

Disclaimer.

This is a fictional story, all characters and events are a figment of my imagination and have little to no base in reality. The story revolves around an intimate relationship between an adult male and an underage transsexual female and will grow more graphic as it progresses. If that sort of stuff offends you please stop reading now.

English is not my first language, therefore some spelling and punctuation errors are to be expected. I'm doing my best, but if you do find significant mistakes I would appreciate if you let me know so I can fix it.

I publish this story for free, if you were asked to pay for it you've been scammed.

Day 1 – Awakening.

Michael had a terrible day, he was just leaving the “who-gets-what” meeting with his soon to be ex-wife and her lawyers (being a lawyer himself he didn't bring any) and he didn't like the thought giving that bitch a penny.

They got married right after high-school being young and stupid. And by now, 11 years later, all they could see in each other were their faults. Michael felt cheated for having to pay Jen, who barely ever had a job, what could very well be half his assets. They didn't have any children since she didn't want any and at 28 she could easily start a new life – so yeah, he was angry.

He was just about to enter his car when he heard a girl cry for help. He looked up and could barely make out a group of teenagers gathered around someone in an alley next to the law office he was just leaving. He rushed over to witness a small girl who couldn't have been more than 16. Her black shirt was pulled halfway up and at least two buttons on her skinny jeans were open exposing just a hint of her pink panties. Michael immediately assumed the girl was about to get raped by the group of boys trying to undress her, she was crying her eyes out and yelling for help so he did what anyone in his position would do and pushed the first kid he saw touching her to the ground. They all stopped and took a few steps back.

“What the hell are you kids doing?!” he asked, surprised by his own action. “Listen mister, you don't understand...” one of them said. “This isn't what you think!” the one on the ground shouted as he was getting up. Michael turned his head to examine the girl's reaction for clues. This was the first time he gave her a good look: She had black hair, pale white skin and green eyes. She was short, thin and clearly going for that whole “emo look” young girls were going for these days but with one exception – her clothes were dirty, as if she was living in the street. Michael suspected she might have had some Slavic roots, probably Russian. She stopped crying by now and was looking back at him, her eyes full of shame. His first thought was how beautiful the girl was, almost angelic.

This was just the opportunity the boys needed to make a break for it. By the time Michael realized what was going on they were already running. Knowing better than to run after

underage boys, he took his phone out and started dialing 911 when the girl began to speak, "Please don't... They just wanted to see it." she was now sitting on the dirty floor staring at the ground. "Huh? See what?" Michael asked, confused.

There was a long silence.

"I'm not really a girl mister, I'm a boy," she said, starting to cry again, this time in silence. Suddenly Michael understood what was going on, everything made sense now. In his defense, there was no way he could have ever figured out she was anything other than an ordinary teenage girl hadn't she told him so. This wasn't a rape, this was kids being mean. Michael's parental instincts kicked in and he knelt down next to her. Not wanting to leave her like this.

"Where do you live?" he asked, already suspecting she was homeless. "The shelter," she said, calming down a little after confirming he didn't seem to care about her not being a real girl. He knew that place. It was almost like an orphanage but without any real educational or guidance structure. This place was meant to be a temporary solution (they didn't even have private showers) for older teenagers where they can get a free bed and dinner for a couple of days while they pick themselves up. And, it was generally for boys only. Michael assumed that is how the boys knew about her secret.

"That is no place for a cute girl like you," he said, smiling, trying to cheer her up and accidentally flirting with her. She smiled back at him for the first time. Her head was now resting on her knees as she was sitting with her legs folded to her chest, as if hiding from the world.

"Tell you what, why don't we go by the shelter, get your things and come to my house for dinner. You could clean yourself up, get a good night sleep and in the morning I will make some calls and try to find you a better place to stay than that awful shelter. I promise that if you feel uncomfortable at any point I will take you back there, no questions asked. What do you say?" he did his best to sound supportive and didn't want her to get the wrong idea about what this was. She was, after all, a teenager talking to a fully grown man.

He could read her thinking about this with caution. This girl was clearly taken advantage of before. She cycled through all the options in her head and decided that whatever this man's intentions were, it was better accepting his offer than facing these boys again. Her process was transparent, Michael thought it was cute.

"OK," she said, "Thanks."

"My name is Michael, what's yours?"

"Alex."

He helped her up as they walked to his car.

By the time they arrived at Michael's house, Alex had completely calmed down and was now much more responsive to questions. In the short drive he learned that she was now 15 years

old and her parents kicked her out of her home when she confronted them about wanting to be a girl a few months back, she was since living in random shelters. He also learned that she was from another city and hitched a ride here so calling her parents was not an option, not that he was ever going to take her back to these monsters, he thought. He also told her a little about himself trying to break the ice. He told her that he was going through a divorce and what he did for a living.

He opened the door and she walked inside first. "Wow, you live here, alone? This house is huge!" she asked, her eyes examining the living space. "Well I wasn't always living here alone!" he answered, still laughing from her complete lack of self-awareness. "Why don't I get working on dinner and you take a shower? There are some fresh towels in the bathroom closet." She nodded her head, trusting him enough by now to turn her back on him.

Michael was just putting the plates on the table as Alex walked out of the shower. He glanced up and couldn't believe it, she was even more beautiful now that she was clean and her hair was no longer collected back in a ponytail. She was wearing an adorable "Hello Kitty" tank top and matching sweatpants, probably what she used as pajamas. He noticed she was there for at least 40 minutes and figured she needed it, who knows when the last time she had a private shower was. Actually, he was just about to find out. "God I needed that, feels like forever since I had a hot shower," she said, again, showing no reserve.

They had dinner, by now completely acting as themselves after the tension was (almost) gone. Alex asked him why were he and his wife getting a divorce and he explained that she was too much of a handful, too selfish for his taste, and that he wanted kids and she didn't. They then made some small talk about the house and the food. When they were done Alex got up before Michael and started clearing the dishes and washing them. He looked at her, for a moment remembering how it was to have another person in the house. She was charming, no question about it.

After dinner they watched some TV, relatively strangers they sat on the opposite sides of the couch. After no more than 15 minutes Michael realized Alex was asleep. He wasn't at all surprised as she had a very eventful day. In fact, he did too and was tired as well. He stood up, and after careful consideration reached out and picked her up in his hands. She was so petite, he thought, what kind of parents would kick such a fragile creature out of their own home? Their own child! He took her to the guest room, laid her down on the bed and tucked her in a warm blanket. As he was leaving the room he heard her mumble out in her sleep, "Good night daddy." His heart melted.

Day 2 – Taking the bait.

Michael woke up to the smell of cooking. For a moment he thought it was his wife making him breakfast and it took a few more moments for reality to set in. For some reason, he wasn't disappointed. "Good morning Alex," he said, walking in the kitchen. "Good morning sir, did you

sleep well?" she asked, smiling back at him. He noticed her cute butt as she was trying to get the salt from the top shelf. "Huh... Yes I did, you?" he asked back, trying not to think about lusting over a 15 year old girl. In his mind he didn't even register she was actually a boy. "Yeah, your bed is comfy, I felt like a princess," she said, running all over the place, barely handling the task of making some eggs. He waited a minute or two until she was done as she handed him a plate.

"Alex sit with me for a moment," he said, she was already starting to clean the dishes, clearly making an effort to leave a good impression. She stopped and sat down, half-knowing what he was going to say, "Yesterday, after you fell asleep I made a call to a friend of mine who specializes in situations like yours." She looked at him and he thought he recognized a bit of anxiety in her features, but continued, "there's a girl's shelter not far from town, it is much better than the one you told me about yesterday. He pulled some strings and got you a spot there. They will help you much better than I can and will find you a home with good people until you are old enough to get a job and live independently. Does that sounds good?" Michael asked, trying his best not to sound like he was trying to get rid of her. She thought about it for a second, clearly disturbed as her eyes were beginning to get shiny like she is about to cry. "Yeah I guess, that sounds great," She lied. "Thank you so much for everything you have done for me," she said, forcing a smile back at him. This made him feel bad, like he was betraying her, but he knew he had no choice. Alex went back to finish cleaning the dishes as he left to take a shower.

When he got back, now dressed in a suit, she was sitting on the couch watching TV, she looked like she was crying again. He said to her, "Thank you for breakfast Alex, it was great. I didn't have anyone cook for me in a while. I'm leaving for work soon but I've arranged so that my friend come by later and pick you up to go to the new shelter. Here is my phone number, contact me if you need anything else or just want to talk." He gave her his business card, not sure if he used the right tone with her. With that, they exchanged their good byes and Michael left for work.

Work was uneventful. It was the beginning of winter and all everyone was talking about was the cold. Michael stared at his watch, waiting for the day to end so he could get home and out of this boredom. Suddenly he remembered Alex was supposed to be leaving his house right about now. He called back to his house and there was no answer so he assumed all went well. After hanging up he felt disappointed, for some reason he really wanted to hear her voice again.

It was evening now, and Michael was just pulling into his driveway and opened the door to what he believed was an empty house. "You're home!" Alex said, jumping on him and hugging him. He was too confused to respond. She begin talking, "I've made you some dinner, sit down. I've also cleaned the house, the place was a mess and..." Michael interrupted her, "Alex, stop." She paused and looked at him, no expression on her face. "Why are you still here? Didn't Kevin come by to pick you up?" he asked. Alex lowered her gaze, saying nothing. "Alex, look at me!" he said, trying to sound angry, but he wasn't, he was worried. "He did come by, he took me

there but after he dropped me off I hitched back here, I'm sorry," she finally explained, clearly ashamed of her actions.

"Why did you do that?! He and I made a lot of effort to get you that spot," Michael caught her by surprise, she never heard him talk to her like that, like a parent. "I don't want to go there, the girls are as bad as the boys. They make fun of me behind my back and are mean to me," she started crying again, it seemed to Michael like in the short day they have known each other he saw her cry more often than not.

"Listen Alex, you can't just stay here. I'm sorry too but this isn't the right place for you and not the right time for me. I didn't mean for you to get the impression this was a permanent arrangement," he was calmer now, his heart giving away again, "look, you already made us this wonderful dinner which is getting cold. It would be a shame to waste it, why don't you stay here for one more night and we'll forget this ever happened. And in the morning I will take you to the shelter myself on my way to work, OK?" he looked at her again, trying to read her intents from behind her tears.

She just went towards him and gave him a hug, not saying anything. They were both still standing and her head was pressed against his stomach facing the side. He held her head, hoping this won't happen again tomorrow. He has seen this kind of behavior in his line of work. A victim gets dependent on his or hers rescuer, like a doctor, a firefighter or a police officer and refuse to let go. This can sometimes, in the most extreme cases, be misinterpreted by the victim as love. Michael was starting to doubt whether or not he himself is experiencing the other side of this, the White Knight Syndrome.

They ate their dinner, making small talk but clearly not as comfortable as last time with each other. Alex was understandably ashamed of her actions. Michael learned by now that she was a smart girl. She just had a moment of weakness, or at least so he thought. After dinner he helped her with the dishes and decided it would be better for them both if they just went to sleep and not get any more attached to each other. They exchanged their good nights and entered their separate rooms.

Michael was just falling asleep when Alex carefully opened his door and went in his room. She was now wearing nothing but her tank top and some boy shorts. She climbed in his bed and pushed her back towards him, trying to make him spoon her. "Hmmm... You smell nice Jen," he said, obviously asleep. Alex smiled, she felt safe. Unfortunately for her this didn't last, it was ultimately her small frame that gave her away. Michael snapped out of it, "Alex?? What the hell?!" She answered by trying to get her small hand inside his pants. "No! We can't do this!" he insisted.

"Why not? You don't think I'm pretty?" she said. He couldn't see much in the dark but assumed her eyes were beginning to develop that familiar shine. "Alex, you know that it has nothing to do with it, it is just that you are... well... errmm..." he was lost for words, she turned around and said, "A boy? Is that it? You don't like me because I'm a boy?" It was now clear she was crying,

again. She was just about to get off the bed to run out in shame as he grabbed her hand forcefully. "I was going to say UNDERAGED. I'm sorry. I really do think you are one of the prettiest girls I've even seen. But you are also 15, and I'm 28," he was slowly pulling her back in bed, not even realizing it, "and not only is it illegal for us to have... hmmm... any kind of intimate relationship. I also feel like I would be taking advantage of you, do you understand what I mean? Put yourself in my position." By now she has had wrapped herself in his arm and rested her head on his bare chest, pulling the covers back up on them, trying to make it harder for him to push her away. Michael was starting to get aware of the fact that his hand was somehow wrapped around a teenage transsexual and his palm resting on her perfect butt. There was nothing he could've done to gather the will and strength to separate her from himself. He needed this almost as much as she did. He waited for her answer. "You really think I'm pretty?" she finally said, he could almost hear her smile of victory. "Of course I do, baby girl," he said, kissing her forehead. "Please don't make me go back to another shelter, I'm afraid, daddy. I'll be good, I promise," she was using that word again. That word made Michael decide he couldn't ever again send her to a public home, no matter what happens between them. They soon fell asleep like this, holding each other tightly.

Day 3 – Sealing the deal.

Michael woke up to the feeling of a mouth on his cock. A small mouth to be exact. This time he wasn't, even for a second, imagining it was his soon to be ex-wife. This time he knew who it was and trying to protest by holding Alex's head in place and slowly pulling it up. She responded by gazing at his eyes while forcing his entire 7 inches down her throat and using her tongue to stimulate the base of his cock. This was enough to make anyone throw their convictions out the window. "Oh my god, this is amazing," Michael said. She was using her hand to massage his balls gently, slowly getting her mouth up and down the shaft, stopping once in a while to lick some pre-cum from the tip with her tongue. "Where did you learn to do that?" he asked, regretting it instantly. Luckily, she was too busy to answer him. Alex was going faster now, she wanted him to cum. She wanted to make him happy. "I'm cumming Alex!" he said, expecting her to let go. Instead, she made eye contact again and took the entire length, holding it there. She couldn't feel the jets of cum injected directly into her stomach but she could feel his cock pulsating for what felt to them both like a minute. After she was sure he was done she let go, swallowing again to make sure she got all the cum and her spit and whispered to Michael, "Good morning, daddy. Did you like that?" She knew how good she was. Michael was just looking at her, this time it was he who couldn't respond. Eventually he managed to say, "This was... The best blowjob I've ever had." Alex got up to snuggle back with him. For a second Michael caught a glimpse of a damp spot in her boy shorts, she was horny as well. Now he was sure she didn't do it to take advantage of him.

After a few minutes of just lying in each other's arms Michael broke free and picked up the phone. He scrolled through the numbers and clicked on "dial". Alex just looked at him, puzzled. "Hello, Tracy. Listen, I won't be coming in this morning. I'm pretty sure I've caught that virus

that has been going around. I can't even get out of bed," he said, winking at Alex. She tried not to laugh as he covered her mouth with this hand. The voice on the other side of the line wished him well and hung up. Michael put the phone back on the night stand and faced Alex. She was laying on her back smiling in anticipation as he climbed on top, wrapping her torso with his arm. "Well, looks like we have the day to ourselves," he said, kissing her stomach where her top trailed up a bit above her belly button. She laughed. As he was going for her panties she stopped him and said, "Stay here, I will make you some breakfast so you will feel better." she joked and got up, her jiggling butt barely escaping his grasp. At first he thought she was trying to tease him, but that wasn't the case, as he will later find out.

Michael stayed there for a while reflecting on the events of the 2 days leading up to this. He gave some thought to the logistics of what they were doing, they had to be smart about this as it was not only illegal, but a bad idea during a divorce settlement. Eventually he got up to pee and walked into the kitchen. Alex was facing away from him so he sneaked up behind her, startling her as he held her close, his now re-hardening cock touching her just above her ass as he crouched down a little bit to kiss her neck and said, "You should've stayed in bed, I wasn't done yet." She turned around, pushed him gently to the chair and sat on his lap. She held her mouth up and kissed him deeply, exploring his mouth for the first time.

She then got up and sat next to him, both eating their breakfast. Michael broke the silence, "Listen Alex..." She had that worried look on her face again, but he hurried to calm her down, "I'm glad this is happening, I really am, but we are going to need to set some rules to protect us both." She understood. "First of all, I want you to know I won't send you to any kind of public housing. I understand now that your... Unique situation is unfitting for a shelter. I'm saying so because I don't want you to feel like you need to errmmm... Be with me in exchange for anything, you can just stay here for a while in your own room should you choose so," Michael was out of his comfort zone with this statement, it made him feel old and lawyer-y. "What are you talking about, daddy? I want to be with you where I belong. No one has ever cared for me like you did and no one has ever accepted me like you do. I like how you can make me laugh and I think your wife is stupid for not fighting to keep you like I would. I promise I will be good and make you proud," with that she kissed him again, hoping that convinced him her feelings were real. It did. "I'm glad to hear you say that," he said, after somehow breaking the kiss. "Now that I got this out of the way we can talk about the more serious stuff."

They finally started eating. During the meal Michael explained to Alex the importance of keeping their relationship a secret, at least until they figured out a better solution. She seemed fine with it and he trusted her to keep them both safe from the public. After they were done Michael said, "Well, enough with your teasing," he got up and grabbed her by force, picking her up and heading up the stairs to the bedroom with a giggling Alex on his shoulder.

He threw her on the bed and took her tank top out like you would a child's. He now saw her tiny nipples for the first time. She had small hormone tits surrounded by just enough baby fat for her chest to look adorable and she was as feminine as they come, her body shaped like that

of a supermodel. He began licking around her nipples and kissing them with passion as she moaned, again making a visible wet spot in her panties. "Well, seems like my little girl is as hot as daddy," he said, reaching again for her panties. She stopped him. "No!" she said, scared. "I'm sorry baby, I just thought that after this morning you feel comfortable around me. We can take it slower if you want," he said, lovingly. "No, it's not that daddy... It's just... My 'Thingy' ... I want to be a girl for you," she tried to explain, sounding completely vulnerable.

Now he understood what the problem was, she was still not a 100% convinced he wouldn't see she has a penis and snap out of the fantasy. He withdrew his hand immediately, gently picked her up from the hips and sat her down on his lap facing him, making sure their faces were on the same level, his hand resting on her lower back. Alex was hugging his neck as he whispered in her ear, "Listen, baby, I may know you for only 2 days by now, but I already know what it is that expects me down there. I admit that I'm not gay, and don't care much for your... 'Thingy'. I'm not even planning on touching it, what I'm interested in is *THIS*." As he said it, he quickly pushed his index finger into her panties from behind and into her asshole up to the first knuckle. She jumped slightly and moaned as she tightened her grip around his neck, surprised by his sudden aggressiveness. She liked it! It was important for him to make her feel as girly as possible which was fine as he had absolutely no interest in her penis. He, too, wanted to treat her exclusively as a girl. "I never did that before," she said, anxious, "not even a finger, you are my first". This made Michael happy and relaxed, he was afraid to bring up the whole "protection" issue (she clearly had, after all, at least some sexual history.) and now that he knew she was a virgin, he didn't need to worry about it. He decided to try again, "Alex, I'm taking your panties off." She nodded, her eyes closed.

He took his finger out and slide the panties down with a single movement, a clear string of pre-cum becoming visible. He laid her back in the bed and started kissing her stomach, legs, and around her "Thingy" (this was what they were going to call it from now on), carefully avoiding the small hairless member. Even erect it was no more than 3 inches long, in fact it seemed to him just as girly as the rest of her. He did it until it assured her he was fine with her, all of her.

She never felt safe in her life despite the fact this this well hung man was probably minutes away from having his way with her virgin asshole. He got up and got some lube from the nightstand. That's right, he was no stranger to anal sex with his wife, in fact, he preferred it. She hated it and she hated his unlimited sex drive. This was one of the reasons they grew apart. He picked Alex up and put her down straddling his crotch and facing him. He took some of the lube from the jar and started massaging her asshole. Occasionally sticking a finger inside for no more than an inch. It was tight, really tight. Michael knew he was going to need to be extra careful with her. Alex was in a complete haze by the new sensations and didn't open her eyes ever since he took off her panties. "Are you ready, baby girl?" he said, again kissing her nipples. "Huh Huh," was all she was capable of replying. Her thingy now pointing up and leaking pre-cum like a faucet. As an experiment, Michael scooped some of it with his finger and brought it up to her

mouth. She immediately sucked it clean. She knew what it was, and had obviously done this before.

It was time, Michael positioned himself to the opening of the hottest ass he has ever seen and pushed the tip inside. "Aweeee, it hurts, daddy!" She yelled, now opening her eyes to look at him for support, her big green eyes full of distress. "I know baby, it takes some time to get used to it. We will take it slow at first," he comforted her, really not wanting to hurt her. She replied by kissing him while forcing herself down on his shaft using her body weight. She wanted her daddy to feel good, even if it means pain. She took about a third of his huge cock already. "You are doing it baby, daddy is proud," he said, breathing hard. Alex was smiling with tears of pain and happiness in her eyes. Michael decided that a third of his length is enough for now and started taking it out and back in slowly, fucking her for the first time in her life. Alex held her little hands tightly around his neck. Pain slowly subsiding and replaced with pleasure. It wasn't only a physical pleasure - she was happy to be serving her womanly duties for her man. Michael was in heaven. He never experienced such a tight hole before, and such a willing partner.

Suddenly something happened that neither of them knew was possible. Alex opened her eyes, pushed him on his back while going up and down on his wonderful dick and said, "I'm cumming daddy!" She then stopped moving and brought her hand to her thingy just as sperm was shooting out of her, catching it all, just barely, missing some small drops that hit Michael's chest. Alex then looked back into Michael's surprised face with her hand pooling her huge white load. She wanted to do something, but was afraid it will disgust him. Then she remembered him feeding her her pre-cum just minutes earlier, that was enough to re-assure her as she brought the hand to her mouth and with a perverted smile started lapping at her own cum, making slurping noises as she greedily swallowed her own entire load like it was the best thing in the world. After her hand was completely clean she licked her fingers and even scooped the small drops of cum off Michael's chest and put them in her mouth. Michael was amazed.

"This was the hottest thing I've ever seen," he said. Alex giggled, blushing. "I love milk (her word for 'cum')," she said, "even my own". Michael stared at the sexual being in front of him. Everything about her screamed sex yet somehow she looked so innocent. He wasn't sure if he should treat her as a daughter or as a girlfriend, and decided that being dominant with her was a good middle ground. He finally said to her, "From now on Alex, every time you cum I want you to eat it. Even when I'm not around. Think you can do it for me?" She giggled again, "I already do, and I never let any milk go to waste." This was already too much for him. He sat back up, his cock already slid up her ass to the middle during all the excitement as he started fucking her again, this time with savage lust. She kissed him again as he grunted and delivered the payload in her warm butt. She collapsed on top of him as they fell asleep together, his cock softening inside her.

Michael woke up before Alex, feeling her chest rising and listening to her short breaths. So many people in her life have disappointed her along the way. He swore to himself he will not be

one of them. It was only noon. I took a quick scan around the room and saw her suitcase. So small, she couldn't have more than 3-4 outfits in there. Time to go shopping. "Alex, wake up," he whispered. "Hmmm" She looked at him, confused, and yawned slowly. "How cute," he thought. "Alex would you like to get some new clothes?" he asked. Her face lit up, but then she said, "I don't have any money." She was naive enough to think he didn't know that already. "Don't worry, I'm buying. The more I spend on you the less my she-devil of an ex-wife has to take from me." Alex became vivid again. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" she cheered, jumping up, finally disconnecting them from each other. This was clearly as important to her. They went into the shower in turns and got dressed.

They drove to a large mall over an hour away, he preferred to avoid anyone who might recognize them. Besides, the drive was a good opportunity to chat a little, there was still much he didn't know about her. "Tell me about you parents," he probed, unsure of how comfortable she will be talking about them. "Not much to tell," she answered, nonchalantly, "I was raised by a single mother as my real father left when I was 9. A few years ago she met that foul man who used to force me to suck his dirty dick when she wasn't home. One day, my mother caught us. He told her that he was drunk and her faggot son was taking advantage of him when he passed out." Michael looked at her, concerned by the way in which she told the story. "Did she believe him?" he asked. "I think she wanted to believe him. She preferred to kick her faggot son out instead of her sugar daddy." Michael could sense some anger and let down in her voice and quickly changed the subject, "So what do you think about getting today?" Without needing to think about it, she said, "I need some new jeans, some socks, t-shirts and maybe a jacket for the winter." She looked back at him to examine his reaction. "Oh, I see," Michael said, clearly disappointed. "and maybe some thongs, bras, new boy shorts and sexy lingerie. I like Pink and Black," she continued. "That is more like it, good girl!" he said, both laughing, "Now remember, Alex. I could go to jail for this. So if anyone asks, you are my real biological daughter and we don't have any type of intimate relationship. Got it?" Alex grabbed his cock through his jeans and kissed his neck. "I am your real *KISS* daughter and we *KISS* don't have an intimate *KISS* relationship," she said, teasing.

Alex bought more clothes than they could carry, in fact they had to make 2 trips to the car. She didn't act like a spoiled brat about it. Every item she picked was after careful consideration and request for permission, "Daddy, can I get this, please?" He didn't mind. She didn't have an expensive taste and her value for money was greater than his was. He gave the lady in the lingerie store a large tip to keep an eye out for Alex and help her try on and pick some stuff for her new boyfriend while he went to a sex shop nearby. The lady didn't seem to think twice about it. Before they left Alex noticed a bag in his hand. "What is it?" she asked, while trying to look inside. "A surprise, I will show you at home," he answered, as they got into the car.

It was getting dark by now and the roads were almost empty. Alex looked over at her new daddy, driving and searching for a good station on the radio. "Daddy?" she asked. He looked back at her, still not used to that nickname. "Yes, Baby girl?" he responded. "Can I suck your

huge cock and swallow your yummy milk again?" This caught him by surprise and he almost lost control of the car. "We are 30 minutes away from home, can't you wait?" he asked, smiling again. "I don't think so," she said. "Good, me neither!" he stated as he began to lean back a little. She quickly hurried over, unzipped his fly and put her head on his lap, smelling his manliness while using her tiny hands to break his cock free. She was wearing one of the short schoolgirl miniskirts she just got from the store and the bottom of her ass cheek was showing along with a pink thong. He used his left hand to hold the steering wheel and the right one to smack and play with her bubble butt just as she managed to get the tip of his cock in her mouth, both signing with pleasure. She made slurping noises on purpose as she slid up and down the shaft, sometimes stopping to give it a loving kiss. Every time a car went by he pushed her head down, forcing her to deep throat him. After each time she gasped for air.

Michael could feel his orgasm rising. This time he didn't want to ejaculate down her throat, he wanted her to taste it. "Alex, baby, I'm going to cum. I want you to collect it in your mouth and show it to me," he instructed. She made a confirmation noise as she pulled the cock most of the way out. He came hard, feeling her underage mouth vacuuming it out as fast as possible, jet after jet of boiling milk. He was spent. She then sat back up next to him and closed his fly. He looked at her, her cheeks swollen. "Show it to me," he ordered. She opened her mouth making sure none of it spilled out. Her mouth was full, Michael didn't remember ever cumming so much, not to mention after already cumming 2 times that day. "Swallow daddy's milk, baby," he permitted. She made a gulping noise and opened her mouth for his inspection. "Good girl!" he said, as he was pulling in the driveway.

They took all the bags out of the car. "Want some help with dinner?" Alex asked. "No. Come with me," he said as he took her to the bedroom and showed her an empty closet the used be Jen's closet, "I want you to organize your stuff in here, this is now your closet." She hugged him, her teenage mind understanding the meaning of this. She was here to stay. And she was replacing Jen, his ex-wife. "I've never had my own closet before," she said, tears building up again. This girl had a crappy life. Michael worked on dinner as he heard her organizing the room. She was humming some song in the background and he felt like the house was alive again. Up until 3 days ago he believed his life ended because of the divorce, but since then he didn't give it a second thought.

They ate as they discussed the day's events. She never had a shopping day nor new clothes. Everything she had before was passed down from her big brothers and sisters. She asked him again about the "surprise" and he told her to be patient. "Do you feel safe?" he asked her, out of the blue. "What?" she asked, surprised. "Do you feel safe around me, do you trust me, Alex?" he elaborated. She put her fork down and thought for a moment. "I trust you completely, I'm yours to do as you please. I know you won't ever hurt me," she said, it sounded like she had given it some thought even before he asked her that. "How do you know?" he asked again. "I just do."

After dinner they turned on the TV as she laid with her head in his lap looking at the screen. He wanted her to watch the news with him, he wanted her to keep some bounds with reality. They talked about everything that was on TV and exchanged their opinions about it. Amazing how sometimes she acted completely like an adult and sometimes like a little girl. Alex was doing it on purpose. She was now still wearing the sexy skirt and tank top. He removed the skirt and sat her up.

“Wait here,” he said. Rushing to his room and returning with the small pink bag. Alex’s eyes widened as she waited in anticipation to see what the big secret was. He opened it and took out a small metallic butt plug with a jewel in the base of it. She thought it was beautiful but didn’t know what it was. “Do you know what that is?” he asked her. She nodded her head no, slightly ashamed for not knowing. He explained, “That is called a butt plug. You use it to... Plug your butt.” She laughed, “But why?” she asked. “Well, there are a few reasons. It will feel good and get your cute delicious little butt accustomed to penetration so that daddy could fuck you like a big girl,” he said, making her smile with pride. “and also, seeing you walk around with it will get daddy unbelievably horny. Do you like it?” She jumped at him, kissing him on the cheek and grabbing it from his hand. “Can I wear it now?” She asked, ecstatic. Michael couldn’t help but laugh at her choice of words, as if this was just a simple, modest, accessory. “Of course you can, bend over my lap,” he instructed, sitting down.

She smiled and did as he asked. He then pulled the panties to the side and applied some lube to her butthole, feeling her thingy get hard and rubbing against his leg. Michael then proceeded to gently push the plug in. She cooed and moaned until only the jewel part was visible. “Perfect fit,” he said, “how does it feel?” She got up and took a few steps. “It feels awesome, I could wear it all day,” she said, unaware of her lover’s intentions. “Well baby,” he said, “I want you to wear it at all times. Unless you are in the bathroom or shower, and unless I remove it myself of course.” She turned to him. She liked to be told what to do. And again, the wet spot was growing on the pink thong. “I will wear it for you daddy. It makes me feel pretty, like I feel when I drink man-milk,” she said, with a sexy voice. That was enough teasing for Michael as he pulled her closer. She was standing and he was sitting on the couch. They kissed, her hands wrapped around his neck. “Do you want to feel pretty right now?” he asked. It took her a few moments to get the joke as he pushed her panties to the side and ran his finger across her thingy, collecting the gooey clear pre-cum, holding it between them as she pushed her tongue out and leaned forward to put his finger in her mouth. Michael was now convinced she really liked the taste of cum, and it wasn’t just for show.

He proceeded to turn her around and forcing her down on all fours. He stopped to appreciate the sight before him as she giggled in the background. The most perfect ass in the world was standing proud in front of him and it was for him and him alone. The butt plug was shining and reflecting the room’s light as he pulled it out slowly. “Do you know what daddy is going to do now?” he asked, simply wanted to hear it coming from Alex’s childish voice. “Daddy is going to rape his little girl in the b.....bbutttt,” she didn’t have a chance to finish the sentence and he was

already inside, he was like a man possessed. Michael pistoned in and out of her tight hole like it was a pussy. Alex couldn't help but squeal in pain and pleasure. "Here, this will help," he said as he pushed his hand forward and put the butt plug in her mouth like it was a pacifier. She immediately got quiet as she suckled on the plug, tasting her ass juices. This went on for quite a while when he noticed Alex was jerking her small penis like a boy, with a visible string of pre-cum stretching all the way to the floor.

"No!" he said, slapping her hand away. She turned her head back for explanation, their sweaty faces exchanging looks. "You are no longer allowed to rub your thingy without permission. And don't bother asking for one. Real girls can orgasm from penetration," he explained. She understood, smiled, and nodded her head in acknowledgement, "I'm sorry daddy, I will never play with it again." His dominance again did the trick and after a few seconds she said, "I'm going to cum again daddy!" She was just about to put her hand under her thingy to catch the cum when Michael replaced it with an empty glass that happened to be there next to him. She felt it, put her hand back on the floor, arched her back as she began to come like a fire hose, moaning like a bitch in heat as he was rocking her. Seeing his perfect little girl cumming like a whore put him over the edge as he came, his fourth orgasm today, deep in his princess's hungry asshole. She got up, shaking, her knees bruised a little and sat next to him on the couch, her head resting on his shoulder.

"That was the best one yet," she finally broke the silence. "Oh yes," he agreed, "Did you like the taste of your own asshole?" She smiled at his obscenity and answered, "Yes, it was delicious. In fact, I have an idea." She got up and crouched above the glass, soon after cum began drizzling from her ass into the glass, mixing with her cum. "I've seen it in porn once. My step-dad had a huge collection," she said, feeling mature. The stream was now almost gone as she picked the glass up and on the floor in front of her daddy, who was still fighting to catch his breath. The glass was almost a quarter full. That was a lot of cum for 2 loads. "Can I drink our new cocktail, daddy? Pretty pleeeassseeee?" she asked, forcing an even younger voice. Michael couldn't believe it. She was as perverted as he was, if not more so. "Only because you asked so nicely baby," he said. Alex put the glass above her lips and drank it all down without hesitation, she then proceeded to scoop the last droplet of cum from her still hard girl-stick with her finger and licking it clean. "A glass of milk before bed is good for little girls like me," she concluded. With that, they went to bed, the last thing Michael saw before falling sound asleep was his little girl keeping her promise by pushing the plug back in her perfectly sculpted ass and climbing in bed next to him, her head resting on his chest.