**Lauren and The Toy**

by tworld

 1.

 Until two years ago I was working as a research scientist. That was

until the funding cuts to the universities started to bite. My area of

research, the small branch of neuroscience related to the brain's

responsiveness to pleasure, was always out on the fringes and so I was one

of the first to be let go. I was lucky; my wife, Helen, is a ballbreaking

executive moving rapidly up through the hierarchy of our once-beloved

health service. Most of the time she seems utterly driven by her work.

The downside of this is that my daughter, Lauren, and I never see her. The

major upside is that she earns so much money that I really don't need to

work any more if I don't want to. So long as I spend a bit of time and

effort now and again on my fledgling "consultancy business", Helen seems

content to pat me on the head, pay the bills and head off to her next

meeting. In reality my business consists of me keeping up on current

research, reviewing a few papers, attending the occasional conference and

for the rest of the time, continuing with my previous research in my own

time and my own laboratory (or if you insist on being accurate, my garden

shed).

 One of the projects I had been tinkering with was how to increase the

effectiveness of vibrators to give more powerful orgasms. In my studies

many women were reluctant to use vibrators because they didn't work that

well for them or for other more practical reasons such as them being too

embarrassing to use or too noisy. I had only continued with this project

because of my vain hope of rekindling my own waning sex life with my busy

wife - though for that to happen she would need to power off her laptop and

blackberry and there was little chance of that happening most of the time.

 I continued tinkering anyway. I found the work quite interesting and it

often lead me on to thinking of various fantasy scenarios with my wife and

what might happen if she ever got to use the fruits of my research.

Despite the distraction that this caused I did make some progress and was

very pleased with the results: a small, pebble-shaped device which was

almost silent when activated, could be controlled remotely and had a

completely configurable vibration program. This meant that I could try out

any combinations of vibrations and pulses I could come up with. Some

studies had show promising results with combinations of steady gentle

vibrations combined with stronger, rhythmic pulses. I had programmed a

variety of these but in order to see whether they were effective I needed a

test subject and I had no idea how to find one.

 One Summer Saturday afternoon I had been tinkering with my new vibrator

toy, inputting a new program that I had put together on a hunch. The late

afternoon sun was slanting in through the window and suddenly I wondered

what I was doing, wasting my time in the dark of the shed when I should be

outside enjoying the weather. As I emerged into the bright sunlight a

voice startled me "hey Dad, what you been up to in there?"

 "Oh, hi sweetie, didn't know you were there." Lauren was curled up on a

sun lounger in the shade of one of our apple trees, indulging in her

favourite pasttime - reading her latest doorstop fantasy novel.

 "Made any amazing breakthroughs?" she teased, peeking over the top of

her oversized, dark sunglasses.

 "Er...well you know..." I stuttered.

 "Sometimes I really wonder what you get up to in there," she laughed.

 "Well, what about you, shouldn't you be out chasing boys with your

friends or something?" I teased her back.

 "Yeah right! You know I would rather be sitting here reading."

 "I can't help thinking that at 14 you should be out with your friends

more."

 Lauren pouted prettily at this, "I'm perfectly happy here thank you

Daddy, there's plenty of time for all that later."

 "Okay, sweetheart," I smiled, making a placatory gesture at her, "I'm

having a beer, do you want anything?"

 "Er..." she chewed her lip as she put her book down, "I think we might

be out of beers Dad, sorry."

 "Naughty girl," I scolded her jokingly, "alright I need to pick up a few

things anyway, I'll head off to the shops - see you in a bit, okay?"

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 2.

 Truthfully I was a little bit worried about Lauren. She was a

pretty, in fact although I was biased, I would say beautiful girl. Fairly

slight, with shoulder length dark hair that she often wore tied up in a

ponytail. She was quite sporty and, although I probably shouldn't have

noticed, she was developing some very impressive curves, with prominent

breasts and a tight little bottom that she often showed off to the world

when we went climbing together. I had seen many other men watching her

closely as she contorted herself whilst scaling the climbing wall. It

therefore bothered me that a lot of the time she seemed to act more like a

recluse than a healthily active teenage girl. She appeared to be happy

though and I can't say that I was too upset that she hadn't yet brought any

boyfriends back to the house.

 Whilst I was out I decided to see to a couple of other things and so I

texted Lauren to say I would be out longer than I thought. She replied to

say that was fine - she was just sunbathing anyway.

 A couple of hours later I pulled back into the drive, went into the

house and started unloading the shopping. I looked out into the back

garden and saw Lauren apparently asleep on her sun lounger.

 "Hey sweetie!" I shouted, "are you asleep? You should get out of the

sun - you'll burn!"

 There was no response so I stepped outside and shouted again, "Lauren,

did you hear me?"

 Again there was no response. Starting to worry I rushed up the path

towards her, only then noticing that she was lying slightly strangely with

her back arched and her arms stretched out over her head. As I came closer

I saw that she was just wearing one of her skimpy sunbathing bikinis and

that her top had ridden up and both her full breasts were exposed. Her

head was lolling back and she was drooling from the corner of her mouth,

breathing hard, her exposed chest mottled red.

 I had no idea what was wrong, was she having a stroke?

 "Lauren, sweetie, what's wrong?" I asked, leaning over her and putting a

hand on her cheek. I tried to ignore her heaving breasts and noticeably

very erect nipples.

 She opened her eyes weakly and looked up at me.

 "Ooooh...Dad...Daddy...it's too much, make it stop," and her eyes closed

again.

 "Make what stop sweetheart?" I asked, gripped her chin gently in my hand

and trying to make her look at me.

 "It's in my...in my knickers, but I can't turn it off..." she gestured

with her hands in the direction of her skimpy bikini bottoms. I looked

down and noticed that she had pulled her bikini bottoms up tightly between

her legs and there was and oddly shaped bulge underneath the tight

material. I began to have an inkling of what was going on?

 "Lauren, have you been in the shed?" I asked her.

 "Hmmm...yes...ss..sorry Daddy, but will you stop it for me, it's too

much, I can't?"

 And so here it was, my sweet little daughter had been digging around

amongst my experiments and decided to try my new intelligent vibrator. It

looked like I had found a somewhat unwilling test subject after all. Her

response was beyond anything I had expected though; clearly the new program

was working exceptionally well. As my worries faded I took a moment to

look down at Lauren, almost seeing her for the first time. I'd noticed

that she had sprouted impressive breasts for a girl of her age and that she

had been developing curves, but I had never really put all this together

and seen her as the sexy young woman she was clearly becoming. I felt my

cock stirring and realised what I was actually thinking - I needed to stop

this now!

 "Sweety - just turn it off," I told her, "I can't do it."

 I was not going to fish the vibrator from inside her tight bikini

bottoms, though a little voice in the back of my head was telling me to go

for it.

 "I...I...can't Daddy...I can't touch it," she said, "...look..."

 She moved her hands down from over her head and slid them down towards

her knickers. It was only then that I saw that she had the remote control

ring around her finger. This was another thing I had been working on. The

vibrator was set up so that you could affect its intensities with the

remote control just by moving it nearer and further away. Now, how had I

set it up to respond on the latest program?

 I had my answer from Lauren. As she moved her hands towards her

knickers there was an audible buzz from underneath the material, pulsating

in intensity. As her hand moved nearer the intensity increased as did the

frequency of the pulses.

 "Oh...no...not again...I can't..." she gasped.

 "Daddy...please...take it...take my knickers off..."

 She was panting hard now, her back arching hard, her hand almost

reaching the visibly wet material of her bikini bottoms as the vibrator

began a series of short, clearly very intense pulses.

 "Oh Dad...oh fuck...oh I'm...oh yes...yes...fuck...YES!"

 And I watched as my darling daughter had an intense, shuddering orgasm

in front of me. Her breasts bounced as her chest heaved and she thrust

herself up from the sun lounger.

 "Oooh....oohh...ohh..." she gasped, slowly growing quieter and sinking

back down. She then seemed to become aware that the buzzing was continuing

and quickly moved her hands back over her head. Stretched out like that,

almost naked, flushed with her orgasm and trying to get her breath back...I

found myself becoming very hard.

 "Please...turn it off...I can't take any more..." she begged, licking

her dry lips.

 So I was going to have to do it. She had pulled her knickers up so

tight earlier that my only real option was to take them off to get at the

vibrator.

 "Sweety," I said, "I'm going to do this so we can turn it off okay? I'm

going to take your bikini bottoms down, is that okay?"

 "Yes! Please just do it Dad!"

 So I hooked my fingers under the thin strings at each side of her bikini

bottoms and began to peel them down. My cock was straining inside my

trousers and I realised that my own heart had started pounding. Perhaps

all those weeks without sex with my wife were catching up with me.

 I tugged the strings gently and slowly peeled her bottoms down. As the

material moved I could see just how sopping wet it was. I almost had to

peel it away from her pussy. I had to stifle a gasp as I saw that my sweet

daughter seemed to be shaving herself, her pussy was completely smooth, the

lips were pink and swollen. I wondered how many orgasms she had already

had. The thing that struck me most of all was just how wet she was, her

pussy was slick, the juices running down the insides of both thighs and

making a wet patch on the lounger beneath her.

 I drank in the sight of her as I pulled her bottoms down over her almost

lifeless legs and then crumpled them into a ball and stuck them in my

pocket. I looked at her dripping pussy again and there was the vibrator,

nestled in exactly the right spot, partly just inside her and partly

pressed up against her swollen clit where her knickers would keep it

perfecly in place for maximum stimulation.

 I reached for it, hesitantly, my fingers gently slid over Lauren's

sensitive pussy lips and she moaned as I touched her. The rounded body of

the vibrator was slippery with her juices and it was still vibrating which

made it hard to grip. As I tried to pull it, all I did was push it harder

against my daughter's clit and she groaned, "oh Dad...stop...please...too

much!"

 Eventually I slid two fingers into her pussy, hooked underneath the

vibrator and eased it out of her. I took her knickers out, wrapped the

device in them and put them back in my pocket.

 "There sweety," I said, "is that better."

 Lauren had visibly relaxed now that the stimulation was removed. She

opened her eyes and looked up at me, seemingly still unaware that she was

effectively naked, with her dripping wet pussy exposed to me. She pushed

herself up to a sitting position and I saw the tears in her eyes.

 "Oh Daddy, thank you," she said, "I couldn't stop it...it was just too

much, everything I did seemed to make it even stronger. It was just

so...intense."

 The tears slowly ran down her cheeks and everything changed. This was

just my little girl and she was upset. I reached out to give her a hug and

she fell into my arms. For a moment I wasn't even aware of her bare

breasts pushing up against me. I didn't realise that my hand around her

back had slid down and was resting on her bare bottom, slick with her own

juices. But then she shifted position and took a deep breath, removed her

arms from around me and as they dropped, her right hand inadvertantly fell

into my lap and rested on my hard cock.

 She left it there for just a split second and then looked at me, "Daddy,

I think I need to go and have a shower and get dressed."

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