

ADULT ONLY LITERATURE

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Summary: An insight into the perverse side of juvenile hypno-therapy with 7yo Cassandra, and an introduction to masterful Doctor Pollock and one of his special clients

This is my first work published to ASSTR.ORG, and in some ways it's still a little rough around the edges. I'm very new to this, and so you'll please forgive any errors or oversights I may have made so far. I very much welcome any literary observations or criticism from other Authors here at ASSTR at any time.

There's no plain-text available of this story, since it's essential that some sections of the prose appear in italics; as is likely to be the case with most of my other forthcoming works.

The conclusion of this piece might seem a little abrupt, but this isn't the last we'll be seeing of Doctor Pollock (and friends) with this 'short' being the first in its series.

In the meanwhile, I'm slowly but surely working on a few other stories (and their relevant character profiles) in between my professional working life and other pastimes that both aren't related to writing fiction of any kind at all.

I hope you might enjoy this, and I look forward to feedback about the story from absolutely anyone!

Happy reading,

Oliver Twist.

http://www.asstr.org/~Oliver_Twist/

Sabine hadn't cum at all today as yet; she'd been rubbing and fingering throughout the day in between seamstress work and home chores, but was avoiding even a single orgasm. As usual during her masturbations, she would play with her 3-year-old daughter, Asya; and she knew that this pleased God.

Her father had taught her so as a child, and since he was no longer of this world, she continued to do so everyday not only out of love, pleasure and duty, but also in the spirit of cherished family tradition.

It was how to raise children properly and to love them fully after all; to teach them that sexual play was natural at any age, and to stimulate parents and other adults sexually until they too began to understand eroticism and have orgasms. She'd been taught that cumming was integral to feeling God's divine love and it was part of our appreciation of Him having made us all, and being alive.

Sabine herself had started being capable of juicing from 5 years old and orgasm from 6 years old with her late father. She missed him terribly and the life that had shared and enjoyed as lovers. Her mother had passed away when she was even younger, and she'd learnt that it was right to replace her in all marital functions.

Life had been generally hard for her in Latvia, being a simple rural town girl of 19 years without any other close family. She took what pleasures and comfort she could with being a single working mother and raising her daughter how she was raised herself. Simple things could mean a lot, and there hadn't been any real prospects in her life until an Englishman called Peter had dropped into their lives unexpectedly, earlier in the year.

He'd propositioned a romantic date with her and Asya, asking if she would consider him being boyfriend to mother and daughter alike. He was very kind and gentle, and tenderly french kissed them both the instance they were alone together after first meeting. Following a lavish day out of shopping and dining in the city at a restaurant that she never dreamed she would ever be seated at, they returned to his hotel that evening to have sex for first time.

Peter had so much to teach them both, and Sabine's heart was utterly won by his romantic intimacy coupled with such imaginative and virile sexuality. Over the next few days, she became completely delighted at the ways in which Peter wanted to raise Asya as both his daughter and lover, beyond her own late father's teachings. That first night with Peter was the first time that Asya had tasted a real man's sperm from inside her mother as one of many other new practices that greatly excited her and gave her an even larger appreciation of child and family sex.

She'd learnt that Peter was a hardworking man and that he was committed to a very rewarding professional life back home in England. He'd never been married, nor had he ever had any of his own children; this make her feel even luckier to be with him, and fuelled her passion to do all it would take to keep him in their lives. She wanted more than anything for him to be Asya's new and permanent father, and to love her daughter in all the ways that Sabine's father had once loved her.

She accepted that their always being together would be a matter of progression. He visited at least once a month in the meanwhile, and had generously ensured a much more comfortable life for her and Asya in capital city of Riga already, for which Sabine was also immeasurably grateful.

She'd be seeing him later today, although not in the flesh. Today was one of their special weekly days to enjoy each other via the computer, and she was building herself up for intense vaginal ejaculation of what Peter liked to call her 'cunt cream'; that he so much loved and promoted for all their pleasure.

Thursday afternoons were safe. Very safe. It was the least apprehensive time of the week for both Olivia and Cassandra.

Olivia was picking her daughter up from school early as usual. Following some initial adjustments, the routine had taken like clock-work, and had remained exactly the same for the past eight weeks. Mrs. Pritchard, the teacher of 'Amber Class', would have Cassandra

buttoned up with bag in hand and ready for her mother's collection never any later than 2pm every Thursday afternoon.

Cassandra's 'Hello Kitty' umbrella and somewhat matching wellies were on standby in the car today. Though the above grey murk had been threatening rain since dawn, it didn't seem that it was going to actually break, and for that she was thankful, since Thursdays were full of errands.

Leave work at precisely 13.15 no matter what the boss says... Drop cooking round at Jennifer's place en route to Broomfield Primary (not much time for chit-chat, but a quick catch-up and some speed-gossip nonetheless)... five minutes exactly for Mrs. Pritchard to debrief on the school day and any concerning conduct or observations relating to Cassandra... Out the gates, buckle back in, and off to Dr. Pollock's to arrive no later than 14.30 at his stylish townhouse office conversion.

Pleasantries would be exchanged, but there'd be no engaging in professional talk while in her daughter's presence; then she'd leave Cassandra with the doctor for the next hour and a half, during which time Olivia would perform her weekly groceries shopping at just the right spots in town before returning to collect her. She's always manage to fit in a treat afterwards at one of the local patisseries, ice-cream parlours or gourmet cafes.

Thursdays always started out so much better too; and to Olivia, this was a sure sign that progress was being made, and that Dr. Pollock was indeed as effective in his work as he himself, and many others claimed. All the way through from Wednesday evenings to Saturday mornings, there was never any bedwetting, any anxiety attacks, nor thumb-sucking; and Cassandra's general mood and conduct at school every Thursdays and Fridays was always the best that could be hoped for during any given term week.

Olivia was prone to believing that everything was her fault, but she also insisted on firmly believing that it would all be ok eventually. There was nothing she wouldn't do for her little girl, and if all her wages ended up going on the therapy sessions after all the usual monthly out-goings, then so be it.

Her only child would be right again, and her issues would be gone. Dr. Pollock was consistently assuring of this, and that his treatment would run its course to a very satisfactory result. He'd indicated that it might be anywhere from four to six months from first session. Olivia was inclined to believe him, based on her own

observations so far, and first-hand testimonials from other parents.

He was a good person, and he was the right choice professionally.

Seven-year-old Cassandra had developed immediate anxiety, emotional and insecurity problems since her father had left them to be with another woman. This event had somewhat broken her little world, and much that she'd taken for granted whilst growing up had seemingly vanished. She was no longer sure about anything, and in turn this was causing an array of psychological and behavioural problems.

Dr. Pollock was addressing all the issues steadily with a combination of juvenile-adaptive psychiatry and hypnotherapy; and nothing in the world made Cassandra feel more secure than Thursday afternoons.

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It had taken the first six weeks' sessions to successfully embed the trigger word into Cassandra's fragile sub-conscious mind through a series of progressive inductions and specific exercises. He'd had to invoke great depth of trance in order to do this, and also administer a special pharmaceutical concoction of his own devising each time to ensure long-term placement.

There was no longer any need for gradual induction into very deep hypnosis via all the usual methods; all that was needed was to say the word "nihilism" and she would be deeply under the spell in a state of pure relaxation and utter receptiveness; to not just suggestion, but also instruction. It was a word that would very unlikely be used by others in direct conversation with a 7-year-old girl, and her mother wasn't aware at all that instantaneous deep trance was being achieved with Cassandra in her weekly sessions.

In fact, there was a great deal that Olivia was blissfully unaware of that happened during her child's weekly therapies, which included cautiously perverse vaginal and anal rape.

"Tell me where you are now Cassy." Dr. Pollock's tone was soothing and monotonous, his verbal manner sweetly comforting yet firm, and his speech's volume and pace ever so consistent.

"I'm in the safe place Sir. I went down the stairs like you showed me and went through the magic door that takes me to the sand. I'm lying on the blanket on the beach now with my eyes closed again Sir."

Cassandra was lying comfortably on a luxuriously spacious velvet upholstered chaise lounge. The time was just approaching 14.45 which would give them a full hour for one of the doctor's speciality client services to be enacted. He'd been offering such services to very select and discreet paedophile singles and couples for over a decade now; and with each unique service came quite a hefty price tag which was always fully payable in advance.

The doctor's uncircumcised penis was hanging amply outside the zipper of his perfectly pleated trousers, which belonged to the ensemble of a very expensive and bespoke hand-tailored 3-piece suit. He would usually remain fully dressed minus the formal jacket during these sessions, unless other circumstances had been requested. Penis exposed or not, professionalism had to be maintained after all.

Every few minutes or so, he felt gently at the vein under his crown with the two middle fingers of his left hand; enough to stimulate mild sensation and keep enough blood flowing to maintain a meaty flaccidness, but not enough to become even semi-erect yet.

To one side of Cassandra's comfort was a high-definition camcorder mounted upon a sturdy tripod leering down and capturing her entire frame and surrounding area. A professional wireless webcam to be used by freehand was standing by on a glass side-table.

"You're feeling relaxed and safe; even more relaxed than the last time you were here, just as it happens each time you visit your safe place under my guidance. There's nothing at all to fear here, and you want to stay here as long as possible to get better. This is what you want isn't it Cassy?"

"Yes Sir. This is how I'm going to get better." She'd already removed her shoes before induction during the casually inviting catch-up interaction that the doctor engaged her with prior to the hypnosis beginning every week. Her lusciously silky brown hair was tied up in a pony and she remained clothed in her school uniform blouse and skirt for the moment. Her little cardigan and thick coat were hanging on a tasteful floor-stand outside his main office where the doctor's secretary would remain absent until the next morning.

"You will focus your listening only on the sound of my voice and ignore other sounds and voices while you're in the safe place. You can listen to the gentle waves of the water on the shore here at the beach, and the occasional soothing sounds of the seagulls basking in the radiant

sunshine above. But my voice is the only important thing to listen to. Do you understand Cassy?"

He took these next moments to switch on a desktop computer to which was connected a very large wall-mounted LCD screen. He then retrieved the freehand webcam to test the image on the screen by aiming the lens at her crotch and lifting her skirt gently to reveal 'Dora The Explorer' panties. He was smugly amused at the appropriateness of the choice of franchise undies this week.

"Yes Sir." Every muscle in her body was completely at ease, and her breathing deep and regular; mostly nasal, so that it allowed for pliant response to the doctor when needed.

I'll be with Daddy again soon.. he always comes to meet me in the safe place every week.. here at the beach, just like when we all went to Blackpool on a sunny summer's day for the family picnic.. and everything will be perfect again. We'll be together again today, and he'll tell me how much he loves me and wants to be with me... he'll show me too, just like the doctor says is right for my daddy to.

"It's such a warm day again at the beach, and the temperature is steadily increasing. It's time for you to feel completely free and forget about all the things that bother you. I want you to empty your mind of all thoughts apart from how happy you are to be here in the sunshine, and how much your father loves you."

The doctor gently tapped a crystal decanter containing water with the tip of a silver pen; and then again. As the chimes resonated clearly throughout the room, the doctor kept his gaze fixed on Cassandra for any reactions; of which there were none.

"Your father will be here again very soon Cassy, and you know how much he adores your naked body.. how much it pleases him. It's one of the reasons he comes back to you every week."

The doctor was becoming eager to see her bare chest; he loved flatness of child tits so much and was unconsciously rubbing his vein more than he should at this point. "Would you like to stand up and remove all your clothes before he gets here Cassy?"

"Would I?" Cassandra's tone remained completely placid, and she wasn't being sarcastic or temperamental; her current state of trance didn't allow for such things. At this depth, the doctor was addressing her sub-conscious mind directly and decision-making was a function of the conscious mind alone. There were only

instructions to be processed and executed, and the doctor had also conditioned her state to express desire and experience pleasure that she believed was all to her benefit and well-being. Having posed a conditional question was another sure test to ensure that the stage was set for abuse that she would never be consciously aware of having happened at any point in the future.

“Yes Cassy, you would.”

A mobile phone pinged softly somewhere upon his expansive oak desk, indicating a message received; but he didn't need to attend it to know that his client had just arrived. He crossed the large lush centrepiece rug slowly to unlock the door of the office, his exposed and growing penis swaying while walking. It was exactly 3pm.

“Ah, Peter.. Good afternoon to you, and just on time. The subject is getting undressed for you now. Do come in, and lock the door behind you please.”

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Sabine had long since finished housework for the day, and wouldn't be cooking until later in the evening. Her clitoris had been erect and poking out of her clean-shaven lips for some time, and although she had tried waiting until being with Peter, she'd already been rubbing and pressing it gently on Asya's beautiful little infant hole.

'Button-baby-fuck' is what Peter had taught her to call it, and only in an endearing fashion.

Asya's plump hairless sex was smothered in her mother's juices already, and Sabine was currently tending to moistening up her tiny nipples with her fluids to make them glisten; so Peter would immediately see that she was practicing his own habits with her child.

While she awaited the invitation to the video call with Peter at the computer they were both completely naked and Asya was comfortably perched on her mother's lap facing the screen also. Sabine dotingly spoke while applying her juices and kissing softly down onto the child's neck and head.

“We going to see Daddy in a minute my love.. he show us how it will look to fuck you properly when you a bit older. You must behave very good for Mummy and Daddy.. and make proud.. be good girl.. do everything we say ok baby..?” Sabine's fluency in English wasn't particularly sophisticated, but she managed well enough and continuously encouraged Asya to the best English she could muster too.

Asya interrupted the foreplay briefly by glancing back and upwards at her mother while giggling and remarked the word “fuck” out loud.

Sabine broke out into a gloriously loving smile, and her clitoris started to ache.

The computer began to ring.

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My daddy's here.. my daddy's here.. I can feel him.. it's good I took all my clothes off.. he likes me naked in the sun so much.. it makes him happy, and I wanna keep pleasing him so he comes back to the safe place every week. He's touching me all over again while I hold onto him.. this is what I want.. to be with him and feel loved by him.. I need to do anything he wants... anything... yes, he's feeling my body.. and he's kissing me now.. like grown-ups touch and kiss.. this is what I want.. this is what makes me better.

The doctor was holding the wireless camcorder in hand and aiming it his penis for the moment so that little Asya could see on the screen in Latvia. It was important at this point that they not see Peter french kissing Cassandra; Sabine would allow for intimate and sexual activity between him and other children, but not kissing. That would be crossing the line as a betrayal of their relationship.

While the doctor eased back his foreskin to reveal his moist leaking piss-slit for the camera, he was concurrently addressing Cassandra's induced state; “With each and every breath you take here in the safe place, you feel happier and loved even more. With each and every touch to your body, you feel desired and want to please and serve even more.”

Peter was leisurely feeling Cassandra's immaculately smooth undercarriage while she stood on tiptoes hugging him tightly. One hand held her slim waist and the other was cupped under one of her buttocks sufficiently for fingers to feel between both holes. Peter's tongue gently lapped inside the child's mouth whilst kissing. Teasing and sensuality was his usual way to begin with all paedophile sex.

Cassandra's eyes were still shut, and although she wasn't aware of it, there was a single tear of elation running down her left cheek. A literal state of bliss was being achieved, and the doctor could drive her experience to sheer ecstasy and even beyond. He gently nudged Peter to remind him that his eastern Europeans would be needing to see more than just a leaking penis

imminently, and so Peter slowly relinquished his oral embrace.

The doctor then laid down clean plastic sheeting over the chaise lounge and rug, and also neatly arranged a small assortment of items upon the nearby glass side-table.

“Cassy, it’s normal for a father to touch all over his daughters naked body sexually, and it’s perfectly normal that this to excite you. Each moment you feel excited, your body’s natural expression is for your vagina to become wet.. and you love this happening very much. Do you remember how you showed your us your wetness last week?”

Her breathing was heavier and her heart beating faster; tiny beads of sweat had formed all over her naked body from the apparent heat of the sun at the beach and from her heightened passions. Despite the plethora of wonderful sensations she was currently experiencing, her face remained quite peacefully emotionless. “Yes Sir.. I wanna display properly for my daddy.”

“Display *what* for your father Cassy..? What’s the word your father likes?” The doctor was pointing the camera to her slit now, which was already secreting much more than just beads of sweat and trickling slowly down the insides of her slim smooth legs.

“My cunt Sir. My wet child cunt hole.” She pronounced each word fully and clearly, pausing briefly between them as she’d been taught in a previous session.

The doctor was ever so pleased she recalled exactly the right words. Peter had in the meanwhile undressed, and was watching on the big screen as Sabine was delicately guiding Asya’s little fingers up and down her mother’s oozing sex. Peter could clearly see Sabine’s erect clitoris poking through the upper folds of her lips, and he felt a sudden pang of warm nostalgia.

Completely naked now, he approached the wireless keyboard and set it from the large oak desk to the nearer glass side-table and began to type. Regardless of the conditioning, it was safer to communicate this way so as to keep only the doctor’s voice prominent throughout Cassandra’s hypnotic state. His circumcised penis was fully erect measuring just shy of six inches.

- *SoddingBanker: hello my lovely. i hope you are both well?*
- *Littlerosebud: yes we fine and we miss u soooo much peter xxxoxo so happy to see you now like you promise. u come back next week yes?*

Sabine aimed her webcam close and towards Asya’s little slit keeping her hands free to type with very wet and sticky fingers.

- *SoddingBanker: yes i will, the flight is booked already. oh, her baby cunt looks so beautiful with all your juice. im so proud of you, and daddy misses you both very very much too. you did like i asked and you haven’t cum at all today yet? show us her hole.. i want the doctor to see*

Sabine used her fingers to gently pry open Asya’s lips wide enough for her tiny entrance to show properly, briefly rubbing a fingertip right on it then keeping it spread for a little while longer before typing again.

The doctor was transfixed momentarily, then resumed monitoring Cassandra as she lay back down on the covered chaise lounge, spread her legs wide and held onto both ankles by her hands, pulling them back to either side of her head to expose her sex properly. This was the doctor’s favourite posture out of several for ‘displaying’. He then loosely combined her wrists with her ankles using black velcro straps from the side-table.

- *Littlerosebud: yes daddy, no cum today yet. it hard but i do like you say. make me crazy but i want asya see you fuck inside cassy then i cum. mmmm her cunt very wet already. please put all cock inside her and show asya.. show our baby that pedo fuck is bewtiful. make her want it daddy*

The doctor was now fully erect at just over 8 inches and was contemplating how wonderful it would feel to press his leaking piss slit to Asya’s tiny entrance. He didn’t envy Peter that such a beautiful little creature was in his charge sexually; the doctor maintained frequent access to many very pretty girls of all ages under 9.

“When I count to three, you’ll open your eyes.. and you’ll see your father and me at the beach in the safe place with you. You are to keep on displaying for your father as you are now, until I tell you what to do next. As always, I am here to help you, and want to keep you feeling better. It’s impossible for you to feel any pain here and with us. There is only pleasure for you here Cassy.”

As the doctor lightly pressed and rubbed the head of his penis to her child nipples, Cassandra’s juices began to leak and flow freely from her exposed hairless lips down to her small puckered anus.

“With each and every touch to the inside and outside of your body, you will feel more pleasure. You will feel the

pleasure coursing from all the points in your body travelling to your cunt. From your head and chest, from your shoulders, arms and fingertips, from your legs and your toes.”

Sabine watched on her screen intently as the doctor then clenched rubber nipple-clamps on Cassandra, that tightly pinched the small distinguished pink of her undeveloped areolas. He allowed the clamps to stand in place and moved around gracefully to then point the camera at Cassandra’s leaking sex again.

“One.”

- *SoddingBanker: yes my love, im going to fuck her full for you and asya. all my cock. we need to show our baby how im going to make love to her eventually. and give her my sperm like i give it to her mummy*
- *Littlerosebud: oh you such good man peter xxxoxoxo and doctor so nice man to, god loves when man cum in child. i rub button on asya hole lots today.. my pussy hurt now need to cum much*
- *SoddingBanker: thats very pleasing baby.. just keep holding it a little longer. breathe deep and think about jesus. you know how much it will please him the harder you cum. ill be thinking about you both while im fucking cassy. show us properly. stand over asya and be ready to spill your cream all over her how we did before. daddy’s going to get his cock ready for cassy now, and well be watching you.*
- *Littlerosebud: yes daddy I do. i love you soooo much xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx*

The doctor began to use his free hand to collect Cassandra’s flowing juices all around the entrance of her anus and then slowly pushed his covered middle digit inside. It was a slow, but relentless push until all of his finger was inside her. She remained placid and calm.

At no point was he touching his penis any longer while maintaining his impressive erection. He positioned himself carefully so that drips of his precum could land on Cassandra’s flat tummy, and then he began the anal finger-fuck, always ensuring that the webcam was well positioned to capture the complete eroticism of events for Peter’s lovers.

With every touch and thrust of his finger, Cassandra’s brain produced fresh waves of erotic bliss and carnal gratification that pulsed through her entire being and flowed towards her vagina. All the while, the nipple-clamps weren’t registering any pain whatsoever, but instead maintaining a consistent foundation of pleasure

signals. Even if she was to be slapped in this state, her brain would only interpret absolute pleasure.

The doctor slowed the pace of his fingering momentarily and spoke softly, “Cassy, cum for us now.”

Immediately, her back arched and neck stiffened, ankles and wrists still clutched to either side of her head. Her eyelids flickered open and closed very rapidly, intermittently revealing only the whites of her eyes. Her body shuddered while she orgasmed deeply and the doctor kept her all in the frame for Sabine to witness the session’s first child orgasm. Peter knew that Sabine wanted this very much, showing clearly how much pleasure was in store for Asya as she grew older.

“Two”, he paused. “Each time you cum, it makes your father love you even more. After each time you cum, your overall level of pleasure reduces only a little, and you want for it to increase again by being touched more; inside and outside of your body. You will cum only whenever I tell you to.”

Under these conditions, as had already been achieved previously with Cassandra, he was able to invoke as many orgasms as he pleased at any frequency; her subconscious accepted his instructions, and in turn, willed her bodily functions to occur.

“Yes Sir. I have to cum a lot to please my daddy.” Tears of joy were streaking down both her cheeks since she could now feel her supposed ‘father’ touching her vagina too.

This is sooo right.. sooo good.. my daddy’s with me and touching my cunt.. the doctor always knows what’s best for me and he’s always right. I have to be fucked to get better, and kids who don’t get cock aren’t loved properly. I want him to let me cum when daddy’s inside me.. inside where babies are made.

Peter had since left the keyboard and was now standing with the doctor collecting up Cassandra’s fresh child cum-juice to masturbate all over his erect penis for Sabine to see. The doctor had relentlessly pushed a second finger into her asshole to begin priming it for his monster penis, since her vagina was too small for his size. And besides, the child’s vagina was always reserved exclusively for the client in these sessions unless otherwise requested. The anal finger-fucking recommenced.

Sabine had sat Asya in the chair at the computer in proper view of her webcam and was standing with one leg raised high with her foot balancing her upon one of chair armrests. She was spreading as wide would allow

for her current stance and was gently rubbing her erect clitoris and lips. Her slimy sex was already dripping down over her daughter's face and chest.

Asya was behaving very well and doing as instructed by her mother: keeping her little legs spread wide and smearing mummy's juices up and down her slit with her little fingers which had begun to form a white cream over her lips. Glancing at the big screen in the office in between their own perversions, both the doctor and Peter could tell that Asya had become nervous, knowing that she didn't much like what was to happen shortly with her mother.

The doctor removed both his fingers from Cassandra's anus slowly and pressed his engorged penis head and a further few inches inside immediately. He didn't begin to thrust, but as he began to speak again, he pushed forward slowly, little at a time to keep filling her with his length. "There's a group of many other girls here at the beach Cassy. They've come over to watch us from playing in the sand and at the shore. They're of different ages, but all children of your own age and younger. They want to be you. They're all jealous of how much your father loves you, and how much attention he gives you, and that he loves his daughter sexually as a child too. They've all removed their swimsuits and are rubbing their cunts as they watch us. They all want to be fucked like you, but they won't be. They all know they're not special like you. You're a very lucky girl Cassy, and they all know it."

Peter positioned himself with his soaked penis facing her Cassandra's mouth and the doctor counted out, "Three."

She opened her eyes and saw her real father naked next to her; all of his features were exactly as she remembered him each week. She could see that her wrists and ankles were bound together keeping her holes exposed properly in her display posture, and this pleased her because she knew it pleased her father. She could smell his penis soaked in her own juices and could see that it was very hard, the smooth rounded head tinged with hints of purple.

Glancing around slowly she could see the other girls of various ages and heights gathered around them, all naked in the radiant sunshine. Several were standing close by the doctor watching his penis push inside her asshole, and she could also see how right he was. They were rubbing themselves very hard wanting the same thing; wanting to be fucked. Others were behind and on either side of her, jealously looking at her father's penis. Some were as young as three or even two perhaps, and all of them wanted her father's penis inside them.

"Cassy, show them all how good you are at sucking your father's cock." The doctor's remaining length was etching forwards inside her asshole whilst being flooded with her leaking juices. "You may cum as soon as all of his cock is in your mouth."

No way theyre gonna have it.. his cock is mine.. im his daughter.. his only daughter.. it belongs in only my mouth, and my cunt.. im gonna show em all.. show em that im daddy's fuck girl.. daddy's cunt girl.. daddy's cocksucker.. and that he loves only me. Me.. MEEEEEE..

At the same time that Peter pushed his penis into her throat, the doctor forced the remainder of his entire length into Cassandra's asshole; her entire body began to spasm from an enormous orgasm while she coughed and choked with Peter's hard meat filling her mouth.

The doctor had been panning the camera from Peter's interaction with Cassandra to his own all the while, and Sabine just couldn't hold out any longer. The multi-layered orgasm hit her like a tidal wave, and she began to scream whilst spraying her daughter's face and entire body with gushes upon gushes of warm translucent woman-cum and other vaginal fluids.