



**DADDY'S
PREGNANT
BABYSITTERS**

COLLECTION

DADDY DOMINANCE

DADDY'S PREGNANT BABYSITTER
COLLECTION: FORBIDDEN
YOUNGER WOMAN TABOO OLDER
MAN EXPLICIT EROTIC AGE GAP
SEX SHORTS

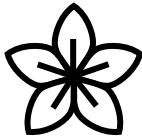
DADDY DOMERGUE

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DADDY'S FERTILE BABYSITTER

I can't believe that I'm sleeping over with daddy.

I've been his babysitter for a long time, but this is the first time he's ever talked to me like this. Does he know it's my birthday?

He is the hottest man I know. But he is forbidden, isn't he?

Not anymore.

I guess I should have known from the first time I interviewed with him: the first time he asked me to call him daddy.

I've had a huge crush on him ever since. He is some sort of Wall Street trader, but you would never know from his physique and the way he carries himself. He rides a motorcycle and wears a leather jacket. Plus he's got panty-melting brown eyes, with thick dark hair, and the sexiest hint of a beard which is frosted gray at his temples and chin.

Tonight is Saturday night. He just got home really late. The subways are closed. I suggested I get an Uber.

"Stay here with me," he growled. "I insist." The way that he smiled wolfishly when he said that, and began unbuttoning his shirt to reveal his bare chest, sent juices flowing between my legs.

God he so commanding, so firm. And not just his voice either. Even though he is a forty-year-old man he looks more like a swimsuit model than any of the boys in my freshman class at NYU.

And that chest. I love how you can see his muscles ripple beneath his taut skin with every movement he makes as he hangs his shirt on a hanger. "Plus since it is your birthday today, I thought we could celebrate."

"Celebrate?" I coo, warmth spreading through my pussy.

“You know. Kick off our shoes. Relax. Let daddy treat you right.” he comes over, traces the tip of his finger down my slender nose, and then reaches out and grabs my hips possessively. “For the rest of the night you’re not my babysitter. You’re my baby girl.”

I swallow, feeling a mix of dread and exhilaration rise up from my toes. Ready to just let go, eager to give up complete control to this masterful beefcake of a man. “Okay daddy,” I whisper, lifting my baby blue eyes to his.

“Go into the bathroom. I have a present for you in there.”



I CAN'T BELIEVE that I am in daddy's bathroom right now.

Something about being off campus, here in daddy's penthouse apartment overlooking the city, so far away from my regular life, and knowing that no one, not even my sorority sisters will know, makes me feel so free and naughty and uninhibited.

Am I really going to do this?

Am I really going to go to bed with a man twenty years older than me?

Umm... obviously.

But then again, I should've seen this coming. Even from the first day he interviewed me for the job, he asked me to call him daddy.

Something about calling daddy all the time, well it just was kind of fun, at first I thought it was weird, but the more I got to know him the more comfortable I got was him, I started using it actually tease him, wiggling my rump whenever I had the chance and letting the hem of my skirts hitch over the clefts of my perfectly round ass when I had to bend over in his view.

Of course I only had a limited amount of time to hang out with him, since it was only during the moments which he would come home from his dates.

Even though he was filthy rich, he hadn't ever married, and his adorable little boy was the product of a Swedish supermodel who had agreed to give

him an heir, no strings attached.

“There is one peculiar condition. I would love it if instead of calling me Mr. Carson, you would call me daddy.”

“Of course Mr. Carson — I mean, daddy.”

“Good girl.”

The way he said it, my face flushed with a sudden and weird mix of pride and arousal. And that was when he told me I had the job, and that he looked forward to seeing me next week.

“HOW WAS YOUR DATE DADDY?”

I liked to say whenever he got home from his dates.

Of course the knowledge that I was so young and forbidden, only made it more fun. I would go up to the counter and lean my boobs over it, sort of slowly dry humping it as he told me about whatever woman he had dated that night.

One time he brought a gorgeous blonde home, and asked me to stay for a little while longer than usual, in case the baby woke up and needed attention. I didn't know he was talking about until he took the woman to bed. Within minutes a powerful rhythmic thumping sound came from the room, as I listened to him give the woman one mind blowing orgasm after another.

When he'd come out, I had been on the couch, with two fingers sunk deep in my wet pussy, and he'd seen me for a moment, his young babysitter having a toe curling orgasm as she listened to him fuck his date's brains out.

He sent the woman home after that.

And had a talk with me.

“That there is the last woman who I give an orgasm to.”

“Why daddy?”

“Because the only girl that I really want to give an orgasm to is you baby doll.”

The words had hit me like a freight train. My whole body had started trembling. For a moment I felt lightless. Like I was dreaming for sure. But then as soon as he said it he denied himself:

"But I'm too old for you. Our age gap is too big." He touched my little button nose and then kissed it. "I'm sorry. The whole time in there, I was thinking of you."

"I was thinking of me in there to daddy," I whispered.

For a second I think my words stunned him actually. His hand rubbed up my silky leg, all the way up the inside of thigh, lifting the hem of my skirt, rubbing circles there until I was soaking wet.

I could tell that for the first time he is really imagining it for real, really imagining as he stroked my warm little body what it would be like to sink his fact cock inside me until it is squirting come and I am screaming his name with my violet orgasms, milking one rope after another into my fertile little body.

I could have sworn he was going to take me right there, but he has such good self-control that he didn't do anything more. Just stood up, left the room, and went to check on his little baby boy, who I had to remind myself is the only reason I am there.

How old do I have to be? I wanted to ask him, what to do bag him. But instead I just went about getting a few towels to soak up the wetness that had spilled out of my pussy and onto the couch while he had rubbed my legs.

Now, four months later, I'm trembling once again, because it seems like the night has come.

It's one a.m. on Saturday. All my friends are probably back on campus partying with guys our own age. And here I am in daddy's bathroom, looking for my birthday present.

There it is over on the sink. The gift box in the bathroom is wrapped in glossy red paper, tied with a perfectly tied white bow.

It looks like some sort of fancy lingerie or something. That's my guess as I carefully tear open the paper in my smooth little hands.

But that's not what it is at all. It's a big oversized T-shirt. His T-shirt. The one that he caught me wearing one time. The one that he knows I love the smell of because it reminds me of his masculine and testosterone filled body.

"How do you like it?"

"Just like I always wanted!" It was a joke we had. One time I asked him offhand if I could take them home and use them as pajamas because they smelled so good. He had said maybe for my birthday he would give them to me.

And now he has.

“The perfect pajamas for your birthday sleep over with me.”

I wiggle out of my jeans right in front of daddy, before I drop them at my feet and step out of them. Then I grip the hem of my shirt and lift it up.

I love the way his brown eyes light up at the side of my young and firm body, wearing nothing but a pair of transparent white panties and matching bra, which squeezes my firm boobs together nicely as I lift up my slender arms high in the air, and he drops the shirt onto my little body.

His shirt feels so silky and smooth, so well-worn by years of stretching over his brawny frame, that it is worn see-through throughout most of the fabric.

Daddy reaches down for his belt buckle, undoes it, and pulls down his pants so that he is naked except for a skimpy pair of boxer shorts that seems two sizes too small for his thick lower body. “It’s the perfect shirt for sleeping naked.”

“It is?” I say, my voice getting a little bit unsteady.

“Take off your bra and panties Nancy. You’re not wearing anything but daddy’s shirt. And you’re probably not going to be wearing that for very long.”

My hands tremble as I reach up behind me and unclasp my bra. My pert breasts fall free and I rub them through his shirt.

The soft smooth cotton of his shirt feels so good on my bare breasts that my nipples poke instantly through the fabric.

He does nothing to conceal the way he is eating up my breasts with his eyes. It makes me even more turned on how shamelessly he is watching me, and something about his thickening bulge emboldens me as I hook my thumbs under my panties, turning around and spreading my legs, so that the hem of his shirt lifts up to reveal my plump ass cheeks and my sexy camel toe as I begin to peel away my thong.

His eyes eat up my wet pussy lips, and I’m glad that I shaved in this very bathroom while he was on his date. I dip two fingers between my legs and rub, showing off how plump and wet I am, tossing him a look over my shoulder as innocent as a dove, blue eyes wide.

“I hope you don't mind me sleeping naked too,” and with that he drags his boxers down his thighs, to show an enormous cock pointing straight at the ceiling.

I swear he must've waited till the exact moment that he was at peak hardness to take off his boxer shorts.

I can't believe how fucking long and gloriously smooth his cock is. It looks like a work of art by some Greco-Roman master sculptor, completely hairless with two perfectly round and smooth balls hanging down.

Even if I wrapped both my hands around it I wouldn't even come close to encircling daddy's cock.

Something about gazing at his rockhard cock as the cool air of the bathroom tickles my pussy lips, which are just barely covered by the hem of his shirt, sending tingles up and down my spine.

The T-shirt fabric that is covering the space between my legs is so transparent that you can see the outline of my slit.

Holy fuck. I can't believe how casually we are doing this. He reaches for his toothbrush, and I follow suit, taking the brand-new one which he indicates for me. I tear it out of the package, put some toothpaste on it, and begin brushing, being sure to jiggle my boobs under his T-shirt.

My college boyfriend, who I dated for less than a month before I caught him cheating on me, used to brag about how big his cock was. Honestly it was a big turnoff for me. Probably the reason why we dated for almost a month without ever hooking up.

Somehow I know that daddy would never brag about his cock, because well, because it speaks for itself.

Just the sight of that gorgeous pillar of flesh sends fire through my veins.

He's definitely sending a signal to me with this. The signal is... I intend to fuck your brains out as soon as you crawl into bed with me: so now is your last chance to back out, baby girl.

I'm so horny and so eager for it, that I can't resist touching my pussy through the fabric of his shirt. When I lift it off I am embarrassed because there is a little damp spot there.

“Nancy, you're wet.”

I almost choke on my toothpaste at his words. I'm a good girl. And I'm acutely aware that I'm in over my head with this man. I am just so ready to submit to him, so ready for him to take me and make me *his* good girl.

“My T-shirt feels good between your legs doesn't it?”

My cheeks flush even redder because all I can think to say is: “I'm excited daddy.”

And now he's so hard, seeing my wetness on my shirt, that his balls are beginning to draw taught into his groin.

This is hot. I'm loving this. Loving the way he can see my boobs jiggle as I brush my teeth right in front of him.

He can't resist reaching out and touching the small of my back and rubbing it through his T-shirt.

“God it's so fun now that you eighteen. Just the things we can do together. Don't you agree Nancy? Have you been waiting for this as long as I have?”

He rubs his hand down to my bare bottom as if to illustrate, giving it a gentle squeeze.

Fuck. It's causing me to subconsciously part my legs. I can't believe my boss is standing there naked beside me in the mirror. All I can do is study the v-taper of his groin which streamlines down into his thick and throbbing cock as he gropes my ass.

He's so hard that there's a droplet of come forming at the tip as he massages my bottom.

My eyes flutter closed. My mouth parts open on a little sigh. The more I relax into his big powerful hands kneading my body, the more I seem to turn into putty. I can hardly even finish brushing my teeth because I am so aroused now, my legs starting to tremble a little bit, just so ready for him to take me into bed now and turn me into a little sex kitten.

“Are you as excited as I am Nancy? That this is even okay? That the state of New York approves of this? Such a beastly older man taking such

an innocent sweetheart like yourself. Taking her to bed and just..." His eyes darken for a second, as if he's imagining the most depraved things he's going to do to defile my virgin body.

I know that my friends back on campus would think this is so wrong — the way he basically just told me that I was sleeping over, without asking me in advance. But something about it makes it that much hotter. And the fact that I am off-campus, like I said, for no judgy girls to judge me doing this, just has me so open and ready for whatever.

"Yes. I am excited." My voice is an unsteady sexy whisper. I am just so ready to let the feeling of his hand groping my body become my whole world and surrender all thoughts.

"Would you like me to keep doing it in bed?"

"Yes daddy."

IN A MOMENT he's doing just that.

We are in his bed. I'm laying on my stomach, his shirt lifted up over the small of my back to reveal my round and naked butt cheeks, my one leg bent so that my pussy lips are peeking out.

He is still completely naked, kneeling at my side. He has not climbed on top of me yet, but I am hoping that he does any second. And lets me feel his hot bar of flesh pressing into my spine as he gropes my little body.

His big hands explore both of my butt cheeks, occasionally dragging down my silky smooth legs and gripping my feet, amazed at how small they are in his big paws, pressing little kisses into my toes before rubbing his way back up and taking both my butt cheeks firmly in his grasp.

"I can't believe I get to explore this clean-shaven perfect little body. I can actually feel my body responding to yours Nancy. It's like something deep inside of me is growing and growing and growing the more that I touch your bare body. Do you feel the same way? Can you feel your body responding?"

The way he keeps teasing his thumbs closer and closer to my wet pussy lips with each grope of my butt, is making me start to grind up and down against his hand.

"Yes. My body is responding."

"God. It is. Nancy you are soaking wet."

My cheeks pink at the way he says it. But then I feel good at what he says next: "This is the sexiest thing I've ever seen. Somehow it's making my cock even harder. You have to feel this for yourself."

With that he rubs his hands up to my neck and then he straddles the back of one of my thighs, laying his thick and meaty cock on top of the supple flesh there.

It feels exquisite on the softest part of my legs.

His tip digs into the undercrease of my ass as he starts working his hands up my back and further exploring my body.

"You just relax and enjoy daddy's birthday present." He slaps his hardened cock against my bare rump as if to illustrate. Then he rubs it over the smooth curve of my butt cheek.

"You mean there's more birthday present for me?"

"There is..." I think he's getting really by rubbing his cock on my bottom. His voice is getting unsteady suddenly, like he's losing that famous self-control. "My God Nancy. This feels too good almost. I probably shouldn't be doing this."

"What?" I bat my baby blue eyes over my shoulder. "Taking a barely legal girl to bed? Getting her naked and wet first?" I am so at ease from his rubbing hands that I'm surprised how easy it is for me to say the dirty words.

I feel his cock thicken against the back of my thigh, and the heat of it spreads through my body.

I'm lifting my ass against the pressure of it with more and more need.

Letting him know how horny I am with the soft whimpers spilling out of my mouth.

"God you're so sexy. I'm going to do some things to your body now. And we are going to see how you respond. We're going to see if you can get any wetter, and if I can get any harder, okay baby girl?"

"Okay," I purr.

With that he repositions himself, straddling directly over my butt cheeks, spreading them apart a little bit before carefully lowering the long piping hot steel hard shaft of his cock. For a moment it hovers an inch over my wet sex and the sensitive pucker of my asshole. Then he presses it down into me and he closes my butt cheeks around his cock.

The heat of it alone, sinking into the stickiest most sensitive parts of me, makes me begin to shudder and convulse a little bit, my foot twitching with

pleasure as his hands rub up my arms and grip my tiny wrists, pinning me to the bed, as he grinds his thick and meaty member into my spread open little body.

“This is to get you used to it. To get you ready.”

"That feels good."

My whole body is responding to it. It's sending a flutter through my pussy. My sex is plumping up, flowing with juices, preparing itself to take his thickness inside of me.

This is so crazy. I can't believe this is happening with my boss.

The man I've been starry eyed for ever since I was fifteen. I mean I always knew we had some sort of chemistry. I could always feel it in his eyes. In the way warmth spread through me whenever they lingered on mine. But I could never guess that he would simply wait until the week of my eighteenth birthday, and tell me that I was staying the night at his house, and instruct me to strip naked, then take me to bed and begin rubbing his thick cock all over my barely legal little body until I am dying to be filled.

I arch my back and my pussy lips rub up against the thickest part of his shaft, coating them in my juices.

“Such a slender young body. So limber. Yet this ass is so perfect and jiggly. When your hips are so nice and curvy. Does that feel good? Do feel my thick cock pressing into your body?”

“Yes.”

“I think your body is ready. It really is ready to take a cock inside of it is in it?”

“Yes.”

I can tell he wants it just as bad. He's probably been wanting it for years and years hasn't he? Now a thick glob of pre-come has formed at the tip of his cock: a slick pearl which he is rubbing into my seam, spreading it with the shaft of his cock so that he is sliding in and out between my butt cheeks, over the wetness of my pussy in a gloriously slippery fashion.

My fists ball tighter on the silky sheets. I am lifting up my feet to stroke his legs, grinding my hips, opening and closing my mouth, every nerve ending in my body coiling and uncoiling with pleasure, every muscle contracting and relaxing, as the heat of his cock sinks deeper and deeper into the seam of my body.

I've never wanted something inside of me so badly. It's like my insides are dying of hunger.

Dying to take every inch inside.

"Have you ever had a boyfriend Nancy?"

"No."

"What's the farthest you have ever gone with a man?"

"I've never been kissed."

With that he turns me over, lowers his head to mine, brushes his lips against mine, then seals them together for the world's sweetest kiss.

I can't believe that he is rutting his thick cock into my smooth pussy as daddy gives me my first kiss.

I whimper, reaching out to grip his arms, and his shaft stiffens even harder. The petals of my sex seemed to melt with pleasure against the rhythmic movements of his shaft, in perfect time with his gentle kisses. I circle my arms around his neck and surrender to it.

He breaks off his kiss and gives me an adorable look with those steamy brown eyes of his, brushing a long tendril of blonde hair from my baby blues. "There. Was that a good first kiss?"

"The best daddy."

He reaches out with his thumb and traces my tender rosebud lip which is beginning to tremble as his thick cock had massages my clit and threatens to slide into my wet hole.

I spread my legs wider, eager for it, lifting my knees all the way to my shoulders, so that my toes are brushing his rock hard abs as he rocks his cock back and forth, grinding it back and forth into my belly.

"I'm going to do some more firsts to you now Nancy. Now you are old enough. So we are going to put a big cock inside of you and you are going to see how it feels."

He takes my breast in his hand, massaging it gently, as his other hand dips down and he presses his thumb over my clit. The pressure of it sends a shock to my body, and I begin to have a little orgasm right there.

His thumb increases the pressure on my clit as he guides his penis tip to the entrance of my pussy. He sings his fat tip inside. I gasp as my pussy lips spread apart. He feels so velvety smooth, so thick, and thanks to my little baby orgasm that I am having, I don't even have a hard time as he thrust his hips forward and sinks his cock halfway inside of me.

"Oh my God you're so adorable. So innocent. I shouldn't be doing this. I can't believe that I'm going to fuck you now. My forbidden little babysitter. I have been planning for this day ever since I hired you when you were 15."

Oh my God. I can't believe he is saying that. Somehow the thought makes this even dirtier, makes me even wetter and wetter, as he pushes his way inside of me. This really was destined to happen wasn't it? He was destined to wait until my birthday and then simply take me like this, as if he owned my ass.

And I was destined to give it up to him with abandon.

Without protest.

So happy to submit to daddy.

Giving way inch by inch, my pussy fights to take the length of his cock as shivers rack my spine. He grips my foot in one hand and rubs my clit with the other as his cock seeks to penetrate me fully.

He eases out of me with one slippery stroke before rocking back in, slapping my ass gently as I grunt to take all of him.

"I can't believe my cock is buried inside of you Nancy."

He reaches to my face, cups my cheek, and gives me a tender French kiss as he rocks back and forth, letting me get used to the unbelievably intense feeling of being crammed full by a 10 inch long and rockhard cock. Jesus Christ. The stretch is painful, but it's a weird kind of pain.

It's like my mind goes blank for a moment and my body just knows what to do.

And all of a sudden my pussy is squeezing and contracting in an involuntary milking motion, and I realize that I am having a huge orgasm, which washes all the pain away and replaces it with intense gushings of pleasure.

"Nnnhhh . Daddy! I'm going to..."

Something gives deep inside of me. For a moment I stiffen, and then I squirt an embarrassingly large amount of fluid as my whole body shakes and contracts.

Somehow he manages to keep himself buried inside of me the whole time.

"Oh my God. I can't believe how hard you're coming from the penetration alone. This is so hot. I should be locked up for this Nancy."

I feel his cock cock jerk in my walls, feel it expanding inside of my warm tight channel, and then he groans and squirts something hot inside of me.

"That was just pre-cum baby."

"I'm not on birth control."

“It’s okay baby. Just give me this moment inside your pussy. Your cunnie feels so good that I just can’t resist. I have to feel it raw.”

“You’re sure you we shouldn’t be using a condom?”

He strokes my baby face cheeks, gazes into my blue eyes, then reaches out and massages my breast in his hand, plucking on my nipples with the perfect amount of pressure. He just holds himself deep inside of me like that, not moving at all.

“Just let me feel you bareback. Then we can put a condom on. Doesn’t it feel good to wrap your unprotected pussy around the veins of my cock?”

His hand rubs of my tummy, so that he can feel the shape of his thick cock inside of my belly.

I can’t talk. All I can do is gasp and pant, feeling my eyes start to roll back in their head as he thrust his hips forward to settle his cock deeper still inside me, and tell his tip is digging into my cervix and his balls are rubbing into my butt crack.

“Fuck that some good teenage pussy. My God you feel so fucking tight. I can feel my balls swelling with semen. I’ve never wanted to fuck so bad as I do right now.”

He is leaning over me, sort of caging my body with his arms pinning my legs straight up in the air, so that all I can do is grip onto his forearms and take it.

We groan in unison at the site of my tight pink ring clenching around the thickest part of him. I toss my head back and this time I come so hard that the arches of my feet cramp up.

“My God you’re coming again even harder Nancy. You adorable little thing. I can’t believe how hard you’re coming just for my cock being buried inside of you balls deep.”

He leans in and gives me a peck on the cheek. He pets my hair like a kitten. His cock jerks inside my walls. He pants and grips onto me and I know that he is trying not to come too. When he’s finally used to the tightness of my warm pussy he begins to rock back and forth a little bit.

“I’m going to move inside of you now Nancy and I am going to fuck you now. Do you think you’re ready for that?”

I open my mouth, but the only thing that comes out is a soft whining sound.

"Your orgasms are going to help your body. They are your body’s way of preparing you to be fucked. To be fucked hard and raw and taken very

very large load of calm inside of you.”

My God is he serious? I can't be having come inside of me I can't take as usual of calm, as much as I would love that... Is much as the thought sent another dirty orgasm brewing inside of me, I can't do that because I'm just a freshman in college, I'm not on birth control. I've been in heat all week, I've been feeling this aching pain, this hunger to have a cock inside of me which I know is my body telling me that my eggs are fertile right now.

“Just hold on Nancy. I am going to fuck your brains out now. This is what your body needs.”

“Yes daddy.”

My fingernails dig into the muscles of his arms. My toes curl and uncurl, pointed straight up in the air, lifted up high with my ankles resting on his shoulders. His one finger on my clit and his other hand rolling my nipple in his fingers.

“I've never seen a girl respond this way, by coming twice just from the penetration alone.” She chuckles it as if it is something he will never forget. I'm almost embarrassed by it, but he assures me that it is the sexiest thing ever. “I can't wait to see how hard you come as I am dumping a huge hot load inside of you.”

Whatever happened to using a condom? I don't even know. And I don't even care. Because suddenly I want to see two, all I want is to know how good it will feel and how hard I will come the moment I feel his seed shooting into my womb.

With that he begins moving inside of me. He eases out all the way, as we gasp at the sight of my pussy lips coating his 10 inches in my nectar. He pulls all the way out of me, and tell his mushroom tip throbs, then he plunges it back into my steaming hot folds all the way.

Then he begins fucking me.

Softly at first, pulling all the way in and out with slow measured strokes, just hard enough to jiggle my ass cheeks with each slap of his powerful hips as his tip finds the back of my walls.

“I can't believe I'm fucking my teenage babysitter on her birthday.”

He builds up a steady rhythm, reaching down to massage my breasts, as my own hand shoots down and begins circling my clit, rubbing in time with his thrusts.

Thrust.

Rub.

Thrust.

Rub.

Thrust thrust thrust.

Rub rub rub.

My moans turn into screams. A blinding orgasm shoots through me. My boobs are jiggling as he grips onto my hips. As he grabs one of my ankles and lifted higher in the air. Spreading me open so that we can get deeper and deeper has life as he feels me come.

“Of fuck. Nancy. Don’t stop coming baby this is the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. You’re so responsive.

“I’ve never come like this daddy.”

“It’s because you’ve never been fuck before. You never had a cock inside of you and so you are coming harder. Just wait till you feel me shoot my seed. You might come so hard you pass out princess. Don’t be scared. Just let it happen.”

He reaches for my mouth, traces my trembling lip with his thumb, and puts it in so I can suck on it.

Suck.

Suck.

Suck.

I suck as hard as I can, coming even harder as he builds up a powerful rhythm.

“I can’t wait to feel how hard you come when I start shooting my semen.”

I whimper and nod, unable to do anything but train my steamy blue eyes on his, pleading him with my eyes to do it. To squirt his hot come and let me feel that wet heat spreading through me.

“Here it comes baby girl. Come with me now.”

And I feel it. He plows into me with one last ass-jiggling thrust, his cock jerks, and his whole body goes stiff. The first rope of come is so hot and thick that it sends a shiver up my spine.

The second rope is even thicker.

The sensation of it causes my pussy to wrap even tighter around him, causes my insides to open up, so that by the third squirt I swear to God I can feel it splattering inside the walls of my womb, hissing into my deepest core, each jet of liquid seed coating my walls thicker and thicker.

“Hhhnnn. Oh my God daddy. I’m coming again!”

My cunt begins to flutter wildly, the warmth of his semen spreading through me is so pleasant that I feel like I am floating. My whole body shakes. My screams turn into soft little whines. I am powerless to stop the churning action of my entire lower body. My orgasm is triggering muscles that I never knew existed. It’s like every muscle south of my tummy is contracting in an effort to pull ropes of semen out of daddy’s balls.

When we have both finished, when I am reduced to a trembling pile of nerve endings, and I am wrapped up tight in his arms, just cooing and purring like a kitten, he kisses me on top of the head.

“Such a perfect young little body. Such a perfect little submissive. How can they say that a 20 year age gap is wrong?”

He pulses come one last time into my nubile body, and then pulls out of me, allowing a gush of seed to seep out behind it.

“Daddy you gave me a cream pie for my birthday.”

“I’m sorry if I got carried away baby doll. I know I told you I would use a condom. But your body responded so beautifully.”

“It’s okay. I’m glad you came inside me. It feels so warm and wet and pretty inside me.”

“And it looks absolutely gorgeous trickling out of your pussy. I’ve never seen a prettier cream pie Nancy.”

He laces his fingers through my hair and kisses me deeply. He rubs my belly. “I can’t believe that your pussy belongs to me now.”

I beam at him with my big blue eyes, surprised, thinking that it was just a one-time thing. “You mean you want to do it again?”

“Baby girl. There’s no question about doing it again. The only question is how soon you’re going to move in with me.”

“Really? Daddy’s live-in babysitter?”

“No not daddy’s babysitter. Daddy’s little girl. I’m going to hire a babysitter for you from now on. Because you are having my babies and because from now on you are spending every night as daddy’s little fuckdoll.”

“Yes daddy.” I coo.

I stroke the warm come that is seeping out of my pussy, loving how silky smooth it is. Loving how warm his body is as he lowers it back on top of mine and gives me a reassuring kiss.

“Such a good little girl.” He says, and I drift into a blissful sleep, knowing that I will never have to babysit another night in my life.

DADDY'S PREGNANT LITTLE
BABYSITTER

I am acutely aware that I am wearing nothing but a midriff PJ top, silky PJ shorts that barely cover my round ass, and my sexy belly button piercing, as I shrug out of my raincoat in front of my boss.

"Lexi. You look stunning," he purrs, his eyes raking down my pert nipples poking against my top, down the bare skin of my tummy, and settling on the plump camel toe that is visible in the seam of my tiny silk shorts.

For a moment my cheeks blaze with heat, and I wonder if I should have worn panties... but when he lifts them back up to mine, his eyes twinkle with mischief.

Something in that sexy smirk of his makes my pussy achingly wet. God he's handsome. Tall, dark, and muscular, with a crew cut that is gray at the temples and matted with sweat from his workout.

I know it's wrong, me dressing this way for babysitting.

But it's so fun.

You see, we have this way of teasing each other, my boss and me.

Whenever I babysit for him, he likes to invite me back to his bedroom, and get ready for the night and change right in front of me as he's giving me directions.

This is the fourth time that I have babysat for him, and each time he has taken it a little bit further.

Last time, he showered in front of me, giving me a quick side view of his luscious manhood before getting in. God, it made me so fucking hot, the way he walked around after that, so casually, wrapped in nothing but a towel, talking about how much juice to give his two-year-old.

He told me to come over here at five tonight, so I made sure to come over at four thirty, just so that I can hang out with him while he gets ready.

Plus, he has a daytime nanny until five, which means we'll have thirty minutes of alone time, dressed in next to nothing.

The thought of it trickles excitement down my leg as he greets me with a warm smile.

"You remember Esmeralda?" he says, motioning toward an old woman crouched over the playpen. "Esmeralda this is Lexi."

The old lady gives me a suspicious look, studying how my belly button piercing accentuates the bare skin visible below my tiny PJ tank top. She narrows her beady eyes at the way that the fabric barely covers the undercrease of my firm tits, which are so perky that I'm not even wearing a bra.

I smirk at the mean old nanny.

Then I reach out with my slender long arms and take the baby in my arms, letting my boobs jiggle as I kiss him and lift him in the air.

I toss my long blonde hair this way and that, bouncing on my heels, dancing with the baby and shaking my ass, bending him low so that my boss can see the crease of my bottom and the pussy lips peeking out of my camel toe.

All so shamelessly that I can feel the judgment in the eyes of the nanny as she watches me.

"Come into my bedroom Lexi," he commands. "So I can give you instructions for the night."

Yes, daddy.

He's wearing nothing but his tiny gym shorts that sport a big bulge underneath, and a tank top that stretches over his strapping chest, as he leads me back to his master bedroom and through into the gorgeous, high-ceilinged bathroom.

His slow drawl and bass voice resonate deep within my body as he murmurs little asides about cute things that the baby did this week.

Inside his bathroom, I hop up onto the countertop, spreading my legs slightly, feeling my skin begin to tingle, and warmth begins to spread through my body.

I'm perched up here between the twin sinks of his vanity, ready for the show.

I dig my slender fingers into my wealth of blonde hair as we chat, so that it gets really sexy and messy-looking, my eyes all sleepy.

He reaches for the hem of his tank top and lifts it up over his head, tossing it aside to reveal his amazingly well-developed chest and his washboard abs. My throat goes dry, and warm juices spread through me at the sight.

As he reaches for his electric razor, I can feel his voice vibrate on the skin of my throat, and it causes a delicious tingling to spread over my breasts: "The baby has been a little fussy. She's been getting her teeth in. So I apologize in advance if she gives you any trouble."

God, he smells good too. As he shaves, he comes up to the countertop, standing beside me close enough that I'm brushing his leg with my toes as I swing my little feet back and forth over the ledge.

Ughhh . His body is radiating warmth, and it's so hard and sculpted. I can smell his own musk blending with that slightly spicy, alluring perfume that always makes me want to get closer to him.

"I left a little bit of mango juice in the fridge. You can give her some of that if she gets really fussy."

I lay back against the bathroom mirror, parting my thighs wider so that the top of my foot rests against the muscles of his leg as I study every inch of his rippling abs, admiring how each ridge is accentuated by perspiration from his workout.

"Okay daddy."

Running his thumbs around the waistband of his gym shorts, his eyes meet mine briefly, flickering with mischief, and then goes for it:

He drags his shorts and boxers down and off his thick and naked ass, making my mouth water at the side view of his cock.

It's rock hard and pointing straight in the air.

Dripping pre-come.

He reaches for some mouthwash, casually, and swishes some in his mouth.

"We started doing potty training three days ago. She had one accident today with her number two," he says with a crooked smile.

This feels so nice and naughty.

He is brushing his teeth naked, gripping his cock in one hand and his toothbrush in the other, as my foot glides back and forth over the side of his leg.

The backs of my supple thighs feel cool on the granite countertop. The bare skin of my arms lifts with goosebumps. I wiggle my toes against his skin, and he looks down, noticing my touch.

"I love your sexy little feet," he says, reaching out to grasp my foot in his big hand and give it a little squeeze.

I love the way that he is so casual with me, yet so possessive.

"If I ever had a foot fetish, I would definitely fantasize about these feet right here." He gives me that panty melting grin of his, then he does it:

He lifts my foot in the air, so that he can move himself in between my thighs. Then he takes my other foot and closes them both over his rock hard cock for a moment.

A deep groan escapes his abdomen as I use my toes to spread precum over his tip, cupping his hot shaft between my soles, and I swear there is a direct line to my pussy, because it feels oddly like I am being filled by his shaft.

Before it hardly begins, though, he sets my feet down and turns his backside to me, resuming his pre-dinner grooming ritual.

"Mimi might want to go down to the park on the corner," he says, reaching for a bottle of Bath gel, before he steps into the steaming shower. "I think Esmeralda lets her watch too much TV. But go ahead and let her watch a show if you want."

"Oh I'll keep her busy daddy. We won't need any shows."

With his backside still turned toward me, he reaches for the shower door. I bite down on my lip, studying the way his shoulder muscles move under his tight skin, as he opens the shower door and turns on the hot water tap.

Steam fills the bathroom.

He disappears into the shower, robbing me the view of his luscious rump.

I sit there straddling his countertop, bending my knees, my toes curling and uncurling around the cool granite edge, feeling steam fill the room, feeling my clit brush achingly hard against my soaking wet PJ shorts.

He says something over the hiss of the shower, but I can't hear him, so I get down and step closer. The shower door—it's not a frosted glass shower door—it's totally clear! The only thing that is covering his fully naked body is a cloud of steam that clings to a wall of rippling muscle.

"What did you say?"

I can't help but stare, following the path of his broad hand as he rubs bath gel over his bulging biceps and triceps, his ripped midsection, and his obscenely well-endowed groin. He isn't fully erect anymore, but the pendulous cock that dangles from between his thighs is still large enough to make me salivate.

"You're such a bright girl Lexi. You probably don't even watch TV. That's why I hired you."

It's turning me on so much to stand there watching him, that my hand slides down my midriff and sinks into my PJ shorts right there, my fingertips finding my soaking wet clit. Rubbing circles on my bean, I am absolutely mesmerized by the sight of him lathering up his cock, which once again becomes as long and as stiff as a flagpole.

My slit is so warm and slick that my middle two fingers sink in without me even realizing it.

Fuuuck.

I'm so swollen and sensitive.

It's the most taboo pleasure I've ever felt.

Holy moly. I'm sliding two fingers into my pussy, shamelessly, right in front of my boss. Well, not right in front of—his side is turned to me, on the other side of the shower door, and he's not looking—but surely he knows what we're doing, right?

What *are* we doing?

He's over twice your age. You're barely legal. This is so wrong!

Suddenly he turns off the water and steps out.

Dripping wet, cock jutting out from his pelvis, totally naked.

I'm so horny that I keep my hand inside my PJ shorts, letting him see it move, my fingers still buried two knuckles deep inside my sex before dragging them out, slowly, trailing wetness over the bare skin of my midriff.

His dark eyes twinkle as he studies my manicured fingertips, glistening with my own juices. "Your hands are even sexier than your feet, Lexi. What color nail polish is that?"

Using my fingertips, I trace two slick circles around my belly button piercing before I train my baby blues on him and purr: "Nude pink."

Slowly, confidently, he reaches out and takes my hand, lifting my fingers in the air.

He studies my glistening glossy pink nails.

And then I become ten times as wet, as he takes my fingers into his mouth and sucks off the flavor of my come!

"Why do they call it nude pink?" he rasps.

"Because it matches my skin tone when I'm naked." With that I reach for my waistband, and wiggle out of my PJ bottoms before his very eyes.

Lord—where did I find the boldness? I don't know, but my core pulses with excitement, as I smooth my hand down the clean shaven valley of my sex to show him the color match between my nails and my plump, pale pink pussy lips.

My heart pounds. My mouth goes dry.

It's all for you Daddy, my eyes say submissively.

His eyes darken with desire. His cock twitches before my eyes. So hard that a big bead of pre-come forms at the tip and then drips down the fat vein that runs all the way to the base of his shaft.

How I would love to stick out my little pink tongue, and drop to my knees to capture that clear droplet of come before his hairless ball sack soaks it up.

But I can't find the courage.

All I can do is bat my eyes at him and stroke my pussy lips, a bare two inches from his leaking tip.

Instead of taking me there, and claiming me, he stays utterly cool, showing no expression as he reaches for his towel, and casually goes about toweling himself dry.

I tug my shorts back on, my face blazing heat.

"Do you have a boyfriend Lexi?" He purrs, lifting his thick arm to apply deodorant, still making no effort to cover his rigid shaft.

"No."

"Why not?" he grins, toweling dry his bare leg. I can't help but keep my eyes trained on his cock, utterly transfixed by the two round and perfectly smooth balls dangling beneath.

"There is this older guy I like... But he's off limits."

"Why's that?" He laughs, lifting one foot and drying it off. Every movement of his muscles under his taut skin gets my juices flowing more and more.

"He's forbidden," I sigh, my eyes never leaving that gorgeous, sculpted cock of his which remains pointing straight in the air the entire time that he is looking at me. "I'm too young for him."

I am back up on the countertop between the two sinks now, sitting with my butt on the edge of the vanity, my feet drawn up and my toes closed over the rim so that my knees are spilled wide open for him.

"Too young? How old is he?" he asks, wrapping a towel around his thick hips, finally concealing the view of his cock.

"How old are you daddy?" I sigh, my eyes with the sleepy and drugged look, rubbing my hand back and forth over the soft skin between my navel and the hem of my pajama shorts.

"Forty-two."

I swallow, studying the way his thick hips stretch his towel, the way that every muscle is accentuated by the droplets of water streaming off of his body, the way that his rock hard cock is so long that the mushroom tip is peeking out of the waist of his towel and touching his bellybutton.

As if for the first time, he notices the wet spot in the seam of my pajama shorts, and trains his attention there. His eyes seem to darken with lust as he rests his left hand on top of my fleshy left thigh, and begins rubbing his way slowly to my leaking center, cupping my heat and then stroking the wet spot with his thumb through the fabric, just enough that I can feel it with perfect pressure on my clit.

"That shouldn't be a problem," he growls. "I mean, I'm sure if he knew, if you told him that you had a crush on him, he would love to..."

"To what daddy?" I gasp as he increases the pressure of his thumb on my clit.

His smile broadens. "Daddies like me, older men, we like—well, we love little girls like you. Our deepest fantasy, most of us, is to take a little girl like you and rock her world all night long."

"Really daddy?"

My voice trembles, my big blue eyes lifting to meet his, and I swear that there is some magnetic current from his eyes through mine, that travels directly to my pussy.

"Really baby girl," he says, reaching out to stroke my plump cheek. "I'm sure if you just told him, he would take you so sweetly and make you his baby doll. If you told me that for example?"

His hand slides down my cheek to the sensitive side of my throat.

"If you told me that, Lexi? Believe me. I would not hesitate. I would cancel my date right now, I would drag off your PJ shorts, and I would

spend the rest of the evening making you feel so good that you forget your own name."

"Really daddy?" I purr, reaching out and raking the tips of my fingernails down his rock hard abdomen.

Before I know it he is standing between my thighs once again.

Letting me wrap my long legs around him.

Brushing my toes along the hem of his towel, I sneak them inside, smoothing my way down his ass with the bottoms of my feet until his towel drops off and his stiff column of flesh springs free once again.

Inches from my eager pussy.

I continue to cup his thick glutes with the smooth bottoms of my feet and stroke them up and down, unable to keep my voice from trembling. "You would do that for me daddy? If I had a crush on you?"

"Oh baby girl. I would make you feel so good that you wouldn't even be able to see straight."

My stomach flutters with a mix of arousal and nervousness. "But... There's just one other thing..."

"What's that doll?"

"I'm also... I'm a little bit nervous about—his cock. What it will do to me."

My pretty little pink toenails curl around the surface of the vanity, as his big hand wraps around his cock, and begins stroking up and down, using his thumb to spread a globe of pre-cum all up and down his length.

"Oh baby girl. I can understand. I mean could you imagine? Someone as beastly and thick as me? Inside someone as small and dainty as you?"

He smooths his palm over my belly, then slaps his fat cock down on my camel toe to show me where he would penetrate me.

"My God," he groans, tracing his tip up and down the soaking seam of my silk shorts. "That's the hottest thing I've ever imagined. I don't blame you for being intimidated by it though. I would definitely stretch your tight little pussy. It would be really obscene. I mean someone as sweet and innocent as you, being impaled on such a thick and beastly cock, with such a rough and older man."

"Would it hurt daddy?"

His hands coast up and down my side, his fingertips sneaking up underneath my pajama top, fingertips touching the side curve of my boobs.

"It depends how tight you are," he rumbles, his thumbs flicking at my sexy belly button piercing as he engulfs my thin waist, feeling how hot the bare skin of my midriff is as I wrap my legs back around him, stroking my toes gently up and down his buttocks, coaxing him in closer to me.

"How tight am I daddy?" I coo.

He reaches down between my legs, and begins to use his thumb, tracing the outline of my tight slit through wet silk which is plastered to my pussy lips.

"Would you like me to take a look?"

He meets my eyes with the sexiest look. I bite down my lip, and before I can even nod or give him permission, he curls his fingers around the hemline of my shorts and drags them off, slowly peeling the fabric from my damp folds before tossing them aside.

"My oh my. Look at this pussy," he sighs with amazement, spreading my legs, and gazing at how tight, pink, and pretty my clean-shaven little slit looks between my slender legs.

He gives out another gasp which fills me with pride, then he smooths his palm up the inside of my thigh and back down, causing my pussy to become achingly greedy for his touch.

"This is the most flawless, tightest teenage slit I have ever seen. My God Lexi."

Resisting the urge to close my legs for him, I spread them even wider open as he drools over my pink folds. He rubs his hands closer and closer, until his thumbs are brushing over the very top of my clit. With that he sucks his thumb into his mouth, and presses it down ever so gently onto the very top curve of my clit and begins to trace the outer edge of it, coaxing it out of its hood.

"I think you're right Lexi. It would be a challenge for a cock like mine to get inside a pussy as tight as this."

Fisting his cock, he slaps the fat head down on the supple flesh of my cunt. The wet sound that it makes causes a trickle of fluid to begin leaking out of the little hole at the bottom of my slit.

He gives out a gasp of amazement, and then drops to his knees, and using his thumb, he captures the trickle of nectar coming out of my pussy, glides it back up my butt crack, and pushes it into my hole along with his thumbnail.

Just holding it there as I gasp and squeak.

"For a pussy like this to be penetrated?" he breathes warmly on my skin. "It would be possible baby girl. You don't have anything to be afraid of. Your man would just have to get you very relaxed, very wet, and in a very sexy and uninhibited mood."

"Really? You think it's possible?" I sigh, batting my eyelashes at him, brushing a long strand of blonde hair from my blue eyes.

"Would you like me to demonstrate?"

My heart pounds like crazy in my chest. My breathing quickens. I am vaguely aware that I shouldn't be doing this.

"Demonstrate, daddy?"

He presses down with his big warm palm on my tummy, letting his cock rest on my sex as I reach down to stroke it and cup it and push my pussy up against it and coat it in my juices.

"To demonstrate how the right man could make you feel so good, and relaxed, and ready, that you are begging to be penetrated and filled."

Oh Lord. This is the point of no return isn't it? I really am scared what is cock will do to me, and I really am ashamed of myself for how aroused I am, and I really am screaming at myself that this is wrong on so many levels.

Yet I can't stop stroking his cock on my pussy. Can't stop rubbing the bottoms of my feet up and down his luscious rump.

"For baseline comparison," he says, then he grips his fat cock, rears back, and tries to penetrate me with the tip.

I'm so tight that it goes absolutely nowhere.

"Goddam. You're tight as a coin slot," he mutters.

My cheeks stain pink, as if there's something wrong with me.

I'm too tight.

I feel his tender touch, stroking my chin, tilting my eyes toward his, which are big and dark and reassuring.

"It's okay Lexi. I am going to eat your pussy for you. Then I'm going to push my cock into you again, and it is going to slide in."

With that, he lowers himself to his knees, and hovers his mouth above my clean shaven cunt.

"Just relax and let daddy show you," he growls, warming my clit with his breath before he sticks out his broad, flat tongue, and gives me a long, thirsty lick up my slick folds.

"Nnnnnnhhhh , daddy."

My pussy clenches on his tongue.

"God you're fucking sexy," he growls, his stubbled chin tickling my bottom as he begins eating my pussy.

"Breathe in and out, and relax as deep as you can," he whispers between my legs.

I know that I'm a goner now.

That I am going to be my boss's fuck toy.

His little teenage fuck doll.

I'm going to let a man twenty-five years older than me play with my pussy, and defile my smooth young body for his forbidden pleasure, because he knows that I am too shy and too submissive to stop him.

He is doing it, laying down one perfectly placed lick after another, starting at my sensitive pink pucker and licking up my seam, making his tongue flat like a paintbrush as he coats my pussy lips in his saliva before rubbing circles into my clit with the tip of his tongue, running his hands up and down my inner thighs the whole time.

He licks me so expertly.

I swear his tongue has a direct electric current from my clit to the base of my spine, which begins to dial up an explosive orgasm.

"Just clear your little head baby girl. We are going to find out if it's possible. This will give you confidence for your man, whoever it is."

"Hnnnnn ."

Somehow I know that if he keeps this up, I am going to be begging him to cream my pussy. It is going to melt my brain and I am going to beg him to breed me.

It doesn't even make any sense. But neither does the fact that this man, my boss who hired me from an ad in my prep school newsletter: me, an honor student, is letting him demonstrate how it's possible for a teenage pussy to take a fat cock.

Licking my clit, his hands mold up my flat stomach and envelop my little breasts, squeezing them together.

Then he stands back up, gathering the fabric of my pajama top and lifting it over my head and tossing it aside, so that we are both fully naked, there in his bathroom, my ass right on the ledge of the countertop as he stands between my thighs and grinds the thickest part of his hammer-hard shaft into my soaking wet pussy.

"Just tell me if this makes you feel more relaxed, if this would make you readier to take a fat cock," he grunts, reaching down to circle my clit with his thumb as he sucks on my lips and kisses me passionately. His left hand groping my tit as he brushes my tight nipple with his thumb.

"It is daddy," I whimper.

"You see? Look at your pussy. See how your pussy lips are parting, leaking this sweet trickle of nectar."

Using the tip of his stiff penis, he draws a little circle on my pussy lips, capturing the nectar coming out of my opening, pushing it back in in such a way that his slick tip penetrates my folds.

"Oh my God daddy you're right. I'm feeling so relaxed and open. I think I could almost take your cock right now."

He pops his bulbous head out of my pussy, and now his tip is twice as slippery as he uses it to draw a line up and down my slit, all the way from my clit back down to the widening aperture of my sex, in the most unhurried fashion.

I rub my own breasts and thumb my nipples, tugging and tweaking them, dropping one hand to rub my clit.

"Oh my God Daddy."

We both watch in amazement. My sex, which was a tight seal before, nothing more than a fully shaven coin slot between my legs, is now very plump and wet and open, like a flower with petals unfolding, presenting a warm and wet bath of nectar ready to receive his cock.

"That's so fucking beautiful. Look at that baby girl. You see?"

The next time he slaps his fat cock down on my folds, the tip lodges inside of my opening, and he pushes it in.

"Oh my God daddy!" The penetration of it brings me over the edge.

And I start coming hard.

Coming on his cock.

He gasps as I come, pulling out and shooting a rope of slick pre-cum right on my clit, soaking it with his cream as my orgasm shakes my entire body and racks through me completely.

I'm so sensitive that he knows somehow not to rub my clit, just to press his thumb there as I come, with perfect pressure, in a way that makes my orgasm last about two minutes long.

Then, when I'm done coming, as if to punctuate his demonstration, he rears back and plunges his steel hard cock inside of me balls deep. My

mouth opens wide, and he covers my scream with a sensuous wet kiss, sucking my lips as my pussy milks his girth.

"You see little girl. It's possible for you to take such a beastly older man balls deep," he grits through clenched teeth.

Oh my fucking God.

This is heaven.

I can't believe he is inside of me completely.

My pussy wraps around his cock like a glove.

I reach around to try to touch his balls, but his ass is too thick, so I just dig my fingernails in and begin to grind deeper into his cock, arching my back so that the penetration is even deeper.

I never knew that my body was able to be impaled this deeply.

"So now you know," he groans into my neck, sending my little hairs on the back standing on end. "Now you know it's possible. I hope that whatever man it is you have a crush on. I hope he doesn't mind that I used your pussy to demonstrate for you."

He is palming my tummy with one hand so that his thumb is on my clit and groping my left tit with his other hand as his thumb tweaks my nipple.

Ugh. So many stimulations and pleasures.

"I'm going to come," I scream, and squirt hot juices on his cock.

I am so embarrassed. He gasps in pleasure, making me feel more at ease, and leans in and kisses me sweetly.

My whole body trembles in reaction to being penetrated so deeply.

I swear he doesn't have a normal size cock like other men. I've never even kissed a boy before, so I wouldn't know. But to have this thing buried to the hilt inside of me is overwhelming.

My body's only reaction, like some fight-or-flight reaction, is to come on his cock, to have one orgasm after another: one toe curling, eye rolling, spine-tingling orgasm after another as I arch my back and gush jet after jet of hot fluid onto his balls as he chuckles and marvels and holds himself deep inside of me, not moving at all.

I know that he would love to start fucking my brains out. But he's being such a gentleman, holding my feet up in the air for me and pressing my clit and gripping my tits as I come on his cock for a third, a fourth, a fifth time.

"Does that feel good baby girl?"

"It feels amazing daddy."

"I'm so glad that you showed me. I never thought it would be possible at all. To penetrate you balls deep."

I gasp and cream his cock.

My cunt tightens like a vice.

He barks and squeezes his balls, fighting back an ejaculation.

Which I appreciate, considering how I'm not on the pill, and he is sliding into me to the hilt.

But still, I feel a dirty itch to feel him squirt come into my belly.

He pets me down and tries to sound casual, but I can tell it's getting hard for him. "Do you think your older man is going to be happy? When he gets a chance to do this to you?"

"Daddy..." A smile creeps over my face. "The truth is that... The older man?"

"Yes, doll?"

"Is you..."

"It is?" His smile widens, and my heart soars.

"It is daddy."

He takes my face in his hands, and trails kisses from the bottom of my jaw to the corner of my mouth, and then he takes my lips into his mouth so sweetly and begins sucking on them.

Exploring my mouth, tasting my lip, mingling our sweet breaths together.

"I have a huge crush on you too baby girl."

"You do daddy?"

He stiffens inside of me, and gives a little groan. And I realize that it's *me*, that it's my pussy wrapped tight around his cock that is making him lose control. And it makes me feel so sexy and good and proud of myself as I reach out and grip his biceps for support.

"Are you doing okay baby girl?"

"Yes daddy."

He bottoms out inside of me and jerks in my channel. "I better pull out. I mean. I can't believe I'm even inside if you like this. I should probably have a condom or something."

"It's okay daddy. You're already balls deep inside of me. I like feeling you raw."

He kisses my forehead so gently. "I like feeling you raw too. Just the thought that I'm in such a nubile silky smooth little teenage girl. Raw and

unprotected." His dark eyes widen with lust. His body shudders, and I feel his balls go taut as his cock twitches inside me. God. It just makes it even hotter, knowing how forbidden this is.

"It's okay daddy. I won't tell my mom or dad."

His hands find my hips and he begins moving slowly inside me. "Fuck baby girl the only thing that is hotter than the idea fucking my little babysitter's pussy raw is the idea of dumping a hot load inside of you unprotected and spoiling your little womb."

"It's okay daddy. Maybe you should."

I gasp pleasure as he licks a line from my collarbone up to my jaw, and starts sucking on the lobe of my ear as he presses his pelvis into me. I can't believe that such a massive boulder of a man is inside of me, fucking me slowly.

Scooping his hands under my ass, he brings me to the very edge of the counter, so I can arch my back and take him deeper.

"Fuuuck," I groan. I lift my feet in the air, grab the backs of my thighs, and pull them open so that he can fuck me harder, jiggling my ass with wet slapping sounds each time he lands balls deep inside of me.

"Uhhhhh ." He grits his teeth. "I'm not going to last long princess."

Ugh. My eyes rolled to the back of my head and my toes clench hard, another orgasm rolling its way through me.

We watch in amazement as my greedy inner lips paint his cock with my cream each time he slides out.

"*Daddy !*" I yelp as I wrap my legs around him and he thrusts up into my wet cunt, plowing me. God, it feels so good. My body trembles as he wraps my backside in his arms and hauls my tits against his chest.

"Fuck," he says. "Such a hot, tight cunt."

He thrusts again, deeper still, pounding my wet pussy.

"Aaahnn," I moan, closing my eyes as he uses my fuck-hole. "Oh... Fuck me daddy!"

Another thrust. Surging deep.

Pump.

Pump.

Pump.

He's working up an enormous ejaculation, bucking out of control and roaring his imminent release.

"Tell me to pull out baby girl," he shouts with one last ball-slapping thrust.

I try to say *pull out*, I really do.

But I can't.

I can't.

I'm coming too hard to speak.

"Fuuuuck. I'm going to breed you Lexi."

My eyes meet his pleadingly, begging him to do it, my body milking his cock, my walls squeezing up his cock from the root to the tip.

Here it comes! I brace myself, aware of every nerve in my body.

His cock stiffens, freezes, and finally shoots off inside me, spurting a thick rope of cum into my fertile little pussy.

I scream at the top of my lungs... and rope after rope of come splatters my cervix. The taboo pleasure of it overwhelms me: my boss, a man twice my age coming inside me, breeding me a week after my eighteenth birthday.

He comes so hard that the cream pie is dripping onto the bathroom floor before he is even done creaming me, his spend seeping out from the tight seal of my pussy lips wrapped around the root of his pulsing cock.

"This is so beautiful baby," he tells me as I cling to him.

His cock slides out of my fresh pussy, gushing seed, as he sweeps his hands up my backside and kisses my temple.

Then, using two fingertips, he gathers some of the slick semen trickling down over the sensitive pucker of my anus, and brings his fingers to my mouth, letting me suck the flavor clean.

The taste of daddy's spend is the best taste in the world.

He put such a monster cream pie in me that you can actually hear it, dripping from my hole onto the tile floor.

We both look down at the pool of cream and groan with deep, taboo satisfaction.

And that's when the nanny pokes her damn head in the room.

"It's 5 o'clock sir, time for me to—"

I wrap my legs around him, mortified. She can clearly see his naked thick ass, can see that I'm naked on the countertop, can tell that he just fucked my brains out from the puddle of come on the floor.

He's still so stiff, and my pussy so slick, that in his effort to cover me from view, his shaft slides back inside of me.

"Uhhhhhhnnn ." My mouth shoots open. My toes curl, and I have another taboo orgasm right on his cock, as the nanny gazes in shock.

Some crazy part of my brain wants to explain to her: *it's not what you think it is.*

But all I can do is sob my pleasure.

"*I'm coming again daddy.* I'm sorry," I whimper, submissive eyes on his, as he brushes the hair from my forehead and kisses me sweetly, stiffening inside me, telling me that I'm adorable and that it's okay.

Eyes hooded, he turns to the nanny, growling for her to go home.

"*But the baby!*" Esmeralda shrieks.

"Can play in her crib a moment!" he snaps, finishing her sentence before she runs off.

He holds me there for a second in his arms and reassures me, telling me that I'm a good girl, and that nothing bad will come of his nanny seeing that he was balls deep, unprotected inside of me as I came on his cock just then.

"Does she—does she know that I'm old enough?"

"That you're legal?" he laughs. "Fuck, I don't know."

I flush with shame, and he pulls back off me.

Following the nanny out of the room, to go talk to her just in case.

I hear them talking.

Fuck.

Are they—? They're arguing in the living room. *Holy fuck.* Did she mention something about calling the police?

She definitely thinks that I am not even legal. Oh Lord. Somehow the idea makes me even hotter, as I reach down and touch the white come trailing down my pink butthole.

God. It *should* be criminal, what he is doing to me.

But I love it.

I *want* him to do it.

Even if he is taking advantage of me.

"I tell police you are fucking little girl! I tell them you fucking teens!" I hear her shout as the door slams.

Flicking my hair, I look at myself in the mirror. I guess I can't blame her. I look so flushed, so young, so wide-eyed and smooth-bodied, that I *could* pass for a naughty little girl.

With that daddy comes back in, gazing at my little tight teenage pussy, looking hardly able to believe that such a young thing was draining his balls

just now.

"I can't believe it," he mutters, raking his hand through his thick head of sexy hair. "You were right. She thinks you're jailbait."

"Does it make you worried daddy?"

"Worried?" He gives me a devilish look with his deep brown eyes, and then scoops up my ass in his hands, lifting me off the bathroom countertop. "Fuck no. Horny, is it what it makes me."

He carries me into his bedroom, trailing kisses from my mouth to the hollow of my throat.

"I'm going to pretend this *is* illegal. This next time I dump a load in you Lexi."

I guess daddy isn't going out tonight after all. Warm waves of euphoria wash through me.

"But before my next cream pie, darling? Scream for me to pull out. Then I'll pump even more cream into you. Won't that be hot?"

He tosses me down on his bed, lifts my ankles in the air, and settles in between my thighs.

Oh my god.

This is so wrong.

But so right.

And I'm so glad, because I know it will always be our little secret.

Just daddy and me...

And yes, *okay* ... one other person.

I giggle as he starts defiling me again, thinking that if one, disapproving, old crone needs to know, then that only makes it hotter.

THE END

DADDY PUNISHED HIS FERTILE
BABYSITTER

I have this thing where I do my homework on my boss's couch.

Every time he comes home, late at night, I am there settled deep in his couch, with my long and limber legs wrapped in thigh-high white stockings, my pleated skirt riding up just enough to show the very top of the stockings, where the tight fabric climbs to within inches of my teenage slit.

They give us these stockings at school that only come up to our knees, but I bought these sexy lingerie stockings that come up almost all the way to my pussy.

I love the way that they feel wrapped around the plumpest part of my thigh, and I love the way that they frame my little slit and my little patch of blonde pussy hair when I am wearing no underwear... which is always the case when I'm here at my boss's house, babysitting for him.

On the off chance that one day I will give him the full show.

Usually I like to pretend I'm doing math homework, skirt lifted up, legs spread in an obscene pose, keeping one fingertip on my clit to keep my folds nice and plump as I nibble on a pencil in my other hand, pretending that I am actually thinking about math.

That's the pose that he always finds me in... in my fantasies.

I always imagine him walking in and giving him a full view of it as I shamelessly stroke my pussy lips and bat my innocent blue eyes at him while my stockinged feet curl and uncurl with pleasure, drawn up on the couch.

But the one time it almost happened, of course I hid myself at the last second.

That was last week, actually.

It happened around ten o'clock.

I was in his swanky apartment, having just put the baby down, playing with myself on his couch.

The door clicked open, and I was almost caught red-handed with my skirt flipped up... but at the last second I flipped my skirt down and folded my legs together.

But I think he could tell.

I think he knew I was up to something dirty.

Because what happened next—well, it made me so hot that I've been swooning for him ever since.

"God I love your little feet Samantha." My boss stepped over to the couch, reached out, grabbed my left foot, and lifted in the air so that my skirt rode up my thigh.

His piercing blue eyes roamed over my full, youthful body as he squeezed my foot tighter.

"I am going to give you a nice little foot massage one of these days for your birthday present."

"Okay daddy," I said, bending my knee so that my skirt lifted dangerously high, so high that he could see the bare skin of my thigh where my long white stocking ended, just inches from my velvety center, lips bare and shaven clean.

If he lifted my foot any higher, he was going to see it in all of its glory.

Part of me wanted to just relax and arch my back, and lean back and let it happen.

Let my skirt hitch up and let him gaze at my tight teenage pussy as he gave me a foot rub.

But instead I closed my legs together bashfully, and told him that I had better get home before my parents started to worry.

That was one week ago.

ONE WEEK LATER, I am sitting at his kitchen table, doing my math homework. I am still in my schoolgirl uniform: my white button-down shirt with my prep school logo on it, a pleated skirt, and tight white stockings that wrap around my long and limber legs.

Settled deep in his couch, the same place where I was during our encounter last week, keenly aware that it is ten o'clock, about the time that

he should be getting home.

At this very moment, my friends from school are coming home from their debate tournament, packed into a yellow school bus, excited about the trophies they won. While I sit here biting my pencil in one hand and fondling my clit in the other, excited about the older man I'm trying to win.

Stop.

No, Lizzie.

You're not going to actually do this.

Am I? I do the math in my head. I'm eighteen. He is forty-five. Why does that make me so excited and thrilled?

Maybe it's just how hot he is naturally, with that light scruff of a beard on his square cut jaw, and those sexy dark blue eyes of his that twinkle whenever he says something naughty to me.

Ugh.

I can't even concentrate.

All I can do is just arch my back and let my hair fall over the edge of the couch, relaxing into a boneless little ragdoll, as I imagine how good it would feel to let him have his way with me.

Click.

What was that?

A delicious trickle of excitement pools in my belly.

The door swings open and daddy walks in.

God he looks good. Tall, with sexy short hair, and a gorgeous v-taper physique: massive shoulders and a thin waistline, which always makes me want to see him shirtless.

"How was your date daddy?"

"It was lousy. I couldn't stop thinking about you the whole time. I was so excited to come back and hang out with you."

"Really daddy?"

I give him a naughty look with my baby blue eyes, bending my knees on the couch, letting my skirt ride higher, my thighs spread open so wide that my toes are joining together, wiggling right under the shadow of the hemline of my skirt, which is written up so far that I'm pretty sure he can see my slit in the shadows!

He leans back, and begins unbuttoning his shirt slowly. I rub my little stocking feet back and forth on the couch between us, and after he tosses his shirt aside, revealing his mouthwatering chest and rock hard stomach, he

reaches down and closes his left hand over my foot, and begins rubbing it in that intoxicating fashion of his, that sends endorphins flowing through my brain, relaxing me completely.

It feels so naughty knowing that I'm wearing no panties: just these long white stockings that cling to my creamy white flesh.

"Is it bad that I couldn't stop thinking about you all week?" He asks, his voice a husky purr that vibrates on my skin.

"Really daddy?"

He takes my other foot in his hand. A delightful itch crawls up my stockings, and I am just itching for him to peel them off, one by one, and begin smoothing those big hands of his up and down my naked legs and inner thighs until his fingers are brushing against my eager pussy.

"Daddy... That feels... Your touch... It's making me..."

He scoots closer to me on the couch, bending my legs even more as he grips both of my feet, enough so that my skirt hitches up further, and I push my hips out so that he can definitely see my pretty little gash. Which is now swollen and plump and eager.

"Making you what baby?"

"It... it makes me wet."

There. I said it.

My heart pounds in my chest. I mean I said it, but isn't it clear, that something is going on between us?

He takes that as an invitation, and begins rubbing his hands up the insides of my legs. Keeping one of my feet in his hand as the other rubs deeper down the inside of my leg, dragging the material of my skirt up so that he can study my fully shaven pussy up close.

He gasps in amazement, letting his thumb brush lightly over my outer folds.

"My God Lizzie. That is the prettiest little pussy I've ever seen."

"You are wet aren't you? And so plump and juicy and eager. Am I doing that to you baby?"

I whimper, sink my pointy little tooth into my lip, and I nod.

He brushes his hand back down my thigh, smoothing over the elastic of my stocking, before raking his fingertips inside and peeling it off slowly.

"Your schoolgirl uniform is so fucking sexy on you. I've been wanting to peel these stockings off for so long."

The raking of his fingernails down the inside of my leg as he unpeels my stocking all the way has my juices flowing like crazy. His eyes never leaving my wet pussy as it begins to clench and flex with anticipation.

He tosses aside my stocking and studies my tiny little toes for just a moment before reaching out for my other stocking, raking his fingers over the hemline, inches from my fully exposed pussy, and peeling it off of my creamy naked leg.

"Your skin is flawless, Lizzie."

He takes a moment to smooth his palms back and forth from my knees to the inside of my thighs, delighting in how supple and moist my flesh is, before he smooths his palms close enough to brush his thumbs delicately up and down my pussy lips.

"Hhhnnn . Daddy... What are you doing to me?"

He is stroking his middle two fingers up and down my seam, now touching my clit and rubbing it with such a light touch that I am whimpering and wriggling and squirming for more.

His voice becomes harsh, almost gravelly. "We need to do something about this wet pussy right away."

He brushes a strand of long blonde hair from my blue eyes, and I reach out, gripping his biceps in my little hands, as he leans forward to grab the waistband of my skirt and pull it down my legs, so that I am naked below the waist.

"You don't mind if I? If I... Make myself more comfortable? For our foot massage?"

He nods to his belt buckle, and using my left foot, I giggle and begin stroking this bulge in his pants up and down, up and down, until it is getting stiffer and stiffer, so stiff that he has no choice but to undo his belt, unbutton his pants, and free his raging erection.

Holy shit. His hard penis is a work of art. I feel drool forming in the back of my mouth as my eyes traveled down his length, from the glistening tip down the thick and veined shaft, to the perfectly formed balls dangling from the silky sack below.

He tosses his clothes aside, naked, and when he comes back he unbuttons my shirt and undoes my bra for me, and hauls me into his lap so that we can make out for a moment, the both of us totally naked, his fingertips exploring the crease of my ass as the pink tips of my nipples rake over the hair of his chest.

The stimulation is almost too much for me.

"Sorry baby girl," he says pulling off of me, shaking his head for a moment as if he is in a daze. "I don't know what is coming over me. I just want to get really comfortable with you, and hang out with you, and give you this nice little foot massage. You don't mind if we're naked for it do you?"

My voice trembles with excitement. I'm so turned on that I'm dripping juices onto his cock in his stomach as I sit in his lap, rocking my bare belly against his rock hard six pack and feeling his tip rub against my clean-shaven pubic bone.

"No daddy."

"That way we can do something about this steaming hot, eager young pussy while we are at it."

"What do you mean daddy?" I say, feeling the little hairs on the back of my neck stand on end from the contact of his cock rubbing my belly button.

"This is like a rare flower unfolding. An eighteen-year-old virgin pussy, petals fully open in the moonlight. I bet it feels good when you touch it, doesn't it?"

"It does daddy."

"Would you like me to make it feel... Incredible while you touch it? I mean, while we hang out in give each other foot rubs?"

I don't even know what he's talking about. Am I consenting to sex with him? If I say yes is he going to bury his cock inside of me balls deep while he rubs my feet, and start squirting come?

Fuck.

It would be my deepest craving.

My darkest fantasy come true.

For him to strip me out of my schoolgirl uniform, coax my feminine flower into full bloom, and then bury his beastly cock inside, and fertilize my womb with rope after rope of seed.

This is the sort of thing that happens in bad porn movies, not in real life.

But it is happening.

This is real.

Before I know it, he's pushing me back down on my back on his couch, lowering his mouth between my legs. I spread them wide open, feeling his warm breath coasting over my tummy, the insides of my thighs, and my soaking wet clit.

"Before the foot rub I need to do something about this, first. Your pussy is dangerously wet and juicy."

He's between my thighs on the couch, and my legs are spread open with my feet pointing in the air. I am so wet that I can feel the leather couch cushions becoming slick underneath my bottom as I wriggle on the couch, desperate to be filled and used completely.

Desperate to come so hard that I forget what my own name is.

With that he lowers his mouth between my legs and begins eating my pussy for me.

"Fuck you are so nice and primed up. I'm going to have your pussy humming."

"Can I... can I suck your cock as you eat my pussy daddy?"

"Of course baby girl."

Before I know it, he is scooping me up, spinning me around, reverse cowgirl style on top of him, and for a moment I feel the root of his cock pushing into my open pussy lips.

It's the first time I've ever felt a cock.

And it's pressing into my wet pussy, rock hard and bare.

I know I'm supposed to be sucking his cock, crawling into the sixty-nine position with my ass in the air so that he can eat my pussy... But I can't help but lower my ass and pussy lips onto his cock and relax into it, letting a sigh escape my chest as his big paws land on my ass cheeks and squeeze them roughly.

The feeling of it, of realizing what it would feel like for our sexes to join, and for him to penetrate me, well, I can imagine it very clearly as I grip his legs and push my wet pussy down his cock, coating it in my juices before I lift myself off of it and shimmy my ass back down towards his face, so that he can finish licking my cunt as I suck his cock.

The feeling of his tongue lapping my sensitive inner pussy lips and his thumb circling my clit—the pleasure of it—is so overwhelming that I can barely concentrate on the gorgeous pillar of flesh jutting out from between his thighs.

I take my time, circling my fingers around the base of his cock and giving the tip a tentative lick. Then I let my long blonde hair tickle his ball sack before I wrap both of my hands around his cock and begins sucking off the head as wetly and as passionately as I can, bucking and clenching as he brings me to a spine tingling orgasm with his tongue.

I start coming so hard, that I collapse onto his face. The deep masculine groans of arousal that I feel coming out of him and vibrating on my tits as he laps up my juices and grips both of my ass cheeks right in his face—well, it just pushes me more over the edge, makes me suck on his cock so hard that he can't help but start squirting ropes of coming to the back of my throat.

Gulp.

Gulp.

Gulp.

I swallow every single rope, savoring the salty sweet flavor on my taste buds.

"Oh my God that was hot," before I know it he is wrapping his hand around my hair and pulling me off of his cock, so that he can plant a wet kiss into my lips.

We just cuddle there sweaty and naked, letting our skin slip and slide as we continue to grind against each other, rutting our bellies together needily, even though we have both just come super hard.

For awhile we make out like that, rocking back and forth rubbing and stroking each other sweetly, until we are both eager for more and he is rock hard and pressing against my open pussy lips.

"We are going to use this pussy a little more. For the both of our pleasure."

Fisting his cock, he brings the tip to my tight rosette. It looks just like a little rose unfolding, unfolding at the sensation of his slippery, velvety smooth tip rubbing circles on the sensitive clean-shaven skin there.

I gasp and my knees reflexively stretch back all the way to my boobs, spreading my legs open so wide that my dainty feet are dangling right before my pussy as he gasps in amazement at the sight of his big thick tip parting open my inner folds, which are now swollen and visible, bright pink as they swallow up his dark and beastly thick cock.

We groan in unison. And he stops just after his mushroom head becomes buried inside of me, unable to move any farther.

I reach out and grip his biceps, trembling. He kisses me on the bottom of my jaw, and then he licks a line from my clavicle up to the base of my earlobe and sucks on it as he begins easing out, back and forth wetly, just the tip, until his first three or four inches are sliding in and out of my tight hole in such a way that is delivering pulses of intense pleasure to my core.

Whoa .

Bliss rises from my toes.

I wrap my legs around him.

This sensation of him fucking the vestibule of my body, massaging my pussy open with his tip, is surely going to give me the most mind-bending orgasm of my life.

"Daddy I'm going to come so hard."

A shudder racks through me, and I can literally feel my body turning into a mindless puddle of goo, can feel my pussy getting wetter and wetter, opening wider and wider, until it is enveloping his whole shaft, soaking his rock hard cock inside of me all the way up to his balls.

I feel him jerk inside of me, and then my walls go tight, squeezing his cock so hard that I can't help but start coming at the taboo fullness that I feel.

"Oh my God daddy I am coming so hard."

"Fuck. Your pussy is so primed and wet. I'm about to unload inside of it."

"Yes daddy."

"These are going to be the biggest ropes of come ever planted in a young teenage barely legal pussy."

"Are you on birth control doll?"

"No daddy."

He lets out an even deeper groan of taboo pleasure, and fucks me harder.

Bouncing me on his cock.

My creamy tits swing up and down wildly.

He moves with a rising rhythm inside of me, like a powerful machine, for a dozen thrusts before losing control.

"Here it comes," he grunts, fucking me as hard and fast as he can.

Pumping into my cervix with his tip as his balls nestle into my butt crack, my eyes rolled back into my head and I just take it. I take the fucking.

I know that I shouldn't.

But the pleasure is too intense.

I'm coming again.

I don't even know if I'm coming again, or if I'm just coming so hard that it's one continuous long orgasm as his slick cock slides back and forth

inside my tight young hole.

I can't believe that this is how I'm losing my virginity. He is fucking me so hard right now. I can't believe that it doesn't hurt, but something about all the orgasms have me feeling so good, that all that I feel is pure taboo, toe-curling, forbidden pleasure as I let this man twenty-five years older than me take my virgin flower.

Breeding me.

Fertilizing me.

Spoiling my unprotected womb.

And I am loving it.

I never knew that I could take a fucking this hard. If you would show me a picture of this, my limber legs wrapped around him and my fingernails dug into his back, my face contorted in orgasm, well I never would've believed you... I would've told you that I would've broken under such a hard fucking from a possessive older man.

But I don't.

I just turn into goo, my body dissolving into a puddle of nerve endings as he begins firing hot ropes of come inside of me. I wrap my legs tighter around him, and suck on his neck as my pussy drains every last drop of his come out of his balls.

When he starts pulsing softer, I reach out and massage his ball so that his pulses intensify for a moment, his silky smooth orbs twitching in my hand before one last squirt of wet heat spreads through my core.

And then we are both spent.

"My God baby girl. I think we caught you at the exact perfect time, at peak fertility."

We both look down at my feminine flower, white with cream and red from the beating that it took.

"It's the prettiest thing I've ever seen," he purrs reaching out and coaxing more of his white come out of my pink hole.

I love you daddy, I want to say, relaxing my petite, warm, naked body into his as he wraps me in his arms and pulls a blanket over us on the couch.

But not yet. *Don't scare him off.*

Next time... I say to myself... And I manage to hold my feelings in.

When else in this lifetime am I ever going to have the chance to be fucked long and hard by someone as hot as my daddy boss?

The answer is never.

"That was beautiful babygirl," he says, pressing a kiss into the top of my forehead.

"That was a good little foot massage daddy," I purr, my voice steamy and my eyes sleepy.

"And that was a good little cock massage that your pussy gave me."

"Daddy!" His dirty words bring two pink circles to my cheeks. I don't know why I'm embarrassed. I just let him dump a huge load in me.

Sculpting his big palm over my round bottom, he nibbles my earlobe then kisses me on the lips.

"Your pussy is a perfect little flower. And as long as you work for me we are going to keep it perfectly wet, fertilized, and well-nourished with the most nutritious substance in the world."

It's my wildest fantasy come true.

"Okay daddy," I breathe, covering his body in mine as he caresses the crease of my cum-slick bottom.

At least if true love doesn't work out, I will always have my taboo, twisted, secret sex daddy.

Drooling into his muscular neck, I drift off into a naughty little dream.

THE END

DADDY'S YOUNGER BABYSITTER

HARRISON

I knew it was a bad idea to bring my babysitter along on this trip.

She's in my bed right now.

Back in the hotel room, wearing nothing but her panties and her lush head of chestnut brown hair. I had to leave the bed because I was going crazy.

Is this what it's like to be on a Viagra pill?

As a single father, I really need her help as a babysitter and nanny. But she is so much younger than me and forbidden. Hell, she just had turned eighteen on this very trip. We joked about it the other day.

"Now you're old enough to smoke cigarettes."

"Old enough to go to bed with you daddy."

God, does she know how hard my cock gets every time she calls me daddy?

It's a joke she does with me, mimicking my beautiful two-year-old girl who is supposed to be the only reason that Mia is on this trip.

She had done it for the first time the other day on the beach, when my two-year-old had babbled that I was a "big daddy."

"Your daddy *is* so big," Mia had cooed in response, reaching out to stroke my arms.

Her hands felt so warm and smooth and small on my muscles. And when she looked up at me with her baby blue eyes, I swear I'd shot a rope of pre-come into my swim trunks so thick that she could see it trickling down the muscles of my thigh.

She was definitely teasing me in the way that she said that. And the teasing has only increased since she had her birthday yesterday.

God my juices are flowing so hard now. Why didn't I get an extra hotel room for my babysitter, and have her sleep in a different bed than me?

And why did I set the precedent of sleeping in next to nothing?

We've been sleeping in the same bed every night on this trip and I swear every night we've been sleeping in less and less clothing. That's how we got to the point we are at tonight where she was wearing nothing but a lacy thong which disappears between her perfectly round butt cheeks.

Just inches from my aching hard, erect cock covered in nothing but a thin layer of cotton in my boxers.

How the hell am I supposed to sleep like that?

That's why I had come out here, into the kitchen area of our hotel suite.

I open the fridge, and grab a bottle of Pacifico beer. The top twists off in my hands, and the entire twelve ounces drains easily down my throat. *Maybe that will help.*

God, I could feel the warmth of her smooth little body just radiating heat off of her. It was enough to make me fist my raging hard on right there in the bed as we slept, or tried to sleep. That's why I had to get out of there and come in here to the kitchen, have something for my head... or my cock.

I should beat off, to get rid of this feeling. This feeling like my cock has turned into a flagpole.

Just being around her tight, fertile, and firm little body barely clad in string bikinis all week, revealing how clean-shaven and flawless and milky softer skin is, knowing that she is at the peak of her fertility, has been driving me crazy.

I reach for another beer in the mini fridge, then I stop myself.

I have great self-control. I never masturbate. I never drink more than one beer. But I think her pheromones alone have swollen my balls to dangerous proportions. And knowing that she has a crush on me only makes it worse.

And don't forget about what she said yesterday, a horny and perverted voice in my minds says. About what she does in her sleep.

Fuck it.

It's pointless to resist.

I'm going back and getting into bed with her, our age gap be damned.

I WALK BACK into the bedroom, the high-ceilinged curtains lifting with a cool ocean breeze. In the distance I hear waves crash on the beach. The windows are open, and the moonlight casts soft, cool light over her beautiful body which is thinly veiled in the silky hotel bed sheet.

I can't believe how perfect her figure looks under that sheet which contours to her gorgeous round ass cheeks. She's laying on her stomach with one leg bent in the most alluring and seductive way possible as her little hands fist the sheets, squeezing gently as her hips work up and down.

Yes, she is definitely having a pleasant little sex dream.

I can't help but let my eyes soak in the sight of her, from her slender waist all the way down to her dainty toes, which are curling and uncurling as they peek out from under the sheet.

And I realize.

Oh my God.

While I was just out there in the kitchen.

Something appeared on the floor.

Right there at my feet.

I pick them up, just to confirm.

It's the pair of tiny lace panties that she had on just minutes ago.

My gaze returns to her pretty little face, her mouth parted open. Is she awake?

Her eyes flutter close and her mouth open in the most gorgeous, sexiest little expression of abandon: she seems so uninhibited like this, surrendering to her naughty fantasy.

Fuck.

Is she doing this to tease me?

What had she said the other day?

I'm not a sleepwalker. But sometimes in my sleep I do... naughty things.

Fuck yes.

I rub my rock hard abdominal muscles, then I slide my big hands down into my boxers and drag them down to my ankles so that my rock hard cock bobs free, so eager that pre-cum is leaking out. I spread it around on my fat mushroom tip, and then I lift up the sheets, and lower my cock so that I am grazing it against the silky smooth sheets of the bed, as I crawl a little bit closer towards my fertile little babysitter.

The silky smooth contact of the sheets caressing my aching cock gives me temporary relief, but it only makes the underlying need to breed her

stronger.

I rub my cock on the sheets for a little bit, telling myself I shouldn't do this.

But I know that I'm powerless to stop myself.

MIA

I can't believe I'm doing this.

I'm so glad that my eyes are closed, my face buried in the sheets to hide the hot blush on my cheeks.

I'm humping my pillow in front of him, pretending I'm asleep.

"I've never slept walked before. But one time I woke up and I'd taken my panties off. And I had both of my fingers as deep inside of my pussy as they would go."

That's what I told him the other day to tease him. Now I'm actually doing it. Not just teasing him.

Doing it.

And he's coming back to bed.

He's holding my panties right now. While he was getting out of bed just then, I hooked my slender thumbs along the waistband of my thong. I just thought about how fun this is been teasing him this whole vacation. My hot boss.

I know that I have a banging little body. And the fact that I just turned eighteen on this trip with him. This hot older masterful man with an awesome physique. It's like we're two ends of the spectrum: my body is petite, soft, and slender, amazing for its natural beauty and young fertility. His body is massive, hard, and thick, amazing for the work of art that he has created from a slab of raw stone.

Just once, I want to feel like what it would be like to be wrapped up by such a big man like that. Just wrapped in his arms.

That's all I ask.

Neither of us can sleep because we are both hot and bothered for each other. It's so painfully clear. I don't know why he got a bed for us to share if he wasn't going to jump my bones.

That's why I decided I would have to tease him like this. Here he comes back into the room.

He is standing there inside the doorframe right now, gazing at my petite body under the sheets. Does he notice my PJ top and my panties on the floor?

He does! As he stands there staring, I reach between my legs.

While he was away, I put a pillow under my hips, so that now my ass is really raised in the air, and I am rocking my hips back and forth and humping the pillow very, very slowly, just showing him how horny and aroused I am.

"*Hhhnnn* ." I purr as I lift my hips up and down. "*Daddy ...*"

Normally I would never do anything this bad. But it is the last night of our trip and I am super horny.

And after all, I already went to the trouble of foreshadowing this, didn't I?

Planting the seed for him, earlier in the day when I told him about my naughty habit.

IT HAD REALLY STARTED on the very first night, when he told me that instead of sleeping in his 2-year-old daughter's room, I would be sleeping in his room... and there was only one bed in there.

The next day was when I started calling him daddy.

How could I *not* ? His two-year-old girl was calling him daddy. So I started doing it too, sort of half-joking at first, but it then it felt so natural, and so right, and I knew he liked it so I started doing it all the time, fluttering my baby blue eyes at him and rubbing myself between my legs.

It started the other day at the beach, when we shocked everyone with our dirty joke.

The baby was right there in the bassinette on the beach, taking a nap.

"*Mmmnn*. Daddy it's so good!" I said, wrapping my lips around the straw and sucking on the strawberry daquiri he bought for me on the beach.

I could really feel his eyes wander down my limber midriff to the strap of fabric over my pussy that passed for a bikini bottom.

It was the bikini which I had saved for the last day, which also happened to be my birthday.

“Do you like my birthday bikini daddy?”

“I love it.”

I stroked the little swatch of silk over my pussy lips, and seeing his eyes on them. I swear I'm a good girl, normally, and I had to fight myself not to squeeze my legs together. But instead I just stroked my pussy lips more, and I got a big grin on my face, we both started grinning really wide, because he was biting down on his lip and just staring at the movements of my hand.

“What do you want to do for your birthday, Mia?”

“I don't know? Buy cigarettes. You know. Do everything that I was unable to do, before... Buy lottery tickets. Have sex.”

With that I stuck out my little pink tongue and thrust my hips back and forth in the sand, as if I was rutting into a thick cock.

Holy fuck. I think the daquiri was turning my head. Or else it was the sun on my naked skin, because I would never do that normally.

I kept my eyes trained on his as I dipped my hand down and pressed two fingers right at the opening of my pussy, where my string bikini was so tiny that it actually sunk into my lips a little bit right before his eyes!

“Get a nice thick cream pie.”

Daddy reached out and took my little foot, and began rubbing it in his hands up inside of my perfectly hairless legs, as I continued to rub my pussy shamelessly over the fabric of my micro bikini.

I continued the tease, as if it was some big joke, grinning ear to ear and moaning theatrically:

“Oh daddy! Fuck me hard.”

He eagerly got into position above me, grabbed my hips and pulled me in so that my crotch was grinding against the bulge in his boxer shorts.

“Here it comes baby girl!” he said all husky and growly like. “I'm gonna pump a hot load in you now.”

“Give it to me daddy. *Hhnnnn* . Don't pull out!”

Oh God it was so fun. His hands were grabbing my hips, and when I tossed my head back and started shaking my whole body like I was coming, we got the attention of the people next to us on the beach, before we both dissolved into laughter, hard and long and panting, to show everyone that we were just joking of course.

I don't think he was joking, though.

I certainly wasn't.

If I could get that wet just from playing make pretend on a public beach with him, then imagine how I would get in bed with him.

But to my dismay, he was a perfect gentleman after that. It was so typical of him. Daddy can be such a dickhead like that.

“Daddy do you want to go out to the club with me? Help me choose a lucky guy? To pump a load into me?”

Of course I was just joking. We had the baby to look after. But the baby was sleeping soundly now that it was 10 o'clock. Time for my birthday party to begin. I was smooth, clean-shaven, for tile, horny, and ready to frolic. Bouncing around and nothing but a slutty lingerie set that let my boobs and ass jiggle.

But he ignored me.

He just chuckled dryly, as if the joke was getting old. Then he brushed his teeth and went to bed. I don't know what had come over daddy. I guess he just got to thinking. That's his problem. He's always brooding over something.

What he really needs is a girl like me. A perfect little submissive, who he can take, and unleash on, and bend to his will completely.

“OHHHNNN .”

Now it is the middle of the night, and I am humping my pillow as daddy casts his big shadow in the moonlight over the bedhead. I lift my hips up and down the bed, and I realize that he is moving closer... getting in next to me.

And yes, I can tell from the heat coming off his body, that he is naked, and I can tell from my eyes, which are fluttering half open as if in a dream, that he has the most gorgeous cock I have ever seen. Oh my God. He is rubbing it over the sheets.

Fuck.

It's so engorged that a droplet of pre-come is forming at the tip, fuck I don't want it to go on the sheets. I want it to go on my skin.

Suddenly I have a flashback to earlier tonight. Remembering more of what I said to tease him.

“One-time? The first time I slept over with my boyfriend? I didn't let him do anything, didn't let him get past second base with me. But he said

that in the night he woke up to the sound of me talking in my sleep, begging daddy to come inside of me, humping a pillow and fingering myself to orgasm.”

Once the words had escaped my lips, my eyes widened at him and my breasts and my neck flushed red at my confession, asking him in earnest as if he is my psychotherapist or something. *What does it mean that I scream your name when I come in the night.*

"He thought it was so weird that I said daddy," I added, meekly.

"Mia..." he had stammered. "I have the same dream all the time... I always wake up, drenched in my own spunk. And then I remember that I was having some dream where we were sharing a bed together.”

Oh my God. The fact that he met my bluff only made me blush harder.

"But it's wrong Mia," he continued. "Even if your plump little body is legal now. We probably shouldn't even be sharing a bed together knowing that both of our bodies become so horny at night.”

"It's okay daddy. I know you have great self-control. And if I wake up covered in come, it's okay.”

With that I stretched out my toe, and traced a path up the inside of his leg, resting the back of my warm little foot against the thickest part of the inside of his thigh, and snuck it under the leg of his shorts a little bit.

"If you catch me sleep humping," I purred. "then you definitely have permission to dump a load in me.”

"Mia! Don't be a naughty girl.” But his hands didn't lie. They were reaching down and gripping my little foot. Possessively.

"Maybe you're right," I admitted. "Maybe it's wrong. But maybe if you are sleepwalking and I am sleep humping, then it will happen. Do you know what causes you to sleep walk?”

"Usually it's too much spicy food before bed," he growled.

I stretched my toes all the way until there were tickling the smooth skin of his balls. Oh my God. Wetness gushed through me at the velvety smooth feel of them.

"Then we'll have to get some really spicy food tonight,” I said, training a naughty look on him with my big blue eyes. "So that I wake up with my cream pie. I mean — did I say spicy food?” I bit down on my lip and smile at him, "I meant *not* spicy food.”

He reached down and he began stroking my leg, massaging my foot as I sunk it deeper and deeper into his groin.

"If we were sleeping, maybe we wouldn't even remember it." I give him a bold look with my naughty blue eyes. "Then we wouldn't have to worry about being so taboo. And it wouldn't be weird. Wouldn't that be hot?"

And to my delight, a hunky lopsided grin came over his face and he said: gripping my little foot tight: "That actually would be hot."

Every inch of my skin began tingling, and electric little charges traveled from his hands up the insides of my legs to my soaking wet pussy. When we got back to our hotel room after that, I was so horny that I had to run to the bathroom just to masturbate, and I am pretty sure I came so hard that he could hear me.

Which I know only made him crazier for me.

NOW IT'S 2 AM, and it's happening. I know it's happening.

Please God let this be happening.

We are in bed together once again, his big huge body next to mine, getting closer.

Earlier tonight I had taken my bra off so that my nipples brushed against the sheets as I lifted my arms overhead, and I know that he was staring at them. At one point I drew attention to them by squeezing them in my little hand and rubbing my nipples and breathing heavily in my fake sleep, letting my hand wander down and inside the front of my panties, so my fingers could wriggle inside of there, gently and rhythmically along with my breaths.

At first, he started gasping in fascination at my dirty tease, muttering to himself how wrong it was, and he had left the bed for awhile there.

Now he's back.

Rubbing his powerful naked body over the sheets next to me.

Stroking his cock and muttering to himself.

"My God. Mia you fertile little creature. I've never wanted to fuck anyone so badly in my life as I want to fuck you right now my sweetheart."

Oh my God.

He doesn't think I can hear him.

Fuck he's hot. Stroking his huge cock and whispering to himself as he watches me hump a pillow. I can't believe I told him that I do something called sleep humping, and now I am doing it.

“*Mmmnn* .” I take both of my hands, releasing my grip on the bed sheets, then reach in between my legs and circle my clit in with my fingers of one hand.

“My God you have the prettiest pussy I’ve ever seen. Keep doing that...”

He thinks I’m dreaming, so I continue, loving his dirty talk.

"Is this even real?" he mutters. "She said she had a weird habit — are you putting me on Mia?"

I ignore him, letting my whimpers get louder and more urgent, letting my fingers work more urgently on my pussy lips and spread them open, as I begin to stroke them up and down, up and down, up and down.

He inches closer and closer to me, on his side, positioning his cock so close to me that I can feel the heat of it radiating into the soft skin of my bottom.

“She said I had permission to fuck her if I caught her doing this. But it’s wrong to fuck her. I’m going to beat off instead. You said you wanted to wake up covered in come. So I’m going to cover you in come now baby doll.”

Oh man. I hear a rhythmic stroking of flesh. His cock must be inches from my skin as he strokes himself. Oh fuck I think he’s getting on top of me now.

Yes, he is. He’s kneeling between my legs, spreading them open as I lay on my stomach and hump this pillow rhythmically, moaning softly and sweetly into the bed sheets as I feel his knees open mine, lowering his bodyweight partially onto mine.

And I feel his hot iron bar of flesh pressing into the soft skin of my bottom, lower it carefully, making very light contact with my skin as he moves his hips up and down over my body as if he’s trying not to wake me up. Oh my God this is hot, the feeling of his hard cock rubbing all over my smooth and hairless body.

I can feel it getting harder and harder the more that he grazes it over my nubile, supple body.

“Oh my God. Just pretend you’re sleepwalking, Harry. Just pretend this is a dream and let instinct take over. There is a fertile young thing in your bed with a soaking wet pussy aching to be filled. You have an enormous hard on that is eager to squirt come.”

He gasps in amazement as he reaches down and caresses my ass, before grinding his cock into my bottom, the piping hot length of it sending a shudder through my spine.

“Are you a virgin sweetheart? That is the prettiest pink little slit I’ve ever seen. I’m pretty sure it would wake you up if I impaled it with my cock though.”

In my sleep I make some sweet little sounds as I reach down, and touched two fingers to my wet clit then begin rubbing them lightly up and down. His shaft stiffens in my butt crack. Then he guides his tip to my wet seam.

I’m riding high on this pillow, so that all he has to do is crouch underneath me, and his upright column of flesh is in perfect position.

“Now what are you doing Harry? You told yourself you were going to spray come all over her body. You’re going to spray come all over this bottom, and not put your cock inside her.”

Oh my God. He’s conflicted. He wants to fuck me so bad that he’s teasing apart my pussy lips with the tip of his penis.

His head feels so hard and hot and velvety and amazing. If just the tip feels this good, imagine how it would feel sunk all the way into me, balls deep.

My pussy clenches at the thought.

“Fuck you are so gorgeous. I can’t believe I’m doing this. My teenage babysitter. She’s having some sort of sex dream and I’m taking advantage of her by rubbing my cock all over her. I shouldn’t be doing this. But if I don’t put my cock inside of her I am going to regret it my whole life.”

My mouth is opening and closing, my toes curling and uncurling. “Hhhnnn . Daddy don’t stop.” My voice is barely a whisper, and I’m trying to sound as dreamlike as I can, to make him think that I am not conscious, and will not remember any of this if he chooses to defile my young womb. “No condom. Give it to me raw.”

Oh my God this is hot. My ass is raised up on the pillow but my face is buried in the bed sheets. His cock is rubbing all up and down my pussy, the tip spreading apart my folds, his body feel so powerful rocking back and forth into mine. He shifts so that he is crouched behind me, his cock at the perfect angle to the entrance of my body, and this time I don’t leave him any choice.

All I have to do is rock my hips down a little further and I take his cock inside of me, feeling the tip part my folds as the shaft squeezes its way in.

"Hhhnnn."

I pant and fight. Inch by inch I take his girth. I rock back up and down, up and down, just sort of getting used to the stretch and the fullness and the girth of his shaft, and now I am whimpering and whining and squeezing his cock in my pussy.

"My God. Your pussy is so wet and hot. Look at this. I'm not even moving. I'm just holding your hips. I can't believe this. I'm fucking you in your sleep."

His hands gently massage my hips, as if he can't decide whether or not to squeeze them tight and begin fucking me. The stretch is incredible. I'm determined to take the whole thing inside of me, but I'm panting and gasping and fighting just to take his first 5 inches.

"Ohhhhn . Daddy."

All I can do is keep gently rocking up and down and pretend to be dreaming, as the pain of my cherry being popped gives way to wave after wave of pleasure, waves that are actually mounting and building, and I know that I am about to be overflowing and gushing on his cock. My God. This pleasure is so intense that I'm going to explode.

Fuck.

He pulls out, and slides all the way in to the hilt.

There it is. I rock up and down and I feel my ass cheeks slap into his pelvis. God it feels good to grind my bottom against his powerful body, to feel his balls press into my butt crack as his tip touches my cervix. He's so deep inside of me that when I reach to my stomach with my little hand and rub it, I can feel the outline of his cock under my belly button.

"Just be still Harrison. Let her fuck you. There's nothing wrong with it. Just don't come ins—*Nnnnhhh* ."

Now I am fucking him. I am actually fucking my boss. He is balls deep inside of me. Just like I fantasized about. Just like in our dirty little sex jokes.

I love it that I'm pretending to be sleeping. I think that I have him in a little trance just by the way that I'm pretending to be in a trance, so I keep it up, never altering my rhythms, as my hands go to the bed sheets and grip them into tight fists, getting used to the feeling of his fat cock plowing into me with each thrust of my hips.

Ultimately it is the feeling of his big hand pressing down on my buttocks as I slam down into his cock that sets me off, and my dreamy moans become an incoherent babbling.

"Oh my God. I'm going to come. My pussy wants your sperm. Come with me daddy."

"*Nnnhhrrrrrg* ." He grunts.

I can tell that he is fighting not to ejaculate right now – instead of rearing back and meeting my thrusts like he was doing. Instead he is trying to keep his cock buried inside of me to reduce the friction of an suction of my wet pussy lips which are trying to milk semen out of him.

"Fuck. Am I really going to creampie you? I can't believe am fucking my babysitter in her sleep. Will that wake her up if she feels me splattering come into her cunt?"

Oh my God. I don't even know how he is thinking so much. This feels so good. How can he not be overwhelmed with the pleasure of my sopping wet channel wrapped around his cock? With every thrust, I know that I need this man, a man 25 years older than me, needs to dump a hot load into me and breed me on my birthday.

"Cream my cunny daddy," I pant into the pillow.

I need a cream pie inside of me so bad. The fact that it's going to get me pregnant only makes me hornier for it.

"*Urrrhnn* ." A deep groan comes from inside of his body, as I begin to bounce on his cock. Not rocking into it. Bouncing on it, using the pillow to hold myself up as he crouches with his cock in perfect position. Fucking him so hard that I can feel my butt cheeks jiggling each time they connect with his hipbones, just sort of twerking on it.

"Fuck Mia." His whole body twitches. I feel his balls go tight. He's stopped trying to restrain himself. He knows it's no use anymore.

He begins pulling back and timing his thrusts so that with each contact my ass jiggles like Jell-O, so that with each long slide of his cock inside of me, a wet suctioning sound fills our room, and I can almost hear a splattering sound every time his tip digs into my cervix.

"Holy Fuck. My balls are going to explode. I'm going to put the biggest cream pie ever inside of you baby girl. I hope you're not mad at me for this in the morning."

I want to reassure him with my words, want to beg him for it, but I am trying to be faking sleep, so all I can do is reach down and cup his balls in

my hand, and trace their silky and tight skin with my thumb as I feel the first hot load pump into me.

"Uhhhhnnn !" He groans even louder, and a thick rope of semen splatters against my deepest walls.

The hot gush of it spreading through me triggers a massive orgasm from the base of my spine. My pussy begins a wild sort of churning motion, rippling from the base of his cock all the way up to the fluted tip which is absolutely buried inside of my belly, squirting come.

He is coming so hard that his arms are trembling. Unable to brace himself any longer, he collapses on top of me, kissing me behind my neck and my ear, whispering to me sweet nothings.

He wraps me up and spoons me, so that my top leg is still lifted up and my foot is on top of his, my legs are still wide open and his cock buried inside of me, pulsing out the last droplets of come.

"Oh God Harrison. You just spoiled her womb. But look at her. It was worth it." He strokes my feminine jawline, marveling at how smooth my baby-face cheeks are.

Before tracing a line down my delicate throat and gently kissing the lobe of my ear, he pulses one last squirt of come inside me.

When he finally slips out of me, I feel a hot gush of cream pour out soon after.

I want to see it so bad: my cream pie. So I flutter my eyes open, pretending to wake up, and I train my steaming baby blue eyes on his.

I open my mouth with a sexy sort of soft noise, before I say anything to him: "I just had the naughtiest dream daddy."

"You did?"

With that I look down my smooth tummy to my clean-shaven pussy, which is soaking wet with a mixture of my own cream and his ropes of semen trickling out of my freshly used hole.

"Oh my God daddy. It wasn't a dream at all. You gave me a cream pie."

"It looks like I did, didn't I? Fuck. I'm sorry. I must've been sleepwalking." God this feels good to be wrapped in his arms, rocking my bottom back and forth, back into his hips, his arm hooked under my neck and groping one of my breasts as his top arm reaches between my legs and cups my pussy, so that he can dam up the cream pie and keep it inside of me.

"That feels good daddy. Your cream inside me is so warm." I am the little spoon, my top foot lifted in the air so that I can rub it up and down his leg. "It feels so good to have my warm little body wrapped up in your big one."

"How does it feel to have my warm come trickle out of your slit?" he purrs warmly.

"The best, daddy."

"It's almost enough to make me wish I were awake for it," he chuckles into the top of my head, nuzzling me sweetly, bathing me in his masculine scent.

"Oh daddy. That would have been so embarrassing. I'm glad that I thought I was dreaming. Daddy, I was bouncing up and down on your cock. Oh daddy it was so hot."

He traces his fingertips up and down the seam of my pussy with perfect pressure, so lightly that I am rocking my hips up and down once again to meet his pressure, and now I am so slippery and lubricated with his slick seed that I bet the next time he fucks me, it will feel even better.

"Why don't we go back to sleep now baby girl? And hold each other like this." He guides the tip of his cock back to my pussy. "That way if one of us has another sex dream, then you'll get to have another cream pie."

He presses his cock into my wet pussy, and to my amazement he is getting stiff again!

Oh my God this is going to be so fun.

I'm going to spend the rest of the night in daddy's arms, letting him fuck me again and again as I pretend to sleep.

I'm not going down for real until I get at least three more cream pies.

I want to tell him that I love him, that he just took my virginity, want to shout his name for everyone to hear when he fills me. But I know all that will come. I know that if I just take my sweet time, he will be all mine.

And then there will be a baby in nine months, and we will make the perfect little couple.

My hot older daddy and his teenage bride.

And the next time we come on vacation together, I will be bringing along my own babysitter.

THE END

TEASING MY DADDY BOSS

PAMELA

"H hnnnn ."

I can't believe I'm doing this. I have my hands inside of my panties, wriggling them around, on my boss's couch, midnight on a Saturday, here in his luxurious riverfront mansion.

Giving into my perverted fantasy.

"Daddy... *Oh daddy... That's going to make me ...*"

My slit is tingling, and I am so wet, that I can't resist gripping the hem of my jeans, and sliding off my panties along with them before tossing them aside.

Next goes my top and bra.

Being totally naked on his couch only makes it so much hotter as I chant dirty sweet nothings to myself, my imagination getting so vivid that I can practically feel his presence.

"*Daddy we shouldn't be doing this. I'm so much younger. I'm not even on birth control .*"

This is so filthy. I can hear the static of the baby monitor, as his one-year-old baby sleeps in the other room... while I trace my fingertips lightly over the seam of my pussy, dreaming of my boss.

When my pussy lips are throbbing and open, I plunge one finger in as deep as it will go. It's bad, but I am absolutely crazy for him, and I fantasize about him every night, even in my own bed.

No reason not to do the same thing while I am at his house, now that the baby has gone to sleep.

My entire body starts shaking, nipples rock hard from forbidden excitement, as an enormous orgasm arises from the pit of my stomach. My

own dirty talk only makes the taboo fantasy hotter.

"Cream my young cunt Mr. Harper. Please please please please. I've never had a cream pie and I want one so bad. Pretty please? For my birthday?"

I sink a second finger into my pussy. Curling them both up into my G spot, I imagine daddy and his powerful manly hands. The image of his hands are what brings me to the edge.

Oh my God. I'm dripping wet. Spreading my juices on his \$10,000 couch. I'll have to remember to clean up after myself. But that is the farthest thing from my mind. Currently I'm still imagining him. It's not just his hands that are perfectly masculine. His chin, his jaw, his perfectly coiffed hair that is shaved right at that ears and fades into a thick head of hair that is great the temples.

I pump my fingers furiously, and start coming uncontrollably.

"Oh my God I'm coming so hard daddy. All my God. Don't pull out ."

A kaleidoscope of color explodes behind my eyes

"Ohhhnnn. Nnnhhh ."

I imagine my boss, and how it would feel to wrap my legs around those thick buttocks of his as I come harder and harder.

"Breed me Mr. Harper! Spoil my fertile womb. "

"Pamela?"

What the fuck? I freeze, two fingers knuckles deep inside of my snatch. Coming all over myself.

My cheeks turn a deeper shade of red, and shame spreads to my throat, chest, and stomach, as I look up and see him.

Standing there.

My boss.

Gazing at me with a mix of shock and reproach.

"What the hell is going on?"

"MR. HARPER OH MY GOD. I'm so sorry. I..."

"You just came your brains out right in front of me," he says, finishing my sentence. "screaming my name."

My fingers reach for something, anything to cover myself up with, but there's nothing. And worse, my clothes are tossed aside and out of reach, as

he paces over, dressed in his immaculate suit, approaching the couch on which I'm sprawled out naked.

My voice is barely a whisper. "I... My God. I'm so sorry. This is awful."

"No it's not." To my surprise, he gives me a sexy smirk. "It's the hottest thing I've ever seen."

Then he rubs the sexy scruff on his jaw, as if he realizes what he just said.

"But you're right Pammie. It is wrong, and it's perverted to know you harbor sex fantasies about me, a man old enough to be your father."

My mouth drops open in shame. I don't know what to say.

He shrugs his tailored sport coat off his broad shoulders, and begins to unbutton the cufflinks of his perfectly pressed shirt. "I don't think that we can continue this relationship anymore. In fact I think I'm going to call your parents and tell them what just happened."

God. Mr. Harper is so stern. So decisive. It's no wonder that he practically runs the whole city.

"Please Mr. Harper. Give me another chance."

I lay back a little bit and let my firm pink nipple poked through my slender fingers, and his eyes wander down and back up.

"Please... *daddy*," I add, my heart pounding, as I bite down on my bee stung lower lip and make my blue eyes as big as I can.

His eyes trail over my smooth thighs and settle on the camel toe where my two fingers which were previously buried inside of me are now sort of concealing my pussy. He swallows as he studies my toned stomach and my firm breasts which I'm holding in my other hand.

"Okay," he smiles, unbuttoning his shirt to reveal a broad chest and rock hard abs. "I tell you what. Since you're so sweet, and so adorable, and since you made me so rock hard watching your taboo orgasm, instead of calling your parents, and telling them what happened, I am going to let you suck my cock instead."

I look at him with wide eyes. Oh my God. Am I ready for this? No. I'm barely eighteen. I've never even made out with a guy. "Really?"

"I mean, I know it is wrong. But I've been wanting to fuck you for a long time Pammie. And I think it's pretty clear that you feel the same."

"I could try," I say, my voice lifting.

With a smile he reaches out and thumbs my feminine jaw line, testing the smoothness of my cheek. "We'll see how good you are at sucking cock."

And if you do it good, then I will fuck you. And if you are a good fuck, then I won't tell your parents, okay?"

Arousal flows to my belly. "You're going to f-fuck me Mr. Harper?"

"If I don't decide to call your parents first."

I tremble like a leaf, as he reaches for his belt buckle, pulls down his pants, and lets his massive, rigid cock bob free.

"Have you ever sucked a cock before Princess?"

His big hand gropes up and down the column of flesh, smearing fat, glistening pearls of precum down the length as he thumbs the head and lets it slide back out through the other end of his fist.

I swallow hard. "No Mr. Harper."

"Please, call me daddy. If I'm going to be fucking you, after all."

"Yes daddy." I say automatically, and my cheeks flush even harder at how easily it came out. *Don't let him fuck you*, some small voice, the voice of reason, the voice of good sense tells me.

But I want this. I want his seed spraying all over me... in my mouth... inside of me.

"God I am going to enjoy this. I can't believe I'm putting my cock in your mouth."

And then he does. I open wide, and he puts it inside. Fuck. It's so fucking big. Yet it's just the perfect size inside of my wide open mouth. I wrap my lips around it and get it nice and wet with my tongue and inner cheeks.

"How does my cock taste to you Princess?"

"It tastes really good."

I pop him out of my mouth, and examine the big blue vein running the length of his cock. Then I give it a lick, tracing it from the base all the way up to his gorgeously sculpted tip. God his cock tastes good when I take it back inside of my warm mouth.

"Keep your eyes on mine as you suck my cock little girl. I want to see those baby blues."

I'm not just sucking it: I am savoring it like a four course meal, absolutely delighting in the flavor of it, the texture of it, and even the smell of it as I wrap my lips around it and apply perfect suction, coaxing more and more of his mouthwatering come out of the tip.

"Take your hands and start rubbing them up and down my chest and my stomach."

The feeling of his rock hard abs under my palm, and the groans that start to come out of him as I rake the tips of my fingernails up and down over his torso make me suck even harder, make me want to drain his balls in my throat so badly.

"Now massage my balls baby girl. Knead my balls when I spurt. *Hnnnn*."

Out of nowhere, his whole body goes stiff. His cock jerks in my mouth, and a thick hot rope of come splashes against the back of my throat. I swallow it down. It tastes so lovely going down my hatch. Salty yet sweet, and the silky sticky texture of it is so nasty that I can't help playing with my clit as I await the next spurt.

But it never comes.

"It is a true dear that you have never had a cream pie?" He says, gripping his balls in his hand in such a way as to stave off the rest of his ejaculation.

"Yes."

He grunts and squeezes harder on his balls, gasping, until he is beaten back his orgasm. His eyes darken with lust. His voice is gravelly and thick. "Well my darling..." he pants, "I promise you that your first-ever cream pies going to be a very very thick one, based on how much seed is welling up inside of me."

With that he pushes me down onto the couch, and crawls between my legs. Fisting his cock, he slaps it down on my clean-shaven pussy lips. It feels so heavy and thick yet so smooth and velvety.

I can't believe I'm letting him fuck me.

He hasn't even asked my permission.

Does he know how bad I want it?

"This is the tightest pussy ever," he grunts. "I might have a hard time just inching my cock inside of you." I feel the broad head of his cock enter me, stopping at the thick, fat ridge. "It's going to hurt a little bit of first Princess. Just breathe deep and take it like a good girl."

He slides forward a little more, then pulls out suddenly, resting the tip of his cock on my clit before shooting a hot stream of precum there and rubbing it in with his thumb.

"Oh my God that's hot daddy."

With that he eases back into me, freshly lubricated with his come, and this time he slides and all the way. Balls deep. His cock jerks in my walls.

My pussy squeezes around him. My toes curl with bliss.

It hurts, but it's a good hurt. It's a hurt that I can handle. God, I can't believe I took all of him in.

"Fuck. Don't move Pammy. I want to fuck you good before I cream your pussy."

Oh my God this feels good. I'm taking it, letting him fuck me, just so that I don't get in trouble, so that he doesn't call my parents. But I would be lying if I said that I'm not getting incredibly aroused and horny at the thought of him splattering my walls with come.

"Am I fucking you good daddy? Are you not going to call my parents?"

"I don't know little girl. It's going to depend on how good you milk my come out of me when I explode inside of you."

With that he raises his hand and cracks his palm down on my jiggling buttcheek.

With every thrust of his cock, I know this forbidden pleasure is all I want. I need to be used by my boss. I need to be treated like a fucktoy. I need to be punished, and I need to have my virgin womb spoiled for being a bad girl.

He grips my hips hard, and begins working up a steady rhythm, and I love the feeling of his balls slapping into my tender butt crack with each pump. "I can't believe that your smooth, youthful body is mine to defile."

"Daddy... " Two pink circles appear on my cheeks, as I feel my tits jiggling with each powerful thrust of his cock into my belly. I wrap my legs around him tight. I don't want to ask, I don't want to give voice to anything but the huge orgasm which is about to tear me apart. But I can't help it. This whole time he's been talking about cream pies, it's been in the back of my mind of course.

"Daddy I'm not on birth control."

We both gazed down at the wonderful sight between my legs, my clean-shaven tight pink pussy lips wrapped around his thick and beastly cock, clenching and unclenching as I drip come.

"God that's going to make it ten times hotter. I can't believe that I am going to put a baby in you for punishment. But I am, aren't I baby girl?"

I don't say yes, I don't nod: I just whimper and shiver and try not to pass out from the sheer pleasure of it.

He begins moving inside of me again, and this time he plants his thumb firmly on my clit, with such perfect pressure.

The thought that he is going to breed me now, the thought that he is going to soak my virgin pussy with come, me, who is never even kissed a boy, getting fucked and cream pie by beastly man over twice my age, it is way too much for me. And the dirty taboo pleasure of it causes my insides to absolutely milk his balls. Juicing his rigid column of flesh from the thick base up every inch to the fluted tip.

"You're fucking me so good baby girl. No pussy ever felt like this on my cock."

The orgasm which had been brewing in my spine begins bubbling over and I am coming on his cock, gushing hot fluids. As he ruts into my slit again and again.

I am coming so hard that there are clear juices dripping down from my bottom as he wraps his arms underneath and scoopes me up. Coming so hard that my eyes are rolling back in my head. Coming so hard that the arches of my feet cramp as I feel the first hot and thick rope of come spurt into my womb.

"Arrrrg. Take my come. Fuuuuck."

He unloads a second thick, hot stream of cum deep inside me. I sob my pleasure as my pussy tightens around his dick and squeezes out another scorching pulse.

I keep cumming and a new rope of cum shoots into me.

He reaches to my mouth and lets me suck on his thumb as my pussy sucks every last drop of come from his balls.

We collapse onto each other, utterly spent and depleted. Somewhere in the background, the baby is crying softly, and I realized that I surely woke her up from my screaming orgasm. But neither of us really care. And after the baby goes back to sleep we just lay there, him rubbing my belly, gently rubbing my pussy lips and coaxing his cream out so that he could admire the way that his seed trickles down my freshly used hole, pooling in the sensitive starfish pucker of my pink butthole.

"Did I milk your come good daddy?"

"I don't know Pammy. I might still have to call home on you. Or, I could pump your tight teenage body full of cream all night long, until it doesn't even feel taboo. What do you prefer?"

I reached down and take his semi-stiff cock in my little hand, using my thumb to spread come over the mushroom head, then I suck my thumb into my mouth, savoring the flavor of his spend.

"I think you know the answer Mr. Harper," I purr, giving him a naughty look with my big blue eyes.

"You better call home and tell them that you're not coming home tonight."

I giggle, getting off the couch, feeling come trickle out of me as I go to make the phone call home to tell them that I will not be coming home tonight.

Sorry mom and dad, my boss caught me masturbating, and as punishment, he made me suck his cock, and then he made me let him fuck me, and pump a cream pie into me. And now he is making me stay over so that he can punish me some more, and if he hasn't got me pregnant yet, then the next three or four loads he dumps into me definitely will.

I call my parents and explain. My mom is a little bit suspicious of me staying over at his house, but somehow it only makes it more exciting. When I come back into the bedroom, I am so horny and ready for round two.

"I tell you what," he says with a sexy smirk as I crawl into bed with him. Beneath the sheets, I can see the outline of his enormously fat cock, which is no longer semi-stiff: and as he reaches out to cup my dangling boobs as I crawl closer to him. I reach out and begin stroking it, until it is absolutely rock hard and as long as a flagpole.

"I thought it over," he continues, "and here is what we are going to do as far as your punishment."

I lower my wet pussy to his cock, and I begin to wet down the fabric of the sheets that is covering it. As I rub my little hands on his chest and he reaches up to stroke my chubby little baby face cheeks.

His voice gets thick and unsteady as I began to rock my soft young body back and forth on top of his massive one.

"You can keep your job. I am even going to give you a raise of ten dollars a night. But I get to fuck you raw and dump a load in you every time, before you go home."

"Yes daddy."

It's only ten dollars a night extra, but the privilege of getting to suck his cock, and the privilege of having him use me as his fucktoy every time after I babysit for him? Is the best compensation any girl could ever have.

DADDY DOCTORS ME

My boss has been coming on to me so hard this whole trip. I'm really flattered that he invited me along: his babysitter. And being just eighteen with such a gorgeous older man, I've been all meek and starry-eyed this whole time.

But I've been resisting because I'm such a shy girl, and so inexperienced.

That being said, I'm curious.

Ever since I started calling him daddy, I've been indicating to him that I am willing to try something, too.

And what better man to experiment with than him?

He's the most trusted, most handsome man I know: a doctor and a surgeon.

Daddy.

I know it sounds weird, and if you had told me that I would be working for a man who I called daddy, I would have laughed. But the first time I did it, it felt so natural and right, it almost seems like a foregone conclusion what will happen if we keep spending enough time alone together...

How handsome is he? I won't even tell you. Just know that when you drive by the med center, back in our hometown, you see a giant billboard of *him* advising an elderly woman patient, with a slogan that says: IN SAFE HANDS.

He's ripped, but he's also got this bookish charm: thick curls of hair draped adorably over his forehead, stylish black glasses, and dimples on his scruffy cheeks when he smiles. And like I said, you would never guess it

from looking at him in his button-down shirts and his perfectly tailored pants, but he is built like a brick shit house.

The way that he has been traipsing around half naked, giving me partial views of his luscious manhood, is making me want very much for those SAFE HANDS to roam all over me, squeezing and grasping and examining all of the curviest and plumpest parts of my teenage body.

He knows how sheltered I am, how innocent I am.

But he also knows that I like him.

He started sleeping naked on the first night of our trip. At night I would wake up brushing against his smooth, thick buttocks, and get tingly all over.

The third night, when I was showering, he came in with me, offering to soap down my back. I let him do it because, well, it excited me, and letting him brush his cock against my bottom, feeling his swollen tip slip and slide up and down the crease of my ass and brush my sensitive asshole and aching pussy lips gave me dirty sex dreams all night long.

But the one time he tried to kiss me outright, I pulled away, and told him it was wrong.

That was two days ago.

Today's the last day of the trip.

I want it...

But I'm just not ready for sex.

I'm still scared. And whenever I reach between my legs, my slit feels so tight that the thought of cramming something so huge as daddy's manhood in there causes my belly to fill with butterflies. "How could I ever relax enough to take something like that?" I whisper every time I look in the bathroom mirror, spreading apart my outer lips to show my tight pink inner lips.

But then something happened in the restaurant. Something that made me become absolutely soaking wet for him.

And now I am dying for him to make one last move on me.

"*OH MY GOD!* IS THERE A DOCTOR?"

The woman was hysterical. Pearls swung from her sweaty neck, a mask of horror on her face.

There in the corner of the restaurant, a man was choking. A big fat, red-faced man whose hands were clawing at his own throat.

A pencil-necked man close by said, "I'm a doctor!" and ran up, trying to wrap his arms around the choking man, but he was too big.

I could tell my daddy was upset, because he's a doctor too, and ripped, with long, brawny arms. This other doctor, on the other hand, was having a hard time just ringing his arms around the fat man's chest so that he could do the Heimlich maneuver.

"He needs a tracheotomy!" the skinny doctor croaked, reaching for a steak knife as the choking man turned purple and tears streaked down his fat face.

"Oh my God!" the man's wife shrieked again as the doctor lifted the knife to cut her husband's throat open.

He's going to cut his throat open in front of everyone in the restaurant. My tummy twisted in horror. I shielded my face. Then it happened.

Daddy rushed into action.

Leaping up from his chair, he bounded toward the choking man. In three strides of his long legs, he was thrusting himself in there, gripping the pencil-neck doctor's wrist just in time before the steak knife punctured the poor man's neck.

For a second everyone shrieked, wondering what daddy was doing.

"I'm a doctor too," daddy grunted, before bear-hugging the choking man from behind. My heart pounded so hard in my chest as I watched on, frozen in shock, as daddy gave a heave of his powerful arms, lifting the big man up off his feet in an explosive movement before thumping both fists into his sternum.

POP!

A chewed-up piece of steak flew through the air, landing on a white tablecloth next to a glass of red wine.

The choking man wailed for a breath. His face turned from purple to red and then pink again.

Alive.

Panting and ugly and sweaty, but alive and perfectly fine, with his throat intact—no tracheotomy necessary, as the other little doctor scowled in the corner and complained that my gorgeous doctor daddy probably broke the man's ribs.

"Th—Thank you," the fat man slobbered, then his knees buckled, and he would have collapsed, if my boss hadn't wrapped him up again, holding his huge sweaty body up like Superman.

For a second tears came to my eyes, and I thought that I was going to be the one who fainted.

I swear to God that daddy was the spitting image of Clark Kent.

It was all so intense, that everyone just watched in awe as he tended the man afterwards, studying him, his expert hands roaming over his ribs and confirming that he was fine.

There were a few other women watching on in their cocktail dresses, and I'm not kidding when I say every woman in the restaurant was swooning after him: an absolute master of the universe.

I can't believe how wet it made me.

That's when I decided.

Next time that he comes on to me, I'm going to let him...

Let him what?

I fill with a terrible heat, wondering.

Let him *do* something to me.

Right after dinner is when I start complaining of my headache.

Daddy is brushing his teeth, getting ready for bed, wearing nothing but his gold watch, the three day stubble on his square jaw, and those sexy, loose-fitting linen pants with a drawstring at the waistband. He's been walking around half-naked like that ever since we got back to the room, showing off his broad chest and his sculpted abs.

"Daddy, it's one of my thumpers," I whimper, sinking my slender fingers into my long chestnut brown hair, and rubbing until my hair is all teased out and messy and sexy looking.

I toss my head back, exposing the line of my throat in this white contour dress, the one that contrasts so good with my golden brown skin, as I feel his eyes roam up my smooth thighs to my full breasts which jiggle free underneath without a bra.

"It's because you're tense, baby doll," he says, moving over to me on the couch and sidling his powerful body next to mine, stroking my neck with the back of his hand. "You've been thinking too much, haven't you?"

I bite my pointy tooth down on my lip and nod.

"Cuz I'm going back home tomorrow." I sigh. "Back to stressful school."

His hand feels so warm and strong and big on my neck. "It's not good to be so stressed." He tips my chin up so that he can give me a look with those big dark eyes of his. "Why don't you let your daddy rub your shoulders?"

"Okay daddy."

He rubs his hand down the nape of my neck, sneaking underneath the strap of my dress. "I'm going to put some towels on the bed and get a bottle

of oil. Then you're going to take off all your clothes and lay down on your stomach."

Without waiting for my reply, he goes about getting the things, then he comes back and reaches out his hand to lift me off the couch, taking me in his warm embrace. Ohhh, his naked arms feel good wrapped around my waist.

"Are you sure daddy?" I bat my eyes, genuinely nervous. "What if the neighbors see us?" This entire trip, I've been complaining at how sheer the curtains are that cover our cabana windows. You can practically see our neighbors' silhouettes' in there.

"Just take off your clothes already and quit acting weird about it baby girl." His voice is so commanding, so gruff, and the way I feel it vibrate on my skin sends tingles over my breasts and chest, as I hook my tanned thumbs under the bright white shoulder straps of my dress.

Tugging them down my slender arms, I let my golden brown tits spill out. I'm so excited that my hard pink nipples point straight at him as I cup them both in my hands and squeeze them together self-consciously.

"God damn Princess. These are the roundest, perkier tits I have ever seen," he chuckles, lifting up his big manly hands and squeezing my creamy tits in his hands as I give out a sigh and feel his thumbs brush over my aching hard nipples.

"That feels good daddy"

"I can't believe someone was such a baby face has such plump tits. God I'm so glad you're finally eighteen."

"Daddy what is that supposed to mean?" Except for the dress sagging at my hips, I'm wearing nothing but a thin gold necklace, and a slutty thong buried between my ass cheeks, as he gropes and squeezes my breasts in his hands.

"This way if the neighbors do see us, then it won't even matter. Because it is completely natural for an eighteen-year-old girl to have a man twice her age put his hands all over her naked body. If they think it's something sexual between us, let them think it."

He smiles his sexy smile at me, flashing those dimples which always make me wet. The way he is tugging and plugging of my nipples so gently is causing a dirty itch to crawl up my legs and sink deep into my pussy.

"In fact I would be proud if they thought I was having sex with you," he purrs.

"Daddy!" I cry, giving him a shy look with my baby blues as jiggles both my tits and soft little sounds of pleasure spill out of me.

Gently dropping my breasts, he admires the way that they wobble heavily before gliding the warmth of his palms down my smooth rib cage and tugging my dress lower, down off my hips, to reveal the skimpy excuse for panties that I am wearing.

"Especially if they thought I was taking you raw, and pumping out a hot thick ropes of, inside you," he chuckles with that devious glowing smile of his.

Feeling wet and horny and ready to submit, I reach out and rake my bright white French manicured nails down his rippling naked abs, stopping at the hemline of his pants and playing with the drawstring in my fingertips.

"Are you going to get naked too daddy?"

"Don't you worry about that. Pull down your panties, princess."

I turn my back to him, as I reach down and drag the rest of the dress off of my hips, revealing my round ass in this teeny tiny thong, which is really no more than a pink ribbon draped over my ass cheeks.

I wiggle my luscious rump as I pull my dress down, and when I bend down to pull it down to my feet, I thrust my hips back and rub my ass into the bulge in his pants!

It's so damn thick and warm.

I'm still too shy to take off my panties, so I leave them on, wearing nothing but a gold chain around my slender neck, and the pink ribbon wedged into my round bottom.

He can't resist reaching out with both hands and cupping each of my ass cheeks, as I look over my shoulder and give him a look with my big brown eyes.

"Is this going to be a sexual massage?"

"You have a headache princess. The entire body is related. Every nerve ending, from head to toe. So yes. I am definitely going to put a sexual charge in you."

"Daddy!" I say with mild shock. Even though daddy is making me super horny, I'm still too bashful to pull my panties down in front of him, so he just pushes me down onto the bed, on all fours.

Then he presses his big hand into the small of my back and I press my toned tummy to the soft terrycloth towels which he has placed over our king sized bed.

Slowly and sensuously, he rubs his strong hands up the backs of my legs, from my slender calves up to my supple thighs, before enveloping each of my ass cheeks in his hands and jiggling them, squeezing hard.

"*Ohhhhn* daddy," I purr.

Then he grips the side of my g string panties, hitching them higher up my butt crack and admiring the way that the pink ribbon does nothing to conceal my pussy or my tight pink butthole before peeling it down off of my feet, tossing them aside and leaving me totally naked.

"You just let your headache melt away princess. You breathe deep and feel it from here where I'm touching my big hands on you and just let your pain melt away, and be glad that you're eighteen now, so that daddy can touch your body in places that are going to make you feel good."

He lifts a bottle of oil and dribbles some onto my back, as his other hand rubs it into my naked body.

It feels so good to feel his big hand mold over the curve of my lower back and then glide up my round bottom, back down my bottom and back up again, rubbing and pressing hard on that area just between my butt crack in the base of my spine.

"That oil feels slippery," I giggle softly. "It feels so good when you rub it into my skin daddy. It feels good being naked with your hands all over me."

His voice dips to a husky growl. "I am going to spread this all over every inch of your body. And it's going to feel really really good when I start spreading it over certain parts of you."

Very carefully, he lifts the bottle of oil and dribbles some directly into my butt crack, before reaching out and groping both cheeks in his strong hands and kneading them forcefully, his thumbs tracing along my seam in such a way that causes coils of bliss to curl and uncurl my toes, and soft whimpering noises to spill out of me.

He is using his thumbs to rub the oil right into my clean-shaven pussy lips.

Then, before I can hardly return the pressure of his hand on my pussy, he returns them to my bottom cheeks, kneading them and rubbing them teasingly, leaving my sex aching for more as he commands me to relax deeper and deeper into a trance.

"Breathe in and out, feeling my hands spread oil all over your naked body, and just let all of your thoughts melt away, and drain down your

spine."

"Hhhhhnn . My headache is going away daddy."

A FEW MINUTES LATER, daddy has me turned over on my back, so that my bare breasts and swollen nipples are on full display.

I'm wearing nothing but a sheen of oil on my skin, the nail polish on my manicured toes, and the perfectly groomed racing stripe on my pussy.

It feels so deliciously naughty.

My legs are spread flat on the bed, long and limber and glistening, stretched out so that my dainty little feet are dangling over the edge.

His right hand roams over my belly, again and again, rubbing up between the valley of my breasts, and then back down to the racing stripe over my pussy, up and down.

With firm pressure, he rubs from my pussy up my smooth tummy, back between my breasts all the way to my throat, as his other hand traces the opening of my pussy, teasing open my lips little by little.

"Daddy that's making me... That's making me wet."

"Just let your body respond in its own way. Just enjoy the feeling and let it build okay baby girl? Your body is in daddy's hands now."

I'm so turned on that I can't help rubbing my own little hands up and down my glistening body, cupping my firm breasts and circling my nipples with my thumbs shamelessly as I begin grinding my lower body into the bed, betraying how aroused he is making me.

His hands coast over my breasts, squeezing them roughly, before rubbing back down to my tummy. Then he does that thing again where he strokes my pussy lips briefly before rubbing back up my belly, leaving me tingling for more.

My cheeks stain pink. "Daddy that's making me really, really wet."

Oh God this is hot. He is rubbing circles on my tanned and oiled belly with one hand as his other hand rubs back down to my pussy, until his middle finger connects with my clit.

I love the way that his hand is groping each of my breasts as the fingertips of his other hand rub circles on my clit, sending tremors of bliss down my legs.

My arousal is spilling out of me. Hot lava seeps out my sex. My body is loving this, letting every thought in my head melt away as I submit to my

daddy.

He circles his middle finger over my clit, as an orgasm begins brewing deep in my spine.

"That's wonderful baby. You look so sexy when your pussy leaks juice. That's making my cock rock hard."

"Daddy!" I gasp, shocked by his words.

"It's true baby girl. You've always made my cock rock hard. Now that I have my hands all over your pretty little virgin body, fully naked, watching your own wetness spill out of your pussy, how could my cock *not* be rock hard?"

"Really?" It makes me feel so proud, makes me feel twice as horny that he just said that. I should be ashamed, but it only makes me wetter and wetter. I swear I'm starting to feel a really bad itch settle deep inside of my pussy, as if I actually — I can't believe this — want my own daddy to fuck me.

"Breathe from here princess," he says, pressing his warm palm down on my tummy, letting his thumb keep its perfect pressure on my clit.

A trickle of nectar forms in my sex, and drips down slowly toward the pucker of my asshole. Daddy catches it using two fingers of his other hand, then slides it back up into my hole, probing his fingertips gently before burying them both as deep as they will go.

"Hhhhhnnnn." My toes curl with a sudden electrical jolt of pleasure, his fingertips curl into my g-spot.

Fuuuuck. His longest two fingers—his middle and ring finger, are pumping into me. Juicing me like a ripe fruit.

"It feels like all the blood is— Ohhhnnnn."

"Just let that pressure build. Let the pleasure build higher and higher. Let every thought and every doubt melt from your head, until you are having a massive squirting orgasm."

"Really!?"

I've never had a squirting orgasm. I can't believe he's saying this. But the way he is saying it is so stern, with so much authority, the way a doctor would say to his patient: so matter-of-fact, that I have no choice but to relax in it, and say *yes daddy*, amazed at the idea that he is going to make me squirt.

"Your instinct might be to squeeze your knees together to stop yourself from squirting, baby. But that's the opposite of what I want you to do. I

want you to spread your legs apart and scream my name and squirt as hard as you can. Or your headache will come right back baby girl."

"Yes daddy. But... Are you sure I'll be able to squirt?"

Holy Fuck.

I'm going to come like I have never come before.

With a wet squishing sound he pumps into my pussy a couple times and I realize that I am going to detonate like a sticky, wet bomb.

"You're going to seize and contract and squirt your brains out," he promises, then he tilts my eyes up at his, which are big and dark and hooded with lust. "*Repeat after me: I am going to squirt my brains out for daddy.*"

My voice is an unsteady whisper. "I am going to squirt my brains out for daddy."

"And if you squirt hard like a good girl, daddy will put his cock inside of you and fuck your headache away."

Oh my God. Did he just say that?

"Yes daddy."

"Just breathe deep, and imagine all the pain in your head, every thought, just gushing down between your legs, turning into pleasure, building and building, until it's squirting out and there's nothing you can do, because that's what you were born to do."

"Yes daddy."

"You were born to let daddy melt all the thoughts out of your head and turn you into a mindless little plaything for daddy."

Hnnnnn. Yessss .

My hand is reaching out to touch his rock hard abs, and I am subconsciously raking the tips of my nails down his sixpack as he sinks his fingers deeper into my pussy, curling up with that delicious pressure on my G spot.

A volcanic-like eruption brews and bubbles deep inside of me.

Daddy keeps his thumb on my clit as he pumps into my G spot faster and faster and examines the way my smooth belly heaves up and down as the whimpering coming out of my throat becomes a little whining sound.

My hand is curling over the hemline of his pants now, rubbing up and down the huge bulge there. Feeling how rock hard he is in my palm causes that tingly pressure inside of me to build and build.

At the last second he undoes his draw string, letting me sneak my hand in and wrap my hand around his shaft. The sensation of it, combined with

the pressure on my g-spot, causes me to explode.

I don't just come. A fissure opens inside of me.

I go stiff.

I scream.

I don't just squirt. I gush hot juice, shooting it out, spraying it like a hose.

The thought of it embarrasses me, and I try to squeeze my knees together, but I remember what daddy made me promise: that I am going to spray come out of my pussy in a torrent.

And I do.

The liquid that squirts out of me is hot and clear fluid. I don't know where it comes from, but it is turning him on so much that he has to pull his fingers out of me with a wet plop, lower his mouth to my pussy, open his mouth wide, and catch the next squirt straight in his mouth.

"Oh my God daddy," I pant, watching him swallow my squirt.

Then I close my eyes as he licks my pussy lips clean, gathering up all the excess liquid as if it is the most delicious substance on earth.

After that he crawls on top of me, grips my wrists, and tugs me into position so that he can spoon me and caressed me as my body shakes and the aftershocks of my orgasm course through me.

He keeps whispering into my neck that I am a good girl, asking me how good it feels to have my head drained, and even though I can't talk or even form coherent monosyllables, I feel so happy and good in my daddy's arms.

Just then is when we hear it:

Our unwelcome intruder.

Knock. Knock. Knock.
What the hell?

We are laying there in the bed, daddy and me, enjoying the afterglow of my orgasm as he strokes me and tells me I'm his precious little princess now that he's made me squirt.

Daddy frowns, and I've never seen him so pissed off.

The voice from the door is shrill, angry man's voice. "Open up in there! Or I'm calling the police!"

Muttering curses to himself, daddy gets up and opens the door to our cabana.

Oh my God. It's that other doctor. The pencil necked one from earlier. The one who wanted to give the tracheotomy to that poor fat man. He is standing there in our doorway, peering over daddy's thick naked body.

I give a little shriek and try to cover myself, filled with a mix of shame and anger that he is poking his head in here.

While I was gripping onto his cock and squirting, daddy's pants fell down, and now he is wearing nothing but a terrycloth towel.

The little man's voice is oddly irritable, as if we have interrupted him, and not the other way around. "I couldn't help but overhear something coming from this room..."

My God. Did he hear us?

I am going to fucking die.

He has a little bald spot on top of his head, and he also has on thick glasses kinda like daddy has, but not the stylish kind my daddy wears, just

geeky wire rim glasses with huge glass pop bottle lenses and big bushy eyebrows.

"What is going on in here anyway?"

The intruder lifts on his heel so that he can try to see over daddy, who is trying to shield me from view.

My cheeks stain pink and I squeeze my thighs together.

Daddy's voice is as hard as steel. "Get. The fuck. Out of here."

For a second I think that daddy is going to punch him.

"Are you really a doctor, sir?" The shrill little man says.

Daddy's fists all into bludgeons. He steps closer to the doctor. Oh my God. Maybe I should stop him from hurting him. His voice is a menacing growl. "What business is it of yours?"

"What business is it? It's my business because if you *are* doctor, you are a *rogue* doctor."

Daddy just snorts, standing there in his towel, half naked.

"Out of control!" the other man puffs. "You nearly killed that poor man earlier, and now you are... I don't even know what you are doing to this underage girl here!"

Daddy laughs, and looks at me, admiring how young and baby-faced and embarrassed I am to have been caught with such an older man, my boss, in such a taboo position, the bedsheets still soaking wet from where I gushed squirt after squirt of hot come.

"I don't blame you for thinking my babysitter is underage. But she's not: she just turned eighteen. I know her parents back home would probably be horrified, but it's my prerogative if I want to fuck her raw and pump her full of rope after rope of my come. Isn't that right princess?"

Wow. The way that he is talking to this other doctor has my clit tingling with excitement.

"Yes daddy," I purr. "You can do whatever you want to me."

"I am giving my babysitter a medical treatment. Maybe if you weren't such a pin dick you would appreciate it."

"Pin dick? What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

I gather the covers around me, then I stand up off the bed to go into the bathroom and hide.

Daddy reaches out a firm hand at me. "No baby girl, don't go anywhere. This man doesn't know what the fuck he is talking about."

Oh my God. Something about the way my daddy is talking, is making me so hot all of a sudden. He is being such an alpha male!

"This is a medical treatment. And as the next part of the medical treatment, my cute little teenage babysitter, is going to suck my cock."

Right in front of the other doctor, he reaches his thumbs to the knot in his towel, and pulls it apart, freeing his meaty cock right in front of his eyes!

It's still fully erect.

The little doctor's eyes pop out of his sockets. "Have you no shame sir?"

How can my boss be fully erect right in front of this disapproving, stern, sober looking elderly man?

I guess for the same reason that I am wet just hearing him defend my honor.

"Just relax baby girl," daddy says, crawling back into bed with me. "I'm going to use you for a medical demonstration."

Um... Okay.

A filthy smile creeps across my face.

This is so fucking naughty.

But it occurs to me that nothing bad is going to happen or come from it, and so the taboo pleasure of it only builds and builds as I see the little old man's shocked reaction.

What happens on vacation stays on vacation.

Taking some oil, he spreads it all over his shaft, so that the veins are glistening and gorgeous in the light.

I gaze in amazement as he traces his thumb over the slit of his tip, coaxing out a thick and gooey pearl of pre-cum. My mouth parts open in fascination as he gathers it in his thumb, reaches out to my face, and lets me lick the come off in my little pink tongue!

Fuck it tastes good.

Before I know it, the tip of his cock is in my mouth, and I am sucking on it.

Not his thumb. His big fat cock.

I am on my back with his cock in my mouth as he leans over my body and dips one finger into my sex.

One inch at a time, he feeds his cock into my mouth, my plump pouty little lips sealed over his veiny thickness as I moan with pleasure and reach down to start circling my wet clit, right in front of this other doctor.

I am taking daddy's cock in my mouth.

As this other man watches in horror.

I suck with abandon. My eyes stay trained on daddy's, which are proud and beautiful as he gazes down upon me: his perfect little medical patient.

It tastes so fucking good, salty and sweet and musky, and the way that it fills my mouth just feels perfect.

He's so big that I can barely get it in, but fits so perfect that when I wrap my lips and cheeks around it, I can feel every bulging vein on my tongue, and his ridged tip rests on the back of my tongue, leaking come straight onto my taste buds.

The taste of it causes my mouth to water so good that I am absolutely drenching his cock in my warm mouth.

"Feel every doubt melting away," Daddy purrs, wrapping my hair in his free hand to guide my mouth back and forth over his shaft, "every negative little thought and hesitation, just dissolving in response to my hands on you. Because there's nothing like a man's thick cock in a little girl's mouth that seems to take her mind off her worries, is there?"

I can't believe the other doctor still watching us. Now instead of horror on his face, it is more of a hooded, twisted expression that I realize is lust!

You have to be fucking kidding me.

The dirty old man is reaching for his pants and getting his cock out.

The little man strokes himself as he gazes upon the sight of daddy pushing his nine inches of rigid flesh further into the back of my throat, all the way until the tip of my nose is buried in his pubic hair and I am gulping down slick pulses of his pre cum.

For a second I catch sight of the other doctor's wrinkled ball sack and daddy notices the cringe on my face.

Craning his neck at the man as I keep on sucking him off, daddy growls like a grizzly: "If I have to tell you one more time to get the fuck out of here, or I am going to perform an amputation of your head next."

With that the man is gone.

And I have daddy all to myself.

His cock is in my mouth and leaking come into the back of my throat as he thumbs my clit with one hand and pumps away at my G spot with his other.

I am laying face up, my legs spread open, my lips wrapped around his cock, as I begin to lick pre-cum off of his tip, coaxing more and more of it

out.

When I reach out with my other hand and begin massaging his balls, he groans from deep in his belly, and I realize that he is about to squirt come. I can't wait to taste it.

This is so fun. The way I get to suck on my daddy's cock and fondle his balls as he brings me closer and closer to squirting.

"Just feel all the thoughts in your head melt and dissolve as you suck my cock."

I am so relaxed, and his cock in my mouth feels so good and natural, that I don't even hesitate to suck him in deeper.

His hand rubs down from my throat to my breast, then back up again and back down, squeezing my nipples and rubbing back up to my throat and stroking my face, in a wonderful rhythm that puts me in a cock sucking trance.

"It really helps you relax to have daddy's cock in your mouth while I squeeze your titties doesn't it baby girl?"

I can't speak: all I can do is suck his cock and hollow out my cheeks. But it's true.

My whole body just seems totally open, endorphins coursing through me, bliss rising up from my toes. My daddy's big hands grabbing and groping my little body and his big cock in my mouth is exactly what I need.

"There is one thing that I guarantee will melt your worries away more than sucking my cock."

"There is?" I gurgle on his cock.

"Lift your knees high in the air and spread them as wide as you can Princess."

I obey eagerly.

"Perfect. Now hook your hands up and grip your ankles to keep your legs spread apart even more for me."

The stretch in my hamstrings feels good.

I can't believe how exposed and open I am to him.

"What are you going to do to me daddy?"

"Just be a good girl and do as daddy says."

He lowers his mouth to my pussy, breathing on it warmly, sending sparkles of pleasure racing up and down my spine.

His left hand is palming my stomach, as his lips gently suction on my pussy while his other hand rubs up and cups my left breast.

I am so exposed in this position, so wide open with his nose buried inside my pussy.

My whole body begins to shake as an orgasm overtakes me, and cream spurts out right into his mouth. He laps it up hungrily, greedily.

His left hand tugs harder on my left breast, and my toes curl and uncurl, spread open and pointed straight at the ceiling.

He traces his tongue gently from my opening all the way up to my clit and back down, never ceasing to rub circles on my stomach with his left hand as his lips move in sync, drinking from my sex, breaking me apart with one orgasm after another with his tongue.

I am resting my right foot on the shelf of his deltoid muscle as he eats my pussy for me, his flat tongue working in long and deliberate wet strokes of my inner folds, his tip connecting perfectly with my clit each time.

The pleasure is almost unbearable. I can feel my face contorting.

"Daddy... what are you doing to me?"

His left hand spreads apart my pussy lips so that he can seal his mouth over my clit, kissing it again and again, licking it with his tongue.

My thighs are stretched open as wide as possible, my twitching right foot resting on his neck as he eats my pussy, my other foot pointing straight in the air, as a monster orgasm uncoils its way through every nerve ending in my body.

Each lap of his tongue on my clit is applying perfect pressure.

He could keep me coming like this for days.

Good God.

"Oh daddy your tongue on my pussy feels so good. Daddy that's going to—*Fffffnnn*."

"Let your tension release now baby."

He doesn't change his strokes or anything, just continues to hold my ankles up in the air and deliver consistent perfectly rhythmic licks of his tongue on my clit, until my moans are getting more and more out of control, and I begin coming my brains out.

He sucks firmly, rhythmically on my clit, sealing his lips over it, until something inside me explodes.

"I'm coming oh my God daddy I'm coming!"

My leg is resting on his back, twitching and curling and kicking as crackles of electricity shoot off of my clit and my hot juices gush from my hole.

I quiver and pulse.

A single high note comes out of my mouth, like a little wine.

"You sound like an adorable little teakettle. Huffing and puffing," he chuckles and strokes and kisses me and I can tell how proud he is of me.

"I think you cured my headache daddy."

"Oh no," he growls. "Not yet little girl. Not by a long shot."

The pressure returns to my belly .

"Really?"

"There is a lot of tension built up in this womb of yours baby girl," he says stroking my tummy, continuing to press whisper-soft kisses into my clit.

"I could give you one orgasm after another, just like this, but it's not going to release the tension from her body, and you're just going to keep getting tension headaches, unless I bone you down and fuck you hard."

Lord, my daddy is so bad!

But he's right.

"I'm going to make you come again, with my cock deep inside of you okay?"

My eyes go wide, and so do my pretty pink lips, shocked not so much at his words, but at the flare-up of heat inside my womb, craving to be cooled.

"Daddy are you—"

"Just take a deep breath, and don't ask any questions okay? Just take a deep breath and let all the thoughts spill out of your head, as the pleasure builds and builds."

"Oh my God daddy your tip is parting my pussy. Should you get a condom daddy?"

"Nonsense baby girl. This is just part of the massage."

First comes his powerful tip, then his shaft squeezes in and invades me.

He slides forward a little more this time, then pulls out, throbs, and spills a little bit of pre-cum into my folds.

Oh. Wow. That feels amazing. My eyes go wide, and my mouth goes wider.

"I'm going to get really deep inside of you and get to the source of your headaches now," he says, stroking my cheek, rearing up on his knees and lifting both of my ankles high in the air, rutting his cock against my smooth shaven pussy lips.

"The root of my headaches?"

"The whole body is connected, you see," he grunts. "I am going to get inside there in your belly, and get to the stress built-up there, those bundles of nerves, and I'm going to break them apart."

"Oh daddy. That's making me so... Oh my God..."

"Your nerve endings are going to burst and uncoil, and when you come, you are going to feel so much pleasure, that you will never have a headache again."

With that he grips my ankles even tighter, and thrust his hips forward as his fat cock sinks deep inside my pussy.

God, I can't believe I took all of him in.

The sharp, singular sensation of being filled up to the hilt threatens the edge of pain, but he feels so full inside me that the pleasure overrides it.

He takes it slowly, his hands gripping my inner thighs as he eases forward then retreats, filling me slowly and then easing out again. Then he grips my slender ankles in his big hands, lifts them high overhead, and begins fucking me.

I reach out and grab his wrists, which feel so thick in my little hands. All I can do is try to hold on as he eases out of me and then back in, his powerful body rocking into mine, and we both look down and groan in amazement at the sight of his beastly thickness stretching apart my pretty pink pussy lips, which are so wet that froth has begun to form on his cock each time that he pulls out of me.

He is working up a powerful rhythm now, pumping in and out. My legs tremble. My boobs shake. My breaths are soft moans of ecstasy.

With every thrust, I know this taboo pleasure is all I want. I want to be used by my daddy, and to be his fuck toy from now on, and have everyone around us be shocked at how such a tender young looking thing as me loves to take such a beastly thick cock like a slut.

"Daddy. Can I... Can I be your fuck doll?"

His trembling hand reaches for my cheek, his dark eyes burning on mine with a blend of lust and euphoria.

"Oh baby. Fuuuck." His cock jerks in my walls. "Your pussy is steaming hot."

Another orgasm curls my spine, building and building for a moment before more hot juices gush out of me and onto his cock.

My pussy spasms and clenches, my come squirting out along the length of his cock as he slides it out in and out of my velvet smooth hole faster and

faster, fucking me as hard as he can as I feel his large swollen walls grow tight at the base of his cock, and I can tell from the deep groan building inside of him that he is about to unleash a enormous stream of thick white come as deep as he can inside me.

My body crackles with anticipation as I feel my cervix being teased open with each thud of his tip. My very womb itself is screaming for his slime, salivating to be bred.

It is all too much for my daddy. He grips my ankles high in the air. His hands feel so big and strong around my slender limbs and it feels so good to be gripped firmly and stretched out as his cock penetrates me as deep as it will go into my belly.

His fingers slide between my toes my toes, as his slick bar of flesh glides back and forth between my soft pussy lips. The weird friction of his fingers between my toes combined with the penetration of his flesh in my teenage pussy scratches the itch in my cervix, and causes my sex to squeeze the length of his cock in a milking motion.

"Oh my God daddy. I need your come. I can't stop coming."

I reach between his legs and begin to fondle his balls, and I think that's what sends him over the edge.

"Daddy. I think you're getting to it. You're almost getting there to the source of my aches. Melt my mind daddy."

"Hhhnnn. Holy fuck baby girl. My balls have never been this bursting with calm. I am going to soak your insides."

He releases one of my ankles so that he can give my right tit a firm squeeze, rearing back all the way before plowing his wet cock back into my pussy.

"I'm going to splatter your walls with come now. When you feel the first rope, scream my name."

He rests my ankle over his shoulder, freeing his hand, so that he can press his thumb into my clit as his other hand gropes my tits.

He slides his cock all the way inside of me with the wet slap, lets out a deep masculine groan from his chest, squeezes me tight, and then I feel it.

A thick rope of come shooting straight into my belly. It feels so slick, so creamy, so forbidden and nasty inside of me.

"Nnnhhh."

I can't believe I can feel it painting my insides.

The second pulse is even hotter: a spine tingling rope of come, scorching my womb.

My body responds by clenching tight over his cock and twitching. As my eyes roll back into my head, my orgasm completely overwhelms me.

My curvy little body goes stiff, then I shake all over, spread my legs wide, and start coming so hard that my feet cramp.

I keep coming and a new rope of cum shoots into me. I sob my pleasure as my pussy squeezes out the last few pulses of his seed.

He takes my face in his hands and puts the sweetest kiss on my lips. Suddenly it feels like every worry, every neurosis, every hang up or doubt that I have ever had about myself or my future, clears like smoke.

"I am going to stay buried inside of you like this little girl. And you are going to come again in a couple of minutes, which will make me hard again, so that I can shoot more sperm into your womb."

"Yes daddy."

We just lay there in bed, twitching for a little bit. I feel so safe, so cared-for, so full and complete, knowing that as long as I have my daddy I will never have to think about anything again in my life.

"Daddy?"

"Yes Princess?" He reaches to my face and brushes a sweaty strand of blonde hair behind my little ear, giving me a kiss on the forehead.

"If I get pregnant? Will I have to go to a different doctor? Or can I do all of my checkups and stuff with you?"

He strokes down my neck, reaching to my belly and rubbing warm circles there, and to my amazement, his cock which is still buried inside of my pussy begins growing fatter and thicker again, as his white trails of come seep out and coat his balls.

"First let's just see about squirting more come in you and making that baby little girl. Then we can talk about plans for the pregnancy."

"Hhhnnn ." I open my mouth to say okay, but suddenly his hand is rubbing lower and gliding onto my clit once again, and nothing but a soft sound of pleasure spills from my lips.

His cock is rock hard again.

He presses his open mouth to the nape of my neck, licking a long stroke up the side of my neck. "We have a lot of baby making to do first If we want those headaches to stay away."

Okay daddy whatever you say.

I'm so glad that I have the most trusted, most masculine doctor daddy in the world.

A master of the universe... And of my pussy.

My own personal superhero in disguise.

AFTERWORD

Hope you enjoyed spending the night with Daddy!
Give me a follow on Amazon for my next book.
Be good, little girls.
Love,
Daddy
P.S.
...and remember... this is our little secret.

ALSO BY DADDY DOMERGUE

Daddy's Younger Babysitters

Daddy's Pregnant Little Babysitters

Daddy's Fertile Babysitter