it on instinct. She just kept bringing up how much trouble she had caused, how conflicted she had made me, and it made my blood boil, so I just did it. With no other

outlet, I spanked my daughter. I reared back and brought my hand down and spanked her right on her left ass cheek. The smack echoed throughout the house. The smack of my hand on my daughter's ass. Oh my God! What had I done? I had just struck my daughter. I had spanked my 18 year old daughter.

Was this a test? Was she daring me to do it? Now that I had done it, would she hate me forever? Her reaction would decide everything.

"UGGGGGGHHHHHH, FUCK YES!" Brandy moaned out, almost in pleasure. What? Did she enjoy that? Did she like me spanking her?

"C'mon, Daddy, keep going." Brandy begged. "Please."

"I can't. I'm sorry." I said, confused by her reaction.

"Look at my ass, Daddy. Look at it. It's built to be spanked." Brandy begged. I couldn't resist. She watched as I looked

down, staring at my daughter's practically bare ass, really taking it in for the first time.

"There you go Daddy. It's so much easier to just do what I say." Brandy whispered, but I was too zoned out to respond. It was madness! I was staring at my daughter's thong clad ass, almost... admiring it.

"Look at my ass and tell me it's not built to be spanked." Brandy whispered. I couldn't help but look. She had two ripe, round cheeks. They were perfectly tan with no tan-lines, showing that when she tanned, she did it bare-assed. The cheeks were perky and firm with muscle. The pink thong was really set off by her glowing tan skin. The only blemish on her left-ass-cheek was the light imprint left by my hand. And on her right ass-cheek was a tattoo in fancy lettering, with just one word:

"Candy."

"Candy?" I asked.

"It was my nickname in school." Brandy said. I thought about asking more, but I got distracted. Drawn like a magnet, I couldn't help but run my finger along the tattoo, then circling it, teasing it with my finger, admiring the firmness of her flesh as it rebounded against my finger. Then I realized what I was doing, running my finger over my daughter's ass. I pulled away as if burned.

"Oh, uh," I stammered, just realizing what I did as I tried to stand, but her weight on my lap held me down.

"See Daddy, it's impossible to resist touching it. Please! Keep going! Keep spanking me! I need it!" Brandy moaned.

"Brandy, I can't, I..." I began, my blood pumping.

"Do it!" Brandy said, getting upset. "Do it, Daddy! Spank me for being such a slut! Spank me cause your wife fucking hates me! Spank me cause I haven't learned my lesson! Spank me cause if you don't, I will do something much worse! Teach your daughter a lesson! Spank me till my ass is red! It's the only way I'll be a good girl! Do it Daddy! Fucking do it!" Brandy pleaded, moving her ass around,

begging to be smacked. And the truth was... her ass really fucking was built to be spanked.

So I did.

SPANK!

"OH THAT'S IT!" Brandy moaned out as I spanked her other cheek.

With each thing she had said I got madder and madder. So I couldn't be blamed for spanking her, right? She was being a complete brat, and she was practically threatening my wife. I had no choice. I had to teach her a lesson.

"Keep going Daddy! Beat my ass!" Brandy moaned. How could she be enjoying this? What kind of girl was she?

My daughter was a little brat. She was. I couldn't make any excuses. She was a complete spoiled brat. And she needed to learn a lesson. She thought she could get away with doing

the things she did. Trying to ruin my wife's livelihood. Getting in the way of me and my wife's happiness. Refusing to get a job and do any work whatsoever. Being a little slut.

"Do you plan to get a job?" I asked huskily, my voice in a low monotone.

"No Daddy! I never planned to get a job. I never will. I tanked all the interviews. I just want to live off your guys' money. Girls like me don't have to work. I'm too hot to do work." Brandy said.

"You are a spoiled brat, aren't you?" I asked angrily.

"Ohhh yes Daddy! I'm such a spoiled brat!" Brandy pleaded, desperate to be spanked. The only thing that was stopping me was how inappropriate this seemed. I was fighting with the conflict this situation was causing. It felt so strange to be spanking my daughter, my 18-year-old daughter. But she seemed to want it. She seemed to be craving it. She wanted to be a better person. She wanted hard discipline. But I felt strange being the one to do it. That thought of it made me extremely unnerved, confused, and conflicted. But there

was a way out of this conflict. Brandy was right. It was so much easier to just give her what she wanted. She needed to be spanked. She wanted it. She needed it. And I was the man for the job. Sometimes a parent had to put aside their best judgment to do right by their children. That's what I had to do now. I was her father.

I was her daddy.

SPANK!

"UGGGHHHH!" Brandy moaned. "Tell me what a bad girl I've been!"

"You've been a bad girl!" I said, angrily, mad that she had made me do this. Mad that my daughter had brought out a dark, angry side of me, making me spank her ass.

SPANK!

"FUCK, IT HURTS SO GOOD!" Brandy screamed out, grinding her belly into my thighs.

"Stop cursing in my house!" I ordered.

SPANK!

"UGHHHH, sorry Daddy! Sorry I've got such a filthy fucking mouth!" Brandy moaned out.

SPANK!

"AHHHHHH! Keep going! Teach me a lesson!" Brandy screamed out.

"You're such a brat!" I said.

SPANK!

"OHHHHH! I know I'm a brat. I'm so sorry. Please, I need this! Make me regret all the bad things I did!" Brandy moaned out.

SPANK!

"SHIIITTTT! FUCKING SHIT FUCK! I shouldn't let you see my ass, Daddy! Really look at it! Admire it! Make me feel like a naughty little bitch! Make sure I regret ever letting you see my ass!" Brandy said.

SPANK!

"FFFUUUCCCKKKK!" Brandy moaned out, slamming the bed with her fist. Obeying her wishes, I looked down at her ass again. It really was a great ass. The cheeks looked perfectly round and perky. They now glowed red from the spanking. But somehow, the tattoo stood out from her ass, capturing my vision even more once the cheeks were glowing red. They were now swollen and pulsing, and I'm sure she was in a lot of pain, but I did not stop. I did not show mercy.

SPANK!

"OHHHHH! FUCK! Do it harder! Spank me fucking harder! Spank me Daddy!" Brandy begged. As I spanked her ass, I watched the cheeks jiggle like a jello mold before they came to a stop. The tattoo was like a target, right at the perfect part of her ass that was just ripe for smacking.

SPANK!

"AHHHHHHHHH! FUCK! That's hard, Daddy. But I can take it harder! C'mon Daddy! Spank my ass as hard as you fucking can!" Brandy said. As I spanked her, I watched her ass cheeks ripple. As they did the tiny material of her thong running down her ass-crack was exposed between the jiggling cheeks. What a nasty girl. That spank was the hardest yet, and still it was not hard enough for her. I wasn't going to stop until she stopped begging. Once she stopped begging for more I would know she had reached her limit. That she had learned her lesson. That she had had her fill of hard discipline. But... until then...

SPANK!

"SHIT!" Brandy screamed out as I spanked her harder.

"I want you to apologize..." I started.

SPANK!

"FUCK!" Brandy moaned out as I spanked her ass even harder.

"For all the bad things..." I continued.

SPANK!

"AHHH!" Brandy screamed as I pummeled her ass with my palm.

"That you've done." I finished.

SPANK!

"UGGHHHH! FUCK! Okay, okay, okay, okay..." Brandy babbled. "I'm sorry Daddy. I'm sorry I hid the package."

SPANK!

"FUUUUUUCCCKKKK! I'M SORRY! I'm sorry I hate your wife!" Brandy pleaded.

SPANK!

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!" Brandy said, stifling herself. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry I made your life so tough!"

SPANK!

"I'M SORRY! I'm sorry I'm so lazy!"

SPANK!

"AHHHHH! I'm sorry. I'm sorry I like older men!"

SPANK!

"I'M SO SORRY! I'm sorry I'm such a slut!"

SPANK!

"FUCK, DADDY! I'm sorry I dress like a whore!"

SPANK!

"OWWWW! I'm sorry I've fucked so many guys!"

SPANK!

"AHHHHH! I'm sorry I dress so slutty around my daddy!"

SPANK!

"FUCK! I'm sorry I let you feel me up!"

SPANK!

"AW GODDAMMIT! I'm sorry that I liked it!"

I was in such a zone that I didn't comprehend what she had just said. But the next thing she said stopped me in my tracks.

SPANK!

"FUCK! I'm sorry I made you want to fuck me!" Brandy screamed. I reared back to slap her ass again, but her words stopped. What'd she just say?

"What?" I croaked.

"You don't have to lie anymore, Daddy. Linda's not here anymore. Besides... I can feel you." Brandy said, grinding her crotch into my thighs. And now freed from my haze, I realized she was also grinding into my rock hard erection. What the fuck!?

"Uh, Brandy, it's not what you think, I uh..." I stammered.

"If you need to take it out and give it some breathing room, I'll understand." Brandy whispered. Why the fuck was I hard? Why was my dick protruding painfully from my crotch, sticking out clearly against my pants, pressing into my daughter? Was it the passion of the situation, the emotions that were flowing? Or was it what she said, that I... no, it wasn't that. It couldn't be.

"Is that what you want?" I asked.

"Oh, YES Daddy! Please! I want us to be as close as a daddy and a daughter can be. I want you to do whatever you want to do to keep us together. Whatever it takes!" Brandy

begged, still gyrating her ass, begging to be spanked. I couldn't believe it! Did I just hear right? She wants me to take my dick out... in front of her. I couldn't possibly do that, could I? She wants me to do whatever it takes to keep us together. Does that mean what I think it means?

"What do you want? I want you to tell me!" I growled.

"I want you to spank me. I want you to rip off your daughter's clothes! I want you to see me naked! I want you to see your daughter's hot body in the flesh! I want you to punish me every day by stretching my pussy with your big fat Daddy-dick!" Brandy moaned out, raising her hips up, begging to be spanked, allowing me to get one hand under her with the other poised above her ass.

I saw red.

SPANK!

"YOU..." I roared.

SPANK!

"ARE..."

SPANK!

"SUCH..."

SPANK!

"A..."

SPANK!

"DIRTY..."

SPANK!

"SLUT!"

SPANK!

"Oh!" Brandy moaned.

SPANK!

"AH!" Brandy squealed.

SPANK!

"FUCK!

SPANK!

"FUCK!"

SPANK!

"FUUCCKKKKK!"

SPANK!

"OH FUCK! I'M GONNA CUM"

SPANK!

"FUCK! I'M CUMMMINNNNNNGGG!" Brandy screamed out, her hips jerking around spasmodically, driving into my thighs and my crotch.

SPANK!

SPANK!

SPANK!

"AHHHHHHH!" she screamed, her feet climbing the bed, trying to escape the spanks.

SPANK!

SPANK!

"NO MORE! FUCK! NO MORE! I CAN'T TAKE IT! PLEASE! FUCK!" Brandy begged distractedly, her hand trying to block me from spanking her more as her hips drove into my crotch. But I stopped. She had had her fill. She had learned her lesson. She had had enough. Once she stopped jerking around, I grabbed her by the legs and tossed her onto her back to the bed next to me. I stood up and looked down at my completely disheveled daughter.

Brandy was on her back, breathing hard, but otherwise not moving. Her jeans were at her knees, and her thong clad crotch was now exposed to me. It molded to her young pussy. Her entire crotch and thighs were soaked with her juices. Her top molded to her chest, her hard nipples showing threw her tight top. Her skin was covered with sweat from exertion. I looked at her face. Her eyes were wet with tears, as were her cheeks. Even though she had her fun

on my lap during the spanking, getting her ass spanked still hurt a lot.

I just looked at her. This was my daughter! My nasty, slut daughter who got off on her Daddy's lap as she was getting spanked. What a sick, twisted slut.

"You are a nasty slut, aren't you?" I muttered, more disappointed and angry than I had ever been before. My daughter, the one person carrying on my genes, was a little slut. A real nasty piece of work who got off while being spanked by her daddy. This was my pride and joy right here. She would never change. She would never be a functional member of society. A good person. All she would be is a little slut.

"Yes." she gasped.

"I want you out of my house. I don't ever want you to come back here. I don't ever want my wife to see you again." I said in a monotone.

"Daddy." Brandy said quietly, lifting her head, looking at me. "I'm not going anywhere. Because I am right where you want me." she said with a satisfied laugh.

"Brandy, get out now!" I growled.

"Daddy!" she tittered, "Look at yourself."

Confused, I looked down. And when I did, I jumped back in shock. Because hanging out of my pants, front and center, was my thick 10-inch dick, my heavy balls hanging below it.

"What the fuck!?! How did that happen? Did you do this?" I asked in confusion, trying to stuff my dick back in my pants quickly.

"You took it out as soon as I asked you to." Brandy said smugly, glancing at it before I tucked it away. "What do you think I was humping against? Why did you think I came so hard?" she added, sitting up, letting her jeans fall to her feet and then she stepped out of them.

I couldn't find words. I had spanked my daughter's bare ass and when doing so, I had taken my dick out of my pants. I had taken my dick out for the world to see. For my daughter to see. I had been spanking my daughter's thong-clad ass with my dick hanging out of my pants. What the hell?

Before I could react, Brandy grabbed me by the shirt, spun me around, and pushed me back onto the bed.

"I'm so sorry." I said, "I don't know how this happened." I added, pleading for her understanding.

"I do. I know exactly why this happened. It's because you want to fuck me." she said in a sing-song voice.

"Brandy, I, uh, you're misunderstanding..." I began, trying to back away.

"I think you are the one who is mistaken, Daddy. It's what you've wanted since the beginning." Brandy began, stepping closer to me.

"That's, uh, that's, that's, that's not true." I stammered.

"Shut up!" Brandy said firmly, ending my stuttering. "Just sit there and be quiet like a good daddy should. Like I said before, this will be so much easier if you just do what I say. Now, as I was saying!" she began brattily, "You've been a bad Daddy ever since I moved in. A naughty Daddy. Looking at your little princess in a way a good daddy shouldn't."

"Brandy, you're misunderstanding things, I..." I began.

"I SAID..." she began, cutting me off. "Shut up." she added softly. "Now, Daddy, I have all the proof I need that you're a very bad daddy. What would most daddy's do when confronted with their long-lost daughter? They would hug them, cry, and welcome them to their home. What did you do? What was the first thing you did when you opened the door and saw me? You stared at my jiggling tits!"

"Brandy, I..." I began.

"Most good daddy's would put locks on the doors so their curious daughter's don't go snooping around. Not you, Daddy. You had no locks. You started making nasty noises in your bedroom, hoping I would come snooping. Didn't you?" Brandy asked.

"No, it was just..." I began.

"You did! You wanted me to come snooping. You felt the incredible urge to show off your giant cock to your very own daughter, didn't you? You knew I would come snooping. You're a baaaaadddd daddy!" Brandy said, teasing me.

"No, I..." I said.

"I know you wanted me to watch! You want to know why? Because as soon as you saw me, you came like a fire hose! Even though you came all over your wife, I knew that load belonged to me." Brandy said.

"Brandy, all of this can be explained..." I started, searching for some way to make her understand.

"You felt up my ass!" Brandy said. "In public! You gave your daughter's ass a few good squeezes. You had to have known it wasn't your wife's ass. You have to know how her ass feels after being married to her for so long. You knew it wasn't her ass you were squeezing. You had to know it wasn't her ass-crack you were running your fingers down. It was your daughter's."

"I can explain." I began.

"Daddy! Why aren't you shutting up?" Brandy whined, stamping her feet. "Daddy, you need to shut up and listen to me. I know it can be explained. I know the explanation." Brandy began. "You want to fuck me! You are sexually attracted to your own daughter! You are a nasty Daddy!"

I shook my head. It wasn't true. I'm not sexually attracted to my daughter! It's sick! I don't want to fuck her! Sure, the evidence looked bad, but I could explain.

"You see this?" Brandy began, pointing at her belly button, at a patch of moisture, just above her soaked crotch. "This isn't from me. This is from you. This is the cum that was leaking from your dick as you rubbed it against me when you spanked me! That right there is all the proof I need, Daddio."

"Brandy, I..." I began.

"SHUT UP!" Brandy whined. My mouth closed up. This caused her to smile. "Daddy, it's okay! I understand. It's okay that you have a crush on your own daughter. Because... I feel the same way. I have a crush on you too. We both felt it. That connection. More than the bond between a daddy and his little princess. No, our connection is different. That innate connection two people feel when they both know they are destined to be lovers." Brandy said.

"Brandy, stop! This is craziness. I don't have a crush on you. And you can't have a crush on me!" I pleaded, standing up and forcing her back.

"Oh, Daddy!" she said cutely, biting her lip. "Just look at yourself."

I glanced down and saw my dick pushing at my pants, aching to be loose again from its tight restraints.

"Brandy," I said, covering myself with my hands. "It's not what you think."

"Then what is it, Daddy? Why do you have a throbbing erection in front of your daughter?" she began, shoving me back onto the bed into a sitting position.

"Daddy, can you show it to me again. I really loved seeing it before. I mean, I REALLY loved seeing it. It led to a lot of sleepless nights for me. Does that turn you on Daddy, your darling daughter tossing and turning because she had her daddy's dick on her mind?" Brandy asked.

"No, I... I... I..." I stammered, not finding the words to finish that sentence.

"Daddy, can I at least... see it, one more time? And maybe touch it. Just a bit. It just looked so big and strong. Please, Daddy, just one little touch? Pretty please?" Brandy begged, chewing on her lower lip, looking at me.

"Brandy, I'm your father. I'm married!" I insisted.

"Daddy, you can be honest with me. Linda isn't here anymore. And she's not coming back. It's just you and me now. You don't need her. You never needed her. You never needed a wife. What you need right now is a tight young daughter. That's what a big daddy like you is built for."

"Brandy, this is so not right." I said, my mind a whirlwind of emotion. "You really need to leave."

"Daddy!" Brandy giggled. "If I'm gonna leave, you should at least see me naked first!", she said, unzipping her jacket enough to let her tank top clad tits to fall out. I tried to look away, but I could practically hear the copious flesh jiggling as they just fucking exploded out from her under her jacket.

"Brandy, I..." I began, but I couldn't find the words. The fight was taken out of me. Finally, I did what she wanted. I finally shut up. Somehow, somehow, her bratty charms had worked on me. They rendered me speechless. Every cute little giggle, every chewed on lip, every bratty eye roll, every giggle, made my cock fucking throb. Brandy leaned forward and put her finger on my lips. Impetuously, she slipped her finger into my mouth, forcing me to suck on it. Before I could stop her, she brought her hands under the hem of her top and began to lift. "Brandy, stop..." I begged softly, but she wasn't going to stop no matter what I said. She was determined to stand in front of her daddy in her underwear. The rest of her flat belly began to emerge, but her top got caught at her breasts. After a bit of a struggle, she was able to peel her top off and toss it away, revealing her bra-clad breasts to me.

Brandy stood in front of me, hands on her hips, as if posing for me in her matching pink underwear. She was asking me to look. I wouldn't have looked under any other circumstance. I wasn't that type of guy. That being said, my daughter's body was out of this world.

Her breasts were huge! Just... gigantic. And her small frame made them look even better. They were just so round and smooth and full and perky. They were packed into her bra, pouring over the edges, bursting to be freed. The bra really forced them together, creating a huge line of soft, perky cleavage. Her bra straps were digging into her shoulders, no doubt painful, but the effect of the bra probably made any pain worth it.

Her belly was fit, showing she knew she had a good body and that she knew what she had to do to keep it at its best. Her tiny underwear emphasized her smooth, firm legs and perfect tan. It felt weird to say it, but knowing my genes had taken a part in creating my daughter's incredible body filled me with a weird sense of pride.

"I don't blame you, Daddy... for wanting me. For lusting over my young body. I saw what Linda had. Little, tiny, sad boobies. She's a little... fat around the edges. All those nasty wrinkles that an old lady like her would have. And her ass is just pathetic. She doesn't satisfy you, does she? The hardest you've ever cum is when you saw my like this, in my little, tiny underwear. When you saw me watching, your dick exploded with all that sticky cum. Your daughter caused

you to cum harder than your wife ever could. You're probably about to cum right now. You know that's the truth. So why fight it, Daddy? Why fight your true desire?" Brandy whispered.

"You're my daughter, Brandy!" I roared. "My daughter... And I'm your father. So what you're doing here is inappropriate. It is so wrong. A young girl like you should not be doing this, trying to tempt your own father! It is so wrong. I don't know what Regina did to make you this way, but it is so wrong!"

"This isn't Mom's fault! This isn't my fault! This is your fault!" Brandy replied. "You're the one that made this sexual, Daddy! I was just an innocent young girl looking for a place to say. You're the one that had eyes for your own daughter!"

"Oh, cut the bullshit, Brandy! You've been prancing around in those tight clothes, flirting in front of me, showing me your body!" I replied.

"So you did look." Brandy said with a smile.

"You're a beautiful girl, Brandy. But I never looked at you as anything but a daughter." I told her.

"Keep telling yourself that, Daddy, if that makes you feel better. Keep telling yourself that you're not a dirty daddy who wants to fuck his daughter dearest! Keep telling me that you aren't dreaming of squeezing my huge titties! Keep telling yourself that you don't want to know what a tight teenage pussy feels like! Keep telling yourself that you don't want to show me how much of a 'Daddy' you are in the bedroom!" Brandy replied.

"ENOUGH! Brandy, this won't happen. It can't happen. You need to leave now!" I said.

"Daddy, all of this is your fault. Your wife is gone. Your daughter is trying to fuck you. This is all because of you. You thought you could be a good husband and a dirty daddy. But you can't have both. You have to come to grips with the fact that I'm your responsibility. Your wife isn't. You're the one that created me. I just inherited your nastiness. Your dark sexual nature. Your twisted fetishes.

You've always wanted a daughter to fuck, haven't you? It just so happens that I've always been looking for a 'Daddy'."

"Brandy, please, leave." I begged.

"But Daddy, don't you want to see my last tattoo?" she asked.

"You've seen my tramp stamp, and you've see the one on my ass. But I have one more that you really need to see." Brandy said, walking over to me, putting her hands on my shoulders, putting her breasts inches from my face. My eyes were drawn to the cavernous cleavage. I couldn't help but look.

"You want to see my tattoo, Daddy?" Brandy asked, but I barely heard her. I couldn't tear my eyes away from her breasts, and the way they jiggled as she spoke. "If you want to see it, I'll have to show you my cunt. Is that alright, Daddy?"

I was too transfixed by my daughter's chest to respond, and she took that as my response. Below my field of vision, my

daughter leaned down and peeled her thong away from her wet pussy, letting it fall to the floor. Finally, she grabbed my forehead and pushed it up so I was looking at her face.

"Look, Daddy." she said, pointing downward. I looked down as she stood straight up. And there, within a foot of my face, was my daughter's bare pussy.

And it was completely bare. Not a bit of hair on it. Just a cute, tiny, puffy, girly pussy. And near it, within one inch of her pussy, was her tattoo. It was a small tattoo of a lollipop. A bright red lollipop, dripping with moisture. Dripping with saliva, as if the person licking it had to put their tongue all over it, savoring the flavor. I licked my lips.

"Do you like it?" Brandy asked, scraping my scalp with her nails as I stared at her vagina. The scent of her hit my nostrils. It smelled really fucking good. The smell seemed familiar, but I couldn't place it.

"What? The tattoo?" I asked.

"Of course, silly!" Brandy tittered.

"Uh, yeah, it's, uh, nice." I croaked out.

"Do you think it's sexy?" Brandy asked.

"Very." I muttered, hypnotized by the tattoo on my daughter's smooth skin, not knowing what I was saying.

"The tattoo?" Brandy asked.

"Uh, yeah." I stuttered.

"My nickname was Candy in high school. The boys always said, 'Brandy tastes like Candy.'" Brandy began. We just sat there, together, me staring at my daughter's pussy. That's what her pussy smelled like. It smelled like candy.

"You wouldn't lie to me anymore, would you Daddy?" Brandy cooed, scratching my scalp in just the right way to make me shiver. The sight of her bare pussy was like a truth

serum to me. My brain didn't have the strength to lie while staring at her perfect vagina. Taking in her pussy consumed all of my senses. It took a rough spanking to get her to spout the truth. It just took the sight of her bare pussy to do the same to me.

"You love me, don't you Daddy?" she asked.

"Yes." I said.

"You love every part of me, right?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You love my body?"

"Yes."

"You love my pretty face?"

"Yes."

"You love my ass?"

"Yes."

"You loved spanking it?"

"Yes."

"You loved that I gave you an excuse to touch it, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Do you love my pussy?"

"Yes."

"Do you think it's pretty?"

"Yes."

"You love my big boobs?"

"Yes."

"You've been staring at them a lot, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"You love when I wear slutty clothes, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You love when you get the chance to stare at my cleavage, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Even though I'm your daughter, you would love to see me naked, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"You've wanted to fuck me since you met me, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"You fantasize about fucking me, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You got jealous when Russ was fucking me, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You wished it was you, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You wished it was you in my bed that night, fucking the shit out of me, breaking the bed with your daughter?"

"Yes."

"You want to choose me over Linda, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Just keep staring at my pussy, Daddy. It's so fucking sexy, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to taste?" she asked softly.

"The tattoo?" I asked, still in a haze.

"No." Brandy said. "This..." she said, pulling my face forward, burying my face in her pussy.

How did I end up in this position? How did I end up being buried mouth first into my daughter's pussy? How did I end up mouth first against my daughter's puffy, girly pussy? How did I end up with my nose pressed against my daughter's clit? How did I end up having my face coated with her juices?

The taste of her on my lips woke me from my reverie. She had me hypnotized by the sight of her pussy. It was so raw. So nasty. And those questions. I had answered without thinking. I had agreed to all the nasty things she had said. Was that the truth? Deep down, was there some part of me that wanted my daughter in a sexual way? Without thinking, I had said yes. On a raw physical level she was absolutely gorgeous. A pretty face, combining her youth with a certain sensuality that you knew she was down for some very adult activities. Her body was spectacular, with huge, round, perky breasts, perfect tan, firm, sexy legs, and a very fit belly. She was young, full of energy. She was everything you could ask for sexually.

But she was my daughter. Everything I had learned in life told me not to go down that road. Family was off-limits sexually. You saw those stories all the time with abuses happening, with a parent crossing that line. Those people were the dregs of society. I always thought I was a good guy, so far above that level, so far above those pieces of trash, not even comprehending that kind of thing. But my daughter had put me into this position. I wasn't the aggressor. She was. I didn't want to do this. She did. I knew better. So it felt different from those stories on the news. I wasn't a perverted father taking advantage of my teenage daughter. My teenage daughter was taking advantage of me. I wasn't the one crossing that line. She was. So I wasn't the lecherous old man. She was just that big of a slut that she wanted her father to bang her. I wasn't the guilty party. She was.

I was freed from my guilt. My daughter was a determined little slut. She would not stop at any cost. She would not stop until we crossed that line, together. She had pushed me to this point where I was mouth deep in her pretty pink pussy. If I instigated this, I would be the dirty old man. But, if she controlled the situation, I would be absolved of any guilt. It

would fall on her. I wasn't the instigator. She was. If I let her instigate this, I could maintain thinking of myself as a good guy. It was the only way I could get any piece of mind out of this situation. It was like she had said:

It was so much easier to just do what she wanted.

"Lick me Daddy." Brandy pleaded. Without hesitation, my tongue leapt forward and dug deep into my daughter's tight wet cunt.

"OH FUCK!" Brandy moaned out. I had been transformed. No longer was I Marcus Edwards, devoted husband and father. My daughter's slutty nature and hot body had changed that. Right now, at this moment, I was only one thing:

Brandy's submissive daddy.

I put my hands on Brandy's thighs so I could dig my tongue into her deeper. I dug into her tighter than tight pussy, her copious juices spilling into my mouth. I would occasionally

remove my tongue from deep inside her and run it up and down her puffy lips. Or take the opportunity to wrap my lips around her hard clit and suck.

"OH FUCK DADDY, keep sucking that clit! Flick it with your tongue! FUUUUCCCCCKKKK!" Brandy screamed out as I obeyed her. I had my daughter's clit in my mouth, hollowing my cheeks around it, flicking my tongue against it. She held me roughly against her cunt as she spun herself around then fell back to the bed. I followed her, keeping my mouth firmly attached to her cunt. She spread her legs as I crawled closer to her. I now had a much better angle to really dig deeper into her tight pussy with my mouth.

"Oh, that's it Daddy! Keep sucking your daughter's pussy!" Brandy gasped.

I marveled at how her pussy felt in my mouth. It was soaking wet. It was a bright pink color. It was marvelously tight. It felt so good to run my tongue across the inner walls of her pussy, gathering her juices. Her delicious juices. And it was funny. As I licked her pussy, ran my tongue along the inner walls of her cunt, and swallowed her juices, I realized

that she did in fact taste super sweet, super flavorful... like candy.

I was chin deep in her cunt as I dug as deep as I could into her pussy. I swallowed her juices as if she were a faucet. It just kept coming. Finally, I felt her thighs quiver around my ears.

"Oh, shit Daddy! Oh, I'm so close! So close! So close! So close! SO FUCKING CLOSE, OH FUCK, I'M CUMMING!" Brandy squealed out, wrapping her thighs around my head, keeping me in place, keeping my mouth sealed around her wet cunt. Suddenly a gush of her juices filled my mouth as Brandy grunted in pleasure. I swallowed my daughter's plentiful juices, but they just kept coming! My daughter just kept squirting into my mouth, again and again, as her screams filled the house. I felt like my skull would crack with the pressure her thighs were putting on me, but finally, they relaxed and I was able to free myself. I looked down at my gasping daughter, her soaked pussy on display for me. Her father. I looked up past her mountainous breasts to her satisfied face. She lied there for a bit, recovering, but before I could have any second thoughts, she sat up. She looked at me like a tigress, ready to pounce. And pounce she did.

Brandy jumped into my arms and as we fell back to the bed, Brandy's lips met mine. Her tongue dove deep into my mouth as I lied on my back, my daughter on top of me, forcing herself on me. She forced her tongue deep into my mouth, making me take it. Her tongue was everywhere in my mouth, mashing against my tongue, gathering the flavors of her pussy from my mouth to hers. And I just lied there and took it, like a good daddy should. Our cheeks hollowed as our French kiss deepened, sucking at each other's mouths, deeply.

My daughter was on top of me, wearing only a bra, her crotch humping against mine. She drove herself into me, and I could feel her moisture soaking through my pants. She humped against me hard, as if desperate to feel my large dick.

Finally, she pulled her mouth away from mine, followed by her extended tongue. She climbed down to the floor, grabbed my knees, and pulled me to the edge of the bed.

"I've been waiting a long time for this, Daddy. And I know you have too." Brandy said, undoing the clasp on my pants and unzipping the zipper. She began to pull down my pants, and to aid that journey, she reached into my pants, and grabbed my hard dick in her small hand, guiding it free, preventing it from slowing down my pants' journey to the floor. For the first time, my daughter's hand was wrapped around my throbbing cock. She guided it out of my pants and into the open air as my pants fell past my ankles to the floor.

"Fuck, Daddy!" Brandy exclaimed, studying my dick. "It's so fucking big! It's bigger than I dreamed it would be." Brandy said softly, her eyes crossing as she looked down my cock, as she began moving my hard dick around in her soft hand, studying every nook and crevice of it.

"Daddy, I just love your dick! It is so fucking perfect." Brandy said, stroking me with her soft hand. She held it straight up and reached down and cupped my balls in her soft hand, squeezing my sack softly and lovingly. "OH MY GOD, DADDY! You're such a fucking man! Your dick feels so good in my hand. I could play with it every day! Please

let me play with it every day!" Brandy begged, but I couldn't respond.

"You can tell a lot about a man by his dick. Did you know that, Daddy?" Brandy said. "All the little marks and lines. This dick has gotten a lot of use, I can tell. You have pounded a lot of pussy with this thing. Unfortunately, that pussy belongs to Linda. A cock this thick, this meaty, is really meant for tight young cunt. Teenage cunt. Not dusty old-lady cunt. It is not meant to poke inside the worn-out giant hole that Linda has. This cock is built to stttrrrrrrrrettttttchhhhh..." she began, drawing out the word, "the tight pussy of a young girl. To really ream her out and give her the pleasure she needs. Which is just fucking perfect, because my tight little cunt is built to be stretched by a big fat Daddy-dick! And my mouth..." she said, pointing up at her mouth with one finger while smiling cutely, "My mouth, and my little throat, were also just built to be filled with a giant, monster cock! Hmmm, wonder where I can get one of those?" she asked with a giggle, pointing my dick at her face. My daughter's soft hand holding onto my dick was making my cock throb. I'm sure she could feel it pulsing.

Brandy looked up at me with those expressive eyes of hers, my dick inches from her plump lips. Her breath escaped her mouth and hit the tip of my cock, the cool air making me shiver in pleasure.

"Do you want me to suck you off, Daddy?" Brandy asked, "I know it's wrong, but... I really want to do it. I'll totally do it if you want me to."

"No, I don't." I said, putting up some resistance, not wanting to go along with this consciously but knowing it would probably happen anyway.

"You don't?" Brandy asked with a smile. "But... you're waving your cock in front of me. Your own daughter! I think you really want it more than anything in the whole wide world. But you don't want to admit it. You want to be a good daddy. You don't want to admit you want your daughter's mouth around your cock. You don't want to admit you want to shoot all that nasty cum in those big balls down my tight throat. You don't want to admit you want your daughter on her knees in front of you, every day, sucking you off behind your wife's back. You don't want to

admit that all you can think about is filling my mouth with your cum, and going about the rest of the day knowing your daughter's belly is full of your sperm. But that's okay. I'll give you what you really want, Daddy. I'll make your dreams come true."

With that, Brandy opened her mouth and descended forward, my cock entering the confines of my daughter's mouth for the first time. The first thing I felt was the warmth of her breath on the tip of my dick. Then I felt her hot saliva dripping onto my shaft. Then, finally, I felt her soft lips wrap around my shaft and her warm, wet cheeks against the sides of my cock as she began to suck in earnest.

"Ahhhh!" I groaned out. My daughter began to bob deeply on my cock. I grabbed her hair in my hand and held it behind her head so I could see her pretty face while she sucked me. She looked straight into my eyes, into my soul, as her plump lips and wet mouth went up and down my throbbing dick.

"SHIT!" I said as I felt Brandy's tongue wrap around my shaft, coating every bit with her saliva. Then, she bobbed

down deeper and I felt my cock invade my daughter's tight throat.

"Oohhhhh, fuuuuccckkkkk!" I groaned out, never having had a blowjob this good. My cock felt absolutely soaked with Brandy's saliva. It was leaking from her mouth, dripping down my cock, the feeling nearly indescribable. It made her desire to get as much of my cock into her small mouth a little easier. I looked down at her, and her mouth just seemed overfilled with cock. Filled to the brim. This girl was a fantastically talented cock-sucker if she could get this much dick in her mouth. She just kept bobbing farther, and farther, getting closer to my balls, nearly getting all of my thick cock in her mouth. Finally, with one heroic thrust, she bobbed down to the root, taking the entirety of my cock into her mouth. Ten inches of my thick meat down her small throat. I was so proud.

She just held herself there, looking up at me, her tongue still swirling, making sure I knew that she was an expert blowjob artist. Finally, with a small choke, she pulled back, desperate for air. My cock escaped the wet confines of my daughter's mouth, literally soaked with her spit. Her spit dripped onto

the floor from my cock, and multiple bands of her drool connected my cock to her mouth.

"I'm sorry I give such wet blowjobs, Daddy." Brandy said, "And I'm sorry I left your huge balls so dry." she added, ducking under my throbbing cock and attaching her mouth to my swollen balls.

"Ohhhhh, shit!" I whispered as I felt my daughter's soft tongue spinning circles around my balls. I looked down at my daughter, and the image of my throbbing cock hovering over my daughter's face as she sucked my balls, her spit and my pre-cum dripping onto her face... that image would be burned into my brain forever.

Her tongue was gentle, massaging my balls softly but firmly, soaking them with her spit until they were as soaked as the rest of my cock. She pulled her mouth from my balls with a pop. She sat back on her legs cutely, looking up at me, pushing her chest out.

"Do you want to see my boobs, Daddy?" Brandy said. I looked down at her cleavage, so soft, so round, so

squeezable. "I know you really like them, Daddy. I show them off so, so much. No one would blame you for being obsessed with them. Any Daddy who has a slut daughter with tits as big as mine deserves to at least see them once, right Daddy?" I nodded with her strange logic, at this point desperate to get one good look at my daughter's bare tits. She smiled smugly as she reached behind her back and undid the clasp. The bra was clearly strained to the max, because as soon as the clasp was undone, the bra sprang forward, her tits dying to be freed. She let the bra fall down her arms to the floor and then sat up straight. And just like that, there they were.

Fucking huge. My daughter's tits were fucking huge. The biggest I had ever seen. They just jutted out from her lithe frame, two bulging, bulbous masses of succulent breast flesh. They were so big that cleavage was formed naturally. The way her breasts pressed into each other ever so softly was breathtaking. Her nipples, wow, her nipples were amazing. They were hard as rocks, the areola around them smooth as silk. She had no tan lines, further illustrating the fact that my daughter tanned completely nude, no shame at showing off her body. They rode high on her chest, shockingly little sag. They were perfectly shaped, the edges

perfectly round, making you want to squeeze them to your heart's content. Squeeze them to prove that they are real and not a figment of your imagination. Squeeze them to, in some way, defile their perfection, to alter their beauty somehow.

"EE cup, Daddy. It seems big things run in our family." Brandy giggled, glancing at my dick then back up to me, making sure I understood her obvious reference. She began to lean in closer to me. "I guess I should be thanking you for them. They are so big, and soft. Boys love them! I love them! So what better way for a girl to thank her daddy for her giant tits than by wrapping them around her daddy's cock for a little bit? Would you like that Daddy?" Brandy asked, leaning forward, not waiting for an answer like a brat, dragging her tits forward so they pressed into my cock. Her tits billowed out as they pressed into my cock. I felt her nipples scraping against me. She swung her tits over my cock, smothering it into submission. My cock had nowhere else to go when smothered by this softness, so it found a natural home in by popping into the cleavage of my busty daughter.

"There you go." she purred quietly. She reached forward and cupped her breasts, pinching her own nipples. Then, looking directly into my eyes, she pushed her tits together.

"Ohhhhhhhh. Fuck!" I said, feeling my daughter's incredibly soft breasts smothering my thick cock in bountiful breast flesh. Just the sensation of my dick being smothered by such incredible softness made me dizzy. I fell to my back onto the bed as my daughter was hard at work, moving her tits up and down my long shaft.

"Does this feel good, Daddy? Do you like this? Do you need this? If you need to punish me by making me do this to you every day, I'll totally understand." Brandy offered. I felt like I was drowning in the pleasure, and if I saw the incredible sight of my daughter's massive breasts surrounding my dick, I would lose it. So I lied back, kept my eyes closed, and let my daughter do her thing.

I don't know how much time passed while I lied in my daughter's bed as she massaged my cock with her giant breasts. Her cleavage got slicker as this went on, both from her sweat and my pre-cum. The room was quiet. The only

sound was the slapping of her tits on my thighs. The cum in my balls was boiling, but it was as if Brandy knew that, so she went at just the right pace to prevent an explosion. It was as if we shared an unspoken connection. I just lied there, getting tit-fucked into submission. It was only when I felt my dick leave their pillowy confines that I was finally shaken out of my reverie, and even then it took a few seconds. I opened my eyes once I felt the bed bounce a bit. I looked up to see my daughter's smiling face above me.

"Brandy, we can't..." I started.

"Daddy, I know. I know you can't fuck me. Even though deep down you really want to. You want to feel your daughter's tight little cunt stretched around your fat cock. You just want to throw me down and take me as hard as you can. But you know you shouldn't. Daddies aren't supposed to fuck their daughters. But... most daughters aren't as hot as me. Most daughters don't have the body I do. Most daughters don't have the tits that I do. Most daughters don't need it as bad as I do. So it's okay that you want to fuck me. It's okay that you want to run your hands all over my body. It's okay that you want to do bad things to me." Brandy said,

running her hands up my shirt, pulling it off of me and tossing it to the ground.

"Brandy, I can't cross that line." I begged.

"I know. But I think it's okay if you want to play with my boobs. What's the harm in that? It's not sex. It's just a bit of fun. You won't be able to live with yourself if you don't feel my boobs up at least once. I've already sucked your dick, and you've already sucked my cunt. And that stuff is way worse than a little bit of breast play. Right?" Brandy said, her soft breasts hanging over my face like udders, her nipples begging for my mouth. There was a sort of logic to her words. I had already sucked my own daughter's cunt, and made her cum. Playing with her tits was not as bad as that, right? That's what I told myself when I reached up and slapped my hands onto my daughter's humongous tits.

Unbelievable. I had pretty big hands, but these suckers my daughter had were overflowing my palms. Brandy's tits were out of this world. They felt so firm and fleshy and perky. These were Grade-A, top shelf breasts. Unfortunately, they were on the body of my teenage

daughter. The flesh was silky smooth, and it felt so good to squeeze them and feel them pour all over my rough, calloused fingers. And her rock hard nipples scratched against my palms in such an incredible way.

I couldn't take my hands off them. I squeezed them like they were full of milk and I was trying to force all the milk out. I left the nipples exposed to my eyes as I squeezed her breasts roughly. I let my fingers go to her nipples and pinch them, causing Brandy to moan.

"You can suck on them if you want, Daddy. Please!" Brandy begged. Before she could finish, I leapt upward and attached my mouth to her hard nipple. "FUCK!" Brandy moaned out in response. My mouth was open wide, trying to take as much of my daughter's nipple into my mouth as I could. I had the entire areola, nipple and some of the surrounding flesh into my mouth, sucking hard. I circled my tongue around the nipple, flicking it lightly.

"You look so good with my nipple in your mouth, Daddy." Brandy complimented, trying to force more breast into my mouth. This went on for a few minutes, me bathing her

nipple in my saliva. I switched nipples, giving the other one the same treatment. She eventually pulled the nipple from my mouth with a pop, grabbed my head with both hands, and scrubbed her breasts across my face, drowning me in softness. I just lied there as I felt my daughter's nipples scrape across my face while feeling the fleshy breasts mold to my face.

"Just take it, Daddy. Just take it." Brandy whispered. She removed one hand from my head while still keeping my face smothered. She reached down and began stroking my dick, pointing my dick upward. She began slapping it against the outside of her wet pussy.

"Mmmphh?" I began to question. She knew I couldn't fuck her. She knew it, so what was she doing?

There was a long pause as Brandy moved her mouth close to my ear, breathing into it huskily. I felt her breathe into my ear as she continued to slap the tip of my cock against her pussy, splashing her juices around our crotches. Then she began to speak.

"It's okay Daddy. Don't worry, you're not going to fuck me." Brandy whispered. She allowed a dramatic pause before adding:

"I'm going to fuck you."

"MMMPPPHHH!" I said, trying to escape, but Brandy was too fast as she positioned my cock below her cunt and began to sit on it. Fortunately, since her pussy was so small and tight, it wouldn't allow admittance to my large cock.

"UMMPPPHHHH!" I said, trying to stop the inevitable, trying to stop the copulation between me and my daughter. I brought my hands to her hips in hopes of pushing her away. I should have been able to push her off. But her soft succulent tits smothering my face took a lot the fight out of me, and as soon as the tip of my dick popped into Brandy's pussy, the fight was completely taken out of me. As soon as my daughter's pussy smothered the tip of my cock in tight warmth, my hands dropped from my daughter's hips and moved to her ass, in submission.

The damage was done. Part of my dick was inside my daughter. There was no going back. I was a father who had put his dick in his daughter's cunt. I had crossed that line. I was one of those guys now.

And I figured since I had crossed that line, and I knew that Brandy would not be satisfied with just the tip, I might as well just enjoy it. So that was why I was squeezing my daughter's juicy ass with both palms. That was why I was assisting her in forcing her down, trying to get as much of my cock deep within her.

Brandy flexed and shimmied, danced and swiveled, trying to get my cock deep inside her. I looked down and saw my daughter's cunt stretched to the max in order to take my cock inside her. I felt my cock-head rubbing the inner walls of her pussy. Her juices were covering it, aiding it in its journey. Her pussy was so hot! Like, literally hot, like fire. But no burning or pain. Just incredibly warm. Warm. And wet. And tight. So fucking tight! Her pussy smothered my dick in warm pleasure, and the pleasure increased ten-fold as my daughter was able to work my cock deeper and deeper into her.

"Oh, Daddy, you're so BIG!" Brandy moaned out, flashing her eyes in pleasure, impressed by the size of my dick. Her face scrunched up in a bit of pain as she was able to get my cock even deeper into her, stretching her hole like it never had been before. She kept working her hips, working my cock inside her. Finally, she worked her canal in such a way that she able to get all of my thick ten-inches inside of her, her ass coming to rest against my balls.

"OHHHHHHH, FUCCCCKKKKKK!" my daughter screamed at the top of her lungs, shaking the windows. She swayed forward and back ever so slightly, her hands on my chest and mine on her hips, flexing her cunt around me. I felt her juices running down my dick, soaking it again. Before I could react, Brandy fell forward, her breasts pressing against my chest, our sweaty bare chests rubbing together. She put her hands in my hair and brought her lips to my ear.

"Never let me go, Daddy." Brandy whispered, sounding surprisingly genuine. She kissed my ear and began to lick my neck. My cock was still marinating in her cunt juices,

and she moved slightly as she moved around on top of me slightly.

"Feel my ass, Daddy." Brandy whispered. My hands returned to her ass, and I ran my hands across her smooth, round, sweaty flesh. I took two handfuls of ass and gave them a firm squeeze. "Run your fingers in my crack." Brandy pleaded. I obeyed, running the fingers of my right hand deep into the crack of my daughter's ass. I repeated this motion again and again, even going so far as to let my fingers graze against my daughter's asshole.

"If you want to stick a couple fingers in my ass, I wouldn't stop you. Do what you wanted to do to my ass the night you grabbed it in the restaurant." Brandy whispered, kissing my cheek. I took my hand off Brandy's ass, brought them up to her face, and pointed two fingers straight at her mouth. She opened her mouth and took my fingers inside, sucking my two fingers like a cock, making my fingers as soaked as my cock was.

My hand returned to her ass, and my fingers returned to her ass-crack. I took the two wet fingers and pushed the tips

right against her asshole. Not experienced with ass-play, I just placed my fingers against her asshole and put the pressure on, trying to force two fingers up my daughter's ass.

"Mmmmm!" Brandy groaned out as she felt my fingers against her asshole. Finally, her asshole opened up and allowed entry and quickly my fingers were buried inside her. I flexed my fingers and drove in and out slightly.

"OH DADDY! YOU'RE SO BAD!" she yelled out. She brought her face above mine and smiled brightly.

"Daddy," she started, kissing me on the lips, "I love that we can be this close..." kissing me again, "I love your house... (kiss), I love your cock... (kiss), I love this bed... (kiss), I love you!" she then smothered me with kisses, kissing me all over my lips and face with her plump lips. "And Daddy, this bed is, like, so awesome. I was wondering... do you want to break it in with me?" she asked, biting her lip cutely.

There I was, under my daughter, both of us naked, my dick stuck in her pussy, two fingers driving into her ass. And it

wasn't just incest. I was cheating on my wife! My love. My soul mate! I was cheating on my wife with a girl I knew for about two months. A teenage girl that showed up at my door out of the blue. A girl that we rescued from living in her car. That was the girl I was cheating on my wife with. It wasn't some female friend that I had known for years and shared some unspoken sexual tension with. It was some young girl I barely knew. That was the girl that convinced me to cheat on my wife. This spoiled little brat. But it was too late to stop the inevitable. The damage was done. However I couldn't bring myself to ask for it.

"Do what you want, honey?" I said. She smiled evilly, and finally, mercifully, she began to lift her hips, my cock emerging from the confines of her hot, wet cunt, soaked with her juices. She lifted herself till just the tip was left inside her. Then, in one smooth motion, she flexed, arching her back like a cat, impaling herself on my cock again.

"AHHHH!" I moaned out in intense pleasure.

"FFFFFUUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!" Brandy screamed out. I held my fingers deep in her ass in time with her motion.

Slowly, she lifted herself again, repeating her motion, mind-numbingly slow, drawing out the pleasure like a fucking sex goddess.

"You are a slut, aren't you?" I asked as she continued her slow bounce.

"Uh huh." Brandy confirmed. "You want to know, oh fuck, what the other jealous girls said about me? Oh, fuck, that's big!"

"Tell me!" I said, scrunching my face in pleasure.

"They said, 'Brandy, tastes like candy, she's fucked all the boys in school. Brandy, she's so slutty, she'll fuck you're boyfriend too. Brandy, she's so skanky, she'll fuck any guy that moves. Brandy, she's so nasty, she probably fucks girls too.'" Brandy recited.

"Pretty clever, actually." I said, fighting the pleasure my daughter was bringing me.

"I know, right? I don't know why they thought it was an insult. I loved it. Besides, it's all true." Brandy said.

"You mean, you do girls?" I asked, marveling at the depths of her depravity.

"Girls, boys, if they can make me cum, I'll do 'em all." Brandy said proudly.

"How did my daughter become such a slut?" I asked.

"Same reason you're such a stud, Daddy. We are both sex-crazy animals who want to fuck all the time. It's in the genes. Doesn't help that Mommy's such a skank." Brandy said, her ass coming to rest on my thighs again.

"C'mon, go faster. Please!" I begged, my fingers still driving into her ass.

"You want me to go faster, Daddy? You want me to fuck you harder, Daddy? You want me to ride your cock harder,

Daddy? You want to experience what fucking with Brandy Slater is all about, Daddy? You want to go somewhere where so many others have gone? You want to do what all those high-school boys did? You want to do the things that my slut friends did with me? You want to fuck me like so many older men... so many married men have? Are ready to fuck your own daughter, Daddy? Can you handle it?!" Brandy asked angrily.

"Just fuck me, dammit!" I said angrily, the pleasure too much for any man to withstand. With that, Brandy put both hands on my chest and began to bounce her hips, riding the full length of my cock.

"FUCK!" I screamed out, the feeling of her tight pussy milking my dick was incredible. I had never been in a pussy this tight. Her pussy did things I didn't know were possible. And the sensation of my daughter's tight cunt stretched to the max around me was indescribable.

Her ass was a blur as she bounced on me, her juices literally dripping down my cock. I couldn't keep my fingers up her tight asshole, so I removed them and put my hands on her

hips. But just as I felt my fingers push into her firm skin, Brandy grabbed my wrist, brought my hand to her face, and took the two fingers that had been up into her ass into her mouth, sucking them again like a cock. For some reason, this caused me to drive up into her harder.

"You are such a slut!" I growled out.

"Oh, Daddy, I'm sorry I'm so slutty. I'm sorry that I made you fuck me! I'm such a bad girl!" Brandy said, adding an evil smile as she bounced harder. My eyes were drawn to her bouncing breasts, dripping with sweat, looking so big... so slick... so perky... so squeezable. I reached upward and put my hands back onto my daughter's breasts again. Her tits were bouncing so much, and they were so slick with sweat, that they were nearly impossible to keep a firm grip on, but I did try. Feeling my daughter's smooth, slick breast flesh bouncing in and out of my firm fingers was incredible. The only firm handholds were her diamond-hard nipples, so I grabbed each between two fingers and held on tight.

"AHHHH! THAT FEELS SO GOOD!" Brandy grunted out as I pinched her nipples harder. Her nails scratched my

chest as my hands were on her chest, squeezing her tits as I tweaked her nipples. She just kept bouncing and bouncing, clearly in great shape, fucking me as if she was running a marathon.

"DADDY!" Brandy called out, her bouncing becoming insanely fast, her ass hitting my thighs at a blinding speed, probably bruising me. "You're gonna make me cum! You're gonna make me cum! YOU'RE BIG FAT FUCKING DADDY DICK IS GONNA MAKE ME FUCKING CUM!"

Her cunt flexed in waves as spurts of her juice splashed against my dick and escaped out from our conjoined organs. She buried my cock in her cunt and flexed around it as she came, grinding into my hips.

"FFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!" Brandy grunted out. She fell forward, our sweaty chests meeting again. She put her hands around my head. Her bounces slowed to a crawl as her orgasm dissipated. She smiled, her face a mask of bliss.

"It should be your wife here, Daddy. Your wife should be the one that you make cum. This is the dick you promised

to her, for like, ever and ever. You're such a good daddy. It's so sweet that you broke your vows of marriage just to help your daughter cum. A guy hasn't made me cum in, like, a month! A month, Daddy! Even though you are a married man, you could tell your daughter's clit was, like, rock fucking hard! And you had to do something about it. Even though you're married. Even though you're a big, strong man and I'm a young girl. Even though you're my daddy. You're a good enough guy to throw all that stuff aside, your boring fucking marriage to your ugly fucking wife, just to help your teenage daughter cum. You're so sweet, Daddy. I could kiss you forever and ever, Daddy!" Brandy said, smothering my face with wet, juicy kisses.

"Are you close Daddy?" Brandy whispered to me, her ass rising and falling slowly, still fucking my cock with her tighter than tight cunt.

"Yeah, pretty close." I grunted out.

"Good. Cause I want you to do one more thing for me, okay? It's something small, but I really hope you can do it for your little princess." Brandy said.

"What is it?" I asked, fighting off the pleasure her wet pussy was bringing me.

"If it's okay, Daddy, could you, like, fuck me really hard and fill up my little pussy with all of your hot cum? Could you do that for me, Daddy?" Brandy asked cutely.

"Uhh, no, I can't cum inside you. You're my daughter." I replied.

"Uh, Daddy, you've, like, already fucked me super hard already. You might as well cum deep inside me, and, like, seal the deal." Brandy said.

"Brandy, it's wrong." I began.

"C'mon Daddy." Brandy pleaded quietly, kissing my cheek. "It's what you've wanted to do since you met me (kiss). You wanted to bend me over and fill me up with your cum... in front of Linda (kiss). It's what I've always needed (kiss). It's the punishment I need (kiss). There's no greater

punishment for a slut like me than to get filled up with their own daddy's cum (kiss). If that happens, then I know I need to change my ways (kiss). Not be such a slut anymore (kiss)."

"But... you could get pregnant." I argued.

"I know, Daddy (kiss). If I'm such a big slut that I tempt my own father (kiss), then you need to do something about it (kiss). You need to be a father, Daddy (kiss). If a father sees his daughter having self-destructive behavior, he needs to do something about it (kiss). If a father sees his own daughter is an unbelievable slut who would flirt even with him, he needs to do something about it (kiss). And there is only one thing a father could do in your situation, Daddy (kiss). One thing that could change her ways for good, and prevent her from becoming a used up slut, a whore on the street (kiss). You need to fuck your daughter (kiss), cum inside her (kiss), and knock her up (kiss). It's the only way a slut like me will learn her lesson (kiss). If a slut like me is happy to allow her own daddy to knock her up, I'll know I'll have to change (kiss). I'll have to stop putting out to practically every hot guy I meet (kiss). I'll have to become a one man type of girl (kiss). I'll have to learn that my 'Daddy' is the only man I'll ever need (kiss)." Brandy finished.

"Brandy..." I began, flummoxed by her insane speech. She wanted me to knock her up. To give her a baby. It's madness! "I can't. I'm your father."

"Well Daddy..." Brandy began, "If you won't give me the punishment I need, I'll have to take it from you."

With that, she began to tighten her pussy around me, trying to coax the cum from my boiling balls.

"Brandy, no!" I said, trying to fight her off, trying to shove her to the side. But her grip was tight, as she kept me clinging to her, even as we rolled to the side. She kept her arms and legs wrapped around me as we rolled around the bed, and she kept pumping her hips, forcing my dick in and out of her.

"BRANDY, oh fuck, STOP!" I pleaded.

"C'mon Daddy! Look at my tits and tell me you don't want to see them full of milk. Look at my belly and act like you

don't want to see it swollen with your child. Daddy, you want to have loads of children, and Linda couldn't do that for you. But I can. Your daughter can. You took one look at your daughter and you knew she was fit to be bred. And you, my daddy, you're the man for the job. You put up with a woman who could not be bred with for years. You deserve this. You deserve a tight young daughter who will have all your babies. Don't you?" Brandy said.

"Let go! UGHHHH!" I said, trying to free myself from her spider-like grip. Finally, I slammed her hands over her head to the bed. Her legs were still wrapped around my ass, holding me deep inside her.

"LET ME GO!" I roared, my cock absolutely throbbing.

"Okay, I'll let you go Daddy. But just look at me. Look at my huge tits. Look at my child-bearing hips. Feel that pussy... wrapped around your cock. Think about my hot ass. And just know that I will be a better mother to your children than Linda ever could. I'm mommy material. She isn't." Brandy said, taking her feet off my ass and resting them on the bed. As she did, I looked down at her.

She was right. Her body was built for sex. Built for fucking. Built for procreation. For breeding. For having babies. Her huge tits, perfect for sucking on. Her tight pussy, a perfect home for a large, semen-spewing dick. She was built for what she was doing now, built for the act of breeding.

With that thought, my mind shut off. I didn't care that she was my daughter. I didn't care that I was over double her age. I didn't care that I was married. All I cared about, at this moment, was that this girl under me was begging to be bred, begging to get knocked up. And those pleas tapped into that deep part of me that always wanted to take part in the conception of a child, at least a conception I could remember. A deep part of me that almost... fetishized... the act. Fetishized the idea of going through the rite of passage that most people take a part in. An intimate act that two people go through together when they want to have a child. Start a family. And to do it so... irresponsibly... drove me wild. But there was no love here, just sex. To throw out the love and stability that most people would consider when trying to breed. To not care about any of that bullshit. To breed with someone because they enjoy the act in and of itself. To breed with someone cause the sex is too good to

interrupt. To cum deep inside some girl just because she is immeasurably sexy, and some deep dark part of you wants to prolong that pleasure by planting a seed in her belly, ensuring that you two were bonded for life. Almost guaranteeing that you two would have sex again. And that was all the deep, dark, animal side of me wanted.

And all of a sudden, I remembered... everything. I remembered my night with Regina... back in College. I remembered that night we spent together. I remembered my daughter's conception.

I remembered that I had been in this position before.

Chapter 3

(Marcus)

I wasn't in my daughter's bedroom anymore. I was in my college apartment. It was the early nineties, almost twenty years prior to now. I distinctly remember the Yvonne song playing on the stereo at the time, as at this point she was at the peak of her career. The song was ringing through my ears and I had to wonder how it came to be playing here, as I was never really a fan. I realized that Regina must have brought the CD with her. She must have slipped it in the CD player when she got the chance. But none of this really mattered. I was drunk, and I was fixating on something small, barely taking in the bigger thing going on at the moment.

Regina Slater was riding my cock.

I remembered every part of that entire day now, clear as never before. Looking back, I had always remembered being completely shattered by Linda breaking up with me.

But now, seeing that memory clearly, I was surprised to see I wasn't as completely numb to the world as I thought. Sure, I was broken up. Sure I was down. But not completely destroyed. It was probably because I knew deep down... we weren't broken up.

"If you won't agree to this, then THIS..." Linda had said, slipping the engagement ring off her finger, "is DONE!" she added, slamming the ring onto the table. That was the last thing she had said to me, before walking back.

It was like I was watching a movie of this. Looking at it, I could see that she wasn't breaking up with me. I knew how her mind worked. She was just saying unless I met her demands, there was no point getting married yet. And I kinda knew that too. What had gotten me down was that I hadn't heard from Linda for over a week. That was what was freaking me out. That was what was causing me to think that maybe I was wrong. That maybe we were broken up after all. So I wasn't completely destroyed, but I was a bit freaked out.

I just wanted a calm, normal night, to calm my nerves and my worries. I thought we weren't broken up, but I was getting more and more freaked out the longer I didn't hear from her. That is why I went to the bar that night.

It didn't take me long to get to my second beer. I was sitting at the bar and even though I got through my drinks fast I was not eager to get drunk. Just a light buzz. I rarely got drunk as I was typically smart enough to avoid losing control. I was about to stop when I felt the light hand on my shoulder. I turned to look at the person, and that was the first time I met the mother of my child.

Regina Slater stood next to me, smiling cutely. But any cuteness about her was hidden by her outfit. An outfit that was just fucking indecent. Her tank top was cream colored and molded to her fit torso and her expansive chest. Her boobs were huge! Just gigantic, and her low-cut top really showed them off. They were so big the cleavage formed naturally, and her cleavage was a fucking canyon. A creamy, juicy canyon of tan flesh. And they were unbelievably perky. They just jutted out from her chest, stretching out her tight top.

Enough about Regina's tits. That would be disrespecting the rest of her body. Her mini-skirt was practically offensive, barely, and I mean barely going lower than her ass. This left the rest of her legs exposed. I wasn't a leg man, but damn, her legs were insane. Long and firm, and bare, and the way her high heels made her firm muscles in her legs flex was incredible.

If I wasn't buzzed, I wouldn't have been so blatant with my staring, but Regina was the type of girl to invite ogling. She wasn't offended at all. Her teeth were shining brightly, and her eyes were flashing with mischief. Eyes that were very familiar. Brandy had the same eyes. The same crystal blue eyes, the same dark eyelashes, the same thin eyebrows.

Regina shared similarities to her daughter, but in a way that was hard to quantify. Their eyes gave away their relation, but other than that they were different in small ways, at least looks wise. Both had similar features, both had plump lips and thin, cute noses. Both had cute dimples when they smiled. Sure, they had similar naughty smiles, but my dose of genes was enough to make them look distinctly different.

It was their actions, their mannerisms that helped make you realize that they were related.

"You okay? You look a little down?" Regina asked, sitting down in the vacant seat next to me, smoothing her dress over her thighs.

"I think my girlfriend broke up with me." I said, confiding in this stranger.

"You wanna talk about it?" she asked.

"Uh... sure, why not?" I said.

"You wanna buy me a drink?" she said with a smile.

"Yeah, okay." I said with a laugh, signaling the bartender. I knew it was a bad idea to encourage an obvious slut like her, but what the hell, she seems like fun. Not fun in a sweaty tangle of limbs way. Just fun. Anyway... she proceeded to

order an exceedingly expensive drink, but I was too buzzed to care.

"So what happened?" she asked, sipping her drink. Over the next few minutes, I explained everything. Every argument. Every demand. At the end, I asked her opinion:

"Was that a break up? Was she telling me she wanted to break up?" I asked, now starting my fourth drink.

"Oh yeah. Definitely." Regina said. This caused my heart to drop. If someone else thought Linda broke up with me, then maybe my assumptions weren't over exaggerated. Maybe I was a single man.

I could see my thought process, and I was also watching the scene unfold. It was strange. I saw the little things Regina did to flirt with me. Agreeing with me, exposing her neck, playing with her hair, rubbing my thigh. But the young, immature, easily manipulated me fell for this, hook, line and sinker. I knew she was flirting but it felt good to be hit on by such a gorgeous girl. She was the hottest girl who had ever shown interest in me. I knew that I was in her

crosshairs, that what she wanted was to end up spending the night together, but I didn't care. I wasn't thinking clearly at all. At this point, I didn't even know this girl's name. I wondered now if she did that on purpose because she had such a well known reputation.

I will compliment her on one thing, other than her looks, legs and tits: she could hold her booze. She drank each drink down and she seemed unaffected. She had encouraged me to move on to harder drinks, and she had gotten me trashed. So I didn't fight back when she insisted she take me home. I didn't say anything at all. All I could do was stare at her rack. And she was happy to let me. She scratched my scalp with her nails lovingly as she walked me to her car.

"You like them, don't you?" Regina asked.

"Huh?" I grunted.

"My tits. You can't stop staring at them." Regina said with a giggle.

"Oh, uh, shorry." I slurred out.

"No, it's okay. I like when boys stare at them. Do you like them?" Regina asked.

"Theirrrr big!" I said drunkenly.

"Well, I tell you what, Marcus. If you just relax and let me drive you home without fighting me, I'll let you see them. Deal?" Regina bargained, opening up the passenger seat on her car. "Their DD's by the way."

"Ooooookay!" I agreed, smiling like an idiot, giving her a thumbs up. I suddenly got dizzy and closed my eyes, letting my head fall back. I sensed her presence in the driver's seat by the wave of perfume that hit my nose.

"What's your name by the way?" I asked, looking over at her.

"I'm Regina. Regina Slater."

That name sounded familiar, but my mind was a swirl. Before I knew it, I was being zoomed home. Before I knew it, the back of my head hit my pillow. Before I knew it, Regina's gigantic bare pillows were smothering my face. Before I knew it, Regina was riding my cock.

But I wasn't enjoying it. Not that Regina was bad, far from it. In fact, she was the best I had ever had. Her pussy was shockingly tight, her boobs were ridiculously big, and her stamina was off the charts.

Then, I figured it out. I realized why I was barely enjoying this sex. The damn condom I was wearing really restricted the pleasure. I fucking hated wearing them and Linda had gone on the pill so we never bothered with them. I had told Regina I didn't have one, and she had said that was okay. She said she was on the pill. I insisted that I needed one, and luckily, she had produced one from her purse.

I didn't remember how uncomfortable I found them. I could barely feel anything. Finally, I had enough. I rolled

her off of me, grabbed my dick, and tossed the condom aside.

"I can't wear that fucking thing anymore." I growled.

"It's okay. I like it better this way." she said with a smile, spreading her legs, exposing the triangle of hair just above her vagina. I looked up her smooth flat belly, to her huge, creamy tits, sitting on her chest, nearly as big as her daughter's. I looked up to her face, a face which reminded me of Brandy. Same bedroom eyes. Same cocky smile. I leapt into her arms and stuck my tongue down her throat.

My hands went to her tits and squeezed them roughly, humping away at her, searching for her vagina. She reached down and guided me home. Despite the fact that I knew she was a huge slut, her pussy was fantastically tight. Like her daughter's. It felt so fucking good, so much better than it did with the condom on.

"Marcus, baby..." Regina gasped, whispering into my ear as we humped against each other. "I really want you to cum in me. I want to feel it."

"You're on the pill, right?" I asked, making sure.

"Of course." she said, smiling smugly. "But imagine if I wasn't." she began, whispering into my ear, "Imagine if this was just you and me, no pills, no bullshit. Imagine if you shot that huge fucking load in my pussy. Imagine if you got me pregnant, and how hot that would be."

"What?" I asked, confused, slowing my pace.

"Don't worry, baby. It's just a fantasy. You might think it's weird, but... I like to pretend I'm getting knocked up when a guy cums inside me. Do you mind if you could, like... play along? Pretend you're knocking me up?" Regina asked coyly.

"Uh, okay." I said drunkenly, eager to get back to good fucking.

"Oh, fuck Marcus! Do it! Drive into me! Knock up your little slut!" Regina screamed out.

"Uh, yeah!" I stammered, not sure what to do.

"C'mon, baby, play along." Regina gasped.

"Uh, yeah, baby. I'm gonna fuck you so good! I'm gonna fill you up with my jizz. I'm gonna give you a baby." I said, not confident at talking dirty. To avoid having to talk more, I scooped her huge breast into my hand and began to suck on the nipple.

"Nastier, baby!" Regina begged as my tongue worked circles over her nipple. Eager to placate her strange fetish, I turned up the heat a bit.

"I'm gonna knock you up you little slut! You fucking whore! I'm gonna shoot my load deep inside you, where it'll mix with your eggs, and make a baby." I said.

"Oh, fuck! Your huge dick's perfect for the job baby!" Regina screamed out.

"I'm gonna get you pregnant! Make you a little knocked up slut! I'll be the father of your children!" I screamed out, my pace picking up.

"OH, FUCK! Marcus, I want you to give me a baby. I want to be your knocked up slut! I want you to make my tits full of milk! I want to nurse you like I will our baby! I want us to be together forever!" Regina moaned out. For some reason, this nasty talk sent shivers through me, taking me closer to the edge.

"AHHH, FUCK!" I moaned out, knowing the end was near.

"Give me that fucking cum! Don't keep any for your fucking girlfriend!" Regina said.

"Whuh?" I muttered, her words echoing through my drunken haze.

"Your girl doesn't have tits like these, does she? Your girl doesn't fuck like this, does she? You don't want to give your

girl a baby. You want to give me your baby, not your stupid fucking girlfriend!" Regina moaned out.

"You said she broke up with me, right?" I grunted out, still driving into her on pure instinct.

"Oh, Marcus, we both know she was still your girlfriend, but that was before you saw my huge tits. Now, you are mine." Regina said, wrapping her legs around me tightly. I was too drunk to stop fucking. I was too drunk to care. "Oh baby, be mine! Oh honey, take my... body and say, you'll always be mine." Regina sang out, along with the song, then got distracted by the pleasure she was feeling. "Oh fuck, do it, Marcus! Do it! Cum inside me! Make me cum! Give me your baby! OHHHH FFUCCCKKK YESSSSSS!" Regina screamed out, her cunt spasming around my thick cock, which took me over the edge.

I was on top of her. Her legs were at her sides. I realized I was in control of this situation. I could have played it safe and just pulled out and cum on her tits or something. But I didn't. I buried my cock to the balls, deep inside her, just as I began to spurt.

"AWWW, FUCCCKKKK! REGIIIIINNNNNAAAA!" I moaned out, my cock firing a giant load deep into her fertile body. The pleasure made me start to feel dizzy, almost ready to pass out. My face fell to her breast, seeking comfort wherever I could find it. All I could think was that it was a good thing she was on the pill.

The last thing I heard before I passed out for the night was Regina's sexy whisper in my ear:

"Congratulations, Marcus. You're gonna be a daddy."

Looking back, the truth was obvious. It was obvious she wasn't on the pill. It was obvious she wanted me to knock her up. If I was sober I would have known better. But she fetishized the act as much as I seemed to do now. I never had before that occasion. Maybe it was her nasty words in my ear that had imprinted into my mind. Maybe it was that night of passion that created the fetish I grew to have now. Maybe it was that night that created the idea in my mind that the act of breeding was immeasurably sexy to me. Maybe it was that night that associated impregnation with

incredible pleasure for me. Maybe it was that night that put me here at this point.

Maybe it was because of that night, that one night of passion that made the idea of knocking up my own daughter sound so... fucking... hot!

In some weird sort of logic, I could say that in some twisted way, Regina deserved my baby. She was so fucking hot, and on a purely instinctual level, she was the most viable mate I had ever come across. She was the most gorgeous girl I had ever met. She had the biggest tits, the best ass, the sexiest legs I had ever seen on a woman, and quite frankly, she was the best fuck of my life. The problem was, she was the biggest skank in school and probably dozens of guys had plowed her like I had. Despite that, she was the best choice to have a child with, because genetics were on her side. I had to admit, she was more beautiful than Linda. More voluptuous than Linda. Sexier than Linda. If you had to choose to make a baby with either Regina or Linda, if you had to make a choice about what woman would give you the best child, despite all of her negatives, Regina would be that choice.

But now, I had met someone sexier than even Regina. Someone that was superior to Regina, a young girl, with bigger tits than Regina had by a fair amount. Somehow, I had met a woman with an even better ass, even smoother skin, an even tighter pussy. A more beautiful face. A woman deserving of my attention, for so many reasons, a girl more deserving of my attention more than any other. A shining beacon of superior genetics. The problem was, those genetics were my own. And Regina's.

The sexiest woman I had ever seen was my own daughter.

The hottest woman I had ever met, my daughter, was asking me to fill her up with cum and give her a baby. Any man would be lucky to have a goddess like her begging him to knock her up. On a purely physical level, she was more deserving of my seed, more than Linda, by far. More than even Regina was. This had happened once before, and I had done the deed. I planted the seed. I made a baby.

Would history repeat itself?

I was back in my daughter's bedroom, her naked below me, my hands holding down her wrists, my dick buried in her wet cunt, throbbing due to the memories of my night with Brandy's mother. She looked up at me, waiting for me to come to a decision. But it felt like my body had already made its decision. I had begun to drive into her slowly as I reminisced on my night with Regina.

I should know better. I had made this mistake before. But the temptation was too fucking much. Having sex with this teenage hottie, this stacked young babe, and the mere possibility of being able to knock this slut up was too much for me to take. I had had bareback sex with three women in my life, Linda, Regina, and now... Brandy. Linda was my wife, and unfortunately, the chances of breeding with her were nonexistent. Regina was a one night stand, but that night had done the trick. So in the one opportunity I had to knock up a fertile woman, I pulled it off. I got the job done. And it was indescribably good. The feeling was just... amazing. Shooting your load into a woman and knowing you could be making her pregnant was just so fucking hot

to me. It didn't matter who the woman was. Black, white, old, young. A stranger or... your daughter.

I was a beast. A sex crazed animal. A slave to my own desires. A slave to my own fetishes. I was drunk on pleasure. And if I was sober, if I was thinking clearly, I would know better. But my balls were full, my cock was smothered with tight cunt. I couldn't say no.

I began to drive into my daughter, giving her the full length of my cock, from knob to root. I matched her speed from before, not fucking like a beast, but fucking achingly slow. I was starting to realize that in some ways, this was so much better.

"OH YES DADDY! GO FASTER BABY!" Brandy begged.

"You'll get what I give you, bitch!" I growled.

"Hahaha, FUCK! I LOVE IT DADDY!" Brandy said, beating my back in pleasure "Take me however you want." She added, flexing her cunt around me, milking me. I looked

down at her cunt stretched to the max around my throbbing meat. I watched as my cock pulled out, soaked in her cunt-juice, then back in, at a snail's pace.

In... out... in... out... in... out... in... out... in...

And Brandy's reaction to this:

"Ughh!"

"Fuck!"

"Shit!"

"Oh, soo good!"

"I love it!"

"I'm close!"

"I'm gonna cum!"

"If you bury it in me one more time I'm gonna cum!"

"OHHH, FUCCCKKKKK YESSSSSSSSSS!"

It was as soon as my balls hit her ass. As soon as the root of my cock felt the warm embrace of my daughter's tight cunt that set her off. Her nails scratched my back as her cunt flexed against me, massaging my dick, milking it, just... about...sending...me ...over...the...edge.

"AHHHHHHH! FUUCCCKKKKKK! I'M GONNA CUM IN YOU, YOU FUCKING SLUT!" I screamed out, flexing my ass, driving into her. There was no time to change my mind. It was too late. My cock spurted hot cum deep into my daughter's cunt.

"OHHHH! I FEEL IT!" Brandy screamed, cumming again. I just felt my dick firing again and again, shooting my cum into my own daughter. Brandy held my scalp with one hand and put the other on my ass, assisting me in driving

into her, holding my clenched ass cheek as I shot my seed as deep as I could.

"I love it Daddy! I love it!" Brandy gasped.

"UGHHHHH! GOD!" I screamed, the pleasure overwhelming, tears coming from my eyes. I just kept cumming. I had never cum this hard, not even close. Nothing felt even near to the pleasure that I felt cumming in my daughter's cunt.

It went on and on, the pleasure indescribable. I felt my cum splashing around inside her. Finally, mercifully, after what seemed like five minutes, my balls were empty. I began to remove my cock slowly. I looked down just in time to see the tip emerge from its tight confines, a single band of cum stretching between the tip of my dick and her cunt. I fell to the side, exhausted.

Both Brandy and I lied on our backs, catching our breaths.

"Daddy, that was amazing. Just what I needed." Brandy said, staring at the ceiling. But I couldn't reply.

The truth was crashing down on me. The gravity of what I had done. I had just had sex with my own daughter! My own flesh and blood! I had crossed that line. I was that type of guy now. I wasn't just a bad daddy now.

I was a horrible father.

The lowest of the low. The worst of the worst. Good fathers don't fuck their daughters. Most bad fathers don't fuck their daughters. Fathers shouldn't fuck their daughters! But I did. I did something so horrible. So awful. I had crossed the line. I wasn't just bad.

I was evil.

What kind of man was I? What kind of father was I? What kind of husband was I? I had just fucking cheated on my wife! With my daughter! I felt the bile rise in my throat. I had to rush from the room.

I was going to be sick.

I was numb.

I lied in my own bed and I knew no sleep was happening even though I was exhausted. It was night now, as it had been when I left Brandy's room. After we had...

I fucked my daughter! I was an awful person. Even though she spurred this whole thing on, I could have escaped. I could have walked away. I could have not cum deep in her cunt!

I knew it was wrong. I knew it was all wrong, but I let it happen anyway. I let my daughter seduce me. I let us have sex. And I had participated. I had been as into it as she had been. I had the choice of where to cum, and I could have chosen anywhere, but I chose to cum deep in her wet, fertile pussy.

Why did my dick jump when I thought that? Why did it turn me on to think of my daughter knocked up with my child? Why did it turn me on to think of her young, voluptuous body, and how, no doubt, she was a prime candidate to be knocked up?

Okay, I admit it: my daughter was extremely attractive. Extremely hot. Extremely sexy. Her body was out of this world. Her tits were huge. Her ass was to die for. I know I'm her dad and I shouldn't notice these things, but I had. That didn't give me the right to do what I did. To have sex with her. Even though she had instigated it. Even though she had seduced me! I had participated, and as her father, I should know better.

I was a failure of a father. My job was to prepare her to be a productive member of society, to teach her to be kind and generous and humble, and to protect her from the darker side of life. But I hadn't. I had indulged her. Indulged her nasty vices. Indulged her nasty fetishes, and in the process, indulged my own. I had taken advantage of my daughter's

sluttiness in order to satisfy my own deep-seeded dark urges.

I had dark thoughts of what to do next. Dark thoughts, of maybe ending it all. Of escaping this void of guilt I had just created. Of escaping the damage I had wrought upon my daughter, and my wife, and my life. But I knew I would never do that. I couldn't go through with it.

It really was her fault. She had started this. Ever since she had shown up in my life she had caused nothing but trouble. But she didn't know better. If I had been around. If I had guided her, I could have taught her better. But I didn't, and now look at her. A well-fucked slut thanks to her own father. This really wasn't her fault.

It was my fault.

All of this, all of this trouble was through one bad choice I had made. I went home with Regina Slater. I allowed myself to fuck her, even though, like Brandy, she had instigated it. I cheated on my future wife, even though we were technically broken up, but I knew we would end up together

in the end. I had made a mistake. And because of that mistake, I had a child.

Brandy. My child. The only piece of me that would live on once I was gone. The greatest thing any man could accomplish was having a child, and I had done it, by mistake. Sure, she turned out a bit rotten, but that was probably due to how she was raised. Or maybe it was just her nature. But I do know this: she would have been better if I had been there for her. I just know it. She had the potential to be my greatest accomplishment. But she wasn't. She had become a skank. And that was my fault. I wasn't there. I had the potential of having a piece of me live on and have her turn out to be something special. I had taken my greatest accomplishment and thrown it away.

My greatest accomplishment was... Brandy. My daughter. That might have been the most impactful thing I did in my life. Not marrying Linda. Not coaching, or teaching. Brandy. My daughter.

So... maybe the mistake wasn't what I thought. Maybe the mistake wasn't cheating on Linda, because if I hadn't I

wouldn't have a child. Maybe the mistake was... not seeing where a relationship with Regina would have taken me.

I played this thought out. Me and Linda had been volatile to say the least. Maybe I should have taken that as a sign we weren't meant to be. It was clear that since I cheated that maybe deep down there was some part of me that needed to be satisfied in a way that Linda couldn't.

Even though Regina was a slut, we seemed very compatible sexually. It was clear now we shared many of the same kinks in bed. And apparently our bodies were very compatible, as I knocked her up in one shot. Sure, I had enjoyed the sex, but I knew it was only a one-night stand. Even though I had the best sex of my life up to that point with her I didn't pursue it any further. I knew a sex based relationship was not for the best. But maybe, I was wrong.

Clearly, a part of me enjoyed nasty sex, considering I had just fucked my own daughter. Maybe... I was meant for someone more like Regina, a person I was compatible with sexually. Even though I loved Linda, maybe nature was telling me it wasn't meant to be. We were sexually active,

but she could not conceive, something that was very important to me. But Regina did. What I had done with Regina was on a different level. I had enjoyed it immensely and she gave me what I wanted that night. And she had accomplished that in one night, where Linda couldn't do it in 18 years. Maybe that's a sign. Regina gave me what I had always wanted. But I wasn't there for her. I wasn't there for my daughter. I was with Linda. I lived my life with her.

Even though I said all the right things, the truth was... it ate away at me that I never had children. I always wanted a whole litter of kids. I had sacrificed that desire to be with Linda. I had sacrificed what I really wanted to be with her. So here I was, 40 years old... unsatisfied.

I was unsatisfied. Things should be great, but I wasn't truly happy. Truly fulfilled. The closest I had ever come were those first few days with Brandy and Linda. But it wasn't the same. I hadn't been there with Brandy, my child, for her entire life. I missed out on that. Like the rest of my adulthood, my urge to raise a child was unsatisfied. But Brandy and Linda could not mix. It wasn't going to last with both of them around. Now I had to choose.

Linda was great. She was my wife, my lover, my soul-mate. She was beautiful, and the sex was good. She had matured into a great woman, an effective member of society.

Brandy was... something. She was bratty. She was lazy. She would probably never work a day in her life. But she was beautiful. Gorgeous. Sexy. She was my daughter. And she had become my... lover. And the sex was the best I had ever had. Her body was to die for. Her tits were incredible. Her ass was amazing. She fucked like a lioness. She could suck dick like she was built for it. She was a real slut.

I knew that now. My daughter was a slut. A disgusting fucking whore. A skank who would fuck her own father to get what she wanted. And she wanted me all to herself. She wanted Linda gone. Out of the picture. I knew that now. I should just toss Brandy out. Maybe I had gotten whatever it is I had, this disgusting desire for my own daughter, out of my system. Maybe I could toss her out to the street like the whore she was now and maintain the loving relationship I had with my wife. But that just felt wrong. Not only did it feel wrong kicking my own daughter out, disowning her, it

felt wrong because of the bond we shared. A connection I had never felt with anyone before, not Linda, not anyone. I felt a bond that was more than a father-daughter bond. I felt a bond connecting my still throbbing dick to her tight cunt.

If I decided to choose with my dick, I would choose Brandy. But my dick shouldn't be all that matters, right? However, I had chosen with my dick one time before, and that time led me to getting the greatest gift a man could receive: a child. Maybe that was my body trying to tell me something my mind didn't want to hear. That maybe my dick knew what it was doing. Maybe my dick knew what was best for me.

I couldn't believe I was even considering this. I had fucked my daughter, and it was incredible. But she was my daughter. It was so wrong, even though it's what she wanted. She loved getting fucked. She loved me fucking her. It was her decision to fuck me. If it was up to me I never would have instigated anything. I swear. But she made the decision, not me. She took control of the situation. She ran the show. I shouldn't be feeling the guilt. She should. But she didn't. How could she do that? How could she be so unaffected by the fact that she had just had sex with her own

father? That she begged her own father to knock her up? She was clearly operating on a different level than I was.

I had to confront the guilt head on. I had fucked my daughter. I had checked out her body from the first time I had met her. I couldn't help it, her body was that incredible. I didn't want to, her body was too good not to look at. But it had escalated and then I fucked her and had the best sex of my life. What I did with Linda didn't compare. I spanked my daughter's hot ass, choked her with my dick, fucked her tight pussy and came deep inside her. I did as much damage as possible and she seemed okay with it. She seemed unaffected. So, if it didn't bother her, what's the problem? She's an adult. So am I. But it seemed so wrong. So nasty. So filthy. So forbidden. So kinky. So... hot.

Why did the thought of fucking my daughter turn me on so much? Was it the naughtiness of the situation? The filthiness of the sex? The excellence of the fucking? Or was it simply that she was a young fucking hottie with an incredible body that was amazing at sex? And did the taboo of daddy-daughter fucking make the sex even better?

Okay, fine, I enjoyed the sex with Brandy. But what now? How do I get out of this mess? Was there a way to save my family? Because it seemed like there was no way out of this. I loved Linda. I did. But sometimes, she could be a bit shrill. A bit judgmental. A bit... barren.

Brandy, she was young. She was energetic, her whole life ahead of her. She was gorgeous. She was sexy. She was fertile. She was built to get fucked. She was built to be pregnant. If I hadn't gotten the job done, someone else would.

I had to choose. Would I go on with my wife and give up on my daughter? Give up on the one part of me that would live on when I was gone to maintain the status quo? Or... try something different and pursue this thing with Brandy? Maybe make something out of her yet. Maybe Brandy was right. Maybe she could change. Maybe she just needed some fatherly discipline. Maybe I could make her into a productive member of society.

What was my future with Linda? Growing old together, doing the same old thing that we have been doing? It would

be fun, but a bit... boring. I would be happy, but not satisfied. Nothing with me and her would change from what it was now. Good jobs, good times, good sex. Things would be just that: good.

Except with Brandy, it could be something more. She was my daughter. A new experience I had very little experience in. I could make up for lost time with her and bond with her in a new way. A real father-daughter relationship. But if I chose her, sex would be definitely happening again. Mind-blowing, fucked up nasty sex with my own daughter. Sex that was better than any sex I ever had with Linda. Every aspect of Brandy was better. She would enable me to get the full experience of being a parent. She was younger. She was hotter. She had bigger tits. She had a hotter ass. She fucked better.

The only two negatives were her laziness and the fact that, you know, she was my daughter. Laziness can be changed. You could grow out of that. The daughter thing wouldn't change. But, I had already done it. I had crossed that line. What more harm would it be if I did it again?

The main pros for Linda were that she was my wife, and she was a lot more of a contributor to society. Although, she wasn't exactly changing the world with her work. Her main pro was that we had twenty years of built up loyalty to each other. Twenty years of closeness. Through the good and the bad. But how close can you be if your wife couldn't give you what you always wanted? A child. I know it sounds horrible, nevertheless it was the truth. And it wasn't just that. There were those moments that let me know she had issues that hadn't fully been exorcised yet. Those times where the old her emerged.

Brandy was new. She was fresh. She was interesting. She could give me everything I wanted. Children. The dream of being a parent. Incredible sex. A life of new things, no more of the status quo. It all boiled down to one question:

What kind of man was I?

Was I a loyal, loving husband? Or was I a dirty fucker who wanted to pursue a sexual relationship with my own daughter? I had been there once already. Was that my answer? Was I the asshole father who bangs his slut

daughter with the big tits? I didn't feel evil. I didn't feel like a monster. But what made me do it? What made me fuck my daughter? Why wasn't this choice obvious? Why was I looking for a justification to continue fucking my daughter? Any normal person would make this decision instantly!

Maybe I wasn't normal. Maybe... maybe it wasn't my fault. Maybe it wasn't Brandy's either. Maybe it was genetics. Maybe there was something deep inside us that craved what we did. Nasty, dangerous, vigorous sex. Maybe that barrier that existed in most people didn't exist in us, in people like us. That barrier that would prevent most people from even considering sex with someone in their own family.

Maybe that was the problem. It was in our nature. Two people with such similar natures, similar kinks, similar desires... it was hard to keep people like that apart forever. Somehow, somehow, fate brought us together. The connection was there, one beyond just a father and daughter, a connection deeper than I had ever felt with Linda. A connection we both felt from the moment we met. A connection that, deep down, let us both know that my dick would end up in her tight pussy eventually, despite the fact we were related. From the beginning I had noticed

her... sexually. I had noticed her tits. Her ass. Her gorgeous face. Despite my better judgment, I had noticed her. I had felt that connection, despite the fact we were father and daughter. Maybe... it was just meant to be.

I sat up on the edge of the bed, still nude, covered with dried sweat. The room was dark, the shadows cast long across the floor from the streetlights outside. My dick was hardening at the thought of my daughter, in the next room, waiting for me to take her again. I just knew she would be waiting. I could feel it. I knew exactly how she thought.

I arrived at that question again. Would I stay loyal to my wife, who I had loved for twenty years and had loved me even more, or would I go for this new thing, this relationship with Brandy? Would I allow my dick to make the choice for me? Did my dick know what was best for me all along? Did my dick know I might have really belonged with Regina, and was meant to start a family with her? Was my dick telling me to fuck Brandy again and ditch my wife in favor of my hot-bodied daughter? Was my dick telling me that was the right choice, because, God, each throb through my dick made that feel more and more like it was

the right call? Was I a loving husband, or an incestuous father?

What kind of man was I?

(Brandy)

Daddy was such a good fuck.

I knew he would be. I just knew it. It took a lot of work, a lot of work. It took a lot of glances at my body to get him to fuck me, and for a moment, I was worried he wouldn't take our relationship to the next level. I was worried he wouldn't fuck me. But he did!!!!!! Daddy fucked me! And it was fucking incredible. Daddy was the best fuck of my life. The feeling of his cum deep inside my cunt was indescribable. He fucked the shit out of me. He beat the hell out of my ass. I wouldn't be able to sit down comfortably for a week! But I had learned my lesson. And Daddy learned his.

I knew Daddy would be coming back. I just knew it. That's why I was still wide awake even though it was late at night. That's why I was still naked lying in a sweaty heap on my bed. That's why my finger was circling my clit, keeping myself ready for Daddy's return.

He was probably feeling guilty, you know, for the whole fucking his daughter thing. But the most important thing to him was that I was good pussy. Any man will find a way to get as much pussy as possible. He probably had to find a way to not blame himself, to not feel guilty. Once he figured it out he would be back here, pounding me into oblivion.

This went on for, like, hours. Hours of silence. Hours of me waiting in the dark, rubbing myself. Hours of me waiting for my daddy to return. But I had no doubt he would be coming. And once he did, he would be cumming.

I sensed movement, so I looked to the open doorway. Bathed in shadow stood a figure. A tall, studly figure. I couldn't see his face, but his identity was obvious. His frame looked familiar. His big 'Daddy' muscles looked familiar.

And that throbbing piece of meat hanging between his legs, visible to me in silhouette, looked very familiar.

This 'mystery man' stood there looking at me, studying me. I just looked back while still touching myself. This went on for a few moments before he stepped inside. I removed my fingers from my tight cunt and spread my legs in anticipation.

I knew what was about to happen.

(Linda)

I hadn't been this pissed in years. I was literally shaking with rage. That insolent little bitch! She tried sabotaging my work, my livelihood, my coworkers, and for what? Did she want me out of the picture? Did she want her father to herself? I don't know.

I was pissed as I drove 300 miles to pick up another copy of the info that was sent to me. It was all confidential information, blueprints and stuff like that, stuff that couldn't be faxed, and it was enough of a hassle to get the business I was working with to send it over the first time. Luckily, they were understanding and I was able to get my contact to draft me up another copy and wait for me to arrive.

I had planned to get a hotel room and leave early in the morning but I eventually thought, fuck it, I'll head home now.

All I could think about was Brandy. I had never been this angry with someone. I never liked her. Never trusted her. But Marcus was blinded by his fatherly instinct. He was blinded by the fact that he thought it was his duty to help her, but, as cold as it sounds, it really wasn't. They were practically strangers, no fault of his, and they had been apart so long that it was too late for a natural father-daughter relationship to form. They could be acquaintances maybe, but not the parent and child that I think they both hoped to be. It was too late for that. Only a brat like Brandy would expect otherwise.

And she was a brat. A spoiled little bitch that thought sunshine came from her ass and that she deserved the best in life. She felt entitled to it. And the way that little slut dressed, like a fucking skank, her mother should be ashamed, and her mother was no better. Brandy knew that those slutty clothes, that little girl act could work on a lot of people, but not us. Not me. Not Marcus.

I was making good time home. I was about 90 minutes away when disaster struck.

CRACK!

Something in the engine popped and smoke began to billow from my engine. I was forced to pull over on the side of the highway, the dark, kinda scary highway.

"SHIT!" I screamed out, nearly feeling the rage overwhelming me. I breathed deep and calmed myself down. This was the last thing I needed.

I knew any fix was beyond my expertise so I called for a tow. After I made that call I began to call Marcus, at home, hoping he would be able to pick me up even though it was the middle of the night. As the phone began to ring, I wondered how mad he would be. I hated to see him angry at me. Would he be mad at being awakened? Mad at me for forcing him to choose between me and his daughter? Mad that he couldn't have his daughter around anymore?

I knew he would choose me. I knew it. There was no doubt. We had been together for years, not strangers like him and Brandy. I had earned his love. And plus, the truth about Brandy was out. She was evil. A nasty piece of work. Marcus could have no illusions about Brandy now. And now that he knew, the decision was practically made for him.

Marcus knew exactly what type of girl his daughter was.

(Marcus)

The phone began to ring, but I didn't answer it. I was too busy fucking my daughter.

I was on top of her, pounding into her as fast as I could, driving into her with blinding speed, fucking her cunt as hard as possible.

"FUCCCKKKK, DADDDDDYYYYYY!" Brandy moaned out, her voice warbling, her legs in the air around my hips, allowing my cock to get into her as deep as possible. The thumping of our hips echoed through the room in the natural rhythm of deep fucking.

I didn't care that she was my daughter. It didn't bother me anymore. She was too good at fucking for me to resist. She was too fucking sexy to be worried about such trivial things as incest and adultery. Our bond was deeper than that. It was in our blood. It was our genetics. It was our fate to do this. And who I am to resist the will of fate?

"Your cunt feels so good baby!" I moaned out. The feeling of snugness surrounding my cock was fucking incredible.

"That's why you're choosing me, right Daddy? That's why you're dumping Linda, right?" Brandy moaned, scrubbing her sweaty breasts against my chest.

"Yesssss!" I groaned out.

"You're dumping your wife because of my tight pussy, aren't you Daddy?" Brandy asked.

"YES!" I said, driving into her harder.

"It's the type of pussy you need, right?" Brandy asked.

"FUCK, FUCK YES! I need a pussy that's young..." I began, burying myself in her cunt, savoring it. "And tight..." I paused, twitching my dick inside her, making her quiver, "and beautiful."

"Oh, Daddy, Linda has a loose pussy, doesn't she?" Brandy asked into my ear as I held myself inside her.

"Yes!" I groaned out, resuming my in-and-out strokes.

"Is it all worn out and nasty?" Brandy asked with an insidious giggle.

"Yes!" I agreed.

"Hahaha, Linda doesn't know that daddies like you don't like old and dusty nasty cunts! They like 'em young and tight and pretty!"

"Fuck yes!" I groaned out, burying my dick inside her again, holding off my impending orgasm.

"Okay, Daddy, pull out slowly." Brandy whispered. I obeyed, and looked down to see her pussy resisting this move, her pussy resisting the loss of its meaty invader.

"You feel that, Daddy? You feel how that pussy wraps around you and doesn't want to let you go? You feel how

that pussy wants to keep you buried inside of it, wanting to bathe it some more in warm, sweet love? You feel that, Daddy?"

"FUCK!" I screamed out, my daughter's milking cunt working wonders on my shaft.

"That's a real pussy, Daddy. Not a worn-out, old, useless pussy like Linda has. A pussy that you don't even bother cumming in because there's no point." Brandy gasped.

"Ahhhh, yeah. Linda doesn't like me cumming in her. Doesn't like being reminded of what she can't do for me." I replied, resuming the act of pounding my daughter into oblivion.

"She can't give you babies, Daddy. Old lady cunts weren't meant for it. Tight young cunts like mine are built for the job. Tight young cunts and beefy 'Daddy' dick have one thing in common: they are both built for those all-night fuck sessions. Not like old lady pussy." Brandy gasped. And she was right. Now that the edge was off after our first fuck, I didn't even feel close to cumming. I could go for hours!

I looked down to see my daughter's tits jiggling as I pounded her. I reached down and scooped her tits into my hands like giant balls of dough, kneading their firm shape, letting them overflow my hands, letting her nipples dig into my palms.

"Admit it, Daddy, when you saw me watching you fuck, you put on a show for me, didn't you? You wanted me to see how big of a stud you were, right?" Brandy asked.

"Yes! Brandy. When I saw your hot fucking body in your tiny underwear, I couldn't help but cum. Those fucking tits, just pouring out. Your fucking ass. It was incredible. I couldn't help but show you how much I cum when I get really fucking hot." I groaned out.

"Ummmmm, yesss Daddy! You're such a show-off, Daddy! Such a tease! Teasing your cock-slut daughter with your big, fat meat! You knew you were driving me wild. You knew a slut like me would just have to seduce you at that point. Didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes, you little bitch! I wanted your hot fucking body!" I grunted out.

"You wanted me to barge right in and let a real woman run the show, didn't you? You wanted to spurt your cum inside me in front of your wife, didn't you?" Brandy moaned out, my balls beating a fast rhythm against her ass.

"FUCK YES! If you had walked into that room, I would have fucking done it. I would have spurted my cum deep in your nasty cunt!" I groaned out, my fucking pace picking up.

"Daddy, you're as nasty as me!" Brandy gasped, her voice wavering as I pumped my dick in and out of her. "But Daddy, if you want to teach me a lesson, you need to get even nastier. Sure, cumming in your daughter's tight cunt and getting her pregnant is pretty nasty, but you could make this even bett... I mean, nastier. If you really want to teach me a lesson, you would take that cock out of my tight cunt, and bury it in my tight ass! I don't want you to do it, Daddy. I really don't want you to stick your fat fucking cock up my tight little ass, stretching it to the brim. I don't want you to fuck it as hard as you can, drive that fucking cock

inside my ass to the brim and cum deep inside it. But you should. That will teach me a huge lesson, Daddy. That will get me on the straight and narrow, Daddy. If you fuck my ass as hard as you can, spank my ass and make me cum... I mean, make me cry out in pain, then maybe you will have done your duty as my father."

I looked into my daughter's eyes, and I watched them begin to lid over in pleasure as I pounded her. She was right. If I let her cum, I would be giving her what she wanted. I had to let her know that if she wanted to shape up and improve, she would have to listen to what I said. With that, I pulled my cock from her clasp cunt, our sex organs connected by bands of her juices.

"Daddy!" Brandy begged, disappointed.

"Roll over, Brandy. I want your ass!" I growled to her. I sat up straight as my daughter bounced around, enthusiastically getting on her hands and knees in front of me despite her pleas otherwise. Despite the fact that we were bathed in shadows, her body looked incredible.

"But Daddy!" Brandy cried out. "My asshole is so tight and small and cute. If you fuck my ass with your big, throbbing Daddy-dick, you'll destroy it." she added, biting her lip and looking back at me.

"This is what you get, Brandy, for being such a slut. Now keep your ass up and get ready to take your medicine." I said sternly. Brandy smiled a small smile at this for some reason as she arched her back, pointing her ass up while facing away from me. I bent forward, got between my daughter's legs, and put my tongue onto her clit. I then ran my tongue up, from her clit across her soaked, swollen pussy lips, then continued up. Up towards her ass. My tongue ran from the bottom of her cunt straight towards her pretty little asshole. I was in too much of a daze to stop. My daughter needed punishment. And if I needed to lick her asshole to get the job done, it was my job as her father to do it.

So I spread Brandy's ass-cheeks and let my tongue circle around my daughter's smooth, clean asshole. I circled it a few times, rimming her, before running it up the length of her crack, stopping at her tramp stamp and reversing course, returning to her asshole.

"Uh, Daddy. I am starting to learn my lesson." Brandy gasped out. "I feel so nasty knowing my daddy is licking my ass. I feel so nasty that my own father is savoring the taste of my asshole!"

I just kept running my tongue over her asshole, teaching her a lesson.

"I would feel even nastier if my daddy penetrated my ass with his tongue!" Brandy panted. With that, I turned my tongue into a miniature cock and pushed it against her, trying to breach the confines of her tight ass. As soon as my tongue breached her defenses, she spoke out again.

"Ah! Daddy, you'd better not pump your tongue in and out!" Brandy said, and to spite her, I did just that.

"Ah, fuck, I feel so nasty!" Brandy squealed. "It would be even nastier if you sucked my ass too!"

With that, with my tongue in her ass, I formed a tight seal around her asshole and began to suck.

"AHHHHHH!" Brandy said, beating the bed with her fist.

So there I was, silence surrounding us as I sucked my daughter's asshole, my cheeks hollowing as I did so. My room phone had stopped ringing ages ago, but I heard my cell begin to buzz.

"Oh, Daddy! Linda's calling. You could stop now and talk to her, but stopping now would probably do so much damage. We've come so far. We can't stop now! I'll just put her on silent so we can keep going, okay, Daddy?" Brandy said. My mouth was too busy with my daughter's asshole to respond, so she took that as a response, as she tossed my phone away.

I licked up my daughter's ass-crack, licked past her tramp stamp, licked up the sexy line on her back over her spine, gathering her sweat on my tongue as I trailed up her back, to the back of her neck, then to her ear.

"You want to know how your ass tastes, honey?" I asked, circling her ear with my tongue.

"Mmm hmm." Brandy said.

"It tastes like candy." I whispered, kissing her earlobe.

"FUCK!" Brandy screamed out, taking some sort of pleasure in what I just said. I licked along her jaw, and into her open, gasping mouth. I locked lips with my daughter, our tongues in each others' mouths. I ran my hands up her smooth belly and onto her sweaty breasts, squeezing them again. I pulled my mouth from hers, and dragged my hands from her fleshy breasts to her hips.

"You want to be punished, bitch!?" I growled.

"Oh, yes Daddy! I'll do whatever you say!" Brandy moaned out. I reached down and took my shaft into my hand. I placed it into her ass crack and dragged it down between her smooth cheeks until the tip was poised against her asshole. I reached forward, wrapped my daughter's hair

around my hand, and began to push, using her hair as leverage.

"AHHH! FUCK! It's so big!" Brandy screamed out in pain.

"You can take it." I snarled, not stopping, resisting my daughter's pleas.

"Daddy! Please! You're destroying your daughter's asshole!" Brandy begged, biting her lip.

"I will do what I need to make you into a productive member of society!" I told her, the force required to penetrate her ass was more than I had anticipated.

"By fucking my hot ass?" Brandy gasped out.

"DO AS I SAY!" I roared. Her eyes lidded over, as if me yelling at her turned her on.

"Yes Daddy." Brandy said meekly, facing forward.

I resumed pushing, trying to force my cock in. Brandy looked back at me as she noticed my struggle. She smiled slightly, winked at me, and mouthed a single, voiceless word:

"Harder."

I nodded at the suggestion, without any thought, and finally, with one heroic thrust, my cockhead breached her defenses, penetrating her ass.

"OH FUCK, it feels so good, I mean, IT HURTS SO MUCH, DADDY!" Brandy screamed out.

"You're a nasty little slut, Brandy. Making your own father fuck your ass to teach you a lesson. What a nasty fucking slut." I said, disparaging my daughter's bad habits.

"Oh, Daddy, I'm so sorry! I'm sorry I'm so fucking nasty. I'm sorry I teased you with my hot body. I'm sorry I have such big tits to torment good daddies with. I'm sorry I have such

a tight pussy that knows how to treat the dicks of older men. I'm sorry I have such a fuckable ass. I'm sorry my hot young body is so much better than those old ladies' dumpy bodies you older men are married to. Daddy, I'm so, so sorry my body is so much hotter than Linda's. I'm sorry your wife has such nothing tits. I'm sorry your wife has such a pathetic ass. I'm sorry your wife has such a loose pussy. I'm sorry your wife is such a bitch. I'm sorry your wife is so fucking ugly. I'm sorry you had to fuck your own daughter to get real sex." Brandy moaned out, babbling. I was trying to force my dick deeper but was having no luck.

"It's okay Daddy. You just have to wait a bit. My ass takes time to adjust." Brandy said quickly.

"This isn't my fault." I grunted out, responding to her previous statement while holding back my thrusts.

"Oh, Daddy, it's not your fault. It's mine. I'm such a slut. If I wasn't such a slut, I wouldn't have made you have to do this. I promise I will try to be a good girl from now on. But I'm a, like, really big slut. You might have to fuck my ass, like,

hundreds of times before I learn my lesson truly. Can you do that for me, Daddy?" Brandy asked.

"Whatever it takes, slut!" I groaned out. Now that her ass had begun to adjust, I began to force myself deeper. Thanks to the admirable work her cunt had done at juicing up my cock, my cock had all the lubrication to go deep into my daughter's hot ass. Slowly, but surely, my cock had been buried halfway up Brandy's tight little ass.

The feeling was incredible. I had never had a girl's ass before. Linda had never offered this hole to me, nor given me a reason to forcibly take it as Brandy was now. The feeling was of overwhelming tightness. Tightness everywhere. The feeling of my daughter's asshole stretched around my shaft, pleasuring it with its tautness, was amazing. Knowing somehow that Brandy was dug deep enough to take it, I reared back on her hair and drove my hips forward, burying my shaft in her ass up to the balls.

"AHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Brandy screamed out, her asshole tightening around me in waves.

"How does that feel, bitch?" I asked.

"It feels amazi... uh, it hurts, Daddy! That huge, meaty, beefy cock up my tight little ass is really teaching me my lesson. If you really fuck my ass hard, Daddy... uh, shit yes, if you fuck my ass hard, make me cum, and cum deep inside me, I'll learn my lesson." Brandy said. "At least for now," she added, trailing off.

"You'll get it, slut." I told her. With that, I pulled back her hair, hard, and pulled out my cock to the tip. Then, I drove into her.

"SHIT!" Brandy screamed as my hips met hers. I repeated the motion, slowly, and as my hips met her ass, the reverberation it caused, the ripple of motion in her jiggling ass-cheek, drove me wild. The anal fuck had commenced, and I vowed to make it a hard one.

"UH... UH... UH... UH... UH... UH... UH... UH... UH... UH... UH!" Brandy moaned, words failing her as I dicked

her. Brandy leaned upward as I slammed her. She reached behind her and buried her hands in my hair. She leaned up theatrically, her head resting on my shoulder, thrusting out her bare tits like a goddess. I cupped them and squeezed them angrily, digging my hands into their soft fleshy goodness.

"You're doing so good, Daddy." she whispered in my ear. "I know you're fucking me hard, Daddy, but you need to fuck my ass even harder. The only way I cum when getting fucked in the ass is when it's really...FUCKING...HARD!" Brandy snarled.

I sped up my thrusts and looked down at her ass. Her perfect, round ass, red and swollen from the spanking I had given her.

SPANK!

"AHHHHHHHHH! FUCK!" Brandy spat out.

Another spanking was what my slut daughter needed right now. Just the sight of it jiggling, the slutty tattoo on her ass, and the tramp stamp on her back reminded me again what a fucking slut my daughter was.

SPANK!

SPANK!

SPANK!

"UGGGGHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Brandy groaned out. "Tell me daddy. Tell what how nasty I am!" Brandy begged.

"Brandy, tastes like candy, she's fucked every guy she knew. Brandy, she's so slutty, she'll fuck her daddy too. Brandy's she's so skanky, she'll tempt her married dad. Brandy, she's so nasty, Daddy will fuck her when she's bad!" I finished, impressed by my own spurt of creativity.

"FFFFUUUUCCCCCKKKKK!" Brandy screamed, "I'M CUMMMIINNNNG DADDDDDYYYYYY!"

Her ass flexed my cock in waves. And as I pounded her, my cock a blur going in and out of her, her flexing ass was enough to finally set me off.

"AHHHHHH! YOU FUCKING SLUT! FUCCKKKKKKK!" I groaned out, my hips like a piledriver, forcing her down so she was head down, ass up, and I was draped over her back. Her ass was strong enough to stay up, meeting my thrusts, preventing them from taking her down to the bed completely.

"UGGGHHHHHHH!" I groaned, my cock firing like a cannon, sending a hot stream of cum deep inside her ass.

"AHH, I FEEL IT DADDY! I FEEL YOUR CUM INSIDE ME! YOU PUNISH ME SO FUCKING WELL!" Brandy squealed.

My dick just kept firing, again and again, filling her ass with warm cum. My balls kept twisting and clenching as they

fired the cum straight through my cock into my daughter's warm, clenching ass.

"DADDY! YOU MADE ME CUM THROUGH MY ASS!" Brandy screamed, her voice practically hoarse from all the screaming she had been doing. From all the orgasms I had given to her.

My dick was pumping what felt like gallons of semen into my daughter's asshole. I didn't care that I was physically exhausted. I didn't care I was dying of thirst. I didn't care that it the middle of the night. All that mattered was my daughter's tight clenching asshole. Right now, at this very moment, my daughter's asshole was the center of my world.

Finally, mercifully, my balls were drained. I fell back, my dick falling from my daughter's asshole. I looked over at my still bent over daughter, her once tight, pretty asshole now a gaping hole.

"Look what you did to me, Daddy. Look what you did to my poor little asshole." Brandy said, trying to close her asshole,

trying to regain its previous tightness. "Thanks." she added brightly.

"Well, I hoped you learned your lesson." I told her, regaining my breath.

"I don't know Daddy. I still feel so slutty. Once those big fat balls of yours refill, you might have to fuck me again and again for the rest of the night, and really fuck that sluttiness out of me." Brandy said with a smile, jumping forward and giving me a peck on the cheek.

"Brandy, I'll make something out of you yet." I replied.

(Linda)

Marcus better have a damn good explanation as to why he didn't answer my fucking phone. He had better have driven Brandy back to her Mom's, and forgot his phone, or his

phone is dead, and Brandy is kicked out of the house. As long as Brandy's gone. That's the key.

I was extra pissed when the hick tow truck driver started putting the moves on me as he drove me back into town after waiting for three fucking hours on the highway while this dipshit tried to find me. And the 90 minute drive back into town was a fucking treat. Listening to his idiotic ramblings and stories, listening to his horrible country music, and smelling the wonderful smells he gave off.

It took two hours for the ninety minute drive, and the sun was beginning to rise as I finally got a taxi home. I needed to wash up, change my clothes, change my underwear, and verify that that little bitch that caused all this was out of my house.

As I got closer to home, I could only hope Marcus had done what was right and took care of that little bitch once and for all.

(Brandy)

The sun hit my body as I rode my daddy's cock.

Now Daddy was in really good shape. Like mature, sexy, hot older-man shape. But no older man, no matter in how good of shape, can keep up with the gross sexual appetites of a teenage girl.

I had given Daddy his little illusion that he was in control, even though we both knew I was running the show. It was cute how he thought he actually could control me. HA! It was cute how he listened to my commands and somehow tricked himself into thinking they were his ideas. It was cute that his solution to his guilt was to act like he was punishing me and making me into a better person, when the truth was, he thought I was hot and wanted to fuck the ever loving shit out of me. It was cute how he thought he could be the daddy in the sack and dominate me. Everything he did was what I wanted him to. I was getting what I wanted. I was in control.

But after a few hours of intense, and I mean fucking intense, daddy-daughter sex, the truth was emerging. The façade's were dropping. At first, he was all anger and bluster, yelling and screaming, mad and guilty at the fact that he was enjoying the nasty sex with his daughter. But that had all worn away. His energy faded. His anger faded. His logic faded. I had worn him down by my incredible knowledge of sex and eroded him down to his core. A cursing, rutting beast. He was running on instinct, no thought. No words. All he knew was that there was a hot, sexy, fuckable girl on top of him, and it was his duty as a man to fuck this girl hard and fill her up with his sweet cum and give her a baby.

He had no illusions of being my Daddy, of being in control, of me being his little princess to fuck as he wishes. No, I was the slut. I was his mistress. I was his daughter. I was in control, as it should be.

Once his energy began to wane, as he got exhausted I took complete control. I rolled him over, onto his back. I mounted him. I took his cock back inside my sopping pussy. I controlled the pace. He just lied there and took it, like the good stud he was.

His eyes were lidded over in exhaustion, but he was still semi-conscious, and still rock hard. Not me though. I was wide awake. I was full of energy. I was taking control.

I bounced on his dick, sensing he was getting close. The room was a fucking sauna, and we were both dripping with sweat. I leaned down, scrubbed my breasts on his chest just as he liked, and moved my lips to his ear.

"Daddy," I began in a whisper, planting a soft kiss on his ear. "I know you're tired (kiss). I know that after one more cum, you won't have the strength to move (kiss). But here's the thing (kiss). Linda will be here soon (kiss). So I was wondering (kiss), do you want me to take care of her (kiss)? Let her know you chose me (kiss)? I really should, I mean, I started this thing. I should end it (kiss). It would really punish me if you made me talk to her (kiss)."

"Okay." Daddy said faintly.

"Thank you Daddy (kiss). I'm gonna bounce a little harder (kiss), and really tighten up my cunt (kiss), and then I want you to cum (kiss). Okay?" I asked.

"Uh huh." Daddy grunted.

With that, I smiled and picked up the pace, our skin slapping against each other again. I knew it wouldn't take long, so I went on overdrive quickly. I bounced on his dick, then squeezed it with my cunt, flexing against him with my ass. Bounce. Squeeze. Bounce. Squeeze. Bounce. Squeeze. Bounce. Squeeze.

"Ah!" Daddy said softly. As I flexed against him and squeezed my cunt against him, I felt his cock spurt again with another load of tasty, nutritious cum (Believe me, I tasted it). Even though his balls had to be nearly empty, he still found a way to fill me up with another huge load of jizz. What a good daddy!

I removed myself from him, both of us a sweaty mess. I could tell he was about to pass out, so I gave him one last thing to remember.

"Daddy, this bed is amazing! Perfect for me. If it can handle my type of fucking, it can handle anything. Thanks." I said, giving him one last kiss as his eyes became too heavy to keep open and he collapsed into slumber.

Linda took longer than I expected, so I was able to shower and get rid of the smell of sex that was on me. I slipped on my black bikini, and grabbed a beer from the fridge just as I heard Linda enter the house. I saw her near the front door, looking around, looking for me no doubt.

"Daddy said I could stay." I said, walking over to her from the kitchen as I opened the beer bottle and took a sip.

"What?" Linda spat out, looking at my lack of clothing in disgust.

"It got hot here last night." I explained.

"Why are you drinking? It's 7:00 in the morning. And you're not old enough yet!" Linda said.

"Daddy said I could." I replied, taking a sip.

"Where's Marcus?" Linda said with narrow lips.

"He's tired. He doesn't want to see you." I explained with a giggle.

"I'm tired of your games, Brandy. Pack up. You'll be gone soon." Linda said, making her way to the stairs.

"She's telling the truth, Linda." Daddy said, standing at the top of the stairs, wearing a pair of pajama bottoms and nothing else, exposing his sexy bare chest.

"What?" Linda said in surprise.

"You asked me to choose, Linda, between you and her. I choose her." Daddy said simply, staring Linda down.

"Excuse me?" Linda said loudly.

"If I have to choose between my wife and my daughter, I have to choose my daughter. There's so much we need to do together." Daddy said.

"You've known her like two months!" Linda said.

"You're the one that gave the ultimatum, Linda! You're the one that's making me choose! Well, Linda, this is what happens when you do that! If you keep making me choose, at some point, I won't choose you." Daddy said loudly.

"Marcus, I, listen, we can work something out..." Linda stammered, backing off her ultimatum and tearing up.

"No." Daddy said simply, making me smile. "You gave up that right the second you walked out yesterday. Walked out on me again, just like you did in college! You never changed, Linda! I worked so hard to bring you out of your shell, but you're still the same angry, immature girl who walks out as soon as things get hard."

"Marcus, I... I can't do this without you!" Linda said, crying.

"I never walked out on you. Even when you treated me like shit! Even when you were horrible to me. I've had enough. I'm done. It's not all about you, Linda. Get your head out of your ass! If you could find a way to care about things other than how they affect you, maybe you could actually grow up a bit. I guess it's a good thing you're not a mother!" Daddy spat out, all of his issues with his wife finally coming to the surface. Seeing him this angry. This emotional. It was really making my nipples hard.

"Marcus..." Linda said.

"If you want any hope to save our marriage, you will leave now, and maybe, we will talk later." Daddy demanded. Taking one last look at the both of us, Linda ran out, a crying mess.

Me and Daddy, stood in silence, alone again.

"She just failed the test, didn't she Daddy? She just walked out again." I said, smiling, knowing I was right, knowing that Linda just ended her own marriage by giving up and not fighting more for her love. I felt so fucking superior to Linda, that I could understand her husband, my daddy, more than she did. Daddy gave me a look of anger and walked back to his bedroom. I finished off the beer and followed behind him. I slipped out of my bikini bottoms before entering his room.

"Daddy." I called out. He had his head in his hands. "Thanks for standing up for me." I said, padding towards him. "I know you're angry. I know you're upset. But all you need to know is that I love you and will never let you go." I got closer, letting my scent hit his nose. "But, I know you're mad, so if you need to take it out on me, I understand. If it'll make you feel better, I'll suck your dick."

I climbed onto the bed and crawled towards Daddy. He put up no resistance as I grabbed the hem of his pants, lifted them, and scooped his hard dick out. My wet mouth was ready to go as I descended to him, taking his rock hard prick into my open mouth. My drool was soon running down his

dick as I gave him an expert helmet polish. I leaned back up and went to his ear.

"Feel free to spank my ass if it'll make you feel better." I whispered, returning to his dick, going deeper onto it with my mouth as I kept my ass up, ready for Daddy to take out his furious anger at having his marriage crumbled. The wait for my Daddy's firm hand was maddening. I looked forward and saw myself in the mirror. My daddy's dick in my mouth, my tits hanging down, my bare ass in the air. Perfection. And I saw my Daddy's hand behind me, rising into the air.

SPANK!

(6 months later)

(Linda)

I never talked to Marcus after I left our house. He made no effort to talk to me, and he never returned my phone calls. My next contact with him was through a lawyer, the divorce papers in hand.

I ran it all through my head again. I should have fought harder. I should have fought for Marcus. For our marriage. But that little bitch got in the way, got to Marcus, and turned him against me. She exploited their connection in order to get me out of the picture. I swear if I saw her again I don't know what I would do.

I was so... angry. I hadn't been this angry before. I took it out on everybody. I lost my job, I lost my marriage, and I did not want to see anybody. And when anybody made an effort to get through to me, I lashed out. I slapped this young girl, this cute young Asian girl about Brandy's age, who was looking for directions to a house on my old street. She told me she just needed to relax, and she had asked me if I had a daughter, or if I knew any girls around her age to hang out with. She seemed like a sweet girl. She was visiting her grandmother, but she reminded me of Brandy, and her asking me if I had a daughter just made me see red. So yeah, I got arrested and sent to jail for a bit for that. I got free, did

my time, and I had to do some community service as well, painting walls at some old businesses downtown, including one I had done work on before. I had done the interior decoration on the inside, and now I was decorating the outside. It was humiliating.

I did my time, and was able to finally get an apartment. A one person apartment, small and not the best. I did my best to decorate it, but it's not as fun to decorate for one. I missed my home. I missed my husband. I missed the life I had before Brandy showed up.

I had time for lots of self-reflection. I came to a realization that during our relationship, I loved Marcus more than he loved me. Sure, he pursued me, he went after me, he fought for me. But when I walked out on him, he sought comfort in the arms of another woman. He was able to cast aside what we had in mere days in order to be with another woman. And in the six months we had been apart, I had no thoughts of being with anyone else but Marcus.

He was my husband. My soul-mate. My true love. And he dumped me. Because of me. Because of my weakness. My own insecurity and anger.

This was all my fault.

(Daddy)

I had made the right choice.

Sure, some might not understand. But having my daughter as my fuck partner was the best choice I ever made.

I had never felt so happy, so free, so fulfilled as I did when I was with Brandy. Doing daddy-daughter things. Going shopping. Seeing movies. Fucking her three or four times a day. You know, typical stuff. I know it sounds bad, but it wasn't our fault we were into each other. It was in our blood.

I had stopped fighting my dark urges. I loved fucking my hot-bodied daughter. She fulfilled me in a way no woman ever had before. It didn't matter that she was my daughter. Brandy was the sexiest fucking woman I had ever met. Just... those tits, and that ass, and that face, she was the total package. And she was my 18 year old daughter!

I sought to change Brandy's bad habits. That was why I no longer felt guilt at fucking her. It was for a good cause. I did everything I could to turn her into an effective member of society. But she was still such a slut. So I had to ride her ass... hard.

Every time we went out, I had to be her shadow. She just couldn't control herself. If I left her alone for even a minute, some guy would emerge from out of nowhere and would flirt with her. I had to go to Brandy, wrap my arm around her, and let everyone else know I was her daddy. But it was so much work. Everywhere I went I saw guys eyeing up Brandy. I was starting to understand why Brandy was so slutty. Guys were all over her! So I had to send signals to scare these guys away.

In the line at the crowded movies, I had to put my hand under my daughter's little skirt and squeeze her ass possessively. Maybe run my fingers under her thong and through the crack of her ass. And if I really had to send a message, I would stick two fingers up her ass, letting everyone know she was not to be messed with. We always had to sit in the back row in the movies, cause if we didn't some pervy guy would sit above us in the next row and stare down Brandy's cleavage. But even when we sat in back, some douche bags would find a reason to sit right next to her. So Brandy would have to unzip my pants and suck me off during the opening credits, scaring them away.

I would see guys eyeing her from across a restaurant, so I would slip my fingers under her jeans and making it real obvious I had two fingers in her young cunt. She would bite her lip, bang the table with her fists, and grunt out a violent orgasm. And the funny thing was, we knew each other so well, that this was all her idea. She told me to finger her ass. She told me to make her suck my dick. She told me to finger her. She knew the punishment she needed, and I had to do it, to expose her slutty nature, by making her cum in public, shaming her by exposing how big a slut she was by

having her fuck her daddy in public, again and again. She was making progress.

Suddenly, she seemed so unsure of any purchases she made. She had to have my opinion on everything. So that was why me and her would go shopping for underwear quite often. Her taste would tend towards the skimpy. The skanky. The 'pull my thong up past the hem of my jeans and let all the boys see my whale-tail' kind of style.

She would get extra naughty when we bought her underwear. She would see men buying things for their wives, and she would do everything she could to attract their attention. I had to shoo her around the store to avoid their come-ons.

She flat out refused to buy anything sensible, so I ended having to judge which thong flattered her ass best. Which thong, which g-string made her look the most slutty. She needed to know how big of a slut she was so she would change her ways. And if I had to do that, to appraise her underwear, I would have to sneak in the changing room so I could get a good view of her. And it was there where I

punished her for being a naughty slut. A tease. Teasing all those men with her perky ass and jigglng tits. Teasing her daddy with her hot body and filthy underwear. A screaming orgasm usually calmed her down.

I didn't want her partying at places I didn't know, but she was such a party girl that I couldn't take that out of her. A girl like her would cause a lot of damage if left to her own devices. So we hosted parties at our house. Keeping her at home, around Daddy, cause I knew what was best for her. She knew how I felt about some of the guys she hung around with, so very few boys ended up attending. It was mostly girls. Girls Brandy's age. Hot young teenage girls, girls as slutty as she was. And I was quick to learn that Brandy was happy to show me appreciation for letting her girlfriends hang out and party and drink at our house. Brandy was happy to let me show her friends the same punishment I gave her for her slutty behavior.

Holy Shit! I don't know where these girls picked up these things or where they were when I was younger, but holy crap these young girls know how to fuck nowadays. Pounding another tight young 18 year old with my daughter scrubbing her bare tits on my back while

whispering encouragements in my ear, urging me to fuck her friends harder, was just fucking incredible. And her nasty fucking friends! My God, Carlee and Alison, holy fuck those girls and their hot little bodies were fucking incredible. Incredible and fucking insane. Those girls were nuts. I learned all about what constituted a sleepover with those three fucking sluts. How could any man turn down a four way with three slutty 18-year-old sex goddesses? Can you blame me?

And it wasn't just Brandy's slut friends either. We met a girl down the street who was visiting and caring for her sick grandmother. Another young Asian girl, 18, Trina, extremely smart, a bit bookish, but still very beautiful. She said she was going to become a doctor, and she was like a prodigy as she was already two years into college. She wasn't a raging slut like my daughter and her friends. But she definitely gave off the vibe that she was exhausted and was down for some fun. Her grandmother was very sick, and on top of that, some crazy woman attacked her as soon as she entered town when she asked her for directions. She was clearly overwhelmed, so Brandy invited her to blow off some steam at our place, and she took us up on it. And let's just say steam wasn't the only thing she was blowing off by

the end of the night. And nothing could make a girl feel better than to ride a giant cock for a couple hours on a long steamy night and forget about your troubles for a little while.

I didn't keep tabs on Linda. She walked out on me and if that was what she wanted, I wasn't gonna try to change her mind. That was part of the territory of walking out. I had ceased feeling any obligation towards her at that moment. And Brandy was more than enough woman to keep all my attention on her. I had never felt as fulfilled as I did with Brandy. I didn't miss Linda as much as I probably should have with someone I had been married to for so long. The break between us was surprisingly clean and easy. And I didn't look back.

I think there has been some improvement with Brandy, as far as her attitude goes. Sure, I have to spank her hot ass every time I catch her being naughty, but it seemed to be effective. I made her reflect on herself and confess to all of the naughty things she had done.

My professional career had flourished. My time with Brandy, parenting her, had shown me I had to be more assertive than I was. I was done being a pushover at work, letting things pass me by. I had been promoted to head coach of the high school football team and the team was off to a record start. I was quickly becoming a school legend through my luck and success, and word was I was in line to move up within the faculty. Little did they all know the things that made me a great coach were all taught to me by my experience with my slut daughter.

Me and Brandy were a dangerous team. She would hang off my arm in public. She had a way of finding girls like her, nasty sluts, sluts that needed my brand of punishment. Girls like her, with daddy issues, who needed to experience the consequences of their actions. Brandy opened my eyes to so much. How girls like her loved men who were powerful. Like strong Daddy's. Or tough teachers. Or powerful coaches. And she was proven right. And thanks to Brandy, half of the cheerleaders for the football team would agree. That guy Raymond I had mentored before had good taste. His girlfriend Becky was an insatiable fuck. She told me she never put out for him. I smiled as I realized it only took a little bit of sweet talk from an older man like me to get that

bitch to spread her legs. Sure, I had broken up a happy couple, but hey, how often do you get the chance to fuck the prom queen... on prom night? How often do you get a chance with the cheerleading captain? How often do you have a girl like her whispering tips in your ear about how to get balls deep in each of her slut cheerleader friends? How often could a guy like me leer at the cheerleaders and know that half of them had had my cum in them at some point in their lives? How often does the football coach get invited to the cheerleaders' parties?

We also traveled, quite a bit, using some of the money me and Linda had saved for our retirement. Traveled the world, seeing things I never had seen before, and that was just the things Brandy did in bed! My daughter was by my side as we traveled, seeing the sights, enjoying the many tropical settings along the way, occasionally picking up a local hottie and showing her the trouble we could get up to together. Like those two Brazilian beach babes, in their tiny little thongs. They were both up for a little Daddy-Daughter action, and holy fuck, those girls held up their end of the bargain. Hmmmmmm, that thing they did with their tongues... Like I said, Brandy and I were a dangerous team.

But with success comes attention, and the last thing I needed was someone digging into my personal life and finding out what I had been up to. I quickly realized that to be a success professionally, I needed to get my family in order.

Like a good daughter, Brandy was way ahead of me. She had already come to the same conclusion I had, and she had even come up with a solution. As she whispered it in my ear, I shivered. What she said was so shocking. So naughty. So perfect.

I made a phone call, a very important call, and the female voice on the other end was so happy to hear from me. She said she knew how badly mistaken I was when we parted last, and I agreed. I asked her if she wanted to come to my place, and she told me she could be here in a few hours.

A few hours passed when I finally heard a knock on the door. I walked to the door, opened it wide, revealing the woman I had called:

Regina Slater.

I let her in, putting my hand on her back as I guided her to the living room. She was dressed to kill, a low-cut blouse exposing the expansive flesh of her milky tits. Her tight jeans molded to her lower half, looking younger than her 40 years.

She sat in the loveseat and I sat on the couch across from her.

"I'm so glad you called me." Regina said, playing with her hair.

"I'm glad to see you again." I said. "You look great." I said, glancing at her tits.

"Oh, thank you." she said, not at all offended. What a fucking slut. "Is your wife here?" she asked, not like she cared. She was here to fuck me either way.

"No wife. I cut her loose." I replied with a smile.

"Really? That's good news." Regina replied, happy at the news. There was a long pause before she asked, "Is our daughter here?"

"Yes, she's in the kitchen, cooking dinner." I said.

"Oh really? I've never known her to cook in my life." Regina replied.

"Well, by cooking, I mean getting a piece of pizza we had delivered." I joked, causing Regina to laugh.

"That's the most cooking she'll ever do." Regina added with a smile.

"Well, Regina, here's the thing: I did it. I found a way to control her behavior. She's home when I tell her to be, and she does what I say. I might make something out of her yet." I told her proudly.

"You're joking." Regina said.

"Brandy, come here!" I called out. I heard my walking towards us. She emerged so her mother could see her. She was wearing tight, light blue jeans, painted on to her. She was wearing a pair of black Chuck Taylor sneakers, tied on tight. She was wearing a tight black tank top which molded to her expansive breasts. She also had on a grey pullover, which she left unzipped. She looked as pretty as ever, but none of these things were what Regina noticed first.

The first thing Regina noticed was that her daughter's belly was swollen outward, stretching out her tank top, bulging in her sixth month of pregnancy.

"Hi Mommy." Brandy said.

"Wow, Brandy. You've been busy." Regina joked. "So, Brandy is behaving herself, but she did get herself knocked up?" Regina asked jokingly.

"You want to see how I did it? How I got her to do what I say?" I asked firmly.

"Sure." Regina said curiously.

"Brandy, you know what to do." I told her, but she was way ahead of me. She unzipped her jeans, pulled them down to her thighs, and bent over my lap, resting her pregnant belly between my legs, her ass pointed up, wearing her favorite pink thong.

"What's this?" Regina asked, confused, but with hard nipples.

"This is how I punish her." I explained. "Brandy, how were you naughty today?" I asked, rearing back my hand.

SPANK!

"AHHHH! When I went out for groceries, I met this guy. He was shopping with his wife, but he kept-eye fucking me." Brandy said.

SPANK!

"FUHHHH! I headed towards the bathroom, and he snuck away to follow."

SPANK!

"SHITTTT! I stopped in the hallway to the restrooms, and there was no one there. I put my hands on the wall and waited for him."

SPANK!

"GAHHHH! He snuck up behind me and rubbed my pregnant belly. Then he cupped my tits for a little bit and humped my ass."

SPANK!

SPANK!

SPANK!

"I'M SORRY DADDY, I'M SO SORRY! I realized what I was doing and snuck away. Also, someone else showed up and interrupted, but I snuck away and came right home. I'm sorry."

SPANK!

SPANK!

"Don't let it ever happen again!" I ordered.

"It won't Daddy, it won't." Brandy begged.

"What is this?" Regina asked, her eyes wide with shock.

"This is what happens to naughty girls who need punishment." I explained. I could see the wheels turning in Regina's head.

"Brandy, who's the father of your baby?" Regina asked.

"Why Daddy is, of course." Brandy giggled.

"What?" Regina gasped out.

"This is how Daddy keeps me behaved, Mommy. He knows I can't help but spread my legs to all the boys. So he keeps me satisfied. He made a huge sacrifice just for me. He dumped his wife for me. He punishes me for all the bad things I do. He fucks me in every hole, he spanks me, and knocks me up with his baby. That is how he got me to behave. That is how he got me to listen." Brandy explained.

"Brandy... this isn't right." Regina stammered, standing up.

"You shouldn't be doing this."

"But Mommy, this is what I wanted." Brandy smiled evilly.

"Marcus, this is so wrong. You know better. I should report you both to the police." Regina said. Even though she was a slut, it seemed like even she had her limits.

"You know better than I do that getting knocked up changes a girl's attitude. Makes you straighten up and fly right. And look at her. She doesn't fuck around with half the guys in town anymore. She has grown up. She is loyal to one man, and that man is me. Her 'Daddy'. This is what we wanted. This is what an adult woman does. So is this wrong, Regina? Or is it possible that it is the only way to manage a little slut like our daughter dearest? Maybe this is what you needed. You needed a man to take over, punish you for all the naughty things you did, like tricking guys into getting you pregnant." I said. Her eyes met mine, her secret exposed.

"Regina, you need to make a choice right now. You have lived an undisciplined life for years, and look where you're at. Single, alone. I think you need someone to guide you, to make you fess up for all the naughty things you did." I said.

"Marcus, I never knew there was this side of you." she explained.

"I know how sluts like you think, Regina. You act mortified about the fact that I fucked our daughter, but I think that's a lie. You're fucking into it, aren't you? I bet your cunt is sopping wet." I said, on the offensive.

"No! Of course not!" Regina said, nipples showing through her top.

"I think you are. I think you are jealous. Jealous of your daughter because she did what it took to land me. She got me to willingly make a child with her, not trick me like you did. You want to prove that you're better. You want another chance with me. Well you can get it. You can slide down those jeans, expose your thong clad ass, and bend over my lap, like Brandy did. You need to accept your punishment. You know you want this. You find it so fucking hot that I'm fucking Brandy. You're a slut, and sluts like it nasty. You need to accept that. Then, me, you and Brandy, we can be the family we were meant to be." I explained.

Brandy got off my lap as I watched Regina. Her chest was heaving, her mature tits pouring from her top. Her chest was flushed, and her nipples were throbbing. She was clearly excited. I patted my thighs invitingly. Regina was looking at it, and my bulging dick. She looked me in the eyes.

Would she storm out, expose my secret affair, and ruin my new life? Or would she join us?

I watched her looking crossly at me, but I knew what she would do. Angrily, she unzipped her pants, lowered them to her thighs, and bent over my lap, exposing her ass to me.

"You want this don't you?" I asked, running my fingers over her firm, perky ass cheeks, and the white thong running between the cheeks. Her crotch and her thighs were absolutely soaked.

"FUCK YES! I need it. I want you, Marcus. I want in! I want you to punish me, punish me for all the bad things I did! It's

so fucking hot that you're doing your own daughter. I love it! It's so nasty! And so am I! I need it! I need us to be together! I want us to be a family!" Regina pleaded, wiggling her ass on my lap.

"Oh, we will be." I said, smiling at Brandy. I hovered my hand over Regina's ass.

SPANK!

(30 Minutes Later)

SPANK!

I slapped Regina's ass as I drove my cock into her. I ran my fingers over her creamy ass, now swollen red after what I did to it. I looked down at where her ass banged against my crotch. My now bare crotch, shaved of all hair at the suggestion of Brandy. There instead was a tattoo of a single

word, tattooed in the same font as Brandy's ass tattoo. The word was:

Daddy.

"AHHH! It's so good!" Regina said, freeing her mouth for a second before going back to work.

I looked up to see Regina's head between the legs of her daughter, furiously licking Brandy's cunt. I looked up at Brandy, laid out peacefully, her hand on her mother's head as her mother sucked her pussy. Her swollen pregnant belly was bare and looked amazing. Her tits had swollen up even bigger than they had been before, and Brandy was playing with them, increasing her own pleasure. I watched her back arch as her talented mother made her cum with her lips, mouth and tongue.

"YESSSS!" Brandy screamed.

"You like this, Brandy? You need a mother, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes Daddy! I do need a good Mommy. I need a Mommy around the house, treating her daughter like a princess like Daddy does. Your life isn't about your pleasure anymore, bitch. It's about mine. You're here to make my life easier, Mommy. You're here to cook and clean for me and Daddy, cause I fucking hate that shit, so I need you to do it so I don't have to. You're here to eat my cunt, like you should have before. That's right, Mommy. You belong right here, sucking my sweet pussy. I taste like candy, don't I?" Brandy said.

"YESSPPH!" Regina said, muffled, her mouth full of cunt.

"You do what I say, Mommy. You're in me and Daddy's bed because I let you. Because that mouth of yours is built for something other than bitching at me. You get to fuck Daddy because I let you. You need to do your duty as a Mommy and fuck Daddy well so he can keep his hands off his little princess for a little bit so she can get shit done. So she can be a functioning member of society, and not be in bed all day. Just most of the day. Make no mistake, Mommy. I am Daddy's number one. I am his main squeeze. Don't forget

that. Any dick you get, any babies he gives you, is only because I let you. And I will only let you if you do a good job." Brandy continued.

"You're here to make the sex I have with Daddy better, okay? If he's fucking my pussy, you'd better be eating my ass! If he's fucking my ass, you'd better be sucking my cunt. If Daddy's sucking one nipple, I want you sucking the other. Got it?" Brandy moaned out.

"YESS!" Regina moaned.

"It feels so good that you finally figured out that you belong at my feet, Mommy." Brandy added smugly.

I slid up Regina's back and reached under her, scooping up her mature but still amazingly perky tits into my hands.

"You like this?" I growled into her ear.

"Yes!" Regina gasped.

"You want me to cum in you, give you another baby?" I asked.

"YES! OH FUCK! YES!" Regina screamed, cumming all over my cock, her cunt quivering in pleasure. It was enough to send me over the edge.

"Well, you'll have to wait." I whispered. With that, I pulled out of Regina, and quickly crawled up the bed. I put the tip of my cock into my daughter's mouth.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" I yelled out, firing my cum into my daughter's mouth in waves, filling her mouth with my sperm.

It was always such a thrilling sight to watch my cum filling my sexy daughter's mouth. Just the idea of my creamy cum coating her tongue, filling her mouth to the brim, and watching her swirling it around, savoring it before swallowing it in one, big, cute gulp... wow, it was enough to keep my hard even after the strong orgasms she always

gave me. It was enough of a thrill that I can't even count how many times I had forced her to her knees and had her suck me off. Suck me to completion, suck me till I coated her tongue with my thick seed. And she knew how much I enjoyed the sight. Sometimes, she toyed with me. She kept her mouth full of cum for what seemed like ages, teasing me by not swallowing my creamy, frothing load. She would smile smugly with her mouth full. She would sometimes let the cum dribble out of her mouth, coating her plump lower lip. It was the sexiest fucking sight. She would make me wait, draw it out and tease me, until finally, blessedly, she would swallow my thick seed in one, clean gulp. It always sent a shiver of lust through me.

Bandy changed it up, though. She swallowed my cum like a good slut straight from the source as it exploded out of me, as opposed to teasing me with it. My dick kept pumping as Brandy pulled it from her mouth. I looked down at her, curious as to what she was doing. She looked up at me, her eyes sparkling with playfulness that can only be shared by perfectly matched lovers at the peak of their lust. Al look shared by two people who are up for anything.

"Coat my face, Daddy. Show Mommy I'm a Daddy's girl and cover my face with your cum." Brandy moaned out. I couldn't blame her for wanting to put up a show in front of her slut mother. I obeyed as she aimed my cannon at her face, the spurts of cum firing from it coating her cheeks in warm, hot, sticky cum. It was a vision of the pure, fucked up sex we both reveled in.

"It's not fair." Regina groaned, watching this depraved display of incest.

"If you can prove to us that you can change, stop being such a slut and devote yourself to one man, then I'll give you a baby. Give Brandy a little brother or sister. But until then, you have to wait. You got it?" I demanded.

"Yes... Daddy." Regina said, nodding in understanding.

I looked at my work. I had just pulled off the rare mother-daughter threesome, the nastiest threesome possible, with my own daughter and her mother, and in doing so, created the family that had been missing in my life. I need them both. I needed Brandy. I needed Regina. And these two sluts

would be able to give me all the babies I could ask for. I was happy. I was fulfilled.

I had gone from, mere months ago, being happily married and childless to now having a threesome with my college fling and an 18 year old girl off the street who just happened to be my daughter.

What the fuck had just happened to me?

(Linda)

I was in a pretty bad place for awhile. I got it in my head that for my own sake... I had to spy on Marcus. I had to find out what had happened, that maybe it wasn't me that was wrong. That maybe Marcus had changed. That Brandy had infected him with her corrupt, evil ways. I had to see if maybe, just maybe, I had not fucked up, I had not sabotaged my own life. That maybe Marcus was the one who had turned on me.

I still loved him and desperately wanted him back. I wanted the life we had before Brandy showed up and ruined everything. I wanted the Marcus that existed before he knew he had a daughter, and all of his loyalty shifted from me to her. I wasn't hoping that Marcus had become an evil asshole, I was hoping to see that it was Brandy who had changed him. I was hoping that he felt his duty as a father took precedence over me, that even though he loved me and preferred me, he felt obligated to side with her after I gave my ultimatum to him. I was hoping to see his face, and see that he felt regret over what had happened with us. I had to see him. I had to have a glimmer a hope that the love of my life still cared about me.

I kept driving past the house hoping to see them. For days I would drive past, but I never caught a glimpse of them. I just saw their cars, parked in the driveway, never leaving. There was another car there, one I didn't recognize, that was always there as well. I would drive past five times a day, hoping to just see something. The only action I did see was that one night, the house seemed to be hosting a very loud party with cars parked all along the street. I saw a lot of young people there about Brandy's age, so it seems Marcus

was very lenient with her. I kept seeing girls going in and out of the house wearing these filthy, positively slutty outfits, making me wonder how any parent would let their daughter's go out in public dressed like that. These girls were drinking, smoking cigarettes and what appeared to be weed. Marcus was apparently very, very lenient. I probably could have called the cops and had them bust up the party, but I didn't want to get Marcus in trouble. I never dared approach the house either, in fear of getting caught. I just sat and watched.

For a long time, I just watched, never seeing any sign of them. Then one day, just like any other day, I was driving by the house. I saw no sign of them again but as I drove onward, I looked to the side and just like that, I saw Marcus and Brandy, walking ahead of me on the sidewalk. But they were not alone. There was someone else with them. A woman.

I gulped and pulled over to the side. As I turned to look at them, they turned and walked into a park. I lost sight of them, so feeling like I needed to take a risk to get a glimpse of Marcus, I slipped out of the car and went to follow them.

I entered the park from a different direction than they did so they wouldn't see me. It was a big park, so it was easy to hide. It was a nice, open park, with lots of grass and trees and places for people to relax. I walked around a bit, looking for them, until I looked across the park and saw them. I found a bench nearby and sat down to watch.

My eyes bugged out as I stared at them for the first time, for a couple reasons. The first thing that caught my eye was Brandy's bulging belly. I gulped at this sight. Those old feelings of inadequacy boiled inside me again. The fact that that little bitch got to carry life in her belly, that she was living my dream, that she could so casually be pregnant, as if being pregnant was the cool, hip, trendy thing for girls her age to be doing. She was flouncing around, showing off her pregnant belly proudly in her tight tank top as if her pregnancy was a fashion statement. She didn't even care! She didn't earn the right to bear children! She was just a little slut who got knocked up by some idiot she'll never see again.

And the worst thing was that Brandy looked fucking spectacular. She looked radiant. She was glowing in her pregnancy, and it made her look even more beautiful than she did before. She still looked great in her fashionable clothing. Everything still fit her and flattered her body. She didn't get all fat and bloated like some women do. No, she just had a cute, bulging tummy. But other than that, she looked the same. What a fucking bitch.

I looked past her to Marcus. I looked at his handsome face, hoping to see the same regret that I felt. But I saw none of that. He looked incredibly self-assured, incredibly proud with himself, incredibly content, incredibly... happy. I had never seen him look so relaxed, so at peace with himself. This made my heart drop. I saw no regret. I saw no pining for his lost wife. He just looked happy with himself. Proud of his daughter. And I looked at his hand, and realized it was conjoined with the woman standing next to him.

I looked at her, and gulped again. My husband was with another woman, and she was gorgeous. She was beautiful, admittedly better looking than me. Her hair looked perfect, as if she spent lots of money keeping it perfectly styled. I looked down at her body, and it did not quit. Her breasts

were enormous. She looked about my age, so it was shocking to me that her boobs could still be so firm and perky. Her white blouse was spread to show just a hint of her incredible cleavage. Her belly was fit and firm, and her legs were long and smooth. Her stylish jeans clung to her, showing off her long legs and when she turned to face Marcus, I noticed how the jeans clung to her incredible backside. I looked up just in time to see her get on her tiptoes and give him a soft kiss. A kiss that was obviously one shared by two lovers. Two people who were very intimate with each other.

I felt a knot in my stomach at this. The last thing he was thinking about was me. He had moved on. He was with this new woman and his skank of a daughter, and he couldn't be happier. He couldn't be more satisfied.

The woman turned around, and now Marcus was now flanked by the two women in his life. I stared at them both, and realized they had a lot of common. They had similar bodies, similar faces, similar eyes. They even had similar mannerisms.

Holy Shit! That's Regina Slater! That fucking slut that tricked my hubby into knocking her up in a drunken fling was now with my soul mate. They were now together. They were now dating. And judging by that lustful kiss they had just shared, they were now lovers. Marcus was with the mother of his child, forming this new, fucked up family. By all accounts, they looked like a perfect, beautiful family. But I knew how evil Brandy was, and her mother was no saint either. But Marcus had chosen them, and left me in the dust. It was madness!

I kept my eyes on them for a long time. I watched them walk lazily through the park. I watched as they were repeatedly stopped and joined in conversations with random people. I watched as girls Brandy's age stopped to chat. I watched happy couples stop and chat with this seemingly perfect family. These people joined in and laughed along with my husband's and Brandy's and Regina's infectious personalities. I watched as a professional-looking woman was sucked in by this seemingly loving, vivacious family. I watched this total professional get pulled in by Brandy's outgoing behavior. I watched as Brandy invited this woman to feel her pregnant belly. I watched this woman happily accept and happily feel

this teenage girl's stomach. I watched her compliment Brandy, excited for her impending child birth. No one was looking down at Brandy for being a pregnant 18-year-old. No one was disgusted by this blatant act of irresponsibility. They were all excited for her. Happy that this teenage slut was bringing a new life in the world. Proud that this little slut had gotten knocked up.

I had to turn away. I stewed in my thoughts for a long time. It felt like the world had been turned around. All the rules I thought I understood were turned topsy-turvy. Brandy was a slut! Yet, no one seemed to mind. Everyone was happy for her. She was in no position to raise a child at her age. But they were all blinded to her flaws because of her good looks, great body, and her incredible charisma. I felt like I was the only sane person left. I was a logical, clear thinking person. But, this dumb little slut had invaded my life, pushed me out, took my place, and no one hated her for it! She had this perfect life. She had broken all the rules. She was a slut! A dropout! A mean, spiteful little whore! And she has the perfect life. She has a nice, big house and she had brought her parents back together, united for her. And she was glowing, pregnant with child. She had a loving family, a perfect house, a perfect life. And I was left in ruins, and I

had tried to do all the right things. There was no justice here! This was so against everything I thought the world was about.

I had no one left for me. No family. No job. No friends. Brandy had friends. She had family. She had friends. She had love in her life that I didn't, and it made me so... frustrated! How did my life go wrong?

I was shaken from my thoughts when someone sat on the bench next to me. I looked up and my eyes widened as I realized that sitting next to me was Brandy. I stared at her like I was staring at a ghost. My mouth opened. I had no idea what to say.

"What are you doing here?" Brandy asked, looking disgusted. I didn't know how to respond. I looked past her to see Marcus and Regina far away talking to another couple.

"I... I... I..." I stammered.

"Are you, like, stalking us, or something? Are you being a creeper?" Brandy spat out.

"No, uh, it's just..." I stammered again. I had no response and she knew it.

"Did you want to see Daddy? Is that it?" Brandy asked, her tone softening. I looked over at him again, and she did the same.

"He's got everything he ever wanted. Daddy has never been happier." she said with a smile on her face, looking back at me, her words seemingly friendly, but I could sense the true malice in her words. I sensed the darkness and the evil inside of her. She saw my expression drop. I felt like a lead weight had been dropped in my stomach.

"Are you okay, Linda? Are you sad? You should be happy for him. He has everything he ever wanted. I know he had to dump you to get that, but you should still be so happy that he's happy. You know deep down he made the right decision for him. You should have hugged him and thanked him the instant he dumped you... when you saw how happy

he was with me." Brandy said, again her sweet tone hiding her true darkness.

Tears welled in my eyes. I had nothing I could say to stand up to her. I don't know why I was so intimidated by this teenage girl. My eyes were drawn to her pregnant belly.

"Oh... you like?" Brandy said with a smile, showing off her bulging stomach. "I know I'm young, but I'm so ready to be a mommy! The doctor said I am, like, so super fertile. I guess I shouldn't have been so... reckless. But you know how it gets, when you lose all control. Well, maybe you don't. But Daddy is so happy for me. He can't wait to have a baby around the house. And Mommy is, like, so jealous. It's awesome!" she said excitedly.

She sat back and pulled up her top, exposing the bare skin of her stomach.

"Wanna feel?" she asked.

"Uh, I, uh, I don't, uh..." I stammered.

"Feel." she said firmly, almost a command. I couldn't move. She calmly moved forward, grabbed my wrists, and brought my hands to her pregnant stomach. My hands were spread on her stomach. I could immediately feel the life growing in her belly, swirling around. I felt the baby kick at my hands, and a tear went down my cheek. Feeling a baby kicking was something I always wanted to feel, but I couldn't. And I was now feeling this kicking in the belly of a teenage slut. My blood was boiling but I was still frozen.

"That's it. Keep feeling it, Linda." Brandy said.

"I don't want to see you again." Brandy said coldly. "You're being pretty creepy. Daddy's moved on, and I never needed you. This is as close to having a family you will ever have, you stupid bitch. So, I want you to be happy for me. Live vicariously through me. You will never have a baby, so the only thing women like you can do is look at us pretty young girls who get knocked up and wish to be us. We get to make the babies, we get to have the babies, and you don't. The only thing women like you can do is be happy for us, go through this experience from the sidelines, live it through

us. You don't get to be us. You don't get to raise the baby. The only thing you can do is stay away. Gab to whatever friends you have left about me. Fucking idolize me, make it clear you wish you were me. Make it clear you idolize an 18-year-old girl to all your best friends, let them see how much of a loser you really are. You can send us money, send the baby gifts, send us a card at Christmas. But you will play no part in our lives. You don't get to come over. You don't get see the baby. You don't get to see Daddy. And that's for the best. Because seeing us will make it worse for you. All you can do is sit in your shitty little apartment and wish you had the life I do. That is as happy as you will ever get. That is as close as you will ever get to Daddy. This is as close as you will ever get to me. This is the last conversation we will ever have. The only thing you can do is send us gifts, be happy for the life we're living, and hope that maybe I change my mind."

I was frozen to the spot, unable to say a thing, taken aback by how truly cold she was.

"So feel my pregnant belly. Feel it good, bitch. Because it's as close as you're ever gonna get to having a baby. Remember this feeling and dream that it was you carrying

the baby. Spend the rest of your life wishing you were me. Spend the rest of your life fantasizing about this feeling. Spend the rest of your life being jealous of me and the perfect life I have. So you're gonna thank me for the pleasure of feeling my belly. You're gonna congratulate me for getting pregnant. Got it?" Brandy said. She looked at me, waiting for a response as I my hands felt her belly.

I couldn't think. I was frozen, somehow intimidated by this 18-year-old cunt. But, she was right. I was jealous of her. I would trade it all to be in her shoes. With child, sharing a home with my love. She had it perfect and I fucking hated her for it. I would never get anything like the love I once had with Marcus. The only thing I could hope for is for Marcus to change his mind. And... the only way I could do that is to get close to them again. And the only way to do that was to give Brandy what she wanted.

"Congratulations Brandy." I croaked out. "Thanks for letting me feel your belly."

She smiled at me, smugly, as if she had won the war we had been waging. And she had won, easily, without a fight from me. I had no legs to stand on.

Brandy stood in front of me, pulling down her shirt over her belly, forcing me to look up at her. She looked back at me.

"Fuck off, Linda. Go home. I never want to see you again." Brandy said, sneering at me like I was garbage. She turned and bounced away towards her parents. I looked at her, and noticed how her thong was obscenely displayed above the hem of her pants, a whale-tail, fitting for a slut like her. Marcus allowed his daughter to dress this way. He was happy to let her dress like a slut. And she did, even in front of her own father. And he didn't mind. It didn't bother him at all. He didn't mind that his daughter proudly displayed that she was a huge slut. He didn't mind that he was forced daily to get eyefuls of her ridiculous body. My mind leapt to a strange conclusion. Could it be that... no, it's not possible. He had changed, but he had not become that depraved.

I had fantasized about what I would do when confronted with Brandy. I had fantasized all the things I would say to her. Yet when the moment came, I did nothing. I backed down, bent to the whim of an 18-year-old-girl. I felt so low. I felt like such a loser.

Her harsh words were true. I would never feel the joy she was feeling. I would never feel the gift of giving birth. I would go through my life, dreaming of a feeling I would never have. It was sad, but true.

I looked up to where Marcus and Regina were, but Brandy and them were long gone. Marcus was out of my life. He had moved on into a new life. He didn't even care about me. He felt no regret. He felt nothing for me anymore. The only man that ever knew the real me, the only man that cared enough to meet the real me, was gone. He had seen the real me and dumped my ass. He had seen the real me and rejected me. The only man who knew the real me wanted nothing to do with me anymore. I had never felt so low. So unwanted. So unneeded.

I sat in the park for a few hours, lost in my thoughts. No one spoke to me. No one acknowledged me.

I was alone.

(5 months later)

(Brandy)

I never realized how important family was until I got a real one. And once I did, I wondered how I had gone so long without the loving family I desperately needed.

Baby Brandon was in the crib. People always made fun of those parents that named their kids similar to their own name. Calling them, you know, vain, self centered, but I always thought it was so cute. And Brandon was the most beautiful, healthy baby boy I had ever seen. So cute, so bashful, so peaceful. And he slept through the night almost

every night. He would grow up and be big and strong like his father. I just knew it.

I was so lucky. I was a mother! And I had Daddy to thank for that.

Daddy was there for me. He held my hand as I gave birth. He held his baby son, and I had never seen him happier. I had given him what he always wanted. I had given my Daddy what no other woman had: the full experience of child birth, from conception to the birth. That's how close we were. That was a bond for life. We would be together forever.

I thought about his old wife, dumb, ugly Linda. Despite telling her otherwise, she did still follow us around. She had watched me, Mommy and Daddy walking around, Mommy pushing the baby in a stroller. She watched from far away like the coward she was. It didn't really bother me though. She was a wimp. She gave me a gift for the baby and a congratulations card, despite the fact that I had stolen her man. I fucking owned that bitch. I put her hands on my belly and made her congratulate me for getting knocked up

by her man and made her thank me for the privilege. The thought of how much I had owned that bitch made my nipples hard.

Maybe I was just a lucky girl, maybe it was my kick ass genetics, but the baby weight literally melted off of me! I know, right. Now here I was, two months post baby, and I was back in fighting shape. The only extra weight I had left was in my tits. And guess who loved that! I had gone up a full cup size as my tits swelled with milk, as if I needed bigger boobs. And although Brandon was a very hungry baby, he had the impossible task of draining the milk from my giant jugs. My tits were overfilled, but luckily, he had some help.

So here I was, resting on the bed Daddy made me, completely nude, leaning against my headboard. On my left tit was my daddy, his cheeks hollowed as he drained my tit of its life giving milk. He knew the right way to do it too, squeezing my tits, funneling the milk out through the nipple and into his sucking mouth, flowing to his belly. My left tit was his favorite, as it put his head next to my heart. The beating of my excited heart soothed him as the act of

nursing often eased him into a peaceful, post-sex slumber. And on my right tit was... my mommy.

Regina was just as excited as Daddy was, as she was voraciously sucking the milk from my hard nipples. I had tasted it, and I have to say, that stuff was good. Both Daddy and Mommy were always after my tits, claiming that my milk was addicting. I think they just liked being so close to their darling daughter, nibbling my awesome tits. I ran my fingers through their hair, proud that all the pieces had fallen into place.

Daddy had kept up the act for awhile, living out his little lie of 'punishing me' even though all it did was make me cum like crazy. I hadn't changed one bit. I was still a slut. I still flirted like crazy with all the boys. I never put out for any man, except for Daddy. Why should I when I'm getting pounded at home nearly all fucking day. Still... I did let some guys get close, like that married dad at the supermarket who felt me up and... well... let's just say he got a bit farther than I told Daddy about. But other than that, I was the same nasty slut I had always been. The same party girl.

Daddy was the one who changed. No longer was he the angry, guilty father fucking his daughter despite how wrong it was. He stopped finding excuses to punish me. It was hard to punish me when I barely had to leave the house. I spent most of my time draining Daddy's balls, so it was hard to get into too much trouble otherwise. The façade soon dropped. The act was dropped. The games disappeared. He felt no guilt at giving me control, letting me run the show, fucking me in the way I wanted to get fucked. He learned to do what I wanted him to without me even having to tell him what to do. I had molded him into the perfect doting daddy.

We both kept playing the game though, even though we knew it was a lie. He loved having a hot daughter to punish, and I loved seeing Daddy get so... passionate... with me.

I had a way of getting Daddy to do what I want. I loved showing off my big strong daddy. And I knew just the way to do it. Like this one time. He was out in the garage, building me a new dresser or something. He was shirtless, as the garage got really hot. So he had gotten all sweaty with his hard work, and the sweat dripped down his fit, sexy,

'Daddy' muscles, and all I could think about was licking the sweat off of his abs. I could go on about how sexy he was, but that was beside the point. I would prance out into the garage, and the clicking of my heels made him notice me. He would look to my high heels, up the white stockings clinging to my firm legs. Up to my bare thighs, so lewdly exposed. Up to the hem of my teeny, tiny schoolgirl skirt. Up to my bared stomach, my flat belly. Up to the tiny white t-shirt, tied tightly under my giant breasts. Up past my enormous cleavage to my gorgeous face, perfectly made-up, looking like a princess. My stylish hair was done up in two pigtails, completing the schoolgirl look. Daddy had learned to love the schoolgirl look.

"Daddy." I said, biting my lip, "I was thinking, I mean, I've been a bad girl. So I was thinking that maybe you could take me to the mall and make me walk around with you, looking like a schoolgirl slut. It would make me feel so nasty if I have to walk around with you, looking like this, so everyone would look at us and think that I'm your girlfriend and you're my boyfriend, even though you're really my daddy. Everyone would look at me and think that I'm your schoolgirl slut, because no dad would walk around with his daughter looking like this. No daddy would be so close to

his naughty little girl. And they would all think that as soon as we left, we would be fucking like animals. Fucking the shit out of each other. Daddy... that would make me feel... so... very... nasty." I said, looking up at Daddy while his eyes feasted on my body.

Needless to say, a couple hours later, we would be walking out of the mall, bags full of new things for me, shaking my butt as I walked next to Daddy, making all the old wives look at me with disgust while their men looked for a peek of my thong under my tiny dress. And, needless to say, me and Daddy would be so hot for each other that he would spend the rest of the day pounding the ever-loving shit out of me.

At this point, we were more than just a daddy and a daughter. We were basically boyfriend and girlfriend. Naughty lovers. Practically husband and wife. Definitely soul-mates.

I loved sharing my Daddy with other girls. I loved seeing the looks on so many girls' faces as Daddy made them cum. I was so proud! Alison and Carlee, Trina and Becky, those

two Brazilian sluts, that businesswoman who loved feeling my pregnant belly, that one teacher at Daddy's high school who did that thing with her tongue... hey, I love cock as much as anyone, but I would be a fool to miss out on all the excellent pussy out there. Like this one older girl we met, who was gorgeous but a total dyke who had sworn off men. She just had to have me, but I let her know I don't go anywhere without my daddy. Despite her dislike of men, she was so hot for me that she was willing to do anything to get me between the sheets. That was how I ended up laying on top of that woman, her thick-strap-on buried up my ass while Daddy pounded his thick dick into me. Being sandwiched between Daddy and a gorgeous woman... bliss.

And then there was Regina. My mommy. I hated that bitch for the longest time. Combined with the fact that I had no plans to cook or clean or work, like, ever. I had to find someone who would. That's where Mommy came in. That bitch had made my life hell for years. She was never the mommy I needed her to be. So... she would pay. I would make her into a good mommy.

I put the bug in Daddy's ear, and like a good Daddy, he made it happen. He lured Mommy here, and that whore

was happy to jump back into bed with him. And I didn't know just how much of a slut she was until she was nibbling at my pregnant pussy. I knew she was nasty, but to eat your pregnant daughter's pussy, that's just fucking filthy.

Mommy had to pay. For the years of hell, where she treated me like her inferior. For the years she was away from Daddy. For the years she kept me a secret from Daddy. Like I told him, Regina needed to learn her place.

And to my surprise, she had! My slut mommy became a little homemaker. Suddenly, Mommy could cook like the world's best chef. She was happy to go shopping. She was happy to do what me and Daddy told her. She was happy to keep up appearances, that we were one big happy family. She was the perfect wife. The doting wife to Daddy, at least legally. She kept any prying eyes away, allowing Daddy to dote on his number one girl: Me.

Mommy had opened up a whole new world for us. Me and Daddy were sometimes able to literally fuck all day. Mommy kept us fed, hydrated, and stimulated. She was becoming a good mommy.

She was there for me during the entirety of my pregnancy. She was happy to rub my aching feet, massage my aching back, lick my aching pussy and kiss my tasty asshole. She was a good mommy. And what did it take to get Mommy to agree with this? Let's just say, it's amazing what a little teen pussy and a fat, mature dick will do to you.

Mommy had done a good job, so I relented and let her get a piece of Daddy's cock on a regular basis. And I told her in no uncertain terms that whether or not Daddy gave her a baby was up to me, so she had better do a good fucking job at being a mommy. And for a baby-crazed bitch like her, that was all it took.

I had to admit, Mommy could still go. She was an excellent fuck. I could give her credit for that. I had inherited her sex genes as well as Daddy's. But when compared to me, and the way I fuck, no one would blame Daddy for giving me his absolute best and giving her whatever he had left over. Luckily for her, Daddy was a machine. But most of Mommy's work in the bed focused on me. Eating Daddy's sperm from my cunt so I didn't get pregnant. Licking out

the sperm from my ass just to be safe. Sucking my jiggling tits while Daddy pounded me.

So, I guess she deserved a baby. She had done everything we asked of her. And, without knowing any specifics, with the way her belly was starting to swell, I figured Daddy had planted the seed in her again.

I smiled at the thought of Daddy's ex-wife seeing both me and Mommy pushing our babies in strollers through the park. She would sigh and cry from the sidelines, looking at the life she couldn't have. And maybe me and Mommy's bellies would be pregnant again, showing off to Linda how fuckable we both were and how much Daddy loved having babies. But I try not to think of that dumb bitch ex-wife of his anymore.

I didn't care that Mommy was pregnant. I was too turned on to care. I was living the dream. Mommy and Daddy, both naked, sucking at my tits, draining me of my milk. My cunt was full of sperm, and part of me suspected Daddy had done the trick with me yet again.

Mommy had gotten lazy! Since my tits had swelled with milk, Mommy forgot all about her normal bedtime meal of sperm-filled pussy and focused more on my nutritious milk instead. It was her fault her daughter was knocked up again.

But why would I be upset? Mommy and Daddy did everything for me, gave me everything I wanted, whether it was clothes, jewellery, or babies. I didn't have to work. I didn't have to lift a fucking finger. I just got to stay home all day and get fucked. Immeasurable bliss. I got to lie around and let my horny parents suck my giant tits, suckling the milk from me, filling their bellies every night before falling asleep. And this is how I would drift to a peaceful sleep. Freshly fucked, my tits being cared for, my baby fast asleep, my family all together, in one home. I was the one in charge. I was in control. And they would never dream of leaving me.

My life was perfect.

*****THE END*****