

Sexual Snippets: Homework

Pracheeti

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Avanti had not done her homework. There was nothing so extraordinary about that. After all, you can't expect perfect obedience from teenagers. But what annoyed her teacher was that the girl's face did not exhibit even the slightest bit of guilt or regret. That made Mr. Joshi lose his temper and Avanti was subjected to a long, humiliating tirade in front of the entire class.

Avanti was not feeling guilty, but she was annoyed by the situation. It wasn't really her fault. She had intended to do her homework the previous night, after dinner. She had wasted a little bit of time playing with her cellphone, but after about half an hour, she was about to get down to work.

That was when her father had grabbed her from behind and started to tickle her. She had tried to protest and tell him that she needed to focus on her homework, but all those arguments were lost in the giggles that he forced out of her. He had lifted her up and carried her to the bed, tickling her all the while. He pinned her down and though she struggled with all her might, she couldn't break free.

She sighed but couldn't suppress a grin. Daddy always acted goofy like this when her Mom was out on tour. Mom was pretty much the disciplinarian of the house. She always kept an eye on Avanti's school work and she would have never allowed such shenanigans until all the homework was done.

In Avanti's defence though, she did struggle to put an end to it. She only stopped struggling when Daddy kissed her on the lips. At just about the same time, she became aware of his erection as it pressed down on her thigh through his pajama bottoms. The sensation sent the hormones racing through her young body and suddenly it no longer made any sense to keep struggling. She wrapped

her arms around his neck and kissed him back, opening her mouth to let his tongue slither in. She did not resist at all when he pulled off her t-shirt and shorts. And as for her bra and panties, she actually helped him take them off.

There was no need for much foreplay. After just a couple of minutes of kissing and caressing, she began to struggle to get his clothes off as quickly as possible. Her young slit was drooling and she wanted his fat cock inside her as quickly as possible. He did not hold back either. He tossed his clothes around randomly as they came off and hurriedly positioned his cock between her thighs. A swift, quick thrust and they both moaned in pleasure. She hugged him tightly, gasping for breath as her heart thumped away, almost bursting with joy and lust.

When he began to move inside her, she whimpered and just held on as tightly as she could. This was hardly the first time, but as always, she was overwhelmed by the sensations and emotions. She felt overpowered by his strength and his passion, and yet she knew she was safe with him. She was safer with him than anyone else in the world. After all, he was her father.

As he kissed her, she could feel the intensity of his hunger. It scared her for a moment, but she felt happy at once knowing that she could satisfy it. It made her happy to know he had come to her with a need that she could fulfill. Crushed as she was under his weight, she began to try to move her pelvis, grinding against him. She was going to make him come. And she was going to do it again and again and again. And then she raced away with him to the first of many orgasms.

When she woke up in the morning, she was alone in her bed. He had left after she had fallen asleep. She couldn't remember how many times they had done it. She just remembered the searing kisses, the warmth of his flesh, the sensation of having his fat cock repeatedly ploughing her cunt and the heady scent of their sexual juices. She could still smell his scent, which was hardly a surprise since he had left her thighs and her sheets covered with semen. He could have cleaned her up before he left, but he knew she liked to fall asleep like that, covered with the evidence of his love for her.

Avanti sighed with relief as Mr. Joshi eventually finished his rant and let her sit down. Some of his words rankled in her mind. He had called her "irresponsible". She had not been irresponsible. Sometimes, there are things more important than homework. Her father had needed her so much last night, particularly since Mummy wasn't there to take care of him. What was she supposed to do? She could have struggled harder and told him that she had homework to do. He would have left her alone if she had done that. But would that have been the *right* thing for her to do? Daddy never turned her away when she felt that special itch between her legs. Even after a hard day at work, if she just told him that she was horny, he always found the energy and did his best for her.

Avanti did not regret her actions one bit. She silently glared at her teacher for a couple of minutes and then put it all out of her mind. She was a good student and she could afford to mess up her homework once in a while. What she couldn't afford was to suffer the guilt of letting her Daddy down. Being humiliated in class was not fun, but she knew that when she got home, Daddy would do his best to make her feel better. She could always count on him for that.

This story was posted at www.asstr.org under the author profile named Pracheeti. Feedback may be sent to <pracheetix@gmail.com>.
