



# Tempting Her Teacher

**Author:** *Rosa Mink*

**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** See Warning below Author Note in book before reading. Books contains some extremely taboo themes.

Megan wanted one thing before she graduated—her teach Mr. Meyers to show her exactly what her body desired. He was the only one she'd ever been attracted to and as much as he tried to resist, she could feel his resolve slipping as her birthday draws nearer. When he finally gives in, he teaches her more than she ever imagined he might. So much so that she doesn't want to lose it or him—ever.

Ryan's been teaching for six years now and has never been interested in any of his students until now. There's something about Megan that makes him want so much more than just a regular dominant relationship. Once he's had a taste of her he knows he wants to be her daddy in every way. Falling in love with her was simple, finding a way to keep her as his might not be.

But when someone threatens to take her from him, to end the exploration of their desires he's not about to let that happen. He'll show Megan just what they both need and keep her as his for life.

**Total Pages (Source):** 10

## Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:09 am*

“Teacher McHottie is watching your ass again,” Becky said with a grin as Megan stretched waiting for the game to start.

“He is not,” Megan replied turning her head to the side rolling her eyes at her friend.

“Made you look though, didn’t I? God, I would kill to have him look at me just once. I swear I think it’d give me an orgasm right then and there with those steely eyes of his,” Becky sighed making her laugh.

“If he actually turned his gaze onto you like that you’d flip out not knowing what to do.”

“I know but I can dream, right?” Becky stated and Megan chuckled again knowing exactly how she felt. Their teacher was gorgeous and all male. He’d been there for nearly a year and a half now and Becky like every other girl there—including her—was in love with him.

She wanted his gaze on her, wanted him watching her but he didn’t. He had a girlfriend; an older woman who she’d heard was at least four years older than he was even. He was twenty-eight and hot as hell. He looked like a basketball star still, which wasn’t surprising since he’d played in college, she knew because she’d googled him after he came to town. The photos of him out there were still on her computer. She let them play while she tried to discover what her mom didn’t want her to know. What her mother said good girls never did, before demanding she behave when she went out on dates.

On top of being their teacher, he was also the boys’ basketball coach and as such was

at every game. Which meant seeing him more often than just in class.

She hung around afterwards, waiting for the latest guy she was dating to finish and saw a woman head towards him, slide her arms over his shoulders and kiss him. She was fairly attractive, but he didn't seem too enthused by his response, and she let it linger in her mind as the next day went by them. She had his class for seventh period and put on her low-cut top with her push-up bra, adding a necklace that was just long enough to rest on the tops of her breasts, then spent the better part of the hour not paying attention while she chewed her gum loudly. She slid the pendant back and forth drawing his attention to her mouth and breasts.

"Megan, you know the rule, there's no gum in my class," Ryan said, trying his utter best to ignore the breasts straining against her top. He'd never been attracted to a student before now, but he couldn't get her out of his mind lately. He'd stayed with Diane simply so he could guarantee himself some easy action with the woman and stay away from Megan.

"Come on Mr. Meyers, it's just gum," she said shrugging her shoulders jutting her breasts out further.

"Spit out the gum or it's a detention. I've given you enough warnings this week," he stated, and she simply blew a bubble, popping it loudly. "I'll see you after school," he told her handing her a tissue. "Now spit it out."

Megan saw the way his eyes strained to focus on her face and gingerly took the tissue from his hand. "I have practice after school."

"You should have thought about that before chewing gum— again . Maybe an afternoon of detention will remind you that there are rules, even for the head cheerleader."

She rolled her eyes not wanting to admit how much she was enjoying it and when the day ended, she happily headed to his class for the detention. She plopped down in a seat pushing her shoulders back so her breasts would be displayed prominently and eyed him curiously, wondering if anyone else had detention with him. When he shut the door, she knew they didn't and began to play with the edge of her top, before putting her hair up into a ponytail musing, "It's so hot in here. Don't you think?"

Ryan tried to keep his gaze from her, she was only seventeen still and he did not need this sort of temptation. He was ready to tell her to just go to practice when she blew another bubble popping it loudly irritating him all over again for not following his rules. In his life, rules were important—extremely important and her breaking them, made him want to show her the real punishments he enjoyed giving. Which was honestly the last thing he needed to think about with her sitting in front of him looking so fucking tempting. "Really Megan? You're here because of chewing gum and what do you do first thing once here?"

"Sorry, I forgot," she said with a shrug leaning forward to grab a tissue from his desk, pushing her breasts up further making him hold back a moan of agony. "I just like having something in my mouth to keep it busy."

Ryan didn't know what to think or say to that. She likely had no idea what her actions shouted or what a comment like that could do to a person, especially a man who was already sexually aroused simply by the sight of her pretty little face, let alone what her gorgeous little body did to him. "Do your homework and remember no gum tomorrow," he stated turning back to his papers. He glanced up at her every now and then, finding her breasts pushed forward as she flipped pages in her textbook.

"Can I ask you a question?" she said about fifteen minutes before the detention was over.

"It depends," he said cautiously. "If it's about your homework for class, yes."

“It’s not...I just...I’ve dated a few of the guys from the team,” she stated, his eyes tightening as she spoke. “I just wanted to make sure they weren’t saying anything about me in the locker room that’s not true. I really don’t want to have the reputation of being easy you know?”

“I haven’t heard any discussions of the sort, but if you don’t want to be talked about then you might not want to date every member of the varsity team,” he said trying to control his tone, but it still slipped a hint. Fucking hell, he didn’t need her to sense his jealousy. She wasn’t his to be jealous over.

“Well...there’s no need to be nasty about it,” she said crossing her arms under her breasts putting them on display even more.

“I was simply stating a fact. You’ve dated the entire starting lineup and most of the second line of the team in the last two years. You’re setting yourself up to be discussed by them, for them to make comparisons as to your dates and...other activities.”

“So what if I’ve dated them? I haven’t been out screwing all of them. They’re not exactly what I’m looking for but they’re about all that’s available to get me out of the house,” she retorted, her lips turning into a half pouting scowl.

“Fine...why don’t you finish out your homework now?” Ryan suggested not wanting to deal with the idea of her sleeping with anyone or hearing about her type.

“It’s not fine...you’re like all the others, aren’t you? You just want some easy lay.”

“Megan, this is an inappropriate topic,” he stated, knowing he should have simply kept his mouth shut after telling her that he—thankfully—hadn’t heard any of the guys on the team discussing her. If he had, he probably would have lost his shit resulting in either all of them in his room for detention every day for the rest of the

year, or him out of a job for physically going after them if he'd heard even one of them mention her in a sexual manner. He could take losing the job without a care. He couldn't take not seeing her every day—no matter how dumb it was to want her. How impossible it would be to truly have her the way he wanted her.

"It's also inappropriate to stare at my breasts but you have been all day. It's alright though," Megan said pulling a deep drawl of breath from him that she enjoyed seeing. "You can stare at them. You can touch them too if you want," she added leaning forward, smiling inwardly when his eyes went directly to them.

"Megan..."

"It's fine Mr. Meyers," she teased loving the way his voice dropped, his eyes tightening as he forced his gaze away from her. "I won't tell anyone. I don't kiss and tell after all."

"I think you should go," he said moving over to open the door quickly. She grabbed her bag and headed to it, giving him a smile, letting her chest brush up against his despite the obvious room available.

"Anytime you change your mind you know where to find me," she said with another grin.

Ryan tried his best to ignore the feel of her body brushing against his and spent the next week avoiding looking at her except to tell her to get rid of the gum at the beginning of class most days. The night of her eighteenth birthday was an away game and the cheerleaders rode the same bus to reduce costs for the school. He couldn't stop himself from watching her in the mirror on the way to the game and she preoccupied his thoughts during it.

The ride home was worse as parents signed out most of the students after the game

and the cheerleading coach had left him in charge of the two girls left to ride back, Jasmine—a freshman who was dating a freshman player sitting half-way back in the bus, and Megan. He had half a dozen players left on the bus, but they were mostly gathered in the back not paying the slightest bit of attention to anything but themselves.

Megan moved to the seat across from him leaning back against the window as she lifted her legs up onto the seat, showing off her bloomers as she stretched her calf muscles one at a time. It was torture knowing she was now eighteen, legal in one aspect but far from it in another. She was his student, and he did not need that sort of reputation following him, but fucking hell did he want her.

Wanted to slide her bloomers off and fuck her in her tiny cheerleading skirt. Wanted her spread out over his desk, her hands tied behind her back, smacking her sweet ass for all the times she'd distracted him from teaching.

Her hand slipped down adjusting the bloomers slightly and he groaned seeing the tiniest bit of pink flesh as she pulled them to the side. He lifted his head to see if the bus driver had noticed anything, but he was focused on the road in front of them.

He glanced back at Megan, seeing a finger underneath her bloomers still and chanced another little peek at her. He found her eyes on him and shifted slightly trying to forget what he'd seen and been caught looking at, but her soft voice stopped him.

“You can watch you know. I don't mind that either,” Megan stated pushing the bloomers aside again, letting him get a full look at her body. She was so wet knowing he was watching her and slid a finger up and down her lips seeing him struggle to stop himself from watching.

“Megan stop,” he said quietly, but she simply smiled and spread her legs further apart, giving him a glorious view of her tiny pink lips.

She continued to rub herself and noticed the way his pants stretched tight over his lap. She dipped a finger into her wet opening and then licked it clean watching his jaw tighten.

“It’s a lot better than gum you know,” she said, and his nostrils flared hard making her even wetter. She noticed how close they were getting to school and swirled her finger inside her body one more time before sitting up properly.

She moved to the seat behind him where the bag with the cheerleader’s pompoms and other team items was and leaned up over the back of it when she knew the driver was focused on the traffic for their turn into the lot. She rested her hand on the edge of her arm, right beside his head, her finger pointed towards his face.

“You can taste for yourself. Now or any other time you want,” she said quietly near his ear. She almost gave up hope that he’d take the bait as several long moments passed by without him moving, but then almost as though something inside him snapped, his head turned just the slightest bit further her way and a warm tongue licked her finger. In that moment, she knew he was hers and she was his.

“You’re playing with fire Megan,” he warned sucking her finger because he had to taste her. She tasted so fucking sweet and he wanted more. Wanted to fuck her sweet little pussy and own it, to own everything about it.

“I like fire, and you like my body. It’s a lot different than that old worn out one, isn’t it? Tight and trim. Taunt and toned,” she stated riling him further—and awfully, it wasn’t because she was putting down Diane—who was still exceptionally stunning, just nowhere close to being like Megan. “One of these days you’re going to give in and take it, you know you are, and I won’t say no.”

He stood up as the bus stopped, grabbing his gym bag letting it cover his aching, throbbing cock and headed off the bus. He wanted to take her right now. Wanted to



fuck her and shut her mouth. He'd give her something to occupy it with, just the way she liked.

He would love nothing more than to tie her up and fuck her however he wanted her. It was a deep, desperate need clawing through him, and he knew there wasn't any stopping it. It would happen. He simply wanted to wait until she wasn't his student any longer.

Then again, that was part of the erotica of it. She was forbidden, and he'd never been able to resist the forbidden.

"Goodnight Mr. Meyers," Megan said with a grin heading to her car. "See you in class tomorrow."

"You have a test Megan, don't forget," he stated trying his best to keep his voice even.

They had another game tomorrow night, a home game, and he desperately needed to find something to focus his desires on other than her. Diane wasn't cutting it any longer. Sure, they'd had some fun but now...now he wanted Megan's tight little body pulsating around his cock as he used her. Diane had never gotten into the whole scene he enjoyed but she'd been a respectable cover for the last year and a half.

He just didn't know how he could have Megan, have her his way without terrifying her, while also keeping it quiet. He'd have to come up with some way for it to happen that she couldn't refuse, couldn't argue over in order to make it happen. For right now, the delicious delicacy of her was still burnt into his tastebuds and he had an engorged cock to sate, at least partially before tomorrow when he'd see Megan again. Which meant another night at home, jerking off to the pictures of Megan that he'd snapped over the last few months.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:09 am*

“Megan, a word,” Ryan stated as their class ended, and she moved over to the corner giving him a grin the others thankfully couldn’t see. “You need to stop. Last night was bad enough but this is the final straw.”

“What is Mr. Meyers?” Megan asked with another grin. “I thought you’d like the present after last night.”

“Last night was a mistake; I should have never...”

“Oh, stop being such a prude about it, Mr. Meyers. You like my body, you want it, so just admit it. You liked the way I tasted and now you can see just how much you like the way I smell,” she stated giving him a wink before turning towards the door. “And if you’re wondering...they’re fresh,” she added sliding the edge of her pants down to reveal the bare skin beneath it.

He tried to concentrate on grading the tests, he had the last period of the day free and used it to catch up on grading papers, but his mind kept going back to the underwear in the tiny gift bag that appeared on his chair after lunch. He could tell they were used, there was a wet stain on them that spoke of her arousal, and he finally couldn’t stop himself any longer. He lifted them to his nose, inhaling her scent. His cock instantly hardened, and he wanted her more than anything. What was the use in pretending he didn’t? He wanted her and he was going to have her. Somehow, he’d manage to have her.

He turned his attention back to the tests and started grading the ones from the students around her. They’d gotten two separate tests, and he was pleased with the results as he turned to the test she and the rest of the class had taken. Most of them

were normal, a few had done better than expected, but when he graded her test, his anger peaked. She'd missed nearly every question on it, and what was worse was the answers matched those of Janet who sat next to her perfectly.

"That little cheat," he said balling his hand to stop from storming out to find her, demands answers immediately.

He thought back over the class and swore under his breath, realizing she'd been staring off as she took it, thinking about who knew what. She likely just copied off of the nearest and easiest person to get it filled out before the end of the period. Janet wrote her letters huge, to make no mistake over them and Megan could have seen them and hurriedly copied them not realizing that it was a different test.

He caught her before the games were to start and moved her into an empty room staring at her while she grinned. "What's wrong Mr. Meyers? Don't worry I have my bloomers on...nothing under them but they're on," she said with a teasing smile that made him so fucking hard it was almost impossible to breathe.

"You're not going out there and cheering tonight Megan."

"I'm not? Why?" she asked lifting a brow his way. "If you want to play with me that's one thing but people might get suspicious if we're both absent."

"No, you're not cheering tonight because you cheated and failed the test today."

"No, I didn't," she lied trying to stop herself from admitting the truth.

"Yes, you did. There were two versions of the test Megan. Janet had a different one and surprisingly your answers matched hers perfectly. All it'll take is one word and you're off the team entirely."

“But then you won’t get to see me cheer or ride the buses with me anymore. You won’t be able to watch me play with myself or show you my wet lips again...” she teased enjoying the way his eyes tightened and lit with hunger at her words. Finally she could see her interest in him was more than fully returned and she loved it.

“And you think that’s enough to let me forget you cheated?”

“Maybe...” she said with a shrug giving him a full grin as he breathed harder.

“Tell me, why did you cheat at all? You know this stuff Megan,” he added, his eyes softening a bit and god, she wasn’t expecting to see or enjoy true concern in his eyes as he asked the question. It was doing awful things to her. Things that touched something deep inside her she knew had to stay hidden. Getting him to fuck her was one thing. Getting him to want more than that she knew was impossible.

“I was distracted,” she said with a little shrug trying to ignore the panging inside her. “I was thinking about you and your fully aroused cock. You tasting me on my finger...”

“I see,” he said, his muscles rippling the tiniest bit at her words, pleasing her that she could get a rise out of him. “What do you propose we do about that then?”

“You could let me take the test over while I let you look all you want at my pussy,” she suggested with a grin as his throat tensed as he swallowed while she lifted the edge of her skirt, showing off the top of her thighs.

“There’s no punishment in that, you get what you want, but I get nothing but a fleeting little view?”

“What do you think we should do then?” she asked seeing the way his eyes traveled over her body. She was wet again and wanted him to show her what she was missing

out on. Her nipples were tight buds in her bra, and they almost hurt with her arousal.

“I think...that if you want to take the test over you have to earn it,” he said unable to stop from reaching for her finally, making her wetter. He slid his hand under her skirt as she dropped it and cupped her pussy tightly in his hand.

“A completely private showing of all of it?” she asked as her body tingled at the tight grasp.

“And more,” he groaned feeling the little shiver that raced through her at his tight hold. It made his cock even harder, and he wanted to rip every piece of clothing off her and take her right here, in this empty room, where anyone could walk by and see. That, however, was pure madness. A surefire way to get him fired and likely arrested. “You want to be fucked, don’t you Megan? So I’ll give you everything you want. I’ll fuck you and let you take the test over while you’re taking my cock in this little pussy...but it’ll be my way.”

“Which is?” she asked gasping when he pushed her bloomers aside and forced a finger inside her tight little sheath.

“I take what I want. I take you however I want, and you simply say ‘yes, more sir’,” he stated curling his finger inside her, flicking it over her g-spot.

“I think I can live with that,” she said around her chewing gum.

“No more fucking gum. The only things in this mouth will be my fingers, my cock, my balls, my tongue, and my gag,” he stated reaching into her mouth to get rid of it. He grabbed her tongue and held it tightly adding, “Is that understood?”

She nodded her head, and he pulled on her tongue.

“What was that?”

“Yes, sir...more, sir,” she said around his hold, and he flicked her g-spot again before removing his hand from her body, leaving her as keyed up as he was.

“Lick it clean. Can’t smell like pussy out on the court,” he said, resting his finger on her tongue, groaning inwardly when she sucked and cleaned it perfectly. “That reminds me...you fuck any of my team and I will make sure you get a reputation is that clear? You and your pussy will belong to me for as long as I want it, as long as I decide it needs to be punished for being a failing cheater.”

“Yes sir,” she said with a grin.

“Good, I’ll let you know when your first round of punishment will start. For now I have a basketball game to coach, and you need to get my little ass out there and shake it,” he said smacking her butt cheek hard.

“Yes sir,” Megan stated before heading out to the gym to stretch. She was so wet that she had to stop in and get a new pair of bloomer and John stopped her in the hallway for a kiss. His hands slid lower on her body resting against her ass revolting her as she felt eyes on her.

She pushed away from John, having no desire to feel his touch on her there ever nor have him ever kiss her again, and headed out to the gym for the game.

It wasn’t very interesting, and she barely paid attention to it, wondering what exactly Mr. Meyers had planned for them. Her nipples hardened every time she thought about his hands on her pussy, and she was thankful that she wore a padded push-up bra so no one could tell.

A scream slipped from her throat as she froze in surprise, unable to move out of the

way as a player from the other team trampled her out of her daydream. He knocked her down and she felt his hand slide across her thigh as he smiled at her.

“Get off me,” she said, pushing at his chest as he continued to lay on top of her, letting his lower half graze against her further making her nearly vomit at the repulsive touch.

“Another time babe,” he said with a wink, and she shook her head brushing her outfit off while assuring the others on the team she was fine.

After the game, she headed out with the group, prepared to go home and change before the party that was likely to be happening thanks to their win. She waved goodnight at the others wanting to take her own car and turned around hearing someone yell at her.

“Slut...stay away from my boyfriend,” some skanky girl wearing their rivals’ school logo said before a smoothie hit her.

“Freaking bitch,” she yelled wiping her face off as she looked down at herself. There was no way she was going to drive home wearing layers of banana and strawberry. She turned back towards the school and headed to the locker room. Thankfully, she had her clothes from that day in her bag because she needed to get the smoothie off the uniform before it stained. Her cheerleading coach would not be pleased for her white letters to be pink.

Her shoes were sticky, and she took them off along with her socks, tossing them into a plastic bag. She could always buy a new pair of shoes if they didn’t clean up easily. She moved over to the sink and mopped up the worst of the mess before looking at herself with a sigh when it didn’t really make a difference.

She unhooked her bra as she went to grab a towel, turning on the shower before

grabbing her shower caddy from her locker and going to stand under the warm water. A sigh fell from her throat as she washed her face before turning to her hair and then her body. Her hands slid over her breasts then down between her legs, getting rid of all traces of sticky smoothie leaving behind just an ache.

That she could do something about. She was alone and no one would hear from inside the showers. It was the perfect place to give herself some relaxing pleasure.

\*\*\*

Ryan assured the janitor that he was the last person there telling him he'd make sure the door was locked when he left and headed back towards the locker rooms. He'd seen Megan head towards the girls', covered with the smoothie from the jealous girlfriend of the jerk who'd ran her over, and he couldn't stop himself from taking advantage of the situation.

As he neared the locker rooms, he could tell the light was on still which gave him all the privacy needed to enjoy punishing and fucking her the way he desperately needed.

He'd grabbed his bag from the car earlier, wanting to look through it at his leisure and ensure there was a ball gag to stuff in her mouth whenever he finally got her alone, and now he had his opportunity. He took out a few things setting them up for easy retrieval before shedding his clothes, watching her pleasure herself while she cleaned up. The room was steamy, and he moved silently through it, grabbing her around the throat as he pushed her into the wall, enjoying her shriek and panic as she struggled against his hold.

"I told you I'd take you however I want," he said against her ear. She stopped fighting the moment she heard his voice pleasing him, her body still trembling in fright which he didn't mind. Hell, he enjoyed making his women tremble and Megan



was the perfect fantasy come to life. “I’ve always liked a nice clean body ready for me to fuck. Wet and ready to be used, abused...and you need an extra dose of punishment for tonight, don’t you?”

“Mister...”

“No back talking Megan...it’s ‘yes sir’ remember? Or I take your test and your underwear to the principal tomorrow and tell him that you’ve been attempting to get me to overlook things by seducing me. That will you get kicked off the team and likely suspended from school, hindering your chances to graduate. So, are you going to take the punishment you deserve?”

“Yes sir,” Megan stated, as his hand slid down to cup her pussy, making her wetter than she had been even playing with herself.

“Good girl, now tell me what all you need punished for?” he stated rubbing his finger against the hood of her clit, still grasping her neck as he spread her legs further apart with his knees.

“Cheating on the test and failing it,” she answered leaning into his touch more.

“What else?” he asked rubbing harder pushing her towards a peak that had her shimmying against his fingers.

“I don’t know...”

“Wrong answer,” he stated as he stopped rubbing her and grasped her entire pussy tightly. “I told you that you were mine, didn’t I? So what else do you need to be punished for?”

“Kissing John?” she guessed, more excited than worried at the idea that he hated

seeing her touch the guy than she should be.

“Good girl...and?”

“Letting that other player touch my thigh?” she said, and he released the pressure from her pussy.

“Yes, although that one I might let slide. After all it got you in here and we’re completely alone. The school’s locked from the outside. No one is going to hear us—or your screams.”

Her body shuddered at the mention of screams, and she recalled her absolute terror at being shoved into this very wall by him. The simple fact that it was him reduced it though and she tried to move against his hand still resting on her pussy.

“This is your last chance to go to the principal and tell him you cheated,” Ryan warned, smacking her pussy as she tried to get him to pleasure her. That was his choice of when, where, how much, and how often not hers now.

“When I start the punishment you simply have to take it...all of it, every single bit, every action,” he said turning her around to stare at her body. Her nipples were tightly budded, and he wanted to taste them, chew on them until he left his mark and no one else would want them—want her although he doubted that time would ever come. “I won’t go to the extreme, but I will make you sorry for cheating and failing my test, and when I give it to you again, every wrong answer will result in more punishment. Is that clear?” he asked tilting her face up as he held her by the neck again.

“Yes sir...” she said shaking slightly.

“Good girl...now first we need to get you clean. You were playing with yourself and

that's not allowed," he said turning her back towards the wall, placing her hands against it. "Stay there...if you move you get more punishment rather than pleasure," he warned moving to get the rubber wrist straps. He'd love to take her to his cabin, hoist her up on pulleys and open her completely with her completely tied up at his disposal. He'd do it...just not tonight. He had to have that tiny pussy clamping around his cock sooner than the time it'd take them to get there.

He moved back to her, pushing her arms together behind her back and slid the wrist straps onto her, amazed at just how tiny they were. He'd never fucked a girl this small. His sexual partners were typically older, more attuned and enriched in the lifestyle he chose, but he couldn't help but want her. He wrapped her arms up to her elbows to keep them together then turned her back around, bringing her forward until the water hit her back, and smiled seeing her chest pushed forward open for his every desire.

"Still want that punishment Megan?" he asked as she was able to finally see all of him. His cock was standing at attention, and he knew it was large, wide and long, and he wouldn't be surprised if it split her tiny little pussy in two as he took it.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:09 am*

Megan's breath caught seeing his entire body before her. He was enormous, his height towered over her and his cock...it was nothing like the ones she'd seen online. He was staring at her chest, watching her breathe in and out and she wanted his hands on her, however he wanted them on her, his cock inside her and she nodded telling him, "Yes sir..."

"Good...now we wash you," Ryan stated moving back to her, taking her loofah and cleaning her, lowering his mouth to her nipples to bite them as he let a finger slide into her pussy. "Open your legs...you need cleaned out," he said pushing her feet wider apart when she stopped at shoulder width. "Your legs stay open like this for me all the time unless I want them tighter, understand?"

"Yes sir," she said, and he kissed her, hard, possessively, forcing her mouth open and ramming his tongue into her mouth, down her throat as his finger fucked her hard. He put a second into her stretching her wider and she gasped as he hammered them into her, more painfully than anything.

"What do you say to me while I'm fucking your little pussy Megan?" he asked seeing her jaw clench as he let her mouth go.

"Thank you, sir...more sir," she said hesitantly, and he stopped, shoving his fingers into her mouth as he smiled.

"That's right baby, you say more sir, no matter what I do to you, or you'll get an F and fail."

"Yes sir," she said as he walked away.

“Now that you’re clean, it’s time for you to get your punishment for cheating,” he told her coming back into view with a hard metal stool. He sat it down just in front of her and gave her a smile, “Put your chest on it, legs still open,” he warned when she began to step towards it.

Megan leaned onto the stool watching him move around her as the cold attacked her nipples. He pushed against her back, making her ass stick up further and she felt him push her arms up higher.

“Keep them up there and stay just like that. Don’t forget to count your punishment,” Ryan told her before smacking her ass hard. She jumped, her legs closing as she pulled up from the stool and he walked back around to her front shoving her back down against the stool as he lifted her chin. “What did I say?”

“To stay how I was...” she said meeting his gaze.

“So what are you going to do?”

“Stay like I was and count,” she stated, little tremors racing through her, but not a single one of them was from fear. Far from it. She wanted everything he was giving to her—even if deep down she knew she shouldn’t be wanting it.

Good girls didn’t do this. They didn’t tease their teachers until they couldn’t stop from fucking them. Didn’t let someone—let alone their teacher—tie them up and spank them. Hell, according to her mother, good girls didn’t even think about sex until they were married to some upstanding, moral man.

Not that her mother had followed her own rules considering she never had a father.

“Yes you will, or you’ll get ten more for every time you move,” Ryan warned spreading her legs again, making sure the water hit her back and slid down her ass.

He smacked it harder than the first time and she started to count. Each number came out a little faster and little higher pitched and he couldn't stop at the original ten he'd planned. He went to fifteen, then leaned down biting her ass before sticking his thumb into her pussy and fucking her with it. She moaned against his hand, and he stopped, pulling her up by her arms as he walked her over to the short wall of the shower entrance.

He turned her around, pushing her to lean back against it as he grabbed the nipple clamps. He sucked on each nipple, making them harder before sliding the clamps onto her skin and tugging on them making her gasp as they tightened further. "The spanking was for the cheating and failing. This is for kissing that prick and letting him touch your ass, you do that again and I'll make the next punishment worse understand?"

"Yes sir..."

"Good, now hold this," he stated sliding the chain between her lips grabbing the battery powered massager. He put the massager onto her clit and turned it on, laughing when she jumped and tugged on the chain, tightening the pressure on her nipples more. "You have to ask permission before you come is that understood?"

"Yes sir," she said around the chain.

"Good girl," he said flicking her nipples as he teased her. He knew she was about to come, felt her shaking and he reached up, jerking on the chain until one clamp flew off her nipple making her scream. He put the massager down and jerked on the other side making it hurt worse as he smacked her pulsing clit, spanking it and making her cry, trying to get away from his punishment. "I told you that you had to ask before you come, and you didn't. Now you get more punishment."

"No..." slipped from her lips and he grabbed her cheeks staring down at her.

“What did you say? Do I need to remind you that you don’t say no to me...you never say no to me no matter what I ask, is that clear? Is it?” he said gripping her face tightly.

“Yes sir...I’m sorry, sir,” she said shaking. “Please give me more sir,” she added as her body danced and sang for it. Not really understanding why he’d smacked her pussy until now. She didn’t want to admit she had no idea what an actual orgasm felt like, clearly what she’d thought she’d given herself wasn’t even close to it, and her body craved more—especially now.

“That’s right...the only thing you ever say is yes to me,” he stated pushing her down onto her knees, stroking his cock making her want it.

“Now use that mouth for something proper, suck my cock,” he said getting his whip off the ledge. Her lips surrounded him, and he tightened his hands to control himself. He’d dreamt of her sucking him off for so long now and he wasn’t about to blow the first instant she did him.

He flicked the whip against her side loving the way she jerked causing his cock to slide into her mouth further, making her gag on him a little more. He left marks up and down her sides as she sucked him then put his hand on the back of her head, keeping her on his cock when she tried to pull back.

“This is your punishment for coming without permission. Being whipped and gagged with my huge cock...but you like it, don’t you Megan? You like my cock rammed down your throat making you unable to even breathe,” he said holding her on his cock again as she drooled all over herself.

She nodded trying to say ‘yes sir’ but it simply hummed against his cock, and he couldn’t wait to fuck her little pussy any longer. He pulled out of her mouth letting her cough and gasp for breath until he grabbed the ball gag and slid it into her mouth,

tightening it so it kept her mouth open and the drool trickling down her chin.

“You still have to ask to come even wearing this,” he warned her giving her an open mouth kiss, sticking his tongue into her mouth around the gag.

“Yes sir,” she garbled out around it as he laid her back across the stool, this time with her front half facing the shower that was still running. The water slid over her upper half and down her body. She didn’t know what to expect as he spread her legs wider apart.

His fingers started to rub against her clit, and she jerked feeling the pleasure shoot through her body. He pushed her down into the stool and while she was still trying to control herself at his touch, pushed his cock into her pussy in a single thrust, making her scream.

“Mmm, yes that’s the sound I like,” he said chuckling waiting for her body to open to him. It did slightly as he rubbed her clit, and he began to thrust into and out of her as she began to whimper lightly. “Oh yes, Megan. Fuck it makes my cock so hard hearing you take it. Take your punishment because you’ve been a bad little girl, and I have to make you a good one, don’t I?”

“Yes sir,” she said around the gag as her body fluttered with little spasms of pleasure around him. “More sir...please...”

“Fuck, Megan, you’re being so good, taking my cock so hard. My good little girl likes having her tiny little cunt split open, doesn’t she?” he said moving to grab the massager and slid it onto her clit, wanting her coming, needing it more than anything in the world.

She screamed again with his cock buried deep inside her and the vibrations of the massager on her clit. “Yes...please sir...please...”



“Please what? Please more? Please can you come?” he said rubbing her clit harder with it.

“Please can I come sir...please...please...” she begged around the gag, and he waited until she was writhing against him to say yes.

“Come on my cock...squeeze it like a good girl, like my good little baby doll,” he stated, toppling her deeper with the name that filled him with the worst hunger possible. He wanted to come more than anything, fill her up, but he’d forgotten one of the most important questions before he’d filled her with his bare cock, and he waited for her to come down before he pulled out and put her on her knees again taking the gag off her. “Suck it...suck it now baby doll.”

Megan heard the extreme note in his voice, saw the edge he was on and didn’t begin to stop him. She let him shove his cock down her throat, pumping himself into her mouth and hold her face against his body as he began to come. It gagged her and she nearly choked as she tried to breath, letting him finish on her chest rather than down her throat.

“We’ll have to work on that, baby. You have a very tender gag reflex and that just won’t work. I want to cram my cock down this pretty little mouth so it’s the only thing you can ever remember tasting,” he said tilting her face gently back into the water to wash away the drool and his cum.

“Yes sir,” she said earning a kiss from him that left her smiling, especially on top of his gentleness compared to how he fucked her.

“Happy now?” he asked seeing it and she nodded. “What was that, baby? Good girls answer with their words.”

“Yes sir, I’m very happy that I finally got you to screw me,” she teased, smiling

further at his mention of good girls, because clearly it meant something vastly different to him than it did to her mother. She was enjoying his version of it far more than she ever enjoyed having to follow the rules her mother set, “I should warn you though, I’m not a good little girl, at least not according to my mother.”

“What does your father say?” Ryan asked knowing the man would likely kill him finding out how much he’d just used his daughter.

“I don’t have one. I never had a father.”

“I suppose that’s why you’re such a bad girl then,” he mused brushing her hair from her face, “and it’s now my job to make you a good girl. You already showed me you can be, and that’s what I’ll want from now on, Megan. You being my good girl, doing what daddy says. Yeah, you have a daddy now and that’s what you’ll call me,” he added seeing the way her brow lifted slightly at the name, the little flare of heat she couldn’t disguise and fuck he wanted it. He’d never imagined being a daddy dom to anyone before but for her, he’d do it. Shit, he’d do anything for her, to keep her. “You’ll call me daddy whenever I’m fucking you from now on, baby doll. You’ll thank your daddy for making you a good girl, won’t you?”

“Yes...daddy,” she added when he stared her down.

“What was that?” he asked enjoying hearing it on her lips more than he imagined he might.

“Yes daddy I’ll thank you for making me a good girl and for fucking me well,” she stated, and her nipples tightened again.

“You like being daddy’s girl already, don’t you?” he mused reaching out to pinch them, lead her away from the water by them.

“Yes daddy...”

“Then show daddy how much you like it,” he stated sliding a hand down to tease her. “Open your legs and let daddy taste you,” he added leaning her back over the short wall as she widened her stance. His mouth covered her clit and sucked hard on her, making her dance as his tongue lathed and tasted her. His fingers slid up, one inside her pussy as the other toyed with her ass. “Baby doll tastes better than honey,” he said seeing the bliss on her face.

“Thank you, daddy...more please daddy...” she said easily, far easier than even the sir he noted, and it made his cock swell wanting her again.

“Just for my good baby doll,” he stated before pushing it further, making her shake and dance against his attack. He slid a finger into her ass, and she clench around it gasping.

“Please can I come daddy?” she asked as her breathing became shallow. “Please daddy, please can I come?”

“Yes, my baby doll can come,” he stated watching her face as she did before he lifted her onto the top of the wall and surged into her body. “Put your legs around me tight baby doll...watch me fuck my little baby,” he said as she gasped.

Her eyes went down to their joined bodies and watched his cock get swallowed with every thrust. “More daddy...please more...”

“Just for my baby doll,” he agreed keeping her gaze focused on his cock fucking her tiny little cunt as he plowed her. Her breasts giggled with his thrusts, and he wanted to taste them, but he wanted her to watch them more. “My baby doll loves watching herself getting fucked by her daddy, doesn’t she? It turns her on more. Makes her wetter...”

“Yes daddy, yes,” she cried feeling another orgasm coming upon her. “Can I come again daddy? Can I come for you again daddy?”

“Not until daddy comes...is daddy’s baby doll on the pill?” he asked, pleading to the gods that she said yes because he wanted to feel her coming and milking him while he did.

“Yes, yes I’m on the pill daddy,” she said trying to control her need.

“Good, daddy doesn’t want any little mouths, just his pretty little pussy,” he said ramming her again even harder as she squirmed.

“Please daddy...please I need to come...”

“Prove it...tell daddy he can have you anyway he wants you again and again and again. Tell daddy he can fuck your little ass and that you’ll be his baby doll until he doesn’t want you ever again,” he stated impaling her on his cock as he teased her clit with his thumb.

“Yes daddy can have it all...anything, I swear I’ll be daddy’s baby and let him have me anyway he wants, whenever he wants,” she cried, her entire body shaking as she fought to keep herself from coming. Fuck he loved watching her struggle against it, to keep it from happening and he’d kill to prolong it, but he was about to lose himself.

“Then come on daddy’s cock while he fills his good little baby doll full,” Ryan groaned dragging his nail across her clit and making her shatter. He gave himself to her slamming his hips into hers as he spewed. She went nearly limp, her head tossed back, and he smiled knowing she was his and he’d ensure she stayed that way for a long time to come.

Shit, he wanted to keep her as his forever, especially since this was just the first time

he'd ever had her, and it was better than anything he'd ever experienced in his life.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:09 am*

“Mr. Meyers wants to see you Meg,” Becky said sliding past her in the hallway. “He sounds mad about something.”

“When isn’t he mad about something I’ve done?” Megan said with a secret smile as she made her way through the halls towards his classroom as the school day ended.

“I don’t know but he had gum on his shoe...so...”

“Ugh...another detention,” she mused going into the classroom and stopping when she saw him talking with one of the juniors from the team.

“Thanks Coach, see you after Spring Break,” Nick said making his way out of the room. “Hey Meg, you coming to the party tonight?”

“Don’t know yet, depends on what offers I get,” she answered with a shrug.

“Take a seat Megan,” Ryan stated giving her a look she could read well but she knew no one else would, it was a slight variation of others he wore, but after four months, she knew his nuances. Knew them and loved every one of them.

He moved over and shut the door before heading her way, sliding his hands down her shoulders to tweak her breasts and play with his nipples as he called them. It wasn’t her body any longer, it was his and he used it well. So fucking well and she loved every second of it.

“And what did daddy want to see me about?” she asked leaning back into the seat and spreading her legs apart the way he wanted her to whenever he called her into his

classroom like this.

“You spit gum on my floor. What did I tell you about chewing gum in my pretty little mouth?” he questioned twisting her nipple through her bra.

“Not to, but I like gum, it’s sweet and it keeps me from talking,” she argued sucking in a breath when he pinched her nipple hard. “I’m sorry daddy, I won’t talk back again.”

“No, you won’t,” he agreed as his cock pulsed with the need to screw her on his desk. Unfortunately, the building was too crowded for that and more importantly than even that this moment, he wanted to make sure she was packed for the trip. “You will not chew gum any longer baby doll. It’s sticky and I don’t like it. I don’t like finding it in your mouth when I want these pretty little lips around my cock. Now, thanks to you I have gum on my shoe, which you will clean once we’re at the cabin. By the time you’re done you’ll never chew gum again, that I promise you.”

“Yes daddy,” she said as he soothed her nipple he’d been abusing.

“Good girl, now...the bus leaves at eight. I will pick you up at the station at midnight. If you’re going to be late let me know.”

“Yes daddy,” she sighed wishing she could get up and kiss him, but she couldn’t, if anyone saw them he’d be fired, and her mother would have a heart attack. She couldn’t lose him, not after everything he’d given her. She’d die if she lost him now.

“Go before someone sees you. Once you’ve cleaned my shoe, I have a present for you,” he stated moving away from her, watching as she stood up adjusting her bra and top to smooth out the wrinkle from him fingers.

“Thank you, daddy...I’ll see you later,” she said with a wink before walking past him

pulling in a little shout when he smacked her ass hard.

“Now you’re welcome, baby doll,” he replied going home to finish his packing. He made sure her presents were in the car before heading up to get the cabin ready for her. He wanted to fuck her senseless but also show her just how much he cared about her. Somewhere along the way, it’d turned from just fucking her into loving her and he prayed she felt the same. He couldn’t imagine not having her in his life after the year ended and she left for college.

The bus pulled in just before midnight and he groaned seeing her hair braided into pigtails. She’d changed into a schoolgirl’s skirt and was wearing knee socks and suddenly his cock started to pulse. She opened the door putting her bag onto the back seat as she sent him a smile unbuttoning her jacket to reveal the pushup bra she wore with the little necktie and blouse that was unbuttoned to the bottom of her bra.

“I think my baby doll decided to give me a present,” he said looking her over as he pulled the car out of the lot and onto the road. He hiked her skirt up revealing her bare mound; the one he’d taken her to have waxed, so nothing began to get between whatever he wanted to do to it and her. When he was sure they wouldn’t meet any other cars, he pulled her breasts up from the cups and let her nipples out to play.

“Thank you, daddy, more please,” she said when he pinched her nipple.

“Not until after you’ve cleaned my shoe. Until then you’ll sit like a good baby doll with your hands on your lap and your legs open for me.”

“Yes daddy,” she said trying her best to sit still as they drove up the mountain towards the cabin. He occasionally slid his hand over to play with her nipples or slide along her slit, tasting her when she began to leak onto the leather of the seat.

He finally pulled up to the cabin and came around getting her door before pulling her



up from the seat, pushing her arms back behind her and bending her face down towards the seat. "Clean up your mess baby doll, I don't like stains on my leather."

"Yes daddy," she said licking her juices from the seat before he grabbed her bag, walking her towards the cabin, her breasts exposed to the cool night air, making her nipples harden further.

"Now...you have some cleaning to do," Ryan said when they moved inside. She saw his shoe sitting on a shoe rack, a low dish of water beside it and a gag with a toothbrush sticking out from the end of it.

"Daddy..."

"Yes baby doll, you made the mess with your mouth, so you'll clean it with your mouth," he added when he saw her eyes go to the gag and the water. "First we need to get rid of your jacket though," he stated tossing it onto a chair just inside the place. He grabbed the arm binders and slid them onto her, latching her elbows together before securing the wrist strap to ensure she couldn't use her hands to help. He marched her over to the cleaning area and slid the gag into her mouth.

"On your knees and clean my shoes baby doll," he stated before sitting back to watch her. His cock stiffening seeing her struggle with it. Her cheeks darkened from the exertion and humiliation of it, and fuck if it didn't make cum weep from his tip.

Megan was about to scream as she tried to get the gum off the shoes, swearing off it for good because she was not going to do this again. Ryan walked up behind her, pushing her upper half down towards the floor as he lowered the height of the shoes and felt him slide her skirt up onto her back further, his hand running up and down her still wet slit.

"Does my baby doll like being humiliated?" he asked feeling the moisture. "You like

me making you clean my shoe with your gagged mouth, and you want me to fuck you while you clean it, don't you?"

She nodded knowing she did as she drooled 'yes daddy' around the gag.

"No coming until my shoe's clean," Ryan said sliding the dildo into her cunt and setting the machine on slow. He'd never fucked her with a dildo before, but he enjoyed the sight of her being fucked by it while cleaning his shoe.

Megan jumped feeling the unusual weight and texture in her pussy. She glanced back lowering her face in relief finding it wasn't another man.

"What's wrong baby doll?" Ryan asked watching her. "Do you not like being fucked by rubber?"

She shook her head no and he moved closer to her, lifting her face towards his as he eyed her trying to figure out what her reaction was about.

"You like having a dildo in my pussy?" he asked, and she shrugged slightly before nodding. "You don't love it, but you don't hate it?" he asked, and she nodded again. "It feels nice though doesn't it? Strong and unrelenting...won't stop no matter what you do. So why the worry baby doll? Why the scared look on my baby's face?" he asked brushing the strands of hair from her eyes. He caught her gaze and knew the answer, but he wanted to hear her say it. He loosened the gag and eyed her again, "Why the worry baby doll?"

"I thought daddy was letting someone else fuck his baby doll."

"You don't want to be fucked by anyone else?"

"No, just my daddy."

“Or his fucking machine?” he led.

“Yes, just my daddy and his machine,” she said groaning into his mouth as he kissed her hard. “Thank you, daddy, for letting your machine fuck me,” she said when he gave her a lighter kiss running his finger down her chin.

“Then finish cleaning my shoe while it fucks my baby doll, makes my little pussy nice and swollen before I fuck you,” he stated putting the gag back on her watching as she started cleaning the shoe harder.

He saw her thighs shaking as she got the last bit of gum from the shoe and turned the strokes up on the machine making her let out a cry. She grunted against the gag, and he took it off as he pushed the shoes aside.

“Once your mouth is sucking my cock you can come baby doll,” he said taking it out of his pants. She leaned forward to take it and he moved it to the side with a grin. “What do you say?”

“May I have your cock daddy? Please may I suck your cock, daddy?”

“That’s my good baby doll,” he stated letting her have it, feeling her little cries as she came on the dildo. He turned the strokes on the machine up again once she’d stopped moaning and kept her in place as he fucked her throat. She still gagged around him, but she’d learned to deep throat like a pro.

He held her face down over his cock until she licked his balls then let her get some air while the dildo continued to abuse her pussy. He focused her on pleasing him, on what he was doing to her throat to keep her from giving into the pleasure from the dildo. He spewed down her throat and she swallowed it, sucking a bit off the tip of his cock when he pulled back from her, making him ejaculate a little bit more before putting his cock back into his pants and getting up from the floor.

“That was a good baby doll, a very good baby doll,” he said smacking her ass.

“Thank you, daddy, thank you for letting me come on your dildo and for coming in my mouth.”

“Whose mouth?” he asked lifting a brow.

“Your mouth daddy...”

“You’re welcome, baby doll,” he said leaving the machine on as he moved to get the bench for her to rest against. He slid it underneath her, spreading her legs further apart with a locking spreader and adjusted the machine, making sure the dildo plowed into her pussy with abandon before undoing her arms and letting her put them down, her weight supported by the bench. He slid her top off her, followed by the bra and then pulled the skirt up over her head, leaving her in just her knee socks because they were fucking sexy on her. He locked her wrists into restraints underneath the bench and turned her face towards him, kissing her before moving back over to his chair to watch again.

“Daddy?” she said as he turned the machine up even higher.

“Daddy will fuck his baby doll when he’s good and ready. For now, you get to be fucked by my machine, but since you do like something in my baby’s mouth...I got you this,” he stated taking over the pacifier gag he’d found for her. “Just for my pretty little baby doll,” he stated sliding the large pink pacifier end into her mouth and buckling it so she couldn’t talk again. “Now it’s time for baby doll to sleep and when she wakes daddy will fuck his sore and swollen pussy so, so good.”

“Daddy...” she gasped around the pacifier, but he simply kissed her nose undoing her braids spreading her hair out around her as he laid her head down against the bench.

“Sleep baby doll, I won’t fuck you until you do. Until then you can come and come and come against this nice never stopping dildo,” he stated heading to the door to turn off the light, leaving a soft glow from the moon coming through the window. He stayed in the doorway watching her struggle to move but her restraints held tight, and he heard her moan against the abuse of the dildo in her tiny little pussy.

His cock was hard, and he wanted to take it out and fuck her himself but more than just a single part of him enjoyed watching her struggle and squirm against the restraints. He heard her little moans grow as she sucked and bit at the gag in her mouth until she let the orgasms overtake her and she fell into a wet and pitiful sleep. He turned the machine’s strength down a bit going back to the bedroom to rest and woke around six to go back to her. She was moaning against the gag again and he stayed outside the room watching her knowing her little pussy would be swollen and sore when he took it off her, and he planned to make it worse by the time the day was over.

He saw the tears slip from her eyes and down her cheeks and headed over to her as she cried pitifully again. “Shh...it’s okay baby doll, daddy’s here now.”

He stopped the machine, and she shook looking up at him while he wiped the tears from her face. “Daddy will make it all better. You want that, don’t you? You want daddy to fuck his little baby doll to make him happy.”

Megan nodded seeing his cock straining against his shorts and she did want it.

“Then what do you say?” he asked taking the handle of the gag and swirling it around in her mouth.

“Please fuck me daddy,” she said around the bulb. “Please fuck your sore, sore little pussy daddy...I’ll be your good little baby doll, I promise.”

“Yes you will,” he agreed unhooking her wrists but leaving them in the cuffs as he added sets to her ankles after removing the spreader bar. He unhooked the dildo from the machine leaving it inside her red sore pussy and picked her up carrying her into the other room and putting her into a swing’s harness. “Baby doll gets to swing. It’ll make her nice and happy, won’t it?”

“Yes daddy,” she said as he slid the straps up her leg and buckled her in, forcing her to sit up. She was amazed that the dildo didn’t fall out, but her pussy hurt so much yet felt so good, that it clung to her body. He stretched her arms up, hooking them to other strings hooked over the ceiling beam and he hoisted her into the air, bringing her up until her pussy was perfectly aligned with his cock. He then attached the ankle straps to more lines and pulled them wide open but still the dildo stayed inside her.

“My little baby doll’s pussy is so swollen, isn’t it?” he asked when he had her entire body open. “Yes it is; it’s swollen and almost ready for daddy. A few more minutes and it’ll be perfect. You want to be perfect for daddy, don’t you baby doll?”

“Yes daddy, I want to be perfect for you,” she said knowing it was true. She wanted to be whatever he wanted so he would continue to fuck her once the year ended. She wanted him to be her daddy just as much as she was his baby doll.

“Good girl, then I’ll be right back,” he said kissing her nose again before heading out.

Megan glanced around the room nervous yet not nervous for him to come back to her. When he did, she saw the crop in his hands and felt her body tense. It always hurt so much yet it made her want to come so badly.

He slid up behind her and she was ready for the crop to whip her ass, but it didn’t, instead he spread her ass cheeks and pushed something into her tiny little hole that spread it wide making her gasp, the stinging fading away almost instantly and leaving behind just a fullness that she adored.

“Thank you, daddy,” she said trying to keep from drooling all over herself thanks to the gag.

“You’re welcome, baby doll, now be a good baby and suck on your pacifier while daddy gets his girl ready for his cock,” he said waiting until she started sucking to move to the dildo and hammer her with it a few times before withdrawing it and licking her swollen cunt that was seeping with her juice. “Baby wet herself, didn’t she?”

“Yes daddy,” she said before sucking on the pacifier again.

“That means baby doll needs to be spanked. No wetting the bed remember?” he said flicking the crop against her thighs edging closer and closer to her pussy before giving it a hard smack making her cry. “Suck your paci baby doll. Daddy gave it to you to keep you from crying because he takes such good care of his baby doll, doesn’t he?”

“Yes daddy,” she said around another cry as he smacked her pussy harder.

“Yes suck it like a good baby doll,” he stated smiling as she sucked in with each smack. “One more thing and then baby will be perfectly ready for daddy’s big huge cock,” he said taking the nipple clamps from his pocket and putting one on her left breast, sliding the chain through the ring on the gag before putting the right one on. “Is baby ready?”

“Yes daddy,” she said, and he smacked her cunt ten times before plunging his throbbing cock inside it making her scream.

“Tell daddy all about it baby doll,” he said chuckling as she clenched him violently. “Just don’t come before daddy says you can, or your little pussy will be on the machine all day.”

“Yes daddy,” she said trying to catch her breath as he pushed and pulled her onto his enormous length. “Yes, yes, yes, yes, more daddy, please .”

“My pretty little baby doll, so eager for her daddy’s approval, suck your little paci like a good baby. Yes, suck it just like you would daddy’s cock,” he groaned watching her for signs of pain rather than pleasure and for her telltale signs of an orgasm approaching.

Her breathing began to come in tiny little pants, and she began to shake as she cried out around the pacifier, “Please daddy, please can I come? Please... please please please daddy ...”

“Yes, baby doll, come for daddy,” he stated as she began to squeeze him even tighter. “Mmm keep coming for daddy...daddy’s almost there baby doll...”

Megan let herself go and felt him jerk on the nipple clamps sending everything white as his hot jizz filled her sore and tingling pussy. “Thank you, daddy...thank you.”

“You’re welcome, baby doll. You are very welcome,” Ryan said taking the gag off her and kissing her until he had enough strength to untie her and carry her into the bedroom. He pulled her up against him and held her, letting her sleep peacefully while he soothed her, loved her even if she would never feel the same for him.



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:09 am*

“What are you thinking?” Ryan asked as Megan traced designs with her fingers on his chest.

“I don’t want to go back home tomorrow. I want to stay here and let daddy fuck me every which way possible,” she said with a sigh turning over to rest her chin against his chest. “This week...”

“Has been perfection, I know baby doll,” he said giving her a light and gentle kiss that stole her breath more than his hard and demanding ones. “You are everything I ever wanted and more. You call me daddy and I get hard enough to fuck you all over again even if I just unloaded in my little pussy.”

“I love being your baby doll, everything you do...I never imagined it possible.”

“No? When you were showing me this sweet little cunt on your birthday you were never imagining how I’d fuck you, just that I would? Did you think I’d just give a few swift strokes and be done like the boys your age?” he asked kissing her softly watching the way her breaths came fainter and closer together.

“I didn’t know anything about how you’d fuck me. I just wanted you to...”

“And how long did it take to surpass the other boys you’ve let between these little lips?” he asked sliding a finger into her pussy, fucking her quickly with it as he continued to slowly kiss her.

“I didn’t...”

“You didn’t what?” he asked slowing his actions at the catch in her voice.

“I didn’t let them between those lips or the ones on my face. I didn’t fuck any of them,” she admitted knowing what was done was done. She was in love with him so if he was going to leave her for one thing he might as well leave her for two or three.

“What?” he said sitting up, rolling her onto her back as he stared down at her.

“You were my first, daddy.”

“I was...Jesus Christ Megan, baby doll...oh god,” he stated recalling how hard he’d barreled into her tight little body and her scream. “You should have warned me that night. I fucked you the way I would someone who’d been at it for years and not a novice. I hurt you...”

“Daddy...” she said stopping his downward spiral, regaining his attention with a smile. “I loved it, all of it, and it didn’t hurt that much. It was more shock than anything and you’ve certainly made up for it since. The first time you fucked your ass was so gentle...”

“That’s how I should have taken my little pussy the first time. Fucking hell...you’d never had an orgasm before, had you? You didn’t have a clue what I was talking about when I told you to ask for permission to come...baby doll, Meggie,” he said moving up her body to kiss her, softly, gently as he began to arouse her in a completely different way. “Let me love you...”

“Please daddy,” she whispered against his ear.

He stole her mouth again moving into her well abused pussy with a long stroke, taking his time to build her up, with no restraints, no words, just simply himself, his lips and tongue caressing hers, his hands sliding across her body, and his cock

bringing life to her in a new way.

“Just let go baby doll,” he whispered feeling her start to contain herself. “Just be my good girl, my sweet baby and let me love you.”

“Oh god...Ryan... daddy ,” she cried softly as she flew over the edge feeling something inside herself open as she did. She couldn’t stop herself from clawing at his back, needing more and wanting more from him and then as her mouth returned to his.

“Yes baby doll, let go and let me love you,” he groaned continuing to control his need to go faster and harder. He wanted her to experience sweet softness, love not sex. “You’ll always be my baby doll...and I’ll always be your daddy. Even if we’re like this. Even if we just make love, you’re still my baby doll and I want you happy. I want you with me forever.”

“Please...oh yes...god yes...please daddy, oh god please daddy,” she cried arching her back as he made her fly over again, pulling him with her this time and she shook as she laid on his chest, his hands soothing her running through her hair as he held her tightly.

“That’s how I should have taken you the first time, baby doll, then worked our way up to this week,” he told her when she lifted her gaze to him focusing on him finally.

“I wasn’t ready for that then. I was ready for my daddy to punish and fuck me...but not for him to love me.”

“Now you are?” he asked searching her gaze to see if she knew just how much he’d meant love her.

“Yes, now I’m ready for daddy to love me,” Megan said regretting her words when

he rolled her over and left the bed. “Ryan...please don’t go,” she cried pulling the sheet up around her as he moved further away from her.

“Go? No baby doll, I’m not leaving you,” he promised seeing the tears in her eyes moving back to her side quickly. “I’m not leaving you, Megan, not now, not ever,” he said wiping them away with a gentle kiss to her eyes lids. “I’m getting your second present. The first was my baby doll’s pacifier which is so sexy on you...but this...this you’ll love just as much.”

Megan laid back against the pillows piled high behind her and waited for him to come back to her. He carried a gift bag and she smiled as he moved back up the bed towards her. “What’s this?”

“This is to show my baby doll just how much I love her...and that she’s mine to everyone else around,” he stated making her gasp.

“Did you just...”

“Say I love you? What do you think I was just trying to show you baby doll? I wasn’t fucking my pretty little baby doll, I was loving her, you Meggie. I love you and I don’t want to think about you leaving in the fall without me. I won’t survive without you, not now that I’ve found everything I need with you. You taught me what I need just as much as I’ve taught you what you enjoy, and it’s you baby doll. I want to spoil you and love you and I really want to fuck you until you beg to come. I want to be your daddy forever. I want to control you...everything we do in bed, with sex...and then I want to throw all of that out and just love you like I just did. More than anything, I want to own you...will you let me?” he asked cupping her cheek gently. “Will you give yourself over to me entirely? I’ll always protect you, give you what you need even when you don’t know what that is. Will you be my baby doll, let me own you?”

“Yes...you already do Ryan...you are my daddy, my love...” she said smiling as he kissed her.

“You own me baby doll,” he said breathing heavily as they parted. “You’ve owned me since I first saw you. When you showed me this little pussy, I knew I had to finally give in and take you, make you mine because I was already yours and I couldn’t let anyone else get near you.”

“I never would have let anyone else near me,” she promised making him smile more as she rested her cheek in his palm. “I love you daddy,” she whispered into his ear as he pulled her over to straddle his lap. She slid down onto his cock taking the lead with a smile. “Does this mean your baby doll gets her present?”

“Yes it does,” he stated taking the box out of the bag and opening the lid.

“Oh my god...Ryan...it’s...daddy’s made baby very happy,” she said covering her mouth in awe.

“Good, and you will wear this anytime we’re out, so everyone knows you’re taken by a daddy who adores his baby doll and only gives her the best. No dog collars or regular padlocks for my girl...”

“Just platinum and diamonds?” she asked with a grin. “It’s gorgeous...but how can you...”

“Afford it? Let’s just say teaching is my passion, at least it was until I met you, but my family made their living creating sex.”

“What?” she said in confusion as his hands guided her hips to keep her moving pulling moans from both of them.

“The Meyers brand of sex toys? That’s my family, baby,” he said.

“Wait? My pacifier...that fucking machine...”

“All Meyers products, along with a very private mountain resort for couples of all proclivities to come and enjoy themselves. Why do you think I was with Diane when I came to work at the school? She was stable, steady...a proper looking relationship in case someone started digging into my family’s history.”

“So I found myself a real live sugar daddy?” she teased earning a spank to the ass.

“You bet your sweet ass you did, and I will be your sugar daddy forever baby doll. You don’t have to work; you don’t have to go to college if you don’t want to, baby. I will take care of you always, but only as long as you wear this,” he stated taking it out, holding it up for her to decide.

“Own me daddy,” she said softly leaning forward for him to put the necklace on her. “I love it...but I think we’ll have some questions if anyone at school sees it.”

“We will,” he agreed pushing his hand into her hair for a hard kiss seeing his ownership boldly on display, “but I don’t give a shit. If you take this off it means you’re finished, you don’t want to be my baby doll any longer, you give up my love, my protection, and my sex.”

“It’ll never leave my neck,” she promised. “I love you Ryan. I love my daddy and the way he knows just how to fuck his baby doll.”

“Good girl...now fuck your daddy to show him how much you love him...appreciate his gifts for you.”

Megan rode him hard, using her legs to push her up and down his cock as he grabbed

the cane from the table and swatted her thighs. She clenched her teeth as he smacked her leg again and her body jumped at the sensations running through it.

“Chest out so daddy can see baby doll’s nipples,” he stated, and she pulled her hair back, knotting it to stay up as she leaned backward slightly, pushing her chest up towards him.

The first sting of the cane against her breast made her falter and she felt another quickly follow.

“Daddy didn’t say stop...and you know what happens to bad baby dolls, don’t you Meggie?” he said as she started again.

“Yes daddy...they get their bottoms canned,” she said as she resettled herself onto his cock and began again. He flicked the cane against her stomach, and she concentrated on her movement, but when he flicked it against her nipple again she fell backwards shaking.

“Bad baby doll,” he stated getting up from the bed setting her on all fours. “Back down, ass up...you pull away and I will set that dildo on high and leave you on it until it’s time to leave...letting your red and swollen pussy hang out the back window for everyone to see how much of a little pussy you are about taking your punishment.”

“Yes daddy...I’ll be good,” she said counting each smack as he liked. “Ten...please more daddy. Show me how bad I was.”

“No...my baby doll’s ass is red enough for now, and since it’s nice and open right here...” he stated before plunging into her ass as he lubbed up. “Yes that’s how daddy likes it...give daddy all of his pretty little ass baby doll.”

“Yes...please more daddy...please fuck your ass daddy,” she cried as he smacked his balls on her pussy. He grabbed the cane and laid it across her back, flicking it occasionally simply to hear her cries. “Yes daddy, spank your pussy with your balls, use your baby doll, please daddy.”

“My pretty little baby doll loves daddy fucking his ass. I think she needs more though...I think she needs another cock in my pussy,” he stated making her shake.

“Just daddy’s cock please...I just want daddy. I’m daddy’s little baby doll. Just his...” she cried, shaking, her voice begging and pleading in deep desperate ways that weren’t close to being teasing or sexy, and he pulled out quickly, moving around to see her to calm her down.

“Shh, baby, Meggie, shh. I will never let another man fuck my baby doll...never,” he said with a slow kiss, gathering her up against his chest, rocking her as her heart raced, knowing it was the only thing she needed to hear. No matter how much he wanted to see others play with her, have her play with others, he wouldn’t force her to do something she wouldn’t enjoy. “You’re mine...and if anyone ever tries to take you I will kill them. No one hurts daddy’s baby doll.”

“Just daddy?” she asked when she was feeling better, her eyes not worried.

“Just daddy, always daddy or his toys,” he said laying down on the bed, spreading her ass and lowering her onto his cock. “Shh...it’s okay baby doll...daddy will make it all better,” he promised as she shook lightly still. He slid his hand up playing with her clit and felt her fight to control her need to come. “Fuck daddy like a good girl, baby doll...yes...just like that,” he groaned when she began to ride him hard.

“Can I come for daddy? Please can I come for daddy?” she begged, and he smiled.

“Yes come for daddy, come and then suck my cock until I come,” he stated attacking



her clit to make it last longer. She stopped shaking and moved down to suck him, doing her best to not gag around his engorged width. She licked his balls, and he held her down, fucking her throat as though it were her pussy and spewed down it, letting her clean him fully before pulling her back up against him with a kiss.

“Thank you, daddy...” she said snuggling down with him as he held her.

“You’re welcome, baby doll,” he stated as she drifted to sleep. When she woke she was splayed out across the bed, and he held his crop in his hands, her nipples clamped and another on either side of her labia.

“Daddy?” she breathed out in question, her eyes holding his in surprise.

“We’re going to talk...” he said flicking the crop against her pussy jiggling the clamps and pulling them tighter.

“Yes daddy,” she gasped.

“Tell daddy why you’re so terrified at the idea of another man fucking you.”

“I only want my daddy. I’m daddy’s girl.”

“Yes you are...but you panic at the idea of another man touching you, why?” he asked, seeing something in her gaze she wasn’t telling him. He couldn’t begin to stand the idea of her having secrets from him—not him.

“Daddy said he’d punish baby if she ever touched another man...” Megan said making his brow lift a hint higher because while her tone was truthful, it wasn’t all of it.

“But if I allowed it, which I won’t unless my baby doll says yes,” he added

reassuringly when her eyes began to tighten, that look of panic crossing them again, “would you do it?”

“I’m just daddy’s girl,” she said, and he smacked her pussy hard making her jump.

“The truth Meggie. If I brought another man in here and let him fuck you while I watched, what would you do?” he asked watching her for any sign of hidden truth.

“Please don’t daddy...please...” she said as tears slipped from her eyes.

“Shh...baby doll, don’t cry,” he said undoing the clamps and the ties as he gathered her to him, the panic in her gaze as she struggled against the bonds in ways she never had making his heart ache. “Shh...I hate these tears...” he said softly to her until she stopped. He cupped her face and watched her. “What happened baby doll? Why are you so scared?”

She shook her head burying her face in his chest and held onto him.

“Shh...baby doll, tell me what’s going on...what happened?” he asked cradling her. “Did something happen? Did someone hurt you?” he questioned, ready to kill whoever it was if she said yes. Had she been too scared to tell him about it because of fear he’d punish her in a non-pleasurable way if she told him? Fuck that was the last thing he ever wanted. For her to be afraid of the dynamic between them, to question the things that would and wouldn’t constitute a punishment. He’d never blame her for another man hurting her, making her do something she didn’t want.

Yes, if she’d slept with someone else because she simply wanted to, he’d be pissed. Even if he wanted to watch others play with her, it’d only ever be with her agreement and curiosity about it, her desire for it to happen, and it’d only ever happen with him there with her, guiding her through it. If she’d slept with someone for the hell of it, he wouldn’t punish her in a way that would just harm or hurt her, he’d simply have

walked away, and he swore she understood that even before this week.

“John...” she began, her voice cracking and he hated it. The pain and fright in that tone hit him deep inside.

“John from the team John?” he said, and she nodded. “What did he do? Baby doll...what did he do? Did he force you to fuck him? Did he hurt you?”

“I’m sorry...I should have told you I just thought I’d lose you,” she said, her face dipping down, hiding her gaze from him and fury blazed through him entirely. He wanted to go kill the guy, but he needed to know everything first.

“Baby doll, tell me what happened,” he said running his hand down her hair and back holding her tightly to him. “Tell daddy what happened. I will never let you go but I have to know the truth.”

“I...it was during Christmas break. He was drunk and grabbed me at a party...he made me touch his penis...tried to make me suck it...and then tried to...tried to...”

“Shh...baby it’s okay...it’s okay Meggie,” he soothed her as her tears slipped down her cheeks, burning his skin with pain and anger that he hadn’t been there to protect her.

“He pushed his fingers into me...to try and get me open so he could...I grabbed his penis and tried to push him away, but he wouldn’t stop. He’s so much stronger than I am...”

“He raped you?” Ryan asked holding her head with his hand.

“Not with his...he made me jerk him off while he tried to finger me. I kept pulling my hips back, trying to keep my legs together to stop him. It made him madder that I

wouldn't let him touch me and he kept pushing his...into my hand...I just did it, so he'd go away. I didn't want him to touch me..."

"Shh, baby it's okay..." he swore as her voice completely broke her breaths coming in gasping little chokes that flooded him with agony. "Shh, Meggie, it's okay, baby doll. I swear. I'm not mad at you. You did exactly what you should have to protect yourself. It's alright, Meggie, you're safe. I promise no one will ever hurt you again. You're mine and only mine," he promised holding her while she cried, letting it out before he made love to her, showing her just how true it was.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:09 am*

“Guess who wants to see you,” Becky said as Megan finished cleaning out her locker. “He’s going to miss not having you to get onto next year.”

“He just might,” she agreed heading to Ryan’s classroom to see what he wanted. She pulled her necklace out from underneath her top just before going into it making sure he saw she’d kept it on for him. “Afternoon Mr. Meyers,” she said seeing he still had students in his room.

“Good afternoon Megan, your final paper is on my desk if you’d like to get it,” Ryan said watching her walk over to the desk, his necklace around her neck showing his ownership of her.

“You certainly surpassed my expectation. I was expecting to find what I did in it,” he added watching her read through the information he’d put on top of it. He wanted to pull her into his arms and hold her, more than ever now that they were so close to being away from here. So close to being able to start a real life together, not have to hide their relationship entirely.

“Thank Mr. Meyers, your teaching was quite brilliant, something I’m sure I’ll never forget,” she stated letting the double entendre stand as she headed out ending her final day as she hurried home to pack her bags. Ryan wanted to spend the next three months together, starting in New York before heading to Europe and ending back at the cabin. She wasn’t about to say no.

Her mother could scream all she wanted about her leaving unexpectedly, let alone her going away with a man. She was going. She had her passport from their trip to Mexico the year before and she was eighteen. It was entirely legal.

Graduation day had her a little sad, she had no idea what they were going to do once the summer was over. Beyond their trip, they hadn't made any plans. She'd been accepted to a dozen places, but she'd deferred entrance to all of them until at least the second semester. She could probably get into a few for the first even at last minute, but she didn't want to...she wanted to be with Ryan.

After the ceremony, she went with some friends to the practice football field for pictures while the rest were back at the stadium or leaving. She waved her friends on as she unzipped her graduation gown wanting a few minutes to herself to remember everything she'd learned from Ryan. She was so deep in her own thoughts she missed hearing someone walk up to her until they were in front of her, grabbing her arms roughly.

Her eyes popped open, and she let out a slight scream finding John glowering at her. "Let me go...now," she yelled at him stomping down on his foot.

"You fucking bitch..." he said slapping her, forcing her to turn her head and her necklace glittered in the sunlight. "Not good enough...rich enough for the fucking virgin huh? We'll see how long this loser likes you once you're no longer one," he shouted at her, one hand going for her thigh and the other for the necklace.

She backed away grabbing his arm as he tried to wrench the necklace from her throat. "Stop it...let me go... stop !" she screamed crying out when he broke the chain on the necklace and threw it. She pushed at his hands backing up further until she came to the railing her hands out in front of her as she tried to stop him from touching her.

His hand slid underneath her dress and ripped her underwear, lifting her against the railing more as he pushed up her skirt. She pushed at his chest screaming and crying, before letting out a terrified shriek as she fell backwards over the railing from the top row. Her arms flailed as she shut her eyes prepared for the pain.

Instead of the concrete, a set of strong arms surrounded her, breaking her fall and she ended up across the lap of them as they hit the ground. She was shaking her mind a mess as he stood them up, his hands on her face and she felt herself start to pass out.

“Come on baby doll, look at me...look at daddy,” Ryan said softly to her as he noticed a group rushing towards them. Her eyes opened and tears filled them as he pulled her in tightly while John tried to hurry away from the scene. “Shh...it’s okay Meggie. It’s okay baby doll,” he whispered to her stopping as the superintendent and principal reached them.

“What the hell happened?” Principal Andrews demanded as a security guard caught John. “We heard a scream, saw her fall...”

“Can we just get her out of here?” Ryan suggested to them. “She’s about to pass out.”

“I think that’s best,” Superintendent Johnson stated eyeing her outfit cautiously.

Ryan saw the panties he’d bought her, the ones with little ruffles on the back on the ground ripped and he wanted to go kill the jackass more than he ever had. This was the last time he ever touched his baby doll. He’d make sure of that.

“I think we may need to call the police,” Superintendent Johnson said seeing the underwear also.

“Ryan, get her to the office, somewhere, anywhere but here...we’ll handle this part,” Principal Andrews said as a crowd began to grow wanting to know what’d happened. He told the security guards to keep them back and stood so no one would see her underwear.

Megan was still trembling in his arms, and he walked her towards the building, waiting until no one could see them before picking her up and carrying her the rest of

the way. He wanted to put her in his car and drive her as far from this place as possible, but he didn't. He took her into the school and carried her into the nurses' office, sitting her down gently on the cot before kneeling in front of her to assure himself she was really safe.

"Baby doll, look at me," he said kissing her fingers. "What happened?"

Megan shook violently as she told him, covering her face with her hands before reaching for her necklace. "No...no, no, no..."

"Baby doll...Meggie calm down," he said watching her grow frantic.

"My necklace...your...I didn't take it off...I swear I didn't take it...he..."

"Shh...Meggie, baby doll, it's okay," he said sitting beside her holding her while she cried. "I know you wouldn't take it off. I know you're mine, baby doll. You're daddy's good little baby doll...shh...yes it's okay baby doll," he said softly holding her until he heard the outer doors open. He moved to a stool and pressed a wad of tissues into her hand wanting to kiss her and show her she was still his despite losing the necklace.

"Ryan?" he heard, and he moved to the door finding her mother there, pale and worried as she hurried over to Megan.

He spoke with the police, telling them what he'd seen and hearing her scream before she fell, and headed out once they'd taken her home. He didn't go home though, he headed back to the bleachers, to the spot he'd nearly lost his baby doll, and headed underneath them, looking to find her necklace. The chain was broken, a small clump of her hair wrapped around it, and he cursed the police for taking John into custody. He wanted one night with the guy, one night to do his worst on him.



He took the necklace, going home, wanting to hear from her to know she was okay, wanting to take her far from here, wanting to make her entirely his, always and forever his. He left a message with Anderson and Johnson that he was resigning and got onto a plane to get the necklace repaired and find a ring. He was going to have his baby doll as his for life.

He left her a message letting her know that he'd gone ahead to New York and if she wanted to postpone their trip to call him. Three days later, she knocked on the door of his suite and walked in with her bags and a light smile.

"Baby doll...come here Meggie," he said pulling her into his arms, holding her close. "I kept thinking you'd never come."

"I'd never walk away from us Ryan. You're my daddy, right?" she said, and he saw the fear on her face that he'd turn her away.

"And you're my baby doll," he stated kissing her fully sending them straight to the bed where he loved her, showing her that even without the necklace she was still his.

She cried on his shoulder afterwards, releasing the last of the pain from the ordeal at graduation and traced lines on his chest resting her eyes with a light smile. "Everyone's talking about you...asking where you disappeared to...Principal Anderson told them that you had a family obligation already scheduled, that you were leaving the day after graduation anyway. So naturally, they're all curious, especially since the board accepted your resignation. What did you tell him?"

"That after what happened I didn't feel it was the place for me to be; that I shouldn't be anywhere around students when I wouldn't be allowed to react as any normal human would in the face of instances such as what happened. I said something about not wanting cynicism to cloud my judgment and that I was contemplating a career move."

“I guess it could all be true...but what career move are you really making?” she asked turning over to look at him.

“Something that will keep me with you, let me fuck my baby doll senseless without any negativity come down on us. I have to know that you’re okay though...what he did...I want to murder him,” he said cupping her face.

“I’m okay thanks to my daddy. You saved me. I just hate that I lost your necklace. I swore you would tell me to not come because I don’t have it anymore,” she admitted as her chin quivered lightly.

“Never Meggie, not because of something like that baby doll, but speaking of necklaces,” he said reaching for the nightstand drawer, taking out the box with a padlock on the new chain. “All fixed for daddy’s baby doll.”

“You shouldn’t have bought another...” she said wanting to reach for it so badly.

“I didn’t, I searched under the bleachers and found it. A new chain and replacing one diamond that fell out...that’s all it took baby doll. Now will you let daddy put it back on you to show you that he still loves you completely?” he asked, and she nodded with a smile.

“Yes, please daddy,” she said kissing it when it was finally resting where it should. “I will never take it off, Ryan. You have to know that I would never...”

“I know, my baby doll loves me. She loves her daddy and only wants to please her daddy right?” he asked, and she nodded.

“Yes daddy, I love you. Please let me please you, daddy,” she said running her hand along his cock, waking it up and making him hard. “Please use your baby doll however you want daddy. Baby doll needs daddy’s love...”

“Yes she does,” he agreed lifting his head to bite her nipple, sucking it into his mouth as his hand moved down to her bald mound and began to fuck her with his fingers. “Baby doll needs to let daddy check her from head to toe, to make sure every single bit of her is safe and secure. Baby doll’s pussy seems to be working just fine, but what about my little ass? I think daddy needs to check her for a temperature.”

“Yes daddy...please check baby’s temperature,” she said moaning in bliss when he impaled her ass with his cock.

“Baby doll seems very warm...very, very warm. I think daddy’s baby doll needs to let him take very good care of her.”

“Yes daddy...oh please daddy...please, more please daddy,” she begged making him harder watching her tits bounce and his necklace smack her chest.

“If baby doll wants more she’ll have to earn it,” he stated and she moved until she was squatting over him, using her legs to fuck him. “Make daddy happy...”

“Yes daddy...” she said smiling down at him. He reached for the nightstand again and she pinched her nipples letting him put the clamps on her as he stuck the pacifier plug into her mouth, the chain for the clamps ran through the hole. She leaned back slightly, continuing to ride his cock and spread her lips open letting him watch her pussy supporting her weight with her other hand.

“Mmm...yes that’s my good baby doll,” he said jiggling the chain to pull the clamps tighter. “Fuck daddy’s cock with his tiny little ass.”

She fucked him faster biting down on the pacifier trying to hold her own orgasm back and she gasped tossing her head back, making the clamps pinch her nipple painfully when he grabbed her hips and began to hammer into her ass. “Please daddy...please...please daddy more...give baby more. Yes...thank you

daddy...please more..."

"Like this?" he asked leaning his head up to bite and suck on her nipple.

"Yes daddy...thank you...oh god...daddy please, please daddy can I come...can I come daddy? Please...please...daddy, please daddy , please ," she begged when he slid a hand down to her clit attacking it with a massager.

"A little more baby doll...take a little more," he said wanting it to be together and huge. "Bring daddy with you...be my extra good baby...yes...make daddy come for you."

"Please daddy, please come, please let baby come," she cried around the pacifier. "Please daddy... please ...yes daddy fill baby's ass...oh thank you daddy, thank you for coming...can baby come daddy? Please , can I come?" she asked every inch of her shaking.

"Come, now quickly, baby doll," he said pulling the pacifier from her mouth to kiss her. His hands slid up to her breasts and jerked the clamps off, swallowing her cries as the orgasm tore through her. He held the massager on her clit loving the feeling of her bucking against him as she tried to get away from it.

"Take it baby doll..." he stated flipping her over onto her back as he slid out of her ass. He slid his fingers into her pussy and began to fuck her hard with them, holding the massager directly onto her clit.

"Daddy, please...please daddy...more daddy...does baby need more?" she asked as he pressed her pelvis down into the bed with a knee.

"Yes baby needs more...baby needs to come and come and come until baby can't think anymore," he said adding a fourth finger in his attack on her pussy.

“Can I come daddy? Please can I come for daddy?” she pleaded.

“Yes, come and keep coming...never stop coming this time,” he told her feeling her walls close around his fingers. He pushed her legs apart before adding his thumb into the mix, closing his hand into a fist making her scream as it stretched her tiny pussy wide open.

“Thank you daddy...oh thank you...more...yes please daddy give me more,” she said clutching the sheets with her hands to stop from using them.

“Yes take more baby doll, take everything,” he said pushing her further and further until her whole body seized in an orgasm that was nothing but beauty and poetry to him. He gently soothed her clit with his fingers kissing her as he grabbed the new present he had for her and slid it around her wrist.

Megan had no idea how long her body pulsed for, just when she came down wrapped in his arms as he kissed her softly. “Ryan...I love you daddy.”

“I love you too baby doll,” he said crossing her arms in front of her to get her to notice the new jewelry.

“What’s...I love it daddy. I love my daddy spoiling me with presents,” she said smiling as she turned over to kiss him.

“What do you say when I give you a padlock present?” he asked lifting an eyebrow at her.

“Thank you daddy...for owning me, I’ll always wear it for my daddy.”

“Yes you will, unless I take it off for other play,” he stated kissing her fully.

“Yes daddy, it’s beautiful and I will love it always,” she said with a grin. “Baby likes daddy buying her presents.”

“You have one more here if you want it, but it comes with lots of terms and conditions,” he stated brushing her hair from her shoulder as she watched him.

“What type of terms and conditions daddy?”

“To love, honor, cherish, and obey till death do us part,” he said shocking her. “If you agree to those terms, especially the obey part,” he teased tweaking her nipple with a grin, “then it’s yours. So what’s your choice baby doll? Will you say yes to daddy, to all his terms and conditions?”

“Yes...yes daddy, yes,” she said biting her bottom lip excitedly.

“Then you get the present, but only if you do just as I say,” he told her, pulling her up from the bed.

“Yes daddy,” she said waiting.

“Crawl like the baby you are and follow me, whining for your favorite bottle,” he stated, and she got down on her hands and knees, following him as he walked backwards through the suite towards the living room area.

“Please daddy may I have my bottle...I need my bottle and my special milk...please daddy...can I have my bottle...” she said stopping when he spanked her ass.

“No...not yet, first you have to fully become my baby doll,” he stated taking out the little bobby socks, the ruffled panties and bonnet. He dressed her, making her smile when she saw the panties were crotchless giving him perfect access to her still. “Now baby needs to go to her playpen,” he said moving her towards the balcony. “Baby has

to stay there for an hour now,” he stated once he sat her in the middle of a ring of blocks and assorted toys. “Then baby gets her bottle. If she takes all of her bottle, then she gets her present.”

“Yes daddy...baby be good,” she said praying no one else could see her as he slid her pacifier gag into her mouth and smacked her still naked tits before walking back inside, pulling the screen shut and locking it.

Fifteen minutes later, she heard a noise and saw a couple on the balcony beside her, taking pictures of her and she looked away quickly.

“Baby needs to smile and let everyone see her,” Ryan stated watching her nipples harden. “Babies like to show off, and my baby always shows people what they want. Show them how baby plays with herself.”

Humiliation burnt through her, but she crawled closer to the end of the balcony and waved before rubbing her breasts as she sucked on the gag, cooing. She sat back on her ass, opening her legs as she clapped before spreading her pussy open, watching the woman rub the man’s cock. It started to turn her on and she cooed more, picking up a stacking ring set and dumping the rings off it. She put a ring over each breast pulling her nipples through them as the woman took the man’s cock out and began to suck it.

“Babies love watching,” Ryan said giving her a long smile. “Don’t stop watching or playing, baby doll.”

“Yes daddy,” she cooed around the gag turning her gaze back to the couple. She stopped thinking and just played, with herself, the toys and found her pussy seeping with moisture. She picked up the stacking pole and stuck it inside her needing something there and she heard the man groan. She found his eyes riveted to her and she smiled and waved as she bounced on the stick. The man pushed the woman down

against the railing flipping her skirt up and surged into her, fucking her but his eyes stayed on Megan.

She played with the toys, with herself and the stick, rocking back and forth, as she smiled and waved touching her breasts, and pinching her nipples until she heard him hiss, pulling out and watched him come all over the woman's ass. She smiled cooing at them, making the woman laugh before they headed back inside, and she moved to look at Ryan.

“Babies make everyone happy...and my baby doll is the best,” he stated nodding to the other side of the balcony. “You have more to entertain. I’ll be back.”

“Yes daddy,” she said before showing off for the other couple.



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:09 am*

“Hi little brother,” Angela said kissing his cheek as he opened the door to the suite.

“Ange,” he said letting her and her husband Mark inside as he kept an eye on Megan.

“So you’ve certainly changed your tune...what happened to just plain rough sex and none of this play stuff?” she asked him as they moved to sit down, him where he could always see Megan and they, where Megan wouldn’t be able to see them.

“I met my baby doll. First time we screwed I had her call me sir, but it wasn’t enough...she doesn’t have a father, and she needed a daddy. So she went from being my baby and her sir, to my baby doll and her daddy. It was hotter and hotter, every time we added another layer onto it...”

“We heard her screaming earlier,” Mark said eyeing her. “You’re sure you don’t want to change the rules and let us play with her?”

“No, after everything she’s been through I won’t let anyone near her. They can watch, but no touching and definitely no fucking her,” Ryan told them sternly. “She belongs to me. She’s mine and I promised her no one would ever touch her but me.”

“You plan to keep her around for a while then?” Angela asked and he sat forward lifting the box from the coffee table and handing it over. “Holy fuck Ryan...how much did this cost?”

“Not enough...she deserves everything in the world, and I plan on giving it to her.”

“So when you say belong to you...you honestly think that at eighteen she’s going to

completely commit to this?” Angela questioned. “At eighteen you were still at the spanking and handcuff stage.”

“I was trying to not admit that the Meyers genes were in me, now that I’ve accepted it and let them out...I love her. I know better than anyone how stupid falling for her was, but I couldn’t stop myself from doing it or from screwing her. I almost lost her this weekend. I won’t ever let that happen again.”

“She was going to walk away...break up with you?” Mark asked him, not understanding what he meant. He hadn’t told any of them about what happened, just asked his family to help him show his baby doll that she was safe, would always be safe with him, that letting him own her body and what was done to it.

“No...one of the boys at school wanted her but she was mine. She was out on the bleachers just thinking and letting things settle when he showed up. He started ranting about how he was going to fuck her, make whoever was giving her gifts not want her anymore because she wouldn’t be a virgin any longer...”

“Hold up...that girl was a virgin when you screwed her?” a new voice asked, and he saw his brother in the doorway looking quite content as his wife smiled at him.

“Done already Greg?” he asked amused.

“Your girl’s too damn good, but no way did you screw her being a virgin,” he stated as Ryan moved back out towards the balcony.

“Ten more minutes and then you get your bottle baby doll, that’s daddy’s good baby, isn’t it?” he asked seeing her smile around the gag.

“Yes daddy...daddy’s good girl,” she said.

“Now baby needs to look out and see how big everything else is...stay like that until I come give you your bottle,” he said pleased that she was relaxed and happy with everything.

“Nice rock little brother,” Greg said sitting on the chair as his wife Claire perched on the arm of it. “You are so fucked man. That girl is going to leave you and run so fast...no virgin turns into that and is comfortable with it.”

“Yes she was a virgin, a fact I didn’t know at the time or until four months later, but she came onto me. She showed me her tight little pussy on our way back from a basketball game and then the next day she flaked on a test and ended up cheating, failing and I went to call her on it. I was still trying not to give in and fuck her, but I had to...I fucked her every which way, punished her and she loved it all.”

“So you seriously think she’ll say yes? That she’ll marry you and let you fuck her however you want?” Greg asked.

“Yes, I already own her. Her necklace is my ownership of her, and her bracelet is her graduation present. They’re both padlocks...she’s mine. She honestly was more upset about losing her necklace and thinking that I’d tell her it was over because she wasn’t wearing it any more than the fact that her ex tried to rape her again,” he said surprising them before explaining what led up to that day. “He pulled out a clump of her hair and broke the chain on her necklace. She was trying to back away from him and he trapped her against the railing. He ripped her panties and lifted her in order to force her and she pushed against him, not realizing how it’d unbalance her, and she fell backwards over the railing.”

“Oh my god...she looks fine though,” Angela said sitting forward in shock hearing what happened.

“I have no idea how I got to her in time, I really don’t. I saw her and then John

attacking her and started moving over to stop him. I was still on the far side of the football field when she fell.”

“You caught her?” Greg asked.

“Amazingly somehow, I made it across the field faster than I ever imagined possible. She was a cheerleader—a flyer for the team. I think she was trying to keep from hitting with her back was able to turn herself a bit, and I managed to get my arms around her, keep her head up as we both hit the ground. She was a little sore but thank god that was it. It’s concrete along the edge of the bleachers and if she’d hit that...I won’t lose her, not ever. I don’t care if she’s only eighteen. I love her and I’m going to marry her. She belongs to me and me to her. She accepts it and I will never let anyone touch her again.”

“I get not wanting to venture into letting someone else fuck your girl, your wife,” Greg said watching him, “but sometimes it’s nice to just sit back and watch another man fuck her. It doesn’t lessen your connection with her any...if you can control both of them it’s even better.”

“I know that, and it’s always been something I enjoyed, but for now, it’s off the table. One day she might change her mind, and we’ll discuss what that might look like together, but just the mere idea of another man actually fucking her sent her into a near panic attack after what John did to her the first time. Add in this second time...I won’t put her through that just for my own enjoyment.”

“How do you know she really is that, against it?” Mark asked the desire to get closer to his baby doll clear on his face, but it didn’t anger him or Angela. She enjoyed joining in on the fun far too much to ever tell him no and Ryan trusted him and his brother enough that if Megan ever did agree and be curious about it, they’d both be someone he’d trust with his girl.

“I put her on a fucking machine up at the cabin, the instant she felt the difference in the dildo versus my cock...she turned her head so fast she nearly got whiplash. Her eyes were panicked and then later I mentioned she needed a cock in her pussy while I fucked her ass, and she started begging me for no one else but me. She doesn't say no to me ever...but everything in her started trembling and it wasn't in a good way. She was terrified and I will never put her through that fear, that worry ever. She trusts me to always know what's best for her, to give her what she needs and that's what I'm doing. That night at the cabin, she told me that John tried to force himself on her at that party. He's got at least eighty-five pounds and a foot on her, she couldn't physically fight him off, although she tried. She was terrified I'd be furious that she jerked him off in order to try and get him to leave her alone. When I assured her she did the right thing, I promised her I'd never let anyone else touch her, showed her that she was mine and just mine. That's when she accepted my padlock, when she became mine completely.”

“Well good luck on the proposal,” Greg said eyeing the clock. “Do we at least get to stick around for the show?”

“It's feeding time for baby doll,” he said not caring if they stayed or went.

“I take it that's a yes,” Angela mused waiting until he'd gotten Megan turned so they could watch before moving to get a better view.

“Daddy's pretty little baby doll's hungry, isn't she?” Ryan asked undoing the gag.

“Yes, baby hungry for special milk...please can baby have her bottle daddy?” Megan asked needing him more than she ever thought possible. It was somewhat humiliating to have him dress her up like this, make her beg for a bottle and yet, it made her so wet that she couldn't begin to argue against it. The deeper they went into it, the hungrier it made her for more. From him to please him and be the only one he wanted or needed.

“Yes baby doll,” he stated guiding his cock towards her mouth, “here’s baby’s bottle.”

“Mmm...daddy good,” she said sucking on him, lifting her hands to hold him like a baby would a bottle, pulling a deeper moan from him that simply made her pussy wetter.

“Baby’s greedy...yes...that’s a good baby doll...suck your bottle.”

She sucked and licked playing with his balls until he put a hand up behind her head and pushed her fully onto his cock.

“Baby needs to take it all,” he stated pumping his hips back and forth, pushing his cock all the way in until her tongue licked his balls. “Yes, baby doll...suck daddy’s milk down,” he groaned spewing down her throat gagging her. “Baby drank too fast...but there’s still some left,” he said pulling back.

She sucked and licked him clean grinning up at him, “Thank you, daddy...I love my special milk...my daddy’s milk.”

“Yes you do, and you’re a good baby doll, drinking your milk without fussing despite everyone watching,” he stated drawing her attention to the others.

“Daddy’s good baby doll...only daddy’s baby still?” she asked, and he saw the slight panic in her eyes. He hated the panic but adored the way she looked up at him with trust, for reassurance, not letting it take over her.

“Yes, just daddy’s baby doll. Just daddy’s sweet baby doll, who now gets her present, but you have to crawl over to the table to get it and be pretty for all our guests.”

“Yes daddy, be good girl,” she said crawling after him past the group in the two

chairs watching her with smiles and laughing eyes.

“Meggie, my sweet little baby doll, marry me and be my baby doll for life?” Ryan asked opening the lid of the box as she sat on the floor, her legs open so the others could see her little pussy, showing off how wet she’d gotten sucking his cock.

Megan gasped seeing the ring her lip quivering slightly in the shock of it.

“I love it Ryan...yes...yes daddy...always yes,” she promised letting him take the ring out and slide it onto her finger. “I love you,” she said softly, slipping her arms around his neck as he kissed her.

“I love you too baby doll. Now, come sit on daddy’s lap,” he said moving back onto the couch, lifting her up onto his lap, keeping her legs open. The humiliation she anticipated feeling didn’t hit, instead, she felt more relaxed with each moment that went past despite the eyes taking her entire body into consideration.

“Are you going to introduce us to your baby doll?” one of the women asked with a smile.

“Only if you agree to no touching my baby,” Ryan said, knowing they already had but wanting Megan to know it too. “Baby’s don’t even know how to shake hands.”

“What about kisses on the cheeks and raspberries?” Angela replied. “Everyone kisses babies and plays with their tummies.”

“Only if baby agrees,” he said running his hands up and down Megan’s arm, not about to send her running. Getting her sit on his lap this relaxed, showing her off after having her show off for them was as much as he’d hoped for this trip.

“I like kisses,” Megan said comfortable with a kiss to the cheek but unsure about

anything else. “Kisses are okay daddy.”

“Good girl,” he said kissing her temple. “This is Angela and her husband Mark Conley,” he told her letting the two come over to kiss her cheek. “Baby give kisses too.”

She nodded and kissed them both on the mouth with a smile as Ryan smiled deeper at her, “Baby like kissing for daddy.”

“That’s my baby doll, my good girl,” he said running his hand over her breasts. “This is Claire and her husband Greg...Meyers,” he said after she’d kissed them both.

“Meyers as in daddy?” she asked in surprise.

“Yes baby doll, Greg is my brother and Angela is my sister. I wanted you to meet them before we leave on our trip, and then when we get back you can meet our mom and dad.”

“Yes daddy,” she said feeling even more awkward now knowing his brother and sister had watched her suck his cock let alone what she’d done on the balcony. She didn’t know how he could be so at ease walking around naked, let alone having her suck him off in front of them.

“For right now, it’s time for baby doll to eat,” he told her lifting her from his lap to sit on the couch. “Entertain our guests baby doll, I need to put clothes on.”

“Yes daddy,” she said letting him leave the room.

“What else does baby like to play?” Angela asked moving over to sit on the floor beneath the couch and Claire joined her.



“Baby likes to touch things,” she told them. “Baby likes to touch herself and daddy...and his friends.”

“Does baby like to play peek-a-boo?” Angela asked moving up to sit beside her.

“Baby loves peek-a-boo...daddy always put something new in baby’s mouth to guess.”

“Well then I think a game of peek-a-boo sounds fun,” Angela stated looking to Ryan as he came out with a pair of jeans on as he called in the room service order.

“Baby’s very good at peek-a-boo,” Ryan stated walking over to her when he finished. “But I need to set some rules I think to keep baby safe.”

“Yes daddy,” she said, and Ryan picked her up, carrying her into the bedroom to check on her making her fall even more in love with him.

“Peek-a-boo could get a little intense with them. I don’t want you scared Meggie,” he said cupping her cheek.

“I want to play...but just daddy between the legs?” she said taking a chance because the fire burning in his eyes told her that he’d be more than happy to watch someone else play with her and it made a hunger deep inside her open up.

“Toys are a no?” Ryan asked wanting to know how far she’d let him take her. This was more than he dreamt was possible for her to agree to, let alone want, but the curiosity in her eyes, the desire in her tone had him wanting to beg for her to let him dictate everything she did tonight.

“Toys yes, hands...”

“No,” he said seeing the slight uncertainty about it. “You don’t have to do anything you’re not ready or comfortable with Meggie. You can just have them find things for you to eat or lick, suck on. If you’re uncomfortable with them even possibly touching your breasts or accidentally grazing your thighs, I can get out your blanket and put you in it before we play,” he added, knowing she enjoyed being wrapped in the toweling robe after he bathed her after a long, hard night of fucking. He adored the minutes when he could take care of all of her, and the short wearable towel was the perfect end to their more intense playtimes.

“I’m okay like I am, daddy. I want to play for daddy. Daddy wants to see me play,” she said certain of that. He wouldn’t have brought them by like this if he hadn’t but the fact that he was letting her decide the limits made her hungry for it in ways she didn’t expect.

“Yes daddy wants to see you play, especially if you want to play too baby doll, and I promise, no one will fuck daddy’s little pussy but daddy, no one will touch it with hands or mouths but daddy,” he assured her with a kiss. “Does baby want to use her mouth on other things...other people?”

“Only if daddy wants her to,” she said earning another kiss she adored, wanted more of, wanted to please him to get more of him.

“Daddy wants to see you discover new tastes, touch new things, smell new scents,” he said, holding her gaze making her shiver. “Would baby be okay sucking a cock that’s not daddy’s?”

“For daddy yes...” she agreed, seeing the heat rising in his eyes with her response. She’d seen both men fuck their wives, seen their cocks but they didn’t make her hungry, Ryan’s did, and it was growing harder in his pants every time she said yes.

“What if someone were to lick or suck on these pretty breasts and nipples? Would

baby like that?”

“Baby likes what daddy likes...wants to do what daddy wants her to do,” she answered, not certain she’d like it nearly as much as when he did it, but now, it didn’t feel nearly as revolting or horrendous as she’d imagined it would to have someone else touch her.

“That’s my baby doll,” he said giving her a kiss. “What about your ass? Is that the same as your little pussy...just for daddy?”

“I...baby likes her ass played with...daddy’s friends can play with it too.”

“What if one of daddy’s friends wants to fuck baby’s ass?” he asked, cupping her ass sliding his finger in and out of her hole.

“Daddy stay with baby?” she asked, not feeling anything but wonder at the idea, especially with his hands on her.

“Daddy will always be with baby. Daddy will only let his friends he trusts and knows are safe ever play with his baby.”

“Baby play for daddy,” she told him, and he carried her back into the living room sitting her down on the couch before grabbing the blindfold.

“Baby doll gets to play peek-a-boo, but only toys or daddy get to be put in baby’s pussy,” he warned them sliding it on her before replacing the bonnet and god, she loved and hated that at the same time. It made her look ridiculous, but it also kept her from beginning to try and remove the blindfold or gags and she let it go.

“Well then, I think we’re going to have lots of fun playing with baby,” Angela said with a smile. “Shall we start baby?”

“Yes, baby play,” she stated, and her mouth was covered with a pair of soft thin lips a tongue moving inside her mouth to touch hers. “Claire’s kiss.”

“Good job baby,” Claire stated as someone else came over and sucked on her tit, biting her nipple.

Megan felt the slight scrape of hair across her chest and told them, “Greg biting baby’s titty.”

“Baby’s smart,” Greg said, and Ryan nodded.

“Baby doll is very smart,” he agreed watching as they began to take turns touching Megan all abiding by the no pussy rule. He knew they would, but sometimes someone forgot and slipped up, and he refused to allow that to happen to his baby doll. He’d die if something happened to hurt her, upset her—truly upset her, make her not want to ever do this again, to not be his anymore. He’d never survive that, which meant keeping his eyes on his girl always.

Something that wasn’t at all hard to do.

Angela unhooked her bra and opened Megan’s mouth, pushing her tit into it and she sucked on it, rolling the nipple with her tongue as his sister closed her eyes in bliss.

Their family’s closeness would shock most of the world he knew. There was little that they deemed too far. Yes, he’d seen his sister get fucked, he’d fucked his brother’s wife, but that was as far as I went. Blood didn’t fuck blood. That was their family rule and they’d never broken it, never even wanted to break it.

Others wouldn’t understand it, couldn’t because they hadn’t grown up in their family, but sex wasn’t a taboo subject to them. It was discussed openly, the darker desires never shamed even when allowed dialogue, and it worked for them.

When he got his teaching degree, he knew it could be used against him, his family used against him. Which was why he'd tried to hide it beneath the disguise of just enjoy some rough sex, some bondage, but this...this play with Megan was truly who he was.

They might be calling what they were doing with his baby doll peek-a-boo, but it wasn't something entirely new. His brother had done something similar with Claire, punishing her for every wrong answer until she broke, begging for mercy, promising she'd never lie to him again after claiming she hadn't had lunch with her ex to give him closure shortly after Greg and Claire got together. His brother was nearly as jealous and possessive over his wife—girlfriend back then—as Ryan was so he understood what he was doing back then and even more so now.

When he played this with Megan the first time, it wasn't to punish her, it was to be able to praise her for every correct answer she gave. Building up her self-confidence to be than simply for how utterly gorgeous she was. He licked her pussy with every right answer until she was writhing with need to come and then he fucked her deep and hard, showing her she would come just as much from the praise as she ever had with his punishments. Especially after starting her off with a bit of humiliation because she hated feeling embarrassed.

He was determined to knock out all of her embarrassment. Embarrassment that her mother instilled in her when I came to her body and sex. Which was also why he had her out on the balcony earlier, showing off her gorgeous body for anyone to see that might have direct view of the hotel. It wouldn't be many, because honestly, he wouldn't let the world see her nearly naked, and the way the hotel was situated, the only direct sight was from the rooms on either side of them, which his brother and sister were in, which kept Megan safe.

It was more so Megan would be more comfortable in her own skin, and she'd done so good. Better than he'd expected really, especially riding that damn toy which only

made him want to fuck her more. That was something to build towards and why her being so agreeable and open to this play now made him harder than ever.

“Angela’s titty...” Megan said drawing his full attention back to her with a smile.

“Baby likes titty...she sucks it very good,” Angela told her before she and Claire both sucked on Megans making him nearly nut in his pants.

A knock sounded on the door and Ryan moved over to answer it, bringing the cart into the room himself to keep Megan safe from eyes that weren’t approved. He picked her up smiling when she snuggled down into his hold, “Daddy’s arms...”

“Yes baby doll, Daddy’s got you,” he said taking her to the table and sitting her down, “now baby’s going to eat and play. Baby’s like playing with their food and we like playing with baby.”

“Yes daddy,” she said finding out he was telling the truth as he left the blindfold on and began to feed her. She could tell the others were eating too and when Ryan told her to lick she found her mouth buried in a pussy. It was strange, but yet not as much of a turnoff as she’d imagined it would be.

“Baby needs to eat until it’s gone,” Ryan told her when she lifted her head.

She put her face back down into the pussy and began to suck and play with it the way Ryan did hers and she felt the pussy smash into her face. She sucked on the hood grazing it with her teeth and a hand came up to the back of her head, pressing her harder against it as the hips moved. She continued to suck and lick, she heard a scream, but it was still there, and she went on until when she leaned forward she couldn’t find it.

“Baby is fucking amazing,” Angela said feeding her a bite of dinner as Greg and

Mark moved to suck her tits, putting her hands on their cocks. “Now eat some more,” Angela said, and she found herself in a new pussy. It tasted different than Angela’s had but she didn’t mind, sucking and licking it while she stroked the cocks.

She moaned into Claire’s pussy when a massager was set against her clit rubbing her. Between the attention on her breasts and the massager on her clit she quickly came to the edge, whimpering at the need to come. “Daddy...” she said needing Ryan.

“I’m right here baby doll...keep eating,” he said his tone pleased, happy that she was pleasuring and playing with the others. She put her mouth back onto Claire, stroking the cocks in her hands as she tried to keep herself from focusing on the quiver pulsing through her. She grazed Claire with her teeth as Angela increased the vibration on the massager and she again found her face pressed hard against a pussy. She increased her tempo and heard a scream praying it wasn’t from her own lips.

She discovered it wasn’t when another identical shout sounded, and she no longer had a pussy to taste. “Daddy...please can baby come?”

“Yes baby can come,” Ryan said seeing the surprise on his brother’s face. He moved over whispering to them what he was going to do and lifted her from the chair. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and he kissed her moving up onto the table, and sliding his cock into her seeping pussy. He brought her down enough that Greg could move behind her to fuck her ass, and he continued to kiss her as Greg slid into her ass filling her.

“Daddy...” she gasped making his heart stop for a moment at her tone.

“Daddy has you baby doll,” he said stalling his brother from going further. “Tell daddy, baby doll’s okay if you want to keep playing, Meggie,” he said kissing her softly.

“Baby okay...baby likes,” she admitted.

“Good baby,” Ryan said with a smile. “Whose cock is in baby’s ass?”

“Greg’s cock is in baby’s ass...baby let him fuck it for daddy,” she said before Mark pushed his cock into her mouth.

“Now baby has all her holes filled with cocks and she looks so fucking pretty,” Ryan said leaning her up a bit so the girls could touch her breasts and lick her. “Baby has three cocks in her and her breasts each have a mouth on them...I think it’s time baby sees,” he stated pushing the blindfold up off her eyes. “Peek-a-boo baby doll.”

“Peek-a-boo daddy,” she said before continuing to suck Mark’s cock. He wasn’t nearly as long as Ryan and it didn’t choke her, but he still wanted to fuck her throat, and she let him.

“Such a good baby,” Angela said smacking her ass making her jump. “Yes she’s such an entertaining baby. Little brother made a good choice, got himself a pretty little baby doll who will fuck anyone for her daddy...”

“Yes, baby loves daddy,” she said around Mark’s cock.

“Then make daddy happy and fill baby with cum,” he stated as Angela smacked her ass again, this time with his crop. “You’re going to fuck for daddy until you have three loads of cum in you.”

“Yes daddy,” she agreed pushing against the two cocks in her holes while she sucked on Mark harder. He pulled her face onto his cock and pumped himself in and out until he began coming down her throat. She pulled back cleaning him, playing with it in her mouth the way Ryan hated, and he pinched her nipple.



“That’s one baby doll...now swallow it for daddy, drink some extra milk tonight.”

“Thank you, daddy,” she said when she finished.

“Now come here,” he stated pulling her down towards him to let Greg fuck her ass harder. He bit her nipple making her arch against him, pulling Greg deeper into her and he groaned pulling out of her ass and moving to her head quickly.

“Suck it baby,” Greg said, and she did, taking all of him until he came.

She swallowed again and looked back at Ryan with a smile and fuck he loved her thanking him even if it wasn’t his load she swallowed, “Thank you, daddy.”

“You’re welcome, baby,” he said lifting them from the table and moving her over to the doorway of the balcony. He leaned her down, attaching her wrists to the straps he’d placed while she was playing blindfolded and spread her legs wide open. He moved back between her legs, driving into her pussy that was perfect height now and drilled her, letting the others touch her, play with her however they wanted until he felt himself ready to explode and he wanted her coming with him.

“Come for me baby doll...scream and cry like a little baby and come on my cock. Yes, baby...come for daddy,” he groaned as she did, filling her with his cum and watching her sag in the aftermath.

“Thank you, daddy...thank you for making baby come,” she said grateful when he unlocked her from the awkward angle and picked her up, carrying her back into the suite and cradling her like a little baby against his chest.

“My baby doll is very welcome. How did baby like playing peek-a-boo?” he asked kissing her softly.

“Baby liked very much...liked making daddy happy.”

“Good girl, daddy’s parents will like that. Daddy’s parents will love baby doll.”

“Daddy’s good girl, always,” she promised him with a kiss as the group cooled down, redressing to leave.

“Baby was a good girl, very entertaining,” Angela said kissing her fully on the mouth and while it wasn’t close to being as good as Ryan’s kiss, it wasn’t repulsive like John’s had been. “Baby earned a new present from daddy today.”

“Baby loves her present,” she said looking at her ring.

“I think Angela meant I need to buy my baby another present after this, and she’s right. I’ll find something special for my baby doll for being such a good girl,” Ryan said kissing Angela’s cheek as she moved out of the way letting Mark kiss and fondle Megan’s tits before they left.

“You would be a fool to not get her married to you ASAP,” Claire said giving her a full kiss also. Greg kissed her on the mouth before sucking on her tit patting his shoulder before they also left.

“She’s right...what would you say to a wedding at city hall?” Ryan asked her untying the bonnet that hung around her neck now, as he smiled down at her.

“Baby says yes...always yes to daddy because baby loves daddy so much.”

“Daddy loves his baby doll, I love you Meggie,” he stated cupping her cheek.

“I love you too Ryan. You really are my daddy, and I will always be your baby doll,” she said letting him carry her into the bathroom for a bath and some sleep.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:09 am*

“M om, Dad,” Ryan said leading Megan through the lodge towards the man and woman smiling brightly.

“Ryan...and this must be the lovely Megan we’ve heard so much about,” his mom said kissing his cheek then hers.

“Baby doll, this is my mother Olivia, and my father Thomas...or I suppose I should say our parents,” Ryan corrected as his mother’s jaw dropped open spying the rings on her left hand.

“Ryan Andrew Meyers...you did not get married without your mother, did you?” Olivia asked planting her hands on her hips.

“Yes we did,” Ryan admitted cupping Megan’s hip tightly. “I couldn’t resist once she said yes. I wanted her to be mine in her mind, heart, soul, and legally. Especially once her mother finds out about us, let alone the town.”

“That’s what you face when you start sleeping with your student,” Thomas stated looking her up and down. “I see why you did though. She is infinitely gorgeous.”

“Yes my baby doll is stunning, but she’s even sweeter which is why I fell for her,” Ryan agreed making her smile.

“Thank you, daddy,” she stated kissing him.

“We’re expecting your brother and sister soon. Are you joining us for dinner tonight?” Thomas asked.

“Family only or with guests?” he inquired wanting to keep her calm and safe as much as possible.

“Family mainly. Neal and Cassie are here and then Sam and Bridget as well,” he answered, and Ryan nodded.

“We’ll be there, dress as usual?”

“When don’t we dress for dinner?” he questioned, and Ryan chuckled.

“We’ll see you at seven,” Ryan said taking her to his actual cabin, the one he hadn’t wanted to use when they came up before because his parents would want to know who he’d brought to their mountain.

“What is daddy going to dress baby in?” Megan asked after he’d shown her the cabin.

“Baby is going to show off just how pretty she is all night,” Ryan assured her stripping her bare. He put her in a pair of ruffled baby pink crotchless panties and white bobby socks adding a frilly white petticoat that barely covered the panties before sliding her feet into the six-inch Mary Jane heels. He slid the dress over her head and settled it, so her breasts were barely concealed within the top lace fabric. He let her put her hair into pigtails, adding matching ribbons to each as he surveyed her.

“Does baby look pretty enough for daddy?” she asked with a smile seeing the pull of his pants.

“Baby looks so fucking beautiful. Everyone’s going to want to play with baby...everyone,” he repeated letting her know what she was in for at dinner.

“Baby play for daddy,” she said knowing what he meant perfectly well now. “Baby do anything to make daddy happy.”

“Anything would be dangerous to give daddy baby,” he said kissing her.

“What else would daddy want from baby?” she asked as he flicked his fingers across the lips of her pussy.

“Daddy would love to see another woman licking baby’s little pussy, but daddy would never make baby do that,” he said holding her close.

“Only daddy’s cock in baby’s pussy though?” she asked wondering what it would feel like for someone other than him to play with her, but she didn’t want anyone but him to fuck her pussy. It belonged to him but after the last few months of playing with people around the world, she was curious.

“Yes, daddy is the only one allowed to fuck baby’s pussy. Other fingers can touch it, other mouths can suck it...but only if baby wants to try,” he promised her. “I will be right next to baby doll the entire time. I will never leave you.”

“Baby wants to show how good she is for daddy, make daddy proud. Baby will do whatever daddy wants her to do,” she told him, his hunger for it feeding hers and that was enough for her to at least see what it was like, especially if it was with his family. It might be unthinkable to anyone else, but knowing they were his family made it easier to agree to it, because they would never hurt him, which meant they would never hurt her.

“I love you Meggie,” he groaned kissing her, wanting to fuck her nice and slow to show her but dinner was going to start soon, and he needed to finish getting ready.

“Baby loves daddy so much...baby belongs to daddy and only daddy,” she said watching him change from his jeans, shucking his underwear as he took out his leather pants that sat low on his hips.

A couple buttons and his cock would be out to play, and Ryan smiled knowing that Megan loved the way they cupped his ass. He added a black tee and turned back to her, grabbing a bag for the rest of her gear.

“Baby loves daddy’s outfit. Daddy looks big and strong.”

“Daddy is big and strong for baby doll. Now let me have your wrist,” he said before undoing the bracelet and setting it onto the nightstand. “Daddy doesn’t want baby to lose her bracelet.”

“Thank you, daddy,” she said as he slid pink cuffs onto her wrists and locked them. “Baby loves her new cuffs...and her locks.”

“Baby can get out of others too easily, these can only be undone by daddy,” he stated putting the chain with the key around his neck, tucking it into his shirt.

“Thank you, daddy,” she said again letting him lead her back towards the house.

“Baby needs her paci,” he said stopping her just outside the lodge.

She expected the gag, but he slipped a smaller one into her mouth and attached the ribbon from it to the middle of the lacy top on the dress. “Baby doesn’t talk until daddy tells her to, baby keeps paci in her mouth and holds onto daddy until after everyone knows how to treat his baby.”

“Yes daddy,” she stated around the bulb letting him walk her into the building.

He settled them in the middle of the room taking a drink from his father.

“Baby doesn’t get anything but special milk and water,” he said making his dad chuckle as she sat down on the floor, her legs open as she wrapped her arms around

his leg the way he'd discovered he loved.

"Do we have a shy baby?" his mom asked looking her over as she stood comfortable in her leather halter dress with the zip-front.

"Yes, baby hides until daddy knows it's safe for her to play," he told them, and Olivia smiled kissing his cheek.

"And do I get to be baby's Grammy?" she asked him. "I would love to spoil our little baby."

"Yes, I do believe Grammy should be the one to first spoil her, baby's still a little hesitant when it comes to anyone but daddy near her little pussy, but Grammy will be good to baby."

"Yes I will," Olivia agreed. "She's such a pretty baby."

"The prettiest," he said playing with her hair as the others began to join them. Sam and Bridget were the last to arrive and he saw Sam's eyes light up finding Megan clinging to his leg. Bridget was wearing a leather strap halter with open breast cups, a collar around her neck with a leash attached to it. Her gaze was down to the floor, and he knew Sam had finally finished training her to obey him completely.

"And what do we have here?" Sam asked giving Megan a smile. She turned her face into his leg, and he reached down to brush a finger down her cheek.

"Time for boundaries to be discussed," Ryan said knowing Sam didn't care what they did to his slaves. Neal and Cassie were exhibitionists who didn't mind a bit of torture, but Cassie was the more dominating of the two. "No one touches baby doll's necklace. It stays on at all times, no choking baby, jerking on the necklace or wrapping it around her throat. If I tell you to stop no matter what you're doing you

stop whatever it is and walk away from her.”

“Awfully controlling over some little baby,” Sam stated with a smirk he knew was meant to rile him and it did.

“You can do whatever you want to your slaves, but no one hurts my wife or does anything to my baby doll I don’t approve of,” he said making Angela smile fully.

“You got married already? Well then I guess that makes me auntie, doesn’t it?” she said.

“Yes, and baby is happy to entertain but only to an extent that I approve,” Ryan said lifting her chin to make her look at him. “No one fucks her little pussy with a cock but me. Her other holes and body parts are available for play.”

“We can now fondle baby’s pussy and taste her?” Mark asked with hope.

“Grammy gets to spoil baby first, after that we’ll see,” Ryan told them. “Now, baby loves to make daddy happy and play. Doesn’t my baby doll?” he asked her lifting her face up to his again.

“Yes daddy,” she cooed around the bulb in her mouth still clutching his leg.

“Let daddy’s friends introduce themselves to baby so baby’s not shy anymore,” he said lifting her up and sitting her on the bar behind him. “Show everyone just how pretty baby is.”

“Yes daddy,” she said giving him a smile.

Angela, Mark, Greg and Claire came over with kisses and caresses pulling the pacifier from her mouth and she understood why Ryan attached it where he had. It



pulled the lace of her top down and let her nipples out for viewing.

“This is Sam and his slave Bridget, baby,” he said letting his friend move up to inspect her.

“You’ve outdone yourself Ryan...she is a very pretty baby, isn’t she slave?” Sam stated tugging the leash up so Bridget would lift her face to look at her.

“Yes master...very pretty baby,” she agreed.

“Kiss the baby,” Sam told her, and she found herself being kissed forcefully. “My turn now,” Sam stated tugging on the leash and Bridget stopped lowering her face back to the floor. Sam’s kiss was more forceful than Bridget’s was, and she let him push his tongue into her mouth even though it didn’t excite her the way it obviously did him. “Such pretty little titties baby has...baby titties for a baby,” he said covering one.

“Thank you...daddy likes baby’s titties,” she said when he finally stopped.

“This is Neal and Cassie,” Ryan said motioning for Sam to move on from his baby doll. “Tell daddy’s friends hi.”

“Hi...do you want to play with daddy’s baby?” she asked them, and Neal kissed her. “Baby likes kissing...”

“Is that so baby?” Cassie asked pinching her nipples moving Neal out of the way.

“Yes, baby likes kissing and her titties played with by daddy and his friends,” she answered honestly before the woman kissed her.

“Such a soft little mouth...baby needs some titty though,” she said pulling a large

breast from her top. “Suck on a titty baby,” she said, and Megan leaned forward latching onto her tit and sucked it as though she were really trying to suck a bottle. “Good baby...very good baby,” Cassie stated moving away so his parents could come over to her.

“Give Grammy a kiss baby,” Ryan said watching her growing hard as she kissed his mother. “Now Gramps,” he said with a smile at his dad’s wry look before kissing her fully.

“Grammy and Gramps want to see all of baby,” Olivia stated pulling the top of her dress down letting her breasts out. “So pretty, yes very, very pretty,” she stated lifting the skirt further to see her pussy. “A true baby pussy...this little pussy has to be very good for daddy.”

“Yes, baby’s pussy for daddy...baby loves daddy.”

“Yes you do, now show off for us,” Olivia said, and she moved further onto the bar, crawling so they could see her breasts hang slightly and spread her legs wide showing off her pussy and ass. “I think it’s time to spoil baby,” she said glancing at Ryan who agreed.

“Come here baby doll,” he said having her crawl over to him. He turned her so her ass and pussy were facing the room and put the pacifier back into her mouth. “Baby gets a treat, but baby knows not to come,” he reminded her, and she nodded cooing around the pacifier.

“Daddy’s decision...” she agreed her eyes closing when he started playing with her tits. She was wet and he rubbed her, spreading her pussy wider with a hand and she felt a tongue lick her, a thumb rubbing against her hood and it made her wetter. She knew it wasn’t his tongue, wasn’t his fingers playing with her, but she didn’t mind it.

“Baby like?” Ryan asked as she sucked harder on the pacifier.

“Yes daddy,” she cooed. “Baby like.”

“Baby want more?” he asked, and she nodded.

“Please daddy...baby want more,” she agreed, and he lifted her from the bar carrying her towards the other room. He sat her in a swing, and she let him adjust her just how he wanted her, pushing her skirt up and the top of her dress down as he pulled her arms out to the side, leaving them down to play with cocks. He took out the pacifier gag, slid it onto her, and kissed her nose.

“Now baby gets to be played with by everyone, be fucked in the little ass if they want, but only daddy gets to fuck baby in the pussy,” he promised her stepping back behind her, cupping her breasts again as his mom and dad headed over to her. “Be nice to Grammy and Gramps baby doll.”

“Yes daddy,” she said around the pacifier. She sucked on it as Olivia again began to lick and finger her and Thomas joined in rubbing her pussy with his thumb while his other hand went to her ass and began to stretch her open.

Ryan stepped away moving until he could see her face and watched them fuck her. Sam led Bridget over to her and had her suck on Megan’s tit while he stuck his cock in her hand. Angela and Mark began to play with Cassie and Neal and Greg took Claire over, having her alternate sucking his cock and Megan jerking him off.

His dad stood up undoing his pants and he saw Megan suck harder on the pacifier as he began to fuck her ass. His mom fucked her with her fingers and continued to eat her and he knew she had to be close. He grabbed her nipple clamps and moved over putting them on her as he brought her gaze around to him. “Baby likes being the center of attention and being played with, doesn’t she?”

“Yes daddy...” she said trying to control herself. “Baby want more...please daddy...”

“In a bit...daddy wants to watch baby come for Grammy and Gramps.”

“Can I daddy? Please can I come daddy...”

“Not yet...baby can wait and be spoiled more,” he told her keeping a close eye on her knowing when she was ready to crack.

“ Please daddy ...please can baby come... please ...” she begged as her feet pointed down, her thighs shaking, her neck tensing and she’d never looked so pretty to him.

“Come for Grammy and Gramps...come for daddy,” he agreed, and she let out a cry around the gag making his mom smile.

“Very strong little pussy,” she said soothing her clit with her thumb. “I know why daddy likes it so much.”

“I think baby needs a bottle,” Mark said watching them.

“Or two...or three,” Greg agreed.

He moved over to them, pulling her arms back behind her, clipping the wrist straps together after sliding a harness around her upper half adjusting her so she was suspended in the air her face looking down at the floor. He slid the gag off her and watched as the men took turns having her suck their cocks, part of the girls helping keep them going while the others began to lick and suck Megan’s pussy.

He saw Cassie put on a harness and headed over taking out the double dong. He had her gently insert it into her, letting Megan know it was just a dildo before again

sitting back and watching her.

“You’re not going to play with your baby or anyone else?” Angela asked him as Mark shot a load down her throat.

“Not yet...I love watching my baby be played with as much as I love fucking my baby.”

“Well then I’m going to get in on it some more,” she said moving over pulling her mouth away from her husband’s cock and pushed it onto her pussy. “Baby needs some honey.”

Megan ate her enjoying it and then proceeded to eat Cassie after sucking the dildos she’d been fucking her with.

“Neal you could learn a thing or two from baby here,” she told her husband as Megan pushed her to a climax easily. She pulled him over to a couch and began to fuck him hard watching the others continue their play with her.

The men began fucking her ass and eating her pussy and Ryan watched with pleasure that she didn’t begin to panic at all. She took it all and did whatever they wanted her to do, just as he told her. Sam moved Bridget over and laid her across the bar, fucking her hard as he choked her and his parents played with Claire, his dad fucking her pussy as his mom made her eat her.

“Now it’s daddy’s turn to play with baby,” he stated moving over to her, sitting her back up leaving her arms locked behind her. He took out his cock and pushed into her seeping pussy and began to fuck her hard, his balls slapped against her, and she cooed for him, making him harder.

“Yes daddy...oh yes please more daddy...please fuck baby more,” she said shaking

already as he undid her arms bringing them around to her front before clipping them together again and slid them around his neck.

“Baby wants to be fucked harder?” he asked kissing her.

“Yes daddy...fuck baby good for his friends...please daddy,” she said, and he leaned her towards him letting Greg come up and slide into her stretched ass hole.

“Is this how baby wants to be fucked?” he asked as she let out a loud coo.

“Yes daddy...thank you...please more daddy,” she told him as he and Greg began to pound her on both sides.

“Where’s daddy’s good baby?” Ryan said feeling her body tighten with need to come.

“Being fucked by daddy and Uncle Greg...baby loves making daddy happy...can baby come for daddy?” she asked as her pussy gripped him tighter.

“No...baby only comes when daddy does this time,” he stated hammering his point home as Greg groaned unloading in her ass. His dad slid over and took his place making Megan whimper slightly as she was stretched even further.

“Gramps’ baby is so tight he barely fits,” Thomas said. “It’s going to make Gramps come very fast so baby should make daddy come too,” he suggested using her breasts for leverage in his play.

“Daddy wants to come for baby, please daddy,” she said sticking out her bottom lip.

“Please come for baby...baby wants his cum all over her pretty panties.”

“Fuck baby doll,” Ryan groaned as she pouted. “Make Gramps come...” he

whispered into her ear, and she squeezed him as Ryan kissed her.

“Yes baby, such a good girl,” Thomas groaned spewing down Olivia’s throat as he came.

“Now it’s daddy’s turn to come,” Ryan said kissing her again as he let go of his control and simply went with it. He slammed his hips into hers and jerked spewing into her little pussy and he groaned, “Come for daddy...come now baby doll.”

Megan relaxed her body, and she convulsed around him tremors running through her even after he left her body and simply held her. “Thank you, daddy...baby loves you.”

“Daddy loves you too baby doll, daddy always will,” he promised, and she smiled against his shoulder knowing he would, and he’d always protect her the way he did tonight, last week, last month, at graduation and the other cabin, the first night he’d taken her...he always thought about her and loved her and that was enough for her. She didn’t care what anyone else thought. She was his and that was all that mattered to her.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:09 am*

Ryan slipped up behind Megan, his arms wrapping around her waist, pulling her back against his hard body. “Happy anniversary, baby doll.”

“Happy anniversary, daddy,” she said with a happy sigh, looking out the window at the stunning view. Ryan brought her to Bora Bora for their tenth anniversary and she couldn’t imagine anything better than spending the week in the warm tropical space.

“Daddy bought his baby doll a new outfit for swimming,” he teased, his hands running up and down her still trim, lithe body. She enjoyed going to the gym with him and needing to stay strong to protect her, kept him going back to it, keeping them both in shape despite the ten years that had passed since he’d first made her his.

“Is it for public swimming or private swimming?” Megan returned, giggling when his fingers slipped into her little shorts, strumming her clit making her moan with desperate need she never could hide.

“One for both,” he whispered against her ear, sending a shiver straight through her.

“And is the public one for daddy’s baby doll or for Ryan’s wife?” she asked moving against his fingers when they slowed.

“For daddy’s baby doll,” he answered her, making her want to see it even more because while she loved their private outfits immensely because there was very little left to the imagination, allowing him to get his hands on her quickly, the ones he bough for her to wear in public as his baby doll were some of her absolute favorites.

None of them were designed for the public to think she played little girl for her daddy



every night. They were tasteful outfits anyone might wear, but knowing her daddy picked them out for her for a specific reason, place, or idea in mind made her love them even more. Especially the swimwear because in the last ten years, he'd taken her to more beaches than she ever imagined possible to visit.

Neither of them had a plan for what they were going to do after coming back from their summer away other than being together. So when they were getting ready to head out from the mountain after the family vacation, the last thing she expected was for Thomas to ask if they wanted to do some research to help create new products for the Meyers brand. They were both surprised but not about to say no to it.

They'd traveled the world the last ten years, meeting others who enjoyed more of the play aspects of domination or humiliation than just the physical boundaries. It was incredible to find total strangers that understood her so much more than her mother ever might, and they'd made many suggestions for new products in the years since.

She still enjoyed their family vacations in the mountains, and everything that included, but mostly she loved that in the last ten years, the only man that had fucked her pussy was her daddy. That was still their boundary, and they hadn't met anyone that tried to go around it. Then again, she'd also learnt that unlike jerks like John, most of the people she'd met that were into BDSM, understood and abided by the rules and limitations others set.

Sure, there were the occasional assholes that would push it, but those were the ones who weren't allowed to play with her to start.

Her second favorite thing was selfish, but was also something she and Ryan had agreed on after their first few forays—she was the only one that got Ryan's cock. He was her daddy and only hers. Other women weren't allowed to touch it without her agreement and his approval even. There were only a few that'd gotten that in the last ten years though.

Claire and Cassie were both allowed to touch it, usually to show her what she'd get as her prize for doing whatever her daddy wanted her to do. A couple other friends they'd met were also allowed to tease her by touching it, even sucking on it, but only she got to fuck it, to feel him come as well, and she loved it.

The only place where she was more 'Ryan's wife' than her daddy's baby doll was back home when they went to see her mother who knew nothing about their sexual proclivities, or when their relationship truly started. Becky was the only person from school she kept in touch with, but even she was only half aware of what she and Ryan got up to and that's only because Ryan came in one night when she was on a video chat with Becky while they were in Prague and gave them away. He'd been holding up the sexiest little one-piece crotchless outfit that had ruffles on the butt above the cutout that left her ass bare, a pair of knee-high socks with ruffles that were pink and matched the hair ribbons that one of their new friends had designed for them.

The look on Becky's face seeing the things before Ryan managed to pull them out of view had her eyes almost bulging out of her head. She'd just laughed, telling her that they enjoyed playing daddy/little at times and Prague was known for having a hot nightlife. Her friend's shock over that little tidbit kept her mouth shut about just how much they played but it worked for them.

Her mother on the other hand barely acknowledged that they were married and gave Ryan death glares any time that he so much as touched her. Even him saving her life at graduation didn't seem to matter to her, so they made sure to keep their visits there few and very far in between.

The school admin was actually more accepting of their relationship than her mother honestly. Sure, the first time they were seen in town together, they had questions from them, but they'd played it all off as though that day at graduation changed things for them. She claimed to have reached out to Ryan a couple months after graduation, wanting to meet up with him to thank him, and from there, things

between them simply grew. As far as anyone back home knew, they were actually only celebrating their ninth anniversary and not their tenth, since they didn't quite know how to make it seem believable to have jumped straight into marriage even with what happened with John that day.

That was one person she wasn't sorry to learn was dead. He'd gotten three years in jail for aggravated sexual battery and aggravated assault but was released within eighteen months for 'good behavior' which was total bullshit. Shortly after, he'd made his way through three states, assaulting six other women that all resembled Megan, before he found where she and Ryan were staying in New York and came after her. Well...tried to come after her at least.

Thanks to the Meyers' family's business dealings, they knew a lot of people. Dangerous people, who weren't afraid to get their hands dirty, and long before he could even get eyes on her, he was the one being assaulted. Ryan never told her everything that went down, but she was certain he'd gotten in a few licks of his own before Ryan was discovered floating face down in the Huson River, his skull bashed in by what the police figured was either a baseball bat or a lead pipe. The water washed away all evidence, although it was noted that there were signs of severe trauma to John's genitals and anus that appear to have happened prior to him hitting the river where fish nibbled on him.

After what he tried to do to her, and what he had done to several others, she wasn't upset or sad to learn any of that. Simply glad she'd never have to look over her shoulder again.

"Do you want to see them and decide which plans you want to do today, and we'll save the other for later this week?" Ryan asked, lifting Megan's chin his way, adoring the happy expression in her eyes.

"Mmm, please daddy," she agreed, and he drew her back into the bedroom then

pulled out the two outfits. They were complete opposites. The one meant just for them to enjoy was little more than a baby pink colored mesh crop top that would barely cover her nipples, and the bottoms were just a band to go around her body to cover her ass and mound from direct view. It was added onto with the little choker and ribbons he could wrap in her hair or around her body wherever he wanted.

The other was what could be called a retro style bikini set. The bottoms had more coverage with a higher waist. There was a cutout in the back with a cute bright pink bow that matched the bra-style top, which matched the flowers printed on the darker blue bottoms. The top had a matching bow between the cups, and he knew she'd look incredible in it. His sweet baby doll would love playing in the water in it, letting her daddy slip his hand into that cutout in the back, teasing her when no one else was watching, making him hard until he couldn't stand it and slid the bottoms to the side in order to fuck her in the water.

"You make it so hard to decide daddy," she sighed, leaning into his side and he lifted her face to his, giving her a smile as his fingers traced over the necklace she never took off except when he insisted on getting it professionally cleaned and checked. She almost had a panic attack the first time he went to take it off her to take it in for a cleaning and it was only with his cock deep inside her, his hand on her throat promising that he'd never let her go that she agreed to it.

In return, he bought her several pretty collar style necklaces that would give her a similar feeling to his hand being there that she could wear while it was being cleaned. She liked them, but they weren't his padlock and they both knew it. Which reminded him of the gift he'd snuck into the bag before they left.

"Get a closer look at them, daddy's got something else for his baby doll," he said, giving her a quick kiss before heading into the bathroom and opened his bag to get the long thin box.

“What’s that?” Megan asked, her eyes lighting on the box as she turned his way hearing his footsteps.

“Your anniversary present,” he said with a smile as her brows lifted a bit. “The swimwear is for daddy first and foremost, you know that baby doll. This is all for you.”

“Can I open it, daddy?” she asked, and he nodded, holding onto the box so she could take off the lid, then flip open the velvet beneath it. Her little gasp made his cock harden wanting her desperately and he gave her a quick kiss as she lifted the new choker from the lining.

“I know technically the tenth anniversary is supposed to be tin, but there was no way I was going to buy you a tin necklace. Instead I went with platinum—which has tin in the word,” he teased pulling a full, amazing laugh from her as her eyes glanced over the choker and the delicate pink etching on it that was made to look like a tied bow with trailing ribbon. “Turn it over,” he added when she looked back up to him with a huge grin.

“Daddy!” she gasped at the inscription he had engraved there. He had it made by someone that was enmeshed in a similar lifestyle, so they didn’t think it strange—the design or the engraving. “I love it. It’s perfect,” she gushed launching herself into his arms and he held her tight, his lips pressing into her forehead before fluttering over each eye as she held onto him tight.

“You can wear it with daddy’s padlock, and it will match in color, or you can just wear it whenever we take the padlock in for cleaning, you can decide,” he said, smiling fully when she held it up for him, lifting her hair out of the way as she turned towards the mirror in the space.

“I wouldn’t want to wear it all the time. The pink would likely fade if I did, but I love

it, daddy,” Megan said, smiling as Ryan buckled it, his lips kissing her neck as he let it rest against her skin. “I love being daddy’s property.”

“I know you do, baby doll and daddy fucking loves that you’re my property. That’s why I had it engraved and if the pink fades, I can take it back to Micah and he’ll make it good as new,” he stated making her smile even more knowing who made it.

“I was wondering if you had to argue or were questioned why you wanted ‘Property of Daddy’ engraved in it,” she teased, laughing when he gave her neck a nip. “Careful, you’ll leave a mark and wasn’t it daddy that said he didn’t want anything marking my body?”

“Permanently marking it,” he growled at her, giving her neck another little nip. “Much as I’d love to put property of daddy all over my baby doll’s body, especially pointing towards my little pussy, I like you going out, wearing just enough to keep you covered, looking so fucking innocent that no one would have a fucking clue just how filthy I fuck my baby doll.”

“Mmm, well, then if you don’t mind something not so permanent, I might have just the thing to satisfy us both,” she mused, sending his brow upward this time. She leaned up, giving him a quick kiss before digging into her luggage, coming back with a little box. “Cassie might have given me these after our last vacation,” she added opening the box to pull out a little package of markers that sent his brow even higher. “I mentioned that you kept shooting me down whenever I suggested getting a tattoo and she texted me a few weeks later that next time we stopped in town I should check the mail. So when we were there, I found these.”

He took the box, a hint of a smile crossing his lips as he read the package. “Washable tattoo markers for skin...”

“And since the bikini bottoms you got for even our public plans are high waisted, I

could give you a hint of what I was thinking about, but you won't have to worry about it being permanent," she suggested and nodded.

"We'll do our public plans today then, because I have some very dirty ideas of my own of what to put on your skin with the other and just in case they don't wash off straight away, I won't have to worry or scrub too hard before we do the public ones then," he stated, and she didn't argue at all.

She grabbed up the new outfit, including the clothes to wear over the bikini, then headed into the bathroom with the marker. Writing on her lower belly was harder than she thought it would be, but it didn't look too bad, and thankfully, she knew enough from cheerleading to know to write it backwards, so it was legible for Ryan to read it. That wouldn't be until after he took the bikini bottoms off her though and she slipped into them and the top, adding the white sundress over it leaving both necklaces on after braiding her hair into two long pigtails.

"Damn baby doll, you look gorgeous," he groaned when she returned to him, slipping into the little white lace flats that he'd gotten out for her and they went to get something to eat before heading to the beach, enjoying the sunshine and warmth for a bit.

The water was perfect, but even more so was Ryan fucking her hard in it, while others were on the beach unaware of it. She'd wondered why the leg holes of the swim bottoms were so loose, but since they weren't likely to show anything, it hadn't bothered her one little bit. Now, she knew it was so Ryan could easily slide them to the side to fuck her and she loved it and him even more.

"Are you going to tell me what you put on my sweet little baby doll's skin?" Ryan asked as they made their way back to their bungalow late that afternoon, his lips pressing kisses to her temple.

“Daddy really wants to know?” she asked, and he nodded, making her giggle a bit as she hurried back towards the shower. “Guess you’ll have to stop me quick to find out, daddy!”

She’d no more than gotten the shower turned on when Ryan grabbed her, turning her away from the water, then whipped the dress over her head, leaving her in just the bikini once more. He shucked his own clothes, leaving him completely naked, and she let out a teasing little grin, before dropping down to lick the tip of his hard cock, distracting him while she uncapped the pen. He let out a little grunt but didn’t stop her as she scrawled down his cock ‘baby doll’s only’.

“Always, Meggie,” he promised and fuck, she loved that nickname just as much as his baby dolls.

“Daddy wants to see what’s on his baby doll?” she said, unclipping the bikini top quickly, letting it drop before doing a little spin around, showing him she hadn’t touched anything there, not that it would be easy to reach her back anyway, but she stayed facing away from him as she slipped the bottoms off, happy to see that the water hadn’t smudged the ink as she glanced down her front. The markers claimed it required soap to remove and that they were water resistant, and she could see that much was true.

“Megan...” he said, his voice deep with warning and she turned back to face him after kicking her feet free from her bottoms.

“What do you think daddy?” she questioned, running her fingertips all around the top and sides of where she’d marked herself.

“Meggie! Are you...you’re sure?” he asked, and she nodded, giggling when he swept her up into his arms, moving them into the warm water as his mouth claimed hers, his cock sliding deep inside her, making her moan.



“Daddy, please,” she cried as he drove her straight up to the ledge, his body pulling away from her slightly making her quiver.

“Come for me, baby doll, let daddy fill your sweet pussy up again,” Ryan urged her, feeling her body tightening up as she tried to hold off on her orgasm. He didn’t want that at all. He wanted her coming over and over, her body so relaxed that it would certainly take his deposits and make them a baby.

Those three little words written on her belly nearly sent him blind. That ‘deposit for baby’ the sexiest thing ever.

“Daddy!” she shouted in his ear, and he didn’t bother waiting, he came deep and hard inside her, holding her close as they both came down from their high.

He didn’t let her feet touch the floor as he washed them, getting the salt from their skin before striding back to the bed with her still on his hard cock. He slid a pillow under her hips, then took her slowly, gently, loving every bit of her as he held her gaze seeing the love he felt for her returned entirely, the desire and need for him, his body, as well as the baby he’d been dying to make for the last two years in it.

It took them up and over three more times, until he collapsed next to her, pulling her legs over his hip as he propped himself up on his side, looking down at her with a full smile. Her eyes fluttered, a little giggle slipping from her lips when he pressed his liquid gold back inside her pussy, plugging it with his thumb.

“I don’t really think that’ll increase your chances, daddy,” she teased, and he gave her fingers that were running over his chest a nip making her laugh again.

“You’re sure you want this, baby doll? You’re not just doing it for me?” he asked, and she nodded. “Words Meggie. I need to hear your words.”

“I’m sure, daddy,” she replied, her eyes softening, face relaxing as she leaned up towards him and he met her halfway with a long, slow kiss. “I’m ready Ryan,” she promised when she pulled back, relaxing back into the mound of pillows. “Two years ago, even last year, I wasn’t. Something inside me just wasn’t ready to think about us ever being more than just you and me. I really thought it was going to become a breaking point for us,” she added making his heart ache hearing the worry in her voice.

“Never, baby doll. Yes, I wanted a baby with you, a piece of you and me mixed together for us to love, to be daddy for in a completely different way than I am for you, Meggie, but if I had to choose between having you as mine or having a baby, I’ll always, always choose you. Never doubt that. If you’re only...”

“No,” she said, stopping his words instantly, shocking him because not once in the last ten years had she ever used the word no with him. Not even in everyday things when it wouldn’t matter. She’d avoid it entirely, using ‘I don’t think so’ or ‘not for me’ type phrases to get the same point across and it hit him deep inside hearing that word now, especially with this discussion.

“Baby doll...”

“This isn’t just for you, Ryan. When I told you I wasn’t ready to even discuss it last year, I saw your disappointment and it hurt me to think there was anything that could come between us. But I truly wasn’t ready to even think about being responsible for someone else’s life, especially not a baby that would be dependent on me, and it had absolutely nothing to do with you or thinking that our relationship would change because of it. I just couldn’t see myself as a mother. I started to ask myself then if I meant I just couldn’t see it happening then or if I meant ever. Which brought back discussions I’ve had with Claire and Cassie and their reasons for not having them, and your mom and Angela on the topic of kids and how they fit into their lifestyle. I love being Aunt Megan to Angela and Mark’s kids, seeing them when we’re in town,

and I never felt pressured by her or your mom to agree to have them.”

“I’m glad you never felt that way, baby doll, because I’d be pissed if they ever made you question your decision,” he said stroking her cheek as he leaned closer to her, whispering a kiss over her face.

“Claire’s reason to not have kids might be completely different than Cassie’s but I understand both—but I couldn’t see their reasons being enough for me to keep refusing to even have the conversation,” Megan said, and he fought to keep from letting his full smile out hearing that. “If I was in Claire’s shoes, sure, maybe I’d seriously think it’s better to not have kids than to risk having ones with serious medical conditions that might not even make it to being born. But when faced with asking myself if I wanted to be like Cassie and simply not want kids to not have to think of anyone but me—and making my husband give me what I want—the answer was a big fat...”

“No,” he offered when she gave him a grin.

“Yeah...so then I had to ask myself why I kept pushing the conversation away even and I finally had to admit that I was scared. Scared that I wouldn’t be enough, good enough to be a mom, to be loved by a baby because of everything with my mom...”

“Meggie,” he groaned gathering her up against his heart, rocking her when he spotted the tears in her eyes. “No baby doll, not a chance.”

She nodded against his chest, her hand resting on his heart and he felt her smile calming his worries.

“I know. It hit me how much I did want it when we were in Venice about ten months ago. We were at that little café just enjoying the day when that toddler almost fell into the canal. Seeing you with him in your arms, I wanted so badly for that to be you and

with our baby in them. I was still scared though. I knew if I tried to talk about it with you, you'd make it make sense but then I worried a bit that I'd agree to it more for you than even myself, so I decided to call Julia instead to talk it through. Which led us to semi-regular discussions—I wouldn't necessarily call them therapy sessions since we're a little closer to her and Aaron than most therapists should be with their clients," she added making him chuckle, pressing a kiss to her temple. "She gave me some things to think about, through, and it really helped. So yes, I'm sure that I'm not doing this just for you. I want this just as much Ryan. I want your baby. While we were in New York, I stopped by the doctor's office and had my IUD removed. I debated about how to tell you and if it wasn't normal protocol for them to destroy them after removal, I might have given it to you as your present.

I figured me telling you that it was out, and you could potentially get me pregnant would be a present you'd like even more than me buying you something."

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:09 am*

“You thought right, baby doll, so right,” he promised, kissing his way down her face until he got to her lips, keeping them beneath his for a very long time.

“So, did daddy change his mind about letting his baby doll get something permanent on her body?” Megan teased when Ryan finally lifted his mouth from hers, loving the way his eyes darkened at her words.

“ Whose body?” he returned, pulling her over his lap before impaling her on his thick, hungry cock again.

“Your body, daddy, will you let me have something permanent on your body?” she questioned. “Or at least something permanent from your body?” she added at his grunted sounding no.

“Yes, take it from daddy’s body and put it in yours, baby doll. Daddy knows you’ll take such good care of it for nine months,” he added, and it made her break so quickly it was almost scary. She could never be scared in his arms though and she slept in them with ease that night and all of the others during their trip. Especially after he used the markers on her and gave her the most amazing play in their private pool.

They left Bora Bora and went onto Australia visiting friends they’d met that lived there before finally making their way back to the US for the annual family vacation nearly three months later. As much as they’d both wanted for her to get pregnant on their anniversary trip, they’d both known the chance of it happening with her just having the IUD removed was slim and hadn’t let themselves be disappointed when she’d gotten her period a couple weeks later.

She hadn't had one since then though and as they stopped in New York for a few days to adjust to being back in the US before the family vacation, she finally gave in and took the test. The positive on it made her grin and she quickly got into her doctor, taking a surprised Ryan with her.

"Congratulations mama," their nurse said coming into the room after doing her urine dip. "From the looks of things you'd likely be around nine weeks so we're going to set up the ultrasound and see what we can find."

"I think you forgot to tell me something, baby doll," Ryan whispered, and she grinned up at him with a little shrug that made his eyes glitter with warning. There was a promise of a punishment in them and while she really got off on his praises, especially after a bit of humiliation still, his punishments were just too good to be good all the time.

"I'm sorry, daddy," she teased, giving him the innocent little look that simply made his eyes glitter further and she knew they'd have a good night just the two of them.

"You will be when I have daddy's sweet little ass under my hands, baby doll," he stated into her ear as the nurse got things set up in the space.

"Alright, I'll get the ultrasound tech to come in, we'll be doing a transvaginal one, so you'll need to remove your underwear. You can keep your skirt on," her nurse said, and she nodded, fighting to keep the color out of her cheeks at the glittering look in Ryan's eyes because she wasn't wearing any. Well, she had been, but he'd ripped them off her in the car on their way here before eating her pussy, using them to jerk off into when they were stuck in traffic. Thank god their driver was a normal one or they'd have a lot of explaining to do when they got here from the way she'd begged daddy to make her come.

Ryan's little huff and move to block the male ultrasound tech when he began to move between her legs made her swoon, and she blushed a bit when he insisted on inserting

it rather than the tech who thankfully didn't seem offended. The tech couldn't even see anything with the sheet draped over her lap, but they definitely did when he turned the TV on the wall on, showing them the images he was capturing.

"The doctor will be in to go over the scan, but everything looks right on target with the date estimates," he said before leaving them alone in the room and she didn't even argue when Ryan lifted her onto his lap, giving her a long, thorough kiss that her doctor eventually interrupted.

"Well at least you all are still dressed," Dr. Smythe said settling into a seat across from them. "I can tell this is happy news for you both, so let's go over a few things and then you all can go home and continue doing what you were in private."

Megan rested into Ryan's arms, listening to her going over the ultrasound and she smiled more when Ryan asked about limitations surprising the woman. "My wife and I enjoy a very happy and extremely healthy sex life," he explained making her blush a bit even after everything he'd done to her, that they'd done with others somehow. "It can get a little...involved, so if there's anything that should be off limits, I'd like to know."

"Unless issues arise, there's no reason to not continue having enjoyable or even vigorous sex," Dr. Smythe said making her giggle into Ryan's neck at her response.

"You're my sister's—Angela Conley—doctor, so I assume that you're familiar with our family's business," Ryan said holding the woman's gaze and she slowly nodded, covering a laugh with a cough.

"Yes, well, I wouldn't suggest doing anything that would involve suspension and something where mama's belly is bound would certainly not be suggested, beyond that, unless there are other pregnancy complications, which doesn't appear to be the case right now, everything else is pretty much fair game still. There may be things that are normally pleasurable that may not be while pregnant or vice versa. The

importance is to maintain communication between yourselves, honest communication. You'll want to watch for any swelling in the ankles, legs, feet, hands and wrists and accommodate for them, and it's quite common for pregnant women to develop hemorrhoids so you'll want to be very careful if you're adding that into your play. I will also caution you about clean play—sanitary play,” she added as Ryan’s brow lifted a hint. “With the changing hormones it’s very easy for infections to start, so be mindful about that. If there are specific questions you’re more than welcome to ask me and I’ll answer as best as I can, and if I don’t know, I’ll say so.”

“I think that cover most of mine right now,” Ryan said, his lips kissing her forehead again before he tilted her face up to his. “Is there anything you want to know, baby doll?”

“Not right now, daddy,” she said, biting her tongue a bit because usually she avoided calling him that around anyone not closely familiar with their lifestyle, but Ryan’s eyes just twinkled, completely relaxing her.

“Good girl,” he whispered against her ear as he lifted her up off his lap, dropping a kiss onto her lips before they headed out and she couldn’t keep the smile off her lips when they arrived at the cabin.

It was gorgeous, trees were still mostly green, but a few had started to turn already, and she sighed resting into his hold nearly the same as she had on their anniversary trip, but this time, his hand was on her belly making her grin.

“Do you want to tell your mom and dad while we’re here?” she asked as they got ready for dinner later that evening. She was waiting to see what he was going to dress her in this year because she always loved it—and everything they got into with the others as insane as it might seem to anyone else.

“Unless you don’t want to tell everyone, yes, I was going to tell them, so they know they have to be very careful with my baby doll this year. Especially because her little



titties are extra sore, aren't they, baby doll?" he stated, gently tracing around them and she nodded, moaning softly because even just that made her hurt but also ache in such a good way.

"I take it that also means no swing this year," she teased, earning a kiss that made her extremely wet and thankful that she wasn't dressed just yet.

"Nothing that might hurt my baby doll or our baby. When it's just us we can still play with the swing, but with the group, it'd be too easy for them to get caught up and forget. So this year, you stay next to daddy entirely. I won't deny you time to play, especially if it means getting my little pussy licked more than normal, because it's being such a good girl and growing our baby, but daddy needs you next to him and needs to be able to touch you the entire time to know you're okay," he stated and she didn't argue then or when he dressed her, making sure her breasts were better supported than normal in the little cap sleeve baby doll dress. Beneath it she was wearing crotchless ruffled panties with a new pair of knee-high ruffy socks, with flat Mary Janes because Ryan didn't want her feet hurting from wearing heels, which made her love him even more.

He helped her do up her hair in the pigtails still and she loved the final look, especially next to him in his leather pants and somehow even tighter tee. He was more gorgeous at thirty-eight than he was at twenty-eight when they first came here.

Ryan kept his arm around Megan as they moved into the main lodge, his lips pressing into her temple seeing they were likely one of the last ones here this year. His sister's brow lifted as her eyes slid over Megan, resting on her feet for an extra minute and he understood because usually he bought her a new pair of heels, usually Mary Jane type ones, for her to wear to the party that matched her outfit.

"There's our girl. How was Bora Bora and Australia?" his mom asked, giving Megan a hug before turning to him with one and he dropped a kiss onto her cheek before the others came over to greet them. There wasn't anyone there that didn't already know

Megan, didn't know she was his baby doll and their normal rules which let him relax more until everyone was ready for dinner. They generally tried to get around to it first, but years when someone new was there—like when he first brought Megan home with him—food wasn't nearly as appealing as feeding their pleasures was.

“It was amazing. Daddy made his baby doll so happy with new outfits and my new necklace,” Megan told his mom showing it off and he dropped a kiss onto her temple, his arm holding her closer than even normal.

“Did you get so wrapped up in getting her a decent tenth anniversary present you forgot about vacation attire?” Angela asked and he shook his head no, dropping another kiss onto Megan's temple turning her further into his hold.

“No, I bought this one two days ago to make sure my baby doll was comfortable the entire night. It's only fair that I ensure she's as pain free as possible since my anniversary present was her telling me that she'd gotten her IUD removed,” he added bringing a few little surprised gasps from around the table. “And since the doctor says she's just over nine and a half weeks now, the only thing my baby doll needs to worry about is how many orgasms she can take before passing out in daddy's arms.”

“You're pregnant?” Angela squealed and Megan nodded, turning further into him as the other descended on her, making him puff with pride that she did it even though she knew she was safe.

“Finally convinced her huh?” Greg asked patting his shoulder after giving Megan a warm, happy hug letting Claire give her one of her own.

“I hadn't brought it up in about a year. I didn't want to fight about it, especially not on our anniversary trip, so I told myself to wait until after the trip here this year and then I'd get her to tell me why she didn't want to discuss it. Only, she told me herself that she had been thinking about it, wanted it and even talked to someone that happens to be a licensed therapist for some guidance on how to work through what

she needed to in order to be ready for it. After all of that, no way was I going to begin to let her be in any type of pain that wasn't a pleasurable type this year. Which also means, there's a few new rules this time," he added, but no one argued, not even when he refused to let her out of his arms most of the time.

He simply couldn't then and especially not when her belly grew big and round, her breasts swelling, reminding him of when his baby doll would sit in his classroom, pushing out her chest for him to notice her in her sexy push-up bras. Her nipples were extra sensitive, perhaps a bit too much, sending her into labor at three days shy of forty weeks when he tugged on the clamps as he came hard inside her even sweeter little pussy.

"I'm sorry, baby doll. Tell daddy it's not as bad as it seems," he whispered to her as she breathed through a long contraction.

"Your balls are going in a vise for six weeks after this," she growled back at him as it finally faded and he kissed everywhere he could reach, hiding his smile. He'd let her do whatever she wanted to him after this. Even get snipped so she wouldn't ever have to do it again.

Something she adamantly refused when she was finally resting comfortably later that night, their little girl in her arms just as beautiful as her mama. "No way is our little Skylar going to be an only child," she said making his brow lift at the name that wasn't on their list of potential baby names. Megan had wanted to be surprised if it was a boy or a girl, so they hadn't found out which left them with a long list of potential baby names.

"Skylar Rose," he said giving her a grin, not about to argue it after watching her go through labor.

"Perfect, but I know if she's our only and your little girl, she'll be so spoiled I won't be able to deal with it and daddy doesn't want his baby doll upset, does he?" she

teased him with a little pout that he couldn't resist. Not then or two years later when they were back in the hospital, a new little girl in her arms arguing over names this time.

"Why don't you like Brooklyn any longer?" he finally asked with a little laugh. "It's the name you've insisted on for the last two months, baby doll."

"She just not a Brooklyn," she said, pressing a soft kiss to their little girl's head. "You're the one that slipped up, got the tech to confirm she was a girl so it's really your fault, daddy."

"Is that right? Fine, Brooklyn's out, so what do you want to name her now?" he asked, not angry over it even though it meant he'd have to take the present he'd bought Megan back to be redone with their little one's new name.

"Everly," she said, tracing their little girl's face and just looking at her, he knew it was perfect.

"Everly Jade," he suggested, and the smile on Megan's face was everything he'd ever wanted to see in her from the moment he knew she wasn't just someone he wanted to enjoy fucking but wanted as his for always.

"If we have a boy, I'll let you pick his name," she said later that night after he'd accidentally dropped what was supposed to be the present for her, which had him admitting he'd had a new necklace made last week with their girls' names on the back of the padlock. Megan's, Skylar's and their new baby's birthstones glittering on the front.

"You want to give me another still?" he asked holding her close and she nodded, resting her head on his shoulder smiling contently to simply hold their sweet little Everly. "Well then, I really hope it's a boy and I'll be super nice and not choose the name Michael."

“Oh god, please daddy, never,” she laughed.

“Well, what about Zackary?” he said watching her eyes brighten further. “It was my favorite of our original boy names.”

“Zackary Ryan...I like that. I guess it’s up to you to make it happen now, daddy,” she added and nineteen months later, he did just that, holding her as their little boy came into the world, just as perfect and incredible as his older sisters that they adored.

“Now, am I going to have to remind you about our deal?” he asked as the nurse gave them the paperwork to fill out the birth certificate.

“Never daddy,” she said, and he dropped a kiss onto her lips loving that she still didn’t use the word no with him, even if it was the simplest response because she truly was his good girl. The biggest temptation of his life turned out to be the best and he’d never regret giving into that temptation—not now, not ever. His life was too incredible to wish for anything different.