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**Queen Nymph**by Sub DaddyStory Codes (Mgg, 1st, nc, pedo, reluc, mc, inc, tort)

Under the most stressful situations people will modify their most sacred principles. I am sure you have heard someone say;

"I would never do this or that, objectionable thing." Or, maybe;

"Nothing could make me betray my principles.”

I too am one of “those” people. Loyal and unbreakable! At least I thought I was. What I did find out about myself and I suppose it follows everyone else, that there “is” a point where you will submit to whatever is imposed or commanded, in order to persevere, compromised or not.

The question arises once you find you’re able to endure the physical pain.

“Will I be capable of resisting the psychological manipulation also known as brainwashing?” That resolve my friend is a whole different realization.

So with this said let me relate to you the tale of personal failure and sacrifice. Well more the sacrifice of my dear, precious daughter. Although she is none the worse for wear. In fact we are closer than ever.

Let me start at the beginning. I am not at all innocent in this whole saga. In fact, I caused the following events to transpire because I am a lecherous pervert; however I do embrace my lascivious nature. I am a divorced father of a beautiful little girl who is the light of my life. But this fact doesn’t prevent me from conducting myself…..well let’s just say less than exemplary. I have a weakness, an uncontrollable lust for preteen girls! I spend countless hours pursuing my yearnings. Before the events of my story unfolded I had yet to actually engage in any lewd act with a young girl. Not that I didn’t fantasize about it. The courage to act on my desire had not enticed me to proceed beyond mere longing. Many opportunities did materialize from time to time, I was just too cowardice to exploit the possibilities.

As I said, I have a young eight year old daughter who was abandoned to my absolute care by a heartless bitch of a woman that is utterly indifferent about either of us. She, after five years of marriage decided to pursue her life without her own sweet daughter or me her devoted husband. I am a thirty two years old now divorced stock broker and never expected to be raising a little girl on my own. I am six feet tall, weigh one hundred ninety pounds, I have short black, straight hair and bright emerald green eyes. My athletic good looks and fat wallet attract many fine looking women, but as I said my interest reside elsewhere.

My daughter Tiffany is an absolute jewel! She is a very happy carefree little angel that gives me countless hours of joy and my first unexpected pedophilic arousal. I didn’t realize my true attractions until the birth of Tiffany. Once she entered my life she triggered unspeakable suppressed passions I was yet familiar with. She was two years old when her mother and I tied the knot. Mostly we wed for the tax benefits and the “sake of the child.” Karen, her mother, soon decided that she was not going to be content living the family lifestyle and began “stepping out” as they say. Just after Tiffany turned seven, Karen left us to pursue other interests. It was then that my true nature emerged, shortly after Tiffany entered second grade. I had been tempted by her for some time, but now I actually anticipated bathing her and concocted excuses to feel her nakedness such as washing her with bare hands or drying her off after her bath. She appreciated me applying baby powder or body lotion, so I used these opportunities to allow myself the liberty of feeling her supple young body and often let my touch linger on her soft hairless pussy. My favorite indulgence is deliberately probing her tiny moist slit with the tip of a finger and watching her eyes glaze over as I gently stroked her hooded pearl of delight. I found every justification for the arousal I produced in her. She was so accustom to my fondling that she would instigate such caressing while she sat on my lap watching TV, or would slip into bed with me in the middle of the night completely nude hoping I would oblige her with my arousing explorations.

I know I said I hadn’t acted on my desires. Well, in my distorted thinking this wasn’t acting out. I was just showing love to my little girl. As much as I came to realize that I wanted more from her. We hadn’t elevated our activities beyond simple fondling. Yes, she soon began playing with my cock when she felt it swell against her bottom during our cuddling in bed or when her squirming caused “periscope up” between her legs as she sat on my lap watching TV. She was only curious after all!

 As Tiffany grew and I evolved to understand my obsession, I eventially initiated a precise dress code for her to follow which fueled my fascination with sexualizing little girls. Without expressly stating, “I want you to dress like a little slut.” I began buying my little princess very sexy clothing. At first I just purchased very short skirts and skimpy dresses, always a size to small and only allowed her to wear thong style panties if any at all. She soon caught on to my convention and became comfortable in tiny mini shorts that left exposed the lower half of her ass cheeks and exhibited her pouty, hairless camel toe indecently for my and other men’s lascivious appreciation. She loved to wear shear halter tops tied in a knot just below her tiny pink nipples that will soon be budding breasts, but at eight years old the tiny nubs have yet to emerge on her flat chest. Her midriff always exposed to well below her navel and flat firm tummy to where her shorts or skirts seductively crossed her hip bones just above the pubic mound giving many an admirer a lot to fantasize about. The more I let her dress like a slutty stripper the more she took the initiative to become even more daring in her dress and actions. Our behavior evolved into a self-fulfilling progression of intensifying risk. I had an eight year old precocious little preteen daughter that for all practical purposes appeared to be a seasoned high class hooker. She learned to apply her own make-up and wear her hair like the sexy fashion models in the magazines. I loved to see her dressed like a tiny stripper, but as you can imagine the other parents didn’t appreciate my tastes. Well at least the mothers didn’t, the dads seem to be a little more tolerant. Some even appreciated our antics. So we learned to be a little more discrete as our play escalated.

Tiffany is blooming into a very beautiful young lady. She is four feet three inches tall and weighs eighty five pounds soaking wet. Her thick black hair hangs in long gentle waves down to the middle of her back, which she wears in a ponytail on top of her head most of the time. She has piercing sky blue eyes and creamy white flawless skin as smooth as silk. Her cute little button nose turns up ever so slightly just above her thick pink pouty mouth. She is the epitome of a “Wonder Woman” in the making. She has a very athletic build and attends gymnastics class three times a week. As a side note this is another place where my imagination runs wild, as you might gather.

I began to notice over the past year, as the cheer shorts Tiffany preferred to wear to gymnastics became shorter and tighter, her pert firm ass became more visible when inevitably the material of the shorts would wedge up her ass crack from all the tumbling and stretching. Most the other men in attendance would stare overtly at her sensuous display. I began to get turned on by these older men ogling my sweet daughter. I now know I ‘m not the only man aroused by little preteen girls. This knowledge fueled the fires of my future lurid activities. As much as it turned me on to see men lusting for my little angel, I had no intention of allowing anyone else to enjoy her pleasures, but it was stimulating to skirt the boundaries.

As I allowed Tiffany more freedom to explore her sexual awakening she realized the power she held over older men and began to exploit their weakness for her delight. By the time she entered second grade at only eight years old she knew how to exploit herself in order to get what she wanted. Although what that is, wasn’t always so clear. She dressed slutty so she could get men to follow her around the mall and would intentionally not wear panties under a very short skirt so she could flash her bald little pussy for the right man to see. Secure in the knowledge that he would eventually buy her something she desired. I enjoyed watching all this from a safe distance allowing her free reign to operate autonomously. She never let anyone touch her too much maybe just a quick feel. She was careful not to allow herself to be alone with any of them. They could just look and lust. She was a master at the game. For me I enjoyed her slutty antics and found it incredibly exciting.

One day while in the mall food court Tiffany was sitting at a table alone wearing a tiny silver micro-mini skirt, pink thigh high leggings, and a shear white halter top, tied in a neat bow across her flat chest, her little pink nipples stood erect from the cool air conditioning. She had a pair of silver high heel shoes on the floor next to her. Her feet and pink painted toenails were propped up in the chair seat her heels against her panty less ass cheeks and her shins against the table edge, knees slightly apart. I could see her sweet hairless, puffy pussy on display from where I sat across the dining area. I wasn’t the only person who noticed her either. She held a straw for her drink between her pink glossy lips slowly sucking the sugary drink into her mouth. She knew she was being watched and loved to give old perverts an erotic show. She had noticed the older gentleman watching her every move and was letting him have a good long look at her pouty bald pussy peeking out from between her silky thighs. As she continued to expose her hairless preteen cunt to the man, he stood and approached her table sitting not across from but directly beside her. I felt a jolt of alarm course through me.

I soon relaxed some as I saw her smile when he whispered in her ear. His hand gently rested on her bare inner thigh just above her sexy silk legging. The man continued to stroke her inner thigh and whisper in her ear. She was giggling now and I noticed her knees unconsciously spread a little wider. My cock began to swell and throb at the sight of my little girl being accosted. I know he wanted to slide his hand further up her thigh to reach the ultimate prize but he held fast. I was now stroking my cock through the thin fabric of my gym shorts, aroused by the erotic encounter going on before me. Tiffany continued to giggle and finally laughed out loud, gave a devilish leer in my direction pointing me out to the man. He just gave a huge grin, patted her thigh and rose to walk my direction. I thought my cock would shrivel as my position was revealed but it continued to throb as the gentleman approached me.

He smiled broadly as he sat beside me on the bench I occupied.

“Hello there, my name is Tony.” He held his hand out to shake.

“Hi.” “Jack.” I said sheepishly and accepted his hand.

“Don’t fret my friend we have a lot in common.” Tony said reassuringly.

“I, as you saw, have met your little girl” He winked.

“She is absolutely beautiful!”

I stared into his hypnotizing hazel eyes and waited to hear the pitch. Tiffany had put her heel on and was approaching the bench where we sat. She toward us walked like a runway super model, one foot in front of the other, hips and ass gently swaying from side to side with each stride. Both Tony and I sat and admired her sexy strut. My cock was still wrestling to escape the bonds of the fabric restraining it. A small wet spot soaked through the material of the flimsy shorts I wore disclosing the location of the leaking head inside. Tiffany reached our location and sat between us letting her hand nonchalantly rest in my lap and her slender fingers drape across the restrained, pulsing cock head. She blatantly began to draw tiny circles around the bulge in my pant leg with her pink nail.

To my great surprise Tony never made any offers or suggestive hints about what if anything he wanted. After some small talk he rose, patted Tiffany on the head gave her a knowing wink and strolled away.

“What did he say to you?” I asked

“Nothing really” She responded.

“Just that I should be especially nice to you tonight” she giggled.

“Oh and that he liked my outfit” She smiled up at me still playing with my hard cock.

All I could think to say was, “I like it too!”

As we drove home Tiffany lay her head in my lap and fell asleep. I could feel her hot breath on my still swollen cock. I managed to squirm around and let the first few inches of my eight inch prick slide down the leg of my shorts and maneuvered her lips just an inch away allowing me to feel her hot breath on my bare fuck pole. My cock had been hard for hours now and the pre-cum flowed freely dripping down my thigh onto the car seat. My non-driving arm draped across her body as she lay sleeping in a comforting hug allowing my wrist to rest on her hip and hand to hang down against her firm ass. My exploring middle finger was slowly sliding up and down her soft hairless pussy lips gently caressing and working its way deeper inside her damp slit toward the entrance of her velvety love passage. I can’t explain what came over me all I felt was undeniable lust. I wanted to fuck my own daughter. I wanted my throbbing cock inside her hot sucking mouth. I imagined blasting a load of cum down her throat filling her belly with my hot thick semen.

When we arrived back home Tiffany went up to bed and left me still rock hard sitting on the couch. As I thought of the day’s events I slipped off my shorts and t-shirt stripping totally naked. I recently began shaving my body completely of all hair so that sexual sensations are more intense and also producing the illusion my cock was huge. As I began stroking my hairless, circumcised eight inch cock I found myself fantasizing about fucking my own little eight year old preteen daughter. The taboo of incest caused an overwhelming urge within me. I brought myself to the edge of erupting into quivering orgasm and just before crossing the point of no return would stop stroking long enough to let the sensation subside only to repeat it again over and over and over. My cock was swollen bigger than it ever has been before. Never have I been so over whelmed with desire for my young daughter. I somehow found myself standing outside Tiffany’s bedroom door, my throbbing cock pointing straight up. My hand was wrapped around its girth slowly stroking while I peeked in trying to see her laying naked in the dark.

As I once again neared orgasm, I pushed her bedroom door open and entered. All I could think about was what my little daughter’s velvety tight cunt would feel like gripping my thick cock. I stroked faster as the hallway light shown through the open door illuminating Tiffany’s hairless cleft. She lay sprawled out on her back, legs splayed open inviting me inside her young fresh cunt. I could just make out the slightly parted outer lips and the exposed inner labia guarding access to the ecstasy beckoning to me to enter just as simply as I had passed through her bedroom door. The scent from her immature sex filled my nostrils driving me closer to exploding all over her as she lay sleeping. My ball ached from the past hours of arousal. Just as I neared eruption and coating my sweet eight year old daughter with what felt like gallons of cum head lights flash across the front window of Tiffany’s room.

“Shit!’ ‘Someone’s here!’ ‘God Damn it!’” I cursed knowing a knock on the door would soon follow. “What kind of asshole drops by unannounced at ten thirty at night?”

I slip my shorts and tank top on as I slowly move toward the door. My cock was still standing straight out begging me to get back to more illicit things.

“Maybe they are just turning around.” I peered out the dining room window trying to see who was in the drive. A man gets out of the passenger side of the car and approached the front door. My cock was wilting as I realized he was coming onto the porch. The door bell sounded.

“Bing Dong”

Slowly I peered through the peep hole and there stood Tony! How the hell did he know where we live? Panic set in. I felt my heart begin to race. I asked myself, “What could he want?” He reached up and banged on the door like he was leading an FBI raid. Cop Knocked!

“Shit!’ ‘What do I do?’ ‘I’m busted for exploitation of a minor!’”

I finally sucked up my fear and slowly opened the door. As Tony saw me come into view a giant grin crossed his lips. I looked past him to the car and saw three other men sitting there, a driver and two more in the back seat. I guess Tony could see the suspicion written across my face.

“Don’t worry buddy.’ ‘Sorry to just drop by, but we have arrangements to discuss.’”

“How the fuck did you know where I live?” I demanded to know.

“Tiffany gave me the address.’ ‘She is a very helpful young lady.’” He stated boldly.

“Now invite me in.” He demanded in a semi-threatening voice.

As I stepped back out of the doorway to let him in, I heard a “Zzzzzap!” followed by an excruciating pain that coursed through my body emanating from my rib cage. I stiffened and everything went black. I later realized I had been tazered by Tony as he pushed passed me and into our living room.

I have absolutely no idea, at all, how long I was unconscious. I didn’t know what day it was, where I was or what was going on. Sometime later as I regained my senses and began to gather my faculties panic set in again. I realized I wasn’t at home.

“I have been abducted!”

“Where is Tiffany?” She isn’t with me is all I knew. At least not in the same room anyhow.

The room I’m in is rectangular, about ten by fifteen feet, with high ceilings probably twelve feet or more. There was a window in each of the four walls but they are narrow and up high near the ceiling at the top of the cement walls. It reminded me of a large jail cell. There weren’t any bars over the windows but they had that chicken wire type mesh imbedded inside the glass and there was just a single door, a steel door. I staggered over to it and as you must have guessed it was locked. In fact there was no door knob. There was however a covered observation window in the center face high with a hatch type door closed from the outside. Faint light streamed through the windows, it appeared to be artificial, not sunlight. As I looked around I saw the queen sized bed where I lay when I came to. There was a toilet and a small sink in the corner. Across the room from the bed was a dresser with four large drawers, a large screen TV hung on the wall directly above, it appeared to be over six feet wide. The floor of the room or as I began to realize “cell” was cement and was almost too cold to stand on. I was bare footed, actually I was completely nude! I noticed a bruise on my butt cheek. I had been given a shot in the ass…drugged. My mouth was dry and my tongue felt thick and numb. As I continued to look around the room I noticed a chair next to the bed. It was more recliner like, similar to what you would see in a dentist office, than a Lazy Boy that would be in a normal living room. Of course this wasn’t normal! I could see there were shackles on the arm rests and lower near where your ankles would be if you sat in it. There was a small night stand on the other side of the bed and next to that a small wooden dining table with two matching chairs. Looks like I won’t be dining alone. Now as I assessed my situation I really began to fear for Tiffany. What must she be experiencing?

Suddenly the panel in the middle of door slid open and I could see a younger looking masked man peering through at me. As I rose to move toward the door it slid shut. An electronic sounding male voice came over an intercom.

“Please stand against the back wall and refrain from moving.’ ‘If you fail to comply there will be measured consequences!’”

Still half groggy I backed against the far wall and waited to see what happened. After a moments delay the steel door clanged and swung open. I ran for the door. This was my shot to get out and find Tiffany. As I bolted toward the door a severe electric shock jolted my body stiff. The pain emanated from the base of my cock, surging throughout my entire body. The sudden shock paralyzed me in my tracks and I collapsed to the cold cement floor. The pain was excruciating! The steel door slammed shut and I heard the irrefutable sound of the bolt sliding into place confirming my confinement.

I lay on the floor slumped over on one hip, knees curled beside me, my hands were palms flat on the cold cement holding myself up in a wilted, head hanging stupor. A small puddle of spittle pooled on the floor under where my mouth hung gasping for air. Sweat beaded on my forehead and upper lip.

“Mother fucker!’ ‘How the fuck did they do that.’” I said out loud. My cock was fully erect for no apparent reason other than just having a million volts of electricity zapped through it.

I heard a calm, demure, little girl voice say.

“Are you hungry mister?”

As I elevated my vision from the floor up toward where I heard the sweet voice of an angel, I saw her standing there a few feet away holding a tray of food. Her voice was only an inkling of the beauty I was to behold as I scanned up her figure and cast my eyes on this enchanting fantasy.

I began to struggle to my feet. As I struggled upright, my rock hard cock stood straight out pointing at this little cherub who meekly stood before me. Embarrassed by my display I attempted to conceal my aroused penis from her observing gaze. When my hands moved to cover my erect throbbing manhood I felt a smooth, polished ring clamped tight around the base of my cock and balls causing it to stand out even farther and more noticeable than normal. The black metallic ring was clamped tight enough to cut off the flow of blood from my cock causing it to swell beyond its typical length and girth. It essentially engorged it bigger and more imposing than its normal eight inch length. I suppose in an adult novelty shop it would be marketed as a “cock ring.” This was all I wore as I stood there and began to gather myself once again.

The little girl noticed my obvious surprise at the implement clinching my manhood. I looked down at her face and as her eyes left my swollen cock and locked with mine, she smiled the most remarkable smile.

“It’s called a “Persuader” by the members of “The Province.” She stated with rehearsed exactness.

Thousands of questions raced through my mind simultaneously. As I reached for the bed sheet all I could manage was, “What’s your name?”

“Ariel” she responded ever so sweetly.

“What’s yours?” she asked tilting her head to the side.

“Jack.” I answered as I wrapped the sheet around me.

She moved to set the tray of food on the table and I was now aware enough to see how she was dressed and what she looked like.

“Are you hungry yet?” she asked as she set the tray down and began arranging the food on the table. She was setting places for two people to dine. The smell of steak now permeated the room and my stomach growled noticeably. Ariel giggled a little girl giggle!

“Well, I hear that you are!” I could actually hear the excitement in her voice. Her voice giddy as though she was thrilled to please me.

I sat on the edge of the bed, wrapped in the bed sheet as if wearing a Roman toga and watched her finish setting the table. It was then I examined more closely how she was dressed and how exquisite she actually is. Her legs were long and slender but very muscular. She stood gracefully atop a pair of black four inch high heel open toe shoes. Her toe nails painted bright pink. The height of the heels caused her lower calf muscles to flex just that right amount producing the familiar elegant horseshoe shape feature under the flesh. Her thighs are smooth and evenly tanned with the well-defined contour between the thigh and hamstring characteristic of an elite athlete. As she leaned over the table with her back to me I could see the lower lobes of firm young ass peeking out from under a tiny, white, pleated mini dress which accented her petite torso as the line of her waist was emphasized by a black leather belt. Her chest was flat with not a hint of any breast development. I caught just the slightest glimpse of her hairless pussy peeking out from the union of her fine ass and silky smooth thighs.

“No panties!” I thought.

My cock had just started shrinking, but the sight of her little bald pussy reversed that momentum. I had already stared into her bright blue eyes and gazed upon her angelic face. Her smile was captivating. As I attempted to get a better view of her hairless little girl pussy I felt the “Persuader” rhythmically give gentle pulsing vibrations causing a tingling sensation though my now enlarging cock. The ring actually felt warm and the vibrations it produced were very inciting. I began fantasizing what her little cunt would feel like wrapped around my now fully erect cock.

“Ariel, how old are you?” I asked.

“I am eight years old now.” She boasted.

My cock twitched at her answer.

“Just turned actually”

“Where are your parents?” I continued to ask my series of a thousand questions.

“I never knew my mother.” She stated almost sadly.

“My daddy is in the sphere of “The Province” and will soon have his own estate.”

“I get to see him again as soon as I am chosen.” She said with a hint of hope in her tone.

“You will see him when chosen for what?” I asked.

She turned to face me after finishing arranging the food on the table. The smile she wore across her full pink lips was undeniably sexy. She walked over and stood directly in front of where I sat on the edge of the bed. Her feet were slightly apart. She placed a hand on my shoulder, bent at the waist and leaned her mouth close to my ear. I could feel her hot breath as she spoke.

“I will tell you everything soon enough.” Her soft pink lips brushed my ear lobe giving me chills. The little girl scents emanating from her was clean and sweet like wild flowers after a spring rain.

As I breathed in her aroma the “Persuader” intensified its pulsing vibrations a little more intently in coordination with the quickening rate of my heart beat as she continued to whisper instruction in my ear. It was like the damn ring could read my thoughts and reacted accordingly.

“Now let’s enjoy our dinner.” She insisted.

Standing up still smiling her intoxicating smile Ariel took my hand and helped me from the bed.

“You aren’t allowed to wear any attire while I am in your presence.” She explained as she pulled the sheet off of my shoulders and from around my waist.

“It is commanded that you must be naked before me at all times.” She was obviously reciting.

“Commanded by whom?” I demanded.

“Jack, please listen to me, I will soon tell you all you want to know.”

“For now let’s just eat.” She almost pleaded.

The very manner in which she spoke determined my behavior for the rest of that first encounter. Thinking of the possibilities of what her presence meant and the recent memory of the Persuaders motivational abilities I decided on cooperation. Ariel took me by the hand seeing the capitulation in my eyes and led me to the table. The vibrations from the ring around the base of my cock had subsided. Again my cock began to go limp but was still flush with blood and I yearned for sexual release. After the hour of jacking off over my daughter as she slept and the series of current events I was at the limit of sexual frustration. I need to blast my load of cream and it wouldn’t take much to make it happen.

As we sat at the little table to eat I was pleased to see a large T-bone steak, a huge baked potato, some steamed vegetables and a large frosty glass of beer. Ariel had a chicken breast, some of the same vegetables and a glass of red wine. She lit a candle in the center of the table with a cigarette lighter that was sitting on the serving tray. We sat across from each other and Ariel politely signaled with a graceful wave of her hand to enjoy.

I began eating hardily, slicing off large bites of meat and gulping the beer. Ariel took delight in my voracious appetite. We both ate without a word between us. I watched the dainty angel eat her dinner and sip her wine. She smiled at me as I watched her and admired her beauty. It was amazing how much poise and elegance she possessed. It was like she had the body of a little preteen girl and the mind of a young debutante fresh out of finishing school. After I swallowed my last few bites and finished my beer I stared at Ariel wondering why she was here. She placed her fork down and looked me in the eye.

“Go ahead now and ask what you must know.” She conceded.

“Do you know where my daughter Tiffany might be?” I asked meekly.

“Of course I do.’ ‘She is at the learning center.’ ‘She’s training to be a Nymph just like me!’”

“Training to be a Nymph?” I asked

“Yes and if she passes you will get to see her in the near future, just like I get to see my daddy soon!’”

“Passes” I ask.

“Yes if she passes all her trials and is able to please her Lord then she becomes a Nymph and lives in the “Province” free to enjoy the rest her time.”

“Nymphs remain in the company of their Lords until they are able to bear him heirs” She continued explaining.

“Once she is able to conceive all female children are raised to be Nymphs that her Lord will contribute to the realm and male children are trained to eventually be Lords if they are worthy.” She ended with an expression that assumed I understood everything.

“Since you sponsored your daughter for “Nymph” training then you will be accorded the opportunity to become a Lord and I am here to become your Nymph.”

I stared at her blankly. “I didn’t’ sponsor anyone!” Anger began to boil up in me.

“If you are here it means Lord Anthony accepted you or your daughter’s covenant and brought you here to train.”

“Tony!”

My memory of the night he tazered me flooded back. Ariel could see the anger in my expression and a panicked look filled her eyes.

“Your daughter is here because you offered her to Lord Anthony and she agreed to become a Nymph.’ ‘It is a great privilege to be offered the chance to train.’ ‘I myself was offered up by my daddy and am very anxious to pass my tests.”

“Your daddy offered you up to Tony?”

“Yes, well not directly for Lord Anthony, to the “Provence.” Daddy would buy me very sexy clothes to wear and we would go out and tease older men by letting them peek at my cunny.’ ‘Well when Lord Anthony saw us he took me aside and explained to me that we could be very happy here at the Province.’”

“So I agreed to become a trainee.” She beamed with pride.

“I already passed my entire classroom work and finishing trials now is the final stage.’ ‘I must be chosen!’”

“Chosen by me?” I asked.

She simply nodded.

The lock on door to the room clanged and it swung open. Ariel gathered all the dishes placed them on the tray and moved toward the door. As she reached it she turned and smiled.

“I think you will select me.” She said with confidence.

“I am a very good study and have passed all my tests with high marks.”

With that she turned and walked out. The door slammed behind her followed by a definitive echoing and the reality of the lock sliding into place left me grappling for understanding. I lay on the bed in the quiet room her words resonated in my mind as I fell asleep feeling strangely content.

“I am a very good study.”

I awoke with a jolt later in the night. At least I think it was that same night. The Persuader was vibrating wildly and my cock was already swollen thick and hard, the head was flush with blood. There was no light shining through the windows. It was dark. As I became more aware of what was happening the large television blazed to life. On the screen was a slide show containing images of young preteen girls in various states of dress, or should I say undress. Picture after picture flashed by as the cock ring steadily pulsed and vibrated. I was rapidly reaching my peek of arousal. The cute little girls flashing upon the screen one after another displayed their pouty hairless little cunts in a myriad of erotic poses. As I viewed the slide show loud rock music blared from a surround sound system engulfing me in a sensory overload. The images began to narrow in scope and continued converging toward a specific hidden desire I keep repressed, but with the proper stimulus it clearly produces the greatest level of arousal. There was some sort of feedback mechanism. It seemed the Persuader could detect peak intensity of excitement and adjust the physical, visual, and auditory stimulation as I responded so to induce the maximum amount of arousal in order to determine my deepest, darkest desires.

The system of stimuli began to focus in on what I preferred. The pictures of little preteen girl were all petite blondes between the ages of six and ten. The predominant pose each girl had been positioned in was standing, slightly bent at the waist or on her hands and knees facing away looking back over her shoulder wearing high heels and little else. Her feet or knees are usually about shoulder width apart. She may be dressed in very short skirt, simple tank-tops or baby doll lingerie and no panties ever! Their sweet hairless pussies peeking out from between firm athletic ass cheeks. The coy smiles on the faces said;

“Go ahead fuck my little bald cunt.”

I reflected on Ariel as she leaned over the table to prepare our meal earlier that night. The coy smile on her face as she looked back over her shoulder was already known to be my affinity.

The Guns and Roses song “Sweet Child of Mine” thundered from the surround sound system. The Persuader vibrated tenaciously in rhythm with the song bringing me to the edge of eruption and then slowly normalized sustaining the peak of my arousal. As I neared climax and was on the edge of ejaculating, a picture of Tiffany, my own beautiful daughter appeared on the screen and froze there. Her hair had been dyed blonde and she was down on her knees which were spread wide apart and she faced away from the camera. She leaned forward her elbows on the floor causing her hips to rock forward and her lovely ass to open exposing a clean, pink little anal star. She’s looking back over her shoulder with the same coy smile as all the other little Nymphs. Her hairless little girl cunt spread open allowing a pronounced unmistakable exhibition of her cock-hugging pleasure hole. I wanted to ram my thick fuck rod deep inside her bald pussy. The Persuader immediately shut off and the picture of my little girl faded. My cock was swollen beyond maximum, my ball ached for release. I needed to discharge my load so desperately! I reached for my cock and began stroking. As I attempted to finish what I needed for the past, who knows how long, the Persuader buzzed and crackled sending a cruel, brutal, ruthless electric shock throughout my body rendering me unconscious again.

I remember dreaming incessantly of Ariel. She seemed to be lecturing me about self-control and loyalty. She related that if I want to be her Lord then I had to give my seed only to her. She was my Nymph and I was only allowed to be pleasured by her alone. However, I found later there is a single exception. As I awakened a soft, little girl voice came from the intercom.

“Please move to the recliner and make yourself comfortable.”

“What do you want?” I pleaded.

Again she repeated, “Please move to the recliner and make yourself comfortable.”

The Persuader began to rumble angrily. I stumbled to my feet and placed my naked body in the bedside recliner. All I thought about at the time was I didn’t want to be disciplined again. As I adjusted myself in the recliner the wrist and ankle restraints slammed shut and I was immobilized. The big screen TV returned to life and as the picture brightened, I saw it was a video playing this time. All the same girls in the slide shows reappeared one after another, but now in action videos and were performing hand jobs on large cocks each equipped with a persuader ring just like mine. After presenting a series of various girls in a variety of scenes, the system carefully chose to emphasize a sweet young red headed girl which emerged as an apparent favorite. She began applying lotion to a large nine inch cock, carefully coating its full length in the glimmering lubrication in the typical fashion of the previous videos. The vibrations began ramping up from the base of my own swelling prick. They know what I relish.

I stared intently as the little red headed girl of about ten years old dressed only in a white micro-thong bikini knelt between the muscular tan thighs of a man strapped to a recliner exactly as I currently was. Her little pink pussy was cleaved apart by the way too small thong bikini bottom and caused each pursing cunt lips to protrude on either side of the tiny strip of material that pulled up tight inside her slit forming a pouty pucker. She expertly massaged his swollen shaft while she tightly squeezed his girth in her tiny soft hands stopping as her grip bumped the ridge of the head. As the lovely vixen lowered herself to her knees she kissed the swollen throbbing cock on the slit that was now beginning to ooze pre-cum she sucked the man nectar into her mouth. A long strand of pearly white liquid stretched from her lips to his cock when she rose up and leaned her pert ass back on her heels. While licking her lips clean of the savory syrup she opened the lid to the lotion and squeezed another generous amount in her hands. She set the tube down and slowly applied the lubrication to the full length of her recipient’s large shaft. The light from the television the man of her focus was being forced to watch as she proceeded caused a shimmer on his erect rod from the wetness of the lube as the little red head girl continued to expertly stroke with her tiny hands up and down his shaft. With a twisting circular motion she finally enclosed the pulsing head in both her tiny hands and intently massaged it relentlessly. The man in the recliner began uncontrollably fucking her soft little girl hands as she teased and caressed his swollen cock head. It seemed who or whatever was in control of me could read my most intimate dark thoughts. They know exactly what I fantasize about and what I desire. The Persuader ramped up the intensity of the pulsing vibrations engorging me which produced extreme sensitivity that until now I had never experienced. The presentation continued for hours and hours. Videos and slide shows of little preteen girls jacking off the cocks of unknown men, some strapped to recliners and some in bed or other places that appeared to be outside the confines of their cells. These images outside the confines of a cell attracted my particular attention. There was hope of an outside existence if I conformed I assumed.

After endless hour upon hour of sexual stimulation the TV display, the music and the Persuader all abruptly shut off. My cock was pounding; it had been days of erotic torture without any release. I was so ready to cum I would agree to anything I am telling you, anything at all. I was prepared even eager to follow any demand made of me. As I rested my eyes and mind, laying back and concentrating on the memory of the previous production I heard the steel door clang unlocked and swing open. I leaned my head to the side to see who was there. Tears of relief streamed down my cheeks as I realized I was going to surrender to the long repressed desires.

Through the door I see Ariel appear and the sight of her revives my spirits. Her beautiful flowing blonde hair cascades over her shoulders framing her angelic face and highlighting her piercing sky blue eyes. Her expression is one of determined eroticism. She’s on a mission, of exactly what I wasn’t for sure immediately, but had a reinvigorated anticipation. As I had envisioned her many times she was completely nude except for a dainty golden chain around her slim waist. A short length of the chain dangled down to her slightly protruding hip bone and was supporting a blue tear drop shaped crystal which was a dazzling blue that matched her eyes. The cool air in the stone cell caused chill bumps on her smooth tan skin and her little pink nipples were taut and standing erect. Her pouty hairless pussy lay hidden between her long slender thighs. She was bare footed which is another sensuous element of my slutty little girl fantasies. Her toe and finger nails are painted bright school girl pink. She drags a single sharp finger nail of her pointer finger across my thigh as she passes by and positions herself between my spread, shackled legs. She placed a hand on each thigh and leaned down to let her silky hair brush across my swollen cock. I could feel the heat of her hot breath waft across the head. Gripping my cock at the base between her thumb and forefinger she brought the tip to within an inch of her sweet, glossy pink lips. As she looked across the pre-cum oozing helmet and lock her gaze on mine she kissed the slit of my cock head just like the red headed girl in the video. Like her a single strand of pre-cum stretched from my cock to her puckered mouth. Then she licked her lips and smiled a devilish grin.

I was of course still fully erect at this time and didn’t need the Persuader to help out, but it did. I felt a slow deep rumbling vibration deep in my loin. Ariel reached over on the bed stand and picked up a tube of hand lotion that I hadn’t noticed before. She still hadn’t said a word as she squirted a generous amount of lotion in her palm and placed the tube back on the table. She smiled again locked eyes with me as she began applying the lubrication to the thick shaft of my cock. My heart leaped into my throat as her hands touched me and her slender fingers gripped me firmly. Ariel turned her focus on my cock. Her intensity and determination was powerful. The Persuader vibrated a little more forcefully as I became ever more aroused. Her hands slid slowly up my cock and wrapped around the swollen head. She expertly rotated each in tight firm spirals. I was soooooo close to exploding all over my little Nymph but she knew when to ease the stimulation and when I could manage more intensity. She was a good study as she said and was somehow very familiar with keeping me on the brink of orgasm. Ariel continued to edge me for what seemed hours sliding her soft girly hands up and down and around my throbbing cock. I know I get to cum this time the guys in the videos all got to or at least I thought they did. I don’t actually remember seem them shoot their loads. I arch my back as far as I can and fuck Ariel’s school girl hands. I don’t let her stop this time as I approach the edge, cum builds and enters my shaft. I am fucking her hands like I have never fucked before. As my load surges toward the slit in my cock head she drops her hands from my dick. As I look up she just smiles, stands and walks away toward the open door. I scream in frustrated agony;

“Ariel, please, please I have to finish.’ ‘I’m begging you!’ ‘I will do anything you want!’” Aaaaw the words they were waiting for!

I began to whimper out of exasperation when Ariel stood and abruptly left my room. I was sure I would never see her again. I heard the door open again looking across the room, joy filled my heart.

“Tiffany!”

I was strapped to the recliner cock flush with blood, thick and throbbing. I was ecstatic to see her again and embarrassed that I was so fucking horny and on display to her. She was staring at my cock standing between my legs. I have never seen her look so serious and determined. I eventually realized she was completely naked. Then it hit me like a ton of bricks. She was training to be a Nymph like Ariel and all the other girls I have been aching for. My little sweet daughter was a fuck toy, a little preteen cum slut. She was to belong to another Lord. I had to admit to myself she looked pretty damn sexy standing there staring at my throbbing cock. She never looked at me, as if she was in a trance, mesmerized by the size of her daddy’s fuck tool.

“Hi daddy.” She finally said, her eyes still not leaving my cock.

“Hi baby, are you alright?” I asked.

“Of course I am.’ ‘This is what I wanted all along.’ “I just didn’t know it.’”

“Lord Anthony has kept all his promises and I am almost done with my tests.”

“I only have one more to pass.” She boasted staring hungrily at my cock. It twitched with anticipation as she moistened her glossed pink lips with her pointy tongue.

“No!’ Tiffany you don’t have to do this!’” I pleaded with her.

“I want to daddy!” I want us to be happy here!” she explained.

“If I pass we both get to see each other and have nice lives.”

With that said she moved forward and wrapped her hands around my cock. Slowly and methodically like all the other talented Nymphs, she stroked my cock shaft with both hands. As her hands reached the head they bumped over the substantial ridge she cupped her hands and proceeded to twist them in a now familiar circular action. She was in fact an expert. My cock again began to respond to her stimulations. I wanted to hold her and feel her naked soft body as we had so many nights before at home. Uncontrollably I started fucking her hands like I had been doing Ariel’s just minutes before. Then it hit me all at once what the one exception to giving my seed only to Ariel is. I can cum for my own little daughter! When Ariel left she had to know Tiffany was here and the Persuader definitely knew.

“Do you like me daddy?’ ‘Am I doing it right?’” Her eyes met mine longing for my approval.

“Oh yes baby!’ ‘That feels so nice!’” I couldn’t believe I just told my own little girl she was jacking me of so nicely and I was giving my approval.

“Just like that sugar!” It was feeling very nice.

She suddenly stood up sliding the grip of both hands to the base of my cock and braced her weight on extended arms against my groin. My eight inch swollen cock stood straight out and the head only inches from her lips. She looked me in the eyes and leaned down to kiss my cock slit again allowing a strand of pre-cum to string between us as she raised away.

Licking her lips she said. “Daddy you taste good!”

Without missing a beat she opened her mouth and devoured my swollen cock head. I felt her supple lips wrap around the shaft and with practiced precision she sucked a tight seal around the rim. My eyes rolled back and slammed shut. My baby girl’s mouth was so hot and the thought of her sucking on the head of my cock like a lollypop sent waves of pleasure tingling throughout my being. After holding her burning mouth over the head of my cock for a few minutes she began slowly rolling her tongue around teasing the purple knob. I felt her begin sliding it farther in her mouth until the tip push against the opening of her throat. Halfheartedly I offered a justification for her to stop.

“Honey you don’t have to do this.’ ‘I will still love you!’”

Her wanton lips were stretched tight around the girth of my fuck rod. She had her daddy’s cock at the opening of her throat paused for a moment, gathered the determination to accomplish her goal of surpassing her own expectations before she continued. I felt my cock head pass through the tight opening between her tonsils, her tongue slid along the underside and most sensitive part of the shaft. Finally her lips encircle the base of my enormously engorged missile. My little grade school aged daughter is now an expert at deep throating an older man’s enormous dick. She carefully withdrew my cock from her throat sucking her saliva and my pre-cum off the shaft as it was extracted. Smiling a gleeful grin of success she relished the satisfaction of not gagging on her daddy’s huge cock and licked the savory salty glaze from her glossy pink lips. Looking up into my eyes she skillfully slid my cock through the back of her throat, over and over again.

Lustfully thrusting up from where I sat to meet her downward momentum of her deep throating skills, I feverishly fucked my baby girl’s cock sucking mouth. My most shameful fantasy was coming true. Shamelessly I fucked the face of my sweet little daughter. My arms struggled against the unyielding bondage of their restraint. I was on the edge of orgasmic release so long denied me. Thoughts of Ariel entered my delusional mind. As the salty cream my daughter worked so hard for began erupting down the length of my shaft she abruptly quit mouth fucking my cock. I felt the cold air of the room surround my prick. My eyes opened to see Tiffany ascending the recliner and my body. She climbed over my throbbing cock and held her face inches from mine. With a hand on each of my shoulders she braced the weight of her petite body. Her knees on either side of my hips and the rest of her small frame rested on her shins across my thighs. I could feel the heat from her soft hairless pussy against the shaft of my throbbing cock. My sweet daughter began sliding her moist cunt up and down my swollen fuck rod she so expertly brought to the edge of eruption. I struggled in vain to dissuade her efforts. She would not be deterred from her goal. I began to delight in the sensation of stimulating her little clit as the slit in her cunt massaged the length of my fuck pole. It was of no use, she was enraptured by the passion and frenzied dedication to complete her final exam. Her eyes were closed and she was consumed.

“Tiffany, Tiffany!” I finally give one last feeble plea.

“Don’t do it!’ ‘It’s okay to wait.’” No answer came.

Her rocking motion accelerated as she succumbed to the intensity of her self-stimulation. She began panting and arched her back improving the angle at which she pleasured her cunt. Her hands raised behind her head causing the skin across her sleek tummy to pull taut as her back continued to sway. Her tiny pink nipples stood erect on her boyish flat chest. Chill bumps raised on the entirety of her body. Now slowly and purposefully she slipped the wet slit of her cunt up the length of my shaft and opened her eyes as the entrance to her silken love tunnel became poised directly over the tip end of my swollen pulsing cock head. The apprehensive elastic like tension in her soft moistened outer pussy lips began to relax and stretch allowing her virtuous adolescence to swallow my disproportionately giant intruder. She gazed lovingly into my eyes as her weight shifted back to her hips. The heat from her bald little girl pussy burned as her inner labia admitted access and her opening and engulfed the head of my fuck rod.

“Tiffany, please wait!’ ‘Let’s think what we’re doing’”

She parted her lips in a devilish smile and slid farther down the instrument of her rape.

“Daddy, it is commanded by decree, it has to be you!’ ‘Daddy’s always go first.’” she exclaimed.

I could feel the resistance of her maiden veil. My little girl is still a virgin, but for only a moment more. She rose up off her hands arched her back, again perfectly aligning her velvety tunnel to the proper angle of attack on the object of her devotion and fearlessly impaled her cunt on daddy’s fuck pole. My giant, swollen long deprived cock is now burrowed deep within my own little daughter’s love canal. I felt her muscles contract around the engorged violator of her purity. She fell forward on my chest without as much as a whimper. My baby girl lay there for some minutes as her newly deflowered girlhood adapted to the massive invasion. I could feel her muscles relax around my throbbing shaft as she accepted the penetrator. The shear girth of the base of my cock forced the protective hood to reveal her overly sensitive cum button. Her little trigger rest against the Persuader and it began to gently hum. The sensation was more than she was ready for and my little girl sprang to life sliding her cunt up the full length of my fuck rod and off the end of the head. She was again hovering above the throbbing perpetrator that had stolen her innocence. Her eyes were mere slits and peer down at me through the fog of delirium as a result of her intoxicated lustful state, but I could see her resolve and determination.

My once innocent pre-teen daughter again accepted my manhood and buried the entire length and fully engulfed my cock driving it deep inside her. For a second time her little cum trigger rest against the Persuader. This time she lingered moaning in unison with the vibrations. She returned to positioning herself on hands and knees sliding her tight little girl pussy repeatedly up and down my cock. Her tight wet cunt massaged my fuck rod relentlessly. Tiffany fucked her passion flower with reckless abandon now. I had returned to the precipice of orgasmic release. I would not be denied this time. My sweet daughter’s body became flush, her cheeks turn red as she slams her tight cunt down the full length of my cock burring it to the hilt. Her love button rested firmly against the Persuader which rumbled to its maximum intensity. The restraints released me from bondage and I grasp my little girl in my arms relishing the merciless vibrations. The intense heat and soft supple grip that her pre-teen cunt had around my forsaken cock had carried me to the edge of no return.

Tiffany screamed as her preteen body experienced its first ever orgasm from intercourse. She collapsed in my arms spent and exhausted. She moaned in ecstasy as I stood up from the recliner with her still impaled on my enormous intruder and moved us both to the bed. I was out of control now. I lay her on her back and began thrusting repeatedly plunging my cock to the hilt over and over without regard for my eight year old daughter’s pussy. Her tiny little hairless love canal adapted quickly becoming near perfect for my massively swollen cock as I uncontrollably penetrated her relentlessly. I needed to explode and was so close to climax. Astonishing orgasmic spasms sent tremors reverberating throughout the depths of my core. Semen left my shaft like a violent volcanic eruption. The hot thick liquid filled Tiffany’s tiny cunt to capacity and surged from around the elastic tight seal created by her stretched opening. I felt the unceasing waves of orgasmic spasms in my cock for a very long time. I had just raped my daughter and dumped my seed in her little girl pussy. We continued embracing each other and relished in the afterglow of our reunion.

As my wilting prick slid from Tiffany’s ravaged pussy our love nectar oozed from within her. The small room that has been my prison for countless days reeked of our carnal aroma. My young daughter delighted in the intoxicating ambiance of her success at having completed her assignment. As we lay talking and embracing like a newlywed couple on their wedding night the realization that my little girl would soon be in the arms of her Lord induced a great sadness. She began chatting away about all the future held. She reassured me that we would still be father, daughter and see each other often. It was the rules.

“What rules?” I thought as I drifted to sleep.

I awoke after a very long sleep. Exhausted from the days, maybe weeks of sexual torment I finally fell into a deep badly need slumber. I had no exact reference to time so it could have been hours or even a full day. I needed to eat and worse needed to shower. Still nude I moved to the shower and ran the hot water over my head and back thinking about what had taken place between Tiffany and me. Was I her final exam? As I finished washing I heard the familiar clang of the lock on my cell door and it swung open. In walked sweet Ariel carrying a tray filled with breakfast. I could smell bacon and eggs, and she also had fresh fruit, croissants, orange juice, basically the works. It was a welcome sight, Ariel and the food. She smiled her beautiful infectious smile and began arranging the table as I dried off. I assumed it must be morning considering the cuisine. I watched her every move as she busied herself preparing our breakfast. She was dressed as sexy as ever. Her long blonde hair was in a ponytail atop her head just like I like it, tied with a pink bow. Around her waist was a very short pleated micro mini skirt in black and pink school girl plaid and as I surely prefer by now not wearing any panties. Her sweet hairless pussy was just visible under the short hem line as she reached across the table. Her blouse was shear white see through and the front was open to just above her navel where it tied. I loved seeing her little pink nipples erect from the cold air in my cell. Her dainty finger and toe nails still painted bright pink and she was bare foot as she should be. I chuckled to myself at that thought. When she spun around to announce breakfast is served I saw it, a collar of black leather and pink lace strapped around her slender delicate neck. Dangling from the gold ring attached to the front was a tag, similar to a golden dog vaccination tag. Ariel winced as she noticed my gaze locked on her throat. I held my hand out making a come here indication. She timidly walked over to me and leaned into my chest as she arrived. I embraced her without hesitation as she slumped into my arms.

“I knew you would choose me” she whispered in my ear sounding almost relieved.

As I stood her back up straight I could see the inscription on the tag.

“Property of Jack Adams”

“How, what, when.” I had no idea how she belonged to me.

Ariel gave a knowing smile as she began to explain.

“It is written that a Lord willing to sponsor his own is given his choice for all to witness.” She looked down into my eyes watching to see if I understood.

When she saw my confusion she continued.

“Everything that occurred in this room since the beginning of your acceptance trials has been witnessed and recorded.’ ‘When you allowed me to prepare you for Tiffany’s final exam the Persuader identified your true heart and accepted your choice of me for your personal Nymph.’”

“I was so very happy to know you want me!” she squealed as she fell into my chest once again locking her arms around my neck in a loving embrace.

“I will please you in every way My Lord!” again whispering in my ear. This time her hot breath inflamed my loin and the Persuader began a faint humming, as if I was in need of any assistance. After all an exquisite young preteen Nymph right out of my fantasies just said she would please me in any way I wanted. At least that is what I heard.

She leaned back and kissed my mouth biting my lower lip and sucking it into hers in a playful tease.

“I bet you are hungry.” she said as she led me to the table.

So we sat to eat and I contemplated all that had happened realizing I still had so many unanswered questions. As I watched Ariel happily eating I refrained, held my tongue and ate my fill. When we finished my little Nymph sensing my need for information began talking or should I say teaching. After all she’s the one who received all the training. I was just a dopey pawn. I lay on the bed and Ariel sat on the edge beside me placing her delicate soft hand on my growing cock.

Ariel began.

“In the cases of your daughter and me we both agreed to be trained when Lord Anthony met us at the mall.’ ‘Different malls, but the same situation.’ ‘We both enjoy teasing men and placing ourselves on display.’ ‘Exhibitionists at heart as you know.’ ‘When he asked us if we wanted to make our daddy’s happy of course we agreed.’ ‘Tiffany and I were assigned each other’s dad meaning I prepared you and she prepared my dad for our final exams.’”

“All we had to do was get you ready and willing to take our innocence and hope that each other’s dad would pick us as their own.’ ‘You both did!’”

“Tiffany is my dad’s Nymph and I am yours.”

She had a very serious look come across her face. “There “is” one catch!”

She paused for effect. “You can never ever give your seed to any Nymph other than me ever again!”

She looked so stern. I giggled at her tough look.

She sharply slapped me across the face. “The only exception was the one time as you take your own daughters innocence while she attempts her final exam.’ ‘That is it, once and only once!’ ‘She is my daddy’s and I am yours!’”

“Okay, okay I get it!” I yelped as I soothed my reddening cheek.

“Not until I become fertile and bear you an heir can you take another Nymph.” she clarified.

“This must be one of those rules she talked about earlier.” I thought.

“You are allowed to play with Nymphets but I must be present and be the one to receive your seed.’ ‘It is also allowed for you to spill your seed “on” them or on the ground.’” she watched to make sure I understood.

“What are Nymphets?” I asked.

“Nymphets are young girls ages four through eight who haven’t been selected for training.’ ‘Once they are selected they become off limits.’” Again she paused to verify my understanding.

“What else?” I asked.

“That’s about it.’ ‘Nothing else will cause exile.’” she stated cheerfully.

“That’s good to know.” I said sarcastically.

“So you passed your final exam the same time Tiffany did?”

“Oh yes!’ ‘I loved it and can’t wait to do it again with you my Lord!’”

“I am a little sore right now though.” ‘You can cum in my mouth if you like!’” she exclaimed with great enthusiasm.

I have been waiting a lifetime to her that from a little girl. She is the one after all that made me so horny I fucked my own daughter. The Persuader began to vibrate much more noticeably and blood filled my cock. I forced Ariel to her knees between my thighs and let her watch my cock pulse and grow. As it pointed toward her mouth she extended her pointy pink tongue and teased the swelling head. I was finally going to cum in a preteen girl’s mouth. With this thought the Persuader rumbled to life. My cock was fully engorged now. Ariel wrapped her little girl hands around the base and pulled the head of my cock into her hot mouth. Her tight pink lips locked around the upper shaft as her tongue danced across the throbbing head. She began sucking like a girl getting a thick shake through a thin straw. My cock easily slid to the back of her mouth verifying her accomplished talent. She worked and stretched her lips down around the base of my throbbing cock and the head slipped deep within her tight throat. With my cock buried deep between her tonsils I stood turned her so I could lay her across the bed. Now with her head hanging off the edge her throat opened wide for my enjoyment. My little cock slut. She was well trained. As she reached around and grasp an ass cheeked in each hand I began fucking her throat vigorously. While I ran the length of my shaft in and out of her face, fucking my tiny slut’s mouth I was able to reach down and run my middle finger up and down her tight hairless slit spreading her dew all over her cunt lips. Gradually I slipped my middle finger deep inside her newly deflowered pussy and massaged her cum button with my thumb. Unable to decouple from the fuck finger invading her seductive bald pussy and the massive missile down her throat Ariel resigned herself to enjoy the moment. As my thumb continued to stimulate her cum button she softly moaned in unison with the circular motion I imposed on the little pearl that had now emerged from its protective hood. Ariel grabbed my wrists pulling her precious trigger tight against my attacking thumb and fucked my finger with enthusiasm as I continued to fuck her slender throat. Chill bumps raised on her flawless skin. Her tiny pink little girl nipples became erect as she arched her back and shivered with appreciation from the jolting series of orgasmic spasms as waves of depraved pleasure swept through her petite body.

As I felt the giant load of cum surging through my shaft as I reached the final seconds before I jetted stream after stream of semen into the sweet Nymphs belly. I leaned down hard driving my cock up to the hilt pressing my scrotum against her chin. I paused holding the invading weapon fully penetrating Ariel’s mouth her throat muscles pump on the shaft trying to swallow and breathe. Erupting stream after stream of cum spewed from my cock directly inundating her tummy like an endless geyser. Even though meticulously trained, she was unable to swallow the entire fountain of hot, sticky sperm. The inevitable overflow came exploding out through her nose and mouth, dribbling off her sucking lips. As I pulled my still erect fuck rod out of her mouth my seed ran down her face and dripped on the floor. That was the very first time I came in a little girls mouth. The best cock sucker I ever experienced.

“She was a good study!”

Ariel seemed surprised at the mercilessness with which I fucked her throat and how much cum gushed from my engorged balls. She sat up and looked at me as cum ran from her nostrils. It was a sweet sight to see my massive load of cum dripping from her face.

“My Lord is pleased, Yes?” she smiled her coy smile.

“Oh yes, sweet baby!’ ‘Your Lord is very pleased.’”

I later found out that I was confined to my cell a mere four days. It only took four days for the Provincial members to force me to fuck my sweet eight year old daughter taking her virginity. Of course she was in on the plot. Ariel and I finally moved to my estate and I still have the Persuader attached, I suppose it must be permanent. Because even though I am Lord the real rulers are queens, queen Nymphs. She is a very demanding insatiable little slut too! I am always naked in her presence!