## Chloe's Corruption

## *by* [*07wndl*](https://www.sexstories.com/profile1456710/07wndl)

“Chloe, have you packed your things yet?” My mother’s voice caught my attention. Her footsteps were gradually approaching my room. “Your father is arriving shortly,” she added. “It’s his custody weekend, don’t forget.”  
  
“Thanks, but I’m ready,” I replied. It’s an arrangement that had been going on for nearly a year already. Hell, technically it wasn’t even a custody day anymore. My eighteenth birthday came up in the midst of the year, so it wasn’t a legally binding requirement. I simply got used to spending the weekend away from home.  
  
I suppose I was lucky that they waited with that big change as long as they did. It’s easy to remember how quickly things were different. My parents had entered that phase in their marriage when they could no longer put up with each other, and as such, they decided to get divorced and live separately. It was a simple solution ¬for them. But for me – their child – it was annoying to deal with. It was akin to living two different lives.  
  
My mother was raising me to be modest and proper, while my father took advantage of his newfound freedom by going through what appeared to be a midlife crisis. His way of raising me revolved around the simple philosophy of “do whatever.” I couldn’t complain that my life was dull, at least.  
  
“He seems to be late. What’s taking him so long?” I asked just as my bedroom door swung open, and my mother peeked inside. She was mildly surprised to see that I truly had packed my belongings already. It was a simple travel bag containing a change of clothes, some basic necessities, and my laptop so that I could continue studying despite being away from home.  
  
The startling noise of a honking car drew my attention to our backyard. I quickly bid my farewells to my mother, grabbed my bag, and greeted my father outside. To my surprise, he had arrived in a rented van rather than his usual car.  
  
He rolled down a window, and gestured for me to come closer.  
  
“Get inside, princess!” he yelled, which made me cringe in return. He loved teasing me with that nickname. I could never tell if the origin stemmed from the large house my mother lived in, or the expensive clothes she enjoyed dressing me in. Either way, I hadn’t asked for any of it.  
  
“Dad!” I made an attempt to make him feel guilty, but he simply scoffed and continued staring at me with an amused grin. Unacceptable. I glared even more strongly back at him, but it was of no use. He simply watched in glee as I carried the heavy luggage into the conspicuous old van and got into the passenger’s seat. It was my turn to stare back at my father.  
  
“What’s with the rented car?” Turning to look into the back of the vehicle, I also noticed a bunch of camping utensils.  
  
“Well,” he begun to explain. “It’s kind of a long story. How about this,” he suggested. “You go ahead and enjoy the scenery for a while, and once we’ve arrived, I’ll tell you what we are doing and why we are doing it. Does that sound fair to you?”  
  
I nodded, and our journey started. It was a pleasant sight as I looked out the window. The urban cityscape gradually faded out of view, and was replaced by a welcoming countryside. Fields, acres, and vast patches of empty grass land. It was after an hour of driving when my interest piqued and I shot my father a curious gaze. Alas, he did not reply.  
  
The car eventually took a turn, and entered a rough trail that led into a forest. The basking sun above us became shrouded by leaves. Only a few rays of light still managed to break through the dense vegetation, and even the air itself became noticeably damp and fresh.  
  
It was the first time in years that I was so far away from home, but rather than being frightened, I felt a weird sense of relief. It was akin to an unexpected vacation, albeit with a purpose I still wasn’t clear about.  
  
“You look like you haven’t seen trees before,” my father interrupted me.  
  
“It’s been a while. Care to explain why you’re taking me all the way out here?” Just to be sure of what I already expected, I briefly snatched my phone out of my pocket and checked for a connection. It didn’t display a single bar ¬– we were far from civilization.  
  
“Sure!” he answered. The dense vegetation was slowly opening up to reveal a larger, open area. The grass was downtrodden. Near the center was a makeshift fire pit consisting of many small and large stones which were arranged into a circle. Remnants of ash still lingered in the midst of that circle. “Well, there’s a secret I hadn’t told you yet,” he began.  
  
“Before you were born, I always hoped that your mother would give birth to a son. Because the fondest memories of my childhood, were bonding moments with my dad during fishing trips, hiking, things like that. When she gave birth to a daughter, I kind of just accepted that those things would never happen again. But you know what?” The car gradually slowed until it came to a stop.  
  
“You’re old enough now to decide for yourself. I figured we can give this a try, and if you dislike it, you will let me know.”  
  
He stepped out of the car, and already began to retrieve a few items from the back of the van while I was still taken aback by this revelation. He just dumped a lot of information on me at once. It was a relief that he didn’t say he regretted having a daughter, but he also mentioned that he would have preferred a son. It probably didn’t help that my mother had her own way of raising me. Whatever good that did, anyway. I never liked playing with dolls and I certainly was never going to behave like one.  
  
When I freshly entered puberty, she was probably the only reason why I spent my time with other girls instead of roughhousing it with the guys and being up to no good. This was an opportunity to embrace my rebellious side and maybe even learn a little more about myself. And the way my father phrased it, this seemed to be some kind of family tradition. I loved the thought.  
  
“I will let you know!” I chirped back at him. So I climbed out of the car, and helped to get his stuff out of the car. Most of it resembled camping gear, which he soon used to set up a tent. It felt like a little adventure – I didn’t even know where we were, but it was an idyllic little patch. There was also a distinct watery sound nearby.  
  
Curiosity got the better of me, so while my father was busy setting up the rest of the campsite, I followed the noise. It gradually grew louder, until I arrived at a little creek in the middle of the woods. The water coursing through it was crystal clear – to a city girl such as myself, it looked awesome. I sat down on a nearby patch of grass and simply watched the flowing water. The lush scenery, combined with the steady sound of water, provided such a unique experience.  
  
It was so relaxing.  
  
Every time I breathed in, I could smell fresh nature around me. I couldn’t tell just how long I sat there. It felt like my worries and stress were just washing away in that gentle stream.  
  
It took a while before I returned to my father. Much to my surprise, he had already finished his preparations and sat by a newly lit campfire. The tent was just a few feet away, and despite its small size, it seemed solid and dependable enough to last the night. Which was fortunate – the sun was already setting.  
  
Upon noticing me, my father gestured for me to come closer. He was close to the fire, seated, on a wooden log that had been split through the middle to make it serve as bench. It was a decently improvised idea and mildly impressive, it clearly wasn’t his first time out here in the woods.  
  
“It looks nice,” I pointed out. The heat emanated by the flames was noticeable as soon as I sat down. It was scary, but I felt secure in my father’s presence. We listened to the crackling campfire for a while before he turned back towards me.  
  
“Hey, Chloe. I hope you aren’t mad at me or your mother, for the current situation.” He reached over to his side, towards something I hadn’t noticed, and retrieved a couple bottles of beer. As it turned out, he had brought a cooler. He opened both of the bottles and handed one to me, and I reluctantly took it.  
  
“Are you sure? I’m not old enough to drink alco-”I was interrupted by his stare.  
  
Something quickly gave me the feeling that he was well aware that I’d sometimes sneak away from home to party with friends. I was no stranger to drinking.  
  
“Alright, sure,” I corrected myself. “And yeah I’m not mad at either of you. Life is unpredictable, I know. I’m not a child anymore,” I reassured him. “You don’t sound like you’re happy yourself, though?”  
  
He took a sip from his beer. Then, he lowered his head briefly before returning to look at the fire. “I miss your mother, of course. We’ve lived together for almost twenty years after all. It’s a complicated situation for all of us, but as you’ve so wisely said, life is unpredictable.”  
  
While I listened to him, I drank some of my own beer. It was awfully bitter, but the chilled temperature made it easy to get down. The sour taste encouraged me to try and drink the bottle quickly, before it would have a chance to get warm and taste even worse.  
  
“How about you, then?” he asked. “How is the dating life of my little princess?”  
  
“Dad!” Once again I found myself trying to scold him with my gaze alone, however futile it may be. “There’s ... not much of a dating life. I get around a lot – I mean, I meet a lot of people. But I haven’t met any guy I fancied. That aside I’m swamped with studies and stuff, college is troublesome compared to what high school was like. I wish I could turn back time,” I explained. The alcohol made me sound more melancholic than I intended, and I quickly paid the price.  
  
My father laughed out loud, reached out with his arm, and gave me a hard enough pat on the back to make me nearly fall off the wooden bench! The booze had eased his mood, too.  
  
“That’s genius, I love it. You’ve nailed the tone of a suffering adult. Yes, if only it were possible to turn back time, my troubled princess...” he teased.  
  
To which I playfully glared back at him.  
  
Afterwards, we continued talking and joking for a while longer, and shared a few more beers. Fortunately I had enough practice to keep my alcohol down, but by the end of it, both of us felt intoxicated, and tired, but also happy.  
  
The campfire remained our only source of light in the midst of these dark woods. When the flames slowly ran out of fuel, we retreated into the tent. I found that he had prepared sleeping bags already, one for each of us. They weren’t exactly jumbo sized – perhaps to save money. But there was more than enough room for one person. I didn’t bring any pajama, and decided to sleep in my underwear.  
  
And so, we both squeezed into our sleeping bags and zipped them up tightly. We fell asleep to the steadily weakening sound of firewood outside. I closed my eyes, and felt my mind wander off.  
  
However, something soon drew me back to reality.  
  
“Jess ... Jessica...”  
  
I heard my father’s voice nearby, it was weak and barely audible. He was calling my mother’s name – was he on the phone with her? No, we didn’t get any signal this far from the city. Maybe he was having a nice dream, I figured. Either way, I didn’t think much of it and closed my eyes once more. Sleep claimed me soon after.  
  
The next time I woke up, it was to the sound of my sleeping bag being unzipped.  
  
Moments later, someone crawled into the already limited room of my sleeping bag. My father – most likely – and his body pressed snugly against mine. There was so little space remaining inside the bag that I could barely even breathe anymore.  
  
The campfire outside had died, there was absolutely no light to see anything, despite my best attempts. The only sense I could still rely on was my hearing.  
  
“Jess...” The weak mumbling of my father was so close to my ear, I could practically feel his breath. He certainly seemed to be sleeping, or sleepwalking. He must be having a dream about my mother, I figured – it would explain why he kept calling her name. I was just about to try and wake him up, when I grew aware of something else.  
  
Because of how tightly he was pressing against my backside, I hadn’t noticed it at first. But there was something poking and prodding the back of my leg. I felt it sliding up and onto the insides of my thigh. It’s when I realized that my father must have decided to sleep naked.  
  
Waking him up in this situation was an embarrassment that I wanted to spare both of us. However, my attempts to wiggle out of the sleeping bag were not getting me anywhere. It was designed for one person – having two inside, meant that the fabric squeezed down on me tightly. I couldn’t even roll around to reach the zipper, and my arms were too short to get anywhere near it.  
  
I grumpily resigned myself to the situation. My father began to buck his hips forward, which in turn allowed his semi-flaccid erection to smoothly slide back and forth between my thighs. I was being dry-humped. I could feel his penis growing – and shame was burning my cheeks. I had never even seen a real penis. I was a virgin.  
  
The idea that I had my father’s cock rubbing against my bare skin was revolting. Before I could make another attempt to get out of such an incredibly awkward situation, I felt him shifting his position slightly. He was changing his angle. The smooth crown of his manhood was sliding upwards, and with his next forward movement, I could feel it nudging against the crotch of my underwear.  
  
I uttered a startled yelp, and squeezed my thighs shut. It did little to restrict his movement however, and he once more thrust forward with the same result. His mushroom-head plunged against my soft labia, with only my underwear to separate us.  
  
It was completely quiet all around us. Only the faint sound of our breathing was audible, as well as the sound of shifting fabric whenever he moved. I could precisely feel what was happening between my legs though, even without seeing or hearing it. The tip of his appendage repeatedly mushed against my crotch, until he once more shifted slightly.  
  
“Jess ... I love you...”  
  
This time when he bucked forward, he pushed his erection directly into the cleft of my underwear, into the cameltoe that he helped to outline. My heart abruptly began to beat twice as fast. If I hadn’t been wearing panties, he would have entered me with that thrust. I reached down to push his penis away, or to at least shield my womanhood, but since my hands were still outside the sleeping bag there was nothing I could do. So I gathered my courage and attempted to wriggle free again, despite the risk that he might wake up.  
  
But then his arms shifted and wrapped around my body – inside the bag. He pulled me in for a tight bear-hug, squeezing me so tightly that it briefly drew air out of my lungs. I could scarcely imagine the kind of dream he had.  
  
I froze, in shock and embarrassment. His hands however didn’t remain idle, they slid up just an inch or so to my breasts, and easily pushed my bra out of the way. His hands cupped my breasts. I don’t believe he had ever seen them with his own eyes. They were a little less than a handful, at least in his manly hands. I winced when his grip tightened, as if he was giving them an approving squeeze. I never thought that I would have my own father playing with my breasts. My shame was palpable.  
  
In any other situation, this might have been enjoyable. But not like this – certainly not with my dad. I contemplated my options. There was no chance to squeeze out of his tight embrace. The alternative was to endure being dry-humped. His penis was fully erect, but at least I wasn’t able to see it. I could pretend it was something else, something innocent. Maybe I could let him finish, let him leave, and then pretend this never even happened. I was his daughter, of course I wished to pretend this never happened.  
  
His thrusts came slightly more frequent, and each push sent the blunt head of his erection into the gusset of my underwear. It was an incredibly awkward situation, and my heart kept fluttering. I had never been so nervous. This was a situation I never wanted to find myself in.  
  
One of his hands soon grew tired of merely cupping my breast. It slid down, and caressed the smooth curves of my body on its way. My own hand rushed downwards to try and push his out of the way, but once again, I could do nothing with my arms stuck outside of the sleeping bag. His hand kept lowering, and slid into my panties, directly cropping a feel of my naked vagina.  
  
That was it, I thought. It was too much for me to tolerate. I abandoned my attempts to control his actions and instead began reaching around to push him away, and to coax him into waking up.  
  
His fingers were busy with a purpose, though. Within a split second, he had pushed the crotch of my underwear aside, while two of his fingers applied gentle pressure to my labia. He nudged the folds apart, and revealed what must have been a tiny little opening.  
  
Before I had time to push him, he decidedly bucket his hips forward.  
  
The purple grown of his manhood rushed inwards and penetrated me. Even the tip was enough to make my entire body tense up, and I groaned bitterly in response to the sudden intrusion. I felt it! Something was inside me. Something had entered me. My own father was inside my body. There was an immediate burning soreness, as I felt my lower bits struggling to accommodate the undesired intruder.  
  
My father’s fingers eased their touch, and I felt my labia softly collapsing around the bulbous cockhead. I struggled to breathe, while he uttered a simple moan – guttural and pleased. Even in his sleeping state, he must have felt glee at conquering a woman’s privates.  
  
But then, he continued pushing his crotch towards mine. His erection slid deeper, and closer to my virginity. “No, no,” I whimpered in confusion. If I were to shout, he might accidentally push inside. If I were to slap his body, it may also result in him moving erratically. My mind raced, and whatever alcohol I had earlier didn’t make it any easier to think rationally. There had to be a way to stop this moment of madness.  
  
His member moved slowly but deliberately. I was distinctly aware of the exact shape and size of his mushroom-shaped cockhead. The walls of my vagina had formed a seal around that first inch of his manhood inside me. I could vividly imagine every ridge and vein adorning his shaft.  
  
Within seconds, it applied pressure to what felt like a barrier. A thin membrane. My treasured hymen was right there. It was the one sign that I never had sexual intercourse. My panic grew worse, I had to stop this perversion but found myself at a loss to think of a perfect solution.  
  
My indecisiveness allowed him another second to proceed. That incredibly vulnerable, thin membrane inside me slowly began to tear. The only panicked reaction I could think of was to shut my legs even tighter, I ignored his warm breath against my neck and shut my legs as tightly as I could.  
  
A short moment later, it happened regardless. My hymen stretched a little more and then simply collapsed, allowing him full entry. My naked vagina clamped down on his erection, and I cried out bitterly. There was a sharp, stinging pain which rapidly faded into a dull soreness. He had just turned me into a woman.  
  
It didn’t halt his advances, perhaps because in his dream, he still imagined me to be his wife – my mother – who he was inside of. He wasn’t being considerate in that dream, he was horny. And so he pulled back just a little, and then plunged deeper in than before. Multiple inches of his erection were being shoved into me, and I could feel my insides stretched taut to surround him.  
  
“Ah!” It was such a surreal experience. I could feel his dick inside of me, and its heat was mixing with my own. More so than that, I awkwardly began to notice that my body continued to react on its own. A heat was building inside my loins, and I could feel myself getting wet because of the constant stimulation of my genitals.  
  
I once more attempted to squirm, and tried to push my lower body away from his, but the sleeping bag kept me tightly constricted. He had unlimited access to my freshly deflowered womanhood. My hope began to fade – why even struggle, now that he had taken my virginity. He was just about to get what he was working towards to, anyway.  
  
With rhythmical thrusts, in and out, he coaxed my pussy into opening up inch by inch. He was unknowingly easing my body into accepting his entire length. It kept going one inch at a time, until I could finally feel his crotch warm against my bum. I could feel his erection so deep inside of me, just beneath my navel. We were completely connected.  
  
He seemed to cherish the moment – or perhaps the warmth. The wet heat, while my vagina direly clenched down on his erection. Not a trace of his dick was left outside, he was – for the lack of a better de\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*ion – save and secure inside my pussy.  
  
As if that wasn’t bad enough, I even grew vaguely aware of our heartbeats. It was a sickening thought – we were truly connected. Intimately.  
  
My earlier observation came back to haunt me however, this wasn’t a romantic coupling. It was sex. Raw intercourse. He withdrew halfway before he began to fuck into me at a steady pace. The sleeping bag did little to muffle all the sounds we produced, some noises were still audible. Each time he pushed in particularly vigorously, I could hear a wet squelch coaxed out of my vagina. I had really gotten wet, dripping wet.  
  
The sheer darkness around us sharpened my other senses, and I grew more aware of his dick. It had a fat girth, truly stretching me to the limits. If only I had a moment to try and relax, to breathe, perhaps I’d have an easier time enduring his assault. But my father – even in his sleep – seemed to prefer my tension and tightness. With every thrust, he struggled to sheathe his entire length due to the resistance.  
  
I never imagined my first time to be in the middle of nowhere, in a tiny tent, stuck in a single position while my own father turned me into a woman. And all of it occurred without a single exchange of words. Every interaction was solely restricted to our genitals, his dick had conquered my pussy and I could do nothing but to listen to the act.  
  
His pace had never changed, it was one continuous motion of sliding out, and back in. I did however begin to feel myself getting sore from the frequent friction, especially given the lack of foreplay that was involved earlier on. I reluctantly gave in to the moment, and no longer made an attempt to keep my legs shut. As soon as I parted my legs, even a little bit, I noticed that the feeling of friction diminished. He moved much more freely. Good, I thought. The sooner this was over, the better.  
  
The bulbous crown of his erection scraped against my tender insides each time he withdrew. Minutes passed while he repeated the same motions. That kind of monotony was what brought me to another realization. The alcohol had lulled me into a false sense of security – I had a dick inside of my body, unprotected. There would be nothing to prevent his sperm from leaking into every niche and corner of my vagina.  
  
“No that ... it can’t be,” I muttered.  
  
He continued lazily thrusting into me. Every now and then, another slippery squelch announced the intimate connection we still shared. His imminent climax would seal the deal.  
  
“Dad ... no, you have to wake up!” I raised my voice. At the same time, I renewed my struggling. It was no longer in an attempt to get free, as much as it had the purpose to tear my father out of his deep sleep. Around the lower half of my body, I could feel his hands reaching for a tighter grip of my thighs. He began to pull me closer – he made sure that the entirety of his erection was safely embedded inside my youthful vagina.  
  
“Dad!” I shouted.  
  
He uttered a weak grunt, and stopped moving. My genitals were completely at his mercy. There was nothing more I could do now – if he were to climax, then I would receive every drop of his babymaking-sperm deep into my pussy. This horrific thought nearly made my heart skip a beat.  
  
“Chloe... ?” A tired voice whispered into my ear.  
  
“Stop, you gotta stop!” I pleaded desperately. I could only hope that he hadn’t cum yet.  
  
“What is ... oh, God! It feels so good.” He was giving me another tentative thrust – he still didn’t know what was happening. He was still under the cursed assumption that this was part of his wet dream. His words also invoked a strange feeling in me – my own father complimented me on being a good fuck.  
  
“Dad, this ... ahnn!” There was an eager push, and the crown of his shaft plunged against something particularly sensitive in the back of my vagina. “This isn’t your imagination, it’s real, you have to stop!” I cried out. The words escaped me in a swift rush, since as soon as I was done speaking, I inhaled sharply. “You’re too deep,” I thought bitterly. I didn’t know it at the time, but his erection was prodding my cervix. It must have been instinct for him to try and reach the one spot that would maximize the odds of a successful breeding.  
  
“Breeding”? I thought to myself. Was that really what I wanted, to get bred like some farm animal by my own father? It was a surreal fantasy, and yet, it could become reality. It’s the natural part of sexual intercourse, the ejaculation, it always happens sooner or later. I’d simply need to remain silent.  
  
In a way, it was weirdly comforting that I absolutely couldn’t escape. Everything was completely in his hands. My vagina was entirely at the mercy of his hormones. I couldn’t tell if it was my growing discontent, the booze, or if I was getting horny myself. But, now that I found myself with another reason to scream for him to stop, I instead chose to be quiet. It was such a taboo situation, and I found myself curious to see how far he would go.  
  
There was no doubt in my mind that since I was aware of my father’s heartbeat, he was also aware of mine, deep inside me. What would that feel like to him, I wondered. Did it feel like my vagina was softly pulsing all around his dick?  
  
The lips of my pussy were tautly embracing the very base of his erection. It was like an airtight seal – nothing would be able to leak out once it were inside me. The idea was disgusting and revolting, but at the same time, it was strangely alluring. I felt like a girl who was playing with fire. There was no doubt I’d change my mind as soon as I stopped being so horny, but in that very moment, there was only one thing on my mind.  
  
I closed my eyes, and concentrated on my crotch. Then, I began to try and move the muscles I had felt inside my vagina earlier. It took a moment, but soon after, I managed to make myself tighten on command. As soon as I understood how it was done, I began to squeeze down on his shaft, repeatedly. Almost immediately afterwards, I could feel him throbbing against the tight confines of my womanhood. The sudden response was unexpected and startling, but didn’t seem to change anything at first.  
  
There was a long moment during which nothing was said, and nothing more happened. It was just me and him, our bodies joined together. My sanity returned to me, too. What the hell had I been thinking just now? I nearly ended up getting inseminated by my own father. And given just how deep he was inside me, he would end up drowning my cervix in his babybatter.  
  
The fat girth of his manhood began to shrink, gradually, and no longer caused me so much discomfort. It was finally over, I got lucky.  
  
“God, I wish it were real,” my father whispered. His speech was slurred – just a little – but he was clearly still intoxicated. At the same time however, I began to feel something else. There was a liquid heat spreading through my loins, faster than any other sensation I had felt before. My eyes opened wide in shock – this couldn’t be happening. I could feel a foreign warmth spreading inside of my vagina, filling the empty spaces that were left by his softening appendage. He had done it. Millions of his little swimmers were now swarming inwards to try and ensure I’d carry his child.  
  
I fumbled to reach down with my hands, and awkwardly grabbed and tugged on the sleeping bag right where my crotch was located, but it was useless. There was nothing I could do to change what happened. Seemingly by instinct, I could feel my vagina defiantly squeezing down on his shrinking appendage. But even that attempt to expel his invader did nothing – his shaft was still halfway inside me, neatly kept inside by the tightness of my own body. His cum had nowhere to go but deeper inside my unprotected womanhood.  
  
I may have just witnessed the conception of my own little baby sister, or brother.  
  
His manhood had gone completely soft. The gooey damage it had caused however was already swirling around my cervix. His seed might already be swimming through that one and only barrier, to ensure the pregnancy would take. His dick had lasted long enough to get its job done. The one task nature intended it to fulfill; to deliver his cum into a receptive female. Even in that very moment, his limp appendage was still drooling the last remnants of his sperm into me. I could feel my head beginning to spin as I fully understood the consequences of what I just experienced.  
  
It was overwhelming.  
  
It was too much.