**No Panties Punishment**

by Jason Scott

***Summary:*** *Samantha is being punished; what starts out as embarrassment and humiliation ends with a night of exploration.*

"Daddy, I forgot my nightgown, can you please grab me one?" a pixie voice emanates through the closed bathroom door behind him.

He pushes himself away from his computer desk and lifts himself out of his office chair. He opens a drawer, grabs the first thing he sees and walks over to the bathroom door. He cracks it open and tosses it in, not concerned as to where it lands. He's more concerned about finishing his report so that he can start his weekend.

After several minutes the girl comes out of the bathroom wearing the long shirt which covers her to about mid-thigh. It is actually one of his seldom worn tees; she prefers his tee shirts over a girly princess nightgown. Her hair is wrapped in a towel and she has a wad of clothes under her arm. She tosses the clothes on the bed, begins rifling through the pile and pulls out a pair of bikini panties.

She slips her foot into the leg hole just as her father closes his laptop and spins around. She thinks nothing of her father's presence as she steps her second foot into the other leg hole. As she pulls them up she notices her father staring intently. Slightly self-conscious, she turns her back to him and proceeds to pull her panties up under her night shirt and over her butt. He gets nothing more than a quick flash of a twelve-year old girl's ass crack.

"Excuse me Miss Samantha E Scott..."

"Uh oh", she thought, "he used my full name."

"Did I just see you putting on underwear you have already worn?"

Sam sighs, "Oh come on Daddy. Not this again..." She knows her father is a borderline germaphobe and he can be quirky about certain things. Clean underwear seems to be one of his big issues, as if he had some traumatic event when he was a child.

Her father stops her before she could plead her case, "What have I always told you about that?"

The girl huffs, "If we ever get in an accident I don't want to be caught in the emergency room wearing dirty underwear." She accentuates the sarcastic tone with a side to side movement of her head.

"That's right. You have a drawer full of clean and probably never worn underwear. I have no idea why you want to put dirty underwear back on."

"But Daddy, these are my favorite pair. They are soooo comfortable, and they aren't dirty. I checked before I put them on."

"I don't want to hear it, you know the rules." Sam stomps her foot and crosses her arms in protest. "And you know what the penalty is for being caught wearing dirty underwear."

"Please Daddy, not again. It was so embarrassing last time."

"Apparently not embarrassing enough, because you are willing to do it again. What is the penalty?"

She was about to protest further but seeing her father's finger pointing at her, she knew any further arguments would not be tolerated. "I lose the privilege of wearing panties - for the entire weekend," she said with a tone of defeat in her voice. "And I can only wear my short dresses and skirts."

"That is correct, so are you wearing clean underwear or dirty underwear?"

The girl jumps at the opportunity to plead her case, "Clean Daddy, I've only worn them for one day."

The man has developed a sixth sense with his daughter. Ever since her mother died he has the ability to identify the telltale signs of a white lie. He just cocks his head and gives her a look, knowing he's caught her in another fib.

"Okay, I've worn them for two days. But they're clean, I swear." She raises her hand with three fingers pointing towards the ceiling; even though she's never joined the Girl Scouts.

"Do you remember what happened the last time you lied to me about your dirty panties?"

She sighs again, as if recalling a horrible nightmare. "Yes, you pulled them off me and made me wear them over my head. The smelly part covering my nose."

"So, do we need to do that again, or are you going to tell me the truth and accept your punishment?"

"You wouldn't dare! I'm not ten years old anymore. I'm..." looking down at her developing body, "...a young lady now."

The man takes a step towards his daughter, a look of determination in his eyes. She puts her hands up, as if trying to erect a force field. "Okay, okay. I admit it, they're dirty. I shouldn't have put them on. I'll take my punishment. Please just don't make me wear them on my head."

"Take them off and let me see them. If there are any stains on them you'll be wearing them on your head until bed time."

Sam reaches under her night shirt, searching for any piece of the fabric to grab. She hopes that her definition of stain-free is the same as her father's. She pulls them down, taking special care not to expose herself to the man standing in front of her, staring intently. As she pulls her panties down her legs she glances as the crotch, hoping they are as clean as she thought they were. She hands them over to her father, saying a silent prayer to herself.

He grabs the tiny piece of fabric and turns them inside out. He inspects the cotton patch in the crotch, searching hard to find a stain. He gives a smirk when he is unable to find any offensive stains. He then lifts the fabric to his nose and inhales.

"Daddy, that's gross," she says as she reaches up and yanks the panties from his nose. She walks over and tosses them in their hamper.

"Okay, you're free and clear on the first punishment but you will be panties free until Monday morning."

"Fine! I'm just not going to leave my bed until then."

"Your bed? Don't you mean my bed?" He asks as his daughter jumps onto the California king bed.

She ignores his question as she pulls down the covers. Ever since her mother died, she has been sleeping in her father's bed, save the few times she has had sleep overs with her friends - or the rare sleepover he's had with a one-night stand. At first her sleeping in his bed was a coping mechanism that the psychologists said was normal. However, after several months, the "experts" recommended he break her of the habit. But it was too late; the few times he tried to put her in her own bed he would wake up with her wrapped around him by morning. He compromised by letting her sleep in his bed, but only after he went out and bought the largest bed available on the market. Though he occasionally fights temptation, he does his best to keep his urges at bay by placing several large pillows between them. Not only does it keep them on opposite sides of the bed but also keeps his shins from being assaulted by the restless preteen.

"It's as much my bed as it is yours," she says with a giggle, thinking nothing odd about their sleeping arraignment. She pulls down the covers, but before diving into bed she pushes the edge of her night shirt down between her legs, doing her best to maintain her modesty. As she dives under the covers she gives a scowl at her father, "and no peeking!"

"You have four more years before you have to worry about that," he says in a voice that she couldn't discern whether it was a joke or not.

She cocks her head, "Why four years?"

"You'll be sixteen, the age of consent in this state."

"DADDY! That gross!" She knew full well what he was referring to. He jokes a lot about sex, but mostly because he knows the topic still embarrasses her.

He chuckles as he turns on the TV then heads into the bathroom to prepare for bed. When he returns he climbs into bed and starts to flip through the channels. Sports highlights just doesn't seem to interest him right now; he couldn't stop thinking about the nearly naked girl lying beside him. Though always curious as to his little girl's changing body, he's never been as preoccupied as he is right now.

He decides to try to keep his mind occupied by checking his Twitter feed; hoping the debacle we call our new president will keep him distracted. It wasn't long before he started to think about ways he could get a peak up his daughter's skirt. He starts to write down some ideas so that he can try them all tomorrow.

Though he did eventually fall asleep, he didn't sleep well. He finally gave up staring at the ceiling, well before the sun came up. He gets up and paces the room, not sure what to do until his daughter wakes up. It wasn't long before he started to check through the items on his list he made the night before. He then thinks of another idea.

"Rise and shine." He yells as he raises the shade, allowing the morning light to filter into the room.

"Time to get up, I need to wash the bedding." He grabs two handfuls of the sheets and slowly starts to pull them off of her.

Still in a semi-conscious state, she grabs the sheets, fighting to keep herself covered. "No! I said I was staying in bed all weekend."

"Not going to happen. You sweat like a blue ribbon hog at the county fair. These sheets need to be washed."

Knowing she wasn't going to win a tug-a-war contest with her father she reached under the covers, ensuring she is covered before letting go of the covers.

"Fine, I need to pee anyway." She yanks down her night shirt nearly to her ankles as she slides out of bed. "And for your information, pigs don't sweat."

He strips the bed, carefully watching his daughter's every move; disappointed to not even get a glimpse of a bare ass cheek.

"Pigs don't sweat? Where did you hear that baloney?"

"I go to school Daddy, I learn things. Look it up if you don't believe me." She closes the bathroom door behind her, eliminating any chance of getting a peak.

He looks at his phone, which conveniently was at the ready in his hand. Within a few keystrokes her claim was confirmed - mostly.

"Okay, you got me on that one," he yells to her through the closed door. "Hurry up, it's your turn to cook breakfast. And don't even think of putting on panties, you're still being punished." He gets no response as he heads to the laundry room with the bed sheets.

In the kitchen he sits in his usual chair drinking his coffee as she walks in. He takes a second look at her.

"You changed?"

"Yes. I can't wear panties, but I can wear a longer tee shirt."

"Yes you can, but only so long, remember the rule."

"Yes, I remember, above the knee only. I'm surprised you don't just make me run around the house naked." He starts to smile at the image appearing in his head.

"Don't even think about it," she says as she starts to prep the kitchen with everything she needs to make breakfast. He couldn't stop staring at her tight ass clinging to her night shirt as she made her way around the room. Though the shirt is longer, it is also fairly sheer. He could make out the outline of an ass crack through the faded fabric. He laughs to himself as he grabs his coffee spoon and drops it on the floor.

"Oops, I dropped my spoon," he says with inflection in every word. He bends down, much further than necessary to pick up the spoon.

"Daddy! Stop it!" She covers her behind with her hand and turns around, knowing that he was trying to look up her nightshirt. He curses himself; a split second faster and he may have gotten a peak at her full undercarriage.

"What? I'm just picking up my spoon."

"You're trying to look up my nightgown."

"I just want to make sure you are following your punishment."

"Can I please get through breakfast without you trying to embarrassing me?"

"What are you making me for breakfast?"

"You're getting lumpy oatmeal and I'm having an omelet."

"Why do I get oatmeal?"

"Because you tried to look up my nighty. If I get punished for being bad, then so don't you." He just laughed, her defiance reminds him of her mother.

They eat their breakfast making small talk about school and the upcoming sports season. After she finishes her omelet Sam grabs her plate and starts to walk towards the sink. He smiles a devilish grin as drops his spoon on the floor again.

"Don't you dare!" She quickly turns and points a finger at him. Before he could start to bend over she reaches down and picks it up. Though he did not get a peek at the grand prize, he is rewarded for his efforts. As she bends over he gets a clear view down her top, the first time in a long time he gets an unobstructed view of her two half-lemon sized breasts. Maybe the first time he's seen her budding breasts since she started wearing bras.

He does his best not to let on that he got a free show, "So what do you want to do today?"

"I already told you, I'm not leaving my bed without panties."

"That's too bad, I was thinking of going to the amusement park and ride on all the roller coasters you like so much."

"Why, so when my skirt flies up in the air you can see my...?" She didn't finish her sentence, just pointed down towards her pussy.

"Interesting, but I was thinking of The Superman ride. You know, where you are basically lying on your stomach. Just think the view the people behind you will get."

She slugs him in the arm, providing her thoughts on his idea. She gives him one of her favorite responses, "What else ya got?"

"Well, we can always go to the mall and get those new shoes you've been begging me for weeks to get."

Her chin drops, "That's not fair."

"What's not fair?"

"You know I want those shoes and now you're going to make me go out like this to get them." She grabs the edge of her long shirt and flips it up quickly to emphasize her point. Though ever so brief, he sees a flash of her tiny slit and a small patch of hair.

"Well it's your choice, if you want the shoes we can go to the mall and get them...or you can just stay in bed. But just know, before I spend that kind of money I get final review and approval."

She debates the pros and cons of the situation for a few minutes. "Fine, but you're only inspecting the shoes. That's it." She pushes her shirt between her legs, indicating that she will be doing everything in her power to keep him from getting a look up her shirt.

"Are you ready to go?" He yells down the hallway, looking at his watch.

"I'm coming, I'm trying to figure out if this is long enough or not."

"Well come out here and let me help you decide."

If he wasn't careful, he might have to explain why there was a large bulge in his pants all of a sudden. He takes one look at her and for a split second he thinks that this may be a bad idea. The skirt was one of his favorites, but it was short. The hem stopped half way down her thigh, at least 3 inches above the knee.

"Yeah, that skirt is fine. I'm not sure why you are so concerned." He's glad she isn't able to sense when he is lying.

"If you're sure, then I guess I will wear this. Can we go now?"

"Just need to confirm, and then we can go."

He could see her face turn white as a ghost. "No Daddy, please not that. You did this last time I was punished and it was embarrassing. I'm older now and...things are different than last year."

He points his finger towards the floor and twirls it in a circle. "Then turn around and show me the back side. We are not going anywhere until I confirm you are abiding by my punishment."

"You don't trust me?"

"You can either turn around and show me, or I can pull your skirt up over your head. You choose."

Her face turns red as she knows she has no choice. She was caught wearing panties last time she was punished and received a bare ass spanking for her efforts. She isn't wearing panties, but knows he won't take her word for it this time. She turns around and lifts up the back of her skirt.

"Higher." She lifts it up another inch. "Higher."

"Daddy."

"I need to make sure you're not wearing a thong."

"Ew, gross Daddy, those things are disgusting." To avoid enduring any more of this torture she lifts the back of the skirt all the way up to her waist, exposing her entire ass. She then pulls it back down as quickly as she lifted it. "Satisfied?"

"More than you know." He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes, trying to burn the view into his long-term memory.

He follows her out the door and to the car. Half joking, half serious, he tries to pull up her skirt to get a second look at her bare ass. "What? I've already seen your butt once, why can't I see it again."

"You're being perverted Daddy. Can we just go to the mall and get my shoes?"

The two jump in the vehicle and soon are heading down the road. When they stop at the first street light, he looks around and sees the streets are unusually vacant for this time of day.

"Sweetie, I almost forgot, I have a gift for you. It's in my coat pocket in the back seat, can you grab my jacket for me please."

She loves getting presents; usually it's a new Pandora piece. She was so excited about the potential for more jewelry that she forgot about her state of dress. As she turns to search for his jacket, her legs start to slowly spread apart. She continues to look for the coat, her skirt ever so slowly inching up farther and farther. He keeps one eye on the traffic light, and another on her slow creeping skirt. Just as the he gets a quick flash of her bare slit, she turns back around, sliding her legs back together.

"I don't see it Daddy," she says as she instinctively pulls at her skirt. She looks at him while he accelerates through the intersection. He has a smirk on his face, giving away his devilish scheme. "DADDY! STOP IT!" She gives her skirt another tug.

A few minutes later he pulls into the mall parking lot and into a parking spot. He puts the car in park and turns to his daughter, "Now remember, we are going in to get you some new shoes, not to flash everyone in the mall. You got that?"

Not impressed with his humor, she sighs and pulls at her skirt one more time. "Let's just get this over with. God, I just hope I don't see any of my friends in there." She takes a deep breath and then opens the door. She holds down the edge of her extremely short skirt as she swings her leg out of the vehicle. She blushes thinking someone probably could have easily seen up her skirt if they were at the right angle.

"Just act natural and before long you forget that you're naked under there," he says as they walk towards the mall entrance.

"I doubt it, the wind is blowing straight up my skirt and it feels really weird."

The next couple hours were torture for the girl. She wanted to just get in, buy the shoes and get out. Dad, on the other hand, wanted to ensure she felt the full effect of her punishment. Running into at least a half dozen stores, buying things he didn't really need, but it was the best way to prolong her embarrassment to being exposed to the open air.

Finally, he gives his approval to head to the shoe store. "I just hope it isn't a man that wants to help you with you with the shoe fitting."

She nearly stops in her tracks, she never thought of the possibility. She thought for a minute before deciding that the shoes were worth the potential exposure. Fortunately for Sam, it was a female shoe salesman on the floor that day. The woman wanted to go above and beyond, almost as if she was trying to impress him. She tried real hard to help her find the right color and size. After the third pair, the girl was sure the woman must have seen up her skirt and probably noticed something missing.

"These are perfect Daddy, can we go now?" She parades up and down the aisle showing off her new shoes. He couldn't get over how perfectly they match her outfit. He shook his head, hardly believing how grown up she looked at this very moment.

He looks at the sales lady, and reaches out his hand. She does the same expecting a simple hand shake. To her surprise, he hands her a five. "Thank you for your help, I think we are all set. We'll take it from here." She nods and backs away, knowing that her services are no longer needed. He turns his attention to his daughter as she sits down and starts to take off her new shoes.

"Hold on, I'm not done my inspection."

"Come on Daddy. You know these are a perfect fit. Can we just go home now."

"The deal was I get final review."

"Fine." She squeezes her legs together and puts her hands over her knees, blocking any possible view up her skirt.

He drops to his knees and starts his inspection. Though he had no idea what he was looking for, he grabbed her foot and lifted it up for a closer inspection. After a couple minutes and a few tickled here and there, he realized that he wasn't going to get any better view than he got at the stop sign. He gives his approval, makes the purchase and they head home.

"Thank you, Daddy," she says as she bolts through the door with several shopping bags in hand. She runs up to the bedroom as he heads into the kitchen to mix himself a drink; replaying the quick peeks he got earlier in the day. Several minutes later she comes into the kitchen wearing the same long nightshirt she had on this morning.

"Is that the same night shirt you had on this morning?" He asks with a wry grin.

"Don't even go there. You've never said there's anything wrong with wearing the same nighty more than once."

"Why all defensive, just asking a question." He laughs as he notices two small bumps protruding from her chest. "Are you wearing a bra?"

Her face turns beet red as she covers her chest with her arm. "Nope, I figured if I can't wear panties, I might as well lose all my underwear. Guess I should think again."

She turns as if she was about to hear back to the bedroom. Before she could take a step, she feels a large hand wrap around her wrist and is tugged into two large awaiting arms.

"If you don't want to wear a bra, then don't wear a bra. You just surprised me because you're usually wearing one. I'm surprised you don't wear one to bed."

"To bed? No way, that's just too...constraining. I need to let them free every once in a while," she says with a giggle.

"Well, don't be ashamed of your body; your mother never was. She actually loved sunbathing in the nude. Unfortunately she wasn't able lay out very long before I'd be all over her..."

"Daddy, that falls under TMI." Looking to change the subject, she asks, "What's for dinner."

"I already ordered Chinese, should be here any minute." As if on cue, the doorbell rings. He pulls out his wallet, takes out a couple bills and hands the money to his daughter, "Why don't you get it. Leave him a nice tit, I mean tip." He covers his mouth as if the slip was purely accidental.

"Oh no way! Not dressed like this." She turns and runs out of the kitchen and towards the bedroom, not giving him a chance to force her into another embarrassing situation.

"Thank you Daddy for dinner, and for today. I know you could of made it much worse than it already was." She gives him a peck on the cheek and then turns and heads out of dining room.

"Where are you going?"

"I need to take a shower and then I'm going to bed. I'm exhausted, it was a stressful day."

"Okay honey, I'll be up shortly. Early to bed doesn't sound like a bad idea."

She cracks open the bathroom door, a towel wrapped around her head. She sees him sitting at his desk banging on his laptop. "Daddy, my nighty got wet. Can you throw me a dry one please."

He gets up, heads over to the dresser and opens the drawer. He fishes through the pile of shirts and then pulls one out. He looks over to the door where she's still peeking out waiting for a replacement.

Minutes later, "Daddy, really?"

He turns to the bathroom, barely able to keep in his laughter any longer. She stomps out of the bathroom. The shirt so tight around her chest her breasts looked twice the size they really were. The shirt was so small her belly button was showing. She holds a towel tight around her waist as she stomps over to the dresser to get a shirt that would cover at least her essential parts.

"That shirt looks cute on you. I liked it when you wore it last. That must have been about ten years ago."

She grabs a bigger shirt and turns back to the bathroom. She stops at the door and then turns back towards the bed. His jaw goes slack as she turns her back to him, drops the towel and pulls the tiny shirt over her head. Though he could only see her bare ass, he couldn't believe his daughter is completely naked in front of him. She throws on her night shirt and then jumps into bed.

"Did you like the view?" She tries to hold in a laugh, knowing she did something that completely caught him off-guard. Her face turns red again, not really believing she did that. "Good night Daddy. Sweet dreams."

With yet another picture to burn in his memory, he downs the last of his drink and then heads into the bathroom to prepare for bed. Fifteen minutes later he emerges to find a tiny girl snoring in his bed.

He shakes his head as he knows she takes after her mother in that she generates a lot of body heat. No unlike many nights, she tosses and turns, kicking the top layers of bedding off of her, leaving just the flimsy, but unfortunately not sheer, bed sheet covering his precious twelve-year-old child.

He grabs the remote and starts flipping through the channels, searching for something to watch. He then hears a murmur from the bed, making him turn his head towards the restless preteen. To his surprise, he is now staring at his little girl, laying on top of the sheets, spread eagle. Her nightshirt inching half way up her belly, fully exposing her barely pubescent pussy.

He drops the remote, whatever is on the TV being of little interest all of a sudden. His first instinct was to grab the sheets and cover her up. But he knew that would do little good as she would just toss it off again. He's not sure why she always kicks off the covers; he is even less sure why she hasn't awoken realizing that she is fully exposed.

The view becomes mesmerizing, he can't look away. He grabs his phone, pushes a few buttons and the phone's flashlight brightens the entire room. He directs the light away from the sleeping girl's face, but ensures it brightens her pelvic area. He has an urge he has never felt before; he can't resist the opportunity to explore her beautiful innocent body. He inches closer, careful not to touch her, or to do anything that will make her wake up or roll over. He gets close enough that he can practically count every pubic hair on her soft, protruding mons. He can't believe that she has only grown hair on her mound, her pussy lips are still as bald as the day she was born. Nothing more than peach fuzz between her legs.

He inches ever so closer, enough to inhale. The fresh scent of soap emanates from the perfectly shaped puffy slit. Her never touched clitoris just barely protruding through the labia at the top. He so badly wants to pull them apart and see what's lies beneath, but he summons every ounce of his will power to resist. He then pushes a couple more buttons on his phone, and a loud sound of a camera shutter emanates across the room. He gasps, not realize the volume was turned up so high.

"Daddy, what are you doing?" she pushes his head away from her crotch and pulls down her nightshirt. "Did you...did you just take a picture of me naked?"

He jumps off the bed, scrambling trying to shut the light off the phone. Sweat immediately starts to form on his forehead. He thinks to himself, `it's just a matter of time before the cops show up.'

He turns to his daughter, not sure how he's going to keep her from calling the police. He stammers, "I...I...I'm sorry honey, I don't know what go into me. I shouldn't have done that. I'm going to delete it right now." He fumbles with his phone, his hands shaking so bad they were nearly uncontrollable.

"You're not going to show anyone that picture, are you?"

The question stops him in his tracks. He needed a second to process what he just heard. "Show anyone, God no. Why would I do that? I swear, I'm going to delete it and I will never do that again." His fingers continue to be uncooperative, he couldn't even get to his photo gallery.

"If you promise not to show anyone, you can keep it."

He lowers his phone and looks towards the girl lying in the bed, again trying to process what he just heard. "You're okay with me having this picture?"

"I guess it's only fair."

"Fair? What are you talking about?"

"I have a confession to make Daddy. I have pictures of you...down there." She nods towards his midsection.

"My...what? Where? How? When?"

"Daddy, when you've had a long week and you have a couple drinks on Friday night, when your head hits the pillow you are comatose. You've slept through earthquakes and thunderstorms before. I was curious what it looked like, so I peeked one time. Then I took a picture one time so I could look at it without waking you."

They both pause to take in this new revelation. "Are you mad at me Daddy?"

"Guess I really don't have the right to be mad given the circumstances." He holds up his phone indicating his own guilt.

"Can I see it?"

"See what?" He really wasn't sure what she was asking.

"The picture silly. The picture you took of me. Of my..."

"Vagina?"

"All the girls at school call it their kitty, but yeah the picture of my...vagina."

His hands were still shaking, but he was able to open up his saved pictures and click on the picture he took. He sits on the bed and holds out the phone.

"It's all blurry." She lets out a little giggle, "Daddy, you're not a very good photographer."

Sensing a huge weight has been lifted, he jokes, "Well, the subject was less than cooperative."

"Do you want to take another one, a better one. One that's not blurry?" He couldn't believe he heard her correctly. He doesn't say a word, not sure how to respond.

"You've seen me now, guess there's no reason to care if you see me again." She props up a couple pillows and gets comfortable. She lifts her hips off the bed and slides her nighty out from under her butt. She then grabs a handful of the hem and pulls it up to her chest, once again revealing her magical jewels. He sits there dumbfounded, staring at her perfect preteen pussy.

"Well, are you going to take a picture or not?" The question knocks him back into the present as he fumbles with his phone. He works the phone, looking for the best angle and to be sure it is in perfect focus this time. He takes a picture and she immediately grabs it to make sure it was a good picture.

"Is that all you want?" He wasn't sure what she was asking. "Oh, come on Dad. I've been on the internet. Girls don't just take a picture like this," handing him back his phone. "Some pictures, you can usually right up inside their kitties...um, vaginas."

"I don't know dear. Don't get me wrong, I'd love more, but this one picture alone can get me into a lot of trouble."

"Well not if you don't show anyone. I'm not going to tell anybody. Besides, you can just get the app where you can store all the pictures with a password."

"And how do you know about that?"

"Daddy...I'm not ten." He thinks to himself, yeah, you're only twelve, not a big difference.

"So why the big change? This morning you were freaking out about showing me your bare butt."

"I don't know, I kind of like the picture you took. I think my kitt...my vag"

"You can call it your kitty if that is what you prefer to call it."

"Um, I think my kitty was pretty. I wouldn't mind a few more pictures if they come out as good as the first one."

"So what poses do you have in mind?"

"I see this one all the time, how about this?" Without a pause, she pulls her heals up to her butt and spreads her knees wide apart. He couldn't believe the sight before him; her lips pull part and her pink inner pussy starts to peek through. She takes one look down between her legs and quickly covers her crotch with her hand and presses her legs together. Perhaps she wasn't quite ready to be that exposed just yet.

"Okay, maybe a bit too much, too soon." He sensed her shyness, but didn't want to lose the momentum. "How about this." He grabs her ankles and pulls her down the length of the bed until she is lying flat. She tugs at her shirt, as the act of sliding down the bed causes her night shirt to slide up her body, exposing her barely formed breasts. She tries to cover her boobs, but quickly realizes the silliness of the concern.

"I suppose I should just take this off too." She says as she pulls the shirt over her head, leaving her completely naked in front of her father.

"Only do what you feel comfortable doing, okay? We can stop whenever you want to stop." She nods as he moves into position at the bottom of bed near her feet. He points the camera up her legs and snaps a few pictures, changing angles slightly after each picture. After a few pictures he reaches up towards her hair covered mound; just before touching her pussy he asks, "May I?" She nods, but doesn't speak a word. At first he just tries to smooth the hair in one direction. The feeling was toxic; he couldn't stop himself. He then starts to comb his fingers through her long scraggly pubic hair.

"I would have expected this to be all one length, but some are long and some are really short."

"Yeah, I shaved it all off one time on a dare."

"A dare? Who dared you to shave your puss..,your pubic hair."

"Meghan," indicating one of her closest friends.

"Really?"

"Yeah, but I didn't like it. It made me look like I was seven years old. Then she dared me to do just a landing strip. I didn't like that either, so I just let it all grow back. Well, except for way down below." She points to her pussy lips, "I keep that shaved, I like that nice and smooth."

"Well, that explains a lot. You have some really interesting friends," he says as he continues to pat her muff into something more photogenic.

After several more pictures at various angles, she reaches down. "Let me see." She grabs the phone and opens the photo gallery. She looks at the first one; the angle was straight up the middle of her thighs culminating in the frame filled with a perfectly bare slit and a hair covered mons. Her mound was raised up high above her pelvis, further accentuating the curves of her developing preteen body.

"That was a good one Daddy, I like that one." The next few she critiqued as being too blurry or didn't like the lighting and deleted them without warning. She continues to go through all the pictures, keeping the ones she liked and deleting the ones she didn't. After going through them all she hands the phone back to him. "What next?"

"Well, if you want to do more, then why don't you roll over."

"You're not going to make me get on my hands and knees are you?"

"I really need to start monitoring your internet activity. No, just lay down like you were on your back. I want a picture of that cute little butt of yours." She rolls over and he positions her so that he can get a perfect picture of her fantastic preteen ass. After each picture he nonchalantly eases her legs further apart; far enough so that her bare pussy eases into view between her tight thighs.

"Daddy, I know what you're trying to do."

"What?"

"You trying to get a picture of my kitty. You can just ask me to spread my legs." She then spreads her legs in a wide "V", giving him a perfect picture of her bubble butt framing a freshly shaved slit. The position causes her clit to peek out and just a hint of pink showing as the lips slightly part.

He takes several more pictures before flopping on the bed, "Okay, I think that is enough. I don't think I can take any more of this."

She looks down and notices a bulge, knowing that he is fully erect.

"Daddy?"

"What is it honey?"

"Can I..." her voice trails off.

"What is it dear, you know you can ask me anything."

"Can I see...Can I see IT." Her eyes divert to the bulge in his pajamas, which he is desperately trying to conceal.

"Well, I guess it is only fair." After a bit of hesitation he puts his thumbs inside his waistband. He pauses before revealing his raging cock, attempting to ease the tension of the moment, "Are you going to take pictures?"

"Can I?"

"Are you going to show anyone?" He smiles, knowing he repeated the same question she asked him earlier.

"God no, no one wants to see that."

"Well you do."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. I bet Meghan would want to see it as well." She could sense his concern, "But I'm not going to show her. I'm not even going to tell her I have them. She's doesn't know about the others; I swear."

"Okay." He pauses one last time before pulling down his pajamas. "You know this is going to look much different than the other times."

"Duh Daddy, I know what a boner looks like."

"How do you..." They both simultaneously answer his unfinished question, "The internet."

He pulls down his bottoms and his cock springs out from its confines; her eyes widen to the size of a saucer. She's seen several pictures, but she never realized how big it would look in real life. Sam starts to fumble with her camera, not taking her eyes off his manhood. Instinctively, or perhaps just out of pure need, he grabs his cock and slowly strokes it as she starts to take pictures. She tries to mimic her father by taking several pictures at different angles, but the subject matter just didn't lend itself to the same quality pictures he got with her. She continues to take pictures as he strokes his cock, but only enough to keep it stiff.

"Daddy, are you masturbating?" She finally notices that he continues to stroke his massive erection.

"Um, not really. I guess you can call it that, but I'm not trying to cum. I'm just trying to keep it hard. Of course, looking at you naked taking pictures of me isn't making it that tough of a job."

She blushes at the compliment. "Why aren't you trying to...cum?" She can't believe she said the word.

"Probably not a good idea. I think you've seen enough for one day." He starts to try to stuff his engorged cock back in his pajamas. She reaches out and puts a hand on his wrist and tugs.

"Please Daddy, don't put it away. Please show me. I've seen it on the internet, but I want to see it for real."

He pauses as he thinks of the consequences of what might just transpire. "Well, I'm probably going to hell anyway. That is if I don't go to jail for the rest of my life first, but why not." Then without any idea why the words came out of his mouth, "Would you like to help?"

"Sure Daddy, but I don't know how. You'll have to show me what you want me to do."

He grabs her hand and wraps it around his cock. The size difference of her tiny fingers in relation to his manhood was undeniably noticeable. He coaxes her hand up and down his shaft, squeezing her hand to encourage her to apply just the right amount of pressure. The activities of the past hour running through his head quickly brings him to his boiling point.

He lets go of her hand, a moan escaping his lips begs her to keep going. "Go faster now." She speeds up her strokes as he reaches over and cups his hand over her budding tit just as the first rope of cum flies out of his cock. The sudden eruption shocks her and she instinctively jumps back; releasing her grip on his cock.

With his cock flying free, the next rope shoots out just as his cock points in her direction. Not having a good orgasm in several months, he was fully loaded. The rope travels high and far, landing right across the bridge of her nose. The subsequent eruption following suit, landing mostly in her hair. She then gathers her wits and covers the tip of his cock with her hand, ensuring only her palm received the rest of his ammunition.

"Daddy! Make it stop."

He laughs just as the last surge leaves his body, "Sorry, honey, once it starts you can't stop it." He grabs his cock and eases the last bit of semen from the tip. "There, all done."

She immediately starts to wipe the offensive goo from her nose, then pulls at thick glob along with her strands of matted hair. "Look what you did Daddy. You got some in my mouth; it tastes really gross." She looks at her hands as the slimy liquid drips from her fingers. He starts to laugh, the site of her was just too funny. She gives him a look of disgust but can't hold in her own laughter for very long.

"I need to take another shower," she says as she eases off the bed, careful not to touch anything with her gooey hands. After several minutes in the bathroom she re-emerges with wet hair; she climbs into bed, covers herself with the sheets and rolls over not saying another word.

"You're not putting your nightshirt on? Is sleeping nude going to be your new thing now?"

"Maybe, we'll see." She barely got out the words, he could tell she was nearly asleep.

"We'll need to talk about this tomorrow morning. We have a lot of things to discuss."

"Okay Daddy. Good night Daddy. I love you..."

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