## Going Nova ch. 10: Hazel Goes Nova

## *by* [*sodapopsweet*](https://www.sexstories.com/profile1175683/sodapopsweet)

Hazel checked the time on her phone and noticed that she and Warrick were a couple hours into the afternoon birthday party they had been invited to. The party was hosted by Warrick’s friend Tyler, and the two had known each other since shortly after Brie was born. They had met on a new-fathers community forum online. When they’d realized that they lived in the same city, Warrick set up regular play dates with Tyler, his wife Lindsay, and their son Dominic. As the two kids grew up, they’d naturally drifted apart, forming their own relationships with friends who lived closer by—Brie had little interest in being carted twenty minutes across town on a regular basis, just to play with kids, when she could instead wander down a few blocks to Elsie’s by herself—but the two fathers maintained their friendship nevertheless.  
  
Hazel enjoyed the company of Tyler, but did not hold as strong a relationship with him as her husband did, nor with Tyler’s wife. At one point early on, Warrick took the risk of inviting him into a threesome or foursome between the two couples, but Lindsay was not amused. Ever since then, even though Warrick and Tyler continued to carry on like normal, Hazel felt like she was something of an outsider.  
  
“How’s Dominic been doing?” Warrick asked.  
  
“Eh, you can see for yourself. Dominic!” Tyler called into the house. “Come say hi to Uncle Warrick and Aunt Hazel.”  
  
A gloomy boy with a slim, ropey build appeared in the window in a black band tee with the sleeves cut off. He waved in acknowledgement, but didn’t go outside.  
  
Tyler turned back to Warrick and shrugged. “I guess he’s getting to be that age where we’re not cool enough anymore, huh?” He punched Warrick on the shoulder.  
  
“Not cool anymore?” Warrick asked, shooting a worried glance at his wife.  
  
Hazel snorted and sipped her beer, but said nothing.  
  
Tyler redirected the subject. “Brie’s starting to grow up, too. I’ve seen the pictures on Facebook. She’s getting tall.” He leaned in to Warrick. “I hate to tell you, man, but she’s got more of her mother in her than you.”  
  
“She lucked out,” Hazel interjected wryly.  
  
“I have to say, I agree.” Warrick said proudly, and wrapped an arm around his wife to pull her close.  
  
Tyler cast his eyes downward. “I was hoping she’d come along. I thought maybe she and Dom would play together, like old times. Where did you say she was this afternoon?”  
  
“She’s at a fashion show with her friend,” Hazel replied and added, “and a lot has changed as she has grown. I don’t think those ‘old times’ are coming back.”  
  
“True. You know,” said Tyler wistfully, “I always regret that the kids didn’t get along better than they did. It would’ve been nice to see them blossom together.”  
  
Warrick nodded, “I know, but you know kids. They can’t see beyond their own neighborhood. They’ve got it easy, really. They want their entire social circle within reach. If it’s not directly in front of them, they won’t even give it a chance. I got Brie a new bike, and she won’t even ride it. She’s already asking me for a car and she hasn’t even gotten her permit yet. Meanwhile, there’s a whole world out there for her to explore.”  
  
The screen door swung open and Lindsay came out with presents and, balanced on top of the stack, a cheese tray.  
  
“Speaking of changes,” Tyler said, plucking up a cube of cheddar as his wife passed, “We’re starting to talk with Dom about sex.”  
  
“Lovely party conversation,” Lindsay mocked.  
  
A self-conscious chortle escaped Tyler. “Anyway, we’re hoping we’re not too late.”  
  
“Too late for what?” asked Warrick.  
  
“You know, kids these days get their sex education off the internet, if you know what I mean. And I’m not talking about SkillShare.”  
  
“Wouldn’t that be something?” Lindsay asked bemusedly. The foursome burst into laughter at the thought of an online video class that taught sex education through live demonstration, but it died out into fidgety reflection on the topic.  
  
Tyler spoke up to end the awkward silence, “Anyway, I know Dom’s almost a little too old to have not yet had The Talk,” he paused to emphasize the euphemism, “but I was curious how you went about it.”  
  
“Well…” Hazel fumbled for the words, “we’ve found ourselves in the same situation as you. We’ve noticed that Brie is becoming more sexually active. We’ve caught her…” Hazel then paused, looking to Warrick for the right thing to say, “exposing herself to new perspectives recently.”  
  
Warrick felt a lump in his throat, unsure how much his wife was going to say.  
  
“You caught her?” asked Tyler with surprise. He looked to Warrick, who grimaced and nodded. “With a boy?”  
  
Warrick interjected, “Not with a boy, no. Not yet.”  
  
Tyler chucked, “See? That’s what I mean. We have to get to them before the rest of the world does.” He turned to his wife, “Linds, have you ever caught Dom?”  
  
“Caught him? No, but I’ve seen evidence that his tool is in working order,” she joked. She then rolled her eyes and bemoaned, “Copious amounts of evidence. In socks, underwear, towels. Boys!” she harrumphed. She finished with a wink at Hazel and the two women laughed knowingly while the two men shifted bashfully. Lindsay then continued, “We’ve been trying to strategize what to do next, but we can’t seem to agree on an appropriate approach for Dom. What are you two planning for your daughter?”  
  
“We’re starting to get something together, but we still need more collaboration around it,” Hazel remarked. Lindsay nodded in agreement. “I just know that when I was a young girl,” Hazel continued quietly, “my dad, at first, took a very hands-off approach to my sex education. He wasn’t very comfortable talking about sex, at least not with me. But I found that the school curriculum was—shall I say—inadequate.It left me with a lot of questions that couldn’t be answered in a public institution.”  
  
Lindsay tisked, “And with education funding only going down these days, I’m sure the problem hasn’t gotten any better.”  
  
“I begged my dad for guidance,” Hazel continued, “but he resisted, always saying that it wasn’t proper conversation for a father to have with his daughter. And my mom was never around.” She glanced over at her husband, whose attention was rapt. “I was just a young girl who needed help, and my dad was too embarrassed or unsure to give me what I truly needed.”  
  
Warrick swallowed, and said soberly, “I had no idea.” The others remained quiet.  
  
Hazel continued. “My exploration became a… problem, in some ways, and my dad eventually intervened. It was pretty embarrassing for me at the time, but really I was so grateful for him, too. I see a lot of me in Brie today, and I want her to live the best life she can. I want her to feel rewarded in the end, like I’ve been rewarded with Warrick and Brie, and I think she’ll get there with a more hands-on sex education.”  
  
“Like a SkillShare?” Tyler butted in, attempting to elevate the mood.  
  
“Maybe!” Hazel exclaimed, eliciting laughter, though only Hazel truly knew how honest she was being.  
  
“You know,” Lindsay piped up, “I feel like this conversation has brought us together closer than the last ten years of our friendship have.” Hazel smiled at her warmly. Lindsay continued, “Thank you for being brave enough to share your story.” Lindsay spread her arms and the two women embraced. Tyler smirked at Warrick and they clinked their beer bottles together.  
  
Lindsay turned to her husband and the two of them changed the subject, talking amongst themselves about the pile of presents she had brought out. As they absorbed themselves in their own world, Warrick pulled Hazel aside. “How come I didn’t know anything about that?”  
  
“I don’t know,” Hazel deflected. “It was when I was very young, before I was truly sexually active. I didn’t think—”  
  
Just then her pocket buzzed. Checking the caller ID, she said, “Oh, it’s Ivy. The fashion show must be over. I wonder if she found the kids.” She answered the phone.  
  
Warrick wandered over to Tyler and Lindsay, who were talking in hushed tones. They clammed up when they saw him approach.  
  
“I think it’s time for presents,” Lindsay said, blushing.  
  
“Sounds good to me,” Tyler sounded off with a broad smile.  
  
Hazel re-entered the conversation and said plaintively to her husband, “Unfortunately, honey, we’re needed back home.”  
  
Warrick arced an eyebrow up.  
  
“Can’t stay for just one present?” Lindsay appealed.  
  
“I’m so sorry Lindsay, we promised the babysitter two hours, and we’re already late. We were just having so much fun, we lost track of the time.”  
  
Warrick could tell something was up, because he knew there was no babysitter, so he played along, nodding.  
  
“Aw, bummer,” Tyler said. “I had a feeling we’d all get to enjoy at least one of these gifts. But thank you so much for coming.” They gathered round and exchanged hugs. Tyler shook Warrick’s hand and, with the beer bottle in his other hand, pointed and winked, saying “If I get anything good, I’ll text you.”  
  
“I wanna be the first to know,” Warrick chuckled.  
  
The Novas retreated to the car and Hazel started it up.  
  
Warrick gazed at her from the passenger seat. “We didn’t get a babysitter. What did Ivy say?”  
  
“She said that Brie has gotten herself into some trouble.”  
  
Warrick’s heart dropped. Something told him, this time it was a doozy. “Trouble? What kind of trouble.”  
  
“I’m sure you’ll already have some idea,” Hazel said pointedly.  
  
“At the mall?”  
  
“That’s where Ivy said she’d be. She must have run into the girls there. She told me that she brought the two of them home.”  
  
“I wonder what happened,” Warrick mused. He contemplated what kind of predicament his daughter had again gotten herself into as they drove off. After her stint at the pool, he knew that she was not above gratifying herself in public places. Perhaps security had caught her in the bathroom, or maybe a cashier heard her in a dressing cubicle. He wondered about Elsie’s role as well, and he began to daydream about his tryst with her the previous night.  
  
On the phone, Ivy had given Hazel an overview of what had gone down on the fashion runway, but Hazel decided to keep that knowledge to herself for the moment. She wanted to talk to Warrick about something else first. “I know we’ve been talking a lot about this lately, but I just want to circle back around to our conversation about helping our daughter through these troubles that she’s getting into.”  
  
“Her sex education,” Warrick intimated.  
  
Hazel gave a curt nod. “Indeed.”  
  
Warrick’s phone buzzed about an incoming text and he pulled it out to see if there was any more information coming from Ivy. Instead it was from Tyler. It said, “!!! Happy birthday to me. Lindsay was very taken in by Hazel’s story, so she gifted us a swap! You still down?”  
  
“Holy shit,” Warrick blurted out.  
  
“What is it?” Hazel asked urgently.  
  
“Tyler and Lindsay want to do a swap. I can’t believe it.” Hazel groaned in frustration and Warrick balked, “Oh, you’re not interested anymore?”  
  
“No, it’s not that,“ she bemoaned. “You’re always getting distracted from your responsibilities by every fresh, new pussy that waves in front of you.”  
  
“What are you talking about?”  
  
Hazel frowned. “I was thinking you’d have taken matters with Brie into your own hands by now, but you’ve been distracted by another young girl the entire weekend,” she alluded.  
  
Warrick sputtered. “What? I haven’t been—”  
  
“Oh please, Warrick, I found her clothing crumpled on the floor in the living room this morning. You saw me in her teeshirt, for christ sake, and you’re trying to pull off this lie?”  
  
Warrick’s cheeks burned.  
  
“And while you were taking care of Elsie last night, I was the one taking care of our daughter.”  
  
Warrick sat in silence, knowing that his cheating was now out in the open, but Hazel’s choice of words—“taking care of”—prodded at his subconscious until they formulated into a thought. “Wait a minute, what do you mean ‘taking care’?”  
  
“I mean taking care!” Hazel threw her hands up. “Taking whatever care I have to in order to make sure Brie gets through this okay. And,” she looked to her husband, “I need you to step up and do the same.”  
  
“How much care is there to take?” Warrick retorted argumentatively. “As far as I know, Brie only needs to take her medicine and have a little fun time flicking the bean once in a while. I thought you had taken her upstairs to get her medicine last night.” Warrick paused and noted Hazel avoiding his eyes. “Is there something I don’t know?”  
  
“Yes, I helped her get her medicine,” Hazel replied, audibly frustrated, “but that’s only one part of it. She needed more from me.”  
  
Warrick was still unsatisfied with her explanation, and he could feel her dodging his line of questioning. They were open enough with their parenting that it was rare for Hazel to be so evasive. Yet he couldn’t think of a way to ask her more directly if her care was more hands-on in nature without confirming his perverse suspicion that his wife had groped their daughter, like she had done in the car at the beginning of the weekend.  
  
“I was— I…” For a rare moment in her life, Hazel was unusually hesitant in fessing up to a sexual encounter to her husband; she couldn’t bring herself to admit to molesting their child. Yet she knew that he now suspected something untoward had happened between herself and their daughter. There was no way out of the conversation without executing a lie of epic proportions, and Hazel found she could not be so dishonest with her partner. Besides that, she knew deep down that keeping this from her husband was wrong for another reason. “I…” She took a deep breath and committed to telling the truth. “I showed her the ways of being a woman. I made love to our little girl last night,” she admitted, choosing words that painted her actions in a positive light.  
  
Warrick’s heart thudded in his chest, and his mouth went dry. “You what?” he choked out.  
  
She turned and looked him in the eye and said as flatly as she could muster. “I ate her cunny.”  
  
Warrick was astonished. “You… you did what?”  
  
“I didn’t want her to feel ashamed after she… ate my cum, too.”  
  
“You ate each other out?” Warrick raised his voice. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing.  
  
“Well, not at the same time!” Hazel corrected.  
  
“Does that make a difference?” Warrick puzzled.  
  
“Well, no. I’m sorry. I’m just trying to find something to say. I’m a little nervous right now. I don’t want you to be mad. I thought it would help her!”  
  
This made Warrick all the more confused. “Help our daughter? By having sex with her?” Warrick rubbed his eyes. “I’m sorry, you’re going to have to fill me in here.”  
  
Hazel took a deep breath. “During the movie, we went upstairs to get Brie some medicine, and I accidentally spilled the bottle. There wasn’t enough to last until the doctor’s office opened on Monday. I thought that, since she ran out, she might be able to eat my cum, and that might satisfy her.”  
  
Warrick roared. “And why on earth did you think that your cunt was a substitute for Brie’s medicine?”  
  
“Because!” Hazel paused. She sat silently for a long time, unable to make eye contact.  
  
“Because…?” Warrick said, drawing out the word, filling the thickening silence.  
  
“I’m just going to say it, okay?” Hazel shouted at the windshield. Warrick waited for her. “Because my dad cured me of this same illness!”  
  
The admission hit Warrick like a ton of brick and he sat in stunned silence, staring at his wife, barely able to comprehend the truth of her words. She refused to make eye contact. A tear rolled down her reddened cheek.  
  
After a time, Warrick broke the silence with startling calm, “Hazel, I’m getting tired of the interrogator act. You have to come clean with me. Just tell me the whole story.”  
  
Hazel pulled the car over to the side of the road, put it in park, and broke down. For a minute, she sat hunched in the driver’s seat and sobbed. Despite her guilty admission, Warrick couldn’t bear to have her crying, and he reached over to rub her back gently until she had regained her composure.  
  
During the next minute, Hazel learned to breathe again, wiped her eyes, and blew her running nose. After another big sigh, the woman said quietly, “Okay, I’m going to tell you everything I know.”  
  
“Okay,” Warrick said tightly.  
  
Suddenly Hazel snapped her eyes up to meet his. “But you can’t get mad at me anymore. What I’ve done with Brie is no worse than what you’ve done with Elsie.”  
  
Warrick meant to fight back, but his wife’s bleary eyes begged him to back off. He blushed and nodded.  
  
“Okay, this will all make sense soon. You’ll probably have a lot of questions along the way, but just bear with me, and I think you’ll understand.  
  
“You’ve already heard a little bit about where this started. Back at the party, when I talked about how I had to beg my dad to give me sex education. This was when I was around Brie’s age. Perhaps a year older. One day in late summer, I had an awakening of my own.”  
  
“An awakening,” Warrick repeated.  
  
Hazel nodded. “The same kind of awakening that happened to Brie in her class, only school hadn’t yet started for me that year. Understand?”  
  
“So you’ve been through this yourself,” Warrick followed along. “You’re… super-orgasmic?”  
  
“I was for a little while, yes. Now, let me tell my story.”  
  
“The first time it happened, I was at a friend’s house. His name was Greg. And his parents had gotten him a trampoline that year for his birthday. One of those big ones that people put in their back yards. We were jumping up and down on it, and I was really feeling the vibrations with each bounce.  
  
“All day that day, it just felt like I was living in this day-glo dream world. All of my senses seemed to have been heightened. Like my spider-sense was tingling and it wouldn’t quit. Colors were brighter, and smells were stronger. It was like my brain was on the fritz. Especially touch. All of my clothing felt like it was triggering my nerve endings every time it rustled across my skin.  
  
“So, I was jumping on this trampoline, and with every bounce, I felt more and more like my insides were welling up. Like somehow deep within me, I was filling up with a warm, gooey liquid. At first, I thought I had to go to the bathroom, but it felt pleasant, not urgent, like when you have to pee. I thought it was what trampolines did. I figured Greg was feeling a similar kind of euphoria.  
  
“The pleasure started to build and build, and it got to be pretty distracting. But at my age, I had never felt anything so good in my life, so I didn’t really have a worry about it. I just jumped with Greg and enjoyed myself.  
  
“Finally, though, it built to a point where suddenly I didn’t dare move. I could tell my body was at a tipping point and I honest to god thought I really was going to wet myself just then. I crashed onto the trampoline with a sigh and laid there flat on my back, just breathing, squeezing my legs together, and concentrating on holding my pussy at bay.  
  
“Greg, though, had no idea what was going on with my insides, so he kept laughing and jumping on the trampoline while I was still laying there on the rubber mesh. His bouncing threw me into the air, and two bounces later, suddenly I was having my first super-orgasm.”  
  
“Jesus,” Warrick said in disbelief. “What was it like?”  
  
“It was truly blissful,” Hazel reminisced, “But scary at the same time. I was overcome. The whole world sort of rushed away and I felt like I was laying in a bed of electrically charged wool. It freaked Greg out, too. He thought he might have accidentally hurt me somehow, I was wailing and writhing so much. Little did he know he had caused me great pleasure, not pain.  
  
“I remember feeling hot and sweaty and I ripped my shirt up my body in order to cool off, but I couldn’t help but fondle my small breasts once the breezy air streamed across my nipples. I almost did the same with my pants, too. I went nova. My clit felt like it was doubling in size, and I unloaded a stream of cum into my pants, though I didn’t realize what it was at the time. But I pretty quickly knew, even then, that it wasn’t pee; I just didn’t know what it was, exactly.”  
  
As Hazel finished her story, she looked down at her knees and spoke quietly. “Anyway, that’s how it all started.”  
  
Warrick swallowed the giant lump in his throat that had formed as he listened to his wife talk about her formative sexual awakening. It was eye-opening to learn about the parallel between his wife and his daughter, but she hadn’t yet addressed all his questions. “How long did this last?”  
  
“Months. Three months, I think.”  
  
Warrick flinched. He could barely handle three days of Brie’s out-of-control lustiness, much less three months of it. “So how did—”  
  
Hazel interrupted. “There’s more to my story. Let me finish.”  
  
Warrick nodded.  
  
“Once Greg understood that I was okay, he got really interested in me and in what had happened. I did too, for that matter. He wanted to know everything about it, but I honestly didn’t know what was going on with my body. Over the days that followed, he was almost always nearby, waiting to see if I would cum again. And, of course, just like Brie, I did.”  
  
Warrick was enthralled with hearing his wife’s story, but with her mention of their daughter, he continued making connections between his wife’s experience and Brie’s. Both had been thrust without warning into a mature state of sexual being. Both had developed the same sensitive nerve endings and the same squirting behavior. Both had to figure out how fend for themselves in a confusing new world. He started paying attention to what Hazel’s experience could mean for Brie. *Is she already experimenting with a boy?* he wondered. His mind wandered briefly to Elsie in that moment, but Hazel continued.  
  
“At first, I kept it hidden from my dad. It happened a couple more times over the next few days. Usually at Greg’s and then again under the cover of darkness in my room. I had to hide all the towels I was using to catch the spray of cum I had.  
  
“Eventually, Greg and I started experimenting, seeing what would make it happen in the first place, or even how we could make it better. I wasn’t all that embarrassed about it because early on, I only ever got aroused in private or when I was with him. It was the end of summer, so school hadn’t started, my dad was at work and of course my mom wasn’t there, so I had a lot of time to myself.  
  
“Greg was a bag of hormones, and because I was so sexually open, he also started wanting to try new things. My own hormones made me very interested in his suggestions.”  
  
“Meaning?” Warrick interrupted.  
  
“Meaning, we started to masturbate together. Or he would fingerbang me. Or other things like that. We were young and didn’t really know what we were doing, and our bodies were in control, so we just tried a bunch of stuff. This is around when I started asking my dad about sex, because I wanted to know more.”  
  
“And you said he didn’t like that.”  
  
“No, he always said I was too young, or it was improper conversation between a father and his daughter. I think he was just really embarrassed about talking about sex. Don’t get me wrong, I love him, but he was one of those dads who just hoped the school would do the heavy lifting so he wouldn’t have to.”  
  
Warrick prodded for some kind of coherent answer. “You said your dad cured you, though.”  
  
“He did, but that was much later. Can I finish my story?”  
  
“Sorry, go ahead.”  
  
“Even without any guidance, Greg and I continued to experiment and about the time when school started, we had sex for real, and I felt like my mind had opened up. For a long time after that, that was all I could think about. Feeling him sliding in and out of me—” Hazel clammed up briefly, aware that she was reminiscing in front of her husband. She smiled at him, blushed hard, and continued, “Well, it’s nothing like I get these days, but it was pretty good at the time.  
  
“Anyway, like I said, sex was all I could think about then. And we had a lot of it. Even after school started, we would sneak away and find an abandoned bathroom or classroom. I was always so loud, I’m sure some other students heard us. I know one of the teachers caught us once. We were lucky we didn’t get suspended or counseling.”  
  
“The teacher really didn’t do anything?” Warrick asked, surprised.  
  
“Well, it was a male teacher, Mr. Grainger,” Hazel chuckled. “We were young students. He probably would have watched us if he hadn’t gotten spooked by walking in on us. He just turned around and let us be.  
  
“It got pretty bad for a while, because I was always exhausted by the end of the day from having these really intense, leg-shaking orgasms. Then I wouldn’t do all of my homework, because I would sleep all evening. I’d wake up the next day, and the whole process would start over again. Wake up, masturbate, go to school, skip a class to masturbate, sneak out at the end of school to have sex with Greg. Every single time, I cummed my brains out.  
  
“Within a month, my grades were looking pretty dismal and teachers started asking questions. My dad thought I got mono from kissing Greg, so he grounded me and took me to the doctor. That’s when I was officially diagnosed as super-orgasmic.”  
  
“How did your dad react?”  
  
“He blamed Greg. He said that he was tempting me. I think he was still in denial about how serious my condition really was. Who’s heard of being super-orgasmic before? You hadn’t heard of it before Brie was diagnosed.”  
  
“No thanks to you,” Warrick interjected.  
  
Hazel ignored the comment. “Daddy thought I was just a nymphomaniac, but it’s truly this biological compulsion deep down inside of me. An awakened hunger looking for… something to sate it.  
  
“Anyway, he banned me from seeing Greg, and he told my school that I wasn’t to be seen with him. They kept a pretty close eye on me after that. Sometimes they would time my bathroom breaks, which was challenging because I sometimes had to jill off really quickly to not get a detention. I always sort of regretted it—at the time, I mean—that my dad was my best trigger.”  
  
“You masturbated to your dad,” Warrick swallowed.  
  
Hazel sighed, “Well, the cat’s out of the bag. You know I’ve already had sex with him, so yes, my thoughts would drift to him, almost beyond my control.” Hazel grew wistful and shifted in her seat. “I don’t really understand it, but all I can think is that he was such a strong presence in my life. And,” she added, “he was handsome for his age.”  
  
Warrick felt odd listening to his wife talk about her father in such a romantic way, but at the same time his cock begin to stir. “And you don’t regret it now?”  
  
“No, not at all,” Hazel replied bluntly. “But let me continue my story.”  
  
Warrick nodded.  
  
“To get my grades up, I asked all my teachers for extra credit. I tried my best, but doing extra work with my condition was incredibly challenging. I was in this constant state of arousal, and it was pretty obvious. I think most of my teachers didn’t like me for that. Thought I was acting inappropriately and distracting the boys. Thought I was a slut. They probably weren’t wrong. Eventually, of course, two of the male teachers took advantage of my weakness. I couldn’t say no, because I needed the grades. But I also craved badly to have regular sex again. Since I couldn’t be seen with Greg anymore, I turned my lust toward my teachers.”  
  
“Your teachers took advantage of you?” Warrick asked.  
  
Hazel blushed and nodded. “Even then I knew it was wrong, but I have to admit, it was very exciting at the time to get special treatment from these older men. It was a secret that I got to keep from all my classmates. They all knew some of my teachers were favoring me, but none of them could have fathomed just why that was. It felt like a privilege. A naughty, secret privilege.”  
  
Warrick’s cock surged at the thought of a young version of his wife having sex for grades.  
  
“My intense lust was taking over, and so every other day, I was sneaking off to a closed teacher’s lounge on the top floor where one or the other would fuck me until we both came. Usually I would cum pretty quickly, and when I came, that almost always set them off.”  
  
Warrick cleared his throat and attempted to size up the competition, “What were they like?”  
  
Hazel detected her husband’s interest and began to tailor her story to include more detail. “Mr. Grainger, yeah, he was one of them, and he was an alright guy. He was a student teacher from the local college, so he was much younger than most of the teachers in my school.  
  
“Mr. Avery was a real bastard, though. Once, he brought me up to the secret lounge and Mr. Grainger was waiting there. I don’t remember who had lost track of which day it was, but one of the two men shouldn’t have been there, and neither knew that I was also the other’s fucktoy. Mr. Avery tried to cover for why he had brought one of his students to the closed lounge, but Mr. Grainger, eyes wide, knew right away why we were there. With my hand reaching into Mr. Avery’s, he knew that it was the same reason he was there. I could tell he was shocked that he wasn’t the only one I was fooling around with.  
  
“But to me, it didn’t really matter; I was ready to cum and nothing could stop me.” Hazel turned to Warrick. “Sound familiar?”  
  
Warrick swallowed, then rasped out, “Brie.”  
  
Hazel nodded. “I approached Mr. Grainger and took his hand, placing it under my skirt against my bare pussy.  
  
“Mean old Mr. Avery got the picture in that moment. He realized then that I had also been fucking Mr. Grainger, and he laughed at me. I remember he said, ‘Little Hazel, looks like you’re getting a two for one deal this afternoon.’  
  
“Mr. Grainger wasn’t anticipating a threesome with another man, so he was timid at first, but Mr. Avery took control of the situation. He directed Mr. Grainger to take my pussy while he unbuttoned his slacks and presented his cock to my face.  
  
“I needed no direction and leaned in to take him into my mouth, but he put his hand on my forehead and said, ‘Wait. I want Mr. Grainger inside your cunt before you can get started.’ I waggled my tongue and panted, mouth watering, trying to get a taste of his precum while we waited for Mr. Avery to prove he wasn’t going to chicken out and get us in trouble.”  
  
Warrick’s cock strained against his pants hearing the lewd tale of his young wife’s threesome with two older men. In the back of his mind, though, he felt a sense of doom. Was this what would become of his daughter, too, he wondered.  
  
“At last, I heard Mr. Grainger’s belt swing open and before I knew it, he was inching his fat rod up my schoolgirl channel.  
  
“Once their double-team began to pick up speed, Mr. Grainger commented from behind me, ‘This is definitely worth an A on your last assignment, Hazel.’  
  
“But Mr. Avery laughed, as he fucked my face. He said, ‘I’m not even gonna change her grade.’  
  
“‘Really?’ asked Mr. Grainger, ‘She’s doing this for extra credit from me. What’s she doing with you?’  
  
“He laughed and pulled his dick out of my mouth, ‘Oh, she asked for extra credit. But she wants this so bad, she wouldn’t even stop if I failed her anyway.’”  
  
“Jesus,” Warrick interrupted.  
  
Hazel blushed and turned away from her husband. “My cheeks burned in humiliation, but I knew he was right. I begged for his cum as he laughed, looked me in the eye and told me he was going to fail me. He said that extra credit is how dumb girls cheat, and that I was too stupid to pass his class with the assigned homework, unlike everybody else. He said that smart girls don’t get spit roasted by their teachers. He compared me to his daughter, Jazmine, who was in a much lower grade than I was, telling me how even she was smarter than I was, and prettier, too. All the while, I nodded and cried in agreement as he waved his prick just out of reach of my watering lips. Finally he brought himself closer and I immediately swallowed as much of him as I could take.  
  
“He came first that day, all over my face. Then he zipped up, mussed my hair, and left Mr. Grainger to fill my pussy as I gathered the cum on my face into my mouth.  
  
“That was the one time I had two men at once. Well, before I met you, I mean. At least Mr. Grainger was even more kind with me after that experience. That took some of the heat off from my dad about my grades. I don’t think Mr. Grainger liked Mr. Avery very much, and,” Hazel wondered, “I think he also thought he might have had a real chance with me. Like if he could’ve just waited until after I graduated, we could start dating for real and people wouldn’t think it was too unseemly. There was a questionable age gap between us, but since he was a young teacher maybe most people wouldn’t have noticed.  
  
“Immediately after that threesome, though, I had a class with Mr. Avery. The very next period. He kept looking at me as he taught in front of the class, because I was sucking on my hair, trying to get the last of his cum out of it. He leered evilly at me, knowing what he had just done, and what he had just told me. I felt depraved… but yet contented, having gotten the medicine that I needed. But he was a right monster.”  
  
“That’s awful,” lamented Warrick.  
  
“In hindsight, it wasn’t my greatest moment,” admitted Hazel. She then paused in thought before remembering, “Actually, I did end up getting an A from him, after all.”  
  
“Do I want to know what you had to do for that?”  
  
“Actually, I think you’ll like this,” Hazel smiled wickedly. Warrick sat up, a little more attentive. “One day, very close to when it all ended, there was a building maintenance emergency and the school closed early. I think part of the first floor flooded—I never actually saw it myself. So, they let everybody out, because it was a health hazard. Anyway, that day was one of Mr. Avery’s days, so to speak, and when we were released from school, he hadn’t gotten his chance to fuck me yet that day. He must have been looking forward to it, because he found me at my locker and asked if I wanted a ride.”  
  
Hazel sneered at Warrick, “And of course the way he said ‘ride’ was so obvious. I’m surprised none of the other kids around me picked up on it. He was always begging to get caught. But it was an innocent time back then.”  
  
“Anyway, I, of course, took him up on it, because even though I didn’t like him, I also knew that he would leave me satisfied for the rest of the day.”  
  
“When we were in the car, he asked, ‘What do you say we go to my place before I take you home? Nobody’s there. My wife’s still at work, and since my daughter Jazmine’s not in your school building yet, she won’t be home until the afternoon.’ I agreed.  
  
“Mr. Avery took me to his house, which was nice, but a little meager. It was two floors of nothing special. He always acted like such a big shot, but he wasn’t any better off than my dad was. I poked around a bit while he sorted through the mail, then busied himself closing curtains and locking doors, just in case his wife or daughter would come home early. That’s when I noticed the camcorder sitting in a bag by the stairs.”  
  
“Wow, a camcorder, I remember those,” Warrick interrupted with a chuckle.  
  
“Well, it was vintage at the time, but this was before smart phones were as ubiquitous as they are today. But when I saw it, a devilish idea popped into my head.”  
  
“I think I know where this is going,” Warrick said.  
  
“Mm hm,” Hazel nodded and winked.  
  
“So you let him film you for an A?”  
  
“Nope, that wasn’t the deal, haha. Let me continue.  
  
“So, yes, I suggested that we film our tryst that day and perverted Mr. Avery was, of course, all-in. While this wasn’t the point, it felt extremely naughty to be committing to a physical copy that could be replayed or shared. If someone saw it, we could’ve both gotten in big trouble, and that was thrilling. I remember my body shivered with excitement, covered in goose bumps. He took me upstairs to his bedroom, but along the way we passed this room all done up in pink and ruffles. I knew it was Jazmine’s room—his daughter’s room—and my plan deepened even more.”  
  
“I can’t even imagine where you’re taking this,” said Warrick, knowing the story was heating up.  
  
Hazel grinned slyly. “After peering in, I stopped Mr. Avery in the hallway and said with as much fascination as I could muster, ‘Ooh, pretty. Let’s do it in here.’ I could tell he was a little uncomfortable with the idea of defiling his daughter’s bed, so I turned on all my charms and said, ‘It looks like a princess sleeps here.’ Then I looked him directly in the eyes and said, ‘I could be your little princess.’”  
  
“He was like putty after that. I swear I saw his cock double in size right inside his pants. I wandered in to Jazmine’s bedroom and sat on the bed while he set up the camera. He rifled through the bag and pulled out a stack of tapes. Some of them had labels written on them, but he found a blank one that he wanted to use and loaded it in and hit record. Then he flipped the preview screen around so he could make sure we stayed in the frame.  
  
I have to admit, out of all the times he fucked me, this time was by far the best. I think because the camera was on, we both kind of switched into performance mode, like we were both in a porno and we knew we had to do it right. I think he almost saw me as a person then, and not as the human fleshlight he had always abused in the teacher’s lounge. With the tape running, he slowly stripped me of my clothing. He kissed each newly bared part of me. My shoulders, as he removed my jacket. My little feet, as he took off my boots and socks. My tiny tits and nipples when my tank top came off. And, excruciatingly, he took his time kissing up each of my legs after my skirt dropped to the floor. Just like our baby, I wasn’t allowed to wear tight fitting panties, so I had on these loose pajama shorties underneath my skirt that day. Mr. Avery wanted me to leave those on. I was ready to cum right then and there with all of his kissing in my special places, but he wanted to control me, wanted to drag out his own pleasure.  
  
That’s when he finally took his cock out and presented it to me. I salivated and dove for it, but again he pushed me away. Instead, he got up and grabbed the camera off the tripod and brought it in close to my face. He wanted me to talk about myself. He wanted me to say my name, what grade I was in, and where I went to school, so that he would have leverage. He could use the tape against me some day if he had to. I just wanted to fuck, so I played along, smiling for the lens and chirping replies.  
  
“‘What’s your name?’  
  
“‘Hazel Williams, Mr. Avery.’  
  
“‘Heh, let’s leave my name out of it,’ he said, trying to retain his anonymity. ‘And how do you know me?’  
  
“‘You’re my teacher.’  
  
“‘What are you doing here at your teacher’s house, Miss Williams?’  
  
“‘I’m gonna be your little princess.’  
  
“‘Are you now?’  
  
“I just giggled and sighed, mugging lusty faces into the lens.  
  
“‘And why are you going to be my little princess?’  
  
“‘So I can get an A.’  
  
“‘So you can get an A?’ he asked, in mock surprise, ‘What kind of girls have sex for grades?’  
  
“‘Umm,’ I said, trying to find the right answer, ‘Dumb ones?’  
  
“Mr. Avery liked that one and guffawed before saying earnestly, ‘You’re going to have to earn your A today.’  
  
“His camera moved all over my body. He focused in on my chest. ‘What bra size are you, Hazel?’  
  
“’32 A.’  
  
“He brought it down to my shorties and pulled a leg hole out, peeking inside at my young cunny. My nectar was dripping all down my thighs. ‘Why aren’t you wearing panties like a normal girl, Hazel?’  
  
“‘My daddy won’t let me.’  
  
“‘Really?’ He almost chuckled with surprise. That had piqued his interest.  
  
“‘Daddy says I can’t wear panties anymore.’  
  
“’And you do whatever Daddy says?’  
  
“I bit my lip and nodded at the camera.  
  
“‘And what does Daddy say about going over to your teacher’s house?’  
  
“‘He says I can’t go anywhere without him knowing, Mr. Avery.’  
  
“‘Now now, no names, remember. Does Daddy know you’re here, Miss Williams?’  
  
“I shook my head.  
  
“‘Naughty girl, Hazel. You know, though, I won’t tell him as long as you do whatever I say. And if you don’t tell him, you’ll get that A. Are you going to do whatever I say?’ And then he added, ‘Like you do with your Daddy?“  
  
“I nodded again and said, ‘I’m your little princess.’  
  
“‘You’re my *good* little princess.’  
  
“With that, he instructed me to sit on Jazmine’s bed while he reset the camera. Even though I was plotting to get that grade the whole time, my nerves were inflamed and all I could think about was cumming. Before he even got the camera on the tripod, I had bounced up onto the bed and was already strumming my clit through my soaked shorties in anticipation of the orgasm I was about to receive. He told me to stop, as he didn’t want me to cum too early and lessen his enjoyment, but words couldn’t convince me. Only when he returned and grabbed me by my jaw did I know what my body truly needed. There, in front of me, was his engorged, purple cock, which he prodded into my willing mouth. I sucked on the head of it, pressing my tongue against its sensitive underside, while one hand jacked the base, and the other fondled his balls.  
  
“I remember his anticipation had generated a runnel of precum from within his cock that never seemed to end. The smooth, salty taste drove me on. I kissed the tip as the clear fluid leaked from the slit at the end, and a string of it dangled between my mouth and his dick. I glazed my lips with the crystal clear fluid before continuing to coax my true prize from deep within him: his cum.  
  
“Each time I sucked him in, he would also thrust into my mouth, grabbing at my hair, but eventually his pace gained until I couldn’t keep up with him. I just sat obediently on the bed while he held my head and face-fucked me. He would only stop if I gagged, which I didn’t do too often. It was rough, but fun, I admit, and it livened up my sensitive nerves all the more.”  
  
Warrick groaned, “Sounds like it got messy.”  
  
Hazel smiled, enjoying her husband’s fascination with her tale. “Oh, it was sloppy. Every time he pulled out of my mouth, I would gasp and dribble all the saliva and fluids and precum that had built up and it would drip down my chest and tummy and onto my shorties and legs where it would mix with my sweat and all that pussy juice. Sometimes he would wipe it off my chin and smear his slicked hands across my cheek and into my hair, too. And my pussy itself was just soaking into the foot of his daughter’s comforter with how turned on I was. My girl-cum was flowing non-stop.  
  
“Eventually, he decided he had had enough of my mouth. I was glad, because my jaw was getting sore from his rough treatment. I looked up at him and said, ‘What are we going to do now, Daddy?’ I immediately realized my error and put my hand on my mouth, eyes wide and cheeks instantly turning red.”  
  
“You called Mr. Avery ‘Daddy’?” Warrick asked.  
  
“Yes, it was an accident,” Hazel said, “but it was born from a deeper instinct. As my super-orgasmic condition progressed, I found immoral base urges growing within me related to my father. They were subtle, at first, and I think I thought of him only as a kind of savior or knight, like he could protect me from this condition. Eventually, though, it felt like more.  
  
“Like, my heart would skip when Daddy entered a room. I’d get urges to cuddle with him closer than usual, or go to his room to sleep next to him at night. By the time I was fucking Mr. Avery on Jazmine’s bed, I had been dealing with these inappropriate feelings for my father for two months, but until that moment, I had kept them to myself.  
  
“But to my surprise, Mr. Avery took it in stride. He just said, ‘Yeah, princess, that’s right, call me Daddy.’  
  
“Wow,” said Warrick, whose mind wandered briefly to the previous night when Elsie, too, had called him ‘Daddy’.  
  
Hazel gave him a wry look and said, “Don’t act so surprised. I saw the way you looked at me when I wore Brie’s clothes this morning.”  
  
“That— that had nothing to do with Brie!” Warrick stammered.  
  
Hazel rolled her eyes, but dropped the subject. She’d talk more about that later. “Let me finish my story,” she said matter-of-factly. “At long last, he stripped me of my shorties and there I was, laid bare at the foot of Jazmine’s bed, sprawled out for the camera. Mr. Avery kneeled on the bed, between my legs, and then grabbed me by my ass and pulled my cunt up onto his lap toward his dripping cock. He swiftly pulled me onto it and I moaned like a porn star. I was so wet that he slid in with little resistance. It felt like heaven itself had split me in two. I had been deprived for so long that day that it didn’t take much to put my super-orgasmic nerves to work and I climaxed on his cock as he held me.  
  
“‘Fuck, Daddy. Cummies,’ I gasped. The burning sensation started at my tummy and spread into my pussy until it released from my body. I squirted my cum all over his hips and legs and it ran down his thighs and my ass, soaking up more into his daughter’s blanket below us. I cried out ‘Daddy, daddy, I’m cumming, I’m cumming! Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck my pussy. I need your cum, Daddy.’  
  
“At that point, he bent over me, laid on me, put his full body weight on my diminutive frame and fucked me with all his might. In the tape you can’t see my body at all. Only my face, contorted in ecstasy, eyes squinted shut, and my skinny legs flailing chaotically at his sides with each powerful thrust. The rest of me was pressed forcefully underneath him, into the fluffy comforter and mattress of Jazmine’s bed.  
  
“And while I cried out for my daddy, Mr. Avery cried back for his daughter. ‘Fuck, Jazzy, your pussy feels so good. So fucking tight, princess.’  
  
“‘Yes, Daddy, give me all your cummies. I need your cum.’  
  
“‘I’m gonna fill you up if you keep talking like that to me, baby girl.’  
  
“‘Fill my little cunny, Daddy. Show me you love me.’  
  
“‘I love you, Jazzy baby!’ And with that, Mr. Avery let out a low groan, which fizzled into silence as I felt his cock swell inside me. When I felt the first warm blast of his cum, I spiraled into a second orgasm, one that took me by such surprise that I, too, fell silent, my wind caught in my throat. My eyes snapped open and rolled back in my head until you can only see the whites. For a moment on the tape, all you can hear is the sticky sound of our rutting, as his large loins crashed against my small hips and he filled my channel with his seed. More juices sprayed from within me, onto Mr. Avery, and seeped into his daughter’s bed. You can see the ecstasy of my orgasm frozen on my young face.  
  
“Finally, I gasped and oxygen began to flow into my brain again. I thrashed and panted and whined aloud, like a trapped animal. My hands flailed, running all over my school teacher’s body, and my toes gripped the blanket beneath me. My chest heaved and my hips bucked under his weight.  
  
“But even then, my brain was still attached to the plot I had to execute.”  
  
“You mean, when you convinced him to film you in the first place?” Warrick asked.  
  
Hazel nodded. “As I came down from my cum high, I began to formulate the next part of the plan.  
  
“Mr. Avery, too, began to come to his senses. After a long moment of laying on me, pinning me to the mattress, he finally rolled over and said soberly, ‘C’mon, I need to get you home before Jazzy gets off school today.’ Something about him had changed, and he felt almost like a normal person, not the domineering asshole he usually was.  
  
“I sat up and scooted to the end of the bed, dangling my legs off the side, and asked, ‘Can I take a shower first?’  
  
“Mr. Avery smiled—sweetly, actually—and mussed my hair and said, ‘I suppose we should. You’re a filthy girl right now.’  
  
“I knew it was a double entendre, but it was also true. My hair was matted with my own spit and cum, and my body was salty with sweat and juices.  
  
Warrick sighed low and loud, “What I wouldn’t give to see that tape.” Warrick mused.  
  
“I’m sure Mr. Avery’s thinking the same thing to this day.”  
  
“What do you mean? He doesn’t have the tape?”  
  
“Like I said, I had a plan. I needed to get that A in his class. He had me turn off the camera while he left the room to go get the shower started. When I knew he was gone, I peeked through the stack of video tapes he had kept in the camera bag. I was trying to be quick, so I just grabbed the one on the top of the stack. I remembered on the label it was written, ‘Jazzy’s 3rd grade recital’. I popped it in and hit record. I have no idea where on the tape it was, I could have taped over the middle of the recital for all I knew.”  
  
“What were you filming?” Warrick asked curiously.  
  
“Just me, making my presence known. It’s been a long time since it happened, and of course, I never actually saw the tape, so I don’t remember it all. From what I recall, I didn’t really know what I should do in that moment. I just slowly backed away from the camera, smiling and giggling softly, revealing more and more of my used body and tangled bedhead to the lens. I must have been quite the sight. I quietly said, “Hi, Mrs. Avery,” and gave a small wave. I backed up to sit at the foot of Jazzy’s bed and spread my legs, and then opened up my pussy lips with my little hands, letting Mr. Avery’s cum drip out of my hole onto my fingers, which I then licked up.  
  
“Then Mr. Avery popped his head in. I thought I had been caught, but he didn’t realize the camera was filming again. He just said, ‘C’mon, baby, the shower’s ready,’ before disappearing again.  
  
“‘Coming, Daddy—I mean Mr. Avery,’ I called after him. I stopped the camera again and swapped the tape out, putting the recital footage back in the bag and our sex tape back in the camera, and then I went to get cleaned up.”  
  
Warrick was confused. “So… you got an A for the recital tape?”  
  
“No, I’m not finished with this part of the story. But keep up, we’re almost there!” Hazel chided. “So, we took a shower and got dressed again, but I purposefully left my shorties behind. Just as we were leaving his house, I said that I had forgotten them, so I ran upstairs to grab them, but I also quickly took the tape out of the camcorder and stashed it in my bag. Then he took me home. I stole the tape right out from under him.”  
  
“Holy shit,” Warrick said, “He must have shit when he realized the tape was gone. He could have gotten in a lot of trouble!”  
  
“Yep,” said Hazel proudly, “I turned the tables on him. He thought he was going to use the tape to blackmail me, but I knew I had way more power to blackmail him if I had video evidence of him luring a student into his daughter’s bed.”  
  
“What happened after that?”  
  
“I didn’t end up going to school for a week after that. I was kind of… grounded again, I guess. My dad was there when Mr. Avery brought me home and was very suspicious about why my teacher was dropping me off. And my hair was still wet from my shower. After my teacher had left, my dad, knowing that my self-control was at an all time low, asked me if he had molested me, but I denied it all. I made up some story about how the flooding had dripped on me in school. Still, he didn’t trust Mr. Avery’s intentions.”  
  
“He was a smart man,” Warrick huffed.  
  
“I was back in school about a week later. I think Mr. Avery was sweating a lot in the meantime with my absence. He must have thought I, or my dad, went to the police. When he saw me that morning, he turned beat red and was very curt with me. Trying to size up just how fucked he was.  
  
“But after class, I approached him at his desk and told him I wouldn’t tell anybody as long as he promised to give me an A.  
  
“I could see the relief wash over him. But then he was back to his old, horrible self again. He actually said, ‘Aw, come on, I was never actually going to fail you. I was just having some fun with you, you dumb cunt.’  
  
“The nerve! I almost turned the tape in for that remark alone. But I figured that week of silence was torture enough for him. That, and I really didn’t want to blow up the school with a whole sex scandal. My life was hard enough as it was.  
  
“And that was that.”  
  
“Wow,” said Warrick, dumbfounded by his wife’s lurid tale. “But what about the recital tape?”  
  
“Oh, hm, I don’t know whatever happened with that. I do know that a couple years later, Mr. and Mrs. Avery got a divorce, and Jazmine went with her mom. I suppose it could have been for any number of reasons, but part of me wonders if the family sat down one evening to reminisce about their child’s third grade recital and found a filthy, cum-dazed nymphette calling after ‘Daddy’ from their daughter’s bed.”  
  
Warrick noticed his underwear was getting soaked with his precum as his wife’s immoral tale continued to unfold like a treasure map. He was desperate to take out his cock and masturbate to her words, but he knew the time wasn’t right. She was still missing an integral part. “I take it your story isn’t quite over yet.”  
  
Hazel blushed. “You’re right; I got sidetracked with that story. I should get to the point instead of filling you in with all the trashy details.”  
  
“I don’t mind at all,” Warrick replied a little too coolly.  
  
“Alright, last part.  
  
“Like I said, my dad pulled me out of school because my libido was officially out of control, and he knew it. After that, the house was always on edge from my barely concealed sexual urges, and I surely made him uncomfortable with my capricious, free-wheeling nymphomania. Remember, this is the same guy who wouldn’t talk to his daughter about sex; now she was masturbating constantly and wandering the house in all manner of undress.” Hazel bashfully added, “Sometimes completely naked.  
  
“And it didn’t help that, like I said, my dad was my best trigger. During my week under house arrest, he was the only person I saw the whole time. He wouldn’t let me go anywhere, and would lock me in my room whenever he had to work or buy groceries. All I had was myself, some YA romance novels I had read a million times, and very slow dial-up internet.  
  
“I masturbated a lot during that time. I felt like my sensuality was growing at an ever-increasing rate. The one thing I was missing the whole time, of course, was a man’s cock. And as far as men I was allowed to see on a day-to-day basis, there was only one possibility around: Daddy. Initially, I was disturbed to be thinking about him in that way, but more and more, I grew comfortable with the idea of making love to my father. I hated the urges at first, because it felt sick to feel attracted to my dad; it wasn’t normal. It wasn’t something the other girls ever talked about fantasizing about. It wasn’t even something I had thought about before this affliction began.”  
  
Hazel paused and stared through the windshield, thinking for a moment. “I think the official turning point was when I started looking to validate my urges on the internet. I sought out stories of other father-daughter relationships. They were easy enough to find in chat rooms and erotica, but they always seemed fakey. Clearly written by men with mommy issues. Photos and videos were gold, and much harder to come by back then. Once I found the right keywords, though, my internet browsing habits took a nose-dive. My search history was all smut and taboo. I wasn’t satisfied with standard pornographic fare anymore, and every time I jilled off after that, it was to father-daughter sex, or just to my own fantasies of me and my dad. I felt less shame because there were others like me out there.” Hazel paused and then smirked, “Well, not exactly like me. I never found another girl who was a super-orgasmic deviant like me.  
  
“Soon, I started trying to seduce him. Not totally consciously, I don’t think. My hormones were raging out of control. They had me by the collar and I was following them wherever they pulled me.  
  
“My dad’s routine was pretty predictable, and so a lot of times I would start frigging my pussy just before he came home. I would edge myself, careful not to orgasm too quickly, and I would time it so that I would cum just as he was walking into the front door. And I would call out for him from my room as I squirted into my sheets. ‘Daddy, fuck me, Daddy please!’  
  
“It all came to a head on the seventh day. Almost from the moment I woke up until the evening, I was in my room chaining orgasms together, one after the other. I would sometimes cum a dozen times or more before passing out and sleeping like a rock for an hour or so. Then I would wake up and it would start again. Honestly, I don’t actually remember it that much, because I was in such a fog that day. I do remember experiencing the most intense, sustained pleasure I had ever felt, but I don’t remember many of the details. What I recall now was mostly told to me by my dad, so I may have some of it wrong. But here’s how he tells it.  
  
“He left for work that morning, but he had forgotten to lock the door to my room. I discovered this sometime throughout the day—neither of us are sure when—and when he came back home in the evening, he found that I had escaped my bedroom and made my way to the living room. Windows and curtains were open, but there I was, in the midst of another frig session, exposed and vulnerable to my father’s gaze. My fingers were disgracing my glossy cunny. My girl juices had been released in a flood several times over and were smeared all over the leather couch and dripped down onto the carpet below. My ruddy little pussy was frothing, I had been working it so much.  
  
“Daddy’s eyes bugged out at the sight. This situation wasn’t him merely seeing his little girl naked, as he had so many times before in my lifetime. No, up to that point, he had never seen me going at it firsthand. He had seen me naked a lot that week; and it’s not like he didn’t know I was masturbating. He could certainly hear me calling out for him, calling him by name, I made sure of that; but he had never seen me playing with my slit with his own eyes. He had never seen inside me like he could then. He just didn’t know what to do with me, or with himself.  
  
“It was at that moment, he tells me, that he gave up on any pretense of my innocence. He decided right there that he now known and had seen pretty much everything about his daughter that he ever could. He had seen me grow up as any father would, but now suddenly I was a woman, raw and sexual. To him, I was no longer just a precocious youngster, I had been replaced by a new girl, alive, awakened, and animalistic.  
  
“I had broken his mind. I remember considering briefly that I might be in trouble. Some small part of me still felt shame and embarrassment at my lack of control. But I didn’t expect what happened next.”  
  
Warrick spoke up, “This is when you had sex.”  
  
Hazel laughed, “No, not yet. I swear, I’m getting to it!”  
  
Warrick shifted in his seat and adjusted his erection again, “It’s fine, it’s fine. Take your time with the details. I’m starting to enjoy this.”  
  
Hazel rolled her eyes, but smirked at her husband. She was glad he was coming around to her story. She worried that her admission might turn him away from her. Still, she knew that she had to convince him to take the next step with their daughter.  
  
“I didn’t get in trouble,” she said, “Instead, he just acted… normal.  
  
“‘Hello, honey,’ he said, albeit red-faced, ‘How was your day?’”  
  
Warrick interrupted again, “Just like that? ‘How was your day?’”  
  
“Yes,” Hazel said, “As if this had been routine. As if every girl in the world greeted their father with their pussy wide open. ‘Mm, fuck, Daddy, I feel so good,’ I hissed.  
  
“‘That’s good, do you… want me to make you something to eat?’  
  
“I shrugged and continued to masturbate, edging myself closer to my next cum. I said, ‘I’m not hungry,’ and then I ventured, ‘I just want you, Daddy.’  
  
“‘I love you, too, Hazel. I’m going to make a sandwich,’ he said, then left the room. Eventually he came back—yes, with his sandwich—and he turned on the TV. He sat and ate while I laid on the couch next to him, pumping my fingers inside my pussy and mewling deplorable things in his name.  
  
“‘Daddy, I want your cock. I want you to fuck me. I found videos on the internet, daddy. Naughty videos of other daddies and their little girls. Skinny and young and innocent. Girls just like me. Except my daddy won’t fuck me like theirs do. You’re mean, Daddy. I need your big fuckstick inside me, Daddy. I wanna be like those other naughty girls. I want you to feel your hot cum fill your little girl’s baby cunny.’  
  
“But he didn’t pay attention to me, or at least he tried damn hard not to. He tells me now that he was putting all of his concentration into eating his dinner and watching TV, instead of watching me finish. His indifference, though, made me feel bold in that moment, like I could do anything and get away with it. I was degrading myself in his name, but I still felt like he loved me and respected me as an autonomous, independent being. My heart swelled with love for my father, and my chest tightened with lust for him at the same time.  
  
“I came hard for the last time during that set as I stared perversely at my father. My eyes could have bored holes in him as I watched him do his best to ignore me. I swore fiercely and thrust my narrow hips at him in synch with each wave of pleasure that coursed through my small body, with each spray of cum that squirted forth. Every time my little butt crashed back down onto the leather couch, it made a wet slapping sound as my ass made contact with the puddles of liquid I had created. Still he sat there, almost as if nothing out of the ordinary were happening in his home, as if his own daughter were not beside him, her naked pussy running with cum. Cum for him. The only giveaway that he had any perception of me at all was the big bulge in his pants. He adjusted himself once or twice to minimize the tenting, but it was still quite obvious, even in my fervid delirium.  
  
“After that series of orgasms, I became weak and my body again began to shut down. I felt myself slipping into a deep sleep that probably could have lasted for the rest of the night. After I caught my breath and regained my senses, I looked upon my dad again as a father. I remember truly feeling love for him as his child, and not as the kinky jezebel I was moments before. I was somewhat sheepish about my unabashed behavior, but still I appreciated him as the patriarch and protector who watched over me.  
  
“Slick and naked, I squirmed over to him and dropped my hot, sweaty face into his lap, cooed, and passed out.”  
  
“So, surely that’s when he—”  
  
Hazel interrupted. “I know what you’re thinking, but no, not yet. The way my dad tells it, he just watched TV for the next couple hours as he stroked my face, back, and arms. I’m sure he must have felt tremendous relief that his daughter had returned to normal, at least for the time being. I’ve asked him several times if he tried to take advantage of me, groped me, or if he even stared at my body as I slept, but he has always maintained that he just watched TV. And, yeah, I believe him.  
  
“Eventually, it was time to go to bed for real. Daddy roused me from my deep sleep, and I could barely keep my head up, much less walk to my room. He picked my up by my arms and balanced me on my bare feet, then pushed me toward the bathroom. ‘C’mon, kiddo, time for bed.’  
  
“Now feeling goosebumps from the night air cooling my still-moist skin, I was keen to head straight under the covers, but my dad steered me toward the bathroom first. ‘Gotta brush your teeth, kiddo.’  
  
“Of course, I was not really in the mood for dental hygiene, but my dad insisted. ‘You didn’t brush your teeth this morning before I left, and I’m pretty sure you didn’t do it while I was at work today.’ Still I whined like a brat, but he persisted, setting me on the lid of the toilet. He put my brush and the tube of toothpaste in my hand, but I just threw them back at him in a fit. He sighed, picked them up, undid the cap and prepared the brush, then he held it out for me to take it. I refused and gave him a snotty look.  
  
“He frowned back at me and reiterated, ‘You have to brush your teeth, darling.’  
  
“In that moment, I wanted to shout at him, ‘I hate you!’ And I think my dad sensed it coming, because no sooner did I open my mouth to start hollering then he thrust his hand out and grabbed me by my jaw, squeezing my cheeks to keep my lips apart. I gasped, not knowing what was going to happen next. My eyes snapped to attention, worried, reading the lines on my dad’s face.  
  
“But the creases of his frown softened and shifted back to concern, and slowly he brought my toothbrush to my mouth, reached in, and gently began to brush my teeth.  
  
“This was not something that he had ever done before, at least not since he had taught me how to brush my teeth myself, and I didn’t know what to do but comply. I sat there, mouth agape, as my father held my face close to his and prodded the tooth brush in and out of my mouth. My face burned in shame, partially for recognizing my childish behavior, but also for being put in such an embarrassing, submissive predicament by my dad. The bathroom was dead quiet, save for the soft sound of brushing and my own quiet grunts as my father moved the toothbrush around my mouth. I could, however, hear my heart pounded in my chest quite clearly. I was lucid, naked, and vulnerable and held close by my father. Closer than we had been since well before my super-orgasms had begun.  
  
“After a short while he finished and he gently released me. He stood up and, when he let out a quavering exhale, I realized he has been holding his breath the whole time. He said ‘Go spit, then come back and sit here.’  
  
“I nodded up at him with doe eyes and went toward the sink. He didn’t move and when I returned and sat down once again, he was still standing there. I sat for some time and fidgeted nervously as he stared. It was only after about a minute that I realized he wasn’t staring at me, but into the middle ground, perhaps contemplating his next choice.  
  
“It made me nervous. It was very out of character for my dad to behave that way, and in my lucid state I knew it was my fault. I was a bratty child who had driven him to distraction. I sensed a punishment incoming and I felt an intense need to apologize for everything I had done. For everything I had said. For becoming who I had become: a degraded, immoral slut.  
  
“‘Daddy, I—’ was all I could get out before he held up a finger and shushed me. He held it for a beat longer and then took a deep breath.  
  
“When he breathed a long, shaky breath out, he undid his belt before me, unzipped his pants, and pulled them and his underwear down over his hips. His erection sprang out and bobbed before me.  
  
“I was in shock. For so long I had craved my father’s cock, desperate to have it, and suddenly here it was in front of me and I was at a loss. I didn’t know what to do with it; I could only sit there and stare in wonder and fear. It appeared huge in that moment, and maybe it was. I can tell you now that my dad is fairly well-endowed, but not too much bigger than anything else I’ve had inside me before or since.” Hazel looked to her husband, “A little bit longer than yours, and a little bit thicker, but not by much. Anyway, maybe it just seemed bigger because it was my first time seeing it, but I think at that time I had actually gotten my dad so aroused that his cock had surged beyond its typical size. I had been teasing him all week, after all. There in the bathroom, as he hovered over me, his shaft was fat and twitched in the cool air. Engorged veins crisscrossed their way from the base to the head, which itself was swollen, shiny, and purple.  
  
“For a long stretch of time, I didn’t dare to move. Even though I had begged for daddy’s dick earlier that very evening, I couldn’t bring myself to go through with it. The thought of doing anything sexual with him frightened me. I knew it was wrong, and I somehow knew that it would change our relationship forever, and perhaps I feared it was going to change for the worse.  
  
“The bathroom was stone silent the whole time. I barely breathed, and as I sat there, the pounding of my heart grew in my ears, until it dominated all the other sounds around me. It was a drum driving me forward, driving me to take the next forbidden step. I looked up into my daddy’s eyes, searching for the permission that I needed, but I got nothing in return. He blankly stared down at his cock, unable or unwilling to meet my gaze, ashamed by his lewd presentation to his daughter. I knew then that I had the power, if only for a moment. If I wanted to continue, it was up to me. If I wanted to end it all right then and there, I could. But if I did nothing, I knew that it would be over soon. I realized that I did not need to ask for his consent, but he was asking for mine. My father did not have the will to molest me.  
  
“And yet, although I was scared, I also knew that if I continued, I could satisfy the primal, familial lust that had been building exponentially inside me all week; no, all season. A choice was before me, and time was running out for me to decide.  
  
“While my brain debated my next move in fits and starts, my body began to lead. My pussy dribbled a clear juice down my crack and onto the toilet seat in preparation for use. I shivered as a light sweat broke out across my youthful chest.  
  
“Once more, my eyes fell to his engorged cock. I looked it in the eye, into its slit, which seemed to glisten slightly, and I reached up to it. As I did, it twitched in anticipation. I gripped it lightly at the base, where his shaft met his balls. At the time, my hand was not big enough to encircle it completely with my fingers and thumb. It was pleasantly warm on my palm and even though I had felt other cocks before that point, I was still startled at how it could simultaneously feel so soft and so hard at the same time. I gave it a squeeze and a bead of crystal pre-cum appeared at his slit.  
  
“I released my grip on his cock, but ran my fingers up the underside, caressing the smooth, papery skin until I got to the ripple of flesh just beneath my daddy’s corona. I jabbed my finger into it, which turned the bead of precum into a rivulet that descended onto my forearm. The pressure on his sensitive area caused my dad to grunt lightly, the first noise he’d made since exposing himself to me. It startled me and I looked up for his eyes again, but still he declined to make eye contact.  
  
“While keeping my gaze fixed on his eyes, I brought my other hand up and, with both of them at the same time, caressed his member. I dragged my fingertips lightly over his length, sometimes in the same direction, sometimes going opposite ways. I swirled the seeping precum around his crown, thumbing his slit to gather more and spread it down the shaft. My hands, too, were covered in it, and as I jacked him, sticky sounds filled the room.  
  
“Slowly, I brought my face closer and closer to his cock. In doing so, my line of sight slowly came into alignment with his, until there was nothing he could do, but meet my gaze. I needed him to be present for me. I needed him to see me, and know that it was me. I didn’t want him pretending my hands were those of another girl—like a friend of mine, an old childhood sweetheart, or an Asian prostitute. I didn’t want him to close his eyes and deny in his mind what was happening. I wanted him to look at me, to see his daughter giving herself fully, wantonly to him. Mostly though, I wanted to see his love.  
  
“Still he was stubborn. I got my lips within pecking distance and still his eyes never left his shaft, so I craned my neck back and moved my face directly underneath his shaft. I knew that he could shut it all down if he just closed his eyes, but I hoped that he would not. With my nose underneath his precum-slicked member, I slowly inhaled his scent. It was a combination of sweat and salt and musk. The best way I can classify it was that it smelled like my dad, but ramped up a thousand percent. It took everything I had not to start licking up the copious fluids that glazed the skin.  
  
“I went in for another sniff when his shaft pulsed suddenly and the tip of my nose brushed against that sensitive button of his. Another grunt marked the end of his patience with me. I had finally broken him and he looked me in the eyes. I saw everything I needed from him in that moment. Permission, acquiescence, love.  
  
“I pulled back my head and grinned at him, realizing then that while I was under him, he had planted a cool drop of precum right between my eyes. A sticky strand shimmered between my face and the head of his cock. But that mattered little to me, because I was his and I was ready for anything he wanted to give me.  
  
“I darted forward and took my daddy’s bulbous head into my mouth, sucking out as much precum as he could generate, like a baby nursing on a bottle. The moment he felt my mouth envelop him, my dad’s eyes rolled back into his head and he let out a groan. After that, all tension between us dissolved. I bobbed up and down on his cock and moaned and he gripped the back of my head, thrusting gently to meet me, as if we had done it a hundred times before.  
  
“I did my best to take as much of him into my mouth as I could, but he was so big and I was so little. My small mouth, still encircled with toothpaste, couldn’t get much further past his bulbous crown. He filled me up more than any of my other lovers could. Still, I tried to down him, pressing his shaft as far back as my tiny mouth would let him go. He, too, wanted to go deeper, and he pressed on the back of my head, gripping my hair, encouraging me onward. I felt my throat strain, and I gagged. I was too small to deep throat my father then, so I pulled back.  
  
“His cock drew out a thick glob of oozy spit that spilled and hung down my chin, swinging onto my chest and splattering my thighs. I coughed and wiped my mouth with the back of my arm, but grinned up at him and dove back in for more. I puckered up and slid my moistened lips down the length of his shaft several times; at least once on each side, and a few times along the sensitive underside.  
  
“He moaned and groaned as I continued my ministrations. ‘Fuck, Hazel, where did you learn this?’  
  
“The truth was that I had learned it over the last few months with my friend Greg and my two teachers. And Mr. Avery was especially keen to improve my techniques. But of course I didn’t tell my father that. Instead, I giggled and said, ‘No one daddy, I’m just a natural cock-sucking slut,’ which is what Mr. Avery was fond of telling me. Then I dove back onto daddy’s member, bobbing my mouth up and down on it, sucking as much of his fat cock as I could and forcing my tongue against the ejection button on the underside, pulsing precum down my throat and coaxing his jizz up from his balls.  
  
“I liked talking dirty to him, and of course, doing anything sexual at all was enough to dial up my nerves. Much of the time I was servicing my dad, I was also swirling my finger around my swollen clit, and up and down the length of my pussy lips. I remember my juices had surged out of my pussy, down my ass and thighs and all over the toilet seat. Yet this time, I remained lucid through the experience. I wasn’t obliviously lost in lust like I so often had been. Maybe it was because I had just woken up from my nap. Maybe it was because I had cum so much already that day.  
  
“Like the others I had sucked off in the past, my dad’s thrusting grew more vigorous as my blowie continued, and it was hard for my ass to stay put on the slick plastic seat underneath me. His motions also gave me a glimpse of his heavy ballsack swinging back and forth. Until that moment, I had given little regard to such territory, but I was hypnotized by the way my dad’s set moved. While my cheeks strained against his prodding cock, I reached my hands up to cradle his sack. I felt the weight of his testicles and enclosed my hands upon them.  
  
“That caused my dad’s knees to buckle, and suddenly he gasped and vacated my lips. Like with Mr. Avery, I felt an urgency in getting his warm pole back in my mouth and nearly dove for it, but I heard him grunt and saw him grip the base of his cock, which gave me pause. A moment later, a runny white substance spilled from the slit of his penis. It looked somewhere between precum and actual cum. I had never seen it before.  
  
“‘Did you cum, Daddy?’ I asked, curious for a taste either way.  
  
“’No, baby, almost,’ he panted, ‘but Daddy doesn’t want to cum yet.’ He stood there for a moment, breathing heavily, catching his breath from his near orgasm. His legs were shaking and he leaned back against the sink. ‘What say we go to the bedroom, kiddo?’  
  
“I was eager to get off of the cold, slippery toilet seat, so I nodded and said, ‘Uh huh,’ and slid onto my two bare feet. I discovered that my dad wasn’t the only one weak in the knees, and I staggered forward with a yip and a giggle. Ever my protector, my dad reached out after me and caught me in his large hands. He circled them around my chest, which was a thrill of its own, and picked me up into the air and carried me to my bedroom. I squealed with joy, and I could smell the aroma of the leaked cum wafting off of his fingers, which heightened my lustiness.  
  
“Once at my bed, Daddy tore the blankets down and tossed me down like a ragdoll and I shrieked and giggled again. Instantly, I splayed out all my limbs and looked up from beneath his hovering frame. I laid there, my chest heaving, surging with adrenaline and hormones while he stood there admiring me.  
  
“He didn’t move for some time, but after a moment, he urged quietly, ‘Say it.’  
  
“‘What?’ I inquired, puzzled.  
  
“‘Say it, baby,’ he repeated.  
  
“Then I knew what he wanted. I blushed and bit my lip. It felt silly, for some reason, to say it in that moment. It felt naughty and I was suddenly and uncharacteristically shy. But deep within me I found the courage. I bit my thumbnail and, looking him in the eye, said with a timid grin, ‘Fuck me, Daddy.’ He exhaled slowly and bent over me, casting his large shadow over my small frame. I repeated it again with more enthusiasm, ‘Fuck me, Daddy,’ and he gave out a loud groan. I giggled with lusty joy as he swung his leg over me, drawing his hardened, heavy cock across my soft abdomen. My words turned into pleas, ‘Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck me! I want your hard cock in my pussy. Fuck your baby girl, Daddy!’  
  
“I felt the hot flesh of his rod inching ever closer to my leaking chalice. And at last, his swollen tip reached my crack. I could feel his warm, silky precum streaking my belly, copious, rolling down my sides in fat beads, and mixing with my own sweat and juices. My body writhed around, out of my control, trying to join with my father.  
  
“Slowly, he began to hump against me, gliding his cock along the shallow dip of my cunt, the soft banks of my labia cradling and moistening his shaft. His knobby veins pulled lightly on my clit as each one slid by. He craned his neck down to kiss me on the mouth. Not as a father and daughter normally would, but as forbidden lovers. Together we gasped and cried wordlessly into each others mouths at our mammalian rutting, all tongues and breath and spit, letting pleasure alone guide us, take us.  
  
“Finally he spoke, ‘Alright baby girl, it’s time.’  
  
“I nodded, pleading with my eyes, ‘Yes, daddy. I need it. I need your cum.’  
  
“Daddy lifted himself up off of me and I craned my neck up, watching between our bodies as he brought his large member into alignment with my ready hole. I felt him press into me, so I pushed my hips up in opposition. Despite my messy lubrication, it was difficult to fit him inside of my little schoolgirl snatch. When I think about it, I can still feel him stretching me out, even today.  
  
It hurt a little bit, my pussy straining against his bulbous head, but at the same time felt more wonderful than anything I had felt before. All of the sex with my boyfriend or Mr. Grainger, or the barrage that Mr. Avery put me through, that all felt good at the time, but it still didn’t prepare me for fucking my father, especially that first time. The act was spiritual.  
  
“‘I love you, Daddy. I love your cock. It’s stretching my little cunny so much,’ I cried as I speared myself wildly onto his descending staff. With each thrust, I managed to take a little bit more of him into me, but my pussy was so snug that sometimes it would only budge a few millimeters. Still, every one of those millimeters amplified the electric connection I had with my daddy tenfold.  
  
By the time he hit bottom, I was cum-dumb. I no longer had words. Just whimpers, moans, and sighs. My brain was doing flips and I could only babble incoherently if I tried to say anything at all. If I wanted to stop now, I wouldn’t have been able to form the words to say so.  
  
“He attempted to continue pushing inside of me, but I cried out and winced. His full length wasn’t even all the way inside me, but my womb blocked the way; Daddy’s cock was too long for his baby’s little pussy. Fuck, he was almost too big in girth.  
  
“He craned his neck down to look at me below and said, ‘I’m inside you, Baby.’ I looked up at him and giggled irrationally in pleasure, trying to catch my breath, trying to tell him not to stop. But where I couldn’t speak, my body communicated for me, wriggling on his cock, getting my cunny acclimated to his size.  
  
“With our ample lubrication working together, I began to feel a slight caress against the perceptive walls of my stretched furrow. His shaft began to glide back out of my cunt’s grip. I felt orgasmic pleasure tingling over every millimeter that his cock traveled and it radiated all the way out to my body. The ecstasy grew quickly, in fact, unexpectedly so.  
  
“Once he was in motion, he slid right out of me, and as his bulbous crown pulled itself through me and exited my body, it left a void in my gaping cunt. I could feel the rush of cool air invade me and my pussy suddenly spasmed. I was hit with a shower of sparks across my vision. I was cumming and I wasn’t ready for it. I gasped and choked. My eyes rolled into the back of my head and I convulsed in euphoria. My legs shook wildly, and my hips and ass quivered. I felt a rapid pulsing in my vagina and a torrent of cum suddenly spilled from within me. It drenched my bed, and sprayed onto my father’s cock and abdomen.  
  
“Daddy groaned as he watched me cum from his cock. Though my limbs were limp and flailing, my hands searched for my clit and flicked back and forth across it, extending my frenzy for several seconds longer. It felt naughty in that moment, touching myself for my father.  
  
“Finally, I came down from my euphoria. My head began to clear and I felt a little bit embarrassed then. Part of my brain was screaming at me, ‘How could you? This is your dad. You’re not supposed to have sex with him.’ I wanted to cover my nakedness. To bury my face in shame. But another part was calm, the part that recognized how much love was in our familial union. We were making love, and I had wanted it. I had begged my daddy all week to come and take me, and now he had. But he still wasn’t finished, and neither was I. He had been inside me once, but it wasn’t fucking, not yet.  
  
“When my breathing had calmed down a bit, I looked up at him again. He was still watching me, but he had moved from being on top of me, to sitting with his back against the headboard of my bed. He lightly stroked his erection. I didn’t know how, but I was still extremely turned on, despite having just came.  
  
“‘Come here,’ he said, and patted his lap. I dutifully crawled over to him and swung a leg over both of his to straddle him. I inched my way up until my pussy nestled up against his ballsack. My spent cum dribbled out of me and over his balls. My clit settled against the turgid bottom of his shaft, and I shuddered.  
  
“Then Daddy pressed his cock forward with one hand, so that it stood tall off his body, sticking straight up into the air. The sensitive underside brushed against my tummy. He sighed at the feeling of my soft and clammy skin against his. He tapped it against me and said, ‘Climb on, baby girl.’ I didn’t understand at first, but he urged me forward, ‘You can control the rhythm if you’re on top.’  
  
“My eyes went wide. I had never been on top before. In my experience, and in all the videos I had seen online, the girl was always the one being fucked. Now, here was my daddy letting me take the lead.  
  
“I lifted myself off of him, and got to my feet. A strand of my cum still connected my pussy to his scrotum, and a fat bead descended along it. His cock was standing so tall, there was no way I could have gotten him inside me from a kneeling position. I could barely straddle him as it was with my legs spread wide. I braced myself with both my hands on his shoulders and looked down between us, aligning my hole with his member. I lowered myself until the head of his cock pushed into my entrance and flayed my labia apart. Once again, I felt my father invade my nether regions. I hissed, ‘Fuck, Daddy.’  
  
“‘Hazel, baby girl, you feel so good. I can’t believe you’re riding me. You’re doing good baby. Just do whatever you need to feel good on Daddy’s cock. I’m here for you.’  
  
“Our previous fuck session was brief, but it had prepared my body for our second go around. I was still extremely lubricated from my orgasm and this time, I was able to sink onto his thick erection more easily. I mewled as I took every inch, my father groaning along with me. Soon I was as far down as I could go. My channel couldn’t fit his entire length back then. Still, I tried to jam myself onto him further. It was no use; the tip of his dick pressed against my womb. I looked down at my pussy, and saw my dewy lips stretched wider than I ever thought possible. My juices oozed around the perimeter of my entrance. My little pussy was so tight I could see the base of my father’s veiny tree trunk expand as it left my body.  
  
“Once I had memorized the sight, I wasted no time in getting the show moving. I lifted myself from a squat until he very nearly exited me, and then slid back down over his shaft once again. It was heaven, every inch up and back. I repeated this action over and over again, bouncing my small body on top of my daddy’s lap, feeling every inch of his manhood invade me. I gripped his shoulders for leverage and he encircled my waist with his hands, helping me to keep my momentum as my legs began to tire. My thighs burned as I performed one sensual squat after another. My girlish grunting filled the air, mixing with his low-pitched groans, as my own father split me in two.  
  
A sheen of sweat broke out across my whole body, and droplets mixed together and ran down my chest, a signal that I was getting closer to yet another orgasm.  
  
That’s when my daddy wrapped one arm around me, grabbing me and holding me under my ass, and pulled me close to him. With the other hand, he maneuvered it between us and prodded his thumb into the crevice between my lips. He easily found the stiff bud of my clit, and pressed, causing my brain to go haywire.  
  
‘Daddy!’ I squealed in pleasure, renewing my rutting on his cock. I spat filthy words. ‘Daddy, I want your cum. I want you to cum inside me. Fill your little girl’s cunny with your hot cum. All daddies want their little girls’ pussies.”  
  
“‘No,’ my father retorted through grunts as he continued to plunge me onto his cock, ‘Daddies can’t cum in their girls’ pussies.’  
  
“‘But I’ve seen it, Daddy. Fathers cum in their daughters in the videos I found. And Mr. Avery wants to cum in his daughter, too.’  
  
“‘How— how do you know this?’ my father stammered. ‘You’re so young.’  
  
“Rather than answer him, rather than tell the truth, I dodged the subject altogether and held him close and whined quietly into his ear, ‘I love you daddy. I’m loving you with my little pussy. I want you to love me with your cum.’  
  
“My dirty talk was too much for him and it put him over the edge. I could feel his eruption coming several seconds before it actually happened. It began as a low rumble in my dad’s throat and grew until he was moaning aloud, mouth agape, eyes shut tight. Then his body started to writhe and I thought he was going to pull me off of him. Instead, suddenly his hips pushed into the air, and me along with. It startled me and I stopped my humping. I opened my eyes wide and took in the sight. I felt a slight stinging as my pussy stretched a few millimeters more, accommodating one final swell of my father’s engorged cock.  
  
“Then I could feel my insides being showered with searing hot cum. Daddy’s cock pulsed rapidly against my vaginal walls and painted them with the same semen that had conceived me scant years before.  
  
“And, for me, something changed. But not before I began to feel an orgasm of my own building. I felt a tingle in the walls of my pussy, that shot straight through my chest and into my brain. It seemed to shut off every part of me, one by one. First my legs felt a pleasurable warmth flow through them, when suddenly they stopped working. I could no longer maintain my squat and I collapsed forward onto my daddy’s chest. He grabbed me and held me against him, which was just as well, because then my arms felt the same warmth and pleasure grow to consume them and they, too, gave way. I couldn’t have held onto him if I wanted to. The ecstasy was beyond what I had felt in so many months, but it also made me scared. I attempted to croak out tiny words to tell my father, my protector, to help me, but all I could say was ‘Daddy,’ before my mouth and eyes, too, stopped working like normal. Daddy says he watched me, and says that my eyes gave a thousand yard stare and that my mouth hung open with a slight smile. I grunted and gurgled incoherently, lost in a sea of blissful, orgasmic ecstasy. My mind had shut down and all I could conceive of was the pleasure of my cummies.  
  
“His cock remained inside. It seemed the only muscles that still worked for me were in my pussy, which clamped on tight to my dad’s dick with strong spasms. It was almost as if my cunt was milking him of every last drop of his cum. And cum he did. He continued to ejaculate into my pussy the entire time. In my cum-dumb state, my body could only flail limply upon his. He swears it was 30 seconds or more of straight orgasm for him, and he pumped his cum into my womb the entire time.  
  
“Finally, his firing cock slowed and his hips stopped battering against mine. His whole body gave one final shudder of relief, and we both knew we were done at last. One-by-one, my body parts began to reboot in the opposite order they shut down. My eyes flickered back to life and my breathing returned to normal. I could have spoken again, but I didn’t have the words just then. I just wanted to continue to be held by my dad. His body was slick, but still warm and intensely comforting. I didn’t want the moment to end, so I just sighed contentedly and cooed as he petted my hair and my fingers traced shapes of nothing on my father’s chest.  
  
“Eventually, I fell asleep on top of him. I don’t remember when he finally pulled out of me, or when he tucked me in to bed, but he eventually went to his own room.  
  
“And then, the next day, we discovered that I had been cured and life has been reasonably normal since then.”  
  
Hazel finished her story and a pregnant pause hung in the car as Warrick tried to comprehend the end of the story.  
  
Finally, he shook his head in disbelief. “Wait, what? You were cured? What do you mean?”  
  
“I mean, I stopped having those intense bouts of hysteria. I didn’t have the uncontrollable urge to have sex every few hours, and I stopped drowning my panties in girl cum.”  
  
“And…” Warrick attempted to piece the conclusion together in his mind, “You think having sex with your father was what cured you?”  
  
“Yeah,” Hazel said, then contemplated, “I mean, what else could it have been?”  
  
“I don’t know,” Warrick replied, “But don’t you think that seems a bit far-fetched?”  
  
“I know what I felt. When he came inside me, it was almost like my body rebooted. I think it makes sense on a biological level. I was born from his sperm, and it was his sperm that reset me to my factory settings, so to speak.”  
  
Just then, Hazel’s phone buzzed and both adults jumped out of their seats. “Jesus Christ, that scared me,” Warrick said.  
  
Hazel checked it and said, “Right, it’s Ivy. She’s asking where we are.” The startle seemed to knock them back to reality. They had a child to check up on. “We should get moving.” She texted back, “Omw.”  
  
Warrick sat as Hazel shifted the car back into drive and started moving back toward home once again. After some time, he asked, “How am I just now hearing about this?”  
  
Hazel shrugged. “It just hasn’t really mattered. Once I was cured, life returned mostly back to the way it was.”  
  
“Have you told anyone else?”  
  
“Of course not,” Hazel said, indignantly, “You think anybody is just going to think it’s okay for me to have a sexual relationship with my father? They’d probably tell me to seek help, or worse, have him arrested. Nobody gets what happened that night.” Then Hazel mused briefly and said with a smirk, “I suppose Ivy might be receptive.”  
  
“What?”  
  
“What? I’ve heard the way she talks about her brother. Plus, he’s dating a girl that’s practically her twin.”  
  
“I didn’t know she had a brother,” Warrick said. He had known Ivy sexually over the years thanks to his wife, but their conversations were typically surface-level. Whenever she started talking with Hazel, he tended to tune out.  
  
“It’s amazing what you can know about someone when you do more than have sex with them,” Hazel jeered.  
  
“So that was that, then?” Warrick picked up the topic of Hazel’s father again. “You and dad fucked and then it was all over.”  
  
Hazel turned to look at her husband and nodded, but then turned away and said, “Well…” before drifting off into silence.  
  
Warrick snapped his head to look at her, but she kept her eyes on the road. “Well?”  
  
“Well…” Hazel sighed, “we had sex after that, too.”  
  
“Really? So you weren’t cured after all?”  
  
“Oh no, I was. I never felt that same sort of urgent need for cummies after that, but… I mean, it was still fun.”  
  
“You continued to fuck your dad for fun,” Warrick reiterated in disbelief. “How much? For how long?”  
  
“A lot, I guess. But think about it: we had kind of crossed the line already. There wasn’t really any going back. Since we had done it once, there was nothing there anymore to prevent us from doing it again. I enjoyed it. And he enjoyed it, too. It really brought us closer together; not just physically, but emotionally, as well.”  
  
Warrick didn’t say anything.  
  
“You know how we’re close, right, he and I?”  
  
“Yeah, I’ve seen you be affectionate with him, but I didn’t know you were *that* close,” Warrick huffed in amazement. He thought for a moment and a suspicion came into his head, and as soon as it did, he felt compelled to get it out in the air. “Are you still fucking him?”  
  
Hazel chuckled. “No, not any more. Not since the week before our wedding.”  
  
“Our wedding.” Warrick was startled that she had been having sex with her father the whole time they were dating and even engaged.  
  
“And,” Hazel continued, “I guess Thanksgiving a few years ago. But that was the last time!”  
  
“A few years ago?”  
  
“Yeah, remember when we all got drunk? You ended up falling asleep, and, well, it kind of felt like old times.”  
  
“You cheated on me with your dad,” Warrick said dryly. He could no longer muster up a sense of surprise about his wife’s actions.  
  
“Well, now we’re even, since you cheated on me with Elsie.”  
  
“But you cheated on me with our own daughter!”  
  
“But you can fuck her tonight!”  
  
“That’s ridiculous. I’m not fucking our daughter!”  
  
“But it will make her better!” Hazel cried. “Please. I know it sounds horrible, but it will work. It really worked for me.”  
  
Warrick sighed and calmed his anger, thinking for a moment. “This all seems so wrong to me. I don’t want to have sex with Brie.” To Warrick, it was only something he felt like he should say, not something he actually believed himself.  
  
“Well, she told me she wants to have sex with you.”  
  
“How do you know that?”  
  
“We talked about it before we made love. I told her she had to keep it a secret. I guess that lasted about as long as it took her to get her lips around your cock this morning.”  
  
Warrick swallowed the lump in his throat as he relived the moment. “She’s my daughter. I don’t have that kind of attraction to her,” he lied.  
  
“Oh yeah? Then why’d you call out her name while cumming inside me?”  
  
“I never—” Warrick stopped short. “Wait. You mean this morning?”  
  
Hazel nodded.  
  
The realization spread through him. “Oh god.”  
  
“It’s fine,” Hazel reassured. After a beat, she smirked, “It was honestly kind of hot.” She turned to look at her husband and ribbed him, “The one time. Just don’t make that mistake again. I won’t be made jealous of my own nubile daughter.”  
  
The Novas were quickly approaching home and both of them were unconsciously preparing to shift back into parent mode once they arrived, but Warrick had one more question. “One last thing, if this cure was all it took from the very beginning, why didn’t you just tell me when it all started happening to Brie?”  
  
“Tell you that it was imperative for you to molest your daughter? You never would have heard me out before having me locked up. I needed you to soften up to the idea. I needed you to experience, to some degree, the truth of what was going on inside of her. I needed to seduce you with the idea. You think you would have just said ‘okay’ that first afternoon after the doctor’s visit?”  
  
Warrick thought about their car trip home, when Hazel had masturbated Brie after they had learned of her affliction. It now made more sense why that had happened. His cock had subsided after his wife’s torrid origin story had ended, but reliving this experience—watching his daughter orgasm and squirt for the first time—caused him to swell once again. “I mean, I might have been open to the idea early on.”  
  
“She’s my daughter. I don’t have that kind of attraction to her,” Hazel mocked as she pulled the car into the driveway.

## Going Nova ch. 11: All of Brie

Ivy met the Novas in the foyer of their home. She spoke quietly.  
  
“Elsie’s on my phone on the couch. Brie’s asleep in her bed. She passed out on stage.”  
  
“Passed out?” Warrick asked, concerned.  
  
“She’s okay.” Ivy reassured him. “She didn’t have a big fall, but she had a, well… a dramatic experience, you could say.” Ivy turned to Hazel, “Did you tell him what I told you?”  
  
Hazel shook her head, “Not fully, but I’ve prepared him.”  
  
“Damn, you’re gonna make me say it again?”  
  
“I thought it would be best that it not come from me second-hand. You were the one who was there.” Hazel urged.  
  
Ivy took a deep breath and turned to Warrick. “I went to the mall to go to the fashion show, and discovered that Brie and Elsie were modeling in the show.”  
  
“Modeling?” Warrick asked, surprised. He looked to his wife to see what she knew about it.  
  
Hazel shrugged, “It’s news to me, too.” She turned to Ivy. “Does Elsie have any answers?”  
  
“She said they worked out a deal for free makeup and clothing from Libertine and Scarlet if they volunteered.”  
  
“Sneaky kids,” Warrick admitted. “Brie’s always trying to get me to go into Scarlet with her so that I’ll buy overpriced leggings or whatever.”  
  
“Anyway, the point is, Brie had three walks up on stage and she looked like she was in worse and worse shape each time she came out on stage. The last time, she was completely strung out. I’m concerned that she was maybe drugged. She ended up—” Ivy swallowed the lump in her throat, searching for the right word, “—gratifying herself on stage. Twice.”  
  
Even though Ivy was concerned for the young girl, as she relived the scene in her mind, she felt her nether region get notably moist. She didn’t want to feel it, not if Brie was in trouble, but yet she couldn’t help but admit that somehow the scene, in hindsight, was imbued with a strange kind of eroticism.  
  
Hazel furrowed her brow in concern. Despite her sureness that Brie shared her same super-orgasmic affliction, as a mother, she couldn’t put off the fact that her daughter might have been taken advantage of while she was vulnerable. “We’ll have to investigate and make sure nothing happened to her.”  
  
“To be fair,” said Ivy, “Elsie did say that they were well taken care of back stage. And Elsie herself seems fine.”  
  
“That is somewhat assuring,” Hazel admitted.  
  
“Good,” said Warrick.  
  
“Maybe the nerves of being on stage got to her,” Ivy offered, “but I still don’t know what was going through her mind when she stripped off her skimpy bathing suit in front of the crowd and… brought herself to climax.”  
  
“Let’s not fall all over ourselves getting too clinical,” Hazel tutted, “We’re all adults here, and I think we all understand what happened. You can say masturbate or cum or jilled off or whatever.” She looked around at the other two, who both nodded, though they blushed. “Well now, shall we have a chat with Elsie?”  
  
They filed into the living room where Elsie was watching a phone video of a kid opening birthday toys on her YouTube channel. She was still in the bikini she wore during her final trip down the runway. She had dropped off her shoes on the floor and was kicking her bare feet against the couch as she absent-mindedly watched the video.  
  
“Elsie, time to give the phone back to Ivy,” Hazel instructed.  
  
“Okay,” she said half-heartedly, but obeyed without any objection. The adults all sat around her, focused. Elsie shrank in her seat. “Am I in trouble?” she asked.  
  
The room gave out a snicker and attempted to relax. “No, kiddo, you’re not in trouble,” said Hazel. “We just want to know a little bit more about what happened this afternoon.”  
  
“You mean on stage?” Elsie clarified.  
  
“Yes,” Hazel nodded.  
  
“Um, I dunno,” the girl replied, matter-of-factly.  
  
“You didn’t see what happened with Brie?”  
  
Ivy interrupted, “She might not have, she was back stage when it happened.”  
  
“I didn’t see,” Elsie confirmed. “After I left the stage, there was a guy there that wanted me to model his company’s clothes for his website. He said he was with Momo! It’s gonna be so awesome,” she said, excitedly dropping the name of the brand, which was hot at her school.  
  
“That’s nice,” Hazel chuckled disinterestedly and followed up with her line of questioning. “Did anything happen to you or Brie back stage before that?”  
  
Elsie thought back to what did happen. They had snuck two older boys backstage with them. Elsie had fucked the older of the two and Brie had given a blowie to the younger one. Then Brie gave her oral, guzzling the cum from inside Elsie’s pussy. The two of them had, in fact, been through a lot that day. However, she wasn’t about to divulge those details with Brie’s parents. “No. We just waited in the waiting room they gave us,” the girl delivered flatly.  
  
“None of the stagehands tried to touch you?” Warrick prodded further.  
  
“Just when they were putting our makeup on,” Elsie said, this time truthfully.  
  
“I mean in your private area.”  
  
Elsie scrunched up her face at the question.  
  
“On your pussy, or tits?” Hazel clarified, looking at Warrick. He grimaced and shrugged.  
  
“No. We got dressed ourselves.”  
  
Ivy chimed in. “Did they give you any drugs?”  
  
Elsie giggled at the thought and rolled her eyes. “No!”  
  
“Then why was Brie looking so strung out on stage?” Ivy asked, getting visibly frustrated.  
  
By now, the two parents had a good idea just what the answer was—it seemed Brie was not drugged, nor molested, and had only succumbed to another public-facing super-orgasm. Hazel cut off Ivy’s interrogation. “Let’s not upset the poor girl. We can assume she’s told us all she saw. Ivy, I think we can take it from here.”  
  
“Fine,” Ivy resigned herself. “I’m gonna go see if I can salvage my date. I owe him one. He distracted security while I had to drag Brie down off the catwalk and sneak the little minx out of the mall half-naked.”  
  
“You didn’t get her dressed?” Warrick asked.  
  
“I didn’t have time to grab her clothes from back stage! The mall cops were after us and they didn’t seem to pleased with the whole incident, so we were in a hurry. But Elsie made sure we got everything.”  
  
Elsie looked proud of herself. “I even got all the new things they promised us,” she said with an impish grin, “like my new bikini.”  
  
“Get your shoes on,” Hazel said, all business, “You’re going home, too.” Elsie frowned, but slid off the couch.  
  
As the neighbor girl got to tying her laces, Ivy said her goodbyes. Relieved of her guardianship, her attitude softened. “Guess I’ll see you on Thursday, Warrick?” she flirted.  
  
Warrick barely caught the hint, “Huh? Oh, yeah. For sure.”  
  
“And I’ll see you tomorrow at work,” Hazel winked. It was a wink that was intended only for Ivy, but Elsie saw it, as well. She watched as the two women embraced lightly and kissed each other on the cheek. A hint of surprise registered on her face when she witnessed them then kiss briefly on the lips, but after the weekend, it hardly shocked her at all. Then Ivy departed.  
  
Hazel turned to her husband and said, “I think I’ll take this one home.”  
  
Elsie piped up. “It’s okay, I can walk home.”  
  
“No Elsie, it’s fine. Besides, Warrick can take care of our daughter while we’re out.”  
  
“Okay,” Warrick said a little dumbly, “What should I do?”  
  
“Take care of her.” Hazel repeated.  
  
“Take care… take care?” Warrick asked, picking up on her euphemism. “Now?”  
  
Hazel nodded, “Like a good, caring father.”  
  
“Okay, um,” Warrick fumbled for words, “did you want to… be there, too?”  
  
“This is your moment, honey. Besides, I need to talk to Elsie in private.”  
  
Warrick cleared his throat. His heartbeat suddenly pounded in his head and if the conversation had gone on any longer, he wouldn’t have been able to listen. A big moment was coming. His moment. He was going to fuck his daughter. He was going to cure her of her embarrassing affliction.  
  
Or was he? He still wasn’t sure this was right, or that any of Hazel’s story wasn’t just a half-cooked justification for her own history of sordid behavior with their child. “Okay, honey. I— I guess I’ll see you in a little while.”  
  
Elsie stopped tugging at her laces, and remained still, trying to puzzle through what the Novas were talking about. She sensed a subtext to their conversation, but couldn’t discern what they were alluding to. It seemed sexual in nature, though, and after Brie admitted to providing both of her parents with oral sex, Elsie’s mind wandered in that direction. Still, she wasn’t sure. Adults often talked over her head.  
  
Suddenly Hazel turned to the girl. “Got your shoes tied?”  
  
“Yes,” Elsie swallowed, quickly finishing the final knot.  
  
“Alright, let’s go.”  
  
In the car, the ride was quiet, and Elsie began to get nervous. Hazel had said that she wanted to talk to her, but now that they were both there, no talking was happening at all. The young girl began to fidget and her hands trembled slightly. Soon they were at her home. The car came to a stop and she reached for the door handle. “Thanks for the ride.”  
  
Before she could get out of the car, Hazel turned to her and grabbed her thigh firmly, holding her there. The young girl immediately sensed that she was in trouble. She turned to the elder Nova with concerned, puppy dog eyes.  
  
“Elsie,” Hazel said in a soft tone, “I know that you had sex with my husband last night.”  
  
Elsie’s heart thudded in her chest. She knew it must have been her night-shirt that had given it away. Warrick had discarded it once he had stripped her of it that steamy evening. After the two of them had climaxed, both her mind and body were exhausted and she lost track of the shirt until she spied Hazel sporting it—along with Brie’s panties—the next morning as she rode her husband. Elsie was completely devoid of excuses and couldn’t say anything. Tears welled on her eyelids.  
  
“Elsie, you’re Brie’s friend…” Then Hazel added, “and I’d like to think you’re my friend, too, but Warrick is my husband. You cheated with him when you fucked him.”  
  
Elsie winced at the *f*-word. It seemed so much harsher to her ears when she was in trouble. Hazel continued. “Most women wouldn’t take kindly to that. I know you’re very young, and you have a lot to learn about life and how your body exists in it. If you want to run around like a nymphomaniac, that’s fine. That’s your choice. I’m not going to judge you for that.”  
  
Elsie hung her head in shame. She didn’t like being called out as some kind of pervert. A tear streaked down her burning cheek.  
  
Hazel continued her admonishment, “But you can’t cheat. You have to get permission from everybody involved before you make a move like that. You don’t have the experience to understand how you hurt people when you cheat.”  
  
Elsie sniffled, and her voice quavered. “Okay,” she said sadly.  
  
“Do you understand what I’m saying?”  
  
Elsie sniffled again and nodded.  
  
“What am I saying?” Hazel challenged.  
  
The girl stared at the hand on her thigh. It was smooth and warm, yet she felt pinned by Hazel all the same. She was trapped. “I shouldn’t have had sex with Warrick. I’m really sorry, though. It won’t happen again!”  
  
“No, Elsie, that’s not what I said.” Hazel brushed her thumb over the girl’s thigh affectionately. “You can have sex with him, but you should have talked with me about it first.”  
  
Elsie suddenly looked up at Hazel. “I can—?” She stopped short.  
  
Hazel nodded. Elsie wiped her eyes and blushed, fidgeting in her seat. She didn’t want to say anything for fear of the woman reversing her decision. She still didn’t believe it was true.  
  
“Truce?” Hazel asked.  
  
“O—okay,” Elsie could only reply. A relieved smirk cracked on her face.  
  
“Good,” Hazel smiled. “Now, what do you think about having another sleepover next weekend?”  
  
Elsie looked into Hazel’s eyes with restrained enthusiasm. “Really?”  
  
Hazel nodded.  
  
The little girl’s mind flooded with all of the new possibilities that had opened up for her over the past weekend and fantasized about what that might mean for her next weekend. Still, she chose to play it simple. “I can’t wait! We’re going to have so much fun! We can go to the park, and to Trampoline World, and maybe get some more clothes at the mall, and—”  
  
Hazel chuckled. “Okay, okay, don’t make too many plans. Leave some room for surprises. Now, go on and get out of here.”  
  
Elsie reached for the door handle, but once again she felt an arresting squeeze on her thigh.  
  
“One more thing, baby.” Hazel leaned across to the passenger seat and brought her face in close to Elsie’s. She brought her lips in and tenderly kissed the girl on the forehead. Elsie’s heart leapt at the warm softness of the older woman’s lips, and she froze in place. Hazel pulled back slightly but nodded in again, touching the girl with her nose, dragging it down to her face. It tickled Elsie, and she turned to let Hazel kiss her again on the cheek. Hazel could smell the salty tear streaks.  
  
The young girl’s breath trembled and again, Hazel went in for a kiss, diving in to give a nibble on the side of her neck. Elsie took in a sharp breath. Goosebumps formed on her neck and shoulders, and she felt her tiny nipples harden beneath her bikini top. Then she turned and leaned in for a kiss all her own, right on Hazel’s lips, just as she had seen Ivy do. Her best friend’s mother gave a tiny moan. The moment didn’t last long, but it sealed their truce.  
  
Hazel broke away, her face hot and blushing. She eked out a quavering breath and released her grip on the girl’s leg. “Okay, now you can go.”  
  
Elsie sighed, smiling, her own face reddening, and opened the door. “Hazel, you’re so cool,” she said, waving and skipping up the walkway to her house.  
  
Hazel waved in return, smiling to herself, then put the car in gear and drove away.  
  
Elsie reached her front door, dreaming of the week to come. Just when she was about to turn the handle, it swung open before her and she nearly stumbled into her older sister, Mallory, who spoke sternly: “What in the heck?!” Elsie stared at her sister like a deer in headlights. “Charlotte told me Brie was jacking off in public again today.”  
  
“I dunno,” Elsie dodged, “I didn’t see it.”  
  
“You were there, right?” It was more of a statement than a question. Mallory knew that the two best friends were inseparable on the weekends.  
  
Elsie shrugged.  
  
“You were there. Charlotte said that you were.”  
  
“So?” Elsie retorted.  
  
“So, you didn’t see? I wanna know what happened! How did you get that job, anyway? Charlotte said you were good. Is that why you’re wearing a bathing suit? Is that why it’s new? Did you buy it? Did they let you keep it?” Mallory barraged her younger sister with questions faster than the poor girl could keep up with answers.  
  
Elsie just nodded, a sly grin on her face. “I got another gig coming up, too.”  
  
“But, how?” Mallory demanded loudly.  
  
“Chill out, Mal,” Elsie hushed. “I don’t want mom and dad to find out. They’ll flip.”  
  
“Loud Little Elsinora Brannigan is telling someone else to be quiet?” Mallory teased. “Fine, come inside and tell me everything.”  
  
“I will. Just keep quiet. If you can manage that, Brie even showed me a few new tricks I learned that we can, um, try out tonight.” Elsie’s eyes flitted side-to-side, and then she added, “Together.”  
  
Mallory’s eyes widened and her cheeks blushed at their tradition of masturbating together, sister and sister. She wondered what new thing Elsie had in store for her.  
  
———  
  
Warrick shut the door behind his wife as she herded Elsie to the car. He tried to swallow the lump in his throat, and he was sweating nervously. Hazel told him to “take care” of their daughter, and he well knew what she was implying.  
  
He was to have sex with her and open her girlish world to a new, erotic landscape. Furthermore, he was to cum inside his own child’s pussy, as a last ditch effort to “reset” her deviant, uninhibited, cum-crazed sexuality, to a hopefully more traditional and stable Brie, with a newly awoken, yet restrained, sexual mindset.  
  
Instinctively, he peered up the stairs, toward her bedroom, picturing her small form napping in her single bed. He then set about drawing the blinds on the first level of the house, darkening it considerably. He knew he would not be down stairs while he executed his wife’s taboo request, but it made him feel a little bit safer from the prying eyes of neighbors and passers by.  
  
He sat for a short while in the kitchen contemplating the act he was about to commit, and then decided to try one last hail-Mary that would turn him from the immoral path his wife had set him upon. He pulled out his phone and dialed the pediatrician’s office. It was a Sunday, so he knew it would be closed, but he wanted to exhaust every possibility he could to prove he had done due diligence.  
  
Surprisingly, Dr. Taylor answered the line.  
  
“Hello?”  
  
Warrick cleared his throat. “Oh, hello Dr. Taylor. I didn’t expect to get you this late on a Sunday.”  
  
“Oh, yeah, had to run to the office and take care of some X-rays and just got sucked into the work,” he chuckled. “What’s going on? Running in to any problems with Brie?”  
  
“No, no,” Warrick lied, “Everything’s been going great. But, well, Brie is out of medicine and I wanted to see if I could use something else instead.”  
  
“Out of medicine already?” Dr. Taylor asked.  
  
“Yes, she spilled it last night.” Warrick nervously cleared his throat again. “Can I ask, what’s the generic version? Maybe I could pick some up at the drug store.”  
  
There was a long silence, and finally Dr. Taylor responded. “No. No, I’m afraid it’s a prescription formula only. You won’t be able to buy this over the counter.”  
  
Warrick silently cursed himself, unsure what to say next. Finally he blurted out. “Well, at least tell me the active ingredient. As her father, I have a right to know what she’s putting into her body.”  
  
Again a long silence, followed by a long “Umm.”  
  
“Doctor?”  
  
Warrick heard an audible sigh over the line. “Warrick, I’m a doctor, and I believe it’s my duty not to mince words with my patients and their guardians. So, I’m going to give this to you straight.”  
  
Warrick’s heart beat in his chest. In that moment, he knew his last ditch effort had failed.  
  
“I’m going to tell you what you need to know, but I am not making a recommendation—or judgement—on what you do with this information. The active ingredient in your daughter’s medicine is spermatozoa. It’s human sperm.” The doctor paused to wait for a reaction, but it never came. “The formula we gave you was a mix of various sperm collected from various banks. We try to get a diverse mix because the more genetically similar the sperm cells are to the patient, the more likely it is they will be cured. Yes, she can be cured. We’ve known this for close to a decade now. The more kinds of sperm, the more likely we are to get a close genetic match.”  
  
“Genetically similar,” Warrick repeated.  
  
“Yeah,” Dr. Taylor said tersely.  
  
“I see. So, it’s sperm.”  
  
“Yes. And, if your daughter isn’t cured by taking the medicine orally, you can also try vaginally. But we typically use that as a last resort, considering the spermatozoa is still active and could result in an unwanted pregnancy if the patient in question happens to be ovulating.” There was another long silence before the doctor spoke again. “Do you understand what I’m saying, Mr. Nova?”  
  
“Yes, Doctor, I think I understand everything quite clearly now.”  
  
“Is there anything else I can help you with?”  
  
“No, Doctor.”  
  
“Great. Keep me up to date on her progress. You’ll get through this. And remember, no judgement.”  
  
Warrick hung up the phone. Dr. Taylor had outright confirmed everything that his wife told him. He sat for a while in the dark and contemplated his next actions. He wanted to help his daughter. By now, he even wanted to fuck his daughter. But he still didn’t want to hurt his daughter.  
  
His head swam, and he slowly got up. He then went upstairs and found his way to his little girl’s bedroom. It was dark, and Brie dozed quietly in the bed, curled up in the fetal position. Her sheet was pulled up above her chest, and one bare arm remained on top of it.  
  
Warrick could see that she wasn’t wearing a shirt. In fact, he surmised that she likely wasn’t wearing anything at all. There, naked in her narrow bed, she looked peaceful and innocent; one fist was balled, her thumb sticking out slightly, and in the low light, she almost looked like she was sucking her thumb. It reminded Warrick of when she was an innocent little girl not all that long ago.  
  
He sat on the bed and rubbed his daughter’s bare back lightly, causing her to stir. “Hey, kiddo,” Warrick spoke quietly.  
  
Tiny grunts came from Brie as she awoke. She rubbed a bleary eye and moaned, “I don’t wanna go to school today.”  
  
Warrick snorted out a chuckle, “It’s still Sunday, kiddo.”  
  
“Oh,” said Brie, still groggy. Her hair was matted from her nap, not helped by the traces of Oliver and Elsie’s dried cum cracking in it.  
  
“It’s still early, but,” Warrick paused, “I think we should start getting to bed tonight.”  
  
Brie turned to him, one eye still shutting out the light coming from the hallway. “Do I have to?”  
  
“I think so,” Warrick said quietly, “But I think we’re still going to have some fun tonight, before you have to go to sleep for real. If you want. Does that sound good, sweetie?”  
  
“I guess so,” Brie replied, still too delirious to really think about his question. “I’m thirsty.”  
  
“Go get a drink of water, and then put your PJs on.”  
  
Brie sat up and the sheet fell away from her, down to her lap. Warrick thought back to Friday morning when his daughter fought him, refusing to let him see her nude. How so much had changed in such a short period of time.  
  
Brie stayed for a moment, blinking, trying to piece together the events of the day. While she did, Warrick admired her body. Her figure wasn’t as curvy as the other women in his life, but Warrick was unconcerned with that. He liked that her skinny proportions complemented the bodies of Hazel and Ivy. He had his preferences, but he was a man who could admire the many shapes a woman could take.  
  
For a moment, he thought the low light was playing tricks on him, because he couldn’t make out the darkened points of Brie’s nipples, but as he continued to stare, he realized that they had been completely smoothed over. Her body looked like that of a doll’s. He wondered if the pasties were part of the fashion show that she had been involved in. *It’s no wonder that the poor girl had masturbated in public*, he thought. *Getting those attached, with her sensitive nerve endings, must have been torture.*  
  
Brie pulled the rest of the sheet off of her and slid herself off the bed. She wandered to her dresser and pulled out a pajama set, then trundled to the bathroom for a drink of water.  
  
As she moved, Warrick watched the light play against his little girl’s body. First the soft glow cast on her skin from the hallway light, then her thin silhouette as she was backlit against it, and finally as she moved into the full light of the hall, her naked backside in all its undraped glory. He admired the beauty of the daughter that he and his wife managed to produce.  
  
Once she disappeared into the bathroom, he sighed deeply, realizing that he had been holding his breath as he watched her leave. Though his daughter’s movements were nothing out of the ordinary, nor designed to turn him on, he found them still sensual and alluring, radiating from her twiggy body. He thought, too, about how wrong that should be for a father, or for any man over three times the age of a girl. He thought about how he wouldn’t tolerate these same thoughts if they came from another man. He thought about what he’d do if he found out Elsie had been fucked by her father or another older man, and he seethed. Yet he had done that same immoral deed just the night before.  
  
Now, in his daughter’s room he sat, waiting to do it again, this time to her. Still, though, in his mind, he had not committed to defiling his offspring, even if his very own wife had made the demand. He knew there must be unseen repercussions for doing so. He decided that he wanted her to make the choice. Just as Hazel made her choice to make love to her father, he wanted Brie to give her consent before he would give his.  
  
He heard the faint snap of the light being snuffed out in the bathroom, and soon Brie was padding barefoot back to him in her pajamas: a flowery top with a flouncy ruffle at the bottom, and a pair of loose-fitting shorties, each leg featuring a matching ruffle. She was more awake, evidenced by a sparkle in her round eyes. She was the picture of adorability and Warrick felt his heart swell at the sight of his youthful daughter.  
  
“Come, sit down,” Warrick said, and Brie hopped up next to him and laid her head down in his lap. “How was your day today?” He asked.  
  
“It was good, I think,” she replied.  
  
“You think?”  
  
“I’m trying to remember.” Suddenly Brie’s eyes popped open with excitement and she gasped. Warrick thought she might have remembered her latest incident, but she said instead, “We were in a fashion show!”  
  
“Were you?” he prodded.  
  
Brie nodded, brushing her head against Warrick’s crotch, causing his cock to stir beneath the layer of denim. “We got make up and some free clothes for it.”  
  
“How’d you manage that?”  
  
“Some guy at the mall asked us.”  
  
“That sounds like quite a deal.” Brie nodded again, but didn’t say anything, so Warrick decided to prod the girl’s memory further. “And how was the fashion show?”  
  
“Err,” Brie struggled to remember much of it, but she did recall bits and pieces. “There was a huge crowd and… we got our make up done on stage. That made me feel good. Then they gave us some outfits to wear, but mine was too small.”  
  
“Did it show off your private parts?” Warrick pried, playing the concerned parent.  
  
“No, not that time.”  
  
“But there was another time?”  
  
Brie didn’t recall why she had phrased it that way. Somewhere in her mind, she remembered people seeing her nipples and vagina, but she couldn’t place where. It all seemed like it was just in a dream. “No, I guess not,” she answered.  
  
“Okay,” said Warrick, unconvinced, “If you remember anything, you can tell me, and I’ll understand. You can trust Mommy and me. You shouldn’t keep any secrets from us.”  
  
Brie felt a lump in her throat. She knew her mom had told her to keep a secret from her dad.  
  
Before she could think up an excuse, Warrick continued. “You know, Mommy told me one of your secrets today.”  
  
Brie’s eyebrows fell and she tried to hide the look of worry on her face, by burying herself into her father’s. lap.  
  
“Don’t worry, baby, I can keep secrets, too,” he reassured. “We both love you very much. I won’t tell anyone outside of our family.”  
  
Brie sighed and looked up at her dad, “What did she say?” she whispered.  
  
Warrick paused, letting his daughter’s question hang in the air. He knew he was taking a big step down a road he couldn’t come back from. Finally, with a catch in his throat, he spoke. “She said you wanted to see my cock.”  
  
Brie blushed and looked away again.  
  
“Is that true?”  
  
Brie didn’t answer. She felt the heat of shame fill her face.  
  
Warrick pulled Brie’s head back to look at him. Her eyes were watering. “Is that why you sucked on it this morning?”  
  
Finally Brie burst out, “I’m sorry, Daddy. Mommy said that it was where my medicine came from. I just wanted more medicine. It makes me feel good.”  
  
Warrick brushed his hand down Brie’s cheek gently. “I know honey. Mommy told me about your medicine, too.”  
  
“She did?”  
  
“Mm hm,” Warrick nodded, “She also told me that you tried her medicine. She said that you helped give her cummies, and that she gave you cummies, too.  
  
“But now, baby, since I know your secret, I think it’s only fair that I tell you one of my secrets. Did you know I have a secret, too?”  
  
“No,” Brie shook her head, still in Warrick’s lap. She could feel a firmness forming that wasn’t there before. Instinctively, although she felt shame about sucking on that lump this morning, her desire was growing to do it again, to get his cum, her coveted medicine.  
  
“That’s right,” Warrick said, “But if I tell you this secret, you can’t tell anybody, okay?”  
  
Brie shook her head again.  
  
“Not even Elsie.”  
  
Brie scrunched up her face, “Elsie is bad at keeping secrets. She blabs them all to Mallory.”  
  
“That’s why you can’t tell her,” Warrick said with all seriousness.  
  
“Okay,” Brie said with matching sincerity.  
  
“My secret is, when you sucked on my cock this morning, I really liked it.”  
  
“Really?” said Brie, “I thought I was going to get in trouble.”  
  
“Maybe you should have,” Warrick said. “Daughters are not supposed to be anywhere near their daddies’ cocks. But little girls also aren’t supposed to kiss their teachers, masturbate at public pools, or give their mommies cummies.”  
  
Brie moaned, on the verge of tears, “I know, Daddy.” That brief list, depraved as it was, wasn’t even everything she had gotten up to in that short weekend. “I’m sorry. I’ve made a real mess of things.”  
  
“Shh,” Warrick hushed. He pulled Brie up to sit on his lap, then turned her to face him. “Look at me. You’re a special girl. You’re super-orgasmic, and Mommy and Daddy love you just the same. We’ll do whatever we can to support you, help you, and take care of you. Okay?”  
  
Brie looked away demurely, but shifted in Warrick’s lap, swinging one leg around him to straddle him, “Okay, Daddy.” With that, she leaned up and kissed him on the chin. As she did so, she hugged him tight, and in the process, pressed her pajama-covered vulva against the lump in her dad’s pants. It sent a shiver through her body, and she felt a squirt of fluid squeeze from between her pussy lips.  
  
She felt her dad squirm, too, and she wondered if he was already producing some of her coveted medicine. She was glad that he had liked her mouth on his cock that morning. Not just because it meant she wasn’t in trouble, but because she had felt so primally drawn to it. It was right to taste him, she thought. She strained her neck to kiss her father again, but this time his lips met hers. They began to kiss in earnest, not like father and daughter, but like adults. It was open-mouthed, wet, and lusty. A moan escaped her and, as she continued to make out with her dad, she felt his tongue invade her mouth. She followed his lead and pressed her small tongue back into his. She tasted him and it was wonderful.  
  
She felt his hips thrust upwards while they embraced, and the lump in his pants pushed apart her outer labia from outside her pajama shorties. The fabric began to soak up the juices that she was producing, leaving a growing wet spot at her crotch. She pressed her hips down over the bulge and ground herself along its length, shifting her hips to find the right angle for her clit. Once she was there, she cooed weakly.  
  
Warrick slipped his hands up his daughter’s back and caressed her. Feeling her motions against him, he knew it wouldn’t take long for him to cum, even dry humping behind the jeans he was wearing. He was still committed to letting her guide the action, however, so he performed whatever mental gymnastics he needed to keep his mind in the game and not pop off in his pants.  
  
After a few more excruciating minutes of kissing and grinding, Brie broke away, panting. Her body was sweating and the crotch of her shorties were becoming saturated with her vaginal production. She could see the telling dark patch glistening even in the low light of the bedroom.  
  
She looked up into Warrick’s eyes and said just above a whisper, “Daddy, can I have some medicine?”  
  
Warrick was thrilled. This was his moment. Still, he wasn’t satisfied with her question. He wanted her to be on the level. He wanted her full consent. “Yes baby, but you have to ask for it the right way.”  
  
Brie cocked her head to the side. “What’s the right way?”  
  
“It’s not medicine anymore, Brie. Not for Mommy and not for me. It’s only medicine if you need to talk to anybody else. But for the two of us, it’s cum.”  
  
“Oh,” said Brie. Then she nodded and smiled up at him with her big eyes wide, “Can I have some cum, Daddy?”  
  
Warrick’s heart leapt as the naughty word came out from his daughter’s mouth. He was now ready.  
  
He recalled that his wife’s request was straightforward. She had only tasked him with filling Brie’s vagina with his sperm, but he was being consumed by the moment. In his mind, he knew that this could very well be his one and only chance to have sex with his daughter, his own willing flesh and blood. There were no guarantees that Brie would want to have sex with him ever again, like Hazel had done with her own father. With his wife out of the house, dropping off Elsie, Warrick decided he was going to make the encounter last as long as he could.  
  
He picked Brie up off his lap and set her on her feet in front of him, then stood up from her bed himself, towering over her small frame. He pulled off his shirt and Brie, with a giggle, started to help herself to his belt. Her little fingers loosened the buckle and it swung open. She looked up at her dad and bit her lip, asking for permission.  
  
Warrick nodded and she went to work on the button. At her angle, she struggled to get it undone, and in the process, he felt her hands brush up against his hardened member. By the time she was pulling down his zipper, it seemed as if his cock was bursting out of his jeans.  
  
Brie could now see obvious contours on the large bulge between her father’s legs and she reached for it, feeling its length up and down. It was sturdy and warm. Warrick groaned, a reaction that Brie liked, and it drove her forward. She grabbed for the waistband of his underwear and tugged it down, and when it popped into view, she had a close-up of her father’s manhood.  
  
Her eyes widened at the site. It looked so much bigger than the cocks she had seen on Oliver and Hunter. It was wreathed in colorful veins and its skin was taught and shiny. The young girl wondered how her mother could ever fit such a thing inside of her. She didn’t gaze for long, though, because she wanted to explore with more than just her eyes and soon she reached one hand up to grab around it and ducked toward it with her tongue out. She gave a long, timid lick up the length of her father’s shaft. A tingle ran down her spine at the sound of his approving gasp.  
  
“Yes,” Warrick hissed. “You’re such a good girl.”  
  
His encouragement spurred her onwards, and she took her time exploring the many facets of the cock on display in front of her. She licked it up and down over several sides, feeling the topography of every ridge.  
  
The feel of her tongue was light and it tickled Warrick somewhat. While he enjoyed the expert tongue lashings his wife was able to give him, with plenty of spit and grace, Warrick appreciated his daughter’s lack of experience. It made him feel like a young stud again, broadening the horizons of the girls he fooled around with in high school and college.  
  
Brie reached up with her other hand and cradled his balls. They were large and she danced them delicately between her fingers. Warrick groaned again and she felt his shaft surge in her hand. She gave it a squeeze and noticed a bulbous droplet of pre-cum spill down the underside of his rod, leaving behind a glossy trail as it streaked toward his balls. Before it could reach, however, the girl darted her tongue out and caught it. Then, keeping her tongue pressed against her father’s cock, she followed the silky trail back up to its source. When she reached the extra-sensitive spot near her father’s glans, he moaned suddenly. She decided to linger there. She swiped her tongue up and down the smooth collar of his cock, which coaxed more pre-cum from the slit above. She lapped up whatever he produced and savored the salty flavor of her father’s forbidden juices.  
  
Ever eager for more, Brie opened her mouth and at last popped her dad’s shiny knob into her mouth. It was very large, but she managed. She attempted to keep her teeth away and swirled her tongue along the bottom, again pressing it against the button that dispensed more and more delicious pre-cum.  
  
Warrick watched as his daughter performed. He reached down and caressed her back, neck, and shoulders while she attempted to find a rhythm. He could tell she was inexperienced and he wondered if he was her first blowjob ever. “Baby, you’re doing so well. Have you ever done this before?”  
  
Brie looked up at him with her big eyes and nodded, still with his cock in her mouth. She attempted to speak around it, but what came out was a garbled noise.  
  
“What, baby?” Warrick pulled away from her and she gasped for air, smiling. Viscous strings of spit and pre-cum connecting the two swung down from her lips and hung from her chin, much of it dripping down on to her shirt. Brie giggled demurely and wiped her mouth of with her hands, then wiped her hands on her shorties.  
  
“I’ve done it once before,” Brie repeated, panting. “To a boy at the fashion show.”  
  
Warrick was surprised, but quickly chided himself. At this point, between his wife’s stories and his daughter’s behavior, he felt like nothing was off the table. “I thought you said nobody touched you.”  
  
“He didn’t,” Brie said, half-lying. “I touched him, but he didn’t touch me. Not on my nipples, bottom, or pussy.” She believed that since she had given Hunter a blowjob, but he hadn’t touched any of her private areas that she was technically telling her dad the truth.  
  
It was also closer to what he wanted to hear. Warrick didn’t want to learn anything more in that moment—what she had done, or who the boy even was—so he let the subject go. “Well, you’re doing good, but I’m gonna help you get better. Here, just relax your body.”  
  
He grabbed his girl by the head and began to show her what he wanted, bobbing her back and forth on his cock. She let him lead, doing as he said, making herself pliable, and accepted the instruction.  
  
To Warrick, although he knew that she was young and inexperienced, he couldn’t help but test her limits. He was used to the professional caliber blowjobs that his wife gave, and the deep throat that Ivy was capable of on occasion. He decided to see just how deep he could go inside his daughter’s mouth. He slowly pressed Brie down his hardened shaft.  
  
Her mouth gaped as far as she could make it go, and as more of her father’s member invaded her mouth, she felt him push back into her throat. She was eager to please and tried to expand that, too, but soon it was too much for her. Her father’s shaft was too big inside her mouth and when she couldn’t breathe, she got spooked. Her arms and shoulder tensed up and she began to gag. She slapped at her dad’s thighs and he conceded, freeing her from his grasp.  
  
She pulled back and gasped, air filling her lungs. She coughed and gooey gag spit dripped from her lips, which she caught in her hands and then wiped onto her pajamas. Small tears formed in her eyes, but she looked up at her father and grinned and nodded, confirming that she understood what he wanted.  
  
Brie found her father was different than her mother. Whereas Hazel was more or less content to let Brie explore her mom’s body on her own, her dad was more in control, using her for himself, as if she was his toy. She was his to do with as he pleased. Before she could fully catch her breath, again he grabbed her head and moved her mouth onto his cock, and he slowly began to bob her upon it once again. Gradually, he built up speed until he reached a point where she was unable to keep his pace.  
  
She felt her body pushed and pulled beyond her control, but she liked having her daddy take what he wanted. It was different than her masturbation sessions or the sex she had had with Elsie and her mother, which were about her own pleasure or the mutual pleasure between her and her partner. Here, the pleasure was all her father’s. His power over her made her scared.  
  
Despite that fact, she was thrilled. She admitted to herself that she was turned on in a new and unexpected kind of way. It was almost relaxing to not have to worry about what to do next; to only obey, twist, and suck. She felt like a baby again. It lifted off all of the pressure of her daily life and allowed her mind to drift off into the familiar sexual haze that had dominated her weekend.  
  
Every time he would spear his manhood into her, she would make a noise when he hit the back of her throat, “Gak, gak, gak.” Now and then, he would go too far, and she’d have to make him pull off of her and give her a chance to catch her breath. She coughed up more of the thick saliva from her throat and eventually gave up on keeping herself clean, letting it just drip from her mouth down over her chest or onto the floor.  
  
Warrick looked down at the mess he was making of his daughter and his chest tightened with animalistic lust. Her cheeks were tear-streaked and her face was blushing hot as his assault mounted against her. A sheen of sweat covered her svelte body and mixed around her mouth with her saliva and his drooling pre-cum. The front of her pajama top was drenched as the melange of juices succumbed to gravity. He growled out a savage groan as his balls surged, tightening up against his body. He knew he was close, but he knew it wasn’t over if he came. He knew that she had already eaten his cum earlier that day and still she wasn’t cured. He still had to fill her pussy with his seed. He would make sure of that. In the meantime, he would focus on enjoying himself.  
  
He thrust in and out of his small daughter’s stretched mouth, prodding his cock head occasionally against her cheek, watching it push outward to its limit. Then he would pull back and thrust toward her throat, as much as she could take. She would make noises whenever he had reached her limit, forcing him to relent, but she already seemed to be able to take more and more of him than when they started.  
  
He decided to try to test her limits once more and attempt to deep throat his little girl. He pulled his cock until only the tip remained inside his daughter’s mouth. She held onto his shaft lightly with one hand, ensuring it wouldn’t leave altogether and sucked on the engorged, purple head as if it was a pacifier. Then Warrick slowly pushed into her. She was compliant, opening her mouth as far as it would go. He felt his cock reach the back of her throat and this time instead of making a noise, Brie took a deep breath. Then, surprising him, she pushed her own self further onto his lengthy shaft.  
  
Warrick groaned as he felt his cockhead attempt to breach his daughter’s open throat. He pushed in and she struggled to take him, but her eyes squinted shut and her throat began to give way. The sensation felt almost like a dam opening up and allowing the pent-up waters to push through. He looked down on her from above and paused for a moment, wondering if he was going to break her; she looked so small and fragile beneath him. She gurgled out a strained cry from around his cock, the corners of her mouth bubbling with spit. It was then that she looked up at him with pleading eyes smeared with tears. For a split second, Warrick thought she was going to give up, but instead she looked him in the eyes and nodded, promising he could continue, begging her daddy for his approval.  
  
If Warrick wanted to continue, it wouldn’t have mattered. That was all he could take. Seeing his daughter so willing to do utterly anything to please him pushed him over the edge. He had half a mind to leave himself lodged in Brie’s throat and pump his cum directly into her tummy, but his adoration for her forced him to take pity on her. Feeling his orgasm building in his balls, he pulled himself out of her mouth and ended the blowjob. She gasped for air and a thick rope of gag spit spilled from her mouth all down her youthful frame. His knees buckled as he was overcome, and he held onto his daughter by her shoulder with one hand and jacked his throat-slicked cock at her with his other.  
  
“Open wide, kiddo,” he said.  
  
Again Brie obeyed, still gasping for air, dazed by her father’s assault, but as bubbly saliva ran down her chin, she didn’t have much time before she was catching his fire in her mouth. At least, as much as she could. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. The first shot missed the target, splattering with force across her forehead and into her hair. The next two shots streaked across her face. They were long and thick, and she managed to catch a bit of it on her tongue. Still panting, she giggled while she swallowed it, and as she was doing so, her daddy aimed two more excessive shots onto her button nose, freckled cheeks, and lips. Some of it splattered into one eye and she recoiled and focused on wiping it away. While she was preoccupied with that, Warrick squeezed out the rest of his cum onto the top of her head.  
  
It was warm on her skin and when she moved around, she could feel the cum sliding down her face in thick sheets. She caught anything that slid off her cheeks and chin and eagerly licked it off her hands. It tasted very much like the medicine that she was given by the doctor, and it convinced her that it was, indeed, just cum all along.  
  
She couldn’t believe that her father had just defiled her, nor especially how turned on she was feeling in that moment. And she had concentrated so much on pleasuring her daddy that she didn’t even bother to try masturbating herself. Even so, her body was still responding on its own; the crotch of her pajamas were gooey and it was dripping down the inner thighs of her shorties to her knees.  
  
Warrick crashed on the bed and stared at his daughter. He was concerned that in his nirvana he may have overwhelmed her. She looked a disgrace, with her hair in cum-dreaded tangles and her top soaked transparent. She looked like she had been ambushed in a water balloon fight, but it was bodily fluids that drenched her instead. He was relieved that she did, however, appear to be in good spirits. She contentedly licked up whatever cum had dripped onto her hands with an “Mmm,” and had apparently decided to leave what was left there on her face and chest instead of cleaning herself off or wiping it up and eating it.  
  
She got up from the floor and sat down on the bed next to her dad. He was staring at her, but looked like he was in another dimension. She wondered if she had disappointed him. “Daddy?”  
  
“Yes, honey?” he asked, staring off.  
  
“Are you mad at me?”  
  
That snapped him out of his daydream. “What? No, of course not. Why would I be mad at you?”  
  
“Because I couldn’t swallow your— your cock,” she replied, hesitant to use that word in front of her dad.  
  
“No, you did good, baby.” Warrick hugged his daughter to his side and rubbed her back, “You gave me everything I wanted.”  
  
Brie was pleased, but her urges continued to spur her onwards. “Daddy?”  
  
“Yes, Brie?”  
  
“Can I have cummies now?”  
  
Warrick felt a pang of regret. He had concentrated so much on face-fucking his daughter that he had forgotten her own needs. He also still needed to complete the mission his wife had given him—cum inside of her—but he didn’t want to scare Brie off. Despite her willingness to suck him off, sex would be an entirely different animal. He wasn’t so sure that she would readily accept the idea of making love to her father. He mulled over his strategy and then recalled how his wife had done it on Friday. He turned to her and his heart raced at the risk he was taking. He asked, “Do you want some help?”  
  
Brie blushed and turned away. He barely heard her whisper, “Yes.”  
  
It was enough, however, and father began to paw at daughter. Warrick liked that she wasn’t wearing bras yet. He liked how he had easy access to her body without having to fuss around with cups and straps. He groped her flat chest, feeling the subtle rise of her small breasts through the fabric of her drool-and-sperm–soaked pajama top. It was see-through under the conditions, and he would have been able to make out her nipples underneath if they had not been covered by the peculiar patches she was sporting.  
  
He reached for the hem of her garment and stripped it off over her head, then gazed at her svelte body. She looked like a toy, a doll, with her perfectly smooth, breasts curving down to her taut tummy. He couldn’t make out her nipples, aside from two hard bumps where they fought to escape the flesh-colored stickers that hid them.  
  
Brie gasped as the cool air began to evaporate the sweat and other fluids on her naked torso. She felt a growing tightness in her chest that indicated a big orgasm brewing inside of her. She wasn’t sure why, but she wanted her daddy desperately. She wanted to be close in ways she never would have considered before. She wanted him to make her cum.  
  
She felt glorious in his hands as he massaged each breast. There wasn’t a lot there, but he entertained himself nevertheless, eliciting groans and moans whenever he brushed his hands near or over her nipples. She wriggled and hummed underneath his treatment, feeling ticklish in her exposed state. He then leaned over her. He kissed her lightly on her slimy nose and she giggled at him. Then he surprised her and kissed her on her lips. Her coo of delight quickly morphed into a moan and her hand grabbed at her pajama-covered crotch, finding her swollen clit even beneath the fabric. Her father’s lips were warm and soft, and she knew what to do next.  
  
Brie slid her hand underneath the band of her pajamas and felt her fingers slide through the glossy wetness of her copious juices. She traveled the length of her mound and again found her clit at the top of her slit. She brushed a finger lightly against it and it was like a star exploded in her head. She moaned into her father’s mouth at the sensation. She pushed down on the stiff nub and felt the burning intensity of her excited nerve endings. “Oh, fuck, Daddy, I need cummies.”  
  
She was done with her pajamas and tried to pull her shorties down, but they were sopping wet and clung to her legs. Instead of slipping down, they turned inside out. Gooey strands of her lubrication descended between her legs. She tried to stand on one leg to pull off the other, but her head was foggy and everything felt so distracting and she found herself off balance. She crashed to the bed in a tangle.  
  
“Sweetie!” Warrick grabbed the shorties by whatever ends he could find and Brie lifted her legs into the air so he could yank them off. They fell to the floor with a plop.  
  
Warrick picked her up for another kiss and held her in his arms. This time, he felt his daughter’s mouth open and her small tongue jabbed out to taste his. He groaned in approval and mashed his tongue against hers. He swirled it around her mouth, tasting the soft, forbidden walls of her cheeks. Brie had to crane her neck to reach her father’s mouth, so she lifted herself up and swung a leg over his lap to give herself a better vantage. She straddled her dad’s legs and brought herself in for more kissing.  
  
She could feel her pussy lips part as her legs splayed wide and her juices oozed from her opening onto her daddy’s lap and to the floor. Instinctively, she pulled herself closer to him and began to rock her hips back and forth against him. Soon, her bare gash brushed against the softened member between her father’s legs. Both gasped simultaneously at the forbidden touch of their genitals together for the first time, skin-to-skin, and Brie knew she had to have more.  
  
Warrick reached down and pulled his limp cock up and Brie slid her young pussy up and down against the underside of his softened shaft, slicking it up and stimulating her clitty at the same time. She could see small, milky droplets remaining from his cum appear from the slit. Deep within her, she knew she had to have more. She wanted his cum inside her this time.  
  
“Daddy, make it hard for me, please,” she whimpered.  
  
“I am, baby,” he replied softly, “Just keep doing what you’re doing. Your little cunny will make Daddy hard again.”  
  
They sat there for a while, following their base urges, flexing their hips and mashing their genitals together, not quite fucking. Warrick held his daughter’s head to his chest and she quietly mewled there with her eyes closed. He breathed heavily and concentrated on absorbing every sensation she provided him. He wanted to give Brie everything she wanted right then and there. He wanted to strip her of her innocence, ravish her, and fill her small pocket to the brim. But he was glad that he had just cum, because it allowed him to take it slow, savor the moment, and enjoy the rare act of coupling with his own child.  
  
Even so, Warrick felt the silky channel of Brie’s vulva coaxing his cock back to life. The final, milky remains of his sperm were pushed free in favor of a new round of crystal clear precum, and his cock began to stand tall on its own accord.  
  
Brie marveled as it transformed in front of her. She first noticed only by feeling alone. She laid against her daddy and felt it expand as it sluiced through the divide of her labia, creating more and more resistance as she pressed against it. It felt somehow hard, yet soft and tender at the same time. Every time her father’s cockhead pushed up and against her clitoris, her brain exploded in a shower of sparks, eliciting grunts and moans.  
  
She pulled her body away to watch with fascination, the red and purple mushroom-topped stalk rocking in and out of view underneath her, pulling viscous ropes of her sticky slime along with it and creating euphoric sensations with every millimeter it moved. She reached one hand down to feel it as it retreated and returned once more, rubbing her fingers across its turgid ridges. She gripped it and held it in place against her pussy, forcing her father to stop his humping. There, while she pinned the base of his cock against the hot folds of her pussy lips, she started to jack him. Her thumb found the sensitive button on the underside, and when she pressed it, she watched the head of her father’s dick surge in size and dispense a spurt of precum. It quickly mixed with the the generous amounts of sex juice already slathering his shaft.  
  
Warrick grunted tensely, “Fuck, sweetie, that’s the spot.” He savored the pleasure of his cock being both in his baby girl’s hand and the warm flume of her labia at the same time. Slowly, he began to move again, slipping his rod out of Brie’s hand and down her crease, then back again.  
  
While they did that, Brie began to make up her mind. Her head clouded with one thought alone, and that was to be one with her father. She wanted him to be inside her and she didn’t know why. She had never had sex with a boy before. She didn’t even really know what to do. Yet her body was guiding her, showing her the way, and she trusted it.  
  
Again her father’s dick slid down along her crack. She pressed it hard against herself with her hand and her hips. It inched close to the rim of her watering hole. But not close enough. “Daddy?” Brie demured, shyly looking away.  
  
Again his cock rose up, traveling the length of her slit, until it prodded at her swollen clit. “Yes, baby girl?” Warrick asked, eyes closed.  
  
Brie pushed her dad’s cock back down again. She felt it drift ever south. Every excruciating millimeter built upon the pleasure in her pussy. It emanated out to her entire body, causing her extremities to tingle, her fingertips, toes, and even her lips. She kept pushing his cock down her crease. She pushed it down until it kissed her virgin entrance.  
  
She didn’t want to finish her question. She couldn’t have stood it if he would have said no. Instead, she made her choice. She flexed her hips up and punched herself onto Warrick’s cock. Her daddy’s cock. Her labia gave way and engulfed the swollen head. The line had been crossed. “Daddy!” she screeched.  
  
Warrick barely knew what had happened. It felt too good to be true. He was inside his small, lithe, young daughter. He was committing the very act with her that had created her. He groaned out loud and squeezed her tight, not wanting her to let go. He was barely inside and he wanted to go further. He rubbed his little girl’s back and kissed her deeply and passionately. Soon he felt her sliding, little by little, further down his shaft. Every second was heaven.  
  
Brie whimpered in ecstasy as she felt the warmth of her father’s cock grow up inside of her. She felt her pussy open wider the further she sank onto him, taking in the thicker end of his pole. She was small and was afraid that she couldn’t take the full length of his manhood. Before too long, her pussy started to sting, and she hissed, pulling herself up off of her father. Her juices spilled from her entrance around his shaft.  
  
Warrick feared that she was done but he needn’t have worried. She didn’t pull out completely and as soon as she had acclimated, Brie bore down again. Sliding down his long cock until she once again reached her limit.  
  
“Fuck, baby!” Warrick cried out.  
  
“It feels good, Daddy!” Brie answered breathlessly. They repeated this routine a few times and Brie’s little pussy began to become acclimated to the invader. As her tunnel relaxed to comfortably accept more of her father’s rod, they began to speed up their actions and before long they were truly fucking for real, father and daughter providing each other with erotic, passionate, forbidden love.  
  
It didn’t take long for Warrick to find his daughter’s physical limits. Soon he bumped into her cervix, and he could go no deeper. For the first time, he dared to look down and see where he was joined with his child. She was still a couple inches from taking his whole length. He could see her pussy stretched tightly around his shaft. Every time she plunged back down onto him, she squeezed out thick fluids from inside her tunnel. They poured down his shaft and hung off his balls before clinging to the sheets at the edge of the bed and falling to the floor in sticky strings.  
  
He could also see her clitoris protruding from under its hood near the top of her gash, and he went to touch it. He wrapped his hand around her narrow hip and reached the bud with his thumb. When he pressed on it, Brie cried out in ecstasy and clung tightly to him.  
  
“Right there,” Brie whined, “Fuck, daddy, what are you doing to me?” She felt him strum his thumb across her sensitive clitty, and she knew she was quickly approaching the point of no return. The pleasure was mounting in her pussy. Her whole body felt hot. She glistened from head to toe, stemming from her intense physical workout bouncing up and down on her daddy’s lap and the mental weight of her shameless, taboo coupling with her own family.  
  
She hugged her father closely, her eyes squeezed tightly shut. She thrust herself wildly up and down upon his immense shaft, taking him as deep as her small body would let him, and she gave herself fully to his manual stimulation. She could take no more, and her orgasm overtook her. “No!” she cried out. She wasn’t ready yet. She wanted it to last. She didn’t want it to end. But it was too late.  
  
She let out a long groan that seemed to start deep within her body. She felt the wave of pleasure rush over her body. “Daddy, I’m— I’m cumming!” she stammered. The walls of her cunt spasmed wildly against Warrick’s cock. Somehow, girl-cum sprayed from the tight seal the two had made of their genitals. The thinner liquid splashed across her dad’s abs and lap and ran onto the bedsheets. Her strength left her and her head lolled backwards, her eyes rolling to the back of her head. Her expression was etched with pure pleasure and her mouth gaped open as loud moans spilled uncontrollably from within her.  
  
Watching his baby girl cumming on his cock nearly made Warrick loose his load inside of her, but he pulled her off of him and staved off his impending orgasm. There, held in the air, Brie rained down girl-cum from her squirting pussy, spackling her father with it. She writhed in his hands, trying futilely to get her pussy back onto her dad’s cock as her powerful orgasm continued to rock her being. “My cunny needs cock!” she cried.  
  
The young girl nearly thrashed the two of them off balance, almost causing her father to drop her, but he quickly pivoted and tossed her onto her twin bed, where she rolled around, jamming her hands between her legs, rubbing her engorged clit and pussy and extending her cum all the more. “Cunny needs cock,” she whined again and again.  
  
Eventually, Brie began to calm down. Her words degenerated into unintelligible fussing and her head started to clear. Soon she was feeling very comfortable and very tired after yet another senses-shattering cum.  
  
Warrick, however, wasn’t done yet, and decided that he wanted a taste of his daughter’s jizz. He crawled onto her twin bed. She rocked from side-to-side, her fingers fluttering lightly over her sensitive areas. Warrick positioned himself over her, and thought about just taking her right then and there, finishing the deed, but he instead controlled his urges and slid himself down her body.  
  
He stared at the spots where her nipples were hidden and rubbed them with his thumbs. Brie’s body jerked and she cooed in response. He could feel the nubs stiffening under his attention. Then he found the edges of the sticker coverings and peeled them off quickly.  
  
Brie winced. “Ouch, that stings!”  
  
“Sorry, sweetie,” Warrick replied. “I just wanted to see all of you.”  
  
But she panted a few times and said, “Actually, it felt kind of good.” Warrick grinned and she asked bashfully, “Well? What do you think?”  
  
“About what?”  
  
“All of me,” Brie echoed, squirming under her father’s shadow.  
  
Warrick paused and took a moment to really look at his daughter, up close and completely naked as the day she was born. She was beautiful in the dim light of the bedroom. Her skin still glistened. The thick ropes of cum he had striped her face with had dripped away or absorbed into her skin leaving her with a healthy glow. Her hair was still a tangle of bedhead, with his new cum drying over what was left in it before. He studied the details of her young body, taking the opportunity to gawk, something he was never comfortable with doing to his daughter before. Finally, he answered her question. “You’re the most beautiful thing in the world right now.”  
  
Brie radiated at the compliment. “Prettier than mom?” she smirked.  
  
“Don’t push your luck, kiddo,” Warrick answered with a chuckle before leaning in and pecking her on the nose.  
  
Brie giggled up at him, and then gasped as Warrick ducked down to lap at her now bare nipples one by one. “That feels good, Daddy, keep doing that.”  
  
He spent a bit more time caressing and playing with the subtle curves of Brie’s flat chest, enjoying once again the contrast between her and her mother’s bodies. But soon, he was drawn down to taste his daughter for real. He licked his way from the crease between her breasts, down over her tummy, and finally toward the top of her fresh, young mound. As he descended, the sweet and musky smell of her lubricious pussy grew stronger, guiding him to just the right spot.  
  
Her head partially cleared, post-orgasm, Brie felt a little bashful having her father so close to her private area, especially since, at that moment, it was embarrassingly messy. She was still sopping wet, and could feel the sheets beneath her small bottom soaking up her copious fluids. But because he was her daddy, one of her guardians, she trusted him not to tease her about her condition or take advantage of her vulnerability in her time of need.  
  
Warrick’s fingers caressed the plump, sanguine lips that guarded his daughter’s channel, feeling their plushy softness. He leaned in and kissed them one after the other, which tickled Brie and made her wriggle. When he spread them, she gasped self-consciously, so he reassured her, “Baby, your cunny looks so tasty.” He gazed inside her and noted the details of her velvety pink opening. Already, its elasticity had allowed it to size down to a very narrow canal. He wondered how she even managed to fit him inside of her for the first time. It glistened with a slight froth from their vigorous rutting.  
  
Ever the shy one, Brie closed her eyes, preferring to experience her father’s investigation by touch alone. Although she had just cum, she was driven on uncontrollably to stay and be with her dad. Something deep within her sensed that there was more to come that evening. While her father continued his exploration, she caressed her breasts and nipples. Again she felt the tight sensation in her chest that foreshadowed a new orgasm.  
  
Her body tensed and she lightly flexed her hips upward, signaling to Warrick that it was time to get real. He slowly inserted a finger into his daughter’s pussy and probed around. Brie puffed, “Fuck, Daddy, that feels so good.” She was still so wet that he was able to slide in and out and around with ease, but she was so tight he could only get a single finger in at a time. He watched her wriggle from between her legs and alternately kissed her glossy, cum-slicked inner thighs. He moved his finger up inside her to the spot opposite of Brie’s little clit and put pressure against it. The girl suddenly arched her back high into the air with a loud moan at the feeling of her dad rubbing her G-spot. “What are you doing to me, Daddy?”  
  
She crashed back onto the bed and reached for her engorged love bud, eager to enhance her father’s ministrations with her own fingers. Warrick watched for a moment as his child masturbated before him, enjoying the warped spectacle. Days ago, he felt very awkward seeing his daughter performing such private actions, but now, the perverseness of it all only made him more turned on. Still, he wanted to go further, so he pulled Brie’s hand away from her clitty.  
  
The young girl whined, but before she could do anything to fight back, she felt the warm wetness of her father’s mouth against her slit. Her eyes snapped open and she propped herself up on her elbows to visually confirm what she was feeling. There before her was her daddy, with his face buried in her crotch and a finger up inside her. “Yes, Daddy, yes,” she cried, flinging her head back.  
  
Warrick lapped at his daughter’s slippery pussy, flicking his tongue back and forth across it in rhythm with the finger against her G-spot. He groaned along with her as he savored the flavor of her forbidden juices. “I can’t believe how good your pussy tastes, baby girl.”  
  
“Mommy liked it, too,” Brie blurted out.  
  
Warrick groaned again at the thought of his wife going down on their child and returned his mouth to Brie’s vagina. As he ate her, he could feel his precum leaking from his cock onto the bed. After a while, he came up for air. “Did you like what Mommy did for you?”  
  
Brie rubbed her nipples and smiled, saying, “Mmm, yes, Mommy gave me cummies with her mouth.”  
  
“Daddy can give you cummies with his mouth, too,” Warrick said, before diving in again, this time sucking Brie’s thickened clit into his mouth. She thrashed and swore with arousal. Humping against his face. She reached down with both hands and pressed his mouth into her pussy, flexing her hips upwards into his face at the same time. She was nearing her next orgasm when suddenly she cried, “Stop. Daddy, nooo! I don’t want cummies! I don’t want cummies!”  
  
Warrick froze and looked up from between her legs and into his daughters eyes with concern. “What’s wrong, sweetie?”  
  
Through pants and gasps, Brie stammered out, “I mean, I *do* want cummies.”  
  
“Okay?” Warrick said, confused. “What do you want?”  
  
“I do want cummies,” Brie nodded, “But I want your cummies. I want to feel your cum in my pussy.”  
  
A smile spread across Warrick’s face. “I want that, too, kiddo.”  
  
“I need your cock in me again,” she whined.  
  
Warrick crawled up his daughter’s body until he positioned the head of his cock against the closed lips of her pussy.  
  
Brie could feel her father’s member prodding against her. She spread her legs as wide as she could and reached down to pull her outer labia apart, revealing her delicate insides to the warm, humid air of her bedroom. She looked up with big, round eyes at his large frame towering over her. “Please, Daddy. Please fuck me. I’m yours.”  
  
Warrick exhaled slowly and pushed his cock inside of her. Their flesh joined and she mewled in pleasure as his dick made its slow journey through his daughter’s tunnel. He looked down at her small body pinned beneath him and realized that he had actually made good on his daydream days before, where he imagined he was fucking his sexy daughter in place of his beautiful wife.  
  
He began to hump in and out of her slowly, getting her tunnel accustomed to his girth once again.  
  
For Brie, the feeling was beautiful agony. She squeezed her eyes shut tightly, unable to comprehend the ecstasy that she was feeling. She could only moan and babble and swear as her daddy showed her his ultimate act of affection. Young, small, and weak, she was under his control. If she had wanted him off of her, she couldn’t have made it happen, and in the same way that it frightened her, it also thrilled her. But she didn’t want him off. She wanted him right where he was, inside of her.  
  
She was once inside of him, just a single cell swimming in a pool of his cum, launched into her mother where she was conceived and eventually birthed. And now here she was scant years later with her daddy now inside of her, a part of her. She was ready to accept the same offering of love that he had given her mom.  
  
Warrick tried to hold himself up as he thrust in and out of his child, but after a while, his arms grew tired and he leaned heavier and heavier on Brie. But she barely seemed to notice. She wrapped her arms around his lower back and pulled at him every time he pulled his cock too far out of her. Before long, he laid on her fully, her head craned up, barely clearing his shoulder. His arm came up and cradled her head, his hand getting caught in the tangles of her hair. He could feel Brie’s face hot against his skin. He could hear her crying.  
  
But they weren’t tears of sadness, nor pain, they were tears of overwhelming pleasure. Through her sobs, she grunted, “Fuck me, Daddy. I need your cummies. Cum for me, Daddy. Cum inside your baby girl. I’m yours. My pussy is yours. Fill my little pussy with Daddy’s cum.” Brie got louder and louder as she got closer to her orgasm. Underneath her dad’s weight, she pressed her hips up into his pelvic mound, stimulating her clit while he pumped his rod in and out of her. She dug her fingers into his back and pulled him as closely as she could.  
  
At last, she could feel the rushing warmth of ecstasy mounting in her cunny. “Faster, Daddy. Harder. I’m gonna c—” She choked off.  
  
For several seconds, Brie was silent and still. Warrick, pushed himself up off of her, to make sure she was still conscious. She was, and her face was twisted and fevered with a second intense orgasm. But he didn’t stop to let her think. While watching his child cum for the second time that night, Warrick railed into her with everything he had. He thrusted wildly in and out of his daughter, slamming himself as deep into her pussy as it would let him go, battering her hips with his.  
  
Finally, Brie’s throat opened up and she cried out, “—ummmmm.’ She began to wail under her father’s assault and her pussy spasmed and squirted, coaxing her dad’s cum up from his balls. Brie’s tightening sheath gripped her daddy’s shaft and there was nothing he could do to hold back the tsunami of incestuous cum he had built up for his daughter.  
  
He thrust his head back, arching his body into Brie’s, and held his cockhead against her cervix. “Fuck, baby, I’m cumming.” His cock jerked quickly several times before it began to spew his cum deep inside of his offspring.  
  
Brie could feel distinctly the hot flood of jizz filling her insides and, while her own orgasm had begun to subside, the sensation of her father’s semen thrust her senses back into high gear. Her body began to shake against her will. “I’m cumming, too, Daddy. I’m cumming again!”  
  
Once more, Brie went nova, but this time it was different. She felt the same intense pleasure as before. Her body and mind were rocked by her unexpected third orgasm of the night. This time, however, the sensations in her legs became so overwhelming that she lost complete control of them. From there it grew, spreading to her arms. Where they once held onto her father for dear life, now they drooped limply to the bed. Finally, it reached her head. She sank into her pillow and her eyes rolled backwards. She couldn’t see or hear anything. She couldn’t think anything, except to experience the sensation of her dad continuing to pump his cock rhythmically in and out of her cunt, filling her with far more cum than she ever thought a man could produce in one sitting.  
  
Warrick could feel his daughter’s tight channel overflowing with his cum, but still his cock spewed rope after rope of his thick cream. It was the longest orgasm he had ever had, and it was by far the most semen he had ever produced. He could barely believe it was going directly into the furthest reaches of his daughter’s velvety pussy. He recalled his wife’s tale with her own father and marveled at how big she claimed he had cum. He had thought she might have been exaggerating, but now knew that she was telling the truth. Something unknown in their bonds as father and daughter had coaxed out a bigger orgasm than normal. Furthermore, it felt better than he had ever hoped.  
  
Brie soared through her orgasmic reverie. She was cum-dumb and no longer in control of her body, but she wasn’t scared. She felt like if she were to die right then and there, it would all have been worth it. Distantly, she could feel her vagina pulsing along with her daddy’s shaft. She could feel her hips and torso getting flecked with her father’s sweat dripping down on her, and her own squirt flooding the bedsheets once again. The whole while, her orgasm throbbed deep inside her.  
  
At long last, however, her pleasure began to slip away, and reality slowly settled in around her. Finally, she blinked. Then she gasped. Her body heaved as her orgasm gave her back her body, bit by bit. Her fingers and toes tingled pleasantly, and before long, she was winding them up in the soggy sheets beneath her.  
  
When both were done at last, Warrick rolled off of her. He watched his cum spill out of his child’s hole and worried that she was losing the precious deposit of medicine. He grabbed Brie’s pillow and folded it up underneath her small little butt, ensuring that gravity would do the work to keep his cum where it belonged. Brie was pliant, under control now, and stayed where he put her. She quickly slipped off into a deep sleep.  
  
He got up off of the bed to find a clean blanket to cover her with when suddenly his eyes caught Hazel at the door, smiling at him. “How long have you been standing there?” he asked. He felt the urge to hide his nakedness, as if he had been caught with another lover, but he remembered that his wife had sanctioned his union with his child.  
  
“Long enough,” his wife evaded with a smirk. “How did it go?”  
  
“I guess we’ll see in the morning,” Warrick, too, answered obtusely. With post-orgasmic clarity, he wondered anew if he had done the right thing. His wife, at least, was fully onboard.  
  
“C’mon,” she said running her hand through the back of his hair, “Why don’t we go to our room and I’ll get you cleaned up?”