**My Daughter, The Exhibitionist**

by[SmallTitFan](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=870079&page=submissions)©

If you expect people to behave consistently, you simply have not had enough experience with people. That is one of the things I have learned as I have gotten older and I learned it, of course, through experience.  
  
My name is Theodore but everyone calls me Ted. I am an attorney in a large city in Florida and my life is comfortable. Most people think all attorneys are fabulously rich, but that is not true. Some attorneys are millionaires but many of us live a middle class lifestyle. I have a 4 bedroom, 2½ bath house with approximately 2,400 square feet. I have a swimming pool and a hot tub surrounded by a privacy fence and my home is well landscaped, but it is not a mansion. It is a nice house in a nice subdivision.  
  
I'm 40 years old and divorced. My wife -- Pat -- and I met when I was 24 years old and finishing law school. She had a 2 year old daughter named Lisa. Pat had lived a wild life a few years earlier and she simply had no idea about who was the father of her daughter. After giving birth, Pat had settled down and stopped acting like a slut. She got a job as a secretary at a law firm and I met her when I worked as a clerk for the same firm.  
  
All it took was one or two mixed drinks and Pat was the wildest woman I had ever dated. She was no longer living like a slut but she had not forgotten how to have wild sex. We started "doin' it" on our third date and we quickly got very active. I had been with several women in the past but I was certainly not tremendously experienced in all the variations of how two people can have orgasms together.  
  
In retrospect, I think Past had grown up being self-conscious of her small boobs. Most women think that every guy on the planet wants to see a girl with humongous tits and that simply is not true. In her mind, her 34A titties made her less of a woman and I think she tried to compensate by acting so uninhibited. She also kept her pubic hair completely shaved. The effect was not to make her look like a "little" girl, but she did look like an innocent nymph. Personally, I thought her titties looked sexy and I couldn't see them naked without wanting to grab them and suck and lick on her nipples.  
  
Pat taught me many things. We had sex in almost every position I have ever heard of. We did it missionary style, of course, and we did it doggy style. We did it with her on top and we did it in the reverse cowgirl. I had never done the reverse cowgirl because I had never before had a girlfriend who was so uninhibited about me seeing her anus but nothing stopped Pat from having sex in every imaginable position.  
  
We did it with her standing and bent over the back of a sofa and we did it standing up in the shower. She gave me hand jobs and I made her cum with my fingers. I fucked her little titties and came on her nipples. We had oral sex and frequently did it in the 69 position. She loved to swallow cum and I loved it when I came in her mouth.  
  
A few months after we had started dating, Pat asked me to fuck her in the ass. I had never had anal sex before and I thought that most women would not do it because of the pain. Pat told me that it was just a matter of the girl relaxing. Once she had my dick covered in K-Y and I was sliding into her ass, I don't think I could have stopped if she had begged me. I had never before felt anything so arousing, so absolutely nasty and taboo and fun. The first time we had anal sex, I thought the tip of my dick was going to explode I came so hard.  
  
I had never used a vibrator on a woman and I guess it was obvious the first time she pulled a vibrator from her bedside table. She took the vibrator from my hand and showed me how she used it on herself. "Wow!" I said. ""I've never seen a girl do herself."  
  
"Well, I can fix that," she replied. She turned off the vibrator and put her right hand between her legs. She started playing with her pussy and my dick got as hard as steel. As soon as she came, she picked up the vibrator and showed me how she came using her toy. When I finally stuffed my dick in her, it didn't take long for her to have another orgasm. Feeling the spasms running through the walls of her cunt was all it took for me to unload and fill her hole with my sperm.  
  
The next time we did it doggy style, she asked me to stick the vibrator in her ass while I fucked her pussy. I began to wonder if there was anything she wouldn't do to have an orgasm.  
  
Aside from a few days every month, we did it almost constantly, and during those few days every month, I got hand jobs, blow jobs, and anal sex. I was certain that I had died and gone to heaven. Being so young and inexperienced, I wanted this to last for the rest of my life, so I asked Pat to marry me, and she accepted my proposal.  
  
Fortunately, one of my co-worker attorneys strongly suggested that I get a pre-nuptial agreement and Pat readily consented. We were married about 6 months after I graduated from law school, passed the bar exam, and began practicing.  
  
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Nine or ten years passed and all was well. I was successful in my career and Pat continued to work as a legal secretary. She never got pregnant and we never went through the medical routine to determine what the problem was. I did get very attached to Lisa. I was the only father she had ever known and she grew up calling me "Daddy." That word was music to my ears and I simply adored her. Even though I am an attorney, I never adopted Lisa. Pat and I discussed it and it would have been embarrassing for both of us to go to court, appear before a judge who I saw on a regular basis, and tell him that Pat had been such a slut that she didn't know the identity of Lisa's father. So, I did not adopt Lisa . . . but I was her father and everyone knew it.  
  
Don't get the wrong idea. I was not one of those fathers who thought his daughter could do no wrong. I was definitely her father and not her best friend. There were times that she needed discipline and I provided it. Usually that was making her go to bed after dinner or taking away a privilege but there were a few occasions when Lisa got a spanking. I never, ever hit her hard enough to cause any harm whatsoever but it was a traumatic experience for her and it didn't happen very often.  
  
As you might guess, Pat was rather uninhibited about being dressed, or undressed, at home, and she frequently walked around the house either nude or in just her panties. Lisa was clearly her mother's daughter and, when she was a little girl, she loved to run around the house naked after her bath. By the age of 7 or 8, she slept in just her panties but, a few years later, when she began to develop boobs, she started sleeping in a tee-shirt and panties.  
  
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The problems started about ten years into the marriage, when Lisa was twelve years old. Pat became interested in attending church and she started taking Lisa with her. I attended on occasions but not on a very regular basis. I have religious beliefs and I do not frown upon people who attend church and are open about their beliefs. However, I do have a problem with religious zealots and I feared that Pat was heading in that direction.  
  
About six months into the church attendance, Pat announced that she was going to stop drinking alcohol. Her attitudes started to become more "prim and proper." She no longer left our bedroom unless she was fully dressed or at last covered with a long robe. She insisted that Lisa start wearing pajamas; Lisa complained but her mother insisted.   
  
Our sex life started changing. We had sex less often and it was almost always missionary style. I never complained about doing it in a very traditional position but, after years of having such a wild sex life, this seemed like a peculiar state of affairs. There was no more oral sex, anal sex, or sex toys. There was no sex in the pool and there were certainly no screaming orgasms. Then, Pat started working only 20 hours per week so that she would have time to volunteer for church activities.   
  
We didn't need the money from her full-time job but I was concerned that Pat was getting deeper and deeper into religious fanaticism. I took my vows seriously and I assumed this was the "worse" part of the "for better and for worse" promise. I had no intentions of leaving Pat -- or Lisa -- and I hoped that this was just a passing phase.   
  
For three years, I waited for the phase to pass and it finally did. Pat stopped attending church, and she stopped rather abruptly. She started drinking alcohol again and we started doing something a little different between the sheets, but not like the "old" days. Things weren't quite right. It seemed that Pat was just going through the motions rather than truly enjoying our sexual activities. I rarely heard her say "I love you" and she looked depressed.  
  
After a year of waiting for things to improve, I finally had "the talk" with Pat. I explained my concerns and related my observations or her. I asked her what was wrong and she started crying.  
  
"I'm not in love with you anymore," she sobbed. "I'm sorry, you deserve much better, but I can't lie about this. I just don't love you anymore."  
  
"What happened? How long? What . . . is there someone else?" I had a million questions and they all wanted to come out at once.  
  
She stopped crying and became a little calmer. "I think it started when I was goin' to church," she said, her voice sounding weak. "And, I'm sorry, but, yes . . . there is someone else."  
  
"Who?" I blurted out my question before she had even finished her last sentence.  
  
"The preacher . . . the preacher's wife," she said.   
  
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Pat apologized a million times. She explained that she had been in a few brief relationships with girls when she was younger and she had assumed that it was just normal curiosity. When she started volunteering at church, she had worked very closely with the preacher's wife -- Zelda (I absolutely hate that name) -- and they had become very close friends. They had confessed to each other all of their past sins and, coincidentally, Zelda also had a lesbian relationship in her past.  
  
It doesn't take any imagination to understand how this relationship escalated. Pat and Zelda had a sexual affair for about three months and then Zelda wanted to end it; she told Pat that her duty was to support her husband and this relationship was just wrong as well as sinful. That was when Pat had stopped attending church.  
  
I could have forgiven Pat; it would have been difficult but I could have done that . . . but she didn't love me. I did not want a marriage without love and that is what I told Pat. Her response was to simply say, 'then I guess we'll have to get a divorce.'  
  
So we got a divorce. It took about five months for the divorce to become final and, during that time, Pat and I continued to live in the same house, though we didn't share a bedroom. There was no open hostility but it was obvious to Lisa -- who was now 16 years old -- that this was not the way things were meant to be.  
  
Because of the prenuptial agreement, I was not required to pay Pat any alimony. I agreed to give her a lump sum of $50,000 and she agreed to sign everything else over to me. I had never adopted Lisa so I could make no claim to custody and I wouldn't even have any legally enforceable visitation rights, but we both knew that Lisa would want to spend time with me.  
  
While our divorce was pending, I heard that Zelda and her husband were getting a divorce. The church was rocked with the scandal and the preacher barely held on to his job. As part of their divorce, Zelda agreed to move at least 100 miles away; I assume the preacher, or the church, paid her for that concession. They didn't have any kids to complicate matters and the preacher's life would obviously be much easier if Zelda was not around to remind the congregation of the past. (Years later, the preacher confessed that he had used drugs when he was a teenager. How people feel about the past depends on whether it's your past or their past that's being discussed.)  
  
Knowing this, I wasn't surprised when Pat came to me and said that she had decided to move away from town when the divorce became final. I asked her if she was leaving to be with Zelda and she candidly conceded that, indeed, that was her plan. I am grateful that she didn't lie about it.  
  
"What about Lisa?" I asked. "Do you want her around when you're havin' your lesbian relationship, so all the kids in school can tease her about her mother bein' a carpet muncher? Do you think she wants to leave 'er school and all 'er friends here?" Now I was getting angry.  
  
"I don't want to leave 'er. It would kill me, but . . . you might be right. Maybe we should ask her. If she says that she doesn't want to leave, are you okay with her stayin' here with you?"  
  
"Of course she can stay here if that's what she wants. But we need to ask her. At her age, it wouldn't be very smart to try to force her to do somethin' she doesn't wanna do."  
  
Pat and I sat and talked with Lisa. Pat didn't want Lisa to know about her lesbian relationship but I thought it was unfair to not tell her. How could she possibly decide on whether to move with her mom when she didn't know that another woman would be sharing a bedroom with her mother? So I told her. And I told her that she could stay with me or go with her mother and, if she went with her mother, I would make arrangements for us to visit as often as possible.  
  
Lisa was stunned. She looked at her mother with absolute contempt and loathing. I had never seen Lisa get that angry about anything.   
  
She didn't respond to the questions that day but, if you know teenagers at all, especially teenage girls, then you know what Lisa decided. Of course she didn't want to leave her school and friends. It was decided that Lisa would stay with me and she would go to visit her mom on a regular basis.  
  
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At last, the divorce was final and Pat packed up her belongings. She and Lisa had a tearful goodbye and then Pat came to bid me farewell. She started to apologize once again and I stopped her.  
  
"I know you feel some remorse about this situation but it's too late to say you're sorry. You made this happen and a million 'I'm sorry's' won't change a damn thin'. I don't hate you but I'm ready for you to get our ass out of here. So . . . just take your sorry ass away from here and don't come back!"  
  
"Take good care of my daughter," she said as she turned to leave.  
  
"I'll take extremely good care of our daughter," I retorted.  
  
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Lisa stayed in her bedroom for a few hours. I left her alone for awhile but then I went to her. I knocked on her door but there was no answer. I opened the door and saw her laying on her bed, crying. I got on the bed beside her, put my arms around her, and then I started crying.  
  
"Daddy, I'm so sorry for you. You don't deserve this," she said.  
  
"You don't deserve this either, sweetie." I responded. "Sometimes, life sucks . . . but at least we've got each other." I kissed her on her forehead and we lay there silently until we fell asleep.  
  
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A few days later, Lisa announced that she wanted to have a talk about house rules.  
  
"Daddy, before Mom started goin' to church, everything around here was so relaxed and comfortable and then, it got kinda weird."  
  
"Yeah, I know, sweetie. I know." I wasn't sure that I knew exactly what she was referring to but I knew the feeling that she was talkin' about.  
  
"When Mom started goin' to church, all of a sudden it was . . . you can't do this and you can't do this, and things weren't so comfortable anymore. I couldn't be myself. I'm glad she's gone!"  
  
"Sweetie, before you get into anything more specific, let me explain a few things to you. First, since your Mom is gone, she doesn't make our rules anymore; we make the rules. Second, I'm your father -- maybe not legally -- but it's my job to be your father and to make sure that you are safe and you finish growin' up with a good set of morals and values for yourself. Third, I sure want you to be comfortable 'round here."  
  
"Daddy, I hate pajamas and this stuff about 'don't leave your bedroom without a bathrobe on' is just bullshit. We're family and we've seen each other in our underwear plenty of times before so . . . what's the big deal? I mean, I don't want to run around naked and I'm not plannin' on runnin' around in my underwear in front of strangers but . . . when it's just you and me, why can't it be more relaxed?"  
  
"Honey, you got to understand the situation. I'm a man and you are a drop-dead beautiful 16 year old girl. If somebody hears that I'm prancin' around in just my underwear in front of you, or you're prancing around in your underwear in front of me, they'll get the wrong idea and report us to the Department of Children and Families. We don't need that to happen. They'll take you away from me and send you to live with your mother. You don't want that, do you?"  
  
"You know I don't, Daddy. I wanna stay here with you."  
  
"Honey, if I knew for a fact that nobody would ever find out and it would never cause a problem . . . I'd tell you to wear as little as you want. Personally, I don't care if you run around the house naked all the time, but we can't take a chance on that. But, you don't have to wear pajamas, and you can run around the house as undressed as you want when I'm not here. You can go skinny dippin' in the pool or sunbathe naked as a newborn baby, I don't care, as long as I'm not here and nobody else is here. You understand, don'tcha?"  
  
"I do understand, Daddy. But . . . does it have to last forever?" she asked.  
  
"It has to last 'til you're 18 and then you can do whatever you want," I replied. "'Til then, I'll be goin' with you to buy clothes and to make sure that what you wear is okay. You don't have to dress like a nerd but I don't want you lookin' like a slut, either. Got it?" I asked.  
  
"I've got it. When do we go shopping?"   
  
Women never miss an opportunity, do they?  
  
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The next year and a half were very happy times for Lisa and me. She did all the things that normal teenage girls do. She did fairly well in school and she seemed to be popular among her friends. She had some dates and I showed each and every one of those boys my shotgun collection. It wasn't very subtle but I didn't care. I bought her a car and she appeared to be as happy as a teenage girl can be, but I suspected that her mother's abandonment of the family had left an indelible scar on her psyche.  
  
I had a few dates, mostly with female lawyers I met in litigation but occasionally I dated a secretary from another law firm or a court reporter. Every time I had a date, Lisa seemed to get in a bad mood and I suspected that she was jealous of another woman getting any of my attention. I never had more than two or three dates with any of the women. I never sensed any feelings developing for any of them and I wanted love just as much as I needed sex. However, none of the dates ever ended with a romp in the hay. The only relief I ever had was jerking off to internet porn. It would be different when Lisa graduated and went off to college.  
  
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Lisa's 18th birthday was in October of her senior year in high school. We planned a big pool party with a DJ and catered food. I warned her that no alcohol would be allowed and she understood; I really wasn't worried about her but I did have questions about some of her friends. she wasn't dating anyone at that time so she planned to have a few of her girl friends spend the night.  
  
Lisa wanted a new bikini for the party (remember, we live in Florida and it's hot here in October.) We went shopping and she wanted to get a thong bikini. She tried it on and we were in a small boutique with no other customers in the store, so she called me into the fitting room to see it on her. I told her that she could wear that at home when no one else was present but I didn't think she should wear that to her birthday party.

"Maybe I should just wear my birthday suit," she said teasingly. "After all, I will be 18 and I can do whatever I want."  
  
"Let's clarify something," I said to her. "I remember tellin' you that you could do whatever you want when you turn 18. That means that your conduct is just a matter between you and me and no one can take you away from me anymore. But you still live in my house and we still have some rules."  
  
"Okay, daddy, but what's wrong with a thong?" she pleaded.  
  
"Honey, you're a beautiful, sexy young girl and every boy at that party's goin' to want one thing from you. We've had this talk before. At your age, boys just wanna get in your panties. That's all they think about. And the more of your body you let them see, the more they think that you're wantin' the same thing. Hell, when I see your butt hangin' out of that thong, I don't even know whether I should trust myself! So, unless you plan on havin' sex with every boy at that party, it's just unfair to tease 'em like that."  
  
"So I can get the thong and another bikini for the party?" she said, never missing an opportunity.  
  
"Of course you can," I answered.  
  
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Her birthday finally arrived and she had about 30 kids at the house. They all attended her school so there weren't any older guys for me to worry about, but . . . 17 and 18 year old boys are quite enough to worry any daughter's father. All the girls were wearing bikinis and I got more than an eyeful of young delectable honeys.  
  
Fortunately, most of the boys at that age act like jerks and girls don't find them very appealing, so there were no significant problems at the party. All of the guys and some of the girls were gone by 11 PM and the other girls were spending the night. They all came in and went into Lisa's bedroom.  
  
I was sitting in the living room, watching the late news on television. I could hear giggling and light-hearted banter coming from Lisa's bedroom and I was glad that Lisa and the girls were having fun. After a few minutes, I heard the bedroom door open, followed by footsteps approaching.  
  
Lisa walked into the living room and she was wearing only panties and a tee-shirt. I looked up at her with surprise showing on my face.  
  
"Daddy, this is what most of the girls are wearing to sleep in and . . . I am 18 now, right? Remember what you said?"  
  
"I remember honey, I do. I just don't want anybody gettin' the wrong idea," I replied.  
  
I was sittin' in the middle of the sofa. Lisa was facing me and she lowered herself to the sofa, straddling me as she placed her arms around my neck. She whispered in my ear, "There isn't any wrong idea. This is the way's it's supposed to be, Daddy. I love you so much. It was the best party ever but we're all tired so we're gonna go to sleep now. Goodnight." She kissed me on the cheek and then she stood up and walked back to her bedroom.  
  
I was painfully aware of the boner in my pants and soon retired to my bedroom to seek some relief.  
  
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The next morning, I got up and went into the kitchen to start some coffee. Lisa was already awake and finishing a bowl of cereal.  
  
"Everybody else still sleepin'?" I asked.  
  
"No, Daddy. Everybody's gone. Katy and Jesse had to work this mornin' and Lizzie was goin' shoppin' with her mom. So it's just you and me."  
  
"Do you have any plans for the day?" I asked.  
  
She stood and gathered her bowl and cup to place in the dishwasher. "No. Maybe just lay by the pool a little. I have a new suit to wear, you know." She paused for a moment and then asked, "It doesn't really bother you, does it?" My new suit?"  
  
"Bother isn't the right word, sweetie. Now that you're 18, it's true that you can do whatever you want because nobody can take you away from me. But you can't forget that I'm a guy and you're a girl and that suit looks way too good on you. When I said that I didn't know whether I could control myself, I didn't mean that maybe I would jump on your bones and have my way with you. What I meant was that seein' you partially naked brings out a certain reaction in me that I can't hide, and . . .."  
  
"You mean you might get an erection lookin' at your little girl cavortin' around so scantily clad?" she teased me.  
  
"Hell, yes, that's what I mean. Look at you right now! You're wearin' your panties and tee-shirt and the way those panties and huggin' your private parts, I can tell that you probably keep yourself shaved free of any pubic hair. You think a healthy heterosexual male isn't gonna respond to that? No father is supposed to get a boner lookin' at his daughter and I don't want you thinkin' I'm some sort of perv, honey, but this ain't easy on me!"  
  
"Why, Daddy, I would be quite flattered knowin' that I caused you to get aroused, but I don't wanna be unfair to you. Would it be better for you if I didn't wear that suit when you're around and maybe I didn't walk around the house in just my panties?"  
  
"Honey, I just don't want you thinkin' I'm weird because I get hard seein' you."  
  
"Daddy, I love you. I wouldn't think you were weird if you walked around with a boner all day long."  
  
Ten minutes later, Lisa was walking around the house in her new thong bikini and I was suffering from a throbbing erection. She was simply stunning, breathtaking. Like her mother, Lisa had small boobs. In fact, she was the same size as her mother -- 34A -- which I knew because I bought the bras for her. She wasn't flat-chested and she certainly didn't look like a boy, but she didn't have "melons," either. Her boobs stood up proud and perky and the suit accented her boobs very nicely.   
  
Lisa wasn't skinny but she was close to a hard body. She didn't participate in sports and she didn't work out; I guess she just naturally had a tight body. She had a cute face with light brown hair that was shoulder length and mostly straight the way that girls wore their hair in the 1970's. The bikini bottom covered her pussy but nothing more than that and I suspected that it might even become transparent when it got wet. She didn't have a big round ass; maybe some guys like that but 'I don't like big butts.' Her ass cheeks were small and they looked like they were very tight and toned.  
  
She went out to the pool and I stayed in the house. Several times I looked out on the pool from my second floor bedroom window and Lisa looked like a vision of loveliness. After being out there for awhile, she rolled over on her stomach and untied her bikini top so the strings fell to the side. From a distance, it looked as if she was completely nude.  
  
I closed the drapes almost completely so that I could see out but she wouldn't see me if she looked up. I then proceeded to jerk off while looking at my incredibly cute daughter. I didn't feel any pride in myself for doing that, but I did feel an enormous amount of lust.  
  
Lisa came inside about an hour later and she came looking for me.  
  
"Daddy, can I ask you something that's kinda personal?" she began.  
  
"Sure, honey."  
  
"Well, uh . . . I'll just get it right out. If I wanted to get a boob job, would you pay for it?"  
  
"Whoa!" I exclaimed. "Where's that comin' from?"  
  
"Well, last night, after I went back to my bedroom, we played Truth or Dare for a little while and we all ended up taking off our tops and sleeping in just our panties, and I was kinda comparin' myself to them, and it's obvious my boobs are just too small!"  
  
"Honey, your boobs are not too small. They look just right to me."  
  
"What would you know? You haven't even seen 'em since I was maybe 9 years old," she said with a hint of anger in her voice.  
  
"You're right I haven't seen 'em but I know they're 34A and that was your Mom's size and I saw hers a bunch."  
  
"Well, I'm not my mom and I think my boobs are too small. Here, I'll show you!"  
  
Before I could say anything, she reached behind her back, released the clasp on her bikini top and pulled it away from her torso.  
  
"There! They're tiny! I look like a boy compared to other girls my age." She started to pout but I suspected that this was a carefully orchestrated manipulation on her part.  
  
"Okay, tell me this. When you said that they're too small, well . . . too small for what?"  
  
"Too small to attract any guy over the age of 14," she responded.  
  
"Have you ever had any guy tell you that your boobs are too small?" I asked. I wasn't sure that I wanted to hear the answer to this question.  
  
"Well, no, but . . . guys don't even ask me out."  
  
"Honey, you've dated several guys and you'll date many more guys and eventually you'll meet the right guy and settle down with him and you'll probably have to keep a stick by your side of the bed to keep him away when you don't want your boobs fondled or sucked." I couldn't believe I had just said that but I had.  
  
Lisa laughed. She looked at me a bit sheepishly and asked, "Do you like my boobs, Daddy?"  
  
"Oh, honey, lookin' at those perky little boobs of yours, I wish I was a young guy so I could chase after you. Those are the same size as your mom's and I loved her titties. We used to go to sleep spooning, you know, her on her left side and me on my left side, behind her, right against her, and I'd reach over with my right hand and find a boob to caress and I'd go to sleep like that, the happiest guy in the world. You have beautiful boobs and you shouldn't change a thing about 'em."  
  
"But guys want big boobs and I want somebody to want me!" she explained.  
  
"Honey, some guys want big boobs and some guys want little boobs. Some guys want big butts and some guys want tiny butts. You get the idea? There are plenty of guys out there -- and I know 'cause I'm one of 'em -- who want small boobs."  
  
"Daddy, that part about you and mom goin' to sleep sounded so nice. You must miss her a lot."  
  
"Well . . . yes and no. I miss the way things were when we were younger. I don't miss the way things were the last four years. And I do miss havin' someone in my bed who wants me. I know the feelin' of wanting to be wanted."  
  
She looked up at me and I could see tears started to form. "Daddy, I'm afraid when somebody sees me all naked that they'll just laugh and run away and nobody'll ever want me!"  
  
"I would never laugh at you," I said.  
  
As soon as I said that, she placed her thumbs under the strings of her thong and, in one fluid motion, had the thong down around her ankles. She then stepped out of the thong and stood completely naked before me.  
  
"I need to know that there's someone who won't laugh at me and run away," she explained.  
  
I looked up . . . but I mostly looked down. As I suspected, her pussy was shaved clean and she did not have those protruding inner lips like some girls have. Her pussy looked like a simple slit formed by two flat lips. I already had an erection but looking at her pussy turned it into a bone of steel.  
  
Now a tear was running down her cheek. I opened my arms and she came to me, pushing her naked tits against my chest. She hugged me and told me that she loved me.  
  
"Daddy, will anybody ever want me the way that you wanted mom?" she asked. I wasn't sure that it was a rhetorical question.  
  
"Honey, I love you just as much as I ever loved your mother, and . . . my love for you will never, ever end. If I was younger . . .. You're beautiful, smart, funny, energetic, you're everything that any man could ever want. And," I said as I reached down and gave her bottom a quick and gentle squeeze, "you have the cutest butt in the entire world."  
  
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I said goodnight to Lisa and went to bed around 11:30. A few minutes later, while I was still awake, she entered my bedroom, got under the sheets on the bed to my left, and rolled over on her left side. She never said a word. She scooted back until I was spooned up against her. She then took my right arm, pulled it over her side and brought my hand to her right breast. She was not wearing any panties or any tee-shirt. My daughter was completely naked and I felt her naked body pressed against me.  
  
My fingers felt her bare nipple harden as I traced its beautiful contours. I felt myself getting hard and it would have been impossible for her to not feel my reaction to her wonderfully naked body.  
  
"I need to know that I'm loved and that I'm wanted in the way that a man wants a woman," she said quietly.  
  
"I love you . . . but I'm your father," I whispered in her right ear.   
  
"I love you . . . and you're not my father by blood or marriage," she responded.  
  
"What do you want?" I asked.  
  
"I think I've already got what I want," she responded.

**My Daughter, The Exhibitionist Ch. 02**

"Lisa, is this what you really want?" I asked. "I'm not tryin' to talk you outta anything, 'cause I really, really want you. If you want me, you've got me. But we can't just have sex and pretend that we're still a father and daughter. If we have sex, I want a relationship; I want the whole thing. I wanna have a girl that I call my girlfriend. I wanna have somebody who can't wait for me to come home. I wanna have somebody who loves me as much as I love her."  
  
"Daddy, that's what I want, too," she quickly replied.  
  
"But, honey, you're only 18 and I'm 40 years old. You've got friends who you hang out with and you wanna have a boyfriend who you can invite along when you do stuff with your friends and I don't think I'd fit in very well in those kinda things. . . . It's not that I don't want ya, 'cause I do, but I don't want you to regret this three days or three weeks or three months from now."  
  
"I get what you're sayin', Daddy, but I've thought about it. I can't promise you that we'll be together for the rest of our lives, 'cause who can make promises like that and really mean it? Look what happened to you and Mom. But I know that I wanna be the one you come home to at night and I wanna feel your arms around me when I go to sleep and I want you to make me feel like a woman!"  
  
"Oh, honey, you are such a beautiful woman and there are so many guys out there who would love to have a chance with you. I don't want you to settle for second best," I replied.  
  
"Daddy, you are NOT second best. Daddy . . . you know, I've never been all the way with a guy. I know it sounds weird but guys my age are so stupid and . . . the ones who aren't stupid don't seem to be interested. Maybe it's my little boobs, but . . . well, I can feel the way that your body is reactin' to me, and . . . it feels like you want me. I want you to be my first, and I hope that you'll be my last."  
  
"Don't you think you should think about it overnight?" I asked rhetorically. I know, you probably think this was a lame thing to say. After all, here's a really hot, petite teenage girl naked in my bed, asking me to take her virginity, and I'm telling her to think about it. If she hadn't been my step-daughter, I would have already been pounding her sweet teen pussy, but she WAS my step-daughter . . . or, at least, she had been my step-daughter. I had raised this girl, I had proteted her from the evils of the world, and I didn't want to become one of the evils I had warned her about.  
  
"Okay, yeah, I get the idea," she mumbled.  
  
I didn't know what to say to her, how to respond to her, so I just lay there quietly, spooned against her, aware that my boner was pressed against the cheeks of her naked behind. I still had my right hand on her boob and I used it to pull her body back against mine.  
  
After a few seconds, I heard what I thought was a muffled sob and I removed my hand from her boob and move it to her face. I felt a tear on her cheek. Any father reading this story knows what happens when you see your little girl crying.  
  
"What's wrong, honey?" I asked.  
  
She rolled over to her right side so that she was facing me. "I just want to be wanted and I don't think you really want me!" she cried.  
  
"Oh, honey, I want you so bad you can't imagine! But if we do it, everything'll change. I'd feel awful if we did it and then you decided that it wasn't what you want. Don't you see? Once we do it, there ain't no goin' back."  
  
"Don't YOU see?" she retorted. "I climb into bed naked and offer you my virginity and you're not interested. You probably just want a girl with bigger tits."  
  
"I do want you," I said, "and there is absolutely nothin' wrong with your beautiful, sexy little tits. Yeah, okay, they're small, but I really like 'em just the way they are. Okay, I'll admit it, I could suck on your boobs all night long and I'd be the happiest guy on earth. I love the way they look! Just lookin' at your titties makes my dick hard. And, while we're on that subject . . . you know, I could get all uptight about my dick, 'cause I'm not hung like some porn star. I've only got 5½ inches and I heard that girls all want a guy with a big dick."   
  
"Daddy, I've seen your dick a couple of times and just seein' it made me get wet. So, if my little boobs aren't a problem, and your average size dick isn't a problem," her exasperation was mounting, "and if I want you and you want me, then . . .." As soon as the words had left her lips, she bent forward and placed her lips against mine.  
  
I felt her lips part and then her tongue was pushing against my lips. As soon as I opened my lips, she knew that I wanted her and I knew that this wouldn't stop until I had emptied my seed inside her.  
  
"I'm glad you sleep naked," she said. "You pokin' me with your dick against my butt got me so horny for you!"  
  
"Are you wet?" I asked. I knew the answer but I wanted to hear her say it.  
  
"You made me wet," she answered, "but you could check it for yourself."  
  
I placed my right hand between her legs and felt her dampness as soon as my fingers made contact with her skin. She didn't have any pubic hair and the mental image of seeing her shaved pussy got me even hotter.  
  
I slowly put my middle finger in her pussy. As soon as I had penetrated her, she began to hump my hand as if she couldn't wait to have an orgasm.  
  
"Daddy, I want you to make me cum so bad! I need you so bad!" she panted.  
  
I slid down in the bed so that my head was next to her chest. I kept fingering her pussy while I moved over and placed my lips around her nipple. Her little boobs were the sweetest things I had ever had in my mouth and I could have sucked on them all night long. Her nipples were as hard as pencil erasers; they contrasted sharply with the smooth skin of her young breast. Both of them were taut and firm and the mere sight of her breasts was enough to make me as hard as steel.  
  
"Oh, Daddy, that feels so good!" she moaned. "Don't stop, don't . . . ooh . . . oh, Daddy, I'm so close to cummin' . . . so close . . .."  
  
I began to alternate sucking her nipple into my mouth and then releasing the suction so her nipple started to slide back out. What I was doing was very similar to what a baby would do to suckle at her breast and I understood why some kids were so difficult to wean when they were breastfeeding. Who in their right mind would ever voluntarily give up on this?   
  
I knew she was very close to having an orgasm so I started tracing circles around her nipple with my tongue. At the same time, I removed my finger from her innermost parts and found her clitoris. It was already stiff but it got even harder when I started playing with it.  
  
"Lisa, I wanna make you cum every way a girl can cum. I wanna make you cum with my finger on your clit and in your pussy. I wanna make you cum with my tongue. I wanna make you cum with my dick in your pussy . . . and I wanna cum inside you!" I whispered to her.  
  
"Oh, Daddy . . . oh, Daddy, I'm . . .."  
  
I could feel her body becoming rigid and her breathing becoming quick and shallow. She was moaning, calling my name -- not "Ted," but "Daddy." I slid my middle finger back inside her and found her G-spot. As soon as I touched her there, her body began to have spasms of muscular contractions and I could feel her pussy squeezing down on my finger.  
  
"Oh, Daddy!" she moaned loudly. I was glad that no one else was in the house; certainly they would have heard her in the paroxysms of sexual delight.  
  
I stopped my ministrations on her nubile body as I didn't want her to become overwhelmed . . . and I certainly wasn't through with her for the night. Her body gradually relaxed and her breathing was returning to normal.  
  
"Daddy, that was sooooo good," she said. The truth of the statement was quite obvious. "But, we're not done yet, 'cause I want you in me."  
  
"Honey, it might hurt the first time," I warned her.  
  
"Daddy, I busted my hymen about a year ago, playin' with a vibrator, so don't worry about that. Just fuck me!" she pleaded.  
  
I didn't utter a word. I pulled the pillow from under her head so that she was laying flat on the bed, then I got between her legs to enter her in the missionary position.  
  
"Reach down between us and guide me into you," I instructed her.  
  
I didn't need any stimulation to prepare me to perform. I was as hard as I've ever been, knowing that I would be inside Lisa within the next few seconds. She reached for me, gingerly grasped my male member, and pointed me towards her virgin pussy. I lowered myself until the tip of my dick was touching her young, innocent cunt lips.  
  
"Lisa, I love you. You're my daughter but you're a woman and I need to be inside you now," I said. I pushed forward and felt my dick sliding inside her pussy. It was the tightest thing I had ever felt around my dick. Even anal sex with my wife had not been this tight. I slowly slid in until my meat was buried in her love hole and I felt my balls resting against her butt cheeks.  
  
"Daddy, you're all I want," she said as she looked into my eyes. "I wanna feel you cum in me."  
  
"You're still takin' birth control pills, right?" I asked.  
  
"Yeah . . . so don't stop 'til you cum inside me, please."  
  
I began slowly thrusting in and out of her virgin pussy and it felt like a hand, covered in K-Y, trying to hold me tight. With each push into her pussy, I heard her utter a tiny moan. She had not totally come down from her first orgasm because it didn't take her long to get very aroused again.  
  
"Daddy, I want you to cum in my teeny pussy and I wanna feel your chest rub against my little tits. I wanna cum with you . . .."  
  
"I'm so close, baby. So close . . .." I knew that what we were doing was not illegal but hearing this young girl call me "Daddy" while I had my hard dick in her virgin pussy made me feel like a criminal. This felt like the most forbidden, nasty, horrible thing I had ever done in my entire life but I wanted her more than anything else in the entire world. Wild horses couldn't have pulled me off of her vulnerable, naked body until I had filled her forbidden hole with my cum.  
  
"Daddy, I've wanted you for so long! Please . . . cum in me!"  
  
My thrusting got faster and I could hear her breathing become shallow. "Oh, baby, I'm gettin' ready to cum!" I said.  
  
"Me, too," she replied. "Fuck me, fuck me harder!"  
  
I began to slap my body against hers as I rammed my stiff dick into her hungry pussy. I was ready to fill her with my cream and I wanted to hear her cum with my dick buried in her young, tiny cunt.  
  
"Oh, Daddy, I'm cummin'," she said.   
  
I felt her pussy begin to spasm around my dick and that put me over the edge. I felt my seed boiling over and then I erupted. It felt like my body was trying to force too much cum out at once because it was almost painful. I continued to thrust as my first shot of sperm entered her virgin orifice.  
  
"Oh yeah, oh yeah," she moaned as I continued to spurt my seed into her little teen pussy.  
  
I lowered my torso so that my chest was against her and I felt her hard nipples as I continued to thrust in and out of her wet hole.  
  
"Oh, fuck yeah," she said with a sigh as she began to come down from the height of her arousal. "Daddy, that felt sooo good! I hope you wanna do that every day!"  
  
"Oh, girl, you don't know how much I wanna do that with you."  
  
"Can I start sleepin' in here with you every night?" she asked.  
  
"I'm hopin' you will, but if you get in bed naked every night, I might be keepin' you awake," I teased her.  
  
"I'll be gettin' in bed naked every night, thank you, and I'm expectin' you to show me how to keep you happy," she replied.  
  
"Girl, you make me so happy. I just hope I make you as happy as you make me."  
  
I got off of her and lay down on the bed beside her.  
  
"If you roll back over on your left side, like before, I'll put my arms around you and we'll go to sleep that way."  
  
She rolled over and pushed back to snuggle up against me. "Daddy, I'm so happy now. I'm not a little girl anymore. I'm a woman." She sounded contented. "So, Daddy, am I your girlfriend now?"  
  
"Honey, you're still my little girl, but you're also my woman and, yes, you're my girlfriend. And I love you. Not just as a daughter; I love you like a man loves a woman." I put my arms around her and my right hand found its way back to her left breast. I loved the way her little boobs felt in my hands. I felt like the luckiest guy on the planet and I drifted off to sleep with a very satisfied smile on my face.  
  
"I love you, too, Daddy," she whispered as she closed her eyes.