

# Why Am I All Sticky, Daddy?

By Hunter Darkly

Smashwords Edition

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## Why Am I All Sticky, Daddy?

By Hunter Darkly

I love the feel of these new over-the-knee socks. They're so soft against my skin, which, I might add, is all freshly shaved and moisturised and scrummy to touch. My Daddy bought them for me and they're just lush. I bet they're made from the wool of some really expensive animal; a llama or something. Daddy is always treating me. It's like he wants to please me all of the time, which is just fine by me.

He got me this little skirt too. And when I say little that's exactly what I mean. Gosh, but I'll have to watch out when I bend over or go upstairs. People would easily see my little panties, which are not so new. Daddy hasn't bought me any new panties. He's not that silly, but I'm hoping to win him over one day. He's not your typical Daddy, no sir. He didn't even have to ask me my size, just knew my proportions and picked the right skirt. I know he wouldn't have asked Mum, like I said, he's not that silly. He does like to look at me a lot though and is always telling me I've grown to be a fine young woman, so I guess my proportions are often on his mind.

I know this all sounds a little odd, but he's not my real Daddy. I never knew *him*. He left us when I was really small so I can't say what type of a man he was. I did hear Mum talking to Auntie Pat on the phone the other day, she'd had some of that white wine she likes that makes her all uppity. I think she was talking about my real Daddy because I heard her say, bold as brass down the phone, 'I'm not even going to talk about that cheating cunt!' So I suspect that's who they were talking about. I don't like to talk about him much, not when all I know is that Mum thinks he's a... well, you know what I mean, I'm not gonna use such language, not about someone I don't really know.

So anyway, Mike's not my real Daddy, which makes things kind of easier for me. I don't feel as guilty as I probably should; what with all the things my imagination is trying to make me do. It just makes it all a little less strange. I get excited you see... over certain things that I probably shouldn't do.

Let me explain. Only the other night I had one of my escapades. I woke up and it was all dark so I knew it was late. I needed to pee. As soon as I opened my bedroom door I knew that Mum and Daddy were doing their 'thing'. It's probably what woke me up. They can get real noisy when it's almost over. I should have waited until it was over, but like I said; when a girl's got to go she's got to go. You ladies will understand. I didn't flush the pan. I didn't want to disturb them. They don't get much time to themselves. All of that makes me sound kind of considerate, but in all honesty I just wanted a good nosey at what they were doing. Instead of going back to bed like a good little thing I went to take a peek. I'm trying to make this not sound so weird and perverted. He's my Daddy but not my Daddy.

I could see a little light coming through their door. I'd read in one of Mum's magazines that men like the lights on so they can see what's going on. Vision is part of their make-up for getting off apparently. These are all things I can add to my toolbox of experience. Anyway, it was good of them to leave a little light on because I didn't have to stick my head all the way through the door. I just needed to nudge it an inch or two more open to get a good eyeful of Mummy and Daddy; and boy did I.

They sure were up to some dirty stuff. Well, Mum was anyway. Daddy just seemed to be really enjoying himself. He was on his knees with his strong hands resting on the bed behind him. His head was all stretched back as if he was howling at the moon like a wolf. Mummy had her face buried in his lap and making all sorts of happy humming noises as if she was eating a big old piece of the best chocolate cake ever. It wasn't cake though. Mum

had Daddy's penis in her mouth and I could see she'd made it go all big. Boy did Daddy have a big one! I thought that in a moment they'd do the 'act' and was really interested to see it in the flesh. I'd seen it on the internet but that's not real, not with all that swearing and silly music. Anyway, I was wrong again.

At that moment, Mum started using her hand as well as her mouth on Daddy's penis, and guess what? He started making the weird noises as well and talking to Mum too. It was like one of those silly horror movies when someone gets taken over by a devil. I thought that all of this was part of the build up to the 'act' and was getting quite excited about seeing it. I was wrong again. Daddy pulled his big swollen thing out of Mum's mouth and he got his hands on it too until they were both tugging away. I can tell you, if it had been a turkey's neck it sure would have been dead pretty soon. Anyways, they didn't do the thing. Daddy squirted his baby juice all over Mum's face, which at first I thought would have made her pissed. She's quite particular about her make-up and all that. But she wasn't pissed at all. She was cooing and awing and wiping up all of that stuff with her fingers. Then she started eating it, making it fall off her sticky fingertips and onto her tongue. I think Daddy liked that because he grabbed her ass cheek and said, 'Fuck yeah baby!' He must have been all riled up because Daddy never curses. The next bit was a little gross. They started kissing each other with tongues, mixing all of that stuff up in their mouths. I've got a lot to learn about this sort of thing.

I left it there. I didn't watch them anymore. Not because I didn't want to or because I had college in the morning. I had to go because I'd gone and gotten all creamy down there in my soft bits. It feels strange at the moment because when I shaved my legs last week I took off my lady garden too and now everything just trickles out onto my thighs and down my cheek crack. It's all May Winters's fault. In the showers after soccer last week she said I looked like a seventies porn star what with all the hair and everything. I know us girls like to compare new bags and stuff but I never knew my beaver would be judged as well. You learn something new every day which I suppose is what life's about.

So there I was, all creamed up down below. I crept back into bed feeling kind of flushed and hot. I only had on my pink short nightie so I got straight down to business, and boy was I ready for it. Gosh I was slippery, and my little petals felt all velvety and puffed up. I got my fingers straight into the groove hitting my button on the way up. I have to tell you I was thinking about my Daddy as I did the dirty. I didn't think about Mum cause that would have been weird and I'm not a lesbian or anything. As I got to picturing the way his neck was all muscled and smooth I had to slip a couple of fingers inside. I felt a bit dirty but boy did it feel good! I was shaking and jerking on my little bed, squeezing my thighs together as that hot rush hit me. I made a real mess of my sheets. Afterwards I had to cover my face with my pillow because I got a real fit of the giggles. I like the way it makes you feel so warm and funny after.

I lay a while and got to thinking. I thought about Daddy's penis some more. Gosh now I'm blushing. His penis looked kinda long and thick and my fingers, well, they're kinda thin and skinny. I got to thinking how much better it would be with Daddy inside of me, moving and a grooving... There, I might as well admit it; I'm in love with my Daddy. I'm definitely in love with the thought of doing all of that bad stuff with him. Golly, I imagine some bad stuff when I'm alone in bed, things that the good book says will probably send me straight to hell. Well I don't know if I believe in all of that stuff and think I'd take the risk if it meant I could put Daddy's penis in my mouth, put it deep between my little petals, deep inside my tight... Gosh now I'm really blushing and thinking I ought to stop thinking about this else I'll have to touch myself again. Can you be a sex maniac at eighteen? I suppose so. Most boys are. It's all they think about.

I suppose you've guessed that I'm not quite as innocent as I make out? Well, I guess that's true. My imagination is very experienced though and I have a good idea of what goes where most of the time. But there are always surprises to be had. Only the other day I was shocked to hear Maryjane say - Maryjane's my best pal by the way - she said, '...I was curious, I let Shane put it in my ass, only an inch, so I know I'm definitely not pregnant because all his stuff went in there.' I was shocked of course, but also a tiny bit jealous. Not that I want Shane anywhere near *my* bottom. I'm just jealous because I'm not getting what I want from my Daddy. I want a real man for my first time, a man with muscles and a lightly haired chest, and wavy hair... I want my Daddy inside me, not a boy with spots on his nose.

The problem is you see I've played this whole 'little miss innocent' part a bit too well. I know Daddy likes it but I wasn't sure if he likes it in *that* way. So I did a little field test. On Saturday afternoon, after soccer practise, I asked him to feel my thigh, right up near the top where it goes all sensitive and nice. I told him I had a lump and that I thought it was probably terminal. He said I was being silly and that it was probably a bruise I'd gotten during training. He was keen to have a look though, which I took to be a positive sign. He was real interested when I pulled up my skirt and showed him. 'It's there Daddy, it hurts,' I said, showing him the spot on my inner thigh, just below the gusset of my fresh white panties. I saw him swallowing hard with the concentration. Being a good Daddy he searched me for a lump. He was really thorough, kneading his fingers into my inner thigh like a real doctor would. He didn't find anything and reassured me that everything was fine and there was no lump. Of course there wasn't. After that, Daddy said he had to go upstairs to sort out the dirty washing. Well, that laundry must have been urgent because he fair ran up those stairs. I followed him up there, stealthy like in the movies. He'd closed the door of their room. I don't for a moment think that Daddy was sorting out dirty pants, no sir; Daddy was sorting out something else. I think that a touch of his little princess's inner thigh had been too much for him. I'm taking all of this as a positive sign.

I'm pretty sure now I've gone too far with the innocent act and will have to do something a little more direct. I suspect the little look-see at my panties has left him gagging for some more. So I've got a little plan in mind.

Being a man my Daddy's a creature of habit, like a dog that likes to pee on the same lamppost every day. He'll finish work at about 3.30pm and head to the gym for 45 minutes. He'll have a shower and come directly home. I'm not a stalker by the way. When he gets in he'll check in with me and see if I need any help with my college work - as well as being lush my Daddy's a kind man - if there's nothing to do he'll get on with preparing the dinner. My Daddy's a thoroughly modern man, that and the fact that Mum doesn't get in from work until 7.30 and is a really bad cook. Daddy does it because it's the done thing to do and because he doesn't want us all to starve or be poisoned to death.

According to my schedule I got nearly two hours with just me and Daddy in the big empty house, all of those empty bedrooms, not to mention two baths... That gives me an idea. I could get a nice bubble bath ready with some candles... Gosh, I can already almost feel those soapy bubbles on his strong hands, all slippery... Maybe a bath's too much. I'll have to play it by ear. I've got to put a stop to my daydreaming else I'll never get ready in time.

What is the time? Holy moley it's 3 o'clock. I'm gonna get a move on. I'll make sure to wear my new skirt, and my socks. I've got a pink crop-top which will go nicely. I'll put on some pale pink lipstick. Daddy likes that colour. I know because when he talks to me he looks at my lips a lot. I know men do this because they're imagining what their pearly stuff will look like when it's all over your mouth. I may not have much experience but I know these things.

So anyway, we'll catch up later and compare notes. Fingers crossed for me.

Sometimes the things we wish for turn out to be entirely different when you unwrap them. That little white kitten you always wanted goes and turns into a feral tomcat that straightaway puts ladders in your favourite tights and makes your skin bleed.

It's 10.00pm. I'm already in bed with the duvet pulled up around me. I didn't eat dinner this evening. I got Daddy to tell Mum I had one of my migraines. Mum did come in to see me but I quickly told her not to turn the light on as it would only make my head worse. I didn't want her seeing me all red-eyed with mascara streaks on my cheeks and lipstick spread around my mouth like some kind of nightmare clown. I'm thinking I might give college a miss tomorrow. I think my legs, and probably everything else, is going to be hurting some. So anyway, I promised that we'd compare notes. So here it is; as it happened.

As I surmised in my plan, Daddy got home at a quarter before five.

'Hi honey, it's me,' he called, just the way he always does, 'are you in yet sweetie?'

'I am Daddy, I'm upstairs, I'm...' I let my voice trail away and made it sound a little feebler than I felt.

'You okay?' From the nearness of his voice I knew he'd dumped his sports bag in the hallway and was standing at the foot of the stairs, peering up at the landing. 'Don't you have any schoolwork to be getting on with?'

'It's college work now, Daddy,' I said, 'but yeah, I have got some things to be getting on with. I just can't do them now.'

Are you feeling poorly?' I could hear his feet on the stairs, moving up them quickly the way he does, as if everything is part of his workout schedule. I felt his presence behind the door rather than saw him.

'No,' I said rather pathetically, 'something's happened... and I'm not sure...' I broke off there to give him a little space to think, '...maybe I should wait for Mum to get home. It's kind of a girl thing.'

'Oh, I see, have you got your period honey, have you run out of things. I can always run to the shop and get some or see if Mum's got any spare in her closet?' His voice sounded a bit disappointed.

'No, it's nothing like that, well, kinda not I guess.'

'Oh, okay,' he'd already pushed the door open and was in the room before saying, 'can I do anything to help?'

I'd made sure that my little old legs were open, sitting there as I was with my back all propped up against the pillow. I made a big show of closing them and pushing down the hem of my new skirt. I didn't do it too quickly. I wanted him to see a glimpse of my damp pink panties. And that's just right where his eyes went to first.

'Yikes, I'm sorry,' he coughed, making a good show of looking all embarrassed. Between us we made a fine couple of actors.

'Daddy, something's happened...' I looked away and chewed at my bottom lip. 'I think I've done something bad and I don't want to get into trouble over it but at the same time I can't just leave it, I...'

He sat himself down on the edge of the bed and pushed my hair away from my forehead. 'I'm sure it's not as bad as all that.'

'It's quite bad.' I could smell the scent of his shower gel on his skin, all lemon and citrus. I pictured him briefly rubbing the suds over his muscled chest.

'Tell me about it,' he said reassuringly. 'Things aren't always as bad as they seem when you've talked them through with someone special.'

'Are *we* special, Daddy?'

'Well of course we are.'

'So I suppose it's okay then...?'

'It sure is.' He gave me that special white-toothed smile, the one that makes Mum come over all dreamy. Close up it looked a bit toothy and in his eyes I noticed flecks of reddish ginger within the hazel green. To be honest he looked a bit crazy in a handsome sort of a way. 'Why don't you just tell me what's troubling you.'

'I think I should tell Mum.'

'Well that's up to you honey, I can't make you. But like I said, I'm here if you need me.' He looked as if he was gonna stand and I panicked, thinking I'd frightened him away or misjudged everything completely. I took a hold of his wrist. 'Only, you being a man and all, you might be more understanding and a little less cross.'

'Sweetie, I'm not going to be cross about anything, I promise. Not unless you've broken my running machine.' His smile faded and his eyes narrowed. 'You haven't broken my running machine have you?'

'Gosh no, you know I never touch that.'

'Well then, I promise I'm not going to get cross about anything.'

'Cross your heart,' I said softly.

'And hope to die,' he answered. 'Now will you just tell me what's going on? If dinner's not ready on time you know how Mum can be.'

'No, you're right, you get on with dinner... it doesn't matter.' I drew up my knees and rested my chin on them. I hadn't planned it that way but my skirt didn't lift up with my legs and I didn't bother to gather it up. I just left him with a good long look at the pale skin between the tops of my socks and the cotton of my panties. With my legs like that the cotton must have been drawn pretty tight over my lady parts. He was having real trouble trying not to stare.

'Come on honey, out with it.'

I did another good four seconds' worth of lip quivering before I blurted out, 'Daddy, I touched myself and something's happened...' I nodded my head between my legs, '...down there.'

He swallowed hard and licked at his lips. I guess they must have gone suddenly dry. 'I don't understand honey... touched yourself where?'

I pointed to my damp panties. 'Down there,' saying it as if it wasn't a part of me at all.

'You've been masturbating?' he said. His voice had gone all thick and funny like he needed a drink real bad.

'If that's what putting your fingers down your knickers means then yes, I think I've been doing that...'

'Masturbating honey, it's a perfectly normal thing for young people... well, for anyone to do.'

I could feel his hungry eyes all over me now; well not all over, mainly they were roaming back and forth between my titties and panties. 'So I haven't hurt myself?'

'I really doubt that.'

'So all of that creamy stuff is okay... I haven't broken something?'

'No honey,' he said, voice breaking and quivering on the 'honey'. 'I'm positive that everything is fine.' He smiled and for a moment looked really awkward. 'I'd better be getting on with dinner.' In his scary eyes I saw what I'm sure was his conscience having some sort of a battle right there in front of my eyes. Well, my needs were more pressing so I stamped right down on that tricky conscience of his right there and then. I said, in a dreamy kind of a way, 'Daddy will you take a look? With all of that gooey stuff in the way I just don't know exactly what I should be looking for.'

'I don't think it's appropriate...'

'I won't tell Mum,' I said. 'And anyway, you're the one who's always here to help me. You're more like a friend, what with us being all alone in the house together for so much of the time. It just kinda makes sense to me.'

'Okay honey, I'm not a doctor or anything but I've seen a few... well whatever, let's take a look shall we?'

And now he climbed up onto the bed and funnily enough assumed that same kneeling position as when he'd shot his stuff over Mum's face. It must have been a favourite of his. 'You'll have to scoot down the bed a little, honey.'

I did as he'd asked and shuffled down. My skirt rolled up all the way behind my bottom, leaving me lying there on the bed with my socks and panties on full display. I didn't find this strange at all but Daddy made a weird grunting sound like he was stopping a thought from coming out of his mouth but it just came out as pure emotion all the same. 'Do you want... erm...to...'

'Would you like me to take my panties off, Daddy or just to pull them over to one side, I don't mind?' What I also noticed at that moment, besides his eyes and flaring nostrils, was the big bulge that had appeared in the crotch of his jeans. His voice came back at me all high pitched and broken like he'd just hit puberty; 'Take... take them down,' and then he seemed to compose himself, 'yes, probably better with panties down, honey.'

'Okey dokey, Daddy,' I put my thumbs inside the waistband of my knickers and lifted my hips from the bed. I started pulling them down...

'Slowly,' he said, kinda breathless, 'I mean, you know if there is some kind of damage, we don't want to go and make it any worse do we?'

'No sir.' I knew just what he meant. 'I'll do it real slow.'

'That's right sweetie, you do just that.' He leaned in a little closer as I began to tease down my damp panties in slow motion. 'Does it all look fine?'

'Oh yes, that's really,' he stammered, 'that's great, I mean I can't see any damage from here, oh that's it honey, get them off all the way now.' Right at the end, when my knickers were around my ankles, Daddy just had to help. He grabbed my grubby undergarment right by the wet little gusset and plucked them free. It was nice to be rid of them. All of my daydreaming had made them kinda moist.

'Where do you want me?' I said.

'Hmmm...?' he mumbled.

I could see he was fascinated by my smooth and nude little mound and didn't seem too embarrassed to be caught staring at it.

'Oh, it's alright, don't worry about that,' I said matter of factly. 'It's more hygienic and boy does it feel nice. All of us girls do it these days. So, where do you want me?'

'Do *all* of your friends shave their quims?' he said, really interested.

'I think so.'

'Wow...' he said, gazing at the wall for a moment.

I didn't like the thought of him thinking dirty thoughts about Maryjane so-and-so. 'Where do you want me, Daddy, I'm getting goose bumps?'

'Nah, your titties are just the right size.'

'What...?'

'Only kidding honey, you're just fine where you are,' he said. 'Maybe open up your legs a bit so I can see... erm, everything.'

As I slowly parted my legs I could feel all the stickiness as my little petals stuck together momentarily before opening. I was really juiced up. 'If it makes it easier I can open it up a little,' I said.

'That'd be great, sweetie.' He was leaning in real close now, staring intently at my squishy groove. I took a hold of my lips, which wasn't so easy as they were all slippery, and I spread them wide open so he could have a good look.

'Can you see anything?'

'Oh yeah, that's really great, honey.' He seemed to be having trouble keeping his tongue inside of his mouth. It kept slipping out and licking at his lips and wetting them. I think Daddy was having bad thoughts about just where he wanted to put that tongue of his. 'I don't think you've damaged anything.'

'It feels all weird inside.'

'How so?'

'Kinda tight.'

'Maybe you've pulled a muscle.'

'Can you strain something all the way in there?' I said, genuinely interested.

'Sure, once me and Mum... oh, never mind honey...'

'Well can you check me out, just to make sure,' I said, opening my legs a bit wider, 'I mean, you'd be able to feel it wouldn't you?'

'I guess so.'

'Here, I'll show you where it is.' I took his hand in both of mine and singled out the long middle finger of his right hand. 'Have a feel, only you'll have to go quite deep to get there.'

'If you're sure, honey,' he said kinda croaky.

'Yes indeed I am.' Well I led that fingertip right up to that strange wet rubbery opening between my lips and moved it round a bit, just to get it all good and coated with my stuff, which by that point was really leaking out of me. It felt mighty fine. 'Put it all of the way in Daddy and see what you can feel.'

'Oh sweetie...' he sort of groaned as he slid that digit inside of me, all the way to the knuckle. 'Wow, you really are hot and tight in there.'

'I am?'

'Oh yes honey,' he said, moving that finger in and out. 'How does that feel, does it hurt?'

‘Not at all,’ I said. ‘I like it. It’s like when I touch myself but a hundred times better.’

‘Is this how you hurt yourself,’ he said, finger moving fast now, ‘fingering your little pussy?’

‘Daddy!’ I pretended to be shocked. I knew this was the way folks talked to one another when they were getting down to their thing. ‘No sir, I didn’t bang away in there like that!’ I lied. He *was* going at me some. I’d started to move and bounce a little on the bed with each hard stab of his finger. ‘Oh Daddy... it’s making me feel so nice,’ I said honestly. ‘I can’t feel it hurting at all anymore; you’ve got... oh... you’ve got a magic medical touch in those fingers.’ He was fingering me a little harder than I’d expected, but it sure did feel good. There’s something completely different to the sensation when you’re laying back and someone else is doing all the work.

‘Do you rub your little clit when you do it, honey?’

‘Do I do what, Daddy?’

‘You heard me, little Miss,’ he said harshly, ‘do you rub your little button like this?’ He turned his hand palm upwards and put his hard thumb right over my swollen bud. I nearly jerked right off the bed.

‘Oh...’ I bleated. His thumb began to strum to the same rhythm as his finger. ‘Oh hell, that feels sooo good.’ He moved up the bed and knelt beside my chest, all the time keeping that hand hard at work. ‘Do you lick your fingers, sweetie... when you’re playing with your dirty little pussy?’

‘Daddy, I don’t know what you mean.’

‘Sure you do.’ He slipped his finger out of me and smeared some of my juice over my mouth. ‘You like the taste of your little slot don’t you?’ Then he pushed that finger into my mouth without a moment’s hesitation. I have to admit, my juice did taste all sweet and creamy. I sucked at his finger, working my tongue against it too. ‘Mmm... I like it Daddy.’

‘I bet you do, you dirty little cock teaser.’ He was fidgeting now, working at his belt buckle with his left hand. ‘I want your pretty lips round my cock.’ He stood, irritated at his lack of success with the jeans. I don’t think I’ve ever seen, or ever will, a man get out of his jeans and skiddies so quickly.

‘I don’t know what you mean at all, Daddy.’

‘Sure you do, sweetie,’ he said, standing there with his hand on that big old thing, ‘I bet at college there’s a whole lot of licking and sucking goes on.’ He looked a bit manic as if it was something that had been on his mind for quite a while. I have to admit I was a touch nervous. His penis looked a whole lot bigger in close up. It was all veined and bulbous, straining in his hand like it had gotten all angry over something.

‘I don’t think I can, it looks awfully big.’

‘Why you little tease!’ Daddy grabbed my hair and guided me none too gently up and onto my hands and knees, and all the time that big purple headed dick loomed in my vision, getting it seemed bigger and bigger the closer it got. ‘Show me that wet little tongue of yours.’

‘Like this, Daddy?’ I opened my mouth and let my tongue just peek out to rest softly on my bottom lip.

‘Yeah, that’s just right honey,’ he said, drawing back his foreskin hard enough to produce a little bead of silvery juice from the tip of his penis. Now that *was* a surprise. I’d never realised that men were self-oiling as well. I still obviously had a lot to learn. Even though I’d thought long and hard about this moment through many a sleepless night I was woefully unprepared. I felt I might just have unleashed something I wasn’t quite ready for. ‘Have a little taste of cock, honey. I know you’ll love it.’ Daddy pulled me closer by my hair until that shiny purple dick was almost touching my lips. ‘Lick me baby... lick that big daddy-dick.’

I did just as I was told and that little silver bead of stuff stuck right on the tip. I had a little taste of it. ‘Mmm... that *is* real tasty, Daddy.’

‘It sure looks nice, honey,’ he said, obviously very pleased with me so far because that big old pink pole of his was jerking every time my tongue touched that naughty snake-eye of his. ‘Lick it all up baby, lick it on the underneath.’

‘Okay, whatever you say,’ I said, moving my tongue over those two bulbous lumps on the underside of his cock-head. Daddy really liked that because he started stroking my hair. ‘Lick my shaft, baby, yeah,’ he said. So I did, working my wet tongue all the way up and down that veined underside, leaving little wet trails of saliva on his skin. Daddy even held his cock up for me, pulling it up towards his stomach so I could get my tongue all the way down to the root. ‘Have you ever lapped



up some heavy balls baby?' I shook my head; that was something I'd definitely never done. He was moving his hand up and down his length now; real vigorous, making lots of his juicy stuff come out of the tip. I guess that was Daddy masturbating - like he said, everybody does it. I expect Daddy does it a lot, especially if he's been thinking about me and my college friends a lot. 'Come on baby, lick those big balls, I promise I'll make it up to you,' he pleaded.

'You will?'

'I will honey.'

I gave him my best doe-eyed look. 'Will you use your tongue on me, Daddy?'

'Oh sweetie, I sure will.' He was rubbing at that dick quite firmly now.

'Will you lick out all of that naughty cream?'

'I will honey, now lick my balls, please baby...'

It was funny, because at that precise moment I felt that my Daddy had lost control of the situation and that I had, as they say in the soaps, gained the upper hand. 'Okay, let's have a little taste of those big old balls,' I said, feeling more confident by the second, and more importantly, even more horny. 'Mmm... they taste lovely... mmm, let me lick them all over.' I took his big ball-sack in my hand and gently teased them in my palm. 'They're very heavy, there's a lot of that pearly jizz in there isn't there?'

'Oh, you bet there is honey.'

'I bet you'd like to put that stuff all over my pretty face?' I said, suddenly remembering the way he'd enjoyed covering Mum with it.

'I would, I really would,' he almost pleaded, 'I've dreamed about it often, bending you over and fucking your tight little... oh sweetie, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say that, it just came out.'

'You're a bad man,' I said, letting go of his balls.

'I am, I admit it,' he said, kinda mournful, 'I am a bad man, a weak man... please will you lick my dick some more...'

'No sir, I won't.' I went and sat back on the bed and folded my arms. I was really getting into the swing of this sex thing and beginning to enjoy myself. I think that if I'd let him, Daddy would have gotten kinda out of control, but I wasn't going to let him get carried away. I know what boys can be like. Maryjane told me that it only takes about three or four tugs on Billy Simmons's pole before he's giving her the sticky handful.

Daddy looked kinda funny all standing there with his hands at his sides and that big penis jutting up at the ceiling. I think the word I'm looking for is 'forlorn'. That's what he looked like. I felt a little bit guilty so I said something I thought would cheer him up, and boy was I right. I opened my legs about as far as they'd go, which is far because I'm stretchy, and I showed him my juiced up little lips. I said, 'I want you to kiss me here please, Daddy.' He definitely cheered up and a great big grin broke out all over that handsome face of his. He was smiling all the way up to his eyes.

'I can do that for you,' he said, 'I can definitely do that for you.'

I ran a finger between my sticky lady lips, just to show him what was on offer. 'Now I don't just want any old peck on the cheek, I want you to kiss me down there like you really mean it.'

'Oh I will, I promise you that.' And just to show me how serious he was he pulled off his T-shirt and climbed onto the bed, crawling up between my legs on hands and knees, all muscles and musk and grinning teeth.

'Does it look nice, Daddy?'

'Your pussy looks fucking delicious.'

'And are you hungry, Daddy?'

'I am.'

He put his strong hands beneath my thighs and moved them backwards a little so my knees were getting closer to my chest. I felt like I was being opened up, spread out and on display. He was even able to get a good look at my little ass piece. I remembered the thing about men and visuals and realised that's what he was doing. He wasn't going to miss a thing and his mind was video recording the spreading open of his step-daughter and he was taking it all in, drinking me up with his eyes, no doubt storing it with his thoughts on me and Maryjane.

'Do I look nice,' I said, pulling up my crop top to expose my little handfuls of breast which popped out perkily from beneath the material. I just had to brush my fingertips over my hard little nipples. That's something I often start with when I'm on my own. It kinda gets me going in a gentle

way. Not that I needed any starting there and then. Anyway, Daddy didn't seem to want to tell me whether I looked nice or not. I just took it for an affirmative by the way he was staring real hard with his mouth all open and his tongue starting to poke out. 'I'm getting really juicy.'

'Uuh...' he said as he lowered his head and kissed me on my inner thigh, right about where that big old tendon sticks up through the skin like a chicken bone. It's a mighty ticklish spot and it made me near jump out of my skin and giggle. That didn't matter too much though because he soon headed east and kissed my soft puffy mound, that little hill of flesh before it descends and goes real juicy. That felt even better and I was desperate for him to get his mouth to the messy stuff. I wasn't going to beg though, not yet. I think I'm gonna be a lady who likes a man to at least work for his supper. 'Daddy,' I said, 'Maryjane said her boyfriend makes her shake up and down and nearly explode when he does the tongue thing... can you do that for me?'

'I'll do my best honey,' he said earnestly, looking kind of funny with just his crazy eyes looking up and over my tummy. 'But if I do that, I want to put my dick right in your mouth, and I want you to suck on it. How about that, honey?'

I was starting to realise that this whole sex thing was just a messy, sticky game of tit-for-tat, only without the hair pulling and name calling. 'I'll certainly try,' I said with a nod of my head.

'Good girl.'

And then the most wonderful feeling hit me right between my legs, his lips meeting my secret ones and his tongue escaping to drive up the middle to rub across my little nub of goodness at the top of the stroke. My oh my, but I know now why Mum is so damn noisy in the night time if this is what Daddy is doing to her. I barely felt the pang of jealousy. His tongue didn't allow me to concentrate on much other than the steady working rhythm of his thick tongue between my swollen pussy lips. And I think I have now gained enough sexual experience to freely use that word. So I say it plainly, my Daddy is eating out my eighteen year old *pussy*! I felt like screaming it out loud. Maybe I did. Maybe tomorrow the neighbours would look at me a little stranger than they usually do already.

I found my fingers working through his thick, wavy hair, pulling his face deeper into my wide open pussy. 'Daddy, don't stop... don't stop...' Now I *was* prepared to beg, such was the delicious mountainside of a feeling that was building up higher and higher inside of me with each stroke of his skilled tongue. Once, I tried to push myself up onto my elbows just to see him in action. Just before I collapsed back onto my sweaty pillow he winked at me with his mouth working away at my pussy, his face all shiny with my juicy stuff. Wow, what a sight. I guess it will stay with me forever now.

And then it hit me, boy did it hit me good; that body shaking shock of extreme pleasure that Maryjane had told me all about.

I wanted him to stop.

I never want him to stop.

Oh stop...

No, go on forever and ever... until I am drained and left there on the bed like a dried up old husk. 'Oh, Daddy, oh, oh...' I stumbled as my hips jerked up and down on the bed like crazy. My Daddy knew just what he was doing. I suppose that comes from lots of experience in eating ladies' pussies. That tongue of his slowed right down in its movements, almost becoming as one with my own body. He seemed to understand naturally that at that moment too much pressure on my swollen clit would be too much for me to take. All of my lady parts had become hypersensitive with the lovely orgasm he'd given me. He brought me down to land very gently. I was just feeling all dreamy and nice and warm when Daddy grabbed my ankles and pulled me halfway down the bed.

'Daddy?' I was confused.

'My turn sweetie.' He gripped under my armpits and turned me crossways on the bed until my head was hanging just off the edge. He was standing above me and all I could see was the length of his big dick and those heavy swinging balls, and the wetness on the tip.

'What do I do?' I asked genuinely perplexed. He hunkered down a little and placed his rough hands on my little titties. 'All you gotta do is open that lovely mouth nice and wide for me, honey.'

'Oh okay, Daddy,' I said, still unsure. 'Will you be gentle with me?'

'I sure will.'

'Well alright then,' I said. 'How's this.' I opened my mouth for him nice and wide and showed him my tongue. Well, boy was I taken by surprise. Daddy forced his thick old penis right inside of my mouth and pinched my nipples hard at the same time. That hurt some but I couldn't say much, not

with that dick filling me up. It all came out as a sort of gurgled yelp. I panicked a bit because that dick just kept moving on inside. When it reached the back of my throat I began to splutter and get a bit frightened. I couldn't breathe too well, not with that thing in my mouth and those heavy balls resting over my nose. Thankfully, just at that moment, his dick began to go back out again. This wasn't so bad, I thought, guessing we'd be moving on to something else soon enough. I was wrong. That dick of his drove all the way in again, out, in again. I was shocked to realise that he was using his step-daughter's mouth like a woman's vagina. This was a most unexpected occurrence and one for which Maryjane had not furnished me with any information at all. Not that Daddy seemed to mind that I was drowning on swollen cock. He's a bit of a beast, I think. He must have seen me struggling to breathe, and slathering saliva all over my face as I choked on him. Even when my eyes started watering he didn't stop. My mascara was running down my cheeks and getting in my eyes. I must have looked a right mess but Daddy seemed to be getting more and more excited with each thrust of his hips.

'Yeah, baby, yeah,' he whooped, 'suck that dick!' All the time pinching my nipples and squeezing my breasts real hard. His thrusts were becoming short and hard and fast, and I got the impression he was building up to shoot that stuff right into my tummy. I started to really panic. I was going to drown in my Daddy's man cum.

Thank the heavens, he pulled that dick out, all of a sudden and left me looking up at it. I could see all of my spit dribbling off it and onto my face. Beyond this pink wet apparition I could see him, upside down, staring down at me with his crazy eyes. He was breathing hard and grinning. I realised with some apprehension that he was having a breather and thinking just what else he could do to my poor body.

'My mouth is hurting,' I said, sounding just like you do when you've been to the dentist and had that injection in your jaw.

'I know, honey,' he said, stroking his finger and thumb up and down his length. 'That's why I stopped sweetie. I was thinking of you.'

'That's kind,' I said doubtfully.

'So now I'm gonna have some of your sweet and juicy pussy.'

'Oh Daddy, I don't know about that.' So this was it. The moment I'd thought about through so many long sticky nights of wet lonesome fingering. I was excited, afraid, and I have to admit, a touch ashamed that my first proper lover - I do not count when Patrick O'Dowd fingered me as being a proper lover - would be my step-daddy. 'You can't shoot your stuff inside of me, Daddy.'

'I can't?' he said, sounding surprised.

'No, sir.'

He looked a bit downcast but quickly perked up. 'Okay sweetie, I promise I won't do it inside of you.'

I shuffled back up the bed and placed my head on my little pink pillow. I opened my legs kinda slow and bashful. 'Well I guess it's okay then.' I was beginning to get excited again and had a little stroke at my wet lips with my fingers. 'Does that look nice?'

'It sure does.' He climbed between my legs, knelt, and began stroking that monster thing between his legs. As I watched I wondered briefly whether I was being spoiled by having such a nice thick dick for my first time, and whether everything that came afterwards would be just not up to scratch. 'Ooh, that's it baby, stretch open that pussy for me.' I did just that, spreading my wet pink platter just for him. He took hold of his big cock and began rubbing it over and between my thick swollen lips. 'You're so wet, baby.'

'I know Daddy, I did tell you so,' I said, remembering what had started all of this in the first place.

'Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me hard,' I said, trying to be all sexy and sophisticated like Mum. I'd once heard her shout out in the night, 'Yesss, lick my tight ass!' which, I have to say, is a thing I have tried to not waste too much thought on for fear of thinking less of my parents. I do however believe that my step daddy enjoys a bit of bad bedroom language.

'Fuck, you're so tight, honey.'

I gasped and took a handful of bed sheet as that big old flared dickhead began to open up my inner workings, my tunnel spreading and succumbing, enveloping him in wet tubular goodness. It sure felt mighty fine and was, as I'd imagined, so much nicer than my skinny little fingers. 'It's so big, Daddy.' And boy was it. I felt myself being pushed up the bed until my tight little slot

relinquished its reluctant grip and let him in a bit deeper. I wrapped my skinny legs around him and pulled him in real close. The weight of him crushed my little titties and his stubble grazed against my neck. I felt him start to move within me, a steady rhythmic piston that massaged the gripping walls of my pussy. I never thought it possible but I was so filled up with cock that I physically felt myself release some more juicy wetness around his dick. 'Oh, sweetie, you're all tight and wet,' he grunted from on top of me, '...I'm not gonna last too long... ooh baby I've thought about this for so long.'

I could feel his thrusts quickening and as much as I wanted him to carry on - I could feel another eruption building inside of me - but I didn't want to be the second college student to arrive one morning with a big baby bump in my belly. And besides, Sue-what's-her-name, the first to arrive preppers, is a real old slapper. Not that you should ever be a judge of people. 'Daddy... you can't shoot all that stuff up my cooze, you just can't.'

'Oh baby,' he said, slowing a little, 'I know what I'm doing. You won't get pregnant.'

'I won't?'

'No honey, turn on your side.' His dick came out of me with a wet sucking sound. 'That's it, turn over on your side, baby... damn I'm so horny!' I did as he asked and lay on my side. He moved in real close behind me like we were a couple of spoons in a drawer. It felt real cosy. Then Daddy lifted up my uppermost thigh and began, with his hand, to rub my wet pussy. 'That's it, baby hold that leg just like that... shit you is so juicy.' Daddy then did a shocking thing. He worked all of that sticky stuff backwards, smearing it right between my ass cheeks and all over the surface of tight little asshole.

'That feels kinda funny, Daddy.'

'I know, baby, but we don't want you getting all pregnant do we?'

'No sir, we sure don't.' And then I nearly jumped right out of my skin. Daddy's big old cock was pressing right against my anus - to give it its medical terminology. 'I don't think that's the right place,' I said nervously. He just kept right on pressing ahead. 'Sure it is, honey, it's what all couples do when they don't want to have kids.'

'It is?'

'Of course it is.'

'Do you put it in Mum's ass?'

'Sure,' he said, 'your mother always tells me to put it in there.' Now I wasn't sure whether I was being fed a big lie or not. 'Isn't it going to hurt?' He pushed into me and I yelped as something down below started to give. 'Only for the first time, sweetie,' he said, 'after a few weeks' practice you'll hardly notice at all.'

'Ouch,' I squealed, 'jumping Jupiter motherfucker!' I clasped a hand over my mouth in case any more bad language came out. 'Daddy, that really... ow... really hurts...'

He grunted at me in appreciation and kissed my neck as the head of that big old dick forced its way past my tight little ring. 'So tight, sweetie,' he said, slapping my ass cheek and grinding his penis inside of me.

'Ouch, Daddy, I don't think I like it,' I said. Mercifully that thick penis wouldn't go in more than an inch of two.

'Oh, fuck, your virgin ass is so tight!'

'Don't put it in any more, Daddy, you're too big.'

'Ugh... okay honey... ooh,' he moaned, just moving that cock back and forth over my ring-piece. 'Does... does Maryjane like it in the ass?'

'Daddy, that's disgusting,' I cried, 'how should I know what... ouch... what Maryjane puts in her ass?'

'Ugh... so tight... will Maryjane come over some time... for a sleepover?'

I was more than a little disgruntled with this suggestion, and I realised my Daddy was just another dirty old dog that Maryjane had quite rightly warned me about. 'I suppose, Daddy, you'd like her... ow, ow, ow... to play with your balls whilst you stick it in my ass?'

'Oh fuck-a-doodle-doo,' he wailed as he held my hips and pushed into my ass with his cock. I realised that all of that twitching and jerking I was feeling at my backdoor was Daddy filling my ass up with his pearly stuff. I would have to make a mental note that as well as being visual creatures, men are also turned on by ladies who talk like whores. I would make sure in the future not to mention Maryjane, ass, and ball licking in the same sentence.

‘Oh sweetheart, oh fuck, oh sweetie...’ My Daddy sure did have a lot of love to give. ‘Is is all done yet, Daddy?’ I said. He seemed to slump a little behind me and his hands stroked my breasts almost gently. ‘Yes honey, I’m totally spent.’ As his dick came free of my ass I could feel all of that mucky stuff leaking out. And then he did another strange ‘man’ thing. He got up onto his knees and had a good long look at my - by now stretched and sore - asshole. ‘Honey,’ he said kindly, ‘would you like to taste some of my jizz... you know... I’ll get some on my fingers for you to try?’

I didn’t think that that was a wholesome thing to do at that moment, I said, ‘Maybe another time, Daddy.’

‘Oh go on sweetie,’ he said, looking suddenly crazy all over again. ‘You’d look real sexy with my stuff on your lips... I could take some photos with my phone,’ I was alarmed to see his dick starting to twitch again, ‘I’d be able to look at you all of the time.’

‘That’s gross,’ I said, ‘I don’t think it would be a very pretty picture.’

‘Sure it would,’ he said, ‘I’ve got loads of you in your panties...’

‘Daddy!’

And then I heard the distant flapping of angel’s wings in the guise of the front door closing and Mum calling up the stairs, ‘Hi folks, I’m home.’

‘Fuck-a-doodle-doo,’ Daddy exclaimed as he almost fell off the bed and started rooting for his clothing. ‘Fuck-a-duck oh motherfucker...’

‘Daddy,’ I said, pulling the duvet up to cover my ravaged body, ‘I think I can feel the oncoming approach of a terrible migraine... I would appreciate it if you inform Mum that I’m unwell.’

‘That is a shame,’ he breathed, and then in a whisper, ‘after all the fun we’ve had.’

‘Mmmhm,’ I agreed with a nod and added quickly, ‘I need a new car, Daddy, everyone at college laughs at me when I pull up.’

‘I gotta go,’ he said, pulling on a sock, ‘and anyway, that car will go on forever.’

I called out, fairly loud, ‘Mum, Daddy just put his thing in my ass!’

‘What was that, dear?’ we heard from the hall below. ‘What are you two up to?’

‘Goddamit,’ Daddy hissed, looking none too charitable.

‘I’d like an electric Toyota,’ I said helpfully.

‘Where *are* you guys?’ Mum said on the stairs.

‘My ass is sore,’ I whispered, ‘I think you broke it.’

‘We’ll go to the dealership on Saturday,’ he said, moving quickly to the door. ‘We’re in here dear, our precious is feeling unwell.’

‘You’re the best, Daddy,’ I whispered to his retreating back. He mumbled something as he closed the door of my room. I heard him talking to Mum on the landing. I lay there for a while listening to them move off downstairs. I couldn’t find a place on the sheet that was not covered in sticky stuff. It dawned on me that I was no longer in love with my Daddy. I had however, learned some things about him of which I was unaware of only a couple of hours previously, not all of them entirely pleasant. I had made up my mind though, that I would definitely be the kind of lady who makes a man work for his supper. Now that Toyota, I’d seen one in a metallic blue, it’s of the plug-in variety. Maryjane only told me the other day that she and Tommy did it on the back seat of hers, so they must be quite roomy. I said to her...

The End