

Daughter With Benefits

t'Sade

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Jake sighed to himself as he pushed open the front door, half distracted by the stack of bills in his hands. Naturally, the thickest was the cellular phone bill. It was the best plan he could have, but they still didn't offer unlimited chatting when it came to thirteen year old daughters. He tore it open, closing the door with his foot as he pulled out a thick bundle of papers. Groaning, he stared at the monthly total, then flipped through three dozen pages of itemized calls, downloads, and text messages. Still reading, he pulled his one shoe off and kicked it toward the door. It landed heavily on the ground. A second later, his other shoe joined it and he walked further into the house wearing his black socks.

In the kitchen, he spotted Sarah's shoes leaning against the wall and her jacket tossed to the ground. He chuckled, his deep blue eyes scanning the kitchen. Shrugging off his suit jacket, he tossed it on the back of a chair and turned off a pot of boiling water with some blackened remains on the bottom. He considered yelling for her, but glanced at the garbage can, where he did the same thing to the last pot only the night before.

Like father, like daughter.

He started to sit down, then changed his mind. Tearing open the cable and Internet bill, he started to read it as he padded out of the kitchen and up the stairs. In the back of his mind, he was already counting up the expenses, happy he could send Sarah on the trip to Washington she's been talking about for weeks.

Jake didn't really pay attention where he was going until his feet brushed against fabric. Frowning, he finally tore his eyes away from the form letters and bills to look down at a pair of jeans on the

ground. His frown deepened as he caught sight of gray underwear underneath. Kneeling, he pulled out a pair of men's boxer-briefs and tightened his lips.

Dropping them to the ground in disgust, he heard soft moaning coming from his only daughter's room. He then heard another noise, just on the edge of his senses, and he felt a strange tingle down his back. Stepping quietly, he let his hand drop to his side as he focused on her barely opened door.

He heard a boy's voice, husky and moaning, drift from the room.

"Oh, just like that."

Suddenly feeling protective and nervous at the same time, he reached out with a trembling finger and tugged open the door. He expected to see them making out on the bed, the appropriate thing for a father to burst into. He even started to plan his speech as he peered into the room.

However, at the first sight of his daughter, Jake froze.

She was on her knees, bare breasted and right in front of her boyfriend. His eyes locked on the cone-shaped breasts and hard nipples that peeked out from her slender body. A ring hung from her right nipple and there was a jewel in her belly button, but he couldn't pull his eyes away from her nearly naked body. It took all his effort to pull his gaze from her uplifted breasts, but when he looked down, he found himself caught by her spread-open legs, a black thong riding up where she had one finger pressed between her legs.

For a moment, his ears almost burst from the blood pressure. It took a century for him to swallow and he shook with the effort to tear his eyes up, dragging them across her naked breasts to focus on her face. Her eyes, so bright and innocent, didn't seem him. Instead, she was looking up and he followed his daughter's gaze. Right into the lust-filled face of a teenage boy probably two years older than her.

And his camera.

Jake felt his heart pounding as his eyes drifted back down, to where she was holding the boy's swollen red cock in her hand. Jake's body tensed up and he could feel the paper ripping as she lowered her head, taking it into her mouth and sliding it deeper. A whimper, moan, and growl all froze in his throat as he stared, watching his

daughter sliding up and down, pumping her boyfriend's cock until it began to swell in her hand.

Her father felt his own sudden heat, burning hot and instantly straining his pants. For the briefest of moments, he didn't see his daughter giving someone head, but just a sexy teenager sucking on a hard length. Her nipples stroked against the boy's bare legs and Jake had to fight the urge to moan himself. He saw his daughter again and felt emotions bursting inside him, but he couldn't move. All he could do was press the bills against his aching hardness to shield himself. It would have only taken a second for one of them to look over, to see him standing in the door.

But, the dark hair just swayed back and forth and he saw her straining on the teenager's length, sliding up and down until the boy groaned even louder, flicking the zoom on the camera poised over his eye. Over the hum, Jake could clearly hear the wet slurping noises that echoed in his thoughts, burning into his memory for all time. The boy's other hand tapped her and she pulled her lips off, a line of saliva connecting them for a second before her delicate fingers pumping his shaft broke it. Jake shuddered, still fighting with himself, right on the edge of interrupting or stroking himself.

As the boy began to splatter cum against Sarah's face, he found he could move again. He watched as the white liquid scored across her nose and lips, then rolled down her chin to splash against her perky breasts. It clung to her hard nipple before falling to the ground. She smiled, so innocent and sexy, as she continued to jack off her boyfriend. Jake couldn't watch anymore. With shuddering fingers and a pounding heart, he finally found the energy to push the door quietly shut. Taking a deep breath, he clutched the wrinkled papers and fled down the stairs.

Twenty minutes later, he managed to force himself into the chair of the kitchen and poured himself a bowl of cereal. Upstairs, he heard Sarah and her boy giggling, but no tell-tale sighs of anything besides a blow job he still couldn't burn from his mind. Instead, he focused on each individual corn flake, shivering occasionally as his thoughts drew back to his beautiful daughter.

"Damn it," he whispered into the skim milk.

Before that fateful look, he didn't even consider her a sexual being. Yeah, he knew she had piercings, but never thought there would be one on her delicate-looking nipple. He could picture the silver ring, then nearly broke his teeth on the spoon before taking a deep breath.

"Well, fuck."

He started to get up, but then he heard his daughter coming down the stairs. He forced himself to sit back down, to pretend to be normal. She came into the kitchen, then skid to a halt.

"Papa!?"

There was a sudden guilty sound in her voice as he looked up.

"Hey, pumpkin."

"W-When did you get home?"

Jake started to answer, but the unnamed boy came rushing down. He paused, already looking guilty. No doubt he heard talking before he came down the stairs.

"Look, I got to go. Um, thanks for, um, help with the chemistry class."

With another look at Jake, he raced out of the house, slamming the front door loudly. Sarah, cheeks bright red, stared at the door with her lips slightly parted. Jake's mind filled in the gap, of them stretched around some aching hardness and he realized that he was imagining his own cock.

The spoon bent slightly before he set it down.

Sarah looked back, her cheeks even redder.

"Um," she slithered over and poured herself a bowl of cereal. It was the typically meal in the household, neither really into eating healthy.

"Um, when did you," she swallowed before whispering softly, "get home?"

So many words rose up in his mind. He thought about lying to her or coming up with a fib. He considered just walking out or grounding her for life. His mouth opened for a moment, then closed. He felt a heat rising up in his cheeks, and much lower, for a long moment before he answered without really thinking.

"You shouldn't let him record that."

Her blush shot down her cheek and neck, plunging into her cleavage as she gasped and fell back from her chair. He chuckled as she scrambled to her feet.

“I-I... what?”

“That boy-”

“Thomas.”

“That boy, you shouldn’t let him record that. Its a felony to take pictures, even if what you did is legal.”

She stammered for a long moment, standing sheepishly in the center of the kitchen as her upended bowl of cereal dripped on the floor. He sighed and turned it right side up, rocking the milk and mushy flakes in a circle.

“Look, I’m not saying I approve. I-I guess I wasn’t paying attention when you grew up and that’s my fault. But, don’t let him ruin your life by throwing that on the Internet. Last thing you need is that showing up at a job interview.”

“H-He wouldn’t do that,” she insisted.

Jake took a deep breath, but said nothing. She rocked back and forth for a moment, then backed up.

“I-I better catch him.”

Jake smiled, “That’s my girl.”

She slammed the front door on her way out. Jake sat back down heavily and took another deep breath. Grabbing the milk, he poured himself another bowl of cereal and bore all his might into erasing the sight of his daughter’s naked breasts or the image of her bobbing down on some shaft.

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Time passed, as it always did, and he managed to finally forget. The years that passed were both kind and painfully and his daughter blossomed into a beautiful woman. At least, he was thinking of that as he watched her crawling into a car wearing a skirt that rode up way too high to be appropriate. He considered calling her back, but just shut the door behind him and head back up stairs.

“Finally, a few hours peace,” he grinned, stripping off his clothes until he wore just his t-shirt and his boxers. Leaving the clothes on the hallway floor, he promised he would pick them up later and entered his room.

It was the smallest bedroom in the house but it had the one thing he loved the most. Two of the walls were bookshelves, filled until they creaked from the pressure. Fantasy, sci-fi, and everything else. Even the occasional vampire romance. He ran his fingers along the cedar-scented spines until he stopped at the end. With a grin, he pushed his desk chair back to the desk and reached up for the good books. Porn pretending to be fantasy mixed in with a good sci-fi romp. He grabbed one of his favorites and caressed the cover as he crawled into his bed. Sitting in the center, he just flipped open to the first page and lost himself in sex and fantasy. His cock tented his shorts, but he didn't have to worry, his daughter was at a party for hours.

At least, that is what he thought until he was just getting into the chapter with the alien domination scene with the captain-princess when he looked up to see Sarah peeking into the room.

There was a long pause as they both froze. His mind spun with what to do, but he just found it easier to casually reached up and grab a pillow. Planting it firmly on his suddenly aching shaft, he looked up.

“Yes?”

“Good book?”

Her wry smile eased the embarrassment of having a hard-on in front of his daughter. He nodded, then grinned back.

“You should know.”

“I have no idea what you mean,” she replied defensively.

He chuckled, “Really should put my chair back when reaching for the top shelf.”

She blushed and grinned sheepishly. Slipping into the room, Jake watched as she left the door open. Her short skirt rose up on her tanned thighs, the muscles from her martial arts classes looking just right on her. Her long black hair fluttered behind her and she sat on the end of the bed. She worked her teeth against her lips, obviously trying to say something. He folded down the corner of the page, not that he would ever need help remembering the scene. Closing it tightly, he set it down.

“What's wrong, pumpkin.”

She sighed, “Do you remember Thomas?”

Jake frowned, “No, why?”

“He, um,” he watched as the blush crept down her neck, disappearing into the deep cleavage of her tank top. She tugged on the corner of his blanket and twisted it in her hands.

“He was the one who video taped... you know, two years ago.”

Memories flooded back, first of the boy Thomas, then of his precious daughter. The pillow jerked slightly and tilted up as he felt a burning heat of repressed memories bring him to full hardness in a heartbeat. He blushed himself as he looked at her, then even hotter as he caught her eyes glancing at the pillow. He spoke up quickly to distract her.

“Oh yeah! He uploaded it as soon as he got home.”

“Yeah, I guess, I want to thank you for taking it down.”

“Its what I do, threaten people with court and overwhelming evidence.”

She giggled nervously, “Yeah, you really saved me.”

“We all make mistakes, pumpkin. I’m just glad we stopped this one before it got serious.”

She stood up sharply and came around. Crawling up on the bed, he got a good look down between her soft breasts before she hugged him tightly. She kissed him on the cheek before whispering.

“Thank you, papa.”

Blushing, she got off the bed. Jake cleared his throat, desperately wanting to shove down his hardness. Instead, he just grabbed his book and made a point of opening it.

“What brought that on?” he said with false calmness.

Sarah looked away before answering.

“Thomas just got convicted of taking a thirteen year old girl with him to Mexico.”

The book in Jake’s hand creaked as his hands tightened. He tried to focus on the page, but he couldn’t see for a moment.

“I,” he swallowed, “see.”

Neither said anything and Sarah padded out of the room. Jake struggled with the words in his book, the feeling of dread passing over him until he had to finally put it down. For a long time, he just stared at the door to his room.

Then, he heard a knock.

“Papa?”

He glanced down at his crotch, nice and soft.

“Yeah, I’m decent.”

Sarah peeked in, all smiles.

“Mind if I get a book to read?”

“Oh sure.”

She slipped into the room, wearing a gown that clung to her curves and showed off the black thong underneath it. He stifled a groan, thankful that the pillow still protected his crotch. She looked around, then headed to the corner. Without looking at him, she pulled out his chair and stepped on it, reaching for the highest shelf. Jake’s eyes slid from the door, following up the lines of her legs to the sweeping curve of her ass as it tightened. As she reached up, he could see the silk clinging to her naked breasts, following the curve and tenting right over her nipples. He watched as she grabbed another of his favorite raunchy books and pulled it down. Then, with a grin, she pushed his chair back to the desk.

“Need something good tonight to get the bad taste out of my mouth.”

He couldn’t say anything as he imagined her standing in a dungeon, wearing leather and chains and nothing else. Just like the book she just took, pages 128 through 135 with a little bit on page 151. Lady Ardonel kept his shaft rather hard every time he read it.

As soon as she shut the door, his hand dove between his legs to grab his painfully hard cock. Closing his eyes and imagining, he began to pump.

Sarah went to college after her eighteenth birthday. He watched her drive away in her brand new Audi and imagined the three hundred mile trip she would be taking. He wanted to follow her, to track her via the GPS in her phone, or to even get into his own car and follow her. Instead, like many times before, he just turned around and headed back into house.

It felt empty.

For days, he just wandered around the house, straining to hear her talking. He kept her bedroom door shut, just so her scent would keep for as long as possible. Occasionally, he would slip into her room and sit down gingerly on her neatly made bed and wondering where his life was.

He was slightly over two decades older than her. A mistake in so many ways, but he did everything he could to make it right. Even when her mother left him for a man her own age, disappearing in the night with nothing but a couple thousand dollars and a bitter note.

It was a week after Sarah left that he started to think about her again. This time, in a much different light. His hands and penis ached from rubbing and he felt dirty every time he came in his palm, but he couldn't tear that fading image of her thirteen year old body sucking on a cock from his mind.

Near midnight on a hot summer night, he finally flipped off the sheets and powered up his computer. A few key clicks later and he was searching. He didn't know why, but suddenly, he wanted to see his daughter's lips wrapped around a cock. His own shaft ached with a hunger that disturbed him as much as him actually looking for it.

But, he was too good. He knew which sites to avoid, but he still couldn't find it. He tried the sites he found it on, even pulling up his old case file, but they had long disappeared. He trolled through the P2P networks and traced business owners as they played a shell game of illegal videos and differing countries.

But, he simply couldn't find it.

He tried for three days before giving up. There was no video of his daughter, her perky breasts swaying in time with her hair, the little silver circle on her nipple and her lips stretching around a cock.

And somehow, he missed her even more.

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She came home a few days before. Bright and cheerful, brimming with college secrets and new experiences. He could see how she bounced with excitement and he was happy for her. She found happiness and joy. He sat on his bed, reading a perfectly straight fantasy with no sex or porn. Just in case she came home early. Instead, he just enjoyed the variants of Tolkien and tried not to think about the heat of the bedroom.

“Papa, you really should get an air conditioner.”

Her voice rose up from the stairs as she came up. He looked up through the open door of his bedroom and down the hall, where his raven-haired angel walked up the stairs. She wore a summer dress

and the light from the downstairs shone through it, highlighting her twenty year old figure and dredging up memories he still tried to bury every time he saw her. She smiled as she came down the hall, her heels clicking on the wooden floor. She stopped by his shirt, thrown on the ground in front of her room. With a shake of her head, she hooked it on the tip of her shoe and picked it up, giving him a flash of pale skin that rose up into the shadows between her legs before she snatched it.

Pushing open the bathroom door, she tossed it into the hamper.

“You’re a slob.”

Jake shrugged, tearing his thoughts away.

“Yeah, but so were you.”

“Not anymore, Janice is a clean freak.”

He chuckled. She walked into his room.

“Staying up much longer?”

Flipping to the back of the book, he nodded.

“Two more hours, got about three hundred pages left.”

“Good,” she said enigmatically and turned around. He watched as she disappeared into her room, then returned to his book. When she came out, he looked up and his heart froze. Wearing nothing but a tank-top and a thong, she stole his breath without even looking at him. Crossing the hall, she disappeared into the bathroom and he seriously considered masturbating as hard as he could.

Instead, he focused on his book until his cock softened, then let out a sigh of relief. A few more minutes and he’ll be alone.

He heard her enter the room on bare feet. Nervously, he looked up at his daughter and let out a small whimper. Only an idiot could pretend there was anything besides flesh underneath the tank top. It clung to the sides of her damp breasts, outlining the most perfect mounds he had ever seen. They were firm and held the fabric off her stomach, showing off a tight belly. Her thong was just an arrow pointing down, drawing his attention that took all his willpower not to follow it. He watched as she grabbed one of the tame books and came around. Gulping, he watched as she saw on the bed and rested her neck in the crook of his arm.

“I miss this room,” she sighed, “and I miss reading with you.”

He couldn't find the words to remind her that they never read that way. Then, he realized he didn't want to correct her since it felt good to have her against him.

Settling into place, Jake couldn't quite hold the book with both hands, so he just draped his arm across her neck, carefully away from her firm mounds, and leaned back to read. She did the same, leaning against him so her smooth thigh only occasionally caressed him.

It took him almost three hours to finish the book, dancing right on the edge of a burning heat in his groin. He managed to keep it only half-hard, but it took all his willpower and he felt exhausted from the effort.

"Papa?"

He finished the last page before looking down at her. Her bright no-longer innocent eyes locked on his and he felt warmth of a father filling him up. And a couple naughty thoughts drifting through the back of his mind.

"Yes, pumpkin?"

"Mind if I ask you a question?"

Closing the book, he shook his head.

"Go ahead."

"You remember that video?"

He didn't need to know what video she was talking about. His cock burst back to life and he closed his eyes tightly at the intense flame that burned inside him. With supreme effort, he spoke as calmly as he could.

"Um, yeah, I remember."

She didn't look away from him.

"Did... did you ever watch it?"

His body trembled and he felt his fingers clutching the book for dear life. Sweat sparkled on his brow as he shook his head, unsure if he could speak calmly after a question like that.

Sarah smiled and he watched her eyes flickering to look around, but they focused back on him. For a long time, neither said anything. Then, she whispered in the softest voice he ever heard.

"Did you... ever want to?"

He couldn't speak. He couldn't even breathe. Jake opened his mouth to deny everything, but no sound came out. She stared into

his face, reading every struggle and emotion as he tried to make even a sound.

Finally, she sat up and turned around. He watched as she made a point of not looking at his cock, at the hardness that stood up straighter than a monument and soaked the tip of his shorts. She reached over and kissed him on the cheek, her breath warm against his ear.

“I love you, papa.”

He could only whimper. She kissed him again, this time on the lips, before withdrawing into her room. He could taste her cherry lip gloss in his mouth, strange and inappropriately sensual in that moment. He watched dumbly, then got up enough to shut his door. Shuddering with the effort, he crawled into the darkness of his bed and settled into place.

There was no force in the world that could have stopped him from reaching down to grab his cock, wrapping his fingers around it and pictured his daughter's lips wrapped around his hardness. He stared into the darkness at his door as he pumped hard and fast. It soaked his fingers, but it was nothing to the burning heat the seared his thoughts and his imagination.

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Two weeks passed and neither made any mention of the unanswered question. Jake felt like his life was on the edge of a knife. On one side, he felt relief that the question never came up again. However, his lovely daughter continued to wear just a t-shirt and underwear, sans bra, when she read next to him and he still had to shove a pillow on his crotch every time she entered his room. She would just smile and head over to the books, grabbing one for him and one for herself before settling into place. It was peaceful, except during the naughty bits when he would glance over at her, fighting the urge to stroke his manhood.

At the same time, his alert senses easily caught when she came up to a hot spot in the book. Hearing her quickened breath excited him and she would wiggle against his skin, shifting her body as a sweet scent teased his senses. Every time, he closed his eyes and remembered the scene as she read it, knowing every good scene in every book.

It was the only way he could really enjoy a woman now. Sex was a forgotten memory since months before she was born. But, he would never forget that smell as she got excited.

One time, he couldn't tear his eyes away as she stealthy slipped one hand between her legs as she read. Her body tensed up against him and he could only stare in shock and growing lust as he watched her knuckles moving up and down. No question what she was doing, but there was a question if his cock would burst into flames from the very sight of his daughter masturbating next to him.

When she left his room, he couldn't wait for the door to close before he pumped himself with both hands, soaking his sheets twice before slipping into an uneasy sleep.

It didn't last.

On one hot summer night, he could barely concentrate on his book. The air pressed down on him and it ached to breath. Even the customary pillow over his crotch felt like lead, soaked in cement but he couldn't even find the energy to move it. On his side, Sarah rested as she flipped through her book. His eyes roamed across her body, where the sweat clung to her breasts and stomach, highlighting every square inch of her beautiful body. When she started to look up at him, he quickly glanced away but even after an hour, he didn't even get ten pages into his book. Every few words, he would just find his gaze returning to her body, wondering what those hard nipples would feel like or admiring the rise and fall of her chest as she read.

Her eyes flickered over to him and she smiled. He blushed and looked away quickly, but she just stretched and closed her book.

"Having trouble reading?"

"Too hot."

"Said you should get an air conditioner."

"Electric prices are too high these days."

"They won't get better, papa. Just get a small one."

"Fine, tomorrow, I'll get one and put it in your room."

"I meant for in here."

"Nothing is too good for my daughter, and you leave the door open enough I'll get air when I need it."

Her lips curled into a soft smile and he saw a flicker of amusement and emotion burning in her clear gaze. She had her mother's eyes, cloudy blue with such sweet innocence brimming in them. He shivered as he felt his gaze drawing to her lips, so many lustful memories slamming into him.

Despite the heat, his manhood began to stir and he ground the thoughts down in embarrassment.

Sarah's eyes scanned his face, a strange silence stretching between them. Then, she spoke softly.

"You never answered."

A simple statement that needed no explaining. He felt his voice freezing for a moment, then he looked away from her. It took all his willpower to tell the truth, but he guessed she already knew the answer.

"Yes."

He felt her hand caressing his chin, but he didn't look at her. He opened his mouth, then looked at him computer. The words just came out, even as he was trying to say nothing.

"When you went to college. I... I just wanted to see it, but I couldn't find it. I don't know why, I know it was wrong, but I still looked."

Sarah smiled as she spoke, he could picture her sweet smile in his mind just from the words.

"It's okay."

Jake chuckled dryly.

"Not really. It is anything but okay. I'm your father, pumpkin, and I should have never looked."

"But, you did."

"I'm glad I didn't find it."

There was another silence, and he risked a glance. Seeing her blue eyes locked on his, he felt like a fly caught in amber. His body shook with the effort and he licked his lips from a sudden dryness. He watched as sweat rolled down her cheeks, plunging down the line of her breasts and disappearing into the shadows of her cleavage. He fought back a groan, then caught movement as the corner of her mouth curled up.

"Are you?"

That was a painful question, he decided. He couldn't answer, but he could see her staring at him, just as he questioned her most of her childhood. It was a battle of wills, but they both knew how it would end. Sweat dripped from their bodies until he finally broke down and almost sobbed.

"No."

She smiled and arched her back, stretching up to kiss him. He leaned down and their lips brushed so lightly he thought it was just his imagination. But, the cherry softness that filled him told him more than he wanted to know.

Sarah's eyes locked on his and she spoke after an endless silence.

"Would you like to?"

He stammered for a moment.

"I-I, what, you have it?"

Sarah's cheeks were flushed and he could see the redness fading into her top. It was beautiful and erotic and disturbing at the same time. He could feel her body moving against his and the smell of her excitement, sweet and tangy teased his senses.

"Pumpkin, I'm your father."

"So?"

"So? I shouldn't be watching that."

Sarah smiled sweetly and arched her back again. This time, he automatically kissed her. He tried to aim for her cheek, but she shifted and their lips brushed against each other. It was hot and intense. His heart felt like it was crushing his ribs as his hand slipped out to brace himself against the bed. He couldn't escape as he felt her lips part against his; his cock surged hotly and he almost came from the sensations. When they broke, she whispered up to him.

"I want to show you."

He could feel the heat between them rising with every heartbeat. It took an effort to ask even a single question.

"Why?"

Sarah closed her book, folding the corner to mark her place.

"This is important to me, papa. You are everything to me, and you give me so much."

"This isn't-"

“Yes,” she said, “this is that important. I want you to see me, to enjoy what you saved me from. I,” she swallowed, “I want to give you that pleasure.”

“Sarah...”

“Please, papa, for me?”

He closed his own book, but didn't bother marking the page. He'd start over when this was over. His eyes glanced down at the pillow that stood on its side, his hardness rising up like a pillar and soaking the entire front. His body knew what it wanted, but it was more than just a video of a thirteen year old girl sucking on some cock. He wanted her, more than he ever thought possible, and it hurt him deep inside with every lustful thought.

“I-I will.”

She smiled and reached up for him, her lips seeking his. This time, he reached down and pressed one hand against her stomach as he kissed her. He tried not to lose himself in the kiss, but the intensity stole his breath and he found his hand pressing against her stomach, feeling the smoothness of her skin and the heat rising from her body. Their lips parted in a kiss that blew past the bounds of a family kiss. It was intense and hot and he felt sick to his stomach and hard enough to punch a hole through steel. Everything fought inside him and he didn't know what to do.

When they broke, he was gasping for breath. Sarah arched her back, her nipples peaking through the fabric and giving him just a hint of dusky pink before she sat up.

“Take a shower and cool down. I'll be in my room.”

Without waiting for an answer, she sat up and left her book next to his. He could only watch as she walked around the bed and down the hall. The fabric of her underwear rode up between her ass cheeks and he groaned with lust at the one bare cheek that peeked out. She gave him a smile before entering her room and closing the door.

Jake let his head slam against the headboard.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

He glared down at his shaft, swollen and dripping.

“And what the hell is wrong with you?”

No answer except for a twitch of his heartbeat that shook his entire length. He struggled with his thoughts. Finally, he came to some justification. A tiny little lie that would make it easier.

“I’ll just pretend its just a different girl. Not my little pumpkin. Yeah, just a creepy man looking at some child porn.”

That didn’t make it feel better, but he managed to find the energy to get out of bed and stagger down the hall. Giving her door a glance, he slipped into the bathroom and quickly showered. It felt good, cleaning the sweat off, but the sick feeling in his stomach continued as he felt his balls tight against his skin. Everything was alive and burning, a terrified thought of what would come next. Did he remember it clearly? How would he react to seeing his daughter’s lips wrapped around some boy’s cock? Would he end up masturbating in front of her, embarrassing himself? Would he end up in prison? His questions burned as he rinsed himself off.

He hesitated for a moment, then pulled on a robe. He didn’t bother with underwear, the idea of putting pre-cum soaked shorts didn’t seem very clean. Creaking open the door, he stared at her bedroom. Just a sliver of light beneath the door.

Stepping out, he felt like he was walking on the moon. Alone and terrified. It was only four feet across, but it felt like four miles as he constantly doubted himself and turned away. But, he made it with a pounding heart and heaving breath. His hands shook as he reached up and knocked on the door.

From the other side, Sarah called out to him.

“Come in, papa.”

He opened the door.

For the second time in his life, he was frozen in place as he looked inside his daughter’s room. Her computer wasn’t on. The TV didn’t glow. The only thing he could see is her kneeling in the center of the room, her naked breasts shining in the moonlight that speared through the window.

His lips parted as his eyes widened. A small part of his brain went into overdrive trying to burn the sight of her body into his mind.

Sarah’s breasts were larger than he remembered. They were soft and wonderful as they hung on her chest, swollen with age and even more perfect than he remembered. His eyes focused on her nipples, tiny and hard, as they cast shadows against her flawless skin.

A strangled moan escaped his throat as he looked down, where the shadow of her underwear clung to her tight ass and trim legs. Her long black hair was a shadow behind her, which only empathized the pale skin of his beautiful daughter.

“Papa?” she whispered, her voice filled with nervousness and excitement. Jake tried to speak, but his heartbeat drowned out the rest of the world. He could only stare at her and realize how badly he wanted her.

And how much he couldn't have her.

A frown flickered across her face as he stepped back. His mouth worked silently as his fingernails scraped against the door.

“Papa?”

“I-I... I-”

He couldn't speak. He couldn't think. The very sight of her, years of lust burning so brightly in his body that his vision blurred. And there she was, offering herself to him. His cock burst out from his robe, spearing forward, and he grabbed it tightly, like a creature lunging for her. He could only think of one thing.

Jake fled.

Throwing himself into the room, he shut the door tightly and locked it shut. With a sob, he threw himself in the bed and tried to burn that glorious image of her naked body from his mind.

—

Four days passed without them seeing each other. Jake went to his job and came back, leaving money for pizza on the counter and just going up to his room. Every morning it would be gone, but he never hear her order anything.

Every day, he locked his bedroom door, unwilling to face his daughter. Every time he passed her door, his footsteps would hesitate as the image of her glorious breasts rose up in his mind. He would close his eyes tightly and flee, but he couldn't escape the hunger he felt for his own daughter.

And it was forbidden.

He just couldn't do it.

Finally, near midnight of the fifth morning, he staggered from his room. He passed her door with only a slight hesitation and padded down the stairs in his bare feet. He felt old and broken, both from the thoughts that kept him up and the soreness of his manhood

from masturbating too many times to her soft image. Every time, he swore it would be the hard time, but then the lust rose up again and he found himself pumping desperately. Now, he was tired and exhausted, but still torn in half.

In the kitchen, he pulled open the fridge door and grabbed milk and cereal. Pouring himself a large bowl, he just lost himself in corn flakes and memories.

“P-Papa?”

Jake froze with the spoon in his mouth. His eyes slide over to look at his daughter. She wore a silk robe over her body, belted tightly around her waist. He could see the shadows of her nipples tenting through the thin fabric. It clung to her curves and hung off the breasts he still couldn’t purge from his memories. His eyes rose up to the stricken face, sorrow welling up in her eyes. Lust and horror filled him and he felt like nothing but a monster gawking at his daughter.

He groaned and quickly looked away. With careful movement, he pulled the spoon from his mouth and stared steadfastly into the oven.

“I’m sorry, papa.”

Jake closed his eyes tightly.

“No, pumpkin, I’m sorry.”

She walked across his vision and his eyes dropped down to the curve of her ass. He couldn’t pull his eyes from her as she reached up and pulled out a bowl of her own, standing on her toes and giving him a long look at the legs he desperately wanted to wrap around his waist. She smiled at him as she returned to the table and he realized he wasn’t staring at the oven anymore.

“Forgive me?”

Jake chuckled dryly, “I’ll always forgive you, pumpkin. You are my only daughter and the light of my life.”

“Will you always love me?”

Jake hesitated, “Yeah, but not that way, if you know what I mean.”

Her eyes seemed to tear up for a moment, then she poured herself a bowl of cereal.

“I wasn’t really thinking.”

“Bullshit,” he said. She looked up with a surprise. He shrugged as he struggled with the words, then took a deep breath.

“Look, you were obviously thinking about it. I thought about it, hell, I’m still thinking about it. I’m a god-damned pervert.”

She grinned, but he kept on talking, desperate to get the words out before he did something stupid.

“I haven’t had a woman since a few months before you were born. And you... you are the most attractive woman I have ever known and it hurts me that you are the one woman I can never have.”

Her face fell. He swallowed hard, rushing forward.

“If you weren’t my daughter, I would have fucked you for three solid days, pumpkin. You are also probably my best friend at this point, I love you more and more every day.”

She blushed, hotly and sweetly and he felt a twisting in his groins with the desire to grab her and do exactly what he said. She stirred the flakes in her milk until they were soggy. He watched her, then returned to his own meal.

The silence stretched uncomfortably in the kitchen, but he couldn’t figure out what to say to break it. Thousands of conversations flashed through his mind. Then, she spoke quickly.

“I love you.”

He smiled at her.

“I know, but-”

She interrupted him, speaking wistfully into her bowl.

“And... you were safe and I had to know something. This last year,” she sighed sadly, “This year, I haven’t been happy with any man. A few nights of sex, some of it okay, most of it frustrating, and it then would change. They wanted relationships and dates. They became jealous of everything I did. I just wanted some pleasure and a bit of fun, but they wanted a pretty piece of meat to call their own. It just... it just wasn’t worth it. And then... then...”

The way she worded herself gave him a pause. He set down the spoon and looked at her. She didn’t match her eyes as she stirred the puddle of milk in her bowl.

“You... you are the only man who wouldn’t change if I, um, we did that. You wouldn’t turn into a boyfriend or anything, it would have just been... you.”

“Poor reason to fuck your father.”

She looked up and a tear rolled down her cheek.

“I didn’t say I was very smart.”

Jake shook his head and reached over, brushing the tear from her cheek. The softness of her skin sent a tingle down his spine but he could only see his daughter in sorrow.

“You are very smart, just a bit horny and frustrated. I saw when you were fingering yourself in the Grace of Dragons a few days ago.”

She blushed and grinned, “You get a hard-on every time you read Lady Ardonel’s Crime.”

He chuckled back, “I get hard with a lot of my stories, but you know that is my favorite. We have a very naughty collection, pumpkin.”

She smiled, then struggled with her words.

“I... I just wanted a man, just for the night. Nothing more than that, papa. I just wanted someone who would give me pleasure, not try to tie me down.”

He looked into her eyes, feeling tears of his own.

“And if I was anyone else, I would have been honored. I-I just can’t with my daughter. You are too precious to me.”

“I wish I wasn’t, just for a night.”

He smiled sadly, “But you’ll always be my little pumpkin.”

She nodded, “I know. I just... life is getting confusing.”

“Tell me about it. I had to buy an air conditioner for you.”

She giggled, “No, silly, I’m talking about me and Janice.”

“Janice?” he frowned.

“She,” Sarah blushed hotly, “she asked me to be her lover. You know, monogamous-like. No boyfriends or girlfriends. And, I never really found a friend with benefits, if you know what I mean.”

“Oh,” was the only thing he could say as he pictured his innocent little daughter grinding against some other woman. It wasn’t as hot as thinking about her lips around his shaft, but still brought life to his manhood. Sarah blushed and looked around sheepishly.

“A-And I was kind of hoping you would be willing to help your little girl with her fondness of cocks. Janice is a lesbian but I like girls and boys.”

He struggled with his words, “A-Are you in love with Janice?”

Sarah nodded, "Yeah, I am. This last year with her, I have been happy. Everything is wonderful, except she refuses to do anything but use her fingers and tongue."

"And the last time you had a boyfriend?"

She made a face, "It was sloppy and annoying. He came too fast and rolled over. Had to finish myself with my fingers."

He almost said he didn't have that problem, but clamped his mouth shut. Instead, he reached over and stroked her hand before grabbing her bowl. Standing up, he took their dishes to the sink and set them down. He didn't want to look at her as he struggled with lust and love. He didn't know what to do, but he couldn't get past the idea of sex with his own daughter.

"Papa?" she said suddenly.

"Yeah, pumpkin?"

"Do you think we could ever, just to help? I know you need it as badly as me."

A tear ran down his cheek from the force of effort.

"I can't, pumpkin. I could never have sex with my daughter. As much as I want it, no matter how many times I think about it, there are some things I just can't do."

"W-What, what if I was Crimmia from Grace of Dragons? In the inn, that first night?"

He froze at her soft, questing voice. His mind flew furiously through the book, locking on the scene. It was almost identical to what he fled only days before, but it... it was different. His cock surged hotly, pressing against the counter as he felt the heat rising up in his body. His mind ran through the scene and he swayed with the desire that seared his very thoughts. Hands shaking, he stared into the wall as he heard the chair scraping back. Then, her soft voice drifted through his senses, seductive and hesitant.

"Excuse me, innkeeper, could I please have a room for the night?"

It was his daughter's voice, but it was suddenly not hers. He struggled with a dual reality, but he couldn't resist her. He wanted her so badly that he could pretend, just for this once. His mind was already living the scene as he turned around.

She stood in the center of the kitchen, robe parted to show off the deep shadow of her breasts but hiding her nipples. He could see

her flush clear down to her belly, a heated hunger that matched the burning ache in his groin. He already knew he was practically dripping in his pants as he looked her over. Then, he did the one thing he never thought he would, he responded in character.

“All booked up, girl, the pass is snowed in and I gots good paying customers.”

They both knew the words by heart, but he felt like he was standing on the edge of a cliff. His body trembled as she stepped closer, her eyes brimming with innocent desperation. One finger teased the hem of her robe as she spoke pitifully.

“Please? I’m so cold and I need a place. Just for the night. I can earn my keep.”

“I gots a cook, girl. And a cleaning wench. Not much else I need for the week.”

“Just one night, its so cold and I... I just need a little warmth,” purred his daughter. He could feel his cock with every pulse of his body, so hard and hot that it felt like it was sucking the life out of him.

He shook his head, “Sorry. Try the Pig down the street, I heard they have a common room still open.”

She sniffed and he could imagine tears down her cheeks. She turned away from him, walking across the kitchen. Her bare feet scuffed the tile as she reached the door. He took a deep breath before he said his next line.

“Hey, girl.”

She stopped, one hand on the door frame and looked at him. There was lust in her eyes as she stared at him. He opened his mouth to speak, but the words suddenly wouldn’t come. He just stared at her, struggling. She opened her mouth to speak when he found the energy and courage.

“How desperate are ya?”

She almost melted against the door as she stammered back.

“V-Very, sir, I’ll do anything,” she pleaded.

“Desperate enough to earn it on your back? I have a spot on my bed and its warm. Do a good enough job and I’ll feed you in the morning.”

To his surprise, Jake didn’t feel like a monster as she turned toward him. He could see the same lust burning in her eyes as his

own. Her nipples were hard and he could smell her excitement, even across the room. It took all his willpower not to rush over to her.

“Sir?”

“You heard me, girl. Don’t pretend to be innocent, those lips of yours aren’t go for anything but wrapped around my dick. If you want to earn it, then come over here.”

He half expected her to flee, but to his surprise, she actually turned back and walked across the room. The slow, steady foot steps across the tile was a powerful contrast to the rapidly-pounding beat of his heart. She stopped in front him, flooding his senses with her perfume and excitement.

Then, with the terrible slowness of excitement, she lowered herself in front of him. Her hands reached up and parted her robe, spreading it open and giving him his first, close look at her naked breasts.

He almost died right there.

Soft and beautiful, they were tipped by two hard nipples of dusty pink. He groaned with hunger as he reached down, stroking the softness of her skin. He could feel her trembling as she pressed her mounds into his palms. He caressed her nipples, teasing them as he felt her own moan rippled through her body.

“Not bad, girl, not bad at all. Now, let me see what else you can do.”

It was another man who stood there as his daughter reached over and caressed her hands along his hardness. The heat of hand not his own was intense, but even more as she tugged down his shorts and wrapped her fingers around his naked shaft. Completely soaked, her fingers squelched as she ran her palm down his length.

Clear fluids dripped from his tip as she licked her lips. Then he watched as his daughter leaned forward and pressed the very top against her soft, delicate lips. He let out a groan, clutching the counter as she looked up at him. Blue eyes matching his own. Then, with another terrible slowness, he watched as she drew his cock into her mouth, enveloping it in wet heat and fulfilling every fantasy he had for years in a single glorious second.

Jake’s vision blurred as she slid down, lips taking more and more of him into her. He grabbed the counter tighter, clutching it as he gasped for breath, but he couldn’t take his eyes away from her

stretched lips, or his mind from the feeling of her tongue caressing his hard member.

A moan filled his throat as she took half of him into her mouth, then pulled back. It left his shaft glistening, but he was lost in the sensations. She bobbed down, then started to suck on him, drawing him deeper into her mouth with every stroke until he could feel her lips near his base.

He couldn't last long.

He didn't want to last long.

It was less than a second before he gasped.

"Oh, fuck!"

He could feel his shaft swelling in her mouth, but she just bobbed deep, cramming his thickening head against the back of her throat. He felt her swallowing against his member and lost all control.

Hot surges of cum flooded her mouth. He groaned loudly as his knees started to buckle. She drew back before he stopped coming. His shaft escaped her mouth with a pop. Then, more white streaks splattered across her face and he felt a renewed surge of excitement filling him. More jets of cum splattered against her face, coursing down her nose and chin and splashing down on her breasts. He felt his life draining out of him and he kept on coming and coming. As he started to feel himself reaching his limit, she opened her mouth and caught the last few surges with her tongue, swallowing with a purr as he slumped against the counter.

As he gasped for breath, he looked down at his girl. She ran her fingers through the glaze of his excitement and let it drip off her nipples. He groaned with pleasure as she looked up with a smile.

"Over twenty years worth, apparently."

"Well," he panted, "maybe a few hours since I last came. Though, I kind of ruined the script there."

With a grin, she sucked her finger clean.

"Thank you, papa."

"Next time, I'll last longer."

Her eyes burned with excitement.

"N-Next time?"

He blushed at the slip of the word, but he kept talking.

"I-I guess I can help Crimmia, if she needs a bit of hunger. Plus, there is the pride thing, I used to last hours and," he blushed even

hotter, “blowing off like a fifteen year old boy really isn’t helping my pride there. I can’t do this for my daughter, but for her-”

Jake fell off the cliff and plummeted into terrifying territory.

“-for her, I’ll give her a proper fucking when she needs it.”

“A-And for the other girls in the books?”

Feeling disconnected from his body, he felt himself nodded.

“Yeah, for them too.”

“Oh, papa!”

She stood up and hugged him tightly. He could feel his cum soaking through the fabric of his clothes, but didn’t care. His arms wrapped around the love of his life and he held her tightly.

“I love you, pumpkin.”

“I love you, papa. So very much.”

—

She went back to college a week later, but not until he spent hours on his bed, exploring her body with his fingers, tongue, and imagination. They read together and acted out the scenes, but never fucked. It was one of those forbidden barriers neither could breach.

—

Time always passed, he thought, as he kissed Karen’s cheek on his porch. His first date in thirty years. Karen smiled, running her fingertips against her cheek, then skipped down the stairs to her car. He waved to her as she drove off, then adjusted the aching hardness in his pants.

“Too many blue balls.”

Opening his door, he grabbed the bills in the mailbox and flipped through them. A cell phone bill that barely filled a page was a far cry from the tome he got ten years ago. He paused in thought.

Sarah was twenty-three this year. He promised himself he would get her something nice. Probably a trip to the bookstore with a large budget.

Their favorite gift.

Scanning through the bills, he kicked off his shoes and let them pile up on the boots. Winter left the city months before, but he never bothered putting them away until summer. Instead, he closed the door and headed into the kitchen.

He stopped in the door and looked up. The lights shone down, but he paused when he saw his baby sitting at the table, stirring her cereal.

“Pumpkin?”

Sarah smiled up at him, but he saw sadness and emotions burning in her eyes. The feeling of something terrible filled him. Setting down the bills, he walked up to her.

“What’s wrong.”

“Nothing.”

Without saying anything, he pulled out the other chair and sat down. His deep blue eyes took her in, enjoying the wash of pleasant memories that flooded him. The last time he saw her, she was heading for her apartment a few towns away, excited about her new job. Now, there was dark shadows under her eyes and he noticed her spoon had a crook in it that he didn’t put there.

She glanced up, then her gaze returned to the bowl. He held himself there, waiting patiently as she spun the mush in her bowl.

A tear splashed down and he felt his heart lurch. His mouth opened to say something, but no words came out. He couldn’t imagine what was wrong. Part of him worried that she was pregnant by him, but he was fixed a long time ago and she stayed on the pill. And his cock never entered her pussy. Another part wondered if she was fired or something even more terrible happened.

His daughter sniffed.

“S-She left me.”

His fears crystallized and he sighed unhappily. Shifting the chair, he held out his arm and she flung herself into it, knocking the table and spilling the bottle of milk across the floor. He winced as it splattered against him, but his sobbing daughter was more important than ruined dairy.

Jake didn’t need to say anything. He just held her as she sobbed loudly, clutching him as the sorrow flowed. When the tears stopped, he held her until she pulled away.

He saw the look in her eyes as she reached up to kiss him, but he stopped her.

“Not tonight, pumpkin.”

“Papa?” Her bright eyes searched his, hoping. It hurt as much to turn her down as to see her in pain.

“No, not tonight. Not for you, not for a book. This is the wrong thing right now and we both know it. Give it a night and in the morning, we’ll talk. If you still need a bit of comfort, I’ll be glad to give you that and pleasure all morning if you want. I’ll even call in sick.”

She sniffed as she giggled, then tried to kiss him again. He avoided her once again, then helped her up. Sarah slumped against his chest as they mounted the stairs. Jake felt old as he helped her strip out of her clothes, his fingertips teasing along her glorious body before setting her down on her bed.

“I love you, pumpkin. And in the morning, things will be better.”

Sarah sniffed, a sob in her throat, but she nodded. It took all his willpower to leave that room. He felt anxious, frightened, and upset. Padding down the stairs, he cleaned up in silence, then retreated back up to shower and head to bed. He gave only a single sad look at the door, wishing he could take her pain away.

Sleep didn’t come easily for Jake. Instead, he remained on his bed, just remembering her look and the sorrow he felt. They were perfect for the last two years, passionate and loving. Even if he didn’t like Janice, Sarah was happy. And then, something happened. He just couldn’t imagine what happened until the morning.

He considered reading a book, but the idea of turning on the light was too much. He just sighed and leaned back, resting in the pillow as he stared at the ceiling.

At the soft creak, his eyes opened up. Glancing over at the clock, he saw it was seven minutes past midnight. His eyes slid back to the door, invisible in the darkness. When the door creaked open, he felt his body growing hotter.

He suddenly chuckled, “I believe morning requires sunlight.”

Sarah spoke in her soft, girlish voice.

“Please, it’s morning.”

“Come on, pumpkin.”

He smiled to himself and patted the sheet next to him. A moment later, Jake felt her crawling on the bed. Her naked skin pressed against his, teasing him as she slipped underneath his sheet and pressed tightly against him. In the years since that fateful night and first role-playing, they were frequently naked, but the thrill of

feeling her pubic hair against his hip and her breasts against his side brought his manhood to full hardness in a second.

Distracting himself, he settled into position, then asked the obvious question.

“What happened?”

“She left me.”

Her breath teased his ear. He shook his head.

“That really doesn’t tell me much. Did you fight?”

“Yes, papa.”

“Did one of you have an affair?”

“No, b-but, it was close.”

“How close?”

“I wanted more. I needed something hard between my legs and she wouldn’t touch a dildo.”

A sob wracked her body, but he could barely feel it over the hard nipples that pressed against him. After a second, she continued.

“When I was at work, she came home and threw away all my toys, the vibrator you got me, even my books. I-I came home and she was gone. And my stuff was gone, garbage came that day and all I found was a page of Lady Ardonel’s Crime by the curb.”

“That was today?”

She shook her head, “Last week. Yesterday, one of her friends came to grab some of her stuff and told me she wouldn’t be back.”

Jake sighed, “That’s bad.”

Sarah buried her face in his shoulder.

“Am I a terrible person for that? I-I can’t just stay with one woman. I need something more. I like her, but I want something shoved inside me that isn’t fingers. A-And Janice just couldn’t. She couldn’t even pretend to be a guy for me.”

“Strap-on?” he asked.

“Evil man cock.”

“Vibrator too?”

“Evil man cock.”

He chuckled, “Banana?”

Jake felt his daughter smile.

“Evil man cock... and something for cereal.”

Making a face, he said, “Never trust anyone who puts bananas in cereal.”

"I know," she whispered back with a smile.

He hugged her tightly, "I'm sorry, pumpkin."

As he leaned back, he let his hand trail down her side to rest on her buttocks. He felt the heat and smoothness of her skin and the shift of her hips as she ground tighter against him. It was getting very warm under the sheets.

They said nothing for a long time, just losing themselves in their thoughts.

"I-I gave up men for her."

"Oh?"

"Yes, even you. Nothing more than mouths and fingers, just so I wouldn't have the evil man cock. She knew I had a friend, but she made me promise never to let you shove it inside me."

Jake nearly choked.

"She knew we were doing things?"

Sarah giggled, "No, silly, I'm not going to tell people I'm blowing my father every few months. I just said a friend with benefits."

He relaxed, "Okay, that's better. Does that mean I have a daughter with benefits?"

She purred, "Oh, yes, papa."

Jake's mind spun for a few moments, flashing through ideas. His shaft rose up even hotter with his thoughts. As she snuggled to him, he found the courage to speak up.

"So, daughter with benefits, did you hear I had a date tonight?"

"Oh?"

He felt her looking up at him, looking at him in the darkness.

"Is she pretty?"

"Very, actually."

"How pretty?" There was a wry tone to Sarah's voice and he could feel as her hips pressed tightly against his hips, grinding the tiny curls of her pubic hair against his skin.

"Well, I have a terrible case of blue balls, if that is what you mean."

Every word that passed out of his lips was getting him more excited, that strange feeling of standing on the edge of a cliff. Sarah reached out, trailing her fingers along his hardness. Then, she grabbed it and jacked it a few times before whispering huskily.

"Do you want Maridin to suck on it?"

He almost chickened out and went with Maridin since it was one of his favorite 69 positions from *Forest King Awakened*. Instead, he shook his head.

“No,” his heart pounded painfully as he forced out the words, “I was hoping Queen Victia could do something.”

Her hand, sliding up and down on his cock, froze. He felt his heart pounding, but then he felt a surge of heat from her body as Sarah inhaled sharply.

“Q-Queen Victia? You mean, the fifth chapter?”

“No, tenth, pumpkin.”

They both knew the scene. And it was something they never did before. And it excited him more than anything else. He could feel precum dribbling down her knuckles and the world spun as he waited for her.

“P-Papa?” came the tiny voice, filled with excitement and fear, “A-Are you sure?”

He reached down, his lips seeking hers. They found, touching lightly at first, then splitting into an open kiss of two lovers. She moaned loudly, grinding up against him, caressing his body with her smooth beauty and he almost lost it.

“Yes, pumpkin. Even this,” he said huskily.

She drew up, sitting in the dark. He felt the sheet sliding off her body and pulled it aside, exposing his hardness to the cool air. Her breath echoed loudly in the room as she got on her knees, then spread one leg over his hips. His body trembled as he felt her position herself above him, her cunt pressing against his belly and her weight settling down.

The feeling of her juices dripping on his chest was nothing compared to the realization he was about to have sex with his daughter. More than just oral sex or giving each other a hand job, he could feel every inch of her body as she slid down, pressing the base of his shaft along the seam of her being. It was intense and hot, but he needed her as badly as she needed him.

“I-I,” she started to say her line, but she fumbled. Her body shook and he felt hot tears splashing down on his chest. He reached up, cupping her lovely breasts and teasing the nipple.

“You don’t need words, my queen. I know its you.”

“Pa... Marston.”

“Yes, my queen.”

She swallowed loudly as she leaned back, lifting her hips as he felt his cock head, swollen and large, sliding along her length and nestling into the intensely hot folds of her labia.

“You will never mention this, Marston.”

“But, of course,” he swore as he felt her rock her hips, aiming his slick member right into the opening of her pussy. Her body trembled before she pressed her hands against his, pinning them down.

More tears splashed down as she leaned back, pushing herself on his manhood. Jake only groaned in pleasure as he felt his shaft sinking into the hot, liquid depths of a woman. Over ten years of missing and he wondered how he could have gone without. The tightness clung to him as his daughter sank down, impaling herself on him.

Sarah’s fingers tightened on his, squeezing them hard against the his fingers. He dug his nails into her breasts, shuddering with the effort not to come as she bobbed up and down. Then, he felt that wonderful feeling of having his entire length inside her, buried to the very base, his balls tight against her ass and his cock swimming in a pool of pure pleasure.

“Oh, fuck,” they both said together. Then she giggled as she shifted into a slightly more comfortable position.

“Oh, god,” she repeated, “I’m fucking my papa.”

He didn’t correct her. He wasn’t even pretending she was a queen. She was just his daughter, sliding up and down on his cock. Her movements were fast and rapid, years of hope and desire burning up quickly as she rode him with hard, slow strokes. Back and forth, and all he could do was cling to her. He lifted his hips, but couldn’t hold her for long, but he felt her orgasm around his shaft. Hot juices dribbled down his balls and he just gave her a loving thrust.

“Papa,” she gasped, driving down. He felt the cool air around his shaft as she lifted up, then his body shuddered as she drove down hard. He gripped her tightly, feeling the hard nipples in his palm as she rode him, bringing him up to the very crest of orgasm.

It took everything he could to pull back, to last one more second, The seconds were agony and pleasure at once, the sliding up and

down combined with the hardness that wanted to fill up his daughter. He let out a groan, then a louder gasp as he struggled. Then, her words drifted down, cutting through his struggles.

“Come in me, papa.”

He couldn't resist. With a bellowing scream, he yanked her down as he release, pumping his hot seed into her pussy. She let out a long, shuddering gasp of an orgasm as he flooded her insides, pumping long and hot until he slumped into the bed.

“Oh... pumpkin.”

She orgasmed one more time before he realized he called her the wrong name. But, then she was on him, kissing him as she settled down, still enveloping his shaft.

“I love you so much, papa.”

“And I love you, pumpkin.”

“Sorry. I ruined the lines.”

He chuckled, still lost in the afterglow of the forbidden act and the feeling of her slick body pressing against his own. He was a pervert now, a criminal, but a very happy one.

“So did I, but today,” he stroked her hair, “Today, I thin we both needed to set down the book.”

—

Jake ran his fingers along the spines of his books. His shelves filled two rooms now, Sarah's and his. It wasn't really her room anymore, when she visited, they would spend the nights in his bed, reading and fucking. His eyes glanced over to the center of the room, where he recalled so many memories, then just grabbed the book he wanted.

He cracked it open and considered just sitting down on her old dusty bed when he heard the front door slamming shut. Suddenly concerned, he hurried toward it when he heard Sarah's footsteps pounding up the stairs. He opened the door as she passed.

“Sarah?”

Turning around, he felt his heart freezing again. There was something wild in her eyes. Her hair was in all directions, her jacket half-opened and exposing a silk blouse he never saw. She had on black skirts and he realized she came straight to his home after work. It was a four hour drive now and he stared into those cloudy, frantic blue eyes of his daughter.

“Sarah?”

“Papa?” Her eyes focused sharply, a blush on her cheeks, “Please, I need to be Lady Ardonel.”

“Sarah?”

“Now, please, I really need it.”

Lady Ardonel’s Crime. It was his favorite book, but one they never enacted. There were things in it that he never would have imagined she could do.

“Are you-”

She rushed forward, wrapping her arms around him tightly, “Please, papa! I-I can’t explain it, but I need to be her. I want everything, I even want page 151.”

The book in his hand dropped to the ground, painfully loud as he stared into her eyes. His manhood already shot up hard against his shorts, but it was the frantic, desperate look that burned in her eyes. Something that only that scene could bring out.

“It will hurt,” he finally said.

Tears ran down her cheeks, “I know.”

When he didn’t say anything, his mind spinning and his throat tighten, she almost sobbed.

“Please, I want you to be as rough as the book. I want you to hurt me, I need you to hurt me.”

He opened his mouth to ask her what went wrong, but then just shoved it aside. With one hand, he reached up and shoved her hard against the shoulder. She let out a yelp as she spun around and he pushed her hard. Her body crashed against the wall next to the bathroom door, her hands catching herself as she froze. He stepped forward, feeling love and lust, and pinned her against the wall. She was panting, whimpering with need, as he reached into the bathroom and yanked on his robe. It fell down, but he managed to tear the rope from the waist. She watched as her body ground back against him. He felt like a stranger as he grabbed her wrists, feeling her pretending to struggle, then pinned them above her head.

“You were found guilty, lady,” he hissed as he tied her wrists. He left it loose until his daughter whimpered softly.

“Tighter.”

With a yank, he jerked on it and she let out a yelp and ground back against him. He struggled with the words he memorized as he

pinned her with all his weight, using his feet to kick open her legs. Her heel snapped and she shuddered. He almost stopped but his lovely daughter begged for him to continue. With his other foot, he kicked her other foot out, spreading her against the wall as he ground his hardness against the back of her skirt.

He growled as he yanked up on the skirt, exposing the tight, pale legs to the air.

“Guilty of seducing the queen.”

His fingers jammed between her legs, finding the incredibly hot and slick opening and plunging two fingers into her pussy.

“Guilty of fornicating with the king.”

She let out a moan as he pumped twice, then drew his fingers back, circling around the one opening he never touched. Her body tensed and he held his breath before jamming the slick fingers into her ass, plunging them deep and feeling her body spasming with pain and orgasm.

He shoved his chest against her, holding her down as he shoved his fingers in and out. It was the one thing he never considered, but this scene... when he was done, there would be no hole unfucked.

Jake almost came and had to force himself to continue. He yanked his fingers out as he whispered into her ear.

“You are a slut, Lady Ardonel,” he snarled as he wiped his fingers on her skirt and then reached in front of her. She lifted her body as his fingers cupped her breasts, then plunged into the button opening of the blouse.

“And there is only one position in this prison for a slut like you.”

Her breasts were hot against his palm as he grabbed her blouse. With all his strength, he tore it open, giving her only a second to realize that he destroyed her blouse before slamming her breasts against the wall. He wondered if she removed her bra while driving, then realized he didn't care as he shoved his cloth-covered hardness into the crack of her legs and mauled her breasts. His daughter, the love of his life, whimpered in agony and moaned in pleasure at the same time as he twisted and clawed at her, whispering the words of the scene into her ear as he molested her.

He deviated from the scene as he felt his urge to come rising up. Spinning around, he only had a brief second to see the fingerprints and scratches on her breast before he pushed her down to her

knees. She fell heavily, but there was lust burning in her eyes as he fumbled with his shorts, yanking out his hardness and jamming it into her face.

“Suck it,” he growled.

She resisted but it took him no effort to pry open her mouth and jam it in. The feeling of her soft lips stretched around his member was intense, but he grabbed her bound wrists and pinned them to the wall. A second later, her head slammed into the wall as he began to fuck her face. It was hard and brutal strokes, but she couldn't escape from her pinned position as her prisoner, as her father, used her as nothing but a hole.

The sound of her choking him drove him harder and faster. He needed to finish, but he couldn't pull his aching hardness from the wet, willing mouth until he came. He drove into her, clutching at her wrists with one hand and wrapping her hair with his other. Black strands of hair felt like manacles as he used her.

He came hard and almost fell from the intensity of it. His body shook as he pumped load after load into her mouth, then yanked it out to splatter across her face, coating her mauled breasts and additive lips with his cum. She sobbed and moaned, her body writhing as she stared up with all the love and innocence of the world.

Panting, he looked down at her, then remembered his line, thought he was tempted to forget the scene from there.

“And you are mine, lady, for the next two years. Two years of being this prison's slut. Two years of being my slut.”

She shuddered. Feeling his body recovering quickly, he yanked her to her feet and shoved her down the hallway. They almost raced to his bedroom and he threw her on the bed. She let out a yelp as she fell, but he was on her, grabbing and mauling, stripping her out of her clothes as he forced her near the head of the bed. He looked around for something to tie her to the headboard, but she just gripped it tightly. He could imagine she was shackled to the rusty bar as he flipped her on her side. His shorts flew in the air before he straddled her lower legs, grabbing the top and pushing it to her chest as he stared down at the swollen and excited opening of her body.

His heart pounded painfully as he brought himself into position, aiming his cock at the dripping folds of her pussy. Without a seconds grace, he jammed his entire length into her.

It was like plunging into a molten volcano. He barely felt the friction as he bottomed out, but the heat soaked him instantly. Sarah let out a gasping wail of pleasure. Her knuckles squeezed the railing until the metal creaked. Grabbing her hair in one hand and her breast in the other, Jake began to pound her as hard and fast as he could, desperate strength filling his fantasy.

Despite the years he only imagined this, he still lasted ten minutes before coming again, flooding her insides with his juices and feeling her orgasm repeatedly against him. He took a moment to catch his breath. His fingers caught the ring on her nipple and twisted it until she shook with the pain. But, there was still lust in her eyes as she clutched the railing with her bound wrists.

He was lost.

As soon as he felt his cock turning to steel, he pulled out. Cum and juices dripped from his tip as he shifted it to the side, nestling the head against the tiny, rosebud of an opening.

Jake never had anal sex. He read of it and he thought about it, but now, he was at the entrance of his daughter. He could feel her body tensing against the intrusion. In the book, there was no gentle entry. It was a single, brutal thrust that left her screaming in pain. But, seeing her body stretched out on his bed, her naked skin slick with sweat and his juices dribbling out of her pussy, he couldn't do it.

He started to pull back, when her whisper stopped him.

“Papa.”

He forced himself to look at her. He could see all the pleading that burned in her gaze, the hunger and desire. He felt it himself, but he couldn't. He opened his mouth to tell her, but no words came out. She whimpered, her brows furrowing with her need.

“I trust you. Only you, papa. Only you can take this and I need it so badly. Make me Lady Ardonel. Make me your fantasy.”

“Y-You are already my fantasy, p-pumpkin,” he struggled to speak. She twisted her body, shifting so her top knee pressed against the bed and he had even more access to her wrinkled opening.

“Then,” she gasped, “make me your reality.”

He struggled with himself as he looked down. His cock was huge, swollen and hard. The slick head remained against the tight ring and he could see it glistening with their juices. In a matter of minutes, it would be dry but for now, it was the perfect moment to take her ass.

They both let out a scream as he rammed it into her. He felt her ring resisting in that mere microsecond, then he was plunging into her body, burying almost his entire length into her tight, spasming rectum. It was hot, intensely hot, but the feeling of her jerking and screaming send him over the edge. He shoved forward again, desperate to end the pain and buried his entire length into her. He had to drive himself to move, to start fucking her hard and fast, pumping her so she didn't have time to register it. His body shook as he fucked his daughter.

Her ass with so tight around him, more than he knew possible. He struggled with the friction, but he was slick and hard. He lost himself as he pounded her, flesh slapping against flesh. His eyes locked on hers, unable to look away as tears rolled down her cheeks.

But, she never let go of the railing.

Even as he felt her body spasming with pain and pleasure, she never let go. Even when he twisted her nipples and yanked her hair, her hands only tightened even more.

It felt like forever until the tightness wrapped around his cock relaxed. He felt violated and fulfilled in so many ways as he found a deep, penetrating motion and put his back into it. As they fucked, he felt something new swelling up inside him. Tears ran down his cheeks and he realized he just lost something.

And gained something new.

It was powerful and intense and he couldn't stop. They shifted positions twice before they ended up with her on her knees, ass sticking out for him. He just impaled it, taking her like a prison slut but also like someone else. He fucked her hard and long until the morning light lit up the wall above the headboard. He felt driven and drained; he came in her ass so many times that night that it soaked his sheets. His eyes looked up at the wall and he could see their silhouette. Two lovers having sex, a father pounding his daughter's ass, two shadows on the wall.

He came a final time, shuddering and gasping as he felt gobs of cum soaking her insides and dribbling out. He pulled out with a slurp, watching cum pouring out. She was sobbing herself, tears soaking into the pillow as she finally released her grip from the railing. Slowly, she rolled over, her eyes bright as she found his gaze.

“I-I love you, papa.”

Jake struggled with his words.

“I-I didn’t follow the book.”

She sniffed and shook her head.

“I didn’t either.”

“Y-You,” he swallowed, “weren’t Lady Ardonel last night.”

She looked up, surprised and confused. He felt his own tears on his cheeks.

“You were my Sarah.”

Her mouth opened but he kept on speaking.

“You are my pumpkin.”

She sat up straight, her naked breasts soaked with sweat and cum. She trembled as she stared at him and he finally finished.

“And you are my daughter.”

—

Later that morning, he cleaned her in the shower. He tried not to think about the marks on her breasts, sides, and ass, as he soaped up her air. She leaned against him, the tattoo of water beating against her body and smiling with all the love in the world.

He couldn’t get hard, even with her trim ass pressed against his cock. Maybe later, but he was done for the morning.

“What happened?” he asked.

Sarah opened her eyes as she turned around. Her soapy breasts trailed against his chest as she rinsed out her hair. She looked sad for a moment, then responded.

“Janice came back.”

It took him a second, “Janice? She left you three years ago.”

Sarah nodded, running her fingers through her hair as the last of the bubbles slid down her back. He felt so much in love with his daughter, as a lover and as his child. Sarah finished before she continued.

“She’s called Justin now.”

It took him a second to register.

“Justin? You mean...”

Sarah nodded, “A sex change.”

His jaw dropped.

“Um, why?”

She sniffed and he thought a tear ran through the water. He reached up and stroked the droplets away, just in case. She held his hand as she stood there.

“For me. She got a cock for me.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I didn’t either, but we talked. For two days. She just couldn’t handle not being able to do that for me. S-She said that she just wasn’t happy without me and that is why she did it. It took her that long for therapy, surgery, and then to make it legal. But, I don’t know what to do. I still love her but this is so much. Its like finding out that someone wrote a book about you, but never told you until you saw it on a shelf.”

Jake was on the edge of a cliff again. He saw the look in her eyes and knew the answer before he asked the question.

“Do you love her?”

Sarah sniffed, “I never stopped, papa.”

“Does she love you?”

“She changed everything for me, just to give me something I needed.”

He felt the tears inside him. He finally realized what he lost just a few hours ago. There was truth in her eyes and love for someone besides himself. He just lost his daughter.

And there was only one thing he could say.

“Then give her a chance, pumpkin. There is nothing I would like better than for you to be happy.”

—

Sarah’s wedding day was on a Thursday, two days before her thirty-sixth birthday. He was fifty-nine and floating in the clouds as much as she was. His daughter was getting married. And to a wonderful man who changed everything for her.

And Jake could not be prouder of her as she shifted and fidgeted in her white wedding dress. Her breasts were snugly held in the white lace, he made sure of that, and she had a glow of a woman

about to be married on her face. And of a woman who just had sex just a few minutes before.

Father likes daughter, even if he was losing her.

He chuckled at the thought of the black thong underneath, at least something wasn't innocent. Settling back, he toyed with his gray hair as he watched his baby getting ready.

She looked up, her face glowing with excitement.

"What?"

Jake shook his head, "You were never so beautiful. When did that happened?"

"You should know," she smiled sweetly with her hundred dollar makeup, "you've seen me grow up."

"Never thought I'd be giving you away," he looked at his watch, "in ten minutes."

Sarah padded over on her delicate shoes.

"Or to another woman?"

"He's your man now, pumpkin."

He stood up and straightened his tuxedo before kissing her. She smiled at him, cloudy blue eyes questing, then kissed him again, her lips parting as he slipped his arm around her waist. When they parted, he took a deep breath.

"I'm glad for both of you, pumpkin."

Sarah smiled back at him and the room seemed to light up for a moment.

"Thank you for being there."

"You are my daughter," he said. She beamed at him and he remembered something. Digging into his pocket, he pulled out a present. Fighting back the tears, he handed the wrapped package to her. She looked at it with a curious look on her face.

"A present?"

"Yes, but one that I don't think you should have in front of people."

Pressing her lips together, she tore the wrapping with her manicured fingernails, then unwrapped the one book he could never lose.

Lady Ardonel's Crime.

Tears ran down her cheek.

"Papa?"

He smiled with all the love in the world, then dabbed the tear from her cheek.

“You are the best friend I have ever had. You are the best lover and daughter a father could ever hope for. And, when you start your own library, I want this to be the first book on your shelf. It was the first book I had on my shelf in the back of the closet when I was twelve years old. I stole it from the bookstore, but I’m giving it to you.”

She hugged him tightly, clutching the book that bound them together. He felt the loss like a knife as he held her tightly. It felt like only a second before she pulled back. He felt the knife twisting, then his thoughts faded as a curious look crossed her face.

“What’s wrong?”

“I...”

Her voice trailed off, then she rolled her eyes. With a grin, she leaned forward.

“You are dripping down my thigh.”

He blushed and grinned.

“Oh. Need me to clean it up?”

“Please? I don’t think that is a good thing to leave on the carpet of the church.”

They grinned and he looked around. She turned and then padded over to the pastor’s desk. He watched her for a moment, then locked the door to the office. Swaying her hips, she turned around and bent over the pastor’s desk. He chuckled and pulled out the handkerchief from his pocket. Grinning like a fool, he pushed up the back of her dress and exposed the naked legs underneath. White stockings rose up to her mid-thighs and he felt another surge.

He felt sad for a moment as he looked at her body, then ran his finger down the swollen folds of her sex, teasing them open and playing with the cum that puddled at her entrance. With a delicate dab, he cleaned up the worse of the mess.

“I’m going to miss this, pumpkin.”

Sarah looked over her shoulder.

“Why?”

“You are getting married.”

“So?” came the reply. He froze, two fingers half buried in her pussy.

“W-What do you mean?”

“Being married doesn’t mean I’m not your daughter.”

His cock answered with a surge and he felt the heat rising once more.

“You mean...?”

“I’m still going to visit. You have needs too, papa. It just won’t be every week or month. Just... occasional time between a father and a daughter. When life lets us.”

This time, the room did light up as he felt relief rising up. He caught tears in his eyes as he looked at her, then down her body. She followed his gaze, then nodded.

“Hurry.”

Jake fumbled with his pants until he managed to free his aching hardness. Behind him, he heard a knock at the door.

“Sarah! You better hurry up!”

Holding his cock with one hand, he aimed it at his daughter’s pussy. As casually as he could, he called out.

“We are having, um, a wardrobe malfunction.”

Sarah shook her head, then whispered, “other hole won’t drip as much”. He grinned as he lifted his slick head up to the tight sphincter of her asshole. She moaned and pushed back, lodging the tip into place.

“How long?” said someone from the other side.

Jake yelled back, “Five minutes!”

Then, he buried his cock into his daughter’s rectum with every fiber of his being. It slid in like it belong there, hot and slick and very tight.

He did lose something that day. He lost his favorite book. But, Jake also gained something far better than a book of fantasies: his daughter’s love.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

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