**My Exhibitionist Daughter**

by[ProfessorPanty](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1021170&page=submissions)©

**My Exhibitionist Daughter Ch. 01**

Bonnie sat quietly and stared out the window as we drove. She hadn't said much this morning, which was unusual since she was typically quite talkative in the mornings, but I fully understood why she was quiet right now. I'm sure she was experiencing some anxiety over what was about to happen to her. Perhaps, I thought, she was contemplating changing her mind.   
  
When I proposed this, I gave it to her straight and didn't pull any punches. I was completely honest when I told her what to expect. I warned her it would be embarrassing and humiliating. I told her she would be utterly, completely and repeatedly exposed during this ordeal - not only to me, but to others, too. I told her she'd be on display as they did things, sexual things. She'd be touched intimately and when it was over, all her modesty will have been stripped from her. In essence, her entire body -- including her most intimate female places - would be been seen and touched by many people.   
  
It would seem as though all of that would be unbearable for any eighteen year old girl, but, it was exactly what she asked for. In fact, she begged me for it.   
  
It all began after my divorce when my daughter, Bonnie, started to visit me at my apartment on the weekends. From her very first visit, there seemed to be numerous instances of me accidentally catching her in the bathroom with the door open, or in her room partially undressed. She would walk around without a bra on under her shirts, and in the skimpiest attire.   
  
"It's just us, Daddy." She would say, reasoning to me that she didn't have to be that careful with just the two of us there. Although I didn't say it to her, I knew she'd never done any of this when I was living at home before the divorce. Something had changed now that I was out of the house.  
  
For example, the night of her first visit, we were going to watch a movie after dinner. So, after helping me clean the kitchen, she said she was going to change her clothes and then meet me in the living room. When she joined me, she was wearing a thin t-shirt and a pair of tight, pink panties. That's it.  
  
She didn't have a bra on, and her pert teenage breasts jiggled with every move and her nipples were clearly erect, poking out the front of her shirt. Just looking at her, I could see the outline of her high set boobs under her shirt and I remember thinking to myself she might as well have nothing on. The t-shirt came down just below her hips so her panties were completely uncovered, and she didn't seem the least bit concerned that her mound and cleft were on prominent display to me. Plus, her panties were tight and although they covered her, they didn't leave much to my imagination. I could see the swell of her mound and the way her pubic hair puffed her panties out in front. It was agonizing, and, it was wonderful all at the same time.   
  
I tried to act like it wasn't bothering me, and I tried hard not to stare at her, but frankly, it was impossible. Throughout the whole movie, I stole glances at her while she sat next to me on the couch. She'd glance up to catch me looking at her and then casually turn her attention back to movie, as if she had no idea what she was doing to me. About halfway through the movie, she shifted her body to lie back on the couch, laying her head on the padded arm and stretching her legs out in my direction. At first, I could only see a small triangle of her pink panties as they strained against her mound, but when she shifted again and brought her knees up, it allowed me to see the strip of pink material covering her vagina. In essence, I had a full view of the gusset of her panties, from front to back.   
  
Her panties were creased up in between her lower lips lewdly, like she'd intentionally pushed them in between her labia and left them like that to catch my stare. As I continued to peek at her, her legs fell apart little by little until her knees were gaping open, affording me a view of my daughter that a father probably should never have. I completely lost interest in the movie and sat there gawking at her. After a while, I shook some sense into myself, and knowing I needed to walk away for a few minutes to get my composure back, I asked her to pause the DVD so I could get a glass of wine from the kitchen, and when she did, I got up off the couch to go get it.  
  
I knew she'd given me a hard-on. I knew it was wrong to be sexually excited by the way my daughter was exposing herself. But, it had been over two years since my ex and I had sex, and I wasn't in a relationship or having sex with anyone yet. Honestly, my daughter is a woman and I'm a man, so I think my hard-on was completely explainable. I wasn't necessarily happy that I had a hard-on looking between my daughter's legs, but I was horny and she obviously didn't care that I was looking at her panty covered pussy.   
  
Unfortunately, when I stood up, my hard cock immediately tented the front of my pants. I tried to be nonchalant about covering it, but I wasn't quick enough and Bonnie saw the way my cock was poking my pants out in front of me. I saw a small smile creek up from the corners of her mouth, and remarkably, she didn't make any effort to look away. She caught me dead to rights with a hard-on from looking at her, and she knew it.   
  
When I returned from the kitchen, she was in the same position, but it looked to me like her panties had been shoved up in between her pussy lips even more than they were before, and I could see an indentation and a small wet spot on her panties right where I guessed the entrance of her pussy hole would be -- meaning she'd touched herself while I was gone. This was getting freaky, and in as much as I didn't want to keep staring at her, I was beyond the point where I could help myself from doing it.   
  
Right before the movie was over, she apparently fell asleep on the couch next to me and her legs fell all the way open as she snoozed. I sat there terrified, wondering if she was faking -- secretly watching me between her closed eyelids to see what I would do. Her crotch was fully open to me, and as I looked down at her panties stretched across her teenage pussy, I had an overwhelming desire to look closer -- to examine her as much as I could.  
  
I called her name and there was no response. I touched her foot and she didn't move at all. Finally, she made a wheezing sound and lazily turned her head slowly away from me. It was only then that I knew she really was sleeping.   
  
Thinking quickly about the risks of what I was about to do, and then deciding to go ahead with it, anyway, I leaned down toward her panty encased pussy. I could actually smell her femininity, and the closer my face got to her panties, the stronger the smell got. I was also able to see the dainty little hairs poking out under the sides of her panties between her legs, and her small mat of pubic hair pressing against the silky material. It looked to me that she probably trimmed herself down there instead of shaved, and that disappointed me, but, I surely wasn't going to complain. I was lucky enough to have my face inches away from an eighteen year old girl's pussy, so I could easily overlook the pubic hair.  
  
Silently, I eased myself off the couch and onto my knees right next to her. Reaching down, I quietly unzipped my pants and fished my hard cock out. Then, feasting my eyes on her, I began to stroke myself as silently as I could. I looked at her closely, taking note of every facet of the way her panties covered her crotch. I studied the way her pubic hair created a mosaic of texture around her lips and then leaning in, almost to the point where I was touching her with my nose, I breathed in her aroma as my jacking continued.   
  
I knew what I was doing was despicable, but, she'd brought this on herself. Since she was sleeping, she wouldn't know what I was doing and given the way she openly displayed herself before she went to sleep, I reasoned it out that she probably wouldn't care. So I kept on -- stroking myself as I inspected and examined my daughter's crotch and sniffing her essence only inches away from her vagina.  
  
When I came, I blasted streams of cum on the floor and against the front of the couch, literally covering everything in front of me with thick, white globs of cum. It was one of the most intense cums I ever had and when it was over, I almost keeled over with exhaustion.   
  
Incidents like the couch episode continued to occur every weekend when she came to visit. All through the winter, I was treated to frequent visual treats of her in some degree of undress, but interestingly enough, I never saw her completely naked from the front. I saw her from behind plenty of times, or, holding a towel in front of her, or sitting in the bathtub shaving her legs through the opened bathroom door. In her bedroom, she seemed to malinger in her bra and panties for hours with the door open, or sometimes with just a t-shirt on and no panties. And it seemed to happen daily -- sometimes, three or four times a day. It was absolute hell on me.   
  
Her exhibitions got so common I could even predict when it would happen and I started to create situations on purpose where it might be possible for me to see her in her panties, or less. When summer started, she asked if she could move in with me and of course, I said she could. That's when all this kicked up a few notches.  
  
Bonnie's dressing and undressing habits got bolder. Now that she was living with me full time, there was no pretense about closing doors. Instead of leaving the doors open just four of five inches, now she left it all the way open. She would even call to me and ask a question, tricking me into coming to her room and I always seemed to arrive in her doorway just as she was pulling her panties up and turning around to face me.   
  
Another thing she did most parents would attribute to sheer, sloppy teenager-itis. I would have to pick up her clothes she left strewn all over her floor just to create a safe place to walk, and I was constantly finding her panties. They were on her floor, on her bed, in her bed, in the bathroom and a few times, I even found her dirty panties in my room. Just from the number of panties I found laying around each week, I was sure she was changing them multiple times a day, and I was really curious about that.   
  
And of course, each time I ran across a pair of her panties, they were always lying with the inside of the crotch panel facing up, bringing my attention to the remnants of her female juices. It wasn't unusual for me to find a pair of twisted up panties with patches of pussy secretions still wet, or panties where the cotton crotch panel was literally stuck together due to the amount of dried pussy juice.   
  
It was all incredibly hard to take -- especially her panties. I say that because I've always had a thing about panties, and believe it or not, my life long panty fetish was partially responsible for the break down of my marriage.   
  
One of the reasons my wife divorced me, she said, was because I was a panty pervert and she felt she couldn't live with me any longer. She'd caught me numerous times with her worn panties held to my nose as I played with myself, and each time it happened, we had a yelling match and she got progressively more distant. When the end came, my wife told me she wouldn't mention my perverted panty behavior to our daughter if I didn't contest the divorce. "Fine with me." I said to myself. And after that, I simply moved out and let the divorce happen.  
  
But, during the time before the divorce, while I was living at home, I never had an interest in my daughter's panties -- it was always my wife's panties, and my wife knew it. They were easily accessible anytime I wanted them, either clean or worn, and I loved my wife and she truly turned me on. It was only logical that her panties would be the ones I was after. But, she finally had enough of it. The last time she caught me, I was hiding in the bathroom with the crotch of her panties in my mouth and a silky pair wrapped around my cock stroking for all I was worth. World War III ensued with a lot of name calling and yelling from both of us.   
  
So, finding my daughter's panties created quite a problem for me. I tried to fight the urge and the temptations of her panties, and when Bonnie was at home - in the apartment with me, it was easy to set them aside or just throw them in the washer. But, it got much harder when Bonnie was gone and I was left alone with her soft panties and a hard cock.  
  
One afternoon, Bonnie had gone to the mall to shop. After she left, I happened to walk by her room and I looked in. As usual, her clothes were in piles on the floor and I shook my head as I bent down to start picking them up. On her desk, I noticed she'd left her laptop turned on, and I couldn't stop myself from sitting down and snooping around in her files.   
  
I found a folder named "Private" and I opened it. To my amazement, the folder was filled with other folders containing lewd pictures and erotic stories downloaded from the internet. Somewhat shocked to find all this on my daughter's laptop, I scanned each folder and discovered most of the stories dealt with Exhibitionism, Incest, Submission and BDSM. I read a few of the stories until I found a folder named "Best Stuff."  
  
Opening that folder, I first came upon a folder named "OMG Father Daughter" which was full of pictures. This was a series of pictures, maybe two hundred or so, of a college age girl who was obviously very shy and embarrassed. As the series of pictures progressed, her clothes disappeared one piece at a time and I could see the girl was red-faced and then, eventually she was crying as the pictures got more and more revealing. When the girl got down to her bra and panties, she was posing in the classic submissive position -- with her hands clasped behind her head.   
  
The pictures became more and more intimate, with close-ups of her nipples and the front of her panties. There were ten or fifteen pictures where the girl was apparently told to lower her panties, and I'm sure the camera clicked away as she put her thumbs into the waistband and pushed them down to her knees. Further along, she was made to bend over and spread her butt cheeks with close-ups taken. Then, she was on her back with her legs spread -- her hands holding her pussy lips apart for the camera. The next several shots showed the girl with her right hand playing with herself and her left arm draped across her face in shame. I could see the look of sheer humiliation on the girl's face in the pictures and I surmised she was ordered to undress and pose while someone, I surmised her father, took the pictures. The last few pictures showed the girl with her knees pulled way up and a wet, sperm filled pussy. Through her knees, you could see her face and she looked completely distressed.  
  
I also found about twenty text files, and as I opened each one, it was clear to me they were erotic stories and they all dealt with reoccurring themes, which I could only assume were my daughter's favorite things to read about. Many dealt with daughters exposing themselves to their fathers, or fathers spanking their daughters, and even daughters seducing their fathers. My cock was incredibly hard as I read these stories, and since no one was home, I pulled my pole out and stroked myself while I read. I couldn't help but think how these stories might have influenced Bonnie's exhibitionist behavior around me, and the more I read, the more similarity I found between her stories and her actions at home. There was one file mysteriously named "B&D". When I opened it, the top line of the file, which I guessed was the title, said "Bonnie and Daddy -- My Story" in big, bold type.   
  
"Fuck!" I gasped. "You've got to be kidding me!"  
  
As I started to read the story, my cock got harder and my stroking got more intense. There wasn't much fluff to the story and no real introduction. It got right into the juicy stuff with the main character, named 'Bonnie' (big surprise), deciding she was going to start exposing herself to her father, and tease him unmercifully until he had no choice other than to have sex with her. As the story went on, it contained passages where Bonnie left doors open and paraded around in just her underwear in order to get him to look at her, and how she'd leave the bathroom door open when she took a shower or a bath, and how she'd masturbate numerous times each day hoping she would get caught in the act by her father.   
  
Reading more of the story, there were several pages where her father finally had enough of her teasing. He stripped the girl naked, spanked her, and then fondled her to orgasm as she lay over his lap. She went into explicit detail about how she yearned to be stripped and touched intimately by him. She went on and on about how she dreamed of being his plaything for any kind of sexual favor her father wanted. She didn't care how embarrassing or humiliating the sex acts were, even plainly stating that the more humiliating they were, the better.   
  
As if that wasn't enough of a shocker, there was a part of the story that described Bonnie being slowly undressed by her father and how the girl got turned on by it, and how she was forced to confess her fantasies about being exposed and humiliated. When the girl was asked to give an example, she told him of her favorite fantasy where her father took her to the doctor for a physical. Then, her father was allowed to stay, watch and take part in the intimate examination of his daughter.  
  
My darling daughter had written twenty pages detailing the doctor's physical, and how she was subjected to situation after situation with unbearable embarrassment and humiliation at the hands of the doctor, nurses and her father, including being restrained while she was fondled and having to masturbate herself to orgasm in front of everyone. In her own words, my daughter explained how she secretly desired all of these things and how happy she would be if she could experience them in real life.  
  
I was totally shocked, and for the life of me, I would have never suspected any of this from my sweetheart of a daughter. But, honestly, I couldn't hold any of it against her because I was just as turned on reading about it, as she was writing about it. Taking a break from reading her story, I leaned back in the chair and looked around her room. Seeing a pair of her panties on the floor, I smiled to myself and then got up to get them.   
  
The panties I found were obviously freshly worn, and the thick juices on the gusset hadn't completely dried yet. "She probably wore them last night," I thought, "then left them on her floor when she took off for the mall." I was caught between lust and love for my daughter; and sitting back down in front of her laptop to read more of her nasty story about us, the lust out weighed the love.  
  
I held Bonnie's panties in my hand, and knowing she was at the mall, I decided I would take advantage of the situation. I slid my jeans and boxers down and began reading my daughter's story from where I left off while I jacked my cock. I was at a place in her story where the doctor had left the father alone with his naked daughter for a few minutes, and the father, who felt sorry for poor girl's aroused but unsatisfied state, decided he would play with her pussy and make her cum while the doctor was out.   
  
The words my daughter wrote enticingly described how the girl was splayed out, with her legs held open on the gynecology table. Having just been examined, her pussy was open and she was literally dripping wet with a combination of her natural lubrication and the examination jelly. So, her father's fingers went to work on her pussy, but, it wasn't enough for the girl. In desperation, she finally begged him to put his cock in her. Of course, the father obliged and while he fucked her, the doctor and nurse returned. Finding the father fully impaled inside his daughter's pussy, the doctor and nurse gathered around the table to watch, and while they did, the nurse pinched the girl's nipples and the doctor took pictures. .

I couldn't believe my daughter could write this stuff. And as I read it, I held her panties to my face and breathed in her luscious vaginal aroma while I jerked my cock. Pretty soon, I got that urgent feeling and I knew I was going to cum; I just couldn't hold back any longer. Between the story and Bonnie's panties, I was way beyond being able to stop my climax.   
  
When I knew it was time, I stood up and jacked myself furiously as I sniffed my baby's panties, blowing thick streams of cum all over the carpet in her room. Jet after jet of cum spurted out of my cock as the thick droplets of my hot sperm peppered her floor.  
  
It was probably the biggest cum I'd had in a long time, and while I recovered and tried to catch my breath, I decided it was about time to confront my daughter and talk to her about the way she'd been showing herself off, and, about her incestuous story. Plus, I was going to find out if she really wanted to live any of this out, and if she said she did -- I was going to offer to help her.   
  
My first order of business was to make a copy of the files on her laptop, and having done that, I left her laptop just as I found it so she wouldn't initially suspect anything when she returned from her shopping trip. Next, I didn't bother to clean up my cum from her bedroom floor and I decided I was going to keep her panties. I even went further than that by looking through her clothes hamper and removing every piece of lingerie that was in there. I'm glad I looked in her hamper, too, because there was a pair of tiny white panties that were absolutely caked with her dried pussy juice and I knew they would bring me many long hours of masturbatory pleasure.   
  
When Bonnie got home from her shopping trip, I was just about done making dinner. She told me all about her trip to the mall and how she ran into a friend of hers there. She told me what she bought and I paid attention to everything she said, even asking questions so she would know I was interested in what she bought. Excitedly, she offered to model all her new clothes for me after dinner. This would be a perfect time to put my plan into action, I thought, and all the way through dinner, she chatted endlessly about this and that while I listened.   
  
When dinner was over, I asked her if she'd clean the kitchen while I took a shower, and then, I'd like her to show me everything she brought home from the mall. As I suspected she would, she immediately agreed and I went to take my shower, chuckling to myself knowing full well what I was going to put her through.  
  
After my shower, I threw on a pair of silk boxer shorts and my old UCLA T-shirt. The thing about these silk boxers is that they don't have a snap or a button on the fly, and I expected they wouldn't provide much coverage if I got a hard-on, and that's the exact look I wanted. She was going to find out tonight what happens when you tease your father.  
  
I called out to her from my bedroom to tell her I was ready. "Want me to bring all my bags in there?" She called back to me.  
  
"No," I replied, "let's do it in the living room." I didn't want her first lesson to be in either of our bedrooms. There was going to be plenty of time for that later. I wanted her first lesson to be in the living room where her humiliation might be heightened just because it was a common room inside the apartment and there was no door - and no place to hide.  
  
She was already there, sitting on the couch, when I made my way into the living room. I could feel my cock wag back and forth inside those silk boxers as I walked, and looking down, the outline of my cock head could easily be seen against the clingy material. This was just the effect I was looking for, and when Bonnie turned and looked at me, I saw her eyes go right to my crotch. There was no mistaking the fact that she could see the outline of my cock swaying loose inside my boxers. The expression on her face was priceless, but, she didn't say anything as I walked in front of her and sat down in my easy chair next to the couch she was on.  
  
"Okay," I said, as I sat down, "let's see what you've got there, Sweetheart."  
  
It took Bonnie a few seconds to snap out of the stupor she was in from seeing me so casually clad, but then she grabbed one of her bags and dumped it out on the couch. She held up some t-shirts and some shorts, a pair of jeans and some other things. I watched politely as one by one she dumped out the rest of the bags and held up all those things, too. When she was done, I told her all of it looked nice and I was sure it would all look good on her.   
  
"So, you didn't get any lingerie?" I asked.  
  
"Yeah," she replied, "I did, but I left all that in my room. You're probably not interested in seeing it."  
  
Time to put my plan into action.  
  
"Oh, sure I do!" I answered, enthusiastically. "Why don't you leave those things on the couch and go get your new lingerie." Bonnie looked at me for a second, and then said she guessed it would be okay. I could see by the look on her face she was a bit perplexed over my interest in her lingerie, but, I expected that. My plan was going perfectly so far.  
  
Bonnie returned with a sack containing several lingerie items, and when she dumped it on the couch, she started to separate the bras and panties into piles with the rest of her new things. Most of the lingerie she bought were bra and panty sets, and once she laid everything out, I pointed to one of the sets and asked her to hand it to me. Bonnie's eyes got big and she look confused, but, she hesitantly picked the set up I pointed to and handed it to me.  
  
She was fidgeting nervously as I first examined the bra. "Did you try this bra on?" I asked.  
  
"Uh huh," she replied, "it fit okay. It's my size."  
  
I held the bra up in front of me and made it obvious I was looking inside the cups of the bra. Then, I ran both my hands inside the cups, pausing for a moment to feel the spot where her teenage nipples probably touched. Looking up at her as I fingered her bra, I remarked, "Hmm, nice and soft. Did it feel good on you?" I asked.  
  
Bonnie's expression went to complete shock. I could see the conflict in her eyes as she debated on how to answer my question, but, I didn't wait for her to say anything. Instead, I looked at the bra strap and tilted my head to look at the tag. "34-B" I read out loud. "I would have sworn you were fuller than that -- maybe a C cup."  
  
"Daddy!" Bonnie exclaimed as she blushed slightly.   
  
"Well, I may be your Father, but, I'm still a man and I notice things, you know." I said in response.  
  
Then, I held the matching panties up and looked at them. They were very light and had a sexy, silky feeling with a tiny bow at the very front. "Hmm, very sexy." I said. Then, I held the panties in my hand and made a clear move to peek inside at the crotch panel of her new panties. "I'm glad you buy panties with a cotton crotch, Sweetheart."  
  
When I looked over at her, she was sitting there with the 'deer-in-the-headlight' look. Obviously surprised at the way I fingered her bra and inspected the crotch of her new panties, she was speechless.  
  
"Here," I said, as I handed the set back to her, "try them on so I can see how they look on you."   
  
Now, the way I figured it, this was just about the time when I expected her to either jump up and eagerly strip for me, or try to act modest and put me in my place. I was ready for any response, though. And when she just sat there and looked at me, I followed up with, "Come on, Sweetheart, I want to see how they look on you. Lately, I've seen you in a lot less, so there's no reason to be bashful now."  
  
"Uh, well," she sighed, and then reluctantly added, "okay, I guess." She stood up and started to walk out of the room.   
  
"Bonnie." I called out, getting her attention. "Where are you going?"  
  
"To my room to put these on, Dad! Jeez." She answered, sarcastically, waving the bra and panty set at me.  
  
"You don't need to do that." I replied. "There's no reason you can't just change into them right here."  
  
"Here?" She asked. "In front of you?"  
  
"Sure," I replied, "why not?"   
  
"But, uh," she paused, "Daddy, you might see me naked!"  
  
"And what's wrong with that?" I answered. "After all, I am your father." Then, with a firmer tone to my voice, I added, "Come over here, Bonnie. You can change right here."  
  
Bonnie looked at me for a few seconds, almost not believing what she heard me say. I pointed to a spot, right in front of my easy chair. "Bonnie!" I raised my voice slightly to get her attention. "Come over here! Stand right here. I want to see you model your new lingerie for me."  
  
I could see my daughter was in denial of what she heard me say. I'm sure she was wondering why I was doing this, but, sensing I was serious, she took one hesitant step toward me, and then another until she was standing exactly where I pointed. To my amazement, and without looking at me, she reached down and pulled her t-shirt over her head and held it in front of her chest.  
  
"Drop the shirt, Sweetheart." I said in a calm, loving voice. Still without looking at me, she dropped her shirt next to her feet, crossed her arms in front of her chest and just stood there. "Hands to your side, please." I then said.  
  
"Bonnie, look at me." I said in my firm voice.   
  
When she raised her head to look at me, there was a look in her eyes which I'd never seen before from my daughter. It wasn't fear and it wasn't anger. Actually, it was the look of obedience and anticipation, and before I could say anything else, she reached up between her bra cups to undo the clasp.  
  
"Stop." I said. "Just put your hands down to your sides and listen to me for a few minutes."  
  
This was going a lot easier than I expected. Not only did she obey my request to remove her shirt, but, without even asking, she was about to remove her bra and show her teenage breasts and nipples to me. But, that could wait for a few minutes, because there were some things I needed to say to her first and I knew if I didn't say them now, she'd never understand why I was acting this way.  
  
"Bonnie," I began, "you're eighteen years old so you're an adult now and I'm going to talk to you as an adult. I would appreciate it if you would show me some respect by acting like an adult in return. Can you do that?" I asked.  
  
"Dad, you're being weird and it's starting to scare me." She answered. "Why are you acting like this?" She asked.  
  
I held my hand up and calmly said "Quiet, please." Then after a moment, I said, "I'll answer all your questions in a moment, but, right now I just want a 'Yes' or 'No' answer from you. I said I was going to treat you like an adult and I asked you to treat me with respect and act like an adult in return. Can you do that, or not?" I asked sternly.  
  
Bonnie lowered her head to look at her feet and then she nodded her head up and down as if to say 'Yes'.   
  
"I'll take that as a 'Yes' answer, but, part of showing me respect is looking at me and answering my questions."  
  
She raised her head and looked me in the eyes. "Yes, Daddy, I'll show you respect and act like an adult."  
  
"Thank you." I said, praising her. "Now, Bonnie," I explained, "I'm quite upset with you right now. I'm going to take my time and explain why I'm upset and hopefully we can discuss this openly and honestly, the way adults discuss things. I'm not going to talk to you like a child, Sweetheart. But, if I have to do that, it will only be worse for you. Do I make myself clear?"  
  
"Yes, Daddy." She answered, not failing to look at me when she answered.  
  
"Good." I replied. "Now, first off, I want you to listen to what I have to say. If you don't pay attention, I'll double the punishment you're already going to get. So, if I were you, I'd pay attention because I'm not kidding."  
  
I wanted to let that sink in for a minute before I continued, so I paused and looked at her. I knew her mind was spinning trying to figure out why I was mad at her and what kind of punishment I'd already decided on.  
  
After a short pause, I continued, saying, "Sweetheart, you know I love you. Regardless of what happened between your mother and I, I've always loved you and I always will. But, you've been bad, and as an adult, it's time for you to face the consequences of your actions."  
  
"For months now," I said, "you've been parading around in front of me barely dressed, in your panties, or, letting me see your body almost naked. You leave the door open in your bedroom when you're dressing and undressing, and you leave the bathroom door open when you're in the bath or in the shower. You walk around in your thin little T-shirts with no bra on - jiggling your boobs, and poking your nipples out at me. I've seen you in your panties more than I ever saw your mother in her panties in nearly twenty years of marriage."  
  
I let that sink in for a few seconds and then I continued.  
  
"I feel you're doing this on purpose, Bonnie, just to tease me and get me turned on. Well, I hope you're happy, because it worked. Thanks to you, I go to bed every night with a painful erection after you've teased me all day and got me thinking about how cute you are, and how much I'd love to touch you and do 'things' to you. And, I mean nasty things, Bonnie. Things a father shouldn't ever think about with his daughter."  
  
I had her attention now, I could tell. Her eyes were locked on my face like a laser beam and she was collecting my words as I said them and processing them one by one in her head.   
  
"Now," I added, after I paused for few more seconds, "don't even think about making up some lame excuse for your behavior, like 'Oh, we're all family' or 'but, you're my daddy.' That's all a crock of shit. You knew damn well what you were doing and you knew it would turn me on. You know I haven't been dating -- that I don't have a girlfriend and no one to have sex with. But you continued to tease me and taunt me, showing off your body and exciting me day after day. Bonnie, that was mean of you to do. I'm a man and I have male urges. Even if you are my daughter, when I see you showing off and exhibiting yourself like you've been doing, it makes me want to have you in a sexual way. I think you're old enough to know what that means."   
  
She started to say something, but I immediately held my hand up and raised my eyebrows. When she became quiet again, I said, "I couldn't figure out why you were being so cruel to me. That is, until today when I found your laptop powered on and stumbled across all those pictures and stories in your "Private" folder.   
  
You should have seen Bonne's eyes open up when she heard I found the pictures and the stories on her laptop. I'm sure that between my long, drawn out speech about the way she was exposing herself and telling her I'd been snooping in her erotic stories, she had to be putting the pieces of the puzzle together in her head by now. So, I paused for another minute, just to let some panic set in, and then I continued on with my little tirade.  
  
"I read through some of those stories saved in that folder, Bonnie, and from the looks of things, they all have something to do with exhibitionism, incest, submission, bondage, spanking and humiliation." I said. "Bonnie, you're an adult now. I surely understand that all of us have fantasies and sexual desires. And, I don't want you to think I'm mad at you for having those fantasies and desires, because I'm not. Even your mother and I have those kinds of thoughts, so I'm not mad at you for that."  
  
"What I am mad about, though," I said quite firmly, "is that you teased me in order to satisfy your own sexual needs. You used me to live out your exhibitionist fantasies. Day after day you did that -- used me to generate your own pleasure - and I got nothing in return except frustration. So, for that my dear daughter, you're going to be punished tonight, and regardless of what ever else happens, you're going to find yourself over my lap and you're going to get you're cute little bottom warmed by my hand. And, Bonnie, I do mean on your bare bottom."

**My Exhibitionist Daughter Ch. 02**

My plan was coming together nicely and by now, I knew she would be paying very close attention to what I was saying. Having just been told she was going to be spanked on her bare bottom, I expected her to be showing signs of both nervousness and excitement, and she was -- I could see both in her eyes.   
  
Preparing to lay the final ground work for my big surprise, I decided to deviate from my plan just a bit and give myself a little well deserved pleasure.  
  
"Take your bra off and hand it to me, Sweetheart." I asked, calmly.  
  
As soon as I said it, her hands rose to the bra clasp between her boobs and she undid it. Holding her bra together as she looked at me, I simply nodded my head and held my hand out, beckoning to her to give me the bra. Her face instantly turned a deep shade of crimson and a dark red blush spread across her chest. Then, as she looked down at her feet, she slipped the bra off, took a step toward me and handed me her bra.  
  
This was a first for her. In all the times she'd exposed herself to me, not once had she been bare breasted and faced me directly. Yes, I'd seen her from the back and from the side, but this was the first time she would reveal the fullness of her pert, teenage breasts to my sight.   
  
I held her bra in front of me, and then just for show, I lifted the bra cups one by one, up to my face and buried my nose into the cups. Glancing up at her, her eyes were wide open watching as I rubbed my face into her warm bra where her breasts had been, and inhaled deeply, loud enough for her to hear. Just moments before, my daughter's pointy teenage nipples had been protected by this bra, and now my face was smothered by it.   
  
"Hands to your side, Bonnie." I said, seeing she was covering herself up. "You've had your fun for months - teasing me and giving me endless erections - now it's time to face the consequences. Keep those hands down at your side so I can clearly see those breasts and nipples you've been taunting me with."  
  
"You have beautiful breasts, Sweetheart." I said to her after a few seconds. "And beautiful nipples, too. I especially like the way your nips are getting hard. I guess that means you can't be that mad at me right now."  
  
It wasn't only her nipples that were hard. My cock was extremely hard, too, and I draped her bra across my lap to hide my excited condition from her, for now. I still had a lot more to say to my daughter and I needed her to focus on what I was going to be saying and the emotions she was feeling -- not on my cock.  
  
"What I need to talk about next is going to be difficult, Bonnie." I began. "You're probably going to feel ashamed, and it'll be hard to stand there and listen to what I have to say, but you will stand silently and hear me out. And I want you to pay close attention because at the end of this, I'm going to ask you a very important question and I want you think about your answer carefully. Are we clear on that?"  
  
She tried to speak, but, she couldn't get a word out. Her mouth moved, but I heard no sound. I smiled to myself knowing she was scared and excited. And, after clearing her throat, she simply said "Yes, Daddy." I knew I was getting to her, and even though it was hard to be intentionally mean to my own daughter, who I loved very much, there was also some satisfaction in seeing the way she was reacting.  
  
"While I was looking through the files on your laptop," I explained, "I found your 'Bonnie and Daddy' story." Her jaw dropped and she let out an audible gasp as her hands flew up to cover her mouth in alarm.  
  
"I read the whole story, and at first, I was shocked." I continued. "But as I read it more closely, I was able to see all the emotion and feeling you put into it, and I was deeply touched that you wanted to do all those sexual things with me. Then, it occurred to me that all the nasty things you wrote about in your story were the same themes in all the stories you saved from the internet. So, I just assume those are the things you fantasize about the most. That's when the light bulb turned on for me, Bonnie. That's when I completely understood why you've been exposing yourself and teasing me."  
  
"As I said earlier," trying to be crystal clear about what I'd already said, "I'm not mad you were reading all those internet stories. I'm not even mad that you wrote a story about me and you. What I'm mad about is that you selfishly teased me for your own gratification and you were completely thoughtless about your father's feelings."  
  
"Honestly," I added, "I enjoyed the story you wrote about us. You obviously wrote it to be erotic, and it was. I was captivated by it, Sweetheart. It turned me on so much that half way through, right there in your room, and I masturbated myself while I read it."  
  
Bonnie looked at me and gasped in surprise when I told her I played with my cock while I read her story. I smiled at her, and nodded my head, saying, "I'm telling you the truth, Sweetheart. It turned me on so much I had pull my cock out and jack-off. And if that surprises you, you're probably going to be shocked to hear that not only did I masturbate in your room while you were gone, but I also found a pair of your worn panties and I sniffed them while I read your story and jacked-off. I'm not kidding about that last part, Bonnie. If you go look in your room, you won't find any of your worn panties. Not on your floor or in your clothes hamper - because I took them all. And I bet if you look closely, you'll see the dried cum stains on your carpet."  
  
Bonnie was so shocked to hear me say all this, I could have knocked her over with a single breath. She was absolutely speechless.   
  
"Bonnie," I continued, "the reason I just told you all of that, was because I wanted you to know that you're not the only one with sexual needs. Just like I know you get turned on by exposing yourself, now you know that I jerked off and sniffed your panties. And not only that, but I took your panties so I could sniff them again the next time I masturbate, which will probably be tonight."  
  
I stopped for a minute and reached for her bra that was lying across my lap. I hoped what I was about to do would solidify everything I'd said inside her head. It was one thing to tell her that her story and her panties had turned me on, but, it was another thing to show her. So, slowly, I pulled her bra away from my lap. My hard cock, sticking through the fly of my boxers, came into view -- sticking up proudly, as hard as it's ever been.  
  
"Oh, my God!" She exclaimed as she pointed to my cock. "Daddy!"  
  
"Sweetheart, this is what happens when you tease me." I said, referring to my hard cock, sticking up for her to see. "And don't act surprised that I've got an erection. After all, you're standing there with your boobs hanging out, and don't forget, I am a man." She couldn't take her eyes off my cock, and I didn't want her to. "Go ahead and look, Bonnie," I said to her, "I think you need to see for yourself what you've been doing to me each day. I'm serious, Sweetheart. Take a nice long look at your father's erection."  
  
I thought about wrapping my hand around my cock and jacking myself in front of her, but, that would take her mind away from what I really wanted her to think about next, which was the whole point of our little talk. So after a minute or so, I casually tucked my trusty pole back into my boxers and covered the bump with her bra again.  
  
"Now," I said, pausing for just a second to get her attention back, "this is the really hard part and where I need you to listen to me closely. I'm going to give you something to think about and ask you to make a decision. But, I don't want you to make that decision without having all the information to make it in an adult fashion. Do you understand, Bonnie?"  
  
"Yes, Daddy," she answered, "I understand. I need to pay close attention here."  
  
"Good girl, that's exactly right." I replied. Then I began to lay it all out for her, taking great pains to make everything perfectly clear.  
  
"If all those pictures and stories you downloaded, and the story you wrote about us, were just fantasy to fuel your masturbation sessions, then I'll just spank you and give your panties back in a day or so, and then we'll both forget about all of this. You won't hold anything against me, and I won't hold anything against you. It will be all over, and we'll both forgive each and we'll move forward just like none of this ever happened."   
  
"But," I explained, "if you're turned on by thoughts of exhibitionism, submission, humiliation, and having sex with me, and you want to have an opportunity to live some of that out and experience it all in a safe environment with someone that loves you, I'll agree to do that - for one month, under a few conditions which are non-negotiable and absolutely firm."  
  
The expression on Bonnie's face was one of complete excitement. I knew I had her now. She was hanging on every word I said and I could see her brain was working a thousand miles a minute trying to process what I was saying, what it meant, and trying to figure out if I was serious, or not.   
  
"Those conditions would be these, and you would have to agree to all of them." I said, firmly. "First, you will do everything I ask of you with no arguments. That means no matter what it is, you have to do it. It might be distasteful to you, utterly embarrassing, or horribly humiliating. But you'll do it, and you'll do it cheerfully or you'll be punished for disobeying."  
  
"Second," I continued, "I will make all decisions on what you will wear, or won't wear, at all times. I promise I won't take you out in public looking like a slut, but, you can expect that I'll take some liberties in the way I dress you, especially when it's just you and me here in the apartment."  
  
I could see a mix of excitement and terror in her eyes as I talked.  
  
"Third," I said, "you will submit to me unconditionally, and that includes sexually. I will teach you the proper mannerisms and behavior of a submissive female, and for the thirty days, you will abide by them and be totally submissive to me in every way. And yes, I did say sexually and yes, I did mean that."  
  
"Fourth," I explained, "you will give me your promise not to keep anything from me and you will always tell me the truth - no matter how hard it is. You will answer all my questions fully without any trace of deceit and you will be forthcoming with information, even if I don't specifically ask for it."  
  
"Fifth," I said, as I leaned forward in my chair and looked directly into her eyes, "you will accept punishment from me as I deem necessary. It might be a spanking, or I might elect another appropriate punishment. I give you my word and my promise that you would never be physically hurt; I would never do that to you, Sweetheart. But, I don't see anything wrong with a spanking or something equally demeaning. I will be fair and you'll never be punished without cause, but, when I decide you need to be punished, you'll take it willingly and without argument."  
  
"Sixth and lastly," I said softly, leaning back in my chair, "I'm sure you understand the need for privacy and discretion if we do this. That would mean you have to give me your solemn oath that you won't ever speak of what we're talking about to anyone other than me. If you do, it would mean big trouble for the both of us, and, your mother would find out, too."  
  
Bonnie's eyes were almost glazed over and her nipples were hard and erect as she stood there. Her breathing was fast and shallow, and I worried for a few minutes that she might hyperventilate and pass out on me. I was really laying it on thick -- maybe too thick.  
  
"So," I said, after stopping for a minute to let her think to herself about what I'd just said, "this is how we're going to proceed. In a few minutes, I'm going to spank you, just as I said I was going to do. And, yes, on your bare bottom. When I ask you, you'll remove your jeans and then I'll take your panties down, myself."   
  
Bonnie's eyes seemed to light up when I told her I was going to lower her panties, myself. Her nipples were hard, too, and she hung on every word I said. Then, I continued speaking.   
  
"After your spanking," I explained, "you'll go take a shower, shave your legs, wash your hair and make yourself pretty and presentable. Then, you'll get in bed and call for me. When I come in, just like I used to do when you were a little girl, I'll tuck you in and give you a good night kiss. At that time, you'll give me your answer about the thirty days by telling me either 'Yes' or 'No'. You'll say 'Yes' if you want to have the opportunity to experience those things that turn you on, or you'll say 'No' if you don't. Be sure of your answer, Sweetheart, because there's not going to be a second chance. If you say 'No', then it's no forever. If you say 'Yes', then we'll start the month tomorrow morning and there's no calling it off once we start."  
  
Bonnie's eyes met mine and we exchanged looks for several moments. "Did you get all that?" I asked. "Any questions?"  
  
"No, Daddy. No questions. I got it all. I was paying attention." She replied.  
  
"Good." I answered. "Are you ready to have your spanking, then?"  
  
"I guess so, but," Bonnie said, meekly, "Is it going to hurt a lot?"  
  
"That depends on you, Sweetheart." I said. "If you cooperate completely and don't give me a hard time, then I promise to go easy on you. Believe me when I say I love you and I wouldn't ever do anything to physically hurt you. But, you've got this spanking coming, and I'm going to give it to you."  
  
"I'll be good." She promised, looking at me -- her slender body almost shaking. What Bonnie didn't know was that she didn't have anything to worry about from the spanking itself -- I surely wasn't going to spank my little girl much or very hard at all. What she should have been concerned about, though, was the way she was going to be exposed and humiliated as part of her spanking. I was going to make sure she got a taste of her fantasies, whether she wanted it, or not.   
  
"Okay, let's get this over with." I said calmly. "I think it would be easier if you brought me one of the chairs from the kitchen, Sweetheart. Would you do that for me, please."  
  
Bonnie nodded her head and immediately left to bring me a chair from the kitchen table. As soon as she was out of sight, I stood up from my easy chair and pulled my cock through the fly of my boxers and gave it a few tugs to try to make it harder. It was useless, though, because my cock was already as hard as a steel pole and I smiled to myself admiring the way it majestically pointed out in front of me.  
  
When Bonnie returned carrying the chair over which she would be spanked, she saw me standing there with my cock sticking out. Setting the chair down in front of me, she took a step back and with her hands to her sides, she stood there silently staring at my cock, waiting for me to tell her what to do next.   
  
"I've got half a mind to make you take care of this for me." I said to her, pointing down to my throbbing cock. "Maybe I should add that to your punishment in return for the hundreds of erections you've caused."  
  
I think poor Bonnie wasn't sure what I was going to do to her next. At first, she seemed to be focusing on how much the spanking was going to hurt her cute, teenage butt, but, now I think she was seeing that she might be made to service my cock. The uncertainty was good, for sure, because it gave her more to think about, even though there was no way I was going to force her to do anything to me. I just couldn't do that to her. Anything she did, she would have to do willingly.  
  
Reaching out and turning the chair around to face her, I sat down. Intentionally, I left my cock poking out so she could see it, and in fact, I had a little surprise planned for her that I hoped would make her uncomfortable as hell.   
  
Once I was settled, I looked up into Bonnie's eyes and told her to come stand in front of me. When she did, I told her to take the rest of her clothes off. "You can keep your panties on for now." I added.  
  
Since she was already topless, it didn't take her long to pull her jeans off and straighten back up in front of me. There she stood in just her panties, obediently standing with her hands by her sides. I'd seen these specific panties on her before, and I liked them very much on her. They were tiny cotton hip huggers, with a full back. The fact that they were cotton meant there was no sewn-in crotch panel and her juices, which I suspected were flowing liberally from my daughter's vagina by now, would be soaked up in the cotton material, making these panties an especially good trophy to confiscate after her spanking. I made a mental note to be sure to get them.   
  
As I was concocting my plan earlier in the day, I strategically placed six sofa pillows by the couch and I had an ingenious plan on how to use them to increase her exposure and humiliation during her spanking. So, pointing to the pillows, I asked her to get them for me. One by one, I laid the pillows on the floor to the left of the spanking chair I was sitting in, stacking them up, one on top of the other until there was a tower of pillows next to me.  
  
"Bonnie," I said, once I had the last pillow in place, "you're going to lie over my lap and rest your head on these pillows with your butt in the exact middle of my lap. I'll allow you to keep your panties on until you're in position to protect what modesty you might have, but they'll have to come off before your spanking begins. If you cooperate and don't give me any reason to get more upset with you, you won't get very many swats and it won't hurt too much."  
  
She nodded her head up and down, and knowing that it was now do or die, I held my hand out to her and said, "Get over my lap now."  
  
Bonnie was looking at my cock straining up from my crotch as she took a tentative step toward me. "Daddy," my daughter said nervously, pointing to my cock, "what about your, uh....."  
  
"Get over my lap, Sweetheart." I said calmly. "Don't make me ask you again."  
  
I watched as my daughter moved to the right of me and then carefully started to bend down and lay her nearly naked body over my lap. I knew it would be cumbersome, and she'd have to struggle to position her pelvis perfectly over my lap. I did it this way so I could see her boobs dangling in front of me as she tried to get into position correctly. After two tries, she'd figured it out, and as she rested her head on the pillows, her panty covered bottom lowered itself down to my lap, exactly in the middle as I'd requested.  
  
She was careful not to lie on top of my cock, but, I was elated to find that her body was nestled right up next to it, and it throbbed and pulsed against her. I flexed my cock muscles a few times to let her know it was there, and I felt her shiver each time my pole moved against her. I could only imagine what she must have thought each time she felt my cock move.   
  
I'd judged the height of the spanking chair and the pillows perfectly. The way she was perched upon my lap with her head resting on the pillows, her knees couldn't quite touch the floor so she had to hold herself up by spreading her feet and balancing on her tiptoes. As I hoped, she was going to give me a wonderful view of her pussy from behind once I removed her panties. I'd even planned on making her spread her feet way out so I could see deeper into her cleft from behind. I knew all this would be tremendously embarrassing, humiliating, and hopefully - exciting for her, and I'd be able to tell if she was enjoying it by the amount of moisture and the aroma from her eighteen year old pussy.   
  
Finally, it was time. She was in place, my cock was throbbing up against her, and her beautiful, teenage butt was in my lap. I wanted the next phase of her experience to be slow and agonizing for her, and so far, everything had worked out perfectly so I had high hopes this next part would go good, too.

"Bonnie," I said calmly as I laid one hand on her back and one hand lightly on her butt, taking the liberty to feel the soft cotton of her panties on the palm of my hand, "I'm glad you're taking all this like an adult, Sweetheart."   
  
I started to lightly stroke the firm globes of her bottom outside her panties, moving from side to side, cupping the tight flesh of her buttocks in my hands. "This would have been a lot harder for me to do if you had forced me to treat you like a child." I added. "I appreciate that, Sweetheart."  
  
Then moving my hand down between her legs to the inside of her thigh - not even a fraction of an inch from the gusset of her panties - I continued speaking to her in a calm voice, saying, "I'm hopeful you'll learn a lesson from this and you'll remember the feelings you're experiencing right now, and the ones you'll experience during and after your spanking."  
  
After I stopped talking, I very slowly moved my hand up to where my fingers lightly grazed her panty covered pussy, right between her legs. She lurched a little when she felt my touch, but, I held her in place with the hand that was resting against her back. As she came to relax again, I slowly increased the pressure of my fingers between her legs until I was stroking them lightly up and down her pantied slit. I was amazed at the amount of moisture I could feel simply by the light touch of my fingers, and there was no doubt in my mind that she was probably dripping wet with anticipation. I'd get the final answer to that question very soon when I removed her panties -- I'd be able to see the level of her excitement.   
  
It wasn't my plan, initially, to actually fondle my daughter while she lay over my lap before her spanking, but, I couldn't resist it. She was right there and her butt looked so inviting wrapped in her tight panties. I could see the crotch of her panties so clearly as I looked down at her, and it was if her panties were calling my name, begging me to touch her. So, I gave in to the feeling and started to feel her up in earnest.  
  
"Sweetheart," I whispered while I touched her, "you should appreciate the fact that I haven't said anything to your mother about the way you've been showing your body off to me. And, you should feel fortunate that you have a father that is so understanding about these things and is willing to help you through it. Don't you agree?"  
  
Bonnie was starting to tremble as I touched her between her legs. I felt for her pussy hole through her panties, and once I found it and pressed into it, a flood of warmth and wet spilled out against my finger. She was, without a doubt, as turned on as I'd planned and hoped for.  
  
"Yes, Daddy," she replied in a ragged voice, "I'm thankful you didn't tell Mom and I do feel fortunate to have an understanding Daddy like you." Her words made me smile, and even though I wanted to continue touching my daughter's secret place, I knew I needed to get on with it.  
  
Withdrawing my hand from her back and from between her legs, I put my hands on her waist and tucked my fingers into the waistband of her panties, saying, "I'm going to slip your panties down now, and I don't want any trouble from you when I do it. You're going to have to close your legs together for a few seconds so I can get them off. Then, you'll have your spanking and it will be all over, Sweetheart."  
  
Only a moment later, I began the immensely exciting task of lowering my daughter's panties. I wanted this to be a slow, excruciating ordeal for her, so I made sure I went as slow as I could without stopping. The tension in the room was almost unbearable and we both knew she would be completely naked and exposed to me before long.   
  
When the waistband of her panties cleared her butt cheeks, she closed her legs as I asked her to. The view as I slipped her panties further down was nothing short of spectacular. The crotch of her panties turned inside out as I pulled them down over her thighs, and I could see they were shiny with the glistening lubrication seeping from her pussy.   
  
Further down I pulled, and as I did, I finally got a small peek of her exposed pussy from behind, taking note of the amount of hair she had on her pussy lips. Then, as the gusset of her panties pulled away and popped loosed from between her thighs, I heard her moan and I felt her body shake.   
  
She knew she was no longer covered when her loose panties slipped easily down her legs and I let them sit for a moment just above her ankles. "Almost done, Bonnie," I whispered to her, "lift your feet now." Without having to be asked again, my daughter pulled up one foot, and then the other allowing me to remove her panties, making her finally naked in my presence.  
  
Since she couldn't see me with her face buried in the pillows, I pulled her panties to my face and felt the wetness of the cotton against my nose. The aroma was thick, and it enraged my cock to where it was throbbing against her bare flesh and leaking precum from the tip.   
  
Bonnie was having a hard time balancing herself with her feet together like they were, and I knew she couldn't keep her balance much longer. I knew she'd have to eventually spread her feet in order to stay across my lap without rolling off. I decided to just let her figure it out, and once she did, she would have no choice but to open her stance up and give me the view between her legs I was waiting for.   
  
"Are you comfortable now?" I asked.   
  
At that point, my daughter gave up trying to balance herself and moved her feet apart so she could steady her body. I think she must have realized the view she was affording me, because she let go a long sigh as her body settled down and came to rest again.   
  
I placed one of my hands on her back again and one on her right butt cheek. Gently pushing her butt cheek open with my hand, I was able to see down inside her butt crack and clearly see her crinkled star and the lips of her labia. "You're quite beautiful back here, Sweetheart." I said, gazing down between her legs. "I hope you'll forgive me for looking at you so intimately, but, I think you owe me that much."  
  
"It's okay, Daddy." She said meekly. "You can look."  
  
I didn't expect her to answer, but since she did and told me it was okay, I moved my other hand to her left butt cheek and then I deliberately spread both cheeks and looked down at her. I was delighted to see when I spread her cheeks like this, her pussy lips parted a bit and I could see the pink of her pussy open up just a little.   
  
"Thank you, Bonnie." I said, nicely. "I'm happy you're taking this so well. And since you're letting me look at you without putting up a fuss, I'll reward you by making your punishment lighter than it was going to be. See," I added, "good behavior gets rewarded."  
  
"Thank you." She said. "And, Daddy...." Bonnie added.  
  
"Yes, Sweetheart?" I answered. "Did you want to say something?"   
  
"I don't mind you looking." She said softly, followed by, "You could have always looked, Daddy. Anytime you wanted to, and I would have let you."   
  
I didn't expect that, at least not yet anyway. But it confirmed one thing, and that is -- I was on the right track with her.   
  
"That's nice to know and I appreciate you telling me." I replied. "I wasn't kidding when I said you were beautiful down here. In the last several weeks, you don't know how many times I've dreamed about looking at you and stroking myself at the same time."   
  
I reached down between her butt cheeks and I spread her open as far as I could, hoping I could open her pussy up a little more and get a better look at her pinkness. My cock was vacillating and throbbing as I did this, straining against her and I knew she could feel it. To make it more interesting, I had a steady flow of precum seeping from my cock head and it was leaking all over me and some of it was on her, too. In a way, I thought having my precum leaking all over her was a good thing - and once she discovered it, it might boost her emotionally to know how much she'd turned me on as she lie across my lap.   
  
"Sweetheart, from what I can see of it back here, your vagina is absolutely stunning." I said, in a soft voice. "I wish I could have seen it before now. That surely would have eased my frustrations each night."  
  
Bonnie shuddered at my words. If there was any doubt in her mind what I could see from the way she way lying over my lap, I think it was just cleared up. All this aside, I knew I had to get on with it now. If I delayed much more, she might start to see through my plan.  
  
"Bonnie, it's time for your spanking now and I want you to be brave and don't try to pull away from me." I said to her softly. "As I promised, I'm going to reduce the number of swats to just a few. I can't let you off with no punishment, but since you've been good, I'm going to reduce it quite a bit. If you want, I can rub you lightly after your swats to help ease the sting, but, I won't do that unless you ask me to."  
  
"Thank you, Daddy." Bonnie replied. "And yes, I'd like you to rub me to help with the sting, if you don't mind."   
  
As far as I was concerned, she'd just given me permission to touch her and feel her up. I don't think she was so naïve to believe I was simply going to soothe away the sting of the swats on her bottom. She had to know I was going to touch her intimately.  
  
"Very well, Bonnie, I'll try to rub away some of he sting and hopefully, I'll make it more bearable for you and help you feel better. You can always stop me if it's not helping." I explained to Bonnie. "Now, if you have anything you want to say, say it now, because it's time we get this over with."  
  
"The only thing I want to say is that I'm really sorry for teasing you, Daddy." She answered, turning her head around as much as she could to look at me. "I know it was wrong of me to do it, and I deserve to be punished. I'm also very thankful for lowering the number of swats, too. And, uh, Daddy..... I meant what I said. So, from now on, you can look at me naked any time you want. And if you need to masturbate while you look at me, I think I owe you at least that much."  
  
My heart was warmed by her confession and her offer, and I almost pulled her off my lap and hugged her. But, I knew from reading her stories she had some interest in being spanked, either from an exhibitionist, submissive or humiliation point of view, and I wanted her to fully experience the sensation of being exposed and having to endure the momentary discomfort of being spanked. So, without further delay, I thanked her for her declaration and told her to ready herself.  
  
I swung my hand up and brought my open palm down on her right butt cheeks smartly, trying to create a swat that had more topical sting and less actual brute force. I wasn't trying to create bruises on my precious daughter's ass, I just wanted her to feel the sting on her cheeks. SMACK!  
  
"Oh, shit!" She screamed and jumped at the same time.  
  
Immediately, a red hand print appeared on her butt cheek and she squirmed on my lap. I thought I might have smacked her too hard, so I immediately started to rub her bottom to help rub away the sting. After a few moments, I raised my hand again and swatted the other cheek. Just as before, her cheek started to redden and she jumped when she felt the sting. Then I switched to the other side and swatted again, and then quickly again on the opposite cheek.   
  
Pausing for a moment, I asked, "Doing okay so far?" As I rubbed her stinging cheeks with my hand.  
  
She turned her head toward me and sniffled, "It stings really bad, Daddy." Her eyes were staring to water and I immediately feared I'd spanked her too hard. She whimpered a little bit and readjusted her feet wider, preparing herself for more swats. When she did, I peeked down between her legs. What I saw made me look again -- her pussy was literally dripping wet now.  
  
"Bonnie, the wider you spread your legs, the more I'll reduce your punishment." I said as I urged her thighs apart. "I don't want you to think I'm completely without any compassion for your situation."  
  
At my suggestion, my daughter widened her stance as far as she could, giving me a miraculous view between her legs. Not only could I see her crinkled bottom hole, but I had a clear view of her lightly furred labia. What was most interesting, though, was the trickle of pussy juice that seemed to be coming from her vagina and flooding my lap. I'd never seen a female get this wet before, and I was mesmerized by the amount of her lubricious secretions that were flowing from her pussy.  
  
"Oh, yes," I moaned as I looked down into her pinkness, "that's very good now, Sweetheart. I can see your vagina and your anus perfectly. I think the swats can probably be over quite soon since you're cooperating so well. Then I'll rub you for a few minutes to ease away your pain."  
  
Quickly, so I could get it over with, I smacked her reddened butt cheeks two more times, once on each cheek. Bonnie jumped and twisted as she lay over my lap and then a second later, she started to softly sob into the stack of pillows.   
  
I rubbed her fiery butt cheeks very lightly to take away the sting as best I could. I was happy to see that her bottom was only reddened and she didn't look like she was really hurt. I hoped it was just the sting that caused her so much discomfort because I knew that would fade away soon. But as I soothed her backside, I ran my fingers lightly between her legs, just barely touching her pussy lips. When she felt my touch, she pushed herself back against my hand causing my fingers to brush between her lips. A hot, wet flow of her juices seeped out and smothered my fingers.  
  
Sensing her need, I wiggled my finger up and down the length of her slit, stopping for a minute to diddle her clitoris. She moaned when I did it, sounding like she was almost out of breath. When I touched her clit again, she groaned in between sobs, "Oh, God, Daddy...... I'm so sorry for what I did to you."  
  
"Shhhh, now Sweetheart," I whispered down to her, "It's all over now. You've had your spanking. Lie still for a minute and relax while I rub you."  
  
I felt my daughter's body go limp as she lie in my lap, completely submissive to my command and to my touch. Now, I needed to do just one more thing. And that was, I needed to make her cum so she'd begin to associate her embarrassment and humiliation with orgasm.   
  
Rubbing her back softly, I adjusted my hand between her legs so I could have comfortable and direct contact with her clit. Very slowly at first, I began to rake my fingers up and down her slit, pausing at one end to rub her clit, and pausing at the other end to rub my finger around the mouth of her vagina. I was careful not to push my finger into her because I had other plans for her first penetration, and this was not the place or the time for that.  
  
Her sobbing subsided, but her ragged breathing didn't. In fact, it increased and so did her moaning, especially when I concentrated on her clit. Finally, I decided it was time to let her cum, so I settled into a technique where my thumb was nudged up against her pussy hole, rubbing around her opening, and my fingers strummed her clit.  
  
After thirty seconds of this treatment, Bonnie began to gently rock her body back towards my hand, trying to increase the pressure against her pussy. This was my final signal that my daughter had emotionally submitted her body to me and I was now confident that the next thirty days were going to be a real experience for the both of us.  
  
I doubled the pressure against her clit and began my assault. I figured it would take perhaps two or three minutes of this stimulation before she climaxed, but, I was wrong. In less than thirty seconds, she started to shudder and whimper.  
  
"Oh, oh, oh, oh......" She moaned repeatedly, until her body stiffened and she gasped for air. "Daddy!" Bonnie cried. I knew she was about to cum -- her fists were clenched, gripping the pillows she was resting on, and she was quivering under my touch.  
  
"Aaaaahhhhh!" She finally groaned as she came in one long lungful of air.  
  
I pulled my hand from between her legs so she could calm down. Looking at my fingers, I could see my whole hand was wet and slimy with her thick, slippery juice and without even thinking, I brought my hand to my lips and licked her secretions from my hand, one finger at a time.   
  
I let Bonnie rest there, just like she was, for several minutes, and then I told her she could stand up. Slowly, she slipped off my lap and down to her knees to the side of my chair. In that position, her breasts were laying in the puddle of pussy juice she left in my lap and her head was precariously close to my erection, hovering no more than six or eight inches above it. A thought went through my mind that I could just press down on the back of her head and make her suck me off, but, that could wait, too. Right now, I wanted to get her headed for the shower and into bed so we could have our bedtime talk when I tucked her in. I had a special plan for that, too.  
  
"Stand up, Sweetheart." I said, lovingly, grasping her upper arm and helping her up. When she finally stood, she looked down in my lap to see the mess of our combined juices all over me. My package was straining up and Bonnie's eyes were locked on it.   
  
I was able to get my first clear look at the front of her pussy now. In the previous months, I'd only seen her in her panties, or my view to her bare pussy was conveniently blocked by a towel, or something else. Now, however, my daughter was standing right in front of me, completely naked with all her charms exposed. The remnants of her tears were disappearing, but her nipples were poking out at me, erect as pencil erasers. I held off exploring her teenage breasts, instead opting to take a long, much overdue look at my daughter's pussy from the front.  
  
Just as I suspected, her pubic hair was trimmed, but not shaved. Through her light pubic hair, I could see her puffy lips were slightly separated and the prepuce of her clit was poking out at me. I just love the look of a girl's pussy when her clit pokes out between her lips in front of her, especially if she's hairless. If everything worked out like I planned, Bonnie would be completely bald down there tomorrow.   
  
"Spread your legs for me, Sweetheart." I asked her. "Show your Daddy how pretty you are down there."  
  
Without saying a word, Bonnie spread her feet apart and displayed herself to me. I was overtaken with her pure beauty. Her lips were perfectly formed and parted enough for me to see her small inner lips and the thick lubrication slathering them. Her thighs were drenched, as evidence to her arousal, and her smell was glorious. I couldn't help myself from wrapping my hand around my cock and jacking it for a few seconds while as I looked at her, and when I did, she let out a soft whimper as I stroked my cock, saying "Go ahead, Daddy. It's okay."  
  
After a minute, I had to let go of my cock or I would have cum all over myself, and I didn't want that. Oh yes, I was definitely going to cum tonight -- probably at least twice. And hopefully, one of those times would be with her displaying herself to me as she lie in bed when I went in to tuck her in.  
  
"Sweetheart," I said, looking up into her eyes, "I want you to go take your shower and call for me when you're in bed, like I told you." Then handing her the cotton panties I'd pulled off her before the spanking, I said, "On your way to the shower, put your panties on my bed so I can enjoy them tonight."  
  
"Yes, Daddy." She said, obediently. Then without another word between us, Bonnie turned and left. She didn't look back. I figured it would be a good forty five minutes to an hour before she called me into her bedroom. That would give me plenty of time to finalize my plans for the rest of this evening.

**My Exhibitionist Daughter Ch. 03**

I watched my eighteen year old daughter, Bonnie, as she left our living room to carry out my instructions. As she walked away, I could easily make out the hand prints on her ass from the spanking she'd just received. Naked, and carrying her panties in her hand, I watched her disappear up the stairs and down the hall to my bedroom. There, she was supposed to deposit her wet panties on my bed, then go to her bathroom and take a shower. Once she was prepared as I directed and ready for bed, she was to call me so I could tuck her in, just like I used to do so many years ago when she was little.   
  
Of course, it wasn't going to be that straightforward. We both knew there was nothing simple about the decision she had to make. But, it was her own actions and her own words that asked for this – all of it. I was only doing what she'd dreamed and fantasized about.   
  
While she showered, washed her hair and shaved her legs, I'm sure her mind would be going a hundred miles per hour thinking about the talk we had, her spanking, and if she really wanted to experience the feelings she wrote about in her story. It could change things forever between us, I'm sure she knew it, but, if her desire to be a submissive exhibitionist was as great as it appeared, it could also bring her more pleasure than she could ever dream about.  
  
I can just image what was going through her head – having been made to strip in front of me, lie over my lap and be spanked like a little girl. If that wasn't bad enough, I'd pushed her legs apart and opened her up from behind so I could see and touch her. I even remarked on how beautiful she was back there so she'd know without any doubt I was seeing her completely and entirely exposed.   
  
The rush I got from touching my daughter's sex and bringing her to orgasm as she lie over my lap was incredible. She took the spanking well and allowed herself to be exposed and touched, so, I felt masturbating her was not only a reward for being good, but, it also helped set the tone for what was to come.   
  
But, my plan was reaching a critical point. Once Bonnie was out of the shower and in bed, I'd go into her bedroom to tuck her in for the night, and I'd ask her to give me the answer to the question I'd asked her earlier. And that was: did she want an opportunity to safely and fully experience her fantasies of exhibitionism, submission and humiliation. If she did, I offered to do it for a month, with several conditions.  
  
It was a one time offer. But, after finding all those pictures and stories on her laptop, and then reading the story she wrote about me and her, I was almost confident she was going to go for it. After all, being offered the chance to live out your dreams and fantasies in a safe, controlled environment was more than anyone could ever hope for.  
  
And, as part of our little talk before her spanking, I laid out my non-negotiable conditions clearly, and they should have left little doubt in her mind that if she chose to accept my offer, she would spend the next month living the life of an exhibitionist, and she would realize her dreams of being submissive. The humiliation part would be harder for me to pull off, but I had some ideas on how I could sexually humiliate her in ways I could control. So, if she wanted to be humiliated, I could do that, too.   
  
I knew I had some time while she was in the shower, so I picked up the pillows I used during the spanking, put the chair away and tidied up the living room and the kitchen. I wanted to make sure she couldn't see me when she came out of the bathroom, so, once I was done downstairs, I went into my own bedroom and closed the door over, leaving it just partway open.   
  
The last thing I wanted was to have her call me into her bedroom when she was ready to be tucked in and have a hard-on. So, I turned the TV on and listed to the cable news while I went through the unopened mail on my desk and sorted through the things to keep, and, the things to throw away.  
  
Along the way, I heard the shower water turn off, and then the unmistakable sound of her hair dryer a few minutes later. I stopped to wonder if she'd trimmed her pussy hair, maybe even deciding to shave it off, but not wanting my hard-on to come back, I tried not to think about her pussy hair and consumed myself in the mail, and listening to the news in the background.   
  
I stopped what I was doing with the mail and was watching a news report about a bank robbery and the ensuing police chase when I heard Bonnie call out to me, saying, "Daddy, I'm ready for bed."  
  
I was still in my t-shirt and boxers, and thankfully, my hard-on had subsided. So, taking a deep breath, I turned the TV off and walked across the hall to my daughter's bedroom.  
  
As I entered Bonnie's bedroom, the lights were on, her room was picked up and she was in bed. Her hair was dry and brushed, and I could smell the pleasing aroma of her shampoo in the room. She'd pulled the sheet up to her chest, and it lay just above the swell of her teenage breasts, conveniently covering her almost to the neck. She looked like the vision of sweetness lying there, and as she looked up at me, I smiled and sat down on the side of her bed.  
  
"Sweetheart," I began, "I'm not going to apologize for spanking you. You had that coming. And, I'm not going to apologize for looking at you the way I did. You've teased me way too many times for me to say I was sorry for wanting to look."  
  
Bonnie nodded her head, as if she agreed with me on those two points. "I will apologize for touching your vagina, though." I added. "I could have helped relieve the sting on your bottom without touching you there, so for that, I'm sorry."  
  
"It's okay, Daddy." She replied. "I didn't mind, and, uh........ I think it helped me get over the sting of the spanking."  
  
"Alright." I answered. Then looking up into my daughter's eyes, I asked the question we both knew was coming, saying, "Did you think about my offer? The thirty days?"  
  
Bonnie nodded her head and said, "Yes." Her lower lip quivered a little and she looked away from me.  
  
"So," I replied, "what's your answer. Do you want to do it, or not?"  
  
Bonnie's eyes began to tear up as she looked back at me. With her not saying anything, I could tell she was having a difficult time answering. Trying to make it easier for her, I told her she could just say 'Yes' or 'No'.  
  
"Daddy," she said, sniffling, "The truth is I want to say 'Yes', but, I don't want you to think your daughter's a slut if I do." Then pausing for a moment, she continued, saying, "I mean, at the end of the thirty days, am I still going to be your daughter and will you still love me like before?"   
  
"Sweetheart," I replied, "you don't ever have to worry about that. I'm never going to stop loving you like I always have, and nothing will ever change that – not the pictures, not the stories, not the thirty days – nothing will ever make me love you less."  
  
"Bonnie," I continued, "please understand me, here. I'm making you this offer of the thirty days because I love you, and if you really want to do these things – the things in those stories - it would be much safer to do them with me, rather than with someone else – someone who won't watch out for you like I will."  
  
Almost instantly after hearing my response, Bonnie reached up to wipe the tears from her eyes.   
  
"And the sex part?" My daughter asked. "Would we be having sex? You and me?"  
  
"Yes. Starting tomorrow" I answered. "It would be exactly what I said when we talked about it earlier. You remember those six conditions, right?"  
  
"Uh huh." Bonnie nodded her head to say she remembered.  
  
"Look," I said, "don't make this that hard. You either want to experience those things with me, or, you don't. It's as simple as that. Your answer won't change the fact that you're my daughter, and regardless of how you answer, I promise nothing will ever make me love you less."  
  
"But," she asked, "the sex thing, Daddy....... you won't make me have sex with anyone else will you? It will just be with you, right?"  
  
I had to think about that for a minute. When I was looking through the pictures and files on her laptop, some of the stories had scenes where the exhibitionist or submissive performed sexual acts with different partners, but, I could see Bonnie was worried about the prospect of that.  
  
"How about this," I replied, "if you decide you want to do it, only my penis would penetrate you vaginally or anally."  
  
Bonnie's eyes shot open. "Anally?" She asked.  
  
"Yes, Bonnie, anally." I answered, "You either want to do this, and everything that goes along with it, or you don't. Just make up your mind and give me an answer. I don't think we should barter about this. You know my conditions."  
  
I could still see the shock and surprise in my daughter's eyes with the revelation I would probably be having anal sex with her. I don't know why it was such a surprise – after all, the stories on her laptop included a wide range of kinky sexual behavior, with anal sex being common practice with submissives and those being humiliated.   
  
"Sweetheart, I need an answer." I stated. "Yes or no?"  
  
"Yes." She said, softly, turning her eyes up to look at me. "I want to try it for the thirty days."  
  
I'd been almost confident she was going to go for it, and while my cock was beginning to get stiff thinking about the next thirty days with my daughter as my submissive exhibitionist, there was just a few more things I needed to say, and do.  
  
"Very well." I replied. "We'll start tomorrow morning and once we start, there will be no backing out. If you change your mind along the way and don't mind me, there will be punishment to bring you back in line."  
  
Bonnie was nodding her head as she listened. I told her to think about her answer through the night, giving her one last chance to back out. If she wanted to go through with it, I told her to my room in the morning, remove her clothes and get into bed with me as soon as she woke up. If she changed her mind, I told her to stay in her own room and come out when she was ready, fully dressed and that would be the end of it. I asked if she understood and she told me she did, adding, "I'll be in your bed in the morning, Daddy."  
  
"Okay," I answered, "we'll see what happens. But for now, there's a few more details we need to get clear."  
  
I reiterated the six conditions to her, reminding her that she'd be under my total control. I warned her that I'd find ways to let her experience exhibitionism, humiliation and submission. I warned her she'd be my sexual plaything, and, I warned her that she would be punished for disobeying me. Bonnie seemed to understand it all, nodding her head and saying "Okay" from time to time. To set her mind at ease, I promised not to do anything intentionally cruel or put her in any situations that weren't safe, but, I was very firm about the fact that she was going to spend the next thirty days in perhaps the most unsettling situation possible.   
  
I was proud of the restraint my cock had shown up to now. And once I was done with everything I needed to say, I calmly reached up and pulled the sheet down from under her neck and folded it down to her waist. She was wearing a baggy t-shirt and as soon as I pulled the sheet down, I immediately pulled her t-shirt up and left it lying at the top of her chest, exposing her pert, teenage breasts and pointy nipples.  
  
I didn't ask permission or tell her I was going to expose her breasts, either. I just did it. I wanted her to get a taste of what was coming starting tomorrow, and besides, I had an ulterior motive. I needed to cum, and it my intention to do that before I left her room. But, I had a brainstorm how I was going to make that happen.  
  
She seemed surprised at her sudden exposure and let out a quick gasp. Then, adding to her surprise, I stood up from her bed and took my own t-shirt off, pushed my boxers down and stepped out of them. Standing in front of her, naked, I grasped my semi-hardening cock and began to stroke it slowly.  
  
"You owe me this." I said, softly. "Since there's still a chance you might change your mind through the night, and this might be the only chance I get, I'm going to look at you while I jack off. I want you to watch me do it, Sweetheart. I think it's important for you to see what your behavior has been doing to me since you moved in - how your little exposures have been making your father's cock hard day after day, and how I have to masturbate each night when I go to bed before I can gett any sleep. So, Bonnie, you're going to lie here, do what I say and watch me jack my self until I cum. Understand?"  
  
Bonnie's big eyes were open wide as she watched my hand stroking my cock. I didn't wait for her answer to my question, I just stood there silently stroking myself, getting my cock harder and harder. Every now and then, I stopped stroking and took my hand away from my cock so she could see for herself how it was becoming hard. I flexed it, causing it to throb and strain once it was completely hard. Hovering over her as I stood next to her bed, her eyes were transfixed on my steel pole just a few feet away from her.  
  
Once I was fully hard, I unceremoniously reached down to her sheets and pulled them down to the bottom of her bed. I was happy she'd made the decision to put panties on after her shower, and I was doubly pleased at the panties she'd selected. They were a pair of white cotton bikinis which I'd sniffed many times before. Stretched tightly across her mound, they were prefect for what I had I mind.  
  
"Pull your knees up." I said calmly. "I want to see between your legs, but, don't block my view of your breasts."  
  
As soon as I said it, Bonnie's knees came up and she opened them so I could see the way the gusset of her cotton panties covered her pussy. It was an awesome view, too, and I could see everything clearly, including the tiny hairs between her legs peeking out from the sides of her panties. I smiled to myself in the knowledge that she'd be completely bare down there by the end of the day tomorrow if she went through with the thirty day experience.  
  
So, looking down at my daughter's panty covered sex, I began to stroke myself again. After a moment, I looked up at her face and asked, "I assume you're not a virgin. Is that right?"  
  
Bonnie shook her head, saying, "No, Daddy, I'm not a virgin anymore, not since I was sixteen."  
  
"How many boys have you had sex with, Sweetheart?" I asked in return.  
  
"Two different boys," my daughter replied, "but, I did it twice with each of them."  
  
"How about oral sex? Have you given any blow jobs?" I asked, already figuring she'd say 'Yes'.  
  
"Uh huh," Bonnie answered, "twice with the two of them, and twice with another boy from school."  
  
"Did any of them cum in your mouth?" I inquired.  
  
"Yes, Daddy. Each of them did." She replied.  
  
"Thanks for being honest about it." I said. Then I asked a follow on question, "Did you ever swallow their sperm?"  
  
Bonnie blushed and nodded her head. "I see." I replied.  
  
So, my daughter wasn't a virgin, which wasn't a big surprise. She's cute and popular, and she was over eighteen. Knowing she'd sucked cock a few times and even swallowed wasn't a surprise, either. I wasn't upset by any of it, but, I was curious about her sexual experience and made a mental note to ask her about it later. In fact, I'd have her tell me every sexual experience she'd ever had, going back to the first time she masturbated. I'd get her to tell me everything in explicit detail. "It would be a good, humiliating experience for her", I thought, plus I'd get an idea of what she'd done, and with whom.  
  
"Touch yourself." I asked, looking down at her lying there in her cute panties. "Just on top of your panties for now, and be careful you don't block my view. I don't want to miss one second of this."  
  
My daughter's hands slowly creped down to her crotch and she began to run her fingers up and down her pantied slit. "Make yourself wet for me," I asked, "show your Daddy how you masturbate."  
  
Bonnie did as I asked, without taking her eyes off my cock. She was very deliberate in the way she touched her pussy, running her fingers up and down her slit and stopping every now and then at the top of her lips to concentrate on her clit.  
  
"I'm going to take your panties off in a minute," I warned, "and I want your pussy and your panties to be wet when I do. Is that going to be a problem?"  
  
She shook her head from side to side, and telling me she was already wet. I could see the strain on her face as she spoke those words, and a deep redness filled her cheeks from the embarrassment of admitting she was excited. I had to wonder if she was excited because she was watching me, or, because I was watching her.   
  
Looking down between her legs, I could see a wet spot appearing on the crotch of her panties as a testament to her truthfulness. And while I didn't care why she was getting turned on, the important thing was that she was. So far, at each step along the way, I'd read her perfectly, anticipating each and every reaction correctly. And as I watched my daughter masturbate on the bed in front of me, I was more confident than ever that she'd be in my bed tomorrow morning, ready to start her thirty day experience as an exhibitionist submissive. If she only knew what I had planned for her by the end of the day tomorrow.......  
  
I'd read somewhere that it was more humiliating to make someone take off their own underwear, than to have it taken off by someone else - I guess it's the whole 'Free Will' thing. But, I wanted desperately to get a close look at her wet pussy and have a chance to smell her juices, so I decided to lower her panties myself. There will be plenty of other opportunities to have her pull her own panties down, not only in front of me, but in front of others, too. But right now, this was what I wanted.  
  
Again, without asking permission or telling her what I was going to do, I stopped jacking and sat down on the side of the bed. Reaching over to the waist band of her panties, I curled my fingers under the waistband and looked up at her. She stopped touching herself, and pulled her hands away, but I quickly told her not to stop masturbating. Once her hand returned and she started stroking her panty covered pussy again, I spoke again.  
  
"I like these panties, Sweetheart." I said quietly. "They show your mound off well. You have such good taste in panties, and I've gotten a lot of enjoyment from them. But," I added, "these have to come off now. It's time to show your father exactly what you look like down there."  
  
I hesitated as I started to pull her panties down. Looking up into her eyes I asked, "You do want your Daddy to see your wet pussy, all opened up and exposed don't you, Sweetheart?"  
  
"Oh, God!" Bonnie moaned. She took a deep breath, her eyes rolled back and her eyelids fluttered.   
  
"Tell me, Bonnie." I said. "I want to hear you say it. Ask me to take your panties off and tell me you want me to look at your wet pussy."  
  
As if she was almost out of breath, and in a ragged voice, my daughter spoke, saying, "Daddy, would you please take my panties off and look at my pussy?"  
  
I looked up at her face and smiled. I could detect the mix of excitement and shame in her crackly voice as she asked me to lower her panties, and I could see the blush of extreme embarrassment flush over her as her chest began to turn a light pink.   
  
"You mean your 'wet pussy', don't you, sweetheart?" I corrected her. "Try it again and don't forget to say it's your wet pussy."  
  
Bonnie's head rolled from side to side and the expression on her face went from embarrassment, to shock and then to total humiliation. But, without too much delay at all, she said, "Daddy, would you please take my panties off and look at my wet pussy?"  
  
My daughter's eyes closed tightly and she looked away as she said it. Knowing her as I do, I knew these were words she never, ever thought would come out of her mouth, but here she was saying them. After reading the story she'd written about the two of us, I knew she'd say them. "By tomorrow," I thought, "she'll be begging me to fuck her."

Without verbally responding to her request to remove her panties, I pulled them down. She lifted her butt to assist me, and as she did, I slipped her little white panties down her legs and tossed them on the floor next to my boxers.  
  
"Knees up and open." I said softly. "Touch yourself again. Show your Daddy how you make yourself cum."  
  
I sat on the side of the bed and looked down between her legs as she complied. Once her legs were up and open, I leaned over to where I was no more than a few inches above her vagina and took a big sniff. Her womanly aroma was unbelievable – a combination of muskiness and freshness. It wasn't a heavy smell, but, it was definitely a female smell and she was considerably wet.  
  
"I've enjoyed your smell since the first time I sampled your panties, Bonnie." I said to her. "I bet you didn't even know I was sniffing your panties, did you? Tell me the truth, now."  
  
"I, uh....." my daughter stammered, "didn't know for sure. I was hoping you'd notice and I tried to leave them out for you as much as I could."  
  
"Sweetheart," I laughed, "you left them all over the house, even in my room. How could I not notice? It was rather obvious, you know, when a father finds his daughter's wet panties on the floor of his own room."  
  
"But," I continued, "even though it was devious and wrong of you to tease me like that, I definitely noticed and I took advantage of it."  
  
I didn't say anymore than that. Instead, I grabbed my throbbing cock and stroked it. "I can't wait anymore, Bonnie." I said. "I'm going to have to make myself cum pretty soon. I want you to cum too, Sweetheart. So, why don't you think of something, maybe from one of those stories, that really turns you on and make yourself cum while I watch. Just remember, though, I want you to keep your knees up and open so I can look at your pussy. I need to come to, you know."  
  
With that, I made no move to cover the fact that I was leaning over in between my daughter's thighs to look directly at her fingers playing with her pussy. I glanced up at Bonnie's face to see her eyes locked on to my cock, watching my hand slide up and down it.  
  
"How does it feel knowing I'm going to make myself cum while I stare at your pussy?" I asked. "Think how nasty this is, Bonnie. You're lying here with your legs open letting me look at your genitals, kind of like at the doctor's office, huh? Like that part in your story where I take you to get a physical and the doctor, nurse and me all see you and touch you between your legs and you can't do anything to stop us."  
  
Bonnie's breathing had gone shallow and she was staring at me as I spoke. I smiled at her, saying, "I'd like to see you like that Sweetheart..... lying naked on the exam table with your legs up...... maybe with a lot of people in the room with us...... we could all take turns looking at you and touching you....... and I just might have to take my cock out and fuck you in front of them all......"  
  
Just then, I heard Bonnie gasp and her entire body jerked. Her fingers froze between her legs and her face turned red. "Aaaaahhhhhhh," my daughter moaned, followed by her knees buckling and her legs shaking. She was rolling her head back and forth, holding her breath as she did. Then, out of nowhere, she let out a long, low, moan – almost animalistic in nature.  
  
"Oh, Daddy!" My daughter moaned loudly. "Watch at me, Daddy...... I'm cuming."  
  
It was music to my ears. My daughter was in the throws of her orgasm, and she was calling out, telling me to watch her. I felt elated that I'd made the right call with Bonnie having her masturbate for me, and I knew now that the next thirty days would be filled with excitement and pleasure neither one of us could imagine.   
  
However, despite my happiness at her now admitted exhibitionism, at this exact moment, I was presented with an opportunity I hadn't planned on, and simply couldn't pass up.   
  
When Bonnie started to cum, she pulled her hand away from her pussy and it was hanging precariously in mid air just a few inches from my face. Her fingers were glistening - almost dripping with her pussy juice and alluring aroma. Without any thought what-so-ever, I reached over, took her hand and pulled it to my face.  
  
As she watched in total fascination, I held her fingers under my nose and jacked my cock for all I was worth. My hand was flying up and down my cock a thousand miles an hour, and it was feeling so, so good. And then, amazing myself, I slipped her fingers between my lips and sucked on them. As the first taste of my daughter's fresh pussy juice hit my taste buds, it electrified my senses and threw me into overload. Then, when it really hit me that I was sucking my own daughter's vaginal secretions straight from the fingers that had been inside her pussy, I began to cum.   
  
I came like a mad man who hadn't ejaculated for years. A huge geyser of cum erupted from the tip of my cock, sending thick, white blobs of sperm flying in all directions. I leaned my body in close to her so most of it shoot out onto Bonnie's belly, feeling it was fair to share some of my secretions with her.   
  
Ribbon after ribbon of cum shot up out of me and with each spurt, I sucked the pussy juice from my daughter's fingers. It was a glorious cum – long and strong - and it was satisfying beyond belief. When it was finally over, I sat there on the bed and tried to catch my breath. Bonnie was staring at me, probably not believing that I'd just sucked the fingers that had been down in between her pussy lips, and shot my cum all over her. I chuckled to myself in the knowledge that this was just a taste of what was coming for her in the next thirty days.  
  
Our eyes met and neither one of us flinched. I wasn't going to apologize for sucking on her fingers or cuming on her, and honestly, I didn't care if she felt I went too far, or not. Through it all, I didn't let go of her hand, and even as we sat there and looked at each other, I held her fingers in my mouth and tongued each one in defiance as she looked at me.   
  
I sat there for a couple of minutes as we stared at each other. She never tried to pull her hand away and I didn't let it go, but, after a few minutes, I could sense she was becoming restless. Realizing it was time to leave her alone, I reached down to the floor and picked up her panties, my t-shirt and my boxers. Then, using my t-shirt, I wiped up all the globs of cum I could see. After I was sure I cleaned her up well, I leaned down and pulled Bonnie's shirt down to her waist and pulled the covers up her naked body.   
  
Finally, I leaned down and kissed her forehead. Then, licking her fingers one more time, I said, "You taste delightful, Sweetheart. Sleep tight and one way or the other, I'll see you tomorrow."  
  
Without looking back, I got up and walked to her door. Turning back to her, I smiled and said, "If you decide to go through it, come get in bed with me in the morning, and don't wear anything but a fresh pair of panties." Then, I shut off the light and closed the door behind me.   
  
Pausing outside her door, I stopped to wonder if she'd really do it – if she'd really start the thirty days as my submissive exhibitionist.