**Paige**

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**Paige Ch. 01: Eighteen Candles**

"Almost eighteen Sweetheart."  
  
"I know. I can't wait for the stroke of midnight. Only four hours away."  
  
"How was your early birthday party at your Mom's?"  
  
"Pretty boring. There were too many of her girlfriends there. It ended up being more of Mom's party than mine." Paige Turner shyly spoke, her voice soft and more youthful than she truly was. "I prefer being home with you Daddy."  
  
"Aww! That's nice. Come here and give your ole man a hug." He pulled her into the kind of hug a truly loving parent should express toward their child. Even if he held her a bit longer than she expected. His hands rubbing her back innocently, yet it felt more intimate than usual. Not in a sleazy way but as if he were trying to hold on to her youth a bit longer. It was cozy warm and relaxing. She enjoyed her Father's attention seeing as he was her only connection to men really. He had tons of friends dropping by or going to sporting events with him. Sometimes it seemed as if they would show up more often than they should. Even when Lonnie was still at work. Always wanting to borrow something or joking around with her. Nothing bad or threatening but she knew their eyes were all over her. Maybe it was because over the last year she blossomed into a buxom beauty. Her chest increasing dramatically. Her body toning up and tight because she ate very little. Always conscious of the calories she put into her body. His friends were fun but creepy at times. She never once felt spooked by any of his friends. Even when they teased her about her choice in clothing. Calling her nerdy. She did wear large rimmed glasses with amber frames. Only because the framing looked gorgeous with her long red hair. She was one of the lucky ones to avoid freckles. Her complexion milky white in dire need of a healthy tan. For the most part Paige was a homebody. Never really wanting to go anywhere without her Dad. Homework, chores, and girly things. Taking care of Dad was important to her. She owed him a good life.  
  
Lonnie Turner had divorced his wife Paula three years ago and took on sole custody of Paige. Her mother an alcoholic led her life down a very dark path and he wanted to make certain bashful Paige didn't follow in her footsteps. Keeping her almost too sheltered at times he knew but not once did she complain. She had very few friends at school. Guys tried to get close to her but she would shy away and feel horrible about it later. She knew some wanted only one thing but others truly did want to get to know her. The problem was, Paige just felt the need to be there for Lonnie. He was glad not to have to give her the talk. As if she didn't know all about it anyway. School. Girls talking. Guys bragging. Sure she was curious. It just remained isolated in her own thoughts. Even the bashful fantasize. She even went so far as to create her own perfect lover. He was named Donnie.   
  
She kept a daily diary of her wishes and dreams. She and Donnie would make love five times a day in the strangest of places. Her bashfulness set aside when writing. Nobody would ever read it anyways. Until today.  
  
Lonnie had come home from work at the Distillery early in the morning knowing Paige would be dropped off by a certain time late in the evening. Wanting to prep dinner for a cozy night at home and maybe a movie. He had a lot to accomplish before she returned home. It wasn't just the cooking but the cleaning. Not to mention he had to go shopping for last minute birthday presents. He loved spoiling the punk.  
  
Taking a lingering basket of laundry to Paige's room a few hours later he discovered her diary unlocked. Ignoring it at first, temptation made him take a peek. Twenty pages later he was making copies of the entire book. Tough to accomplish without bending pages but he somehow mastered it. His copier running out of ink the last six pages he just took cell photos of the rest it to read later. What amazed him early on was her reference to an imaginary lover named Donnie. Considering his name was Lonnie. How strange was that? Her imagination vivid and steamy as if wanting to come out of her shell. Although wrong of Lonnie to be snooping into her personal thoughts this stuff did intrigue him. His little girl was growing up. He would have some juicy reading to do after she went to bed. Then again, his mind did tend to act impulsively.  
  
"So what's for dinner?" Paige peels away from her Father to check out the kitchen. On the stove simmering in a crock pot was a batch of Chili. She loved his chili as long as the jalapenos were not too hot. That was one of her weaknesses. Daddy's chili. So much for watching her weight. As if she needed to.  
  
"Guess I don't have to tell you."  
  
Prowling the kitchen she converses with a whimsical sway. "Seeing as it's Saturday I want to stay up until midnight and celebrate my birthday. Is that okay?"  
  
"Sure. We can watch movies and bring the big one eight in together."  
  
"Thank you Daddy. I'm gonna go shower and change clothes. I hate getting all dressed up for Mom. She always wants me to wear these ugly dresses." Flowered dresses were so out of character for her. She did look nice in them but Lonnie always took her side. Her legs especially well toned for a girl that never worked out.   
  
Nodding in agreement Lonnie suggests. "When you get done choose a movie. I set aside a few DVDs I know you love."  
  
"You pick. Even though it is my birthday." She appeared distant.  
  
"What I pick you might not like."  
  
"We have similar tastes. I'll be good no matter which you choose."  
  
"Girly flicks it is." He chuckles winking. Paige winces at him with a ho-hum expression then shrugs. He knew although girly she wasn't much for the romantic comedies.   
  
"Tearjerker or just jerker?" She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"Where did that come from Little Miss Shy?"  
  
"If you can be goofy so can I. Oh, did you buy me a birthday present?" She grew inquisitive in a sly manner.  
  
"Quite a few actually."  
  
"Really?" She brightens up clapping as she jumps in step. Those newly developed breasts bobbing about with very little care.  
  
"This might sound dorky but I decided earlier that seeing as you're turning eighteen you need to become a woman. So I bought things a woman would like."  
  
"Tell me you didn't buy me a bathrobe and bubble bath."  
  
"Nope no robe. Curlers for your hair though." He tries to be convincing. She knew better. As she rolls her eyes at him he adds to the drama. "We do need to sit and have a long talk now that you're an adult."  
  
"That sounds ominous." She shivers while grinning.  
  
Motioning her away to change he recalls content from her diary where Donnie was in his position. There for her birthday giving her all sorts of frilly things and dirty little toys. He wasn't certain if he was going too far with all of this but Lonnie wanted to see her response. For better or worse. She was eighteen in a few measly hours so he would make her wait to open them. He would play it off as a joke if she took it badly. Poor taste at that. She would forgive him. She always did.  
  
Hearing her in the shower singing gave him time to do some reading. He was amazed by her stimulating sex drive. It made him wonder if she was even a virgin. An idea pops into his head and he quickly goes to a closet in his bedroom finding a box of porn DVDs. Sifting through them he finds one of his favorites and removes it from its case. Hurrying to the living room he transplants it in the case of a movie he knew she might hint at him choosing. If it wasn't the right choice he would suggest this movie. This devious ploy could either damage their bond or make it interesting. All Lonnie knew was that he was lonely and obviously so was Paige. Testing his daughter would prove how much her diary desires would be allowed out in person. For the moment he went to his bedroom and changed clothes himself, choosing cut off black sweat pants and a sleeveless Metallica t-shirt from the 90's. He deliberately skipped any underwear. Cologne a must, he knew Paige always liked sniffing him then acting as if he made her high and complimenting him on his choices.   
  
While Lonnie was out in the living room waiting Paige stepped out of the shower wrapping a towel around her body. At a meager 5 foot 2, 110 pounds she felt lost in the length of the towel itself. Primping her bright red locks in a mirror she spots her diary in the reflection zone. Eyes drawn to it she notes the lock open. Curiously she turns and sits on her bed to examine the book without touching it. It wasn't quite in the same location she had it before.   
  
She ponders with a hint of intrusion which turns to wide eyed wonder, "Daddy wouldn't...would he?" She shivers then bites a nail forming her lips into a thin smile, "If he did this could be fun. He wants me to be a woman so let's see if he really did read my diary. I'll catch him off guard and be all woman. What can I wear that's not grungy?"   
  
She jumps from her mattress and goes to her closet. Most of her day to day clothing were silly t-shirts and jeans. Cut off jeans? No, she didn't want to be uncomfortable. Something soft and meant for comfort was needed. She frowned at what there was in the offering. Maybe pants wasn't the answer. Definitely not a dress, at least none in her closet. She loved dresses just not those her Mom appreciated more than she. Maybe if she got money for her birthday she could buy some dresses that she approved of herself.  
  
With a devious grin she considers the unexpected with a final declaration of freedom. "No pants. No pajamas. Nightshirt only. A really short nightshirt. If he really did read my diary he knows my most intimate thoughts now. All he could do is send me back in here to put some pants on if I'm wrong."  
  
Finalizing the no pants plan she tried on a yellow thong with the bands disappearing between her cheeks. Admiring her hips in it she discards it in favor of a softer color, going with a powder blue. Thankfully her Dad didn't buy these revealing thongs for her. She was allowed to buy her own as he considered it too intimate. Looking for a bra she stops and stares at her perfect 36C's and poses side to side, "Hmmm! Maybe not a long nightshirt, that would hide everything except my legs. Long tank top? Yeah, that would show off more. Gosh I can't believe I'm doing this. He might ground me until I'm 21."  
  
Returning to her closet she finds a white cotton tank. She swiftly pulled it over her head and shivers at the roominess of the material. Grinning at her breasts bulging at the sides of the shirts low armpit areas she shifts side to side worried he might see too much immediately. Amid the lowcut front she found her cleavage mind blowing. The hem of the shirt swept past her thighs to stop three inches above her knees. Shaking at her appearance she fidgets. "What am I doing?"   
  
Plopping back down on her bed she lifts the diary from her bedside stand and opens it. Drawn to the page mentioning her first meeting with Donnie she notes something she had totally missed before now. The ink over the loop in the letter D was smudged, appearing almost an L.  
  
"Whoa! Donnie became Lonnie. Does Dad think?" Her fingernail returns to her lips, pinched between her perfect teeth. Green eyes dart toward the bedroom door with intimidation yet inspiration. With a devilish grin she shivers noticing her nipples protruding through her tank top. Closing her eyes she takes a deep breath envisioning the fantasies within her writing. "Let's see if Donnie wants me for real." Hopping up her tits jiggle and she fans her fingers nervously. Moving to her bedroom door while putting her glasses on, she again feels her shirt rubbing her nipples. Adrenalin kicked in. Doorknob turned, out she went.  
  
Entering the living room she found Lonnie on the sofa flipping channels with the remote. Hearing his daughter's arrival he saw her pass by him headed to the dining room. Her attire shocking him into an instant arousal. It was only 9:45. Still another 2 hours and 15 minutes til legal. He would bide his time. Crazy as this whole scheme was he wasn't entirely sure how far he expected this to go. This was his daughter. His erection faded fast.  
  
"Eating chili this late might not be a smart idea Daddy. I know how you get heartburn."  
  
"I don't know what I was thinking by making chili at this hour. I just figured you might be hungry."  
  
"Not really. I'll put it in the fridge for tomorrow. Settle for popcorn with our movie?"  
  
"Sure thing Princess."  
  
"I love it when you call me that." she shines a bright smile in his direction.  
  
"Always my little Princess Sweetheart." He sounded corny but she ate it up.  
  
"Give me a minute to pop popcorn and Tupper up the chili."  
  
"Take your time."  
  
"Hey! Where are my gifts?"  
  
"I hid them. You have to find them."  
  
"Just like Easter. Yay!"  
  
Paige quickly puts the chili away and nukes the popcorn before emptying two bags into a large salad bowl. With a deep breath she moves toward the living room. Her Father's eyes tried not to stare at her attire but it was impossible. Her knee bumps the coffee table and spills over the stack of DVDs.   
  
"Dang it." She sits the bowl down then bends over to pick the DVDs up from the carpet. In doing so her tank droops down offering Lonnie a perfect dangling of her braless tits. Tight pink nipples in total view. She knew he was looking and lingered a bit. Playing naive was her specialty. One by one she restacks the hoisted DVDs until all were back on the coffee table, "Did you choose a movie?"  
  
"It's between Avatarded and John Wick. Which one do you prefer?"  
  
Plopping on to the sofa beside him she fidgets as if indecisive. As she thought it over his eyes followed her legs all the way up to her shirts hemline. Catching him off guard she turns sideways in her seat and lifts both DVDs.   
  
"I can't make up my mind Donnie." She suddenly flares her eyes as if busted, "I mean Daddy."  
  
"Who's Donnie?" Lonnie winces queerly.  
  
"I totally meant Daddy. Not Donnie."  
  
"Uh huh! Nice try Kiddo. Is Donnie a boy you like?"  
  
"Very much." She blushes.  
  
"Tell me about him."  
  
"Please don't make me turn red."  
  
"Spill it. All things Donnie." He sits sideways also, their knees touching.  
  
"He's as tall as you are. Kind of built like you too."  
  
"Go on."  
  
"He treats me as if he's known me his entire life." Lonnie nods, he sure had. "I-I'm just too shy to really get to know him." She pouts. "Can we watch John Dick?"  
  
"John Dick?" Lonnie chuckles at her mistake.   
  
"You know what I mean. See you're turning my face red."  
  
"You're the one that said John Dick. Blame that fire on yourself." He smirks.  
  
Paige frowns at his giving her grief. "I don't know why I said that. John Wick it is." She hops up from the couch and moves across the living room to the Blu-ray player. Bending over to install the disk Lonnie caught a brilliant view of her ass. Her powder blue thong shining through her legs like a constricted blue clam. She was also wet. Stains don't lie.  
  
"You chose the right DVD and didn't even look at it. Off to a good start Princess." He told his thoughts while eying the clock on the wall to his left. It was now 10:20. Time was dragging. He needed to stall a bit more. "So, does Donnie like our kind of movies?"  
  
"I think so. I don't know him very well yet. Work in progress Daddy."  
  
"I couldn't agree more."  
  
"What?" She fumbles slightly standing erect, tugging her tank a bit in back trying not to appear obvious that she wanted him to see her cheeks.  
  
"Meaning you shouldn't rush him. I've never known you to be interested in boys."  
  
"Only Donnie."  
  
"Ah!" Lonnie grabs a hand full of popcorn chewing it as he speaks. "Is he a jock? Nerdy?"  
  
"He works out. I wouldn't say chiseled, sort of like you."   
  
"You saying your ole man isn't the next John Cena?"  
  
"Not remotely." She sticks her tongue out at him and rejoins Lonnie on the sofa.  
  
"More John Candy right?"  
  
Paige snorts and covers her mouth. "You're not even fat Daddy. You carry your weight well."  
  
"I better. I'm only about ten pounds away from being proportionate." Inspiration strikes him to remove his t-shirt and pat his belly. "I may not have a six pack but the ole gut is getting there."  
  
She eyes his bare chest. Not often did her father go without a shirt. He had a very interesting chest full of hair, unlike Paige he had a deep tan. Her complexion took after her mother. Again she turned red.  
  
"Dear ole Dad embarrass you taking his shirt off?"   
  
"No. I'm fine with it. It is warm in here." She fans herself.  
  
Lonnie grins at his daughter's expression of awe. Easing from the sofa Lonnie stretches over his head to pull the chain on a ceiling fan, the blades instantly offering a breeze. As he stretched Paige spotted the formation of his penis beneath his sweats. It had come back to life after his earlier stress. Shocked by the size of the tent at half mass she had to look away. Not only was his dick obviously stimulated by her but the cool breeze was forcing Paige's nipples to rip at her snug tank top. She also noticed her Dad's butt crack as he leered down at her.  
  
"Better?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"We need drinks to go with this popcorn. How about a beer?"  
  
"I'm not old enough to drink beer." She rolls her eyes amazed that he even offered, it was so unlike him.  
  
"Hey! It's almost your birthday. You're at home right? Not as if you're driving Miss I don't have a license. Let alone a car."  
  
"I'm guessing a car isn't one of my birthday gifts." She laughs as he turns to face her. His sweats had drifted lower from his waist when he reached to pull the chain. Not adjusting them the waist of the sweats dipped to about an inch from his pubic hair. His pelvic bones were seen. Again she blushed. "I'll try a beer."  
  
"Don't tell your Mom. She will want you to raid my fridge."  
  
"She's going to AA meetings every other day. Have faith."  
  
Regretting his comment he shuffles into the kitchen and grabs two bottles of Corona. Before returning he looks down at his tented sweats. Gritting his teeth he whispers. "There's ole John Dick. Surprised she hasn't restarted the movie. Put it on the Piracy pause until we were ready. Here goes. 10:55. One more damned hour." Sneaking up on her from behind he places the ice cold bottle on her shoulder. A loud shrill scream she points at him evilly.  
  
"I'll get even with you Mister. That bottle gave me goosebumps."  
  
"Awful big goosebumps." He dares to mention. Her eyes bulge and she folds her arms over her chest.  
  
"Don't be mean." She pouts then stares at him with sparkling eyes.  
  
"Sorry. Here let me get the bottle cap off for you." He sets his own beer on the coffee table while standing directly over her. His tent in front of her face. Watching it instead of him opening her beer he observes her curiosity. In his mind he sighs. "Yup! There's Donnie." Beer open he lowers it to her hovering it a mere inch from his erection. Reacting her hand gravitates upward to claim the bottle and accidently brushes her knuckles on his concealed beast. She turns the deepest red she had ever experienced. He merely grins. "Don't spill that on my couch."  
  
"I-I won't Daddy. I can't believe you're letting me drink."  
  
"Only because it's your birthday in one more hour."  
  
"Beer and popcorn. Not a good combination is it?"  
  
"Probably not. Gonna eat some anyway." He scoots past her fawning eyes. She watched his erection wiggle until he took his seat. He acted as if he didn't notice. Instead he hands her the Blu-ray remote. "Start ole John Dick."  
  
"You're not going to let me forget I said that are you?"  
  
"Nope. Gonna tell all my buddies too. They'll get a good laugh out of it."  
  
"Daddy don't you dare." She drops her jaw. Watching her, his thoughts led to what might look good in that opened mouth. As quickly as the idea presented itself he told the devil on his shoulder to chill out. This was his daughter. One sexy ass daughter though.

"Can I open one gift before we play John Dick?" She giggles shifting in her seat sideways once again. Her chest bobbing now that she had dropped her arms, beer in hand looking awkward about it.  
  
"You've tasted a beer before. Don't be a wuss. Drink up."  
  
"Gift after?"  
  
"One. The rest you open after midnight."  
  
She takes two swallows and realizes it tasted pretty good. "It's not terrible."  
  
"Case in the kitchen. Five more frosty. You can have two more if you want."  
  
"We'll see. I don't want to get drunk and embarrass myself around you."  
  
"Nothing you can do will offend your Dad. He reaches his own beer over to tap her bottle. "Here's to Donnie."  
  
"I hope he likes me."  
  
"What's not to like? You're beautiful. Nice smile. Pretty eyes. Perky...earlobes." He chuckles.  
  
Narrowing her eyes at him she points, "My earlobes are not perky." She knew what he really meant.   
  
"You have the remote there birthday girl."  
  
"Gift first."  
  
"Oh yeah. You gotta find it."  
  
"Is it close by?"  
  
"You're warm."  
  
Looking around she sits her beer on the table and eyes possible spots to hide something, "Give me a clue. Is it big or small?"  
  
"Oh it's big. Wait that's another gift I'm thinking about." He grins evilly change his tune. "Small gift."  
  
"Small got it. Is it in the car key bowl?" She hops up excitedly and sprints around the sofa toward the front door. Her tits bouncing with every foot fall.   
  
"Damn those tits are beautiful. Gotta get my mind off them for a little longer. 47 minutes. Should I even be considering this?" Frowning at himself his erection loosens slightly.  
  
"Warmer or colder?"  
  
"Frigid cold."  
  
"Shoot." She looks around for her next target, "I know. On the fireplace mantle." Another set of youthful skips across the room to the stone hearth she stretches on tiptoe to look around the mantle top, lifting an antique clock to find nothing. Again her bare ass hiding her thong strings offered Lonnie a good long stimulating viewpoint. His daughter had the sweetest ass around.  
  
"Only warmer if we start a fire Princess."  
  
"Come on Daddy. Give me a hint." She stands facing him both arms to her side. Those nipples were waging war behind her tank. He stared at them intently posing as if thinking of a clue. She acted impatient hopping in step, allowing her chest to bob even more playfully.   
  
Finally, Lonnie coughs up. "You were warmest when you were sitting on the couch."  
  
Strutting toward him as if trying to figure out where he was directing her she bends over to lift her couch cushion. Nothing was under it. He notes her nipples peeking out as the shirt drooped low.  
  
"Really warm." He prompts her.  
  
"Are you sitting on it?" She chuckles moving on her knees toward him to run a hand under his seat with him still weighing it down. He opts to stretch his right leg out over the cushion next to him. Her hands dig deeper as her face lowered directly over his crotch. Only three inches away she tried not to look at his returned erection. She didn't care at the moment she just wanted her present.  
  
"Almost molten lava Kiddo."  
  
"Get up." She whined.  
  
"Nope. I'm comfy." He laughed.  
  
"You're so mean." She put her own weight into pushing deeper under the cushion. He lifted ever so slightly to give her room for her search. In lifting his ass his crotch drew an inch from her reddened features. He found this game appealing.  
  
"Don't burn yourself Princess."  
  
"So it is under you." Her eyes brighten as his dick literally increases in size right in front of her gaze. He could feel her exhale showing her temperament over his cock, right through his sweats.  
  
"Boy for someone so eager to get their present you're sure not trying."  
  
"Kind of hard with you sitting on it."  
  
"I need another beer anyway." He stands up grazing her face with the contour of his monster and steps over her. Balls sliding over her forehead forces her to react with an expression of disbelief. She shivers at his bold move but wasn't certain it was intentional. That was the closest she had ever been to touching a man down there. If you could call it touching when her face did the actual work. Huffing at fallen strands of hair from her eyes she shakes it off and lifts the cushion. Sure enough there was an envelope under it. Greed taking over she crawls from the floor and sits back down in her own seat. Tearing the envelope open she finds a gift card.  
  
"Two hundred dollars to spend at Victoria's Secret? Wow Daddy, you weren't kidding about gifts for a woman."  
  
Returning from the kitchen he watches the clock. "35 minutes until B-Day."  
  
"I can't believe you bought this much for me. What am I supposed to get there?"  
  
"Whatever you want. Get some sexy undies for ole Donnie. Negligee maybe."  
  
"You don't object to my wearing...sexy things?"  
  
"Course not. You're a grown woman wear what you want."  
  
"Anything I want?"   
  
"Yep." He moves in front of her again and hands her beer down to her. "It's getting warm."  
  
"Right." She claims her bottle and guzzles it. She rather enjoyed the beer. All the while he stood poised in front of her with a rock hard erection taunting her gaze. She blushed heavily until her beer was gone. Jaw wide at her success she expels a deafening, "Ahhhhh, I like beer."  
  
"I'll get you a fresh one." He moves back toward the kitchen as Paige observes his sweats drooping lower in back. There was that butt crack again. She blows air into the neck of the empty bottle and realizes how compromising it appeared to actually sucking a cock. Before her Dad returned she giggled and put the entire neck into her mouth moving it in and out. Lost in her amusement she overlooks Lonnie's arrival. He hands her the fresh beer and glares down at her.  
  
"Must be thinking of Donnie."  
  
"Yikes! Busted. Sorry Daddy. Just being silly."  
  
"Nothing silly about that. Like I said you're a grown woman in T-minus 33 minutes."  
  
"Still it's not appropriate."  
  
"Hey! This is my house Princess. If you wanna act like that go for it. I told you earlier we were going to have a long talk tonight."  
  
"Ummm! Okay. About what?" She nibbles her lower lip looking up at him without blinking.  
  
"Movie time."  
  
"Okay." She fumbles for the remote finding it between the upset cushions she had straightened up. As Lonnie sits down he lays at an angle, one foot on the couch next to her hip and one touching the carpet. All while swigging his beer. Pointing the remote she takes it off pause and begins the movie. Within seconds commercials with totally nude women consumed by intense sexual positions go visual. "Daddy? I don't think this is John Wick."  
  
"How did that get into the John Wick case?" He plays dumb.  
  
"You must have been watching this while I was sleeping and mistakenly put it in the wrong case."  
  
"Most likely. Turn it off and we can look for Wick."  
  
"Daddy? I-I've never watched a movie like this before. C-can we...watch it?"  
  
He was hoping she might want to "You sure about this?"  
  
"If you feel uncomfortable we don't have to."  
  
"Knock yourself out Miss Adult. 25 minutes."  
  
"Should we wait until midnight?"  
  
"I'm kind of shocked you haven't caught me watching those. I wait until you're asleep but you do get up a lot."  
  
"I-I've heard them from my room."  
  
"Oh yeah?" He smirked as she twists to face him as before. He could see her thong ever so slightly peeking out from under her tank top hem. She blushed at his eyes catching a glimpse, dropping her hands to clasp over her lap hiding the patch.  
  
"I almost snuck out here one night but was afraid you might scold me."  
  
"Oh I'd have turned you over my knee and paddled your ass." He visualized her bare bottom over his lap and a firm hand spanking her bottom.  
  
"That was what I was afraid of. This feels really weird to be talking about this with you."  
  
"Want another present?"  
  
Her eyes brighten along with her smile. "Yesss!"  
  
"Still gotta look for it."  
  
"Well I know it's not under your couch cushion." She giggles before grabbing her beer and drinking nearly half of it before wagging her tongue at the bottle. "So good."  
  
"Don't you dare grow up to be like your Mother."  
  
"Never ever." She stands up and looks around. "Size of package?"  
  
Lonnie looks at his crotch with a pucker. "I'd say eight inches by three inches."  
  
"Is it a flashlight?" She chuckles. "It's not really that big is it?"  
  
"It's light and likes to flash." He returns her amusement.  
  
"You're so weird Daddy."  
  
"You go look I'll watch our movie."  
  
"Noooo! Wait for me. Give me directions."  
  
"Toward the kitchen."  
  
"In the kitchen or just toward it?"  
  
"Toward."  
  
"Narrows it down." She looks all around the dining room finally lifting a magazine on the counter. Beneath it was a bright pink iPhone. "Oh my God! Daddy you bought me a new cellphone."  
  
"iPhone 8."  
  
Snatching it up she dances all around the room. Her shirt hem rising dramatically with each jump. Without realizing it the shirt crinkled up to reveal her entire thong. Lonnie nodded his appreciation. "Bring it over here and lets take a selfie together."  
  
"I'll put our picture on the wallpaper."  
  
"Until you take one of you and Donnie together." He winks patting the couch cushion between his legs. She didn't think about anything at that moment. Rushing to the couch she sits down and scoots all the way back against Lonnie. Her ass directly rubbing against his erection. He rolled his eyes at her excitement at the moment. Knowing her way around a cell she opens the camera mode and nestles back into her Father's arms. He wrapped his muscular forearms around her chest as she lifted the camera over them to plan out the perfect picture. She was ecstatic to even have this new toy. Her red hair brushing against his cheek he joins her in a brilliant Father Daughter moment.  
  
"Say cheesy." Paige looked giddy.  
  
"Sleazy."  
  
"Not sleazy silly, Cheesy." She takes the picture, the flash blinding them. Admiring her photography she tilts her head to kiss Lonnie on the cheek. "I love it Daddy. I love you."  
  
"I love you more Princess. Ten more minutes until adulthood."  
  
"I will always be your baby Daddy. Regardless of how old I get."  
  
"Absolutely." Her ass felt remarkable over his compressed manhood. She wasn't even trying to escape. She was more interested in her phone. "Give me that. Let me take a picture. I have longer arms."   
  
She releases it to him as his left arm remains just below her chest letting her tits droop over his forearm. His right arm lifting way over their heads. Paige smiled brightly at seeing herself only in the frame, from her brow to his arm. Just before he snaps the picture he lifts her breasts with his arm creating massive cleavage. The second the flash blinds her she groans.  
  
"You did that on purpose."  
  
"Couldn't resist. The look on your face is priceless."  
  
"You're just evil Daddy."  
  
While still in his grasp she stretches her left hand out to locate her beer. Laying against him she downs the rest of her second bottle. He smiled at her welcomed burp.  
  
"Had enough beer?"  
  
"Nooo! One more at least."  
  
"Alright. I'm cutting you off at four."  
  
"Yay!" She wiggles in his lap then pulls away from him to run to the kitchen for another beer. "Want another one Daddy?"  
  
"You know I do."  
  
"Another present?" She shuffles back to his side, not once pulling her tank top down to cover her hips and thighs. He wasn't looking at her with disappointment. Maybe it was the alcohol making her bold or just forgetful. Either way Lonnie was interested.  
  
"It's not midnight yet."  
  
"Pleeeeeeease?" She stretches over and pats his hairy chest with a pleading look.  
  
"Only three gifts left."  
  
"Are they better than an iPhone?"  
  
"Depends on how you look at it."  
  
"One more before midnight. Say yes and I'll give you a back rub. You always like it when I rub your shoulders."  
  
"That I do. Fine. Get to searching."  
  
Hopping up after patting his chest she giggles and dances with her back to him. "Hot or cold?" She points toward the kitchen again.  
  
"Cold."  
  
"Ummm! Bathroom?"  
  
"Colder still."  
  
"My bedroom?"  
  
"Getting warmer."  
  
"Hmm! Your bedroom?"  
  
"Supernova but that gift you get last. Try the laundry room."  
  
"On it." She hops toward the closet containing the washer and dryer. Opening the dryer she discovers a bundled up Down comforter. A simple gift at best but she had been asking for one. Happy to get it she wraps herself up in it and parades around the living room. "It's so soft and warm. You're the best Daddy ever."  
  
"We can snuggle up and watch John..."  
  
"Dick?" She cracks herself up. "I thought we were going to watch the dirty movie."  
  
"You really wanna watch that with Dear ole Dad?"  
  
"It's my first time. You can go to your room if you need to." She sticks her tongue out razing him.  
  
"My house. If I wanna not go to my room I won't." He addresses the situation.  
  
"I was only joking. I'll just hide under my new blanket if you...you know."  
  
"I doubt that happens but I'll keep it in mind." He laughs. Changing the subject he points to the clock. "Countdown Princess. Five more minutes."  
  
"It's taking forrrrevvvver!" She groans nearly tripping over her blanket.  
  
"Good things come to those who wait."  
  
"I know!" She eyes his crotch again. Lonnie wasn't even attempting to hide his hard on. His cock was turning purple it was so tight beneath the cotton sweats. The tip of his crown was barely hidden by his waistband. An old style pair of sweats with a nylon drawstring that he left untied didn't help. She turned her attention swiftly to the clock on the fireplace dancing from side to side eagerly awaiting the next three minutes.  
  
"Better drink that beer before I do."  
  
"Nooo!" She twists in step snatching her beer from the table and polishes it off. He joins her finishing his own.   
  
"Next round is to celebrate." He gets up and walks past her. His sweats intentionally tugged looser than before while her back was turned to him. She watched him move into the kitchen, his butt crack offering a lower examination. They were barely clinging to his hips. She bulged her eyes and tried to hide her curiosity with words. "Hurry Daddy. Less than two minutes."  
  
"Hurrying." He manages to snatch two more cold ones and twist the caps off before hobbling back toward her. His crown was slithering out in front but he caught her looking at the clock instead of him. Standing directly in front of her he readies another toast.  
  
"Thirty seconds. Eighteen here I come."  
  
"Ditto." He chuckles.  
  
"You're not eighteen Daddy." She smirks, her eyes shimmering with excitement.  
  
"Get ready." He touches the bottles together as they verbally count down at ten seconds.  
  
"Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" A clink of bottles he guzzles his down like nothing. Seeing him she tried to keep up swallowing her own beer rapidly. At four beers she was getting tipsy. Almost finishing she had to gasp before emptying the bottle. Once done she bounces about.   
  
"I'm eighteen. Yay! Best birthday ever. Thank you Daddy." Throwing herself into his arms for a tight hug she drops her blanket. Within his adoration she feels a warm compression on her lower belly. Eyes flaring beyond his sight she had a hunch what it was. Within her thoughts she told herself to keep it from his notice. "Play dumb. Just play dumb."  
  
"We watching this movie or what?" He rubs his cheek in her long red hair.  
  
"Back rub during?" She hints peeling away to stare up at him with trembling pupils.  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Presents first?"  
  
"Let's get through this movie."  
  
"Finnnne! Making your adult baby girl wait."  
  
"Worth the wait Princess."  
  
"If you say so Meanie." She turns away and sits down on the couch. It gave him just enough time to pull his exposed crown back under his loose sweats. Pointing at the floor she watches him move the coffee table and kneel down finally resting his backside on the carpet. "Hey! I just realized this is my birthday. You should be giving me the massage."  
  
"I still can. Work me and I'll work you."  
  
"Promise me the best massage ever?"  
  
He tilts his head back against her chest, "Count on it Princess." She instantly throws her arms around his neck hugging him once again.  
  
"Play the movie."  
  
"Positive? You might discover things in it that...get you all hot and bothered."  
  
"I'm an adult now Daddy. It won't bother me. But it is warm in here even with the ceiling fan on. If I were a man I could take my shirt off like you."  
  
"If you were a man you wouldn't be massaging these shoulders." He laughed.  
  
"What else did you buy me?" She had to ask.  
  
"Patience I said."  
  
Growling she begins rubbing his shoulders. For a tiny girl she had strong hands. He was always impressed by her grip. Eyelids closed at her persistent kneading he sighs. "You always know how to ease the aching muscles Sweetheart."  
  
"Magic touch?"  
  
"Might need to get you a white rabbit for the next act." He grins devilishly.  
  
"I love cuddly rabbits. Watching them hop around makes me want to join them."  
  
"I can almost picture that." His eyes still sealed he fondles himself through his sweats. His cock was aching like a bitch.  
  
"Remember when I was younger I dressed up like a rabbit for Halloween?"  
  
"I had actually forgotten that. Now I'm picturing you wearing a bunny outfit."  
  
"Silly Daddy." She nuzzles her nose in his hair. She smelled entirely too good, her cherry blossom perfume tormenting his hormones, "Play the movie."  
  
"Alright! Here goes." Lonnie tilts the remote starting it again. Within minutes the porn actors stage a babysitter routine. A Daddy seeking a live in Nanny for his child. The girl barely eighteen in real life teasing him with her long legs and cleavage got her the job. It cut then to the Dad setting up hidden Nanny cams before jumping back to the girl stripping in black and white before color took effect with reality.  
  
"She's so naïve. That Daddy is a meanie."  
  
"She's not a real Nanny." He laughs, "He's not a real Daddy. At least in the movie."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"Just watch the movie." He feels her warm palms rubbing his back. It felt nice.  
  
As the Daddy actor catches the Nanny masturbating on camera he walks right into her assigned bedroom and treats her horribly, threatening to fire her. She begs him not to and promises him anything. That swiftly led to her dropping to her knees, unbuckling her bosses pants and producing a huge dangling cock. The actress swiftly stroking him erect with both hands.  
  
"Whoaaa! John Dick is huge."  
  
"You're still stuck on John Dick?" Lonnie shakes his head.  
  
"Just being funny. How are my hands doing? I'm using both hands too." She giggles.  
  
Lonnie tilts back against her chest again. "Still warm?"  
  
"Burning up. We turning the air on?"  
  
"You paying the power bill?"  
  
"Nooooooooo!"  
  
"That answers your question. If you're hot take your shirt off I won't look."  
  
"Yes you will." She snickers.  
  
"Probably. Come on we're both adults and we're related. That kind of puts a crimp on things even if that was on the menu."  
  
"I don't know Daddy. Promise not to make fun of my little boobies?"  
  
"Little? Are you blind?"  
  
"So you look at my boobies?"  
  
"Hard to miss Kiddo. That's just life."  
  
"True. I've never even worn a bikini before. This tank is the skimpiest thing I've ever worn. Usually it's covered by a button down shirt."  
  
"You look like an adult in it."  
  
"Really? Just a tank top makes me look older?"  
  
"You should wear more things like that. Donnie might take notice." He formed a thin smile hiding it from her.  
  
"You think so? Can I buy a bikini?"  
  
"Anything you want. Use that Victoria's Secret gift card."  
  
"I will. I'll go shopping tomorrow." She observes the actress sucking the Dad's cock and peaks her eye brows. "Wow! S-she's really going to town on John."  
  
"Maybe you can pick up some pointers for when you get with Donnie."

"I might have to watch your whole collection then." Paige takes a break resting her elbows on her Dad's shoulders.  
  
"We can do that."  
  
"I'm glad you're letting me watch this with you Daddy. It's weird but I know you would point out things I need to learn."  
  
"Glad to help. You know what?"  
  
"What?" She tilts her head to the right examining his face.  
  
"I am totally okay if you take your shirt off. No jokes. No teasing. That was part of what I meant by our long talk tonight."  
  
Her breath is held hearing him tempt her. "I-I guess I can do that."  
  
"Not looking go for it."  
  
"Okay. So nervous." She sits up straight and with both hands lifts the hem of her tank up and over her head. Discarding it on the sofa she shivers. "I can't believe I just did that. I love you Daddy. Thank you for making me feel comfortable."  
  
"Anytime Princess. Give me another hug."  
  
"You don't have to ask me twice." She once again wraps her arms around his neck and crushes her breasts against his back. Flesh on flesh. She blushes dramatically at her nipples creasing his back as she returns to massaging his shoulders.   
  
Patting her left hand as it squeezes, Lonnie whispers up at her. "See? It's not that bad."  
  
"My nipples are tickling your shoulder blades." She whimpers slightly.  
  
"No big deal Sweetheart. You can't give me a good massage without leaning into me. Really get into it. My muscles are really tense."  
  
"All of them?" She plays naïve.  
  
"Every single one."  
  
"I'll do my best Don-Daddy."  
  
He knew she was fantasizing about her imaginary Donnie. That gave him an devious idea. Holding off a bit before posing his idea he enjoys her relaxing fingers. Not to mention her bullet sized nipples circling along his spine.  
  
The movie led to the Dad fucking the Nanny missionary on her bed. Her ankles held in his hands keeping her legs wide.  
  
"Is she in pain?" She asks knowing the truth.  
  
"Nahhh! She likes it. Scaring you?"  
  
"No. Should it?"  
  
"No reason to be."  
  
"John Dick is really...moving fast."  
  
"In and out. Only way it's pleasurable."  
  
"Wow! Daddy my hands are tired. Do me for awhile?"  
  
"Move on down here between my legs."  
  
She covers her chest shyly and steps around him. Looking down at her sitting spot she sees his massive erection still functioning properly. Nibbling her lower lip she swallows dryly. "I-I don't want to crush it."  
  
"Crush? Oh, my erection. Sorry Sweetheart. It's the porno." He reaches down and pulls his tent backwards, "There it's safe now." He then admired her in only her thong. She was gorgeous beyond compare. A near perfect body toned but not muscular. Not a blemish anywhere. Still a tad self conscience she trembles as she lowers to sit on the carpet. His hands grab her hips to assist in her arrival. Fingers slipping beneath the micro thin bands of her thong accidently. Removing them to a very light snap against her skin she peers back at him with concerned eyes. "Relax. Do you really think I'd hurt my Princess?"  
  
"No Daddy. I'm fine. What were you wanting to talk about?"  
  
"Alright." He begins massaging her shoulders immediately hearing a soft unexpected moan. "Now that you're an adult I want to set some new ground rules. While you were underage it was hard to be myself around you. I need some freedom."  
  
"Freedom Daddy?"  
  
"Yeah, like this porno. If I wanna sit in my living room jerking off to the sexy Nanny there I should be able to. Anytime of day not just when you're asleep."  
  
"I-In front of me?"  
  
"If you happen to be there sure. You're welcome to go to your room if you feel uneasy. As a matter of fact I'd prefer to run around nude in my own home."  
  
She fidgets slightly as he rubs her biceps. Her gaze looking back at him with acceptance. "It is your house."  
  
"Exactly. Look I love you Princess but this has been a long time coming. I want freedom. That doesn't mean I'm asking you to move out or anything."  
  
"Good. I don't want to leave you alone Daddy. Never ever."  
  
"I'd prefer it you stay. Can you accept seeing your Dad walking around naked?"  
  
"I think so." She nods with a bit of hesitation. Not really.  
  
"Awesome." He winks at her. "I'll behave if and when you bring Donnie over."  
  
"Do I have to behave?"  
  
"Around Donnie? You're an adult that's your call."  
  
"No...I mean around you."  
  
His massaging hands stop a moment to process her question. "What are you getting at?"  
  
"Can I be naked at home too?"  
  
"Sure, if you want that I'm fine with it."  
  
"Can I get naked now? Just to see if I can?"  
  
His dick wanted to burst a blood vessel. "You're pretty much nude already. This slingshot barely hides your...lady parts."  
  
"My pussy?"  
  
"Yeah that."  
  
Easing from his grasp she stands up slowly and with her back to him guides her thong down over her ass. She then bent forward to lower the bands further. His breath was taken away by her boldness. That clam needed to be baked.  
  
"Help me Daddy." He moves his fingers up to drag the thong to her feet. Her toes removed she was free of it. With a dramatic shiver she returns to sit on the floor. Lonnie dangled her thong in front of her before casting it aside.  
  
"Nice feeling free isn't it?"  
  
"I have goosebumps everywhere."  
  
"Helluva lot cooler than earlier."  
  
"Kind of chilly now. Daddy?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"If we're going to live together naked you should maybe take your sweats off. I can handle it."  
  
"I knew you could. Yep, my turn." He stands up towering over her as she looks up at him. With a wink he lowers his sweats. The second his eight inch beast dropped out with a bobbing motion Paige bulged her eyes. Lonnie threw his arms to his side victorious as he stepped out of his sweats. Neck craning back he doesn't notice Paige offer a yearning expression and a tempted hand rising with the desire to touch his cock. As he looks back down at her he grins. "Doing okay?"  
  
"Yes. Daddy? You're bigger than the guy in the movie."  
  
"Not supposed to be looking and comparing." He laughs.  
  
"As you said earlier, that's impossible. My hands are stronger now if you want me to massage you again. We can take turns."  
  
"I was hoping you weren't tiring out that much."  
  
"I'm wide awake Daddy. Can I admit something to you?"  
  
"Anything."  
  
"There is no Donnie. He's a fictional boy I made up to love me."  
  
"Yeah?" He sighs before sitting down as he was before with her between his legs, reaching out he pulls her back against him hugging her tightly. His cock pressed right up against her lower back. She trembled heavily at that point. "I know. I was stupid and read your diary. Please don't hate me."  
  
"I could never hate you Don-Daddy."  
  
"You have a very dark imagination Princess. That was some steamy stuff for a virgin."  
  
"Virgin only because I've never had sex. I broke my hymen when I was twelve in a bicycle accident. Mom took me to the Doctor. You were at work."  
  
"I'm just now hearing of this?"  
  
"I asked Mom to keep it our secret. I was humiliated by it."  
  
"Doesn't matter. We shouldn't even be discussing virginity or losing it."  
  
"Right. This is just being free." She smiles.  
  
"While I'm here I'll just massage you a bit more. You can take over in a few."  
  
"Okay Daddy."  
  
He holds her back against him in favor of massaging her up close. She moans more and more the longer his fingers taunt her shoulders. With each round of squeezing his fingers slide forward slightly. She knew he was heading for her chest and went along for the ride. His grip made her coo. His erection throbbing against her made her heart race.   
  
"Daddy?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"I can feel your heartbeat."  
  
"My chest against your back."  
  
"Your...penis against my back too."  
  
"Sorry."  
  
"I'm not upset. It feels strange is all."  
  
"I do have to warn you about something Princess."  
  
"What's that Daddy?"  
  
"This porno has got me worked up. I might need to masturbate here in a few."  
  
"Daddy? You had that before we even watched the movie."  
  
"Natural for me. I always have an erection. Movie just added fuel to the fire."  
  
"Was it me?" She melts backward into him tilting her gaze to look him in the eye as his fingers linger just above both of her areolas. She was very curious.  
  
"Truth?"  
  
"Yes please."  
  
"After I read your diary I kept thinking that maybe you were fantasizing about me but calling me Donnie. Stupid I know. Being your Dad and all."  
  
"Not stupid. Not correct though. Donnie just made me feel wanted. I-I don't know how to really be with a man."  
  
"Barking up the wrong tree Sweetheart."  
  
"Am I?" She reaches behind her to toy with his chest hair.  
  
"Slow down Princess."  
  
"Do you want to be Donnie?"  
  
Huffing his cheeks he reaches forward and squeezes her breasts, fumbling her nipples between his fingers. She closes her eyes to the magnificent sensations he was offering her.  
  
"That feels really good Donnie."  
  
"Does it?"  
  
"Yes. Donnie?"  
  
"Yes Sweetheart?"  
  
"Show me how to be a woman. Like that actress in the movie. Not this one the other woman. The Nanny."  
  
"Yeah, this scene isn't as erotic."  
  
"I want to watch you masturbate Donnie." She squirms in his lap.  
  
"Don't you mean Daddy?"  
  
"If that's what you want. I like Donnie he makes me really, really wet." Her soft words and pleading gaze made Lonnie crazy. His daughter had the most sensuous tone in her voice he had ever heard.  
  
"Let me up." He peels her flesh from his in order to give himself leverage to move up to the sofa. Resting back he takes the TV remote and shuts the television off. Peaceful now he coaxes Paige to stay on the carpet but to lean toward him. Chin on her arms over his knees she observed him stroking his cock. Her eyes were glued to his large crown without blinking. Mesmerized by each knuckle thrust back and forth.  
  
"He's all purple. Is that because of me Donnie...Daddy?"  
  
"Fuck it." Lonnie gave up. "Yes! You fucking turn me on. Every inch of this cock is just from being around you. Smelling your perfume. Watching you bend over. Every hug. Every kiss. Diary or not I've waited for this moment a good long time."  
  
"I know." She smiles. "Me too."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Don't stop rubbing him. I lied. You were always Donnie. I've fantasized about you every day. If you want me then take me Daddy. Treat me like Donnie treated me."  
  
"He got pretty aggressive. Bondage stuff even."  
  
"I want you Daddy. Living naked every day is a dream come true."  
  
"Get your hands up here you have some more massaging to do."  
  
"Yay!" Paige sits up proudly on her knees and reaches in to replace his hand with both of her own. Her gaze at her mission dedicated, "It needs lubrication."  
  
"So spit on it and get busy."  
  
Her face detonates with pleasure as she leans over his crown and dribbles spit over it numerous times. Slick now her hands moved vigorously along his girth. "My first hand job."  
  
"Every day from here on out."  
  
"Yes Donnie." She dares to kiss the tip of his crown.  
  
"Suck it."  
  
"My first blowjob."  
  
"Lick my balls too."  
  
"K." She preps herself taking a deep breath before lifting his cock and leaning in to sample his bulbous scrotum. His balls were mighty full. Sucking on them as her hand still stroked his cock above her right cheek. Lonnie admired her beauty as she fed upon him. With adoration he runs his fingers through her long red mane and caressed her cheek with his knuckles.  
  
"You're going to make Donnie a happy man for years to come aren't you Princess?"  
  
"Yes. I don't want to be anywhere else but with you Da-Donnie."  
  
"Long wet tongue molding upward from my balls, my foreskin to the tip." He suggests, her tongue doing just as required. His head tilts back at the wonderful sensations. She repeated her maneuver three more times before opening her jaws wide and forcing his meaty beast down her throat. Tonsils removed at age seven was a huge gift. She gagged but stood her ground. Nodding his approval he placed a hand on the back of her head holding her deep. Her eyes watery but yearning for more, "You can take it all. Prove me right."  
  
Whimpering she did her very best and claimed seven of eight inches before nearly vomiting. Mostly from the alcohol intake. Feeling dark he forced her mouth deep again only letting her up to catch a breath. It suddenly became fascinating to Lonnie the idea of torturing her mouth. Hand shoving her head down time and time again he fucked her face.  
  
"Proud of you Sweetheart." He finally lets her depart in a massive web of built up saliva.  
  
"That was fun Daddy."  
  
He squints his eyes at her and uses an index finger to call her up into his lap. Her legs asleep she struggled forcing him to grip her by the biceps and literally drag her into his lap. Lifting her higher than his shoulders he devoured a nipple. Moving from one to the other. Paige began breathing heavily.  
  
"That feels so good Daddy."  
  
"Roll that pussy over my big ole cock. Show me you want that up inside you."  
  
"I will." She begins gyrating her inner thighs along the length of his penis. Moans began along with whispers of stimulation. "I can feel your heartbeat still."  
  
"Let's see if you can bleed Virgin."  
  
"I'm ready Daddy."  
  
"Not here." He rises holding her by her lower back. Her arms surround his neck, legs his hips. Walking awkwardly he takes her to his bedroom. Laying her on the bed she sprawls out panting. "Stay. Play with that pussy."  
  
She doesn't say a word but begins rubbing her clit. In the darkness Lonnie found a lighter and lit some candles. Ambiance was everything. Standing at the foot of his bed watching her he nods. "Time for your other presents."  
  
"Now?" She was afraid to brighten up too much.  
  
Kneeling under his bed he brings up a rabbit vibrator with a clit stimulator. It was white. "White rabbit just like I promised."  
  
"Oh my God, Daddy." She observes him fire it up. "You were ready to seduce me weren't you?"  
  
"Always the plan Princess. You complaining?"  
  
"Noooo. Use it on me Daddy."  
  
He positioned himself on his knees and drug her by her ankles to the edge of his mattress. He then carefully introduced the head of the rabbit up inside her. Fearing blood he grabbed a towel he had in ready and placed it under her hips and thighs. Nudging it deeper he turns up the speed. Her eyes bulge and her body quakes. "Holy crap Daddy."  
  
"Now you see it, now you don't."  
  
"I want to cum for you Daddy."  
  
"You have no choice in that Princess."  
  
She smiles with a snicker. "I like your attitude Daddy."  
  
"Quiet down and enjoy the rabbit."  
  
"I don't want to quiet down. Make me scream Daddy."  
  
Smirking at her desires he turns the vibrator upside down letting the clit stimulator discover her anal cavity. She jumped at its introduction. Taking her hand he makes her hold it there as the rabbit wiggled inside her pussy. Freeing him up to give her a final gift. Lifting a large microphone looking wand he leans over her and switches it on. Pressing it to her clit the erratic vibrations stormed her senses. Mind blown by so much activity she began yelping and whimpering. "I LOVE YOU SO MUCH DADDY."  
  
"You will cum harder than you ever have on your own. Do you hear me?"  
  
"YES!" She convulses and expresses her feelings through shrill whines and echoing moans. In minutes a flood of cum spills out without any blood. Her hymen broke years ago left her free of that curse.  
  
"AGAIN." He continues until a second wave leaves her digging her nails into his blankets. She was a hot mess. Sweat build up leaving her red hair matted as if she had taken another shower. Hearing, "AGAIN." she nearly passed out. On her third exhausting climax Lonnie shuts the toys down and crawls over her straddling her upper body. He then jerked off until a mass launch of creamy ooze covered her face. It amazed her just how much he had pent up in those balls.  
  
"Lick your lips. Drink up Princess."  
  
'Are you going to fuck me Daddy?" She does as instructed. Using fingers to wipe her brow in order to lick them dry.  
  
"Not tonight. Beg for it tomorrow night."  
  
"Aren't you and your friends watching football tomorrow night?"  
  
"Right. Guess at least one of us will have to wear clothes. Besides it's still gonna be your birthday. Maybe the guys will bring you more presents."  
  
"Y-you want me to walk naked in front of Greg, Mike, and Andy?"  
  
"Beer and pretzel girl. Am I clear?"  
  
"I-I will do as you want Daddy."  
  
"Always."  
  
"Yes."  
  
"ALWAYS!" He leans over her face with a guttural expectation.  
  
"Anything for you Daddy." She stares up at him with a hint of fear. Then, Lonnie kissed her on the lips. She melted and swallowed his tongue for five feverish minutes of glorious Frenching. Once their lips part Lonnie repeats himself in a softer tone.  
  
"Always."  
  
"Forever Daddy."  
  
"That's my birthday girl."  
  
"Please make love to me." She whimpers.  
  
"Not tonight. Ask the guys nicely tomorrow night."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Always?"  
  
"Forever."  
  
Lonnie picked her up and carried her to her own bed. Kissing her on the forehead he leaves her there. As he closes her Paige stares up at the ceiling. After a bout of shock she grins and bites at her nail. Eyes flaring at the thought of others seeing her naked she kicks her mattress rapidly with excitement. Donnie was going to be real. Page thirty had her dance for his friends and let them feel her up. Somehow she knew it would go further than that. It made her want to write more in her diary.  
  
Out in the living room Lonnie sat nude drinking another beer and reading the copies of her diary he hadn't gotten to yet. Smug at her ideas he nods.  
  
"Pussy on a leash."  
  
He turned the porno back on and jerked off again. He wiped himself off on her down comforter and took it to her room. She feigned slumber as he fanned the blanket over her nudity. She felt the wetness on her butt. After he leaves she storms her feet on the mattress a second round.  
  
Paige Turner was so ready.  
  
From now on her Diary would read have a new headline.  
  
"Dear Daddy."  
  
She might need a whole new book.

**Paige Ch. 02: Birthday Girl**

As the sunlight pierced her curtains Paige Turner stirred in her bed. Snuggling up with her new Down comforter and a teddy bear that she always napped with her first coherent thought was..."Donnie." Laying there warm and cozy her memory of last night made her smile. While never expecting the event to actually happen she was excitably happy it did. Her Dad was a good man. Even if what they were doing together was wrong in the eyes of others. She didn't see anything bad about it. She loved her Daddy. He loved his Princess. Being eighteen now or thirty she would always be his Princess. Fact!   
  
Growing restless in her bed she started to throw her covers off when she sees a shadow under her bedroom door. Hearing the doorknob turn slowly she shivered and closed her eyes playing possum. The only other person in the house was her Father. She would fake being asleep and see what happened.  
  
Entering silently Lonnie Turner stood in her doorway watching her sleep. His heartbeat racing at his own thoughts on last night made him mull over if he was making a very bad error in judgment. His daughter's love was precious to him. While yes he was beyond attracted to her and her reaction to his advances were incredible it was still overstepping a family boundary. Incest was looked down upon by most everyone. Should he continue this? Should he wake her up and apologize? Should he fuck the holy hell out of her for her birthday? Should he get dressed and get over his desire to run nude in his own home as King of the Mountain? Looking down at his cock arching skyward was answer enough. He would continue things that had been started a few more days and decide by her emotions to either proceed or turn back time.  
  
She was so beautiful when sleeping. Her fiery red hair hiding her face ever so slightly. Moving closer he stands beside her bed and glares down at her. She could sense his nearness but chose to continue her ruse just to see what would happen next. Laying on her back with her teddy bear in her arms, held limply for effect she awaits. She felt her comforter ever so slowly being lifted away from her body. A coolness covered her flesh and her nipples peaked high. Lonnie gracefully uncovered her entire body to admire her nudity. His daughter was absolutely gorgeous. Stroking his cock a bit he knew what he wanted to do but remained resistant. Choosing to stroll to the foot of her bed to admire a different angle she feigned a repositioning slightly. Still on her back she parts her legs wider and moves her right arm up to cuddle her bear with a dreamlike exhale. Her movement led eyes directly toward her sweet young pink pussy. His thoughts of using a vibrator dildo on that very same snatch to thunderous results made him fondle his erection that much faster. Swallowing dryly he sits carefully at her feet and reaches out to lightly caress her leg. Her response was to stir as if a fly on her. He reluctantly pulled his hand away. Convinced she was not sensing anything further he studied her vagina. Her clit was tiny but adorable. Did he notice a wetness developing? With a silent grin he knew she was playing possum. Let her think he didn't know. She obviously had hopes he might do more. If that was on her mind...so be it.  
  
Moving between her legs he lays on his stomach and lowers his chin between her legs. Beginning with a nuzzle at her clit he kissed her well hidden labia. Creased deep she definitely looked the virgin. From light pecks his tongue slipped along her sensual crevice and made its way to her clit. The intimate sensations made her come alive. A soft moan led him to flick the tip of his tongue a bit deeper. Warm exhales on her clit made her rustle amid her sheets and hug her teddy bear tighter. She wanted to speak but something kept her voice from ruining the moment. If he spoke to her his mouth would leave her treasures. Nibbling her lower lip she endured. Lonnie increased his make out session by tugging her clit with his compressed lips. She whimpered with delight.  
  
Reaching upward as he continued Frenching her delectable pussy his hands clutched both of her breasts tenderly. Squeezing them she gasped and let slip her thoughts. "Oh Daddy." One hand lifts a finger before her narrow gaze to wag. A clue to remain quiet. She did. Verbally. The moans merely mounted up. Lips leave her pussy and kiss all around it. Warm loving kisses. Her hairless pubic area nuzzled. Inner legs trailed with pecks. The kissing moved higher as his tongue made a nomadic journey North. Abdomen kissed repeatedly. Belly button licked deeply before rolling his tongue to her ribs. As wonderful as it was she began giggling due to ticklishness. Sensing her suffering he moved on. Hoisting his body higher to continue his quest he swirls his tongue around her left areola. Her nipple caressing his nose. He teased that nipple by nudging it about with his nostril, the warm breath making it increase in size. Tenderly he tugged at that nipple with puckered lips. Her breathing was heavy now. A short mouthful of her entire nipple made her spine arch. In response his palms slide over her hips on an emotional sojourn of their own. Gliding upward over her ribcage, under her armpits, then coiling down both of her arms at once. Fingers reaching hers they clasp hands. His positioning on her bed rose higher in order to kiss along her neck. Her throat warm and almost salty of sweat. Head moving from side to side to accommodate his lips and tongue. Paige Turner knew what Heaven was like in that euphoric instant. Not once did her eyelids open. She wanted to feel not see her Father's love.  
  
Releasing her bear to the mattress Lonnie guided it back into her possession. She knew in her soul that the bear was a symbol of security. He wanted his cute loving daughter to never age beyond her current status. Even though she was officially all woman now. If that was what Daddy wanted she would keep that memory alive.  
  
Twenty minutes of nothing but caresses and sweltering kisses upon her flesh before he even approached her own yearning lips. Once reached they devoured each other exhaling a ferocious torrent of desire between their tongues. Battle waged for five more minutes. Lifting away by tugging her lower lip he returned to her throat. Her head tilting back against her pillow she trembled heavily as he retraced every kiss, every suckle, every lick until locating her trickling juicy puss. Now the animal came out. Lonnie buried his tongue deep up inside her cunt. Holding both of her legs up over his, his hands curling to hold her tightly. Squirming at his hunger she lost control of her upper body. Shoulders pushing against the mattress as her spine reaches for the ceiling. Holding her bear for dear life up to her chin in both arms, resting between her heaving breasts she mumbles. "Oh Teddy." She was directing her emotions toward her childhood comfort. Her best friend. Not of some desire to roleplay, this was who Paige Turner truly was. She might have matured of age but not in spirit. Whether it be her childlike tone of voice or her playful shenanigans, she would forever resemble the child her Father raised. There was no masking the atmosphere of who Paige was. Adult she was. Inner child her natural persona.  
  
Squealing Paige cums extraordinarily hard. Her shrill tone leading closer and closer to a scream. Daddy was on a mission. She would not let him down. With eyes turning white to join her convulsions beautiful young Paige squirts hard. A flood engulfs her Father's entire face. Still he fed. Deeper. Savagely growling and forcing his tongue to swirl her interior. A thumb massaging her clit with rapid intention. He demanded another fountain of youth.  
  
That was what he got. A cascade poured into his mouth and across his face nearly blinding him. Finalizing his endeavor he waited until her body slowed its writhing before kissing her clit. His tenderness making her snivel slightly. Holding his face between her thighs to allow his heated breath to comfort her he ever so slowly peeled away. Her sheets were drenched. His entire upper body was soaked.  
  
Without a word shared between them he crawls from her bed and goes to her adjoining bathroom. Turning on the faucet of her soaker tub he fills it with hot water and bubbles. As it filled he walked out to her bedside to see her curled up with Teddy and lost in her ability to think. Bending over her he gently picks her up and lets her cling to hs shoulders. Her face burrowing under his neckline. Teddy was left behind as he carried her into her bathroom and lovingly sat her in the tub of water. Not too hot, not too cool. Just right. Two bears short.  
  
"Clean yourself up. I'll wash your sheets and blanket."  
  
Nodding with doe like eyes she waits until he reaches the door before calling out, "Daddy?"  
  
Tilting his gaze without turning his body he exhales, "Yeah?"  
  
"Can we go shopping?"  
  
"That's the plan Punkin."  
  
"Daddy?"  
  
"Again yeah?"  
  
"Are you really going to make me parade around naked in front of your friends?"  
  
"You can wear something sexy. But, it will come off before they leave tonight."  
  
"Baseball tonight right? Maybe I can buy a team jersey?"  
  
"Nope. Girly."  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Bobbi socks. Sheer white nightie maybe."  
  
"Daddy?"  
  
"Yes?" She could tell he was getting agitated.  
  
"Why would you want them to see me like that?"  
  
"Because I've heard those bastards tell me how grown up you've gotten for years. The last couple months all I've heard was you're going to have your hands full with Paige once she turns eighteen. They were right. I want them to see how right they were. You're an adult now but let's face it your attitude hasn't changed. You're still the soft and frilly Princess you've always been."  
  
"Are you going to let them...touch me?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"Everywhere?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
She leans against the side of the tub looking up with shyness, "Are you going to..."  
  
"Let them fuck you?"  
  
"Uh huh."  
  
"That depends."  
  
"On what?"  
  
"On how much you turn them on tonight."  
  
"Should I try to turn them on?"  
  
"You were damned sexy holding that teddy bear."  
  
"Are you asking me to roleplay as younger than I am? You want me to stay young don't you Daddy?" She honestly wasn't certain.  
  
"I wouldn't go so far as to roleplay younger than you are. We both know you sound and act that way naturally without you trying. All I can say is never grow up Princess. Meaning be who you are. Just like you wrote in your diary. Your own words were...Donnie likes me when I act like I'm a little girl. Pigtails and lollipops. You can wear pigtails and act your age and still be downright sexy. Lollipops? Hell I might eat one with you." He chuckled.  
  
"That was a really fun entry." She softly expels with a sigh.  
  
"Tonight you can wear your hair in pigtails."  
  
"Okay. Are your friends my lollipops?"  
  
"We'll see." He hesitates feeling guilty suddenly. He nearly changes his mind until she blows bubbles at him.  
  
"I like lollipops."  
  
"Finish your bath."  
  
"Can they watch me take a bubble bath Daddy?"  
  
His cock needed attention badly. Hearing her made him stroke himself right in front of her. She knew he hadn't cum yet. Turning him on would make him go finish.   
  
"Maybe I'll fire up the hot tub tonight."  
  
"The neighbors might see us."  
  
"Buy a skimpy bikini for tonight. I'll think more on how things should go. Might change my plan still."  
  
"Can we put bubbles in the hot tub?"  
  
"Hell no. You wanna ruin the tub?"  
  
"No. I just think it would be fun."  
  
"No bubble bath. Jets are bubbles enough."  
  
"Okay. Daddy?"  
  
"Last time. Yes?"  
  
"I love you more than anything in the world. Even Donnie and my Teddy." She stuck her tongue out at him for mentioning her bear. She did love her Teddy no matter how old she got. She would keep that bear until the day she died. Daddy bought him for her.   
  
Lonnie left her to her bath. Knowing he needed to wash her sheets he jerked off over them. Wiping his cock off on a dry area he removes them and remakes her bed with a second set. Off to the Washer they went.  
  
Two hours later at the Mall Lonnie followed his daughter around like a lost puppy. Every time he considered putting a stop to his stupidity she did or said something that reverted him back to Mister Hyde. Mostly he preferred being Hyde. "There's Victoria's Secret. You go shop I'm going to look around a bit. Meet you back here in thirty minutes. Sexy clothing only."  
  
"What if your idea of sexy and mine are different?" Wearing a blue jean mini skirt and yellow V neck T-shirt wasn't all that sexy on Paige.  
  
"Good point. Fine we can wander afterwards."  
  
"Yay!" She hugs his arm and leads him into the store. A young woman barely older than Paige targets them offering assistance.  
  
"Can I help you find anything?"  
  
Paige takes the lead, "I need a bikini. A sheer nightie. Thongs. Anything that catches my eye."  
  
"Sounds fun. Bikini's are over there. Intimate wear is on that set of racks. Under garments on that table. 30% off on everything."  
  
"Awesome. Thank you."  
  
Hopping away Paige headed for the bikinis. The employee smiled at Lonnie for taking interest in her needs. She knew he was the Father. Certainly not a boyfriend. Cute either way she thought. For an old guy.  
  
"Bright yellow?" Paige holds up a bikini.  
  
"You look great in yellow." Except in her current shirt.  
  
"Black? Considering I'm lily white?"  
  
"Sure. Yeah, a sheer black nightie might be perfect."  
  
Their shopping experience led to a maxed out gift card. Bags in hand they walk around the mall looking through windows. Spotting another clothing store Lonnie notes female mannequins wearing fur coats and large furry boots. While it was warm out still he wondered why they would be selling furs. Then he realizes the store specialized in fake fur outfits. Once Paige caught on her jaw dropped.  
  
"Oh my gosh. Daddy I would look so cute in that white and grey frosted half coat. Look how it shows off the belly button. Can I try it on?"  
  
"Sure. There goes the college fund."  
  
"I have a college fund?"  
  
"Of course not. You think we're filthy rich?"  
  
"Does that mean no because that fur has to cost a lot."  
  
"Boots are pretty sexy too."  
  
"Just think Daddy, I could dress up in nothing but the fur and a thong."  
  
Puckering he couldn't deny that was a hot visual. "Let's trap that fur."  
  
Giggling she danced along side him all the way into the store called Trader Dick's. They had to laugh at the name after their mocking of John Wick last night. Entering the store they located the very same coat and Paige greedily put it on. It was stunning on her Lonnie had to admit. Uncertain at the $400 price tag he began to say no. Then she drug him to a wall with a floor to ceiling mirror. Looking around them for safety she lifts her T-shirt over her tits clean up to her neck to show him how hot the real visual would be. Her stunning red hair made a very strong case in favor of purchase. That and the reaction of a man Lonnie's age seeing her with her shirt up from across the store. His smirk and nod gave Lonnie the confidence that guys were definitely loving his daughter. Sure enough Lonnie caved. "Buy it."  
  
"Boots too?"  
  
"Try them on." Wearing the coat while looking through boot sizes Lonnie spotted the admirer lingering while trying not to be obvious. Finding her size she sat down on a bench to put them on. Kicking her tennis shoes aside she slips the thick fur right boot on with ease. Lonnie leans down whispering in her ear. "See that guy over there? When you put the other boot on lift your leg high and let him look up your skirt."  
  
"I'm not wearing panties."  
  
"Even better."  
  
Doing so she lets the man catch a stunning sight of a sweet young pussy peeking out while slowly pulling the boot on. She caught the man smiling at her. She fluttered her fingers at him to be friendly. "He liked that." She admitted shivering.  
  
"Of course he did. Every old fart loves to check out young women."  
  
Standing up they return to the mirror to let her examine her sexiness. "Oh wow! I'm Sansa sexy Daddy."  
  
"Game of Boners?" He chuckles.  
  
She snorts at his humor. Rubbing his chin Lonnie hisses out a verbal thought. "I'm going to block the only worker in this store. I want you to go into that dressing room over there and put on your black thong we just bought. Take the skirt and shirt off. Only wear the jacket and boots over the thong. When you're done open the curtain and let me see you."   
  
"This is sooo awesome." She shivers and watches as he digs into their Victoria's Secret bag producing the thong. Passing it off she tears off the price tag then wiggles away to the changing stall, leaving him to hold her purse and bags. Beneath the curtain he watches her take the boots off and then drop her jean skirt. Having hung up her coat in order to take her T-shirt off she drops it to the floor also. Stepping into her black G-string thong was also seen. Behind him he finds the other man hoping to catch another glimpse. Smirking at her stalker Lonnie merely waited in anticipation. Boots going on now he knew the reveal was close. So did the guy behind him separated by only a swivel rack of on sale clothing. Counting the seconds he hears Paige whisper, "Ready Daddy?"  
  
"Curtain call. Open up."  
  
With a swift reveal the stall curtain slipped aside and Paige threw her hands in the air in a "Ta-daa!" manner. Lonnie dropped his jaw at her tits so perky and very in view. Her entire front revealed all the way down to that very narrow patch of black clothe covering her snatch. "Do I look like Sansa?"  
  
"Ohhh yeah!" She suddenly notices the man behind the rack of sale items drooling. Again although beet red she flutters her fingers with a brilliant smile. That was when he decided to move closer. Joining Lonnie he shakes his head, "You're a lucky man."  
  
"I think so." Lonnie grins not bothering to look at the man.  
  
"I wanna see. Daddy take a pic with my iPhone."  
  
Setting his bags down he snaps a glance at the cashier. The man hovering beside Lonnie moves in to block the cashier's view. Being a really large man helped a lot. Cell lifted Lonnie took a picture. Motioning her to twirl in step he caught a shot of her bare back side, her thong straps invisible between her cheeks.   
  
"I have goosebumps all over Daddy."  
  
The man changes his expression to shock. "Daddy? Impressive."  
  
"Yep." Lonnie remains calm.  
  
"Show me." She jumps up and down on her toes, her tits jiggling about. Nipples raging taunt.  
  
"The mirrors over there." Lonnie winks as she expresses awe. Looking at the large man he offers a glint of assistance in his eyes. He took the hint and moved toward the stall. Carefully waving her in front of him he blocks her trek out of the changing room and to the mirror wall. Her eyes flare at how sexy she was. Posing from side to side her hands hold her butt cheeks. Glaring at her frontal she poses like a warrior and growls, "I am Sansa."  
  
Chuckling Lonnie had recorded her the entire time via video. Then it dawned on him the store probably had surveillance. "Better get dressed before John Snow shows up. Winter is coming."  
  
She hurries back into the room closing the curtain to get dressed. Before doing so she gets sneaky and tugs her thong down before removing the boots. To both men's surprise she opens the curtain wide and shows off her outfit with her thong to her knees. She touches herself rubbing her clit. "Winter isn't the only one wanting to come."   
  
She just as quickly yanks the curtain shut and puts her clothing on.  
  
During her change of season the man who helped them nods, "That really your daughter?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"Looks young."  
  
"Turned eighteen 13 hours ago."  
  
"Looks sixteen."  
  
"Acts thirteen." Lonnie chuckles. "Definitely eighteen though."  
  
"Like I said Lucky man."  
  
"Thanks for the help."  
  
"No problem. I'll buy those boots for her if you send me her pics and video."

Lonnie mulls it over. "Personal use?"  
  
"Totally."  
  
Cash exchanged of $200 bucks, Lonnie got his cell number and sent her pics and video. Let the guy jerk off to his sexy ass Sansa. Once received the guy smiles. "Pleasure doing business with you. Call me if you ever need anything."  
  
Stepping out of her changing room she eyes the transaction. As the man smiles at her eying her ass she flares her eyes. She had a hunch her Dad had shared her photos. "Selling me off Daddy?"  
  
"Paid for those boots. I'm not made of money. You are though."  
  
"I am?" She ponders the words then looks toward the man walking through the store. "I am aren't I?"  
  
"My little girl the fashion model."  
  
"That was so much fun. Can we do it again?"  
  
"Sure, when we find a Baby Gap."  
  
"Baby Gap?" She stares without blinking. "Why a Baby Gap?"  
  
"Need ribbons for those pigtails."  
  
"Teething ring?"  
  
"Let's not go full on Baby that's creepy. No roleplay crap remember? Ribbons is one thing but no bibs and rattles. I feel bad enough as it is looking and hearing you sound a lot younger than you are."  
  
Pouty faced she softly tells him, "I'm not underage. Don't think like that. I'm eighteen. I can't help sounding young or looking younger than I am."  
  
"I know. Your Dad's sounding pretty sad isn't he?"  
  
"All I want is to make you happy."  
  
"Lets go Fuzzy Wuzzy." He changed the subject. Purchases made they left the store. The owner would discover surveillance video of Paige and keep a copy for himself.  
  
On the way home Lonnie passes by an Adult Video store and turns around pulling into the lot. Paige realizes what he had done looking up from her cellphone. She had played her video ten times since the mall. "Why are we here Daddy?"  
  
"Know what this place is?"  
  
"Adult Videos?"  
  
"Lots more than that. If we're gonna go broke let's do it right."  
  
Leaving the car she hops out following him in. Proving her age at the counter they allow Paige inside. Luckily she had at least an ID stating her birthday. Eighteen being the limit on entry. Once inside she follows Lonnie closely as he looks over toys hanging from the wall. He had already bought her a rabbit vibrator and a Hitachi wand. Now that she had embraced his gifts he decided to add to them. A paddle that said OUCH on it was held ready for purchase. A bondage crop. Fuzzy handcuffs. Blindfold. A 10 inch lifelike dildo complete with veins and a heating mode. Nipple clamps. A sex swing. Butt plug. A remote controlled vibrating egg. The works. Totaling up to a whopping $500 bucks. Paige shivered at each item.  
  
On her own she discovered tasty lotions and funny but kinky gifts. In the long run Paige was more interested in the small things. She, although a steamy writer was naïve to some of the gadgets Lonnie was buying.  
  
Circling clothing she sifted racks for more intimate wear. Discovering leather outfits. One outfit looked like nothing but belts. As Lonnie joins her she laughs. "Is this a horse bridle?"  
  
"Yeah. You always wanted a pony."  
  
"No I didn't." She looks at him strangely then snickers. "Oh!"  
  
"I just noticed the time. We better get home. The guys will be over for the game in three hours. Time to decide what you're wearing."  
  
"School girl outfit?"  
  
"Too cliché. I want this to be more natural."  
  
"Why don't I just wear what I wore last night. It was kind of innocent."  
  
"Nightshirt no underwear. Alright. First time around the guys let's keep it simple."  
  
She found ribbons for her hair and a big colorful lollipop. Lonnie indulged her.  
  
Her video was watched another eleven times. She was mesmerized by her actions.   
  
Too much fun.

**Paige Ch. 03: Game On**

With less than two hours to spare Lonnie Turner had gotten home after a quick liquor store run to get a couple cases of beer. Saving the Corona bottles for himself he chilled the Buds in his freezer. Every couple weeks he and his buddies from his school days got together and watched some type of sport. Tonight was a late baseball game. It gave them all reasons to not be home alone or with a nagging spouse.   
  
Checking on Paige in her bedroom he found her sitting on her bed painting her fingernails. She looked up at her Father standing at her door.  
  
"Everything okay Daddy?"  
  
"Don't paint the toenails. Wait and paint those in front of the guys. They can look up your shirt when you lift your legs."  
  
"Am I wearing a thong?"  
  
He thinks it over, "Not this time." He eyes her tank top laying next to her on the bed. Wincing at it he points at it out. "I have a tank that might be looser than that one." He races away sifting through his dresser and returning with a maroon tank top that would expose her entire sides down to her waist. Fanning her wet nails she stands up and lifts her arms.  
  
"Help me try it on. Watch the nails."  
  
It was easy enough to slip on her. Dropping to three inches above her knees it hid her hips. Not much else. Without a bra there would be no hiding her stunning tits. Standing in a mirror connected to her dresser she eyes the skin ratio. Looking at Lonnie she shrugs. "Definitely doesn't hide as much as my tank."  
  
"Right." He stood indecisive. It shouldn't be this difficult. Motioning her back to her bed he sits her down, "Lift a foot on the bed and let's see what they'll be seeing." She complies as her shirt hem easily exposes her freshly shaved pussy. Again nothing to hide. Rubbing his chin he too shrugs, "Wear it."  
  
"Ribbons in my hair?"  
  
"Not this time."  
  
"There's going to be more times?"  
  
""You sure didn't ask Donnie those questions in your diary. You just obeyed him."  
  
"I like being told what to do. He was really good at it." She giggles.  
  
"So am I."  
  
"I always listened to you too. Did I ever defy you Daddy?"  
  
He thinks about it a second. He couldn't recall her ever being unruly enough to be punished. She always did what he told her. Puckering with an affirmative nod he replies. "Now that you mention it no. Good girl."  
  
She smirks with pride. "Daddy?"  
  
"Yeah?" He lifts his chin from eying her legs.  
  
"Why did you buy all that bondage stuff?"  
  
"You really need to ask me that?" He chuckles.  
  
"Did you like the bondage stuff Donnie made me do in my diary?"  
  
Nodding repeatedly with a one sided smile he confirms it. "Question is, did you like it as much as you wrote about it?"  
  
"I fantasized a lot about being tied up."  
  
"Where did you learn about all that? You said you hadn't even seen a porno."  
  
"Do I have to tell you?"  
  
"Well yeah."  
  
'Last summer when I stayed with Mom for two weeks I found her boyfriends tablet. He had pictures of Mom and him. He tied Mom up and well...you know. She wore a blindfold."  
  
"You have got to be kidding me? Paula was barely interested in sex. Just her fucking vodka."  
  
"She looked really into it. When Mark was around she and he were pretty close. Sorry Daddy."  
  
"And you liked seeing your Mother like that?"  
  
"Nooo!" She shakes her head with a creased brow, "But I imagined myself in her shoes...ropes."  
  
"If you tell me with Mark I'm gonna tan your hide."  
  
"No way. Mark's well...gross."  
  
He leers at her trying to decide if he believed her. She was growing upset.  
  
"Calm down. I believe you considering your description of Donnie in your diary didn't look like Mark."  
  
"He did look like you though." She sticks her tongue out playfully.  
  
"You're gonna live that diary page for..."  
  
"Paige?" She points at herself giggling.  
  
"Precisely. I'm going to go further than your diaryever said though."  
  
Her eyes bulge. "How?" She couldn't blink.  
  
"Wait and see. The guys should be here in thirty minutes. Put on some perfume they can't resist."  
  
"You want them to attack me don't you?"  
  
"I'll be right there to keep them under control."  
  
"Promise?"  
  
"To keep them at bay? No. To keep them from hurting you? Yes."  
  
"Okay. I'm shaking Daddy."  
  
"Afraid?"  
  
"A little. Mostly I wanna make you happy."  
  
"Afraid you won't?"  
  
"I'll try not to."  
  
"Gonna go turn on the hot tub and get it primed. I sent a text telling the guys to bring trunks. Gonna light some Tiki torches too for ambiance."  
  
"Eighteen torches like eighteen birthday candles?" She wiggles on her mattress.  
  
"Damn! Wish I'd thought of that."  
  
"Maybe Gerry next door has some. I've seen him use them at cookouts."  
  
"Good idea. Damn I hope I have enough time to set up."  
  
"You could always invite Gerry to watch the game for helping set up?"  
  
"Five guys in a hot tub. Looks bad doesn't it?"  
  
"Not when a sexy redhead hops in innocently."  
  
"Christ. Stop before I have to make you suck me off before they get here."  
  
"Daddy can't resist me. Daddy can't resist me." She repeats jokingly. Finally he leaves her alone. She plans out her bikini choice as the yellow G-string bikini. Paige Turner was giddy.  
  
Hitting up his next door neighbor Gerry he rounded up fifteen torches between the two households. Gerry was older in his 50's but he loved baseball. Agreeing to join them Lonnie invited him on over before the others arrived. Testing the waters he told Paige to break out the munchies. As Gerry sat on the sofa nurturing a beer Paige slipped past him into the kitchen but still acknowledged her presence.  
  
"Hi Mister Benson."  
  
Leering back the portly man calls out, "Hey there Hotstuff. Haven't seen you in awhile."  
  
"Sorry school and all. Only a month and a half until I graduate. You might see me more here very soon." She winked at Lonnie who took to a loveseat off to the left of the sofa. He tried not to react.  
  
"Thanks again for the torches Gerry. My backyard lighting is piss poor."  
  
"Need to invest in some of those sensor lamps."  
  
"Might just look into that." Lonnie and he chat more until Paige slips in with a bowl of chips and dip in one hand. Her other hand holding a cheese and sausage plate. Gerry looks up at her wearing the loose tank and offers a stunned expression. He quickly looked at Lonnie. As Paige moves back to the kitchen out of sight Gerry winces.  
  
"That can't be Paige. Since when does she dress...since when do you let her dress...like that?"  
  
"She's a grown woman Gerry. I can't baby her forever."  
  
"Yeah but..that was an awful lot of skin showing. Not that I was...staring or nothing."  
  
"Relax old man. This is her birthday. Try not to embarrass her."  
  
"How can she not be embarrassed?"  
  
"True. You know she hasn't turned beet red much of late. Maybe she really is growing up."  
  
"Out too." Gerry exaggerates with his hands as if cupping her breasts.  
  
Lonnie chuckles, "Couple cup sizes in the last year."  
  
"I think she forgot the cups."  
  
"I gave up cramping her style at 11:59 last night. She approached me about change and I realized I can't keep her young forever. Much as I try."  
  
Flipping channels to the station promoting the game he mutes it until the guys got there. Paige returns with a tray of nuked hot wings. She licks her lips after sampling one.  
  
"Spicy."  
  
"Just like you Hot--stuff." Gerry catches himself, "Sorry Lonnie."  
  
"Don't sweat it. She's sweating enough for the both of you."  
  
"Whew! I'm the one sweating in places I didn't know existed. That wing was Vesuvius." She fans her tank offering Gerry a clear view to see her nipples. She then darts to the kitchen whimpering a chant of, "Need water."  
  
"Plenty in the hot tub." Lonnie jests.  
  
"This is going to be a long night." Gerry confirms.  
  
Lonnie nodded, "Might be extra innings."  
  
Seeing car lights out front through the window next to him Lonnie peeks out the blinds. Inspiration prompts him to reach over and raise the blinds on the picture window entirely. A clear view to anyone walking up the street or driving by. Hearing two voices he knew it was his close friends Andy and Mike. As they approach the front door a motorcycle roars up and a third man hurries to join the other two.   
  
"Wanna let the guys in Sweetheart?"  
  
"Sure Daddy." She parades through while still fanning her mouth. Reaching the door she opens it to the three men. Mike was black, tall, and lean. Bald with a goatee. He could almost pass for the actor Michael B. Jordan. Greg the cyclist was white with dark hair and a bushy beard. Not thin not fat. Finally Andy was cleanshaven and a slightly pudgy Caucasian man with brown curly hair. "Hey Uncles Greg, Mike, and Andy." She shakes her shoulders awaiting hugs. All three of them froze like deer in headlights.  
  
"We at the right house?" Mike looks around him with a strange expression.  
  
"Hug me." She bounces on her toes with gravitating arms as Mike steps in first. Planting one arm around her waist to rub her spine, his other holding more beer. Her tits mashed against his chest making him close his eyes and silently whistle. Releasing her he enters looking at Lonnie on the loveseat with bulging eyes. He pointed at Paige now hugging Andy who wanted to faint at her embrace. Flushed they walk in without expression.   
  
Lonnie merely sways his arms out with a "What can I say?" attitude. Lastly, Greg enters looking down at Paige's excitably bobbing chest. She smiles and reaches up to pull his lengthy beard.  
  
"Hugs me." She insisted with her natural baby like tone.  
  
He sits his helmet aside on a stand and literally lifts her up off the ground in a bear hug. Her chest mounded up on his chest as his beard tickled her cleavage. She yelps and hugs the back of his head forcing his face into her bosom. Shocked Greg resists the temptation to motorboat them. Stomping inside still holding her he kicks the door shut before carrying her inside the living room.  
  
"This can't be the birthday girl." Greg huffs, "You hire a stripper Lon?" He continued holding her up high as he swayed.  
  
She giggles and tugs his scalp back to look up at her. "I only accept hundred dollar bills."  
  
Everyone of them was blown away by her attitude. Not to mention her bare butt cheeks exposing while suspended in the air. Greg winks at her, "I better go hit the ATM then."  
  
Lowering her to the floor her tank curls up on her ass leaving them exposed. Turning her back to Greg he notes what he had missed while holding her up. Eyes glued he rubs his beard before looking up astonished. With flaring eyes he glares at Lonnie. "I need a beer."  
  
"I'll go get you one." Paige hops away like a dancing rabbit.  
  
"What is going on Brother?" Greg looks to Lonnie.  
  
"Her birthday. I let her wear the suit."  
  
"Not right." Andy shakes his head with a horrified look while leveling his hand to below his waist as a form of measurement, "I remember her this tall."  
  
Mike puckers patting his chest, "And, this flat."  
  
"Relax you Bums. It's game time." Lonnie turns the volume up. Andy and Mike take their seats beside Gerry on the sofa offering him a hand shake each. Greg remains standing and takes his leather jacket off. As Paige returns with a hand full of beers she passes them out. Each trying hard not to look at her nipple hard on poking at the front of her tank. Greg however took more interest from the side as she stretches over Andy to hand Mike his beer. Stretching meant a good solid side exposure of her full chest. Nipples and all. Greg had to rumble at the reaction his cock was having under his jeans. This girl was like a niece. Her referring to them as uncles only added to their affection for her.  
  
Standing up Paige eyes Greg's jacket. "I can take your coat Uncle Greg."  
  
"Here punk. Might wanna wear it." He drapes it around her shoulders. She dons it but swims in its massive weight. Greg was a big dude at 6'4. She was a meager 5'2. After modeling in it for the guys she sways her arms about. Her hands not even close to reaching the cuffs. Giggling she shuffles away to hang it up.  
  
"Fill us in Bro." Greg glares at Lonnie.  
  
'Like I told Gerry. Eighteen now she's a woman. I made a promise to let her grow up. I'm not gonna get after her for her actions. You guys need to just do like I'm doing and let Paige be herself."  
  
"Two weeks ago she was a nerdy little redhead with every ounce of skin covered." Andy points out. "Hell didn't she wear Hello Kitty shirts a month ago?"  
  
"She possessed?" Mike acts spooked.  
  
"Right! Devil made her do it." Lonnie rolls his eyes as the game announcers introduce the players. That alone distracted Andy, Mike, and Gerry. Returning, Paige stood off to the side of Greg watching the television.   
  
"Since when are you into baseball Nerd?" Greg looked down at her.   
  
"I like watching guys getting to home base." Everyone nearly spit their beer up. Including Lonnie. She looks around at them with a poised brow. "What? Oh, look National Anthem. Everyone is getting up."  
  
Every guy there regardless of their thoughts on her clothing and youth was getting hard. As a singer begins the Anthem she steps out in front of everyone and puts a hand over her heart. The thing was, her hand was under her shirt. Again every guy there turned to Lonnie with curiosity. Lonnie merely shrugs. "Don't block the TV Birthday girl."  
  
"Sorry." She moves across the floor to sit next to her Father. In her hands was her nail polish. As the Anthem finishes the players take the field. All eyes tried to avoid looking as she lifted her left leg up to start painting her toes. Her pussy in perfect view for all of them to bear witness. She ignored them trying to do a good job on her nails. Dicks were getting harder. Men would be men. That little girl had it going on. Even in big rose colored glasses.   
  
Gerry and Andy took interest in the munchies, eyes watching her cute smile between her legs as they chewed their food ever so slowly. Lonnie knew Paige had their imaginations on overdrive. He'd known these guys since high school. All of them were horndogs. Still he also understood their resistance having known Paige since she was a toddler. That was then. This is now. Even Greg was rubbing his beard more often than usual. Mike swigging his beer was mumbling in a hum under his breath. It sounded like Mmmm Mmmm. Of course it was.  
  
Gerry couldn't handle it any further. Getting up on the third try he stands tall. Finishing off his beer he decides to decline watching the game. Bowing out saying he had to get up early. Lonnie stood up and walked him out. Concerned Gerry had a man to man outside in private. Lonnie nodded and patted Gerry on the back letting him head home. Nothing Gerry said convinced Lonnie to tell his kid to go to her room. Even Gerry knew it. It was worth a try.  
  
While Lonnie was outside Paige switched position to paint the toes on her other foot. Shifting sideways in her seat she let her shirt curl up a bit more exposing a deeper stretch of her inner thighs. Her entire pussy and legs leading up to it were in unobstructed view. No shadows whatsoever. She hums sweetly as she paints her big toe. Leaning forward her cleavage was stunning. Greg finally decided to sit where Gerry had abandoned. As he took his seat Paige looked up with a warm smile.   
  
"I love this hot pink color. Do you guys like it?"  
  
With all eyes zeroing in on her pink pussy they nodded. No words exchanged she sticks her tongue out at them. All three stuck their tongue out at her in retaliation. Without conscience suddenly all three tongues wagged at her. She flares her eyes and continues painting her next nail.   
  
Lonnie intentionally remained outside at an angle to watch them through his picture window. He even went so far as to take a piss on the bushes. His dick was really hard. The guys weren't even wondering what was taking Lonnie so long. Nor were they interested in the game.  
  
Paige finished up her last nail then carefully twisted the cap back on to the bottle before stretching behind her to rest it on a stand. In laying back her legs went wider and her shirt pulled tight. Lingering there they could literally witness her labia part and reveal a thin entry point. She blushed knowing they could see her but waited a minute before sitting forward again. She needed cotton between her toes but she let that part go in order to put on her tempting show.  
  
"So, eighteen huh?" Mike broke the silence.  
  
"Yep. Do I look eighteen?"  
  
All of them shake their heads. Andy finally saying, "Sixteen tops."  
  
"Thank God that age is over."  
  
They concurred nodding as one. Greg huffs and stands up. "Let's celebrate. You need a beer."  
  
"Yay! Daddy let me drink four last night. I like Corona."  
  
"Lon have any?" Greg started for the kitchen. Opening the fridge he snatched a cold one up and twisted the cap off. Returning with her beer and his he moves around the coffee table. Instead of handing her the bottle he swoops low and trails the ice cold bottle along her inner thigh. She jumps and yelps laughing.  
  
"That was mean Uncle Greg."  
  
"You look like you need to cool off."  
  
"It is warm in here." She fans her tank again. Mike got a healthy peek this time. Growling under his breath he sits forward and makes a bold move to the loveseat. He plops next to Paige and grabs her right foot lifting it up to his mouth. Blowing on her painted nails made her eyes flare. Her balance kicked her weight backwards and her hands went down on the cushion to support herself.  
  
"Don't need you staining this loveseat." He winks. She nods as her shirt fans wide again showing off her pussy. Looking up at Greg she giggles. "Wanna blow on my other foot?"  
  
She lifts her left foot high and poises it for Greg. Grabbing it he drags her slightly on the loveseat wrinkling the tank under her ass. Andy whose view was blocked scoots over where Mike had been sitting. Between both Mike and Greg her legs were wide open and the shirt slipped down her legs to nestle near her belly button. Greg blowing on her toes sneered at her. She swallowed and offered a doe like expression. Nibbling her lower lip she knew they were interested in more than any loser baseball game. Game on.  
  
"How's it feel to be eighteen?" Andy chose to draw her attention.  
  
"I still feel seventeen. It hasn't even been a day yet."   
  
Greg lowers her foot disappointing Andy. Choosing instead to take her by the hand and drag her from Mike's grasp. Making her walk around the coffee table Greg sits down in the middle of the sofa and yanks her forward over his lap.  
  
"What are you doing Uncle Greg?" She finds herself restrained by a mighty hand on her spine.  
  
"Birthday girls get spankings right?"  
  
"What?" She feels her tank lifted up to the middle of her back. All eyes stared at her sexy creamy white bottom. Raising his palm high Greg swats her right cheek. She yelps giggling. "That hurt."  
  
"Seventeen more."  
  
"Noooo." She wrestles playfully to escape. In doing so the front of her tank slips up exposing her entire lower body. Another fiery swat to her bottom she squeals.   
  
"Sixteen more." Mike chuckles.  
  
Her upper body rests on Andy's lap. Her tits mashed against his leg and her face hovering over his crotch. She keeps her head high to avoid contact as another slap of Greg's large hand strikes home. Her cheek was already red. Wiggling in playful resistance her tank falls forward even more. Her whole backside was visible as the material clung to her shoulders.   
  
"Oh my God." Paige chokes up.  
  
"I lost count. How many was that Mikey?" Greg smirks.  
  
"Sixteen I think."  
  
"Nooo. That was fifteen."  
  
"Nah! Mikey's right. Sixteen.' Another loud impact on her gorgeous bottom. She whimpered and began trembling.   
  
"Must be really warm in here her ass if getting red."  
  
"That or she's blushing like always." Andy teases.  
  
"I'm not blushing." She giggles.  
  
"Must be hot then. Andy help her out of that shirt."  
  
She freezes then attempts a fake escape. As her upper body rises Andy reaches under and drags her shirt up to her chin. Her beautiful breasts in plopped out in full view now. Wrestling it off of her arms was easy enough when she acted as if trying to stop Andy. The shirt flew over on to the loveseat.

"Oh my God! You guys are such meanies."  
  
"Gonna act like a tease you might as well show it all Kid." Greg spanks her three hard times fast making her drop forward on to Andy's crotch. Her face was directly on his hidden erection. She mumbled loudly while muffled in his slacks.  
  
"What did you say Birthday girl?" Andy caresses her long red hair, pulling it aside to see her features crushed into him.  
  
Lifting her face she laughs, "I said I can't breath."  
  
Three more spanks her ass burns. Greg decides then to rub it softly. She sighs and expels a faint moan as her face turns red. She held her breath and shivered at being completely nude in front of them.   
  
"That help ease the fire Squirt?" Greg rolls his other hand up her back until it reaches the base of her skull. He then nudged her face back down into Andy's lap. "You just lay there and let Uncle Greg finish your spanking."  
  
"You're not done?" She pants over Andy's erection. She could feel his cock grow right under her nose and brow.  
  
"Fourteen." Greg chuckles slapping her other ass cheek. Mike feeling sorry begins rubbing her reddest cheek leaving Greg to continue on the other. Mike in his tenderness eyes her cute little button anus. Teasing it with a finger Paige huffs loudly her mouth widening over Andy's crotch. He was in misery knowing that if his dick was out he could right then and there ram it down her throat.  
  
Greg's other hand roams her back in a soothing manner as she accepts another harsh slap. She moans loudly and drools on Andy's pants. Another five slaps Paige trembles erratically. Her pussy was soaked and trickling on to Greg's own pants.  
  
"That was eighteen I think."  
  
She huffs lifting her face to blow strands of fire red hair from her mouth. "More like thirty. I hate you Uncle Greg."  
  
"No you don't." He sneers at her.  
  
He lets her lift up rolling on to her side just as they hear the front door open. Lonnie walks back in and eyes Paige in Greg and Andy's lap. Mike had his hands up innocently. Shaking his head Lonnie points toward the back deck. 'Hot tub. NOW!"  
  
She hurries out of their laps and whimpers at her sizzling butt cheeks. Before racing around Lonnie she lifts up on her toes and kisses him on the cheek. Without a word he knew her thoughts. Off she went, both hands on her flaming ass cheeks.   
  
"Love you too." Lonnie smiles wryly. "I can't leave you three bastards alone with my little girl for five minutes you don't rape her."  
  
Greg leans to his left elbow on the cushion. "Telling us you didn't put her up to that? We know you Brother."  
  
"Of course I did. Fuck the swimming trunks get your happy asses out there in the hot tub with my daughter."  
  
"Anything goes?" Mike looks hesitant.  
  
"We'll see. Just enjoy what I let you fuckers get away with."  
  
Mike and Andy were indecisive. They weren't used to seeing each other naked. Greg on the other hand was the rebel. He slapped his legs and stood tall. Shirt over his head he kicks his boots off then his socks. In pants only he marches out the back door into the ceremony of torches. Paige already in the turbulent water was whining at the heat on her raw bottom. Seeing him she toughens up and lowers into the water letting her tits float on top. He leans over with his arms folded on the ledge of the hot tub and stares at her.  
  
"I remember giving you swimming lessons."  
  
She smiles faintly as he strokes his beard. Maintaining his gaze he uses his index finger to call her to him. Shyly she moves in the water to look up at him. Pointing at his lips she understood. Rising to stand on her knees atop a tub seat she kisses him on the lips. Long and hard they Frenched before he pulls away leaving her with a yearning expression.  
  
Unbuckling his pants and zipping down he pulls them over his boxers. Once kicked off he eases his boxers down over the shock of her life. Uncle Greg as she had always known him had the biggest cock she had ever seen. Although she had only seen a couple outside of her Dad. All in photos or on the porn last night. He was a good eleven inches and his girth the width of a beer can. Her jaw dropped and she retreated to the other side of the large tub. He was very hairy everywhere. Crawling in with her he stood tall before her. She bit her lip hard knowing this might be more than she could cope with. Relaxing Greg merely sits back on the seat she had knelt on and closed his eyes. The jets felt awesome.  
  
Talked in to joining them Lonnie led Andy and Mike outside. All in their underwear. Paige began trembling really hard. As Lonnie drops his underwear he crawls in next to Paige and pulls her into a hug rubbing her back briskly.   
  
"Alright Princess?"  
  
"Yes Daddy." She nods confidently. "I didn't get to wear my bikini."  
  
"Next time."  
  
Mike was next to lose his resistance and stepped over into the water. Her eyes caught a glimpse of his beast as well. He too was enormous compared to her Dad. He settles in to Greg's left. Andy more reluctant shakes off his nerves chanting, "Be brave. Be brave. Be brave."  
  
All of them laughing at his behavior he ditches his briefs and awkwardly climbs in. At least Andy wasn't huge. His cock was smaller in size at six inches. Paige sighed with relief. Sitting next to Lonnie she hugged his hip for security. He placed his arm around her as all three pretend Uncles absorbed the waters effects. Greg finally opening his eyes peered at Paige. Tilting his head to crack his neck he lifts a hand and motions her toward him. Paige looks at his Father for direction, he motions toward Greg with a nod. She goes without blinking her beautiful green eyes and drifts away from Lonnie. Reaching Greg he pulls her against his chest. She could feel his floating python wagging about between her legs as she straddles his lap. Tits crushed against his chest he puckers for another kiss. She shivered as his mighty hands rolled over her back. Throwing her arms around his neck she accepts his invitation and another round of kissing proceeded to stimulate everyone watching. After five minutes of devouring each others tongues his lips move to her neck nuzzling and kissing it as her Father had earlier. She loved the attention. Encouraging Paige to lay back as he held her, her hair touched the water. Her chest pointed straight toward the canopy above. His mouth kissed her tummy then moved upward to suck on her left nipple for everyone to see. Paige peered upside down at Lonnie before rolling her eyes back. She enjoyed Greg's loving lips. Minutes later he pulls her upright and hugs her tightly.  
  
"Love you birthday girl."  
  
"I love you to Uncle Greg." She offers a sincere but timid expression.  
  
He then passed her off to Andy. She endured a similar seduction at Andy's desires. The only difference was Andy took her hand and planted her fingers around his cock. She stroked him under the water as they kissed. She was moaning heavily into his mouth. Unknown to the others her jerking Andy off made him cum under the turbulent water. She knew it by his tensing up. She kept his secret to herself.   
  
Released again she drifts over to Mike who had both arms up on the hot tubs ledge. She crawls into his lap and reaches down with both of her hands to nurture his beast. He smiled vividly at her and whispered, "You just stroke that nice and soft Birthday girl."  
  
"Am I doing it right?" She softly whispered back.  
  
"Not bad." He winked then added, "Damn good."  
  
"Yay! You're really big Uncle Mike."  
  
"Take after my Pop. He was a pornstar. Went by the stage name Miles Long."  
  
She giggles, "That was Eddie Murphy on Saturday Night Live."  
  
"Damn! You know my Pop?"  
  
"Eddie is not your Dad. Nice try Uncle Mike."  
  
He drew her in for a kiss. She had never even given it a thought on race. Paige grew up with diversity. Mike was a really good kisser. He too was tensing up to fire a torpedo. She began breathing heavy with expectation. She went so far as to rub his crown on her lower belly, mere inches from her pussy. She could feel his warm detonation on her tummy. With a sigh he relinquishes her to Lonnie.  
  
"Hi Daddy." She straddles his lap and kisses him just as she had the others. His friends watching with curiosity. Had they been this intimate before now? As their kiss broke he guides her to turn her back to him. Holding her close he kisses her shoulders and neck while squeezing her tits. She loved Daddy's romance. Eyes exploring the reaction of the others she saw the desire in their gaze. It turned her on like never before as she rubs her clit beneath the water. Daddy helped sensing her stimulation by reaching a hand down and inserting two fingers up inside her. Her face exploded with emotion. Jaw wide, eyes reeling back, chest heaving. Daddy made her orgasm under the water in a mere three minutes. Body quaking Lonnie makes the tough decisions. Whispering into her ear she offers a glint of fear before replying, "Okay Daddy."  
  
Struggling a bit she moves back to Mike and fondles his cock again. He was still rock hard. Straddling his lap she guides his crown up to her entry point. With a bit of encouragement she eases on to his dick and slides down on it. Her reaction to her very first real cock inside her was priceless. Mike himself went expressionless and stared at her licking his lips. She went up an down five times before kissing Mike on the cheek and lifting away. He shook his head knowing he wanted more.  
  
Wading to Andy she did the same thing. Five thrusts of her own physical ride she kisses Andy on the cheek telling him she loved him. He tried to speak but couldn't. She knew he loved her too.  
  
Finally, she looks to Greg who was squinting at her arrival. She shivered knowing how huge his cock was. As she started to straddle him he stood up and moved her to face the side of the hot tub. Nudging her forward he guided his hands under the water to line up his monstrosity. Easing up inside her she gasps loudly.  
  
"It hurts Uncle Greg."  
  
"Take it. It gets better." He comforts her with a soft set of palms moving up her back.  
  
Nodding she grits her teeth as her labia surrounds his girth tightly. At six inches embedded he stops and lingers. His large hands caressing her long red tress using his palms to wring out her hair.  
  
"Getting better Birthday girl?"  
  
"No!" She huffs whimpering. He retreats an inch then enters two. She cries a bit. Exiting two he slowly plunges three. She had nine inches inside her next to virgin pussy. A hand lowering to her ass he teases her anal cavity looking back at Lonnie for approval. Lonnie nods but motions to go slow. He introduces finger in her ass making her weep harder.  
  
As she lay her head in her arms she feels his dick ease back and forth a bit more. He was going beyond her Daddy's recommendation of five thrusts. These were not of her own volition. Greg was fucking her. In and out she moans louder each time. His finger joining in sinking deep and retreating time and again. Paige Turner was getting experience.  
  
Hearing her sobs Lonnie rises and moves in to his daughters side. Looking up at him with tears in her eyes she sighs. Lonnie caresses her cheek with his knuckle.  
  
"Had enough Princess?" He looked sad.  
  
She senses his disappointment and shakes her head, "No Daddy."   
  
Taken back by her spunk he feels her hand reach down and grab her Father's cock stroking it. Puckering at her energy he nods to Greg to proceed. A bit faster he fucks her pussy. Each inch storming her G-spot hard. Moans escalate. Strength and courage growing she pulls her Dad closer until Greg eases her back by gripping her hair. Lonnie slips in front of her and watches as she devours his cock. All three holes had something in them. She sucked on him aggressively as Greg pounded her pussy and fingered her ass. Paige exploded on Greg's cock. Lonnie just as rapidly tensed up and shot a load into her throat. She gagged as she retreated. The second she could catch her breath she cried out, "FUCK ME UNCLE GREG."  
  
That the hairy biker did. Until he nuts hard up inside her. She screams bloody murder and convulses. Lonnie stressed a bit that Greg had cum inside Paige until he remembered his friend had a vasectomy four years back. Huffing he watched Greg ease his Manaconda out ever so slowly. She fell forward into Lonnie the second Greg's crown popped free.  
  
Bawling her eyes out she clung to Lonnie and shook like a leaf in a hurricane. He nearly cried himself until she gathered her emotions. Peeling away from her Father she turns in the water and kneels down under the surface to fondle Greg's snake. Lifting it she attempts to give him head. His girth only let her have two inches at best. Still she looked up at Greg with respect. Kissing his crown she gave up and looked toward Andy. Swimming to his side she encourages him to stand so that she could suck his dick a good ten thrusts. Kissing the tip she moved onward to Mike. He stood up the second she waded toward him. Swallowing him for another ten throat thrusts she kisses him.  
  
All grew silent listening to the jets tormenting the water. She lingered in the middle of the tub as Lonnie motioned his friends to encircle her. She wasn't sure what to do when all four men abused her face and head with wagging cocks. She merely let it happen and sat expressionless. Three minutes of having her lips, nose, ears, and brow dick slapped they eased back just enough to jerk off over her face. Four minutes flat her features were bathed in cum. Whiter than her own flesh. She licked her lips and began laughing. The men looked at each other wondering if they had created a monster.   
  
With silence returning they hear loud grunting without anything interrupting its recognition. Looking about they track the noise to Gerry's fence line. It was obvious he had been watching them. Paige fidgets listening to his struggles. Standing up she crawls from the tub and moves out into the torch lights. Her milky white body glowing and incredible to watch. Perfection they would all agree. Finding a hole in Gerry's fence she crouches. Looking into his yard she discovers Gerry standing just on the other side. Without warning he stuck his cock through the hole making her yelp and laugh. Without waiting for him to escape her she reaches up and strokes the hidden Gerry. Seconds of hearing him mumble she sucks him off through his glory hole. Another spatter on her lips she ended his torment with a kiss.   
  
"You're a good girl Hotstuff. Happy Birthday." Gerry vanished into the house.  
  
Standing she turns to see her Father and adoptive Uncles clapping.  
  
"I guess we iced that birthday cake.' Mike chuckled.  
  
Paige walks back over to the tub and steps back in shivering at her body temperature cooling down. Into her Daddy's arms she went. Hugging him tight she kisses his chest before looking up at Lonnie. He pets her hair smiling down at her.  
  
"Can we do this again Daddy?"  
  
"Liked it that much?"  
  
She nods shyly but certain.  
  
"I'll think about it." He looks up at his buddies grinning, "Everyone out of the pool. Out of my fucking house for that matter." The trio vacated quickly. Dried off with towels Lonnie had set out, they all found their clothing. In twenty minutes the three Amigos were gone.   
  
Alone Lonnie returned to the hot tub and soaked in peace.  
  
Paige?  
  
She headed to her room to write in her diary.  
  
"Dear Daddy." She headlined it, "I had three dicks in me tonight. Best birthday ever. I'm so over Donnie. Daddy rules."  
  
Lonnie rested back on his watery throne.  
  
It was good to be King.  
  
All he needed was someone to share his crown. Fingers to his mouth he lets out a window shaking whistle. In her room Paige jumped. Racing through the house she hops into the tub with her Father.  
  
"Good ears." He winks.  
  
"I'll always come when you call."  
  
"That's my girl."  
  
He guides her to the side of the tub and lifts her legs. Her arms encircle his neck just as his crown enters her pussy for the very first time. She gasped at his insertion and sighed with each thrust.  
  
"Happy birthday Princess."  
  
"I love presents."  
  
As he loves on her throat again he moves to her ear. Whispering his thoughts. "I say we show you off next weekend. Wear those furs and nothing else."  
  
"In front of who?"  
  
"It matter?"  
  
"Not really."  
  
"Make love to me all night long Daddy."  
  
"Already planned on it Punkin."  
  
She got her wish.   
  
Even if she was three candles short.