



# Taking Daddy's Load

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**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** I was a bad girl for the dirty things I wanted. ?For who I wanted to be with.? My father.

I was a bad girl for the dirty things I wanted.

For who I wanted to be with.

My father.

He was the one person I couldn't have.

Or could I?

**Total Pages (Source):** 4

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

I was always seen as the good girl. The one who had her nose in a book and never got into any trouble.

What they didn't know was I had dark desires—what others would see as immoral and disgusting.

I tried everything I could to ignore them, to hide them not only from everyone else but myself as well. When that didn't work, I started trying to catch the high I knew I'd get from being with the one person I shouldn't even see in a sexual light, by experimenting with other men. But they weren't him.

My father.

It had just been him and me for as long as I could remember—after my mother left him high and dry to take care of an infant, while she went wild and did God knows what.

I hadn't heard from her, hadn't seen her. My father was my everything. My world.

I knew it was wrong on every single level to want him the way I did. He was my dad. I shouldn't see him as anything other than that. But, God, I'd wanted him for so long... for the last three years. Ever since I turned eighteen and something in me changed.

I started wondering what his hands would feel like running over my body, what it be like feeling his breath on my skin... how his lips would move between my thighs as he ate me out.

And so I tried with other men, thinking of my father as they buried themselves inside me.

Hell, I even went to college in another town, hoping that putting distance between me and my dad would cure my sick and twisted desires.

But it never helped, never eased that itch I had. I knew only one man could achieve that, and I needed to tell him, to make him see there was something wrong with me and that I had to move even farther away.

I had to for my sanity.

So, I drove here after class, on a Friday night, with no warning I was coming home. I didn't know how to broach the subject over the phone, let alone in person. Here I was, standing at the front door I lived behind my whole life but after tonight would be different.

Taking the deepest breath of my whole life, I opened the door and stepped inside. The house was dimly lit, with a bluish glow coming from the television in the living room. A drink sounded really damn good right about now, so before I announced my presence to my dad—who was probably passed out in front of the TV from working a long day of construction—I went to the kitchen.

I grabbed his whiskey from the cupboard, poured some in a glass tumbler, and downed it. Bad idea, as it was like fire in my throat and belly, but it didn't take long for the sizzle to become a warmth I needed to make me feel looser and less anxious.

After I sucked down one for dose of the booze, I made my way into the foyer, my steps slow, silent, as I kept moving closer to the living room. It was when I was about to round the corner that I froze, hearing the almost muted sounds of the television... and more specifically what my father was watching.

Porn.

The female moans and male groans sounded authentic, as if they weren't being paid to fuck for an audience.

I held my breath as I peeked around the corner. At first, I spied the back of the couch, and then it was my father's massively broad back, his wide shoulders... and then I looked at the TV screen. What played looked like any other porno, aside from the fact that it was clearly an amateur one, like it had been shot in someone's bedroom with a cheap camcorder.

"Fuck," my father groaned, and I rose on my toes to see slightly over the couch. His big, muscular arm bulged as he clearly jerked himself off.

Oh, God. This is so wrong. But I can't stop looking.

I could see the thickness of his engorged cockhead, and every time he dragged his hand up to the tip, the crown became red and seeped a bead of pre-cum.

My pussy felt like it was on fire. This was so wrong, yet I couldn't stop staring at my father masturbating as he watched porn.

I moved closer, now stepping into the living room and smelling the scent of his musky sweat permeating the room.

"That's it, little girl," the man on the screen moaned as he fucked the younger woman. The sound of the headboard banging against the wall as he pounded into her had my belly tightening. It was so obscene.

This entire thing was insane, yet I was more turned on than I'd ever been, and not even the threat of my father catching me could make me look away.

“I want you to fuck me harder, Daddy,” the woman moaned, and I froze, snapping my focus from the massive cock leaking pre-cum just feet from me, to the porno on the screen.

“I love fucking my little girl. You take Daddy so well, stretching around me so your cunt is strangling my dick until I’m gonna blow my wad in my daughter’s wet little pussy.”

I felt my eyes widen at what I heard and what I was watching.

My father was jerking off to... daughter/daddy porn?

I didn’t know how to feel, how to react. Did this mean my dad was into this kind of stuff? Did this mean I could be wholly honest with him, and he’d accept what I wanted?

“Yeah,” my father grunted and groaned, and I looked at him to see his hand working faster over his shaft. “You’re gonna take Daddy’s big fucking cock like my good girl.”

My mouth dried, and my pussy got wetter. My panties were slick enough the material was rubbing obnoxiously against my pussy lips and slit. God, and my clit... the damn thing throbbed in time with my pulse.

He made these rough, animalistic sounds, and I knew he was close to coming. He pulled his shirt up farther, exposing the hard expanse of his hairy chest and rippling abs. My dad was built like a tank, with hard muscles and the type of masculinity that made him seem like a caveman about to throw you over his shoulder and drag you back to his lair.

“Jesus Christ,” he grunted, tossed his head back on the cushion, and closed his eyes,

his abdomen clenching so his six-pack was starkly noticeable. He pointed his cockhead toward his hairy belly, and the way his balls—the massive twin weights—tightened up, I knew he was going to come.

Look away, woman. Look away as Dad has this private moment.

“Fuck yeah,” my father moaned. “Take Daddy’s massive dick, baby. Take all my cum until it’s seeping out of that tight, little pink pussy of yours.” He was panting, huffing, and puffing, and then he was getting off. “Poppy,” he barked out.

And that’s when the world ended for me.

My father. His cock in hand as he jacked off. Called out my name as he came.

My eyes felt comically wide as I watched the thick white ropes of his spunk spray all over his belly, making an enormous mess. I was soaked. Drenched.

He came and came... and came so much more I couldn’t believe he had all that semen stored in those balls that were tight against the base of his shaft.

When his body sank against the couch and he sighed, I took a step back, knowing that was my cue to leave and process what the hell I’d just seen and heard. But as the damn floorboard creaked beneath my foot, I froze when I saw my father’s body tense and his muscles contract like a cobra ready to strike.

I held my breath as Dad sat up and looked over his shoulder.

Our eyes locked. My thighs clenched. And I knew nothing would ever be the same.

My father slowly stood, and instead of tucking himself back into his jeans, he faced me so I could see him in his full glory, his huge, still semi-hard cock swinging

slightly from side to side.

His shirt was still pushed up, his load a painting across the canvas of his belly and chest hair. The longer we stared at each other, the harder Dad got, and the hotter the fire in his eyes burned.

“Come closer.”

The breath I’d been holding finally escaped, an exhale so loud I felt my cheeks heat from the embarrassment of it all.

“How long have you been watching Daddy jerk off, baby girl?”

I licked my lips and shook my head, unsure how to even answer that, at least not verbally. It was like someone cut my tongue out.

“Long enough to know Daddy was watching another man fuck his daughter, thinking about you as I came harder than I ever had?”

I nodded in response, still not trusting my voice.

He smirked, just a little tilt of his lips obscured slightly by his trimmed salt-and-pepper beard. “Did it make you wet?” When I was so stunned I couldn’t even nod, he ordered, “Come closer and Daddy will check. Let me finally feel that pretty pussy.”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

I'd been dreaming of fucking my daughter since she came home from college after her first year. It was a hot June day, and she'd been sunbathing by the pool.

She'd just turned nineteen, and I came home early from a long fucking day of laying brick at the job-site.

I found myself just staring at her through the kitchen window as she did a couple of laps. The kitchen had been shadowy with the lights off, so I knew she couldn't see me watching her like the fucking pervert I felt I was being.

She got out of the pool, a little red bikini clinging to her curves, her nipples hard, the bottoms hugging her pussy so I could see her cleft.

I knew I was a sick fuck right then and there for thinking and wanting to do things to my own flesh and blood.

But I'd gladly rot in hell to taste and feel what I knew would be the sweetest fucking pussy I'd ever have on my tongue and cock.



## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

My heart was thundering as I stood there, replaying what my father just said.

“Come closer and Daddy will check. Let me finally feel that pretty pussy.”

Was this really happening? Would I suddenly wake up and find myself in my dorm, tucked in bed and away from the only person I ever wanted?

My body was on fire, my pussy so wet. I felt like a dirty girl, a taboo fiend. And when I didn't move, couldn't because I was frozen in place by my emotions and shock, my father took a step closer.

He said nothing else, just stared into my eyes, as if he could see right into my soul. And in that moment, I felt like he could. I didn't focus on what was right and wrong. I didn't think about how other people would see it as disgusting that I wanted to be with him. My own dad.

I just let him lead me over to the couch and gently push me down, and then I was eye-level with his massive cock. The damn thing pushed against his gray sweats, already hard again after I just watched him jerk off and come all over his hard abdomen.

Holy shit... his dick was throbbing, the front of his pants darkening as pre-cum wet the material. I opened my mouth but didn't know what to say.

“I've wanted you for the last three years,” I finally admitted, the words spilling from me as if they were yanked from my body. My face heated, my pulse raced, and I felt so scared of what would happen next.

“It’s so fucking wrong,” he said under his breath, and I felt my heart plummet.

Despite what he said earlier, the obscene, lewd command, I felt like he was about to shut this down. I actually worried he was about to tell me we were both sick in the head for being hot for each other.

What I didn’t expect at that moment was for him to sink to his knees, grip my thighs, and wrench them open. I gasped, my eyes feeling wide as saucers, my panties soaked clean through.

“But nothing is going to stop me from burying my face between your beautiful thighs and eating out my little girl’s pussy.” He looked me dead in the eye and moved closer, his face now inches from my center, as he inhaled. The burning desire in his eyes matched the unwavering need I felt down to my soul.

“I’ve been wanting to lick my little girl’s slit since I saw you wearing that little bikini a couple summers ago,” he groaned, and the whole time, he kept staring into my eyes, placing his hands on my knees. “The material had been pressed up against your little cunt. My cock was so hard, baby. I jerked off as I stared at you. I knew it was wrong, but fuck, it felt better than anything. I came in the sink and had to wash it out before you saw.”

I let my head rest back on the couch cushion when he started sliding his hands up my inner thighs, pushing my already short shorts higher until the fabric created a V of bunched fabric between my legs.

“I stared at how hard your nipples were, poking through your bikini top. Fuck,” he growled, and then his face was fully pressed to my cunt, where he murmured, “and here I am, about to know how you really taste, baby.”

“Then do it, Daddy,” I moaned. Begged. I was a little slut for this. I was a disgusting,

dirty whore for my father.

“Say it. Ask Daddy to do it.”

I bit my lip, the words right at the tip of my tongue, but I was still so unsure. So scared.

“Come on, sweetheart. Tell me what I want to hear, what we both want you to say.”

I opened my eyes then, not realizing I closed them from how intense this all felt. “Lick my pussy, Daddy. I don’t care how wrong this is.” I licked my lips, and he groaned, rising faster than I could blink, and gripped my chin.

“I’m going to fuck you with my tongue, and then I’m going to break in your little cunt. You’re gonna feel me tomorrow. You’re going to know Daddy’s big dick stretched out your tiny pussy so no piece-of-shit boyfriend will ever compare.”

“I don’t want anyone else but you,” I admitted instantly.

“Mmm,” he hummed. “That’s my good girl.” He pulled my shorts aside, and I held my breath as I watched him lean in again and take another long whiff of my pussy. “Gonna devour this sweet pink.”

Hearing him call my pussy that obscure, innocent word made me hotter.

Before I could beg him to lick me, he was tearing at my shorts and panties until I sat there naked from the waist down.

“Pull up your shirt and show your Daddy your pretty little titties.”

I didn’t hesitate to obey. And when my tits were displayed, shaking slightly from how

hard I was breathing, he reached up and tweaked my nipples. He tugged at the tips with his thumbs and forefingers so hard the pain pulled a cry from my parted lips. And when he let go of the peaks, my nipples were obscenely hard.

“So fucking perfect, Bunny.”

I closed my eyes and moaned at the nickname he once used for me constantly. I hadn’t heard it in years and hadn’t realized until right now how much I missed it... or how much it turned me on.

I was sick in the damn head but wasn’t about to stop this to save my life.

“Look how red I made your perfect, rose-colored nipples.” He stared into my eyes, and I held my breath. “I want to hear you say the words,” he said low. Deep. And so full of his dark need I could feel it saturate the air and cover me.

Daddy moved closer and pressed all his masculine inches against me. Even though he was on his knees, he was still so big and muscular, and I could see his huge, hard cock between us. The damn thing bobbed as he shifted, with clear pearls of pre-cum forming on the bulbous tip and dripping onto the cushion between my spread thighs.

I shivered, my breasts feeling so sensitive and heavy, my nipples tight and tingling.

“There’s so much I want to do to you,” he murmured. “I want to turn your ass red, spank you enough times that you can’t sit comfortably.”

My pussy creamed even more.

“Fuck, my sweetheart likes that, doesn’t she?”

I knew he didn’t need an answer. Before I could catch my breath, my Daddy had me

off the couch, spun around, and pressed my top half downward to the couch. With my ass in the air and my breasts to the cushion, the position was awkward but had me fully exposed.

“I just know you’re gonna feel incredible. The fucking best, baby.” He reached around and stroked up my thigh.

I felt my eyes widen, wanting this to go all the way, but also feeling so uneasy, because this was... my father.

I fantasized about this for so long, and here it was, finally happening.

“If my baby wants me to stop, she better say it now.”

I shook my head, unable to speak.

“That’s my good girl.” The cool air brushed over my bare pussy. “Show your daddy more.” He kicked my legs apart, not waiting for me to obey.

I closed my eyes and rested my forehead on the cushion, trying to breathe through this moment. When he smoothed his hand over my ass cheek, I whimpered and bit my lip.

“Look at this perfect, apple-shaped ass. You’re gonna love it when Daddy fucks your asshole.” He gripped the cheeks, spreading them and exposing that tight, forbidden hole.

Not as forbidden as wanting to fuck your dad.

He slapped my ass before grabbing it roughly. He trailed a thick, calloused finger down my crack and then ran the pad over my puckered asshole. I was so wet from

how completely immoral this was, not understanding why the taboo nature of all this turned me on more than anything else.

My clit throbbed in time with my pulse, and the adrenaline moving through my veins felt like liquid fire. It burned me from the inside out.

When he finally touched my soaked pussy, I groaned and popped my ass up more, angling my pussy so he could get in nice and deep.

“My baby girl is so wet for Daddy. Such a dirty little slut.” When he leaned in, covering my back with his hard torso, I moaned, loving his hairy chest against my bare skin.

“Tell Daddy you’ll let me fuck this pussy any way I want.” He smacked me between my thighs, the sting on my cunt pulling a mewl from me.

“Any way you want, Daddy. I’m yours to play with.”

He hummed deeply in response as he lifted off me, and then his warm breath was suddenly skating over my pussy. I looked down and between my legs, seeing how he gripped his massive cock in his fist and jerked off. He swiped his thumb over the tip, smearing cum and using it as lube. “I’m going to eat my sweetheart’s cunt out and let her know she’s only mine.”

His mouth was on me a second later, his tongue pushing into my pussy hole. I gasped and moaned as he drove it into me, rising on my tiptoes when he gripped my hips, holding me still as he sucked on my pussy.

“So fucking sweet, Poppy.” His words were muffled against my drenched flesh. He dug his thumbs into my ass cheeks, then gripped them, spreading them wide so he could really eat at me like he was starved. And then Daddy flattened his tongue

across my slit, somehow knowing I was close to coming, so he backed off.

I moaned and cried out like a greedy slut, but he didn't make me beg. Instead, he shoved two fingers into me and started thrusting them in and out. I heard sloppy sounds as my body latched onto them, but when Daddy added a third finger, those digits were so thick it actually hurt when he spread them, stretching my pussy wide.

"I want you to come so damn badly, but not yet, sweetheart. Daddy's wants my big, swollen cock in my little girl's pink pussy so you can milk me until I cum deep inside you. You'd like that, wouldn't you, little girl? For your daddy to give you a hot load?"

He scissored his fingers inside me but didn't fuck me with them long enough to get me off, even though I begged him to.

My entire body shuddered. I could feel how wet I was for him... for my father. When he pulled out of me, I sagged against the couch, unable to catch my breath.

"Look at me, baby girl. Look your daddy in the eyes," he demanded.

I forced myself to look over my shoulder and watched him lift his pussy-slickened fingers, showing me how glossy they were... because of me.

He brought them to his mouth and dragged his tongue over them, licking them clean. And when he gripped his cock, pointing it right at me so I could see all the cum dripping out of the thick tip, I instinctively lifted my pussy for him.

"You always have been a good girl, and now you're going to take daddy's load like one too."

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

I wanted the flavor of her branded on my tongue. Nothing in life had ever been as delicious as her cunt juice. I knew the moment I tasted her that I'd be eating her again and again, forever.

My sweet, innocent girl was a raging slut, wanting nothing more than her daddy to fuck her holes raw. All my sick and twisted fantasies were before me, about to become reality.

I lined up my cock with her wet pussy, and without hesitating, I impaled my daughter, a groan falling from my lips as I pushed inside her tight hole.

"Daddy, it hurts," she moaned, her pleasure and pain mixing together and making me harder. "You're too big for my little pussy."

She wasn't a virgin, and for that I was thankful. I didn't think I could go slow for her.

"I'm too tight, Daddy. I don't think I can take all of your big cock."

My hips thrust forward, and I grunted through clenched teeth, "You'll take it all for me."

"Oh, God," she gasped, as I kept shoving deeper into her, making her take every hard, thick inch of me. "Daddy, it hurts, but I don't want you to stop. You're stretching me so wide."

Sweat trailed down my temples as I forced myself not to rut like a beast. "We'll make it fit. You need to be broken in and ready for me to fuck all your holes whenever the



hell I need you.” I was balls-deep now. God, she felt better than anything I’d ever experienced. “You want to be a good girl and make Daddy happy, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Poppy whimpered. “I want Daddy to know I’ll do whatever he wants. All I need is for you to fuck my holes and make me your pretty little fuck doll.”

Jesus Christ. Hearing her talk so dirty was gonna make me blow my load before we really got started.

I reached out and gripped her hair, forcing her face down onto the sofa as I pulled out, then buried myself completely in her with one full thrust again. “Fuck, baby girl. Your pussy is so tight. This is going to hurt tomorrow, sweetheart. You’re going to be sore, and it’s gonna make me so fucking hard knowing that. But don’t worry,” I snarled and pulled out, fucking her over and over again. “Don’t ever worry, baby doll. Daddy will kiss it all better. You’ll be a good girl and let me fuck your pretty holes whenever I want. Isn’t that right?”

I knew she’d give me whatever I wanted. I felt her submission surrounding her.

“Yes, Daddy,” she moaned. “All my little holes were made by you. That makes them yours. So use them. Use me.”

My eyes rolled back in my head at her words. I wanted to go slow, to make it as easy as I could for my little girl, but something came over me. It was a primal need that raged inside me with twisted lust.

Thoughts of being her father suddenly vanished and was replaced by a feral lover in need of owning this woman until she only knew and felt me.

I was a sweaty mess as I fucked the hell out of her. Poppy cried out and mewled, throwing her tight pussy back on me.

I thrust deep in her, stretching her more than she'd ever been before, or would ever be.

Poppy's cries of pain morphed into moans of pleasure as I reached down and gently circled her clit with the pad of my finger. "Look at you, baby girl. Look how well you're taking your daddy's dick. Your pussy was made for me, baby. This is Daddy's cunt. Be ready, little girl, because now that I've had a taste, I'm going to fill this pretty little pink until you can't even walk." I snarled and bared my teeth. "Everyone's gonna know how you're an owned little slut. My slut."

"Yes, Daddy," Poppy moaned, sounding like a little kitten who'd finally gotten her treat. "I'm your slut. Please fuck me harder. Pound into my little pussy until it's nice and stretched for your big dick."

Her filthy mouth was driving me crazy. My innocent little girl talking to me like a cheap whore made me want to treat her even more like one.

I fisted her long hair and yanked her head back. "I want to see your tits." I flipped her over, and she gasped, her breasts jiggling as I gripped her thighs and pushed her knees up to the sides of her chest. "Hold your legs still for Daddy, you beautiful fucking slut." I wanted to use her and see tears streaming down her cheeks as she begged me for more.

Poppy was about to know just how far my depravity ran.

At my sudden roughness, my daughter yelped and her body jerked as the palm of my hand came down on her swollen clit. But then she whispered, "I love when my Daddy punishes me."

My cock thickened. "You're a dirty little slut, aren't you, baby girl?" She moaned for me. "Tell me... how long have you been thinking about my cock sliding into your little pussy?"

My hand came down with more force on Poppy's open pussy, and then I stuffed my cock back in her little hole.

"For years," she moaned. "Since I turned eighteen, Daddy. I tried to date other boys, had them fuck me while I thought about you."

Fuck, she was perfect.

"But every single time someone else put their dick in my little pussy, I knew it wasn't meant for me. I only want one, and that's yours, Daddy."

I tweaked her clit, pulling at it until I knew it hurt her.

She whimpered, then admitted, "I'd let them use me, fuck me until they came. I drank their cum, but the whole time, I wished it was yours."

I closed my eyes and felt dizzy at her words.

I liked that she'd been used, that her pussy wasn't brand new. I didn't want an unused pussy for the type of need I had.

But from this point on, she was all mine. No one else would have her.

A sudden rage came over me, wanting to erase all the boys who touched the body that had always belonged to me—that I had created.

I found myself pulling out of her and grabbing her hair again, using it to drag her off the sofa.

She reached up and gripped my hands, whining, "Daddy, that hurts."

With her on her knees before me, I fisted my dick and slapped the bulbous, red

cockhead against her lips. “Open up, dirty girl. Daddy’s going to wash all those other boys from your slutty little mouth.”

Poppy’s eyes widened, her shoulders straightened, and she did what I asked as she eagerly opened her mouth. My hips bucked on their own, and I pushed between her lips, making her take me all the way to the back of her throat.

The sounds of her gagging had my dick twitching in her mouth and egged me on. “That’s it, baby girl. Take all of Daddy’s big, fat cock. Work that throat, sweetness, until you get my milk and swallow it down your pretty little throat. I want your belly full of me.”

Poppy moaned and hollowed her cheeks, swallowing my cock as she bobbed her head. With my hand in her hair, I forced her down on my thick shaft until she choked. “You’re a desperate little whore for my cock, aren’t you?”

She nodded and moaned around me. I pulled my shaft out, and she hissed, “Yes, Daddy,” as spit dribbled out the corners of her lips.

I gripped the back of her head and made her suck my cock again, pushing her down farther and loving her struggle as I throat-fucked her. “I’m going to wipe out the memory of all those boys who put their little dicks in my baby girl. Your mouth is just like your other holes—they all belong to me.”

When I pulled out of Poppy’s mouth again, she gasped for air, saliva connecting the tip of my dick and her mouth. Her mascara tinged her erotic tears black. My little girl looked like a porn star, and I was so close to coming all over again because of it.

I used the pad of my thumb to smudge the mascara along her cheek, swiping it over her supple flesh.

“Pretty baby,” I murmured. “You’re my perfect little angel, but a sexy little succubus

hungry for my cock and cum.” I smeared my pre-cum on my finger and brought it to her mouth, painting her lips. “If you ever let another cock near what’s mine again, I’ll cover you in my cum and parade you around for everyone to see. A little humiliation would be hot as fuck.”

Poppy gazed up at me, and her full red lips turned up into a wicked smile. “I promise, Daddy, I won’t ever let another boy touch me. Not as long as you’ll do it.”

“Mmm. Now it’s time to fill my sweet girl up.” I helped her up but only to turn her around so I could lean her over the couch. I wanted the memory of her like this for when she wasn’t around, when I’d have to jack off to her image.

With her in position, I kicked her legs apart, her pussy lips parting so I could line my cockhead up with her hole.

And then I was done for.

I jackhammered into my daughter’s pussy, stretching her walls, encouraged by her seductive moans for me to be rougher.

I knew I was hurting her with how hard and fast I was fucking my ten-inch cock into her. “Is it painful, sweetheart?” The question was more taunting than concerned.

“Yes! It’s everything I fantasized about,” she mewled. “It’s better, in fact.”

That’s right. “Is Daddy tearing your tiny cunt apart?”

She angled her ass up more, allowing me to go even deeper. “Yes, Daddy. It hurts but feels so good.”

I spanked her ass hard enough I knew I’d leave bruises. “These are for you not telling me you wanted me sooner, sweetheart.” I spanked her again, emphasizing my words.

“I love my punishment.” She looked over her shoulder at me, her cheeks red. “I’m scared to tell you the things I’ve done with other boys, because I think it’ll make you go over the edge.” She bit her lip... the little minx.

I was a fuckin’ sick man for getting off on any of this. The idea of my daughter being a whore turned me on. I would’ve killed any boy who looked at her, but I liked the idea of them defiling her.

The fact that others desired what was mine excited me in ways it shouldn’t. “Tell me what you’ve done, you dirty little slut. Tell Daddy what else you’ve let boys do to you.”

It took her a second to answer, but the whole time, I fucked her raw.

“I sucked their dicks like a lollipop until they gave me their cream.” She ran her tongue over her lips as if envisioning it. “I let them fuck every hole I have. And the entire time, I thought about you.”

“Fuck,” I roared as I pounded mercilessly into her cunt. My hands were like vices on her hips. My daughter was a filthy whore, and I loved it. “Describe it to me, baby doll. Tell me how you drank them down.”

She reached between her thighs, and I knew she was rolling her clit around, eager to get off. “I had a gangbang once. Only one time. I’d hoped it would ease this insane need I had.”

I groaned as I pictured it.

“They all took turns fucking my mouth at first. One after the other. They wouldn’t even wait for me to swallow the last guy’s cum before another one was pushing into me.

Goddammit. I could visualize it like I was right there, watching the entire thing. “Tell me more.”

“As soon as one unloaded, another would pull my hair and shove his cock deep down my throat. Then another would fuck my pussy from behind. I felt like I was drowning in cum.”

I spanked her ass over and over again, knowing I could come right now if I wasn’t holding onto my self-control.

“One of them told me to call him Daddy, and when I pictured you, all I wanted was more. My eyes would close, and I’d imagine you were the one filling my mouth with load after load of your hot cum.”

I imagined her covered in my thick, white ropes of spunk. “There’s another hole you’ve got that Daddy wants, baby.” I pulled out of her, gripped her cheeks, and spread them so I could see her tightest hole. “Perfect little puckered asshole, baby girl. I want to taste you here before I shove my dick in it.”

Poppy reached back and was the one to keep her ass cheeks spread, presenting herself to me like a good girl.

I got on my haunches and dove right in, licking her asshole before flattening my tongue and running it up and down the entire length of her crack. “Mmm, baby, even your asshole tastes good. Best ass I’ve ever eaten.”

“Daddy, your tongue feels so good. Please don’t stop.”

“Never.” I reached between her legs, shoved two fingers into her cunt, and used my thumb to circle her clit. “Are you going to be a good girl and cum for me?”

Poppy moaned as I twisted my fingers inside her wet pussy, scissoring them while I

licked at her anus.

“Daddy,” Poppy cried out. “I’m so close. I.... No, you need to stop. I think I’m about to pee.”

Fuck yeah. “Drown Daddy with that sweet pussy juice. Come for me.” I finger-fucked her harder and faster at the same time I pushed my tongue into her asshole.

I added a third finger inside her pussy and leaned back to spit on her anus. I spit on her ass cheeks after that, watching my saliva drip down her creamy skin.

Poppy’s hands gripped the back of the sofa, and she shook her head back and forth rapidly. I twisted my fingers inside her and mouth-fucked her ass right when I felt her pussy clamp down on the digits.

She came for me long and loud.

She soaked my hand with her wetness, gushing for me and spraying all over the back of the couch. That clear fluid trailed down my wrist and forearm, and never once did I stop eating out her ass.

“That’s my pretty girl.” I pulled my fingers out, and she sagged forward. She was breathtaking when she was sated.

I smoothed my hand over her cunt, smearing the juices all over her smooth lips and inner thighs.

With one more lick to her anus, I stood and pressed my cockhead to her puckered asshole. Her muscles clenched, as if wanting my shaft deep inside. “Hold on tight.”

Poppy grabbed the cushion, and I gathered a mouthful of spit to let it drip onto her tightest entrance. I did that several times until the hole was lubed up and wouldn’t



give me as much resistance.

I pushed through the tight ring of muscle, forcing myself in. Once I was balls-deep, my sac pressed to her pussy lips, I allowed her to adjust before I pulled out and pushed back in. I fucked her nice and slow.

She whimpered, clearly not used to a big dick shoved up her tiny asshole.

“Shhh, baby. Just breathe. Dirty sluts like you love taking cock in their ass. You told me you had your ass filled with dick. Isn’t that right?”

“That’s right, but it’s nothing like having you inside me.”

“Just trust Daddy. I’m gonna make my sweetheart feel so good.”

“You already are,” she moaned and started moving herself back and forth on my shaft.

Her tight little ass wrapped snugly around my cock like a vise. “My baby girl is tight in all her holes, isn’t she?”

“Yes, yes, I am. But I want you to stretch me.”

I reached around and gripped her throat, squeezing until her moans were labored. “I love hearing that you want Daddy to stretch out your holes.” I loosened my hold on her throat and tightened it again, loving the choking sounds she made for me. “I’m gonna make you a loose whore for my cock.”

I let go of her throat and rested my chest on her back, snaking my arm around her and spanking her pussy while I plowed into her.

“If you want to be Daddy’s little whore, you’re going to have to do all the things

those girls do in the movies. You're gonna have to get real fucking dirty for me."

"I only want you," she panted. "Tell me you want the same."

I closed my eyes and let my head fall back on my neck. "I only ever want you. You're mine." I was so fucking close to blowing my wad. "If you're a good girl, maybe I'll invite some of my friends over to fill you all at once. You'd like that, wouldn't you, my beautiful slut?"

"Yes, Daddy. I'd love to be fucked by you and your friends, but only because you want that. Your pleasure turns me on."

I'd only ever let another fucker be with her if I was there watching and telling them what they could and couldn't do.

Poppy's filthy needs matched my own and pushed me to the edge. My balls tightened, and I knew I was about to come. But I wanted my little girl to have her treat. I wanted her to have my cum on her tongue and covering her pretty face.

I pulled out of her just before I came, gripped her waist, and flipped her around. She sank to her knees right away, opened her mouth, and cupped her tits. The way she tweaked her nipples was hot as fuck.

I grabbed my cock and pumped the length as I looked between her tits and her mouth. She moaned and closed her eyes.

"Nah, sweetheart. Eyes on Daddy."

Poppy did as I said and stared at me.

"Pull those nipples hard enough it hurts."

She gasped in pain and pleasure as she obeyed, and I pumped my cock faster with each passing second, my biceps flexed from the force. And then I came. I unleashed ropes of cum that landed on her face and neck, and then I pointed the tip at her breasts. And the whole time, Poppy held her mouth open, letting my seed drip off the pink muscle and down her chin.

“Rub it all in. Play with my cum.”

She gave her nipples one more hard tug before smearing my spunk all over her chest, neck, even her face. She painted herself like a beautiful canvas.

“You taste so good.” She made a show of licking her lips.

I bent down, helped Poppy off the floor, and pulled her into my arms. For a moment, I just held her, basking in how good I felt in this moment. I was higher than a fucking kite.

“You feel perfect,” I whispered in her hair.

“Yeah, you do,” she replied.

I lifted her into my arms and took her upstairs and into my bathroom, where I cleaned us up in a hot bath. I held her intermittently before washing her hair and using a sponge to clean me from her skin.

After that, I dried her slowly and softly, lifted her back into my arms, and carried her to the master bedroom. I tucked us both into bed, holding her and whispering into her damp hair, “You’ll only sleep in here from now on.”

She nodded and curled up tighter against me, and fuck, I’d never felt anything more perfect.

I felt her start to relax, but my cock was hard once again.

She moaned when I pressed the stiffness into her belly, then she lifted her leg and draped it over my hip, so I could guide my cock back into her warm cunt.

“I think I’m gonna keep myself buried in your little pink, sweet girl. I want to fall asleep with you gripping me.”

Poppy shifted and sighed, and a second later, she relaxed even further as she started to drift off. And the entire time, my cock was lodged deep inside her.

I kissed the top of her head, knowing this was wrong on so many levels... on every level. I should have pushed her away. Told her no. But I was weak. I was fucked up.

And I’d never let her go.

If I was going to hell for the lines I just crossed, before I left this earth, I was going to make sure she was the happiest she’d ever been.

And that she knew she was loved above all else.

The End.