**A Daughter's Fantasy**

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My daughter was driving me crazy. She had enrolled in, and dropped out of, three colleges in three years. At the age of twenty five, she worked a minimum wage job and lived in an extra bedroom of the house I shared with my wife. There honestly didn't appear to be any hope that she would EVER move out permanently.

I didn't dislike my daughter. She had a playful personality and wasn't bad looking. Luckily, she took after her mother with short blonde hair and a fabulous figure. It was just that, after thirty years of marriage, Traci and I were ready to live a life without Carly.

Carly dated, but never seriously. I went through the phase of wondering if she was a lesbian, but decided somehow that she wasn't. Maybe it was wishful thinking. Anyway, there was no future husband in sight. I would have paid the right guy to take her.

It was the summer after she turned twenty five that things began to change. Carly started acting civilly towards me, even holding complete conversations that didn't have to do with her borrowing money. When my wife was gone—which was frequent because of her sales job—Carly began to hang around the house instead of disappearing like she used to.

Soon, it wasn't all that bad having her around when I was alone. It was about this time that scary thoughts entered my mind. I wondered if she wore her small tops or running shorts just for me. I was spending considerable time scolding myself for watching her as much as I did as she moved around the house.

On one hot afternoon, Carly was outside sunbathing. Our neighbors lived a quarter mile away on either side so privacy was not an issue. But Carly never took advantage of it by sunbathing topless, as she did on this day. If she had ever done it before, it was never while I was around. I was upstairs when I looked out the bedroom window and peered down on the wonderful vision of my daughter in a bikini bottom and nothing else.

Looking straight down on her, the perfection of the size and shape of Carly's tits was evident. I couldn't help myself. I put my hand on the outside of my shorts and began rubbing my ever-hardening cock. Within seconds, I was erect to the point where I could wrap my hand around the cock.

Carly spread her legs slightly as she relaxed on the lounge chair. I saw her hand slide up her body to swat something away. Her pink nipples stood out unmistakably against the darker areolas surrounding them and I stroked myself faster, using my shorts and boxers as a cushion around my cock. I was throbbing.

Then Carly turned over so her ass was visible. She used two fingers to pull on the bikini bottom around her cheeks and I stared at her like I was in a trance. Fifteen more seconds and I would cum.

That's when I stopped. I nearly ran away from the window so I wouldn't have an orgasm inside my shorts. My cock jutted forward to produce a large tent between my legs, which took several minutes to subside while I sat on the bed thinking about what almost happened.

It would have been fine with me if I'd had that momentary lapse and never had another erection because of my daughter. However, the image of her under my window wouldn't go away and, as the hot summer wore on, neither would Carly. We still had our arguments over seemingly trivial stuff. Carly still used me as her personal bank account. And she got tanner and tanner, sexier and sexier with each passing day.

The next interaction between us that I wish hadn't happened was inadvertently caused by me. I had a bad habit of sleeping in the nude. Sometimes it was because my wife and I had plans, and sometimes it was because I just wanted to. On a night that I just wanted to, I got thirsty in the middle of the night and decided a trip to the kitchen was in order. I got lazy and didn't put anything on.

I knew Carly often chatted with friends online until late into the night. But that room was down a long hallway downstairs and I was confident I could sneak into the kitchen, get my drink, and get out without her ever knowing it. My silent trip to the kitchen was successful, despite the darkness. The refrigerator door opened without a sound and I allowed only the smallest amount of light to escape.

With a bottle of water in hand, I closed the door.

"Thirsty or hungry? Or both?"

The voice jolted me and I stood frozen in place. My eyes adjusted quickly and I saw Carly standing in the entrance to the kitchen, leaning against the doorway.

Then my nudity became the only thing I could think about. I quickly re-opened the refrigerator door and hid behind it.

"God, Carly. A little warning would be nice," I said.

"I could have assumed you were an intruder and tried to kill you. You shouldn't walk around in the middle of the night. Especially naked," Carly said with a smirk. "And don't stand there with the door open. How does it sound to hear that coming from ME for a change?"

I wasn't in the mood for attempts at humor from my daughter.

"Can I go back to bed now, Carly?"

She stood to the side of the doorway and swung her arm as if to let me pass.

"As you already know," I said, "I'm naked. Scram."

"Oh. So it's OK for you to see me naked, but it's not OK for me to see you."

Without thinking, I blurted out, "You weren't naked."

She grinned. "So you DID watch."

I knew then that I was trapped. "I didn't WATCH. I just happened to see you."

"And?" she asked.

"And what?"

"Did you like it?"

I frowned. "You're my daughter."

"Answer the question," she demanded.

"Carly. I'm going to bed."

I felt my cock beginning to respond just from the THOUGHT of her sunbathing. I slammed the door shut, held the bottle strategically in front of me, and walked towards her.

Carly's eyes never left my cock as I walked past. At the last moment, I felt her hand slap my ass. I never looked back.

That episode was seldom far from my mind for several days. In the near pitch darkness of the kitchen, I didn't know what she had actually seen, but I had to assume it was everything. My problem was that the idea of that excited me. A lot.

One thought that never crossed my mind was the fact Carly might pay me back. If it was to happen, I'd never stoop to her depths and trap her in a dark room with no clothes on. Nor would I know when and how to do that if I wanted to. So when it happened, nobody was more surprised than me.

We were on a trip to my in-laws for a big family reunion. My wife's family is huge so most of us ended up staying in motels in the area. That was fine with me, except Carly would be staying in our room and that put a quick stop to any thought of Traci and I doing anything fun.

The first day of the long weekend was moving along as I predicted: tedious and full of new stories from in-laws I never liked in the first place and disliked more each time I saw them. Luckily, by late afternoon, Traci decided to take off with some of her sisters and Carly and I were free to go back to the motel until dinner.

As soon as we got inside the room I asked Carly what she was going to do in the couple hours we probably had before her Mom got back.

"Probably swim. Want to join me?" she asked.

"No thanks."

Carly walked over until she was right next to me. "Maybe this could be my opportunity to return a favor."

"What do you mean?" I asked, truly perplexed.

"You were nice enough to let me see you, finally," she said. "I owe you."

She didn't need to explain what she meant. "You trapped me," I replied.

Carly feigned an offended look. "I did not!"

"Then it was a pure accident?"

She shrugged. "Perhaps. But this time it won't be."

Carly walked over to her suitcase and quickly pulled out both pieces of a bikini. She laid them on the bed and came back over to me. Without saying a word, she put her hands on the bottom of her t-shirt and began to lift it. As quickly as I could grasp what was happening, she had the shirt over her head and was taking it off.

I couldn't keep from staring at her perfect tits, and Carly gave me plenty of opportunity. She tossed the shirt on the bed and allowed me to finish my gawking.

"Carly, you shouldn't..."

She was opening her shorts and pulling down the zipper. Carly wiggled out of them and kicked the pants aside, leaving me to gaze at the tiny panties that clung to her skin. After a short pause, Carly leaned over and pulled them off, too.

My eyes jumped back and forth from her tits, as they hung down, to the gentle curve of her ass. Soon, Carly was standing back up just inches in front of me.

"We're even," she said.

"Not quite," I answered.

She looked at me with questioning eyes.

"Turn around, I said.

She did and I slapped her lightly on one of her gorgeous cheeks. Carly shrieked and grabbed her bikini. I watched as she put it on and tied it in place. My cock throbbed and I suspected she knew it.

"So now there's no reason I can't walk around naked, just like you. Either here or at home," Carly said with a tone of having won.

I looked at her luscious body and said, "No, I guess not. Just don't do it in front of your mother."

With an agreement in place, Carly left for the pool and I finally moved my hard cock into a more comfortable position inside my shorts. I laid down on the bed and evoked all the images of my naked daughter that I could remember. Then I touched my rock hard cock and swore at her under my breath.

I'm sure she knew exactly what she was doing when Carly wore her most revealing dress at dinner. I spent two hours trying not to stare at her half-exposed tits or the tan legs extending under the table. She smiled at me throughout the meal, but never went beyond that. I knew then it was going to be a long weekend.

It was probably fortunate we were not alone again until the final morning of the trip when my wife was out with her family. I had exercised in the small gym before returning to the room for a shower. Carly appeared to still be asleep as I entered the bathroom. I locked the door.

When I was done and had my boxers on, I opened the bathroom door. Carly was waiting for me, naked. I froze and she entered the bathroom, closing the door and locking it behind her. When she turned around to face me again, I had to back up a half step to keep from having our bodies touch.

"I thought you'd never get done. Why'd you lock the door?" she asked.

"Because you might try to get in."

"I did. And now I'm in," she said with a sly smile. "I wanted to help you shower."

"That's what I was afraid of," I told her.

"So now you can help me."

I shook my head slowly. "No, Carly. I won't help you shower."

She pouted. "Why not? Wouldn't it be fun if I let you rub me all over with soap?"

Carly grabbed my wrists and pulled my hands up to her body. She guided them over her flat stomach and abs until reaching the middle of her chest.

"You could have cleaned my boobs and watched the soap drip off my nipples."

She had moved my hands up to her tits and onto the incredibly soft skin before I could react. Or did I even want to react? The suppleness of her tits in my hands nearly made me lose control. I wanted desperately to squeeze them and pull on the nipples.

"Imagine sliding the soap over me; watching the water pour down my body; between my legs."

She moved my hands back down across her body until there was no doubt where she was headed.

"Carly, no! Your mother might come back," I said.

"You know she won't for a couple more hours. That's plenty of time," Carly answered.

I resisted with enough pressure to avoid having her place my hands on her pussy. But I didn't take them off her body, either. My cock wouldn't let me.

"Oh my," Carly said, her eyes on my boxers. "I think you would have liked helping me wash."

She let go of my wrists and swiftly took hold of my cock, which was still inside my boxers but making a bulge nobody could miss. For the first time ever, my daughter stroked me with long, slow movements. Instantly, I was fully erect.

"Carly, stop it."

"Just think of us in the shower, Dad. Naked. You washing my back and my ass and my legs. Then I could wash you, all over," Carly said.

Of course the mental image was flashing in my brain as she spoke and the result was an even harder flow of blood through my cock. Carly had to feel it.

"It will never happen, Carly. So don't get your hopes up."

"We'll see," she said, as she took hold of the top of my boxers.

Then she was pushing them down my legs, releasing my pulsating cock. She bent down to pull them off and then got on her knees in front of me. Carly held my cock for a few more seconds before kissing the tip.

"Just think of what we could have done." With those words, she spread her lips and slid the head of my cock inside my mouth.

I was afraid, ashamed, and exceedingly horny. The beauty of my young daughter beginning to suck on my cock as she kneeled on the bathroom floor couldn't be described. I watched her blonde hair sway back and forth as her head bobbed up and down my shaft. I watched her tits bounce in rhythm. I got harder and harder.

Carly tightened her lips around my cock and increased the pressure applied by her tongue. That put an end to any thoughts I had of stopping her. At that instant, I pretty much knew I was going to cum. Or at least, wanted to and needed to.

Carly seemed to be of the same mindset. She showed no signs of letting up and, if anything, intensified her sucking. It seemed obvious to me I was not the first man she had ever done this to. Nor would I be the last. She was loving every second of it.

When I thought I sensed the first drops of precum making their way through my cock, I said, "Carly, you have to stop. I...I...might cum."

She wrapped her hand around the base of my cock, took it out of her mouth, and replied, "Good. I want you to."

Then my cock disappeared and I was on the verge of an orgasm. This was the type of treatment I had not received in many, many years and the sensation of my cock being buried in a woman's mouth was overwhelming. It was beginning to not matter that the woman was my daughter.

I looked across the bathroom and in the mirror was a view of Carly's ass. That was all I needed to go over the edge.

I knew it was a matter of seconds before I would cum.

"Carly. Oh fuck!"

I put two hands on the back of Carly's head and drove my cock into her mouth until I felt it hit the back of her throat. I quickly let go, realizing this was not Traci I was dealing with.

Then, as cum began to reach the tip of my cock, Carly pulled it out and aimed it straight at her tits. After a half dozen fast strokes of her hand, I groaned loudly and shot the first long stream of cum onto her body. I couldn't take my eyes off her tits as the cum covered them, slowly dripping down the sides and over her nipples the more I came.

The smile on her face is still etched in my mind. She seemed to revel in being completely covered in my semen. But eventually I was done.

She looked up at me after licking the last drop from the head of my cock.

"Mmmmmm, nice," she sighed. "I think I need a shower. Care to join me?"

Without saying a word, I picked up my boxers and exited the bathroom. So many emotions were flowing through me I didn't know what to say or do. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't stop imagining Carly in the shower cleaning the last of my cum from her tits. It felt like an image of her naked body was permanently etched in my mind.

We came home from that weekend without further incident, but I knew something had to be done. Either I ended it, or it would continue to escalate to a frightening conclusion. The problem was: I didn't know what I wanted more.

My wife had another short business trip planned a week later. That would be my opportunity. But my opportunity for what? I had every intention of taking the initiative this time. Carly, as always, beat me to it.

I had a habit of falling asleep on the couch watching TV when my wife was gone. I'd often wake up in the middle of the night and make my way to bed. Usually, I just had underwear on and maybe a blanket over me.

One night during Traci's trip, I was awoken by a body joining me on the couch. In my semi-conscious state, I instinctively put my arm around her. I felt nothing but skin and didn't think twice about it. Then I felt a hand push my boxers against my cock. Now I was awake.

I opened my eyes and saw Carly's face. The TV was off and the only light was coming from another room somewhere. In the dimness I saw that she was naked. Carly slid down the couch and slipped my underwear down my legs. When I was naked, she climbed on top of me and I settled onto my back.

She lowered her face to mine and said, "Hi."

Before I could speak, her mouth was on mine and we were kissing. It started out innocent enough, but soon her tongue was sliding across my lips. My natural response was to do the same to her and the kiss quickly became more passionate.

Carly was lying flat on top of me and when she started grinding her pussy against my cock I lost control. All the flashbacks of my previous views of her body combined into one big picture that caused my cock to stiffen. My hands slid down to her bare ass and soon we were kissing, groaning, and all but fucking. The blanket fell to the floor and we rolled as much as we could on the couch without falling off.

Our hands were everywhere. I clutched at her ass, her tits, and her waist. Carly felt my chest before searching out my cock. I didn't think the kiss would ever end. When it did, I was as hard as a rock.

"Don't fight this, Dad," Carly said softly. "I've seen you look at me. I've watched your cock grow every time you do. I've tasted you when you need to cum. Tonight we're going to fuck."

I took in a breath to speak.

"No," she demanded. "Don't say anything. Just relax and enjoy this. You want to, and I want to. Next time you can be in charge."

Every single thing she said was correct. She knew me better than I did and she was about to give me what I'd wanted most all summer. If she'd had to work on my cock for half an hour to get a response it would be one thing. But she only had to show up naked and I was erect. That's all we both needed to know.

Carly lifted herself just enough to slide her pussy over top of my cock. The urge to stop her was tremendous. The need to fuck her was even greater.

We made eye contact one last time before my daughter took hold of me and placed the tip of my cock at the entrance to her cunt. As she requested, nothing was said. I felt her hole open up as she lowered herself onto me in slow motion. I thought I was dreaming for the next few seconds as I felt her body take me in. Carly was tight, wet, and clearly experienced in fucking a man.

Once I was over the shock of being inside my daughter, I tried to concentrate on the sex act alone. I reached up and cupped Carly's tits in my hands, massaging them over and over and pulling on the nipples until she moaned. I squeezed the nipples between my fingers and each time I did, I felt her cunt tighten around my cock.

"Oh God, Dad. Harder. Squeeze them harder," she begged.

I complied with her wishes and was rewarded with a tighter cunt and faster rhythm. I could feel her juices lubricating both of us and the sound of our sex began to fill the room.

"Yesssss," she sighed. "Fuck me, Dad."

I grabbed her by the ass and thrust my cock into her as far as I could. Her shrieks of pleasure grew louder and longer. She leaned forward and her tits were just inches from my face as she bounced up and down. I was close to cumming, and figured she was too. But I wanted this to last forever, if I could.

I managed to delay my orgasm a little bit by watching Carly play with her clit. I studied her hand movements—how she moved aside the protective flaps and methodically rubbed up and down. I thought about my tongue doing the same thing.

That only brought me closer to cumming, so I took hold of Carly and rolled her onto her side. She smiled as she let me reposition our bodies, our legs intertwined and my cock still acting like a piston in her cunt.

"Oh yes," she moaned. "That feels so good. Now cum for me. Please."

Her ass was right on the edge of the couch, but I held her in place and we fucked harder. I finally got to suck on her tits and nibble on her erect nipples. The tender bites I took seemed to really excite Carly and I could feel her pussy respond.

Much more quickly than I wanted, I felt my orgasm reaching the point of no return.

"Now, Carly. Now! I'm gonna cum."

"It's OK, Dad. It's OK."

Three or four more deep thrusts and my cock opened up to let out stream after stream of cum.

"Oh fuck," I cried out. "Yes. Yessss!"

Any sounds I made after that weren't really words, just sounds. My cock poured more cum into Carly and I sucked on a tit until I heard her squeal with delight as her own orgasm began.

She begged me to keep fucking her and I prayed I could stay hard enough, long enough to let her finish cumming. Those couple of minutes when we were cumming together were the best couple minutes of my life. We were totally lost in each other and in our own pleasures. It didn't matter at that instant that we were father and daughter.

In the end, we just laid on the couch in silence, holding each other tightly.

"Are you happy now?" I asked after a while.

"Kind of."

"It wasn't good?"

She grinned. "It was fucking great. But next time I want YOU to pick the time and place. Surprise me. It'll be fun."

I almost told her, 'IF there's a next time.' But I knew there would be, and already I was thinking of a time and place.

The next time I saw Carly was the afternoon of the following day. We didn't talk about the night before, but each of us could sense that the excitement of what happened was still there.

I casually asked her, "Carly, what's your favorite sexual fantasy?"

She was truly surprised by my question, but gave it some thought. "God, Dad. That's a really personal question. But I guess it would be having sex in front of a whole bunch of people. You know, in public."

I smiled and felt somewhat relieved it was something I could most likely provide.

"Are you busy tomorrow evening?" I asked Carly.

She shook her head. "No. Why?"

"Can you be at my office around six?"

"Sure. Are we going somewhere?" she wanted to know.

"Kind of. Just be there, OK? Oh, and wear something nice."

She looked puzzled. "Like a dress?"

"That would be great," I smiled.

She had to know this was the beginning of my plan, but I didn't want to give the entire thing away. As she herself had said, 'It'll be fun.'

My office was downtown, on the twenty first floor, with one wall consisting of floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the entire city. The closest building was across the street and it was possible, if you looked close enough, to see inside the offices. I always assumed they could do the same, but never felt like I was being spied upon.

I never thought it was something that might come in handy, either.

Carly didn't particularly like to wear dresses. She was a jeans and t-shirt type of person her whole life. However, just like her mother, she looked fantastic in a dress that accentuated her curves and long legs. I was certain she would thoroughly enjoy the looks, and comments, she got as she walked down the busy city streets to my office, as well as the stares she would get from the few guys remaining in my building.

The smile on her face when she knocked on the door and entered proved me right.

She had to see my eyes scan her entire body before I said, "Wow, you look great, Carly."

"Thanks. All the perverts you work with think so, too," she replied.

The grin on her face assured me she didn't mind. "You're an exhibitionist at heart. Don't try to fool me."

"Will they give you a hard time? I mean, about me coming in here like this."

"Probably. The single guys will want your number. Actually, maybe some of the married guys, too," I said.

She giggled. "So, what's up?"

I walked around her, made sure the door was closed, and locked it. I knew at this time of night nobody would bother us.

"You were so nice to me the other night I thought I owed you one," I said. "When you said you wanted to have sex in public I wanted to make you happy. I might not be able to take you down onto the sidewalk, but I can do almost as good."

Carly was truly mystified. She had it in her mind from the beginning we were going somewhere. I didn't think we needed to.

I took her by the hand and walked with her to the windows. "How about having sex in front of one million people, Carly?"

I stepped behind her and wrapped my arms around my daughter. I could actually feel her heart pounding through the thin material of the dress.

"Do you mean...right here? Now?"

I kissed one of her ears through the silky blonde hair that covered it.

"Right here. Right now," I whispered.

"Oh, Daddy," she nearly gasped. "I'm getting wet just thinking about it."

"Then why don't we do it?"

She nodded.

"Tell me what you want, honey."

"I want you to fuck me, Dad. In front of this window."

With both of us on the same page, I set out to fulfill Carly's fantasy. I continued kissing her neck and running my hands up and down her dress, stopping only to feel her soft breasts and ass. Luckily, the sun was on the other side of the building and we had a glare-free look out over the city. Hopefully, anybody watching had a clear view of us.

My hands were on the back of Carly's thighs, just under the hem of her fairly short dress. I caressed her skin as I slid my hands up until I felt the bottom of her panties. I kept on going and my fingers hit her ass cheeks. That's when I leaned into her and moved my hands around her body until they rested on the front of her panties.

Carly pushed her ass into me as I pressed harder on her pussy, finally finding the outline of her cunt. Indeed, she was wet and the panties clung to her body as I rubbed her. Carly was arching her back to accept my hand. I moved my other hand up to her tit and squeezed it as hard as I could.

"Oh, Daddy. Yes! I want you so bad."

Now that she was wet and I was hard, I found the zipper on the back of her dress and pulled it down. The soft skin I'd seen before came into view as I pushed aside the top of her dress and let it begin to fall over her shoulders. It felt like Carly was holding her breath as the dress sank down her body towards the floor. When it collected around her feet, I ran my fingers over her skin.

The reflection of her body, with the bright white bra and panties against her tanned skin, made me even harder.

"Do you think anybody can see?" she asked quietly.

"I hope so. I want everybody to see you."

"Us," she corrected me. "See US."

Carly kicked the dress aside and I reached for the hook in the front of her bra. The cups separated and I let them hang loosely.

"Last chance to back out," I told her.

"Never."

I pulled the bra off and quickly had my hands on top of her lovely tits. I pushed my cock against her ass and teased her mercilessly with my fingers. She moaned loudly as I tugged on the nipples and kneaded her tits roughly. Her ass rocked back and forth across my cock, which was rock hard despite the confinement of my pants.

"Take off my panties, Dad. I want to be naked," Carly said.

It only took a few seconds to meet her demand. Then I took hold of her wrists and lifted her arms slightly above her head.

"There," I said. "Look at my gorgeous daughter while I fuck her."

Carly giggled and put her fingers in her hair, pulling it up in a sexy show. Then she reached back and put her arm around my neck while I kissed her. Next, she turned to face me, her ass nearly touching the window.

I smiled and we kissed long and hard. Carly thrust her ass out as if to say, 'Look at this, too.' If she was half as horny as I was, this WAS going to be fun.

My daughter began to undress me, eagerly working her way down to my boxers and, finally, my cock. I had loved stripping Carly for the public to see, but found it incredibly intimidating to be the one naked in front of the city. We turned so both of us had our side toward the windows. Then Carly kneeled down and took my rigid cock between her lips. I tried not to look out at the building across the street, for fear of seeing somebody watching as she gave me a blowjob. This was her fantasy, not mine. But, yes, it was very stimulating.

I couldn't get any harder as I drove my cock into Carly's mouth. She did her usual fantastic job of applying just the right amount of pressure to keep bringing me closer to an orgasm, then backing off. Finally, I had to fuck her.

"Are you ready, hon?" I asked her.

"Absolutely. Let's do it."

She left it up to me and there was no doubt in my mind what I wanted.

"Lean against the window," I told her. "Both hands."

She smiled and laid her palms flush against the glass.

"Spread your legs."

She complied and I pulled her by the waist so her ass stuck out at me and her tits hung low from her chest. I saw the wet, pink opening to her cunt and I placed the tip of my cock at the entrance.

"Oh my God, Dad. This is going to be so fucking fantastic," she said with excitement.

The only warning I gave her was a tug on her waist. Then my throbbing cock thrust into her with one, violent push.

"Ahhhhhh fuck," she groaned.

I drove my cock deeper, faster, and harder. She cried out louder and I felt the juices inside her body begin to line my cock. She was really, really stimulated and I intended to make her cum several times if I could.

I reached up and held her tits.

"They're all watching, Carly. The entire city is watching you having sex. Give them a good show," I said.

She leaned up slightly and thrust out her chest as if to give a better view of her body. Below us, cars and buses, cabs and pedestrians streamed past our building. Somebody had to see us. And Carly reveled in it.

At times she was flattened against the window. Other times, she pushed back with her hands and was bent at the waist. Each new position allowed my cock to enter her a new way and excite her a little more. I knew I couldn't wait much longer.

"Carly, is it alright to cum...uh, inside you?" I asked.

"Yes. Please. Don't worry," she assured me. "Just cum for me, Dad."

Thirty seconds later, she shrieked, "Oh God. Yesssss! Yessssss!"

With my hand frantically rubbing her clit, Carly came for the first of what would be many long orgasms. Somewhere in the middle, my cock exploded with several shots of warm cum. Our groans echoed in the office as the sex reached a zenith and then slowly tapered off. Even the last of my desperate thrusts into Carly's cunt forced her against the window and caused her to cry out with pleasure. The glass was streaked with her perspiration and hand prints and, a little lower, remnants of the juices flowing down the inside of her thighs.

I pulled out reluctantly and held her in my arms, her ass against my cock and my hands on her tits.

"God, that was good. Thank you, Daddy."

"My pleasure."

After a long pause, Carly asked me, "Daddy, do you have any fantasies?"

I smiled, wondering where this would lead us.