**How I Became Daddy's Slutty Slave**

I was only sixteen when I first noticed my father looking at me differently. Suddenly a developing new young woman, I was growing breasts and my hips were growing wider. As my father noticed my body taking on a more womanly shape, his looks turned from affectionate glances to leering stares of desire.

Part of me liked the attention, but mostly I found it sickening that his eyes seemed to undress me every time he caught sight of me. My mother was much too concerned with her own problems to notice, and as I loved her so much, I didn't want to burden her with my concerns.

After nearly a four-year battle with cancer, my mother finally passed away. I was nearly nineteen then and my younger sister, Charlene, or Charlie, was sixteen. As such, when I came home that summer from college and my mother was just a short while away from death, I noticed that my father's gazes were now turned to Charlie and I feared she would let the man act on his impure thoughts.

My name is Mackenzie, or Mack. I am a lot like my mother, level-headed, conservative, and thoughtful. I like to make plans and follow through with them to the letter. My sister, however, is much more like my father, passionate, flighty, a dreamer, and quick to embrace change. I knew that if I left home again at the end of summer to return to the university, I'd only find out later that my father had seduced or molested my little sister.

I began a plot to keep her safe. I transferred schools to one closer to home so I could commute. I moved back into the family home, and I vowed to stay present enough to protect my little sister.

But I quickly learned that this would probably not be enough. Charlie loved my father immensely and enjoyed the attention he paid to her even more. She would curl up in his lap every night to watch television, she happily flirted with him, and she even ran around in fairly skimpy clothing in order to further excite him and keep his attention on her.

So, after only a month living at home again, I resolved to sacrifice myself in order to protect her. One Friday night when Charlie had decided to have dinner at a friend's house after cheerleading practice, I sat down with my father to make a deal with him.

"Dad, I know how you've been looking at Charlie lately, because you used to look at me that way," I said.

"Mack, I still like looking at you. You're a beautiful woman," he said.

"I'm glad you think so, because I'd like to make a deal with you. I'll sacrifice myself to protect her from you."

"I would never hurt Charlie," he insisted.

"You say that Dad, but I know one of these days if you're not getting attention from someone else, you'll make a move on Charlie. And she's young and loves you so much, she'd let you ... but in the long run I think it would kill her inside."

"Maybe," he agreed quietly. "So what exactly do you propose?"

"I'll give myself to you, body and soul. In exchange, you'll quit flirting with Charlie. You won't make any advances on her, you won't seduce her, and you'll only have fatherly interactions with her. I'll be yours as long as Charlie lives here."

He leered at me, challenging me, "So, you'll be my slave? Sexually and otherwise?"

I gulped, "Yes."

"As long as Charlie lives with me and I don't seduce her?"

I nodded nervously.

After only a few seconds of thought, he said, "I will agree to this, but only under some conditions of my own."

I questioned, "What conditions?"

"First, as my possession, I make the rules. If I tell you to do something, you do it. If you don't, I have the right to punish you until you comply."

"Alright," I agreed precariously.

"Second, if you break your end of the agreement, if you refuse to comply even after punishment, you will move out immediately and never have contact with Charlie or I again. This is going to be an all-or-nothing deal. There won't be any re-negotiating out of it."

I gulped and nodded.

My father leaned back and leered at me for a few moments, then stood and said, "Follow me." He led me straight upstairs and into his bedroom.

"This is your room now. When you please me, you will actually be allowed to sleep in the bed with me. If you misbehave or require punishment, you will sleep on the floor. I'll be putting the bed in your room into storage. The desk will remain so you may continue your studies when they don't interfere with my own plans. Most of your clothes will be packed into storage or given away to Good Will. I will be providing most of the clothes you will need.

"When you dress to leave the house, it will always be conservatively unless I give you other orders. When you are home, you will wear little or no clothing. If I order you to strip off your clothes, even if Charlie is home, you will comply. I may even choose to fuck you right in front of her, but I will not make a move on her. You will not discuss this deal we've made with Charlie. If she asks why we're sleeping together or having sex, you will say it is because you love me and you only wish to please me.

"You will also have daily chores which you will perform or you will be punished. Breakfast and dinner are both to be prepared for me on days that I work. On the weekends, you will also need to prepare lunches as well. Unless I specifically tell you otherwise, all of your chores are to be performed without my prompting. If you forget a chore, you will be punished.

"Every morning, you will wake me with a blowjob. Then you will start my shower and lay out my clothes for the day. I want coffee and breakfast waiting and ready in the kitchen by the time I come downstairs.

"Every evening, I want dinner ready and waiting for me on the table when I get home from work. You will also be responsible for cleaning up after meals, doing the dishes, and fixing any snacks or meals your sister requires. You will do all of the family's laundry and mend any clothes that need mending. You will clean the house from top to bottom on a weekly basis and expect that I will be checking for dust, dirt, and grime.

"At night, when I go to bed, you go to bed. Even if I do not want to use you for sex, you will sleep in my room when I sleep. Only if I order you otherwise are you leave my bedroom at night.

"Lastly, you will always answer every order with a 'Yes, Daddy.' If I ask you a question and the answer is negative, you will answer, 'No, Daddy.' Understood?"

I squeaked, wondering whether I really had the convictions to go through with this, "Yes, Daddy."

"Good girl. Now take off your clothes."

I started unbuttoning my blouse and suddenly felt his hand crack on my ass. The pain was sudden and unnerving.

"What did I just tell you was the proper response to an order?!" he boomed.

I gasped, "Yes, Daddy. Sorry, Daddy."

"That's better. Now strip!"

"Yes, Daddy," I complied.

My hands were shaking as I took off my blouse and my skirt. I sheepishly but quickly took off my bra and then slipped off my panties, baring my naked nineteen-year-old body to my father's roving eyes.

He walked in circles around me slowly examining every inch of my body. I'd posed in front of a mirror enough times that I knew what he saw. I was five-foot-seven and had an athletic build. I wasn't all muscular, but my arms, legs, stomach, and ass were all quite firm and toned. My breasts were between a 34 B and C depending on the cut of the bra and also the brand. Not really small, but not large either. They were plump and round and stood out from my chest with impossible firmness and youth. They were each capped by a quarter-sized pink areola with an eraser-sized nipple in the center.

Though my breasts weren't big, I'd always been thankful because they were very beautiful, proportional to my body, and the way they naturally hung standing out from my frame, they always made me look even curvier than I really was. But despite their beauty, even I knew my butt was my best feature. Men, boys, and even my father always stared at it. My ass was firm, but slightly plump. It looked youthful and still had a slight layer of bouncy baby-fat on it. When standing, my ass created just the tiniest amount of cleavage between the cheek and the thigh. It was there, but still wasn't enough to hold a pencil up. The only boyfriend I'd ever had sex with had told me in high school that I should take up modeling because I had a butt that movie stars looked for when they needed a double for nude scenes. But I was much too shy for that.

I should also mention that not only did I only have one previous sexual partner, but even beyond that I was rather inexperienced with sex. I'd only had sex with that boyfriend a handful of times and though I'd given a few other boys blowjobs as well, I never felt all too talented at the act. And I'd never had a boy return the favor either.

When my father stopped appraising my body, he ordered me to undress him, which was somehow more humiliating. I replied to his order with a 'Yes, Daddy,' and then proceeded reluctantly with the task. With every second, I tried to imagine my innocent sister Charlie and my vow to keep her safe from this lecherous forty-two year-old man.

My father was not ugly, nor was he unattractive either. Heck, a few of my friends had commented over the years that they thought he was hot and was a 'FILTH', or Father I'd Like To Hump. One of my friends in high school told me that my mother was a really lucky woman to have a hunk like him as her husband. Personally, ever since I was sixteen and began noticing his leers, I'd stopped seeing him in any way but creepy. And I knew that my mother wasn't so lucky as I'm sure their sex life probably suffered after she contracted cancer.

As I peeled away his clothing, I noticed what my friends had, what even Charlie had noticed, perhaps. My father was quite attractive. He had a handsome face, when it wasn't fixed in a lecherous glare. He was tall, over six feet, and he had a muscular build. Even though he was over forty, his hair was just beginning to gray at the temples and it only made him look more distinguished and his stomach was quite firm.

How he kept in such good shape was beyond me. I'd never seen him exercise a day in my life. Yet, he had a powerfully muscular frame, his arms and legs were well defined, and his chest even prompted me to run my hands over it when I pushed his unbuttoned shirt off of him.

When I lastly pulled down his boxers, I gasped at his semi-erect penis. It wasn't huge like I'd seen in internet pornography, but it definitely was larger than any of the penises I'd seen or held in real life.

I guessed it to be about seven inches in length and about just short of two inches thick at the base. The mushroom-shaped head, purplish in color and throbbing with his heartbeat, was swollen and was at least a full inch thicker. My last boyfriend who was the only one I'd ever had intercourse with had been at least an inch smaller in all dimensions, a purely average penis.

When I realized I'd been staring at it, and I glanced away shamefully, my father ordered, "Get down on your knees and take my cock in your hands."

I whispered, almost a gasp, "Yes, Daddy." I dropped down to my knees, naked on the carpet and gently hefted his dick in both of my hands. I could barely touch my thumb and middle finger with one hand, but I couldn't with the other, not without squeezing hard on his cock which I knew would incur his wrath as that hard of a squeeze would probably be painful.

Without prompting from him, I slowly jerked on his cock, massaging my hands up and down his engorged rod and was amazed as it grew harder, and relieved that it didn't grow much bigger. After a minute, my father said, "Open your mouth and suck on it, slut!"

I was temporarily shocked my own father calling me a slut, but I quickly replied, "Yes, Daddy."

I opened my mouth wide and took the first few inches of his meaty cock into my mouth. My tongue massaged the underside while my hands continued to gently jack him off. His sweaty, manly aroma filled my nostrils and my body seemed to react instinctually.

My nipples hardened and I felt my own pussy betray me as it began to lubricate and my lips swelled with arousal. I'd never felt more ashamed and shy in all my life to this point. I felt my cheeks flush in shame and arousal and when I looked up at my father with my mouth full of his cock, his eyes met mine with an evil knowing leer.

"Little fuckslut likes to suck her Daddy's cock doesn't she?!" he teased.

"Mfff ... Yesmf ... Daddy," I mumbled shamefully with his cock still filling my mouth.

He reached down and held my head and began pumping his cock into my face. First slowly, but quickly building speed and rhythm. I simply held on to his hips and tried to prevent his forceful thrusts from choking me to death. After several thrusts, his cock hit my throat and I gagged a bit, but that only served to spur him further on. After a few gags, my mouth was so filled with his cock, saliva, and mucus from my throat that it began to come drooling out of my mouth on his cock and onto my chest.

Soon, my face, chest, and breasts were covered in my own spit, mucus, and tears as I was crying from the gagging, the pain, and the humiliation. My father continued fucking my face and when I would gasp for breath, his cock would often manage to lodge deeper inside me on the next stroke. On one final hard thrust, he lodged his cock head painfully in my throat and I felt two massive hot spurts of liquid run down my throat.

I gagged, coughed and dislodged him only to have my mouth filled with three more spurts of hot sticky cum. When he finished, he sat down on the edge of the bed and ordered, "Clean my dick off with your fucking mouth. When that's finished, go wash yourself off and get your ass back in here."

"Yes, Daddy."

I quickly sucked his dick clean and noticed that he managed to stay fairly hard. When his cock was clean and glistening again, I hurried into the master bedroom to wash myself. One look in the mirror and my soft crying became a burst of tears.

"Stop that crying you dirty bitch!" I heard my father yell.

"Yes, Daddy," I sniffled and took a deep breath.

I washed my face off and used a washcloth to wipe off the mess on my chest and breasts. I took another deep breath and returned to the bedroom, knowing I was about to be fucked by my father.

"Sit your ass down, wench. I have a present for you. It belonged to your mother," he said.

I sat, naked and vulnerable, on the edge of the bed. He held out a black leather collar, about an inch and a half wide and large enough for my neck. It had two small steel rings on the sides and one large one in the back where it latched. The front had a steel plate which was engraved with a single word in block letters, 'WHORE.'

"You will now wear this at all times when you're in this house. You may only take it off when you leave the house, when you bathe, and when you have my explicit permission. Understood?"

"Yes, Daddy."

He seemed to take great pleasure in putting it around my throat and adjusting it so that it was quite snug against my skin. The inside layer of the leather was very soft, so it wouldn't chafe with extended wear. I thought of my own mother wearing this for my father and a small part of me treasured the gift—which only made the rest of me feel shame and guilt

Next, my father put a pair of matching cuffs on each of my wrists. He did not make a similar rule about wearing these all the time, so I assumed they were only for occasional usage. Each cuff had a small steel right woven into the leather. To these, he attached steel chains. He ordered me get on the bed on my hands and knees with my arms extended in front of me, which put my butt in the air. He attached each chain to rings on the headboard and then attached another chain to each side of my collar. All the chains were fairly short, so I had little means to move around.

I suddenly felt helpless and I panicked. I pulled against the chains and whimpered, trying to get free. But I froze in shock and pain when my father swatted my bare ass, hard and yelled, "Don't struggle you worthless whore! You're mine now, remember!?"

I calmed and whimpered, "Yes, Daddy."

I pushed my shameful face into the mattress when I felt him climb onto the bed behind me. He spread my legs and I felt my ass and vagina fully on display before him.

"Whose pussy is this?" he questioned.

"My pussy, Daddy," I whispered.

He spanked my ass hard. "Whose pussy is this?!" he yelled.

Confused and on the verge of a new batch of tears, I stammered, "My ... my pussy, Daddy."

He slapped my ass again so hard I thought he might have torn the flesh. It was so hot and I knew I'd have trouble sitting down tomorrow. He yelled the question again and I finally knew the answer.

"It's your pussy, Daddy."

"That's right slut! Whose tits are those?"

"Yours, Daddy. They belong to you."

"That's a good little fuckslut!" he said as I felt his fingers rubbing my slit and flicking at my clit. I was wet and slippery, and I was deeply ashamed because of it. My body had completely betrayed me. While I reluctantly traded my body to him for my sister's safety, my body seemed all-but-eager for his touch.

When he was satisfied with my arousal and lubrication, my father ran the head of his hard cock up and down my pussy. After a few strokes, he let it sit for a moment at the head of my canal. Involuntarily, my body pushed against his cock and the initial entry was my doing. I groaned in pleasure at the penetration though I hated myself for it.

Once the head was inside from my own body's push, my father took over and began slowly stroking inside my tight pussy. I could feel every vein and curve of his cock with my pussy and my pussy was squeezing him rhythmically and tightly. Every outstroke of his cock, my pussy clung onto him, trying to keep his length inside. I couldn't help grunting and moaning from the pleasure of his leisurely fucking me.

My body took over and all sense of time was lost. I felt myself build towards orgasm and after what could have been seconds, minutes, or even hours, I felt an explosion of pleasure inside my pussy which travelled up my spine to where fireworks were going off in my head. My pussy muscles quivered happily and my legs completely gave out.

My father followed my fall and began to roughly pound away at my pussy from above me as I lay flat on my stomach, my legs splayed out behind me.

Soon, before I could even recover from my first, I felt a second orgasm overtake me and my pussy muscles spasmed again and again when I felt his cock jolt suddenly inside of me and I felt searing hot ropes of cum coating my cervix. The pleasure was intense, erotic, unimaginable, and utterly shameful. Yet my mind had been completely overcome by my body's desires and only wanted to continue fucking, to keep the waves of pleasure flowing.

My father collapsed after his orgasm and fell asleep on top of me, his long cock buried inside of me. I couldn't move because of the chains, and besides, my body was unfortunately comfortable with my father's body atop me. After an hour or two while I drifted in and out, my father awoke, unlocked my hands, and then ordered me to suck his cock clean. While I did this, he removed the cuffs, the chains, and the collar. When he was both clean and hard for a third time, he ordered me to start the shower for him.