

# New Daughter

by Daddycums

*(Mf, inc, rom, slow, mild nc)*

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# Chapter 1

## An Unexpected Responsibility

*What the hell am I doing in the Department of Social Services?* I wondered as I sat in the office staring out the window. All I knew was that I had received a mysterious phone call last night from a Mrs. Forrest, who had asked to meet me here today.

It wasn't my first visit. I had been here once before, though at least the first time I had known what it was about. I had noticed some bruises on the arm of one of the girls that I taught at the junior high. I reported it as any good teacher would, an investigation was launched, and it turned out the girl's father had been abusing her. They had taken her away from her parents, and I had had to come down here to make a statement.

But here it was the beginning of July, and I hadn't so much as seen any of my students in a month. So obviously it couldn't be about one of them. Not unless one of the more obnoxious ones had made a false report against me. It wasn't unheard of, but then, I had never been the type of teacher to make enemies of my students. Most of them liked me, as far as I knew. And that would fall under the jurisdiction of the police, since I wasn't their parent or guardian.

I sighed. My imagination was getting the better of me. I was just cranky because my girlfriend had just left me two weeks ago. At twenty-seven years of age, it was time for me to be thinking about settling down, giving up my bachelor's ways. Now I was without prospects, and too burnt-out on the social scene to get back into it. That explained my mood, but it didn't explain why I was here.

I had been sitting there for about ten minutes when a woman, probably in her early forties, entered the room. She had a kind face and a warm smile that immediately put me at ease.

"Good morning, Mr. Nelson," she said. "My name is Margaret Forrest. We talked on the phone last night."

I stood and shook her hand, then we both sat down.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting. You're probably wondering why we called you to come down here," she said.

"I admit I'm curious."

"I suppose I could have told you over the phone, but in cases like these I feel it's much better to explain it to you face to face."

"Cases like these?" I asked.

"Does the name Rebecca Parker mean anything to you?"

That surprised me; the only Rebecca Parker I had ever known had been my girlfriend in junior high. But that had been fourteen years ago.

"Should it?" I asked instead.

"We have it on good authority that you dated her some time ago."

"Well, yeah, when I was thirteen. I haven't seen Becky since her parents pulled her out of school. What's going on?"

"Rebecca Parker passed away a couple of months ago."

Her answer certainly didn't clarify the situation; if anything, it just confused me even more.

"Why tell me this?" I asked. "I mean, it's sad and everything--"

"The only thing sad about it is that it didn't happen sooner."

"What?" I exclaimed, shocked. That wasn't what I would expect to hear from a social worker.

"You misunderstand me," said Margaret. "It's not that I have no respect for the dead, or that I disliked her personally. I didn't even know her. But the truth is, her boyfriend was sexually abusing her daughter. With the consent of the mother, I might add. Troy Hamilton was a very bad man, and I'm not convinced Rebecca Parker was much better. It was only her death by overdose of heroin that put an end to that horrible situation for her daughter Kimberly. You'll be happy to know that Troy is behind bars now; as soon as Kimmy was taken into our custody she told us what had been going on, and Troy confessed as part of a plea bargain to get his sentence reduced. He's still going to be locked away for a very long time."

"That's good," I said. "A man like that deserves nothing less."

"So now the only thing left to do is take care of Kimmy. She's been living in a foster home for the past couple of months, while we searched for her family. Rebecca's parents are both deceased, so we've been searching for Kimmy's father. That's where you come in."

My eyes opened wide with shock, and I think my mouth even dropped open. "What do you mean?" I demanded. "I can't be her father. I told you, I haven't seen Becky for fourteen years."

"Do you recall why her parents pulled her out of school?"

"Yeah, she got pregnant."

"By whom?" asked Margaret.

"Wait. Do you mean...?" Suddenly, there it was. That pregnancy, which was my responsibility, had resulted in a baby girl, a girl she had named Kimberly.

"Oh my god," I breathed as the full import of it hit me.

"It's a little overwhelming, isn't it?" said Margaret.

"More than a little."

"So now we've found you, and--"

"And nothing," I interrupted. "I can't take care of her. I don't have any experience raising a child."

"She's not a child. She's a teenager."

"Okay, so I have no experience raising a teenager."

"Neither do any parents when their first child reaches that age."

"But... I'm not wealthy, I don't have a wife... what am I supposed to do with her?"

"You're supposed to be a father to her. That's what she needs right now more than anything."

"I'm sorry, but I just can't do this."

"Mr. Nelson, you're a school teacher. Junior high, in fact. You realize of course, that that makes you particularly qualified. You know how to deal with kids of that age."

"That's beside the point."

"And with school out for the summer, you'll have plenty of spare time to get to know her."

"Look, I'm not going to take her, and that's final."

"You're going to refuse her? After what she's been through?"

"That's not fair. And it's not going to work, either."

Margaret stared at me for a minute, then finally shrugged. "All right. If that's the way you feel, why don't you tell her yourself? We've got her in another room. I'll bring her in right now."

"You think you're going to make me feel guilty? Fine. Bring her in, and I'll tell her right to her face."

She stood up, and without a word, left the room.

I sighed. Maybe I was being too harsh. It wasn't that I didn't want to accept the responsibility for my mistake. When Becky had admitted to me that she was pregnant, I was willing to do whatever it took to make things right. I wasn't going to abandon her when she needed me most. Unfortunately, her parents refused to have anything to do with me once they found out. They had pulled her out of the junior high and home-schooled

her instead, and wouldn't even let me call her.

Perhaps if not for the timing, I might be willing to take care of Kimmy, but things were bad enough in my life right now. The last thing I needed was to take on more responsibility. Especially a teenage girl! Most parents had years to prepare themselves for raising a teenager. It took that long to build up love and trust between the parents and their children. Suddenly being forced to take care of a girl this age would be hell on her *and* me!

She would probably turn out to be some bratty girl who smoked and swore and had sex with every boy she knew. I could just imagine her, with her dyed black hair, heavy makeup, pierced lips, and queen-bitch-of-the-universe attitude. Not that it would be her fault, coming from such a background as Margaret had described. I almost felt sorry for this girl that I didn't even know. Almost.

But that was all the more reason not to dump her in my lap. Let her be adopted by someone who actually *wanted* her. If I took her in, she would always know it was only out of duty, and that she was living with someone who didn't really want to take care of her. No child deserved that.

The door opened, and Margaret entered again. I glanced down in surprise at the young girl at her side that was completely opposite in every way to the girl in my imagination. This was no goth-punk-vampire girl who hated life and wanted everyone to know it.

Immediately I could tell the resemblance to her mother. She had the same long, straight, brown hair, large brown eyes, and pouty lips that had attracted me to Becky in the first place. If anything, this girl was even more beautiful. She wore a plain green blouse and light blue skirt that made her look like a nice, wholesome, innocent girl.

She stared at me for a second with those big brown eyes, and I recognized that look. I don't think I'm conceited when I say that I'm a very handsome man. I've always had fine, strong features, and I work out daily so I'm in good shape. Half the girls in my classes are madly in love with me. The first couple of years that I taught school their flirting bothered me, but I learned to ignore it and keep my relationship with them professional. While I admit that I've been attracted to more than a few of them despite their age, I knew that if I were to do anything to them I would be no better than Troy Hamilton.

The little girl in front of me wore that same look that I had seen on the girls in my class the first day of school.

"Daddy?" she asked, in a subdued but hopeful tone. Her voice matched her face perfectly. It was soft and sweet, the kind of voice that one could listen to for hours without growing weary of it.

I nodded.

She suddenly burst into tears, then dashed over to me. I rose to my feet just in time for her to throw her arms around me and sob into my chest.

"I knew one day you would come for me," she cried.

I felt my resolve weakening. How could I refuse such a sweet, vulnerable girl? What kind of a man would I be if I threw her out of my life the moment I met her?

But I had already made up my mind. It wasn't fair for them to suddenly burden me with this girl.

"Kimmy," I said. "Is that what you like to be called?"

"You can call me whatever you want," she said.

"All right. Kimmy it is. Look, I... well..."

She lifted her head and stared up at me, the hope in her eyes turning to worry. "You... you do want me, don't you?" she asked.

"Well... how can I put this...?"

"But you have to!" she said. "All these years, with all the bad things that have happened to me, only one thing has kept me going. The thought that one day my daddy would come and take me away from it all. I've dreamt about you, about you coming to rescue me from all the bad things. All I've ever wanted is someone to love me and care for me and wrap his arms around me and protect me. Please, don't send me away. I'll do anything you want if you'll keep me. Just give me a chance!" She was back in tears again by this point, and I felt horrible for hurting her like that. She buried her face in my chest and sobbed.

I knew now that I couldn't reject her. She had no one else to turn to, and if I were to refuse to take her, I would rob her of the one happy thought she had ever had in her life.

I knelt down in front of her and took her by the shoulders, looking into her eyes. "Kimmy, I'm going to tell you something, and I want you to listen carefully. You seem to have it in your head that I'm some kind of perfect person. Maybe your guardian angel. You have this image of me, and I'm afraid I can't possibly measure up to it. That means I'm going to disappoint you. No matter how hard I try, I'm going to make mistakes, and you're going to realize I'm not the man you think I am. I'll never be as bad as Troy, but I'm still a human being, and I have weaknesses. Do you understand that?"

She nodded.

"Then I'm going to make this your decision. Now that you know that, do you still want to be with me?"

She threw her arms around my neck. "I want to be with you forever, Daddy," she said.

I glanced up at Margaret, who had a smile on her face and tears in her eyes. "That was a nasty trick," I told her. "But it worked."

"It always does," she replied.

"Okay. I'm sure I have to sign something, so bring it in here so I can get it over with and then take home my new daughter."

"Oh, thank you!" Kimmy exclaimed, hugging me even tighter.

So that was it. Twenty minutes later I found myself loading several suitcases into my car with the daughter I had never known smiling up at me. In less than an hour, I was suddenly a father.

I could tell she was infatuated with me. I suppose that was only natural, after what she had been through. Suddenly I had come to rescue her and take her away from that horrible life, to give her the life she had always dreamed of.

I suppose for my part, I felt something of the same. I had always liked children; that was why I had gone into education in the first place. Kimmy seemed to be everything I liked about children that age. She was pretty, affectionate, and very impressionable. I knew from experience that teachers had a very big influence on children's sense of self-worth, and parents even more so. I knew it was a big responsibility, which was why I had been hesitant at first. But now that I made up my mind, I decided to do my very best. Kimmy needed a father right now, more than anything in the world.

We climbed into the car and I started driving home. She continued to gaze at me with a smile on her face.

"What is it?" I asked, smiling back at her.

"I'm just really happy right now," she told me. "I haven't had much to be happy about in a long time."

"I can understand that," I replied. As I thought about what her life must have been like, I suddenly realized that for the first time in a long time, I hated someone. I hated Troy Hamilton for what he had done to this precious little girl. My daughter. I had never been a violent person, but right now I realized that if I saw him, I would probably try to kill him.

At the same time, I could understand the temptation. Kimmy was an absolutely gorgeous young girl. It wouldn't take much for a man who had those tendencies to be pushed beyond his capacity to resist such a girl. Not that it would be her fault, of course. I knew first-hand just how sexy teenage girls like that could be, even when they weren't trying. The way they walked around, the way they spoke, the way they moved, and especially the way they laughed.

Speaking of which, I wondered how long it had been since Kimmy had laughed. Certainly she hadn't had much reason lately. I found myself wanting to hear her laugh.

"Daddy?" she asked.

"What is it?"

"You're being awfully quiet."

"I'm sorry, Kimmy. I was just thinking."

"About what?"

"About you."

"Me?"

"Yes. About how hard things have been for you. I don't want you to tell me anything about all the bad things that have happened to you, because I think it would break my heart to find out. In fact, I hope that some day you can forget all of that. Or at least look back on it as if it were something happening to someone else, not you. Because all of that is going to change. I promise you I won't ever hurt you."

"Thank you, Daddy," she smiled.

I found myself falling in love with that smile. It was so innocent, and yet so sexy at the same time. No wonder Troy had molested her. If he was a pedophile at heart anyway, all it would take would be a couple of smiles from her, so beautiful, so inviting.

No, that was too close to blaming Kimmy for what happened. She was the victim, not a consenting party to the atrocities committed upon her. Troy was just a very bad man. That was all. It was his fault, no matter how cute and sexy Kimmy was.

Sexy? Did I really think that about her? Yes, my thoughts had been unmistakable.

I decided not to worry about it. It wasn't the first time I had thought that about a girl that age. There were some very good-looking ones in my classes. Never had I acted on it, though. If there was one thing I knew, it was how to keep my emotions out of my relationships with my students.

But this was different. I was *supposed* to let my emotions rule my relationship with this girl; she was my daughter after all. I was supposed to love her, to care for her, to be her guardian and protector.

She continued to smile at me for the rest of the trip home, and I continued to think. I decided just to be spontaneous and natural in my dealings with her. I knew where to draw the line, so there was nothing wrong with letting myself love her. Love her like a father, that is.

"Can I ask you something, Daddy?" she said a few minutes later.

"Sure, Kimmy."

"What's your name?"

I laughed. In all of the excitement, I had completely forgotten to tell her.

"Michael Nelson," I replied. "But you can call me Mike if you want."

"Actually, if it's all right with you, I'd like to call you Daddy."

"I was kind of hoping you would," I smiled. "Daddy it is then."

"Can I ask you something else, Daddy?"

"Go ahead."

"Well, it's about our last names. Yours is Nelson and mine is Parker."

"That's okay," I told her. "That doesn't mean anything. It's just because your mother and I weren't together when you were born."

"Oh, I know all about that. I was just wondering... Can I be Kimmy Nelson?"

I had a sudden, fleeting thought of a certain way in which she might change her name, involving a white dress and a long aisle. But that was ridiculous; no doubt she didn't mean it in that way.

"You mean you want to change your name?" I asked.

"What's wrong with that? Then it would feel more like we're family."

"Well, if you want to. I'm not sure what all the legal steps involved are, but I'm sure we could get it taken care of."

Soon we pulled into the driveway of my house. It was a modest home in a nice, quiet neighborhood. It was too bad there weren't any kids her own age living nearby. But it was only a couple more months before school began, then she could start making friends. In the mean time, it would give us time to get to know each other.

My next-door neighbor, Charlie Milton, was out watering the plants on his porch when I stepped out of the car. He and his wife were retired; they had moved into the house next to mine after their children had all grown up. He waved at me, then came over, glancing at Kimmy as she exited on the other side.

"Hello, Charlie," I smiled. "Come here, Kimmy. I'd like you to meet someone."

A little timidly, she approached my side, then took my hand as she looked at him.

"Kimmy, this is my neighbor Charlie. Charlie, this is... this is my daughter Kimmy."

"Your daughter?" he asked, stunned. "But..."

I sighed. "I guess you might as well know. I got a girl pregnant in junior high, then lost touch with her. I didn't even know about Kimmy until today. We just got back from the Social Services Department."

"Oh," he said, still a little confused.

I laughed. "You look like I feel," I told him. "Believe me, it's ten times as overwhelming for me as it is for you."

"I guess you're right," he said.

"Anyway, her mother just died, so now she's going to be staying with me."

"Well, Kimmy," he said, "I guess that means we're going to be neighbors. Welcome to the neighborhood," he smiled, then took her hand and shook it. She giggled, a little embarrassed.

"I guess she's a bit shy," Charlie commented.

"It's all really new to her," I explained. "I'm sure once she's had time to settle in she'll be all right."

"Well, let me know if you need any help. I had two daughters of my own, and I know how much trouble it can be raising girls that age."

"Oh, I won't be any trouble to my daddy," she hurriedly insisted.

Charlie chuckled. "With that attitude, I'm sure you won't. Your father's really lucky to have you, Kimmy."

"And I'm lucky to have him," she grinned, wrapping herself around my arm.

"Looks like you two are going to get along just fine," he smiled. "I'll see you both later."

He turned around and headed back to his front door. I took Kimmy's hand and led her into my house.

It wasn't the biggest house in the world, but then, I had never needed much, even when my girlfriend had lived with me. It had a single floor, with three bedrooms and two bathrooms. One of the bedrooms I had converted into a den, and the other had a treadmill and free weights, along with a TV so I could watch it while working out. It looked like I would have to find a new home for them now. The living room was small, with the kitchen and dining room nothing more than a section in the corner that was tiled rather than carpeted.

"So what do you think?" I asked Kimmy. "I know it's not much, but--"

"It's perfect!" she exclaimed in delight. "It's not too small, but not too big either. So I'll know whenever we're in the house together that you're always nearby."

I laughed, amused at her affection. She could really be adorable. I retrieved the luggage from the car and put it in the front room for now.

"So what do you want to do first?" I asked Kimmy.

"If it's all right with you, Daddy, I just want to take a nap," she replied. "I was on an airplane most of the night, and I didn't get much sleep."

"Okay. If you want, you can use my bed. I only have one bed in the house, so later today we'll go down to the furniture store and buy a new one."

"Daddy?" she asked.

"What is it, Kimmy?"

"Would you take a nap with me?"

"Um... I don't know."

"Why not?"

Why indeed? There was nothing wrong with it-- we were father and daughter after all-- except that she was a beautiful young girl that I had only recently met, and so far my feelings toward her had been anything but fatherly. When I was honest with myself, I had to admit that I was attracted to her. And if that look in her eyes upon first seeing me was any indication, she felt the same way about me.

Still, I couldn't deny that the thought of holding her in my arms like that sounded extremely pleasant. It had been nearly two weeks since my girlfriend had left, and I hadn't had the chance to be near a woman like that in that whole time.

What was I thinking? This wasn't the same thing at all. It wouldn't be like sleeping with my girlfriend; this was my daughter after all. It was really all very innocent. Or was it?

"Daddy?" she asked again, sensing my hesitation.

"You're right," I told her. "I'm rather tired myself."

"Thank you. Right now this all feels like a dream, and I'm afraid of waking up. But if I wake up and you're right there with me, then I'll know it must be true."

I chuckled, amused and touched by her affection.

I led her into the bedroom, where I kicked off my shoes and sat down on the bed. Kimmy came over and sat down in my lap, throwing her arms around my neck.

"Hey!" I grinned.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing. You just caught me off guard, that's all." I slipped my arms around her back, then let myself fall

back on the bed, bringing my daughter with me. She giggled, but continued to hug me as we lay there together.

It felt so nice; Kimmy really was a beautiful, sweet little girl, and so soft and warm. I could get used to being a father, with a daughter like this.

"Daddy, I love you," she mumbled.

That surprised me. She had known me for only a couple of hours. How could she love me? But I already knew the answer to that question, because she had told me herself when we first met. She loved that image of me that she had in her mind, that knight in shining armor that would rescue her from the misery of her previous life. I found myself wanting to be that knight. I wanted to be her savior, her rescuer, her protector.

I closed my eyes, holding her to my chest and letting the closeness of our bodies relax me. It felt so good to know that she thought so highly of me. Me, who had never had a daughter before. Me, who had almost made the biggest mistake of my life by rejecting her. She deserved a man who could measure up to her expectations. I had no idea if I could be that man, but I was determined to try.

With that pleasant thought in mind, I let myself fall asleep.

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## Chapter 2

### Daughter or Girlfriend?

When I opened my eyes groggily and looked at the clock, I realized we had been napping for over two hours. Kimmy at least had an excuse; she hadn't gotten much sleep last night. I, however, had gotten plenty. It was just that every time I had half awakened, I felt her warm body next to mine and it relaxed me so much that I couldn't work up the willpower to get up. There was something incredibly soothing about holding a sleeping child in my arms.

It seemed a shame to wake her, but we couldn't sleep all day after all. I began to stroke her back with one of my hands, trying to wake her in the gentlest way I could.

She sighed and opened her eyes, smiling at me again with those big, beautiful eyes.

"Time to get up, Kimmy," I told her.

She immediately threw her arms around my neck and hugged me tightly. "So it isn't a dream after all," she said.

"No it isn't," I reassured her with a friendly smile. I yawned and stretched, then sat up. Kimmy climbed off my lap and sat next to me on the bed.

"Well, it looks like we're too late to go to the furniture shop to buy you a bed," I told her. "We'll go tomorrow. Tonight you can sleep here. I'll take the couch."

"You don't want to sleep with me again?" she asked, looking a little disappointed.

Actually, I was kind of hoping for that kind of reaction. I smiled at her. "If you don't mind," I replied.

"I don't mind at all," she said. "I never got to sleep with my daddy the whole time I was growing up, so now I have to make up for it."

I laughed. "Okay. In the mean time, I think it's time for dinner."

"Do you want me to fix you dinner?" she asked. "I'm a good cook. Mom always made me fix dinner for Troy and her."

"I'd love to taste your cooking," I smiled, "but I was actually thinking we should go out tonight."

"Go out?" she asked. "You mean, like on a date?"

"Well, no," I laughed. "Dates are for boyfriends and girlfriends. I just think we ought to celebrate. Do you have any particular restaurants that you like to eat at?"

She shook her head. "Mom never took me," she replied. "Sometimes she'd go with Troy, but she'd always leave me home. She said I would just get in the way."

"Well then, if this is your first time, I want to make it as special as I can. I'll let you pick where we go. What kind of food do you like? Mexican? Italian? Chinese? Indian? Seafood?"

"I think I'd like to try seafood," she said.

"Great! I happen to know the perfect restaurant. The food is delicious, the atmosphere is nice, and it's never too crowded."

We headed out to the car and drove into town. I could sense the excitement on Kimmy's face; this really was a new experience for her. It made me feel a little sorry for her; even something as simple as going out to eat was something she had never done.

The restaurant was just like I had described it. There weren't too many people there, and quiet music played in the background. As a bonus, one of the girls who had been in my class a few years ago worked as a waitress there. Her name was Lisa, and she remembered me from school. As soon as I introduced her to my daughter, she made a special effort to be friendly to her. Kimmy positively beamed at the attention, a little shy perhaps but enjoying herself nonetheless.

Kimmy seemed a little overwhelmed by all the choices on the menu, so I helped her by suggesting a few options. We both ended up ordering the same thing, creamy garlic shrimp over pasta. As we ate, I told her all about the school where I worked and where she would be attending in the fall. I tried to make it sound as nice as possible, which wasn't all that difficult. I really liked it, after all.

Kimmy listened attentively, hanging on my every word. I don't know if she was even listening to what I was saying; she apparently just liked to hear me talk. I could tell by the look on her face that she was smitten by me. That didn't bother me; it was just the adoration of a child for her father. And she had never had a father before, so the whole concept was new and exciting for her. Probably after a couple of weeks she would just accept me as a normal part of her day-to-day life.

I have to admit, I didn't give Kimmy much chance to talk about herself. There were a thousand things I wanted to know about her, but on the other hand, there were a thousand things I didn't. After all, it would be difficult to get her to tell me about herself without discussing her history, most of which I really didn't want to hear. Maybe someday in the privacy of our home we would discuss it, but it certainly wasn't a topic to discuss in public. And the sooner she forgot about her past life and got on with her new one, the better.

After dinner I ordered dessert, something I almost never did at a restaurant, but we were celebrating after all. I really wanted Kimmy to have a wonderful time tonight; she deserved it after all that she had gone through. Admittedly, I had another motive as well; I was absolutely in love with her smile. Having a daughter was as

new to me as having a father was to her, and the feeling I got when she flashed her smile at me was something I had almost never felt before. It filled me with so much happiness that I found myself unable to keep from grinning right back at her.

Once we were through eating, I paid the check and left an extra large tip for Lisa, then we headed back out to the car. I opened the door for Kimmy, but instead of climbing in right away, she first threw her arms around me and hugged me. It felt so nice, and I hugged her back.

*My daughter, I found myself thinking. My precious little girl.* Not for the first time, and not for the last time, I chided myself for almost rejecting her. I couldn't believe how stupid I had been.

Instead of going straight home, I took her to a nearby park that I liked to visit around sunset. The way the fading light of evening glowed on the trees turned an otherwise mundane sight into a magical wonderland. I wanted to share it with Kimmy.

We sat on a bench with my arm around her and her head resting on my chest as we talked about nothing in particular and watched the sun go down, just enjoying each other's company. I sometimes came here alone to relax after a hard day's work, but I found being here with my daughter to be even more peaceful and serene. She seemed to like it too, but whether she actually enjoyed it for the same reasons as I did, or whether she was just happy to be doing anything at all with her father I couldn't tell. Either way was fine with me.

The sun had long since set and the stars shone down brightly from the black sky when we finally got up and returned to the car. Kimmy took my hand as we walked back, and even after we had climbed into the car she grabbed my hand again and held it. I drove back to my house without her releasing it once.

"Is it bedtime now, Daddy?" she asked as soon as we entered the house.

"Yes it is," I replied. "You can change into your pajamas in the bathroom at the end of the hall. Go ahead and meet me in my bedroom as soon as you're ready."

As Kimmy rummaged through one of her suitcases, I headed to my room. I usually wore only a pair of boxer shorts to bed, but I figured it would be best to add a tee-shirt to my attire this time. I headed into the bathroom to take care of business, then climbed into bed.

A minute later, Kimmy appeared at the door. I nearly gasped when I saw her. She wore a simple pink tank top that was perhaps a little too small for her; it stretched tight across her developing breasts, and rode up to reveal her cute little navel. Below that she wore only a pair of white cotton panties, leaving the rest of her silky smooth legs bare. I honestly had never seen anything so sexy in my entire life.

She closed the door behind her, then slid under the covers with me. As she pressed her hot little body up against my side and lay her head down on my shoulder, I thought I had died and gone to heaven.

No, if anything this was hell. To have such a gorgeous little thing lying here with me, and yet not able to take advantage of it...

Take advantage of *her*. Because that's what I would be doing if I gave into the temptation. I mentally scolded myself for even thinking such a thing. She was my daughter!

"Good night, Daddy," she whispered, then kissed me on the cheek. I wanted so much to kiss her back, but decided that right now, if I kissed her even on the forehead I wouldn't be able to stop myself. With only the strongest effort was I able to wish her a good night and close my eyes without trying to do anything. I felt a sudden empathy for Troy Hamilton.

I awoke to the sound of someone crying. I opened my eyes and glanced down, for a moment bewildered at the sight of a beautiful young girl in my arms. Then I remembered the previous day.

It was still dark, so I glanced over at the clock. 2:27 it read.

"Not that!" Kimmy mumbled through her tears. "Please!"

She was having a nightmare. That was not surprising, with everything that had happened to her.

"Kimmy," I whispered, gently nudging her. Her crying cut off and she opened her eyes, staring around for a second until our eyes met.

"Daddy, you've come to rescue me!" she exclaimed, still sobbing but with a smile on her face now. She was obviously still half asleep, the dream world and the real world merging in her mind.

"It's okay," I whispered, and kissed her on the forehead. "You're safe now. I won't let anyone hurt you ever again. I promise."

She rose up and kissed me on the cheek.

"I love you so much, Daddy," she said. Then she caught me off guard by pressing her lips against mine.

It wasn't just an innocent little peck, either. She held her lips there for at least thirty seconds. As she did so, I could feel her relax. All the tension went out of her body and her trembling ceased.

Finally, she ended that kiss and lay her head down on my shoulder once more, leaving me wondering what had just happened.

When I awoke in the morning, Kimmy still lay in my arms, but this time she slumbered peacefully.

Unconsciously I reached up and began to stroke her hair. There was something so comforting about holding this girl in my arms, this child that needed me so much. As I stared at her lovely young face with her eyes closed and her lips slightly puckered as she slowly breathed, I felt at that moment that I would do anything for her.

It wasn't her fault that she had been left in my care, that my life had been interrupted, that I suddenly found myself with a responsibility that I had never expected nor wanted. Whatever inconvenience she caused me, it was nothing compared to the nightmare of the life she had come from. No wonder she had trouble sleeping.

But now she had finally found someone who would care for her. She had found her daddy, and despite my earlier reservations, I realized that I *wanted* to be her rescuer and protector.

Her eyes opened, and she gazed for a minute into mine. She had the loveliest brown eyes, so large and deep and full of life. The horrible things that had happened to her had not taken the sparkle from her eyes, for which I was immensely grateful at that moment.

"Are you feeling all right?" I asked her.

"Hmm?" she asked.

"You had a nightmare last night," I explained.

Kimmy smiled, and I found myself once again in danger of losing myself in that smile.

"I have nightmares every night," she told me. "But for the first time in my life, I have my daddy to make me feel better. I almost can't believe this is happening. Is it really over?"

"Is what really over?"

"I mean, am I really here with you? Are you going to take care of me?"

"Of course I am, Kimmy," I smiled. "I'm going to take care of you from now on."

"Forever?" she asked.

"Forever," I whispered, hugging her to me. She curled up in my arms with a contented smile and a relaxed sigh, closing her eyes again.

"Daddy?" she said without opening her eyes.

"Yes, Kimmy?"

"Do you love me?"

That was an awkward question, especially since I had no answer. What could I tell her? For one thing, did I even know? I had known her for less than a day, but in that time I had been charmed, overwhelmed even, by her beauty and affection. I loved the feeling of her in my arms and the knowledge that she adored me. But was that love?

"Daddy?" she asked again.

"I'm sorry, Kimmy, but I really can't answer that question."

"What do you mean?" she asked in a disappointed tone.

"Look, it really makes me feel good that you think so highly of me, and I like you a lot. But I haven't known you long enough to really love you."

"It doesn't matter how long you've known me," she insisted. "I loved you from the first moment I saw you."

"You're such a sweet girl, Kimmy," I told her. "And so affectionate, and so pretty. I never really wanted a daughter until I met you. But now, I'm so glad that I'm your father. If you'll be patient with me, I have no doubt that one day I'll love you. I'm sorry that I can't give you any more than that right now."

"That's okay, Daddy," she said with a smile. "I promise to be patient. Just don't take too long, okay?"

"Okay," I told her. "I promise."

"In the mean time, would you do me a favor?"

"Of course."

"I want you to call me names."

"Names?" I asked.

"You know, like honey, or dear, or sweetheart."

I chuckled, amused and touched by the request. It was apparently all part of Kimmy's fantasy, her idealized version of me. Perhaps she had dreamt about her daddy holding her and calling her those affectionate names. It was such a simple request, and one that I was more than happy to fulfill.

"I'll call you anything you want, sweetheart," I smiled.

Kimmy grinned and wrapped her arms around me. "Thank you so much, Daddy," she said. "It feels so nice to hear you say that."

I loved it when she hugged me like that. I wished we could lie here forever in each other's arms. Unfortunately, there were plenty of things to do today.

"I think it's time we got up," I told her.

"Do we have to?" she asked.

"Yes, honey. We have things we need to do today."

"Like what?"

"Well, we have to buy you a bed, for one thing."

"We don't have to buy a bed," she said. "I could just sleep in yours."

I pondered for a minute. It certainly sounded tempting. I loved the feel of her against me, I loved to wrap my arms around her, I loved to hear her sigh and know that I was causing her simple pleasures, and above all else, I loved to wake up to her beautiful face.

But having her sleep in my bed permanently had too many complications. Though I had done all right since my girlfriend had left, sooner or later I would need female companionship of a kind that Kimmy couldn't fulfill.

"As much as I would like that," I told her, "I don't think that's a good idea."

"Why not?" she asked.

While the question was simple enough, how could I answer it without embarrassing her? Then I realized, she would not be the one embarrassed; thanks to Troy she already knew all about that.

"I'm going to be honest with you," I told her. "My girlfriend left me a couple of weeks ago, but I plan to find a new one. And when that happens, we're going to need some privacy."

"I could be your girlfriend," she said, wrapping her arms around my neck. "I don't want to share you with anyone else."

"You can't be my girlfriend," I chuckled. "You're my daughter."

"I could be your daughter *and* your girlfriend."

I smiled at that. Was she really that naive? Did she not know what I was talking about when I said I would need some privacy?

"You're such a wonderful girl," I told her. "If I were a boy your age instead of your father, I would love to have you as my girlfriend. But it's just not right."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, it's illegal. I mean, look what happened to Troy."

"I wasn't Troy's girlfriend," she said. "Mom was. He just used me sometimes."

"Well, that's what I meant. It's okay for you to sleep in my bed as my daughter, but if you were to sleep in my bed as my girlfriend, I would be just as bad as he was."

"No you wouldn't," she insisted, "because he didn't give me a choice. I didn't want to with him, but with you it would be different."

That surprised me. That almost sounded like...

Before I could complete that train of thought, Kimmy kissed me on the cheek. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if I were your girlfriend?" she asked. "You could take me out to eat or to the movies during the day, then afterward we could come back home, and you would lift me up and carry me to bed. Then I would kiss you and we would confess our undying devotion and everlasting love to each other, then we would kiss some more and snuggle and sleep together. Wouldn't that be nice?"

It most certainly *would!* But I couldn't do that to her. Not to a thirteen year old girl, and most definitely not to my own daughter.

On the other hand, none of what she said was necessarily sexual if I took it at face value. Technically, all of that could be done between fathers and daughters. But was there an implication in her words that we would have sex? It could all be perfectly innocent after all.

I didn't know what to think. Did my own daughter actually want me to make love to her? In fact, did she even know what that meant?

Considering what she had been through, there could be no doubt about the latter question. She knew all about sex, so maybe her fantasy wasn't so innocent after all.

To cover my embarrassment, I chuckled. "You're really sweet," I replied, "and I love how affectionate you are, but we can't do that. I'll tell you what. We'll compromise. Today we'll go buy you a bed, but that doesn't mean you have to use it. You can sleep in my bed until I find a girlfriend."

"I don't want you to find a girlfriend," she insisted. "I want you all to myself."

"I'm sorry," I told her, "but there are certain things she could do for me that you can't."

"Why can't I?"

"Kimmy, do you realize what you're asking?"

"Oh, I suppose you're right. It's just that I finally found my daddy, and I'm scared of losing you. Please don't look for a girlfriend, Daddy. I don't want you to love another girl more than me, because then I would just be a nuisance to you, and you would send me away again."

"Is that what's worrying you?" I asked her. "You're afraid I'll reject you?"

She nodded.

"Oh Kimmy, it's all right," I said, wrapping my arms around her back and hugging her tightly. "I'm not going

to reject you, or send you away."

"But you said you don't love me yet. I can accept that as long as I know that one day you will. But if you get a girlfriend, maybe you'll love her and never learn to love *me*."

"Kimmy, you don't have to worry about that. No matter what the future brings, I want you to know that you're a part of my life now that I will never give up. No, more than that, you're a part of *me*. Half of everything you are comes from me after all. So let's make a promise. I promise that if I ever have to choose between you and another woman, I'll always choose you. But in return, I want you to promise that you'll never make me make that choice, okay?"

"But what if you meet someone and I hate her? What if she hates me?"

"I don't think it's possible for anyone to hate you," I laughed. "But before I get involved in any relationship, I'll ask you your opinion, because you mean so much to me, and I don't ever want to do anything that will make you unhappy. You're the most important person in my life, Kimmy, and that's never going to change."

Suddenly there were tears in Kimmy's eyes.

"Do you mean it, Daddy?" she asked. "Am I really the most important person in your life?"

"I mean it. For now it's just because you're my daughter. But one day it will be because I love you. That's a promise."

She hugged me again, signaling her acceptance. I was glad she was giving me a chance, although at the moment, I was willing to forgo sex for the rest of my life if she stubbornly insisted I not get a girlfriend. I really would do anything for her.

"I think it's time you got up," I told her gently. "If you want, you can go ahead and use my shower. There are clean towels in the cupboard in the bathroom."

"Okay," she smiled, then kissed me on the cheek and climbed out of the bed. I watched her skip into the bathroom and close the door behind her.

I sighed. She really was a little darling. So tender, so innocent, so sexy...

Where had *that* thought come from? What kind of a pervert was I, thinking of my daughter like that? Maybe it was just because I hadn't had sex in two weeks, and so every girl seemed sexy to me. Yes, that was probably it. I would just have to find myself a girlfriend, and then there would be no problem.

I heard the water turn on in the shower, and my mind immediately conjured up the image of her naked in there. I shook my head to clear that thought, but it didn't work. No matter what I tried, I couldn't stop thinking about her nude little body, with water running down her soft, beautiful skin. What gorgeous breasts she must have! What a beautiful, lovely pussy, with the lightest covering of silky hair.

I brought my hand up and slapped my face. That did the trick. The image thankfully fled from my mind as the shock of the sudden pain chased it away.

I continued to lie on the bed until the water turned off. A couple of minutes later the bathroom door opened and Kimmy emerged, dressed in only a towel, with her damp hair hanging down over her shoulders and her night clothes clutched in her hand. Suddenly that image came back into my head.

"Thanks for letting me use your shower, Daddy," she said, coming over and kissing me on the cheek.

"You're welcome," I replied, trying not to let the memory of that kiss linger.

My daughter then headed out of the bedroom, and I once again slapped my face.

I was tempted to take a cold shower, but decided it wasn't necessary. After all, even if I was fantasizing about her, that didn't mean I would do anything about it. If I were that type of person, I would have had an affair with one of my students years ago.

I closed the bedroom door, then stripped off my clothes, entered the bathroom, and turned on the water. A warm shower was enough to relax me and help take my mind off of things. As I stood in the spray, I let my mind clear itself of all thoughts, like I usually did in the shower. It was the one place where the worries and cares of life could not reach me.

After about ten minutes, I turned off the water and stepped out. I dried myself off, then replaced the towel on the rack and opened the door.

As my bedroom came into view, I suddenly froze, staring in shock at my daughter who sat on the bed, still wrapped in a towel. Her eyes met mine, then lowered to my thighs.

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# Chapter 3

## It's Okay. We're Family.

I didn't know what to do. It was as if my mind ceased working at that moment. Here I was, completely naked, in front of my daughter! And worse, she was staring right at my cock!

It took about fifteen seconds before my mind finally managed to grasp the situation. Then I suddenly grabbed the towel and threw it in front of me.

"I'm sorry," said Kimmy with a frightened expression on her face. "Please don't hit me."

"Hit you?" I asked, stunned. "I'm not..." Then I managed to gain control of myself. I slipped back inside the bathroom and closed the door, then wrapped the towel around my waist. I took a deep breath to calm my nerves, then opened the door and stepped into the bedroom.

"Daddy..." said Kimmy sheepishly.

"Kimmy, I want to get something straight right now. I'm never going to hit you. Ever. No matter what you do."

"But Troy did it all the time."

"I'm not Troy," I told her. I crossed the room and sat down on the bed next to her. "Listen to me carefully. He did a lot of things to you that you didn't like, but it was never, *ever* your fault. It was his. You did absolutely nothing wrong."

"But I..." she stammered. "I wasn't a good girl. I tried to be, but sometimes I burned the food, or broke something, or didn't get good grades at school. I'm not good for anything."

"That's not true!" I exclaimed. "Honey, Troy was the one who wasn't good for anything. He was a worthless excuse for a human being. Do you know what worthless people do to make themselves feel better?"

"What?"

"They try to make everyone around them feel even worse than they do. It's the only way they can feel good about themselves. Whatever Troy said to you, it was a lie. You are a wonderful girl."

"But I've never been good at anything."

"You're good at brightening up my day," I said with a smile.

"Really?" she asked.

"Absolutely. Even if you accidentally walked in on me when I wasn't expecting you, I'm happy to see you."

Kimmy broke down into tears then, throwing her arms around me and sobbing into my chest. I hugged her, and leaned down to kiss her on the top of her head.

"Things are going to be different around here, honey," I told her. "You deserve so much better than the life you had before."

"But Mom said it was my fault that she was stuck in a trailer park with no job and a mean boyfriend."

"Don't you believe it, sweetheart," I insisted. "Kimmy, if anyone's to blame, it's me."

"You?" she asked.

"Yes. You didn't ask to be born to a thirteen-year-old single mother who didn't love you. I was the one who traded your happiness for a moment of pleasure. I don't know whether to hate myself for it or not, because if I hadn't, you wouldn't even exist. But the only thing that matters is that you're with me now, and I'm going to work my hardest to make it up to you. From now on I want you to have the life that you've been dreaming about, the life you've been denied for so long."

"Thank you, Daddy," she smiled, no longer in tears but still holding on to me.

We embraced like that for a few more minutes, then she finally let go.

"So what did you want to see me about?" I asked.

She pointed to my desk, where I noticed a tray with two plates of food on it. It looked like bacon, eggs, toast with jam, and orange juice.

"You brought me breakfast?" I asked, and she nodded.

"I wanted to do something nice for you," she explained, "to thank you for taking me in. And then I screwed it up and embarrassed you."

"Oh, don't let that bother you," I told her. "I'm touched, really. You're so sweet, Kimmy," I said, putting an arm around her shoulder and kissing her on the cheek. Her eyes lit up with delight at the gesture.

"There are two plates there," I commented. "I take it you haven't eaten yet?"

She shook her head.

"Then let's both have breakfast in bed," I smiled. Kimmy grinned, then hopped up and retrieved the tray. I took it from her as she climbed into the bed, pulling the blankets over her legs. I slipped my legs under them

as well, then placed the tray on both our laps.

As it turned out, Kimmy was a great cook. The eggs were over easy, just the way I liked them, the bacon was nice and crispy, and the toast wasn't too dark or too light. She had even squeezed the oranges herself to make the juice. Although I knew I had a couple of cans of concentrate in the freezer, I could tell the difference.

I put my free arm around her shoulder as we ate, and she scooted right up against my chest. She kept looking at me and smiling throughout the meal, saying nothing but merely enjoying my presence. I had to admit that I enjoyed hers just as much. Never before had any girl been this affectionate with me, not even my girlfriend.

I was just thinking that I liked it, when a drop of jam from the toast fell onto my chest. Before I could even reach for the napkin, Kimmy giggled and leaned over, surprising me by licking it off.

I shuddered at the touch; that felt way too good, even sexy. Kimmy winked at me with a grin on her face, making me wonder just how innocent it had been. Had it been any other girl, I would say she had done it to flirt with me.

I was still staring at her when she grabbed my hand, which was sticky with the jam. She raised it to her lips, then sucked the index finger into her mouth. The sight of her gazing and smiling at me as she sucked on my finger was almost too much, especially with the stimulation of her tongue on my fingertip. I felt myself starting to get hard, fortunately under the covers where she couldn't see it.

She took each of my fingers into her mouth in turn, never breaking eye contact with me. It was such a sexy gesture, I couldn't believe it. Of course, there was nothing overtly sexual about it; it was affectionate, a little intimate even. Of course, that could be said about just about everything she had said and done up to this point. Was she really flirting with me, or was it just simple affection between father and daughter?

"Now it's your turn," she grinned, releasing my hand and bringing hers up to my face.

For a moment I hesitated. I didn't know what to do. I had never been in the habit of licking other people's fingers; up to this point the idea would have seemed abhorrent. But it was different with Kimmy.

I slipped her index finger into my mouth and sucked on it. Kimmy giggled at the sensation. I had to admit, she tasted good. Or at the very least, the feel of her finger in my mouth was very pleasant. I followed her example, working on each finger one at a time. When I was done, though, I finished by kissing the back of her hand.

"Looks like we have no need for napkins," she joked, and I smiled.

A few minutes later we finished our breakfast, so I took the tray over to the desk. As I did so, Kimmy slid down beneath the covers and lay her head on the pillow.

"Can we go back to bed for a few minutes?" she asked.

"My, you're lazy," I teased.

"I just like sleeping with you," she replied.

I couldn't argue with that; I felt exactly the same way about her. However, there was the issue of our attire. We both wore only towels.

"Maybe you'd better go get some clothes on first," I told her.

"But then I would have to be away from you for a few minutes," she complained.

I chuckled. Well, I really did want to get back into bed with her, especially if she were willing to cuddle up next to me and rest her head again on my chest, this time with no shirt to separate me from her soft, delicate cheek.

By the time I made up my mind, I had already subconsciously crossed the room. I lifted up the blankets and climbed into bed.

Just like I had fantasized, Kimmy rolled over, put an arm across me and laid her head down on my chest. It felt ten times better than I had imagined. I sighed and closed my eyes, planning to just lie there for a few minutes and then get up.

I don't know how long I had been asleep, but something had changed. I could feel a different sensation, but through my half-asleep state I didn't know what it was. All I knew was that it felt very nice. I lay there for a while with this wonderful feeling all over my body, not wanting to move for fear of losing it.

Consciousness slowly returned, and I opened my eyes. Fortunately the feeling did not go away, and I smiled as I stared up at the ceiling, letting the grogginess slip away. Then I glanced down, and nearly gasped.

Kimmy had climbed completely on top of me, her tiny little body lying against my chest. That would have been fine except that somehow, both of our towels had come undone, and the wonderful feeling was the warmth and softness of her nude body pressed against my own!

She continued to sleep peacefully, a cute little half-smile on her lips and her cheek resting against my chest. Under normal circumstances, I loved to watch her sleep, but these were far from normal circumstances. I could feel every inch of her, from the ticklish softness of her hair to her smooth and hairless legs. I felt her delicately soft cheek, the tiny swelling of her underdeveloped breasts and the smooth, nearly hairless mound of her thigh, mere inches from my cock.

As I thought about it, I felt myself going hard. My cock began to swell, slipping up between her legs. By now I was at a near panic, wondering what I should do. Should I wake her up and tell her to get off of me? Should I lie here and pretend to be asleep so that once she woke she could put her towel back on without

embarrassment?

It was already too late to hide my erection. Whatever happened, she would know that I was aroused. But maybe if I lay here and tried to think of something else, it would go down again. I closed my eyes and tried to focus on something, anything, but the feel of her nubile young teenage body. It didn't work.

She stirred, and I froze up, terrified. What if she woke right now? What if she felt my hardened member between her legs and thought I was trying to molest her like Troy had done? How could I ever look her in the eyes again?

Kimmy yawned, and I knew it was too late. I kept my eyes closed, hoping that she would think I was still asleep. Even a feeble excuse like claiming I was aroused because of an erotic dream might be able to save the situation. There would be a few moments of embarrassment, but no permanent harm done.

She began to move, leaving me with no doubt that she was awake. Any second now I expected her to scream, or cry, or even hit me, as soon as she realized what was going on.

"Daddy?" she asked quietly.

Reflexively, I opened my eyes. Instead of a hurt, confused, or angry look on her face, I saw only that same loving smile that she had worn almost constantly since I met her.

She leaned in and gave me a quick peck on the lips. "Wake up, sleepyhead," she grinned.

I couldn't believe it! Somehow being naked with me didn't bother her at all. What was she thinking? How could she not be embarrassed about our predicament?

Actually, *I* was the one who was embarrassed. In order to mask my shame, I decided to continue to pretend that I had been asleep until she woke up.

"What..." I began, trying to sound surprised. "Why are we...? I'm sorry, Kimmy," I told her, trying to push her off of me.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and held on tightly. "Sorry about what?" she asked.

"Kimmy, let go. We shouldn't be..."

"Hug me first," she insisted.

"Hug you?" I asked, astonished.

"Just put your arms around me and give me a squeeze."

"But we're naked!"

"That makes it even better," she giggled.

"Kimmy, please. We shouldn't be doing this."

"Doing what?" she asked innocently. "I just want a hug from my daddy. That's all."

"What's gotten into you?" I demanded.

"What's gotten into *you*? Don't you like to hug me?"

"Well, yes, but not like this. Please, Kimmy. Put some clothes on first."

She laughed. "You don't have to be shy with me, Daddy. It's okay. We're family."

"What do you mean?"

"If you had raised me since I was a baby, you would have seen me naked plenty of times, right? And some families are open about nudity. In my class at my old school we had a girl who had moved there from Finland, and she said her family used to get in the sauna naked together all the time. So there's nothing wrong with it."

"I..." I stammered. In one sense, she had a point. The idea of a family being that open with each other really didn't bother me, at least on an intellectual level. I thought it was perfectly healthy if family members were that way with each other, as long as it didn't lead to incestuous relationships. So really, it was just my own dirty thoughts that made this wrong.

Without thinking, I slipped my arms around her waist and held her. She sighed, then kissed me on the cheek. "I'll tell you a secret," she said, then leaned in and whispered in my ear, "I love you, Daddy."

"And one day I'll love you too, honey," I replied. "Now don't you think it's time we got up?"

She released me and rose up, but instead of climbing off of me, she brought her knees forward so that she straddled my hips. My engorged cock stood straight up, resting against the crack of her ass.

For a moment I stared at her body. This was the first time I had seen it. For a young teenage girl, she was beyond stunning. Her breasts were still just gentle swellings on her chest with small, perfectly round nipples. Her slender waist was beginning to form into the graceful curves of womanhood. She had only the tiniest trace of peach fuzz between her legs, leaving me with an amazing view of her beautiful little cunt. God, it looked so beautiful! Now I felt envious of Troy. The man had actually experienced the pleasure of it wrapped around his cock. What an exquisite feeling that would be!

But that was something I knew I could never have. No matter how much I desired her, I had to restrain myself, or I would be no better than him. I could no longer deny my attraction to her; I admitted that I found her sexy. But that didn't mean I had to act on those feelings.

"So that's it then," she said.

"What?" I asked.

"Now we've both seen each other's bodies, so we don't have to let it bother us any more."

"I... I suppose you're right," I said, at least partly excited that she didn't mind being naked with me. It meant we would probably have plenty of opportunities like this later.

"Daddy, can I ask you something?"

"Of course, dear."

"Why do you have a boner?"

My embarrassment, which had mostly subsided once I found out that it didn't bother her, returned full force, and I found myself growing red.

"I... well..." I stammered, not knowing what to tell her. Should I admit the truth? Should I make up an excuse?

Considering her past history, she probably knew more than I thought, so she would probably be able to detect the lie. I decided to be honest with her.

"Because you're a beautiful, naked girl," I said, "and I'm a man. I really don't have any control over it."

"I'm doing it to you?" she asked.

"Well, yes."

"Does that mean you think I'm sexy?"

"Um... yes," I replied.

She giggled. "I think you're sexy too," she said.

"Kimmy!" I exclaimed.

"What, Daddy? You're telling the truth, so I'm telling the truth, that's all. It's okay. You don't have to lecture me on how it would be wrong because I'm only thirteen and I'm your daughter. I know all that. I just think we should admit our feelings even if we don't act on them. That way we won't ever have to guess at what the other one is thinking."

"You're probably right, but I don't know if I'm really all that comfortable being that open with my feelings."

"Why not? The reason why people play those games is because they like someone but are afraid of being rejected. But we're family, so we don't have to worry about that. We already know there's a limit to what we can do with each other."

I sighed. "Okay, that's a good point."

"So tell me how you feel about me, Daddy."

"Well... I... that is... I like..."

Kimmy giggled. "Would it help if I go first?" she asked, and I nodded in relief.

She put her hands on my shoulders and started to gently pull. "Sit up," she said.

Confused as to what she meant, I rose up to a sitting position. This had the unfortunate effect of pushing her down onto my lap, and she ended up sitting right on top of my engorged cock.

"Oh god," I groaned, but she paid no attention.

"Yesterday was really overwhelming for me," she said. "With the shock of meeting my father for the first time and knowing that I was starting a new life with you, I really didn't know what to think. The only thing I knew was that I love you.

"You were so sweet to me yesterday, Daddy. I don't know how I could have gotten through it without you being so nice, and gentle, and caring. No one's ever treated me like that before, but I used to dream about it all the time. I used to dream about you. Oh, you had a different face in my dreams, but it was still you. It turned out that in real life you're every bit as caring and loving and huggable as in my dreams."

"Well, I have to admit, I've been trying extra hard because I want you to like me," I smiled.

"I do like you," she replied. "I told you I love you. Maybe it was just the dream version of you that I loved at first, but now that I know what you're like, I love the real you."

"Thank you, sweetheart. That means a lot to me."

"And I'll admit, you're a lot more handsome than in my dreams," she grinned. "I really do think you're sexy. You've got nice, strong muscles."

"The better to protect you with," I told her.

She laughed. "I've heard that line before, and I know how the story ends."

"Don't worry, I'm not going to eat you," I grinned.

She put a hand on my arm, just below the shoulder, and I thrilled at the touch. "See, your arms are nice and

strong. They're so sexy." Her hand strayed to my chest. "And this is even better," she said, then lowered her hand to my washboard abs. "And this is almost the best of all," she grinned.

I suddenly panicked and grabbed her hand as I thought of where she might go next. "Um, maybe you shouldn't..."

She laughed. "Don't worry, I'm not going to touch you there," she said. "But as long as we're being completely honest with each other, I think I really should tell you what I think of it."

She climbed off of my lap and sat down next to me, staring down between my legs. I felt I should try to put an end to this, but again I hesitated, not knowing how to handle the situation.

"I think that's the sexiest part of all," she said, and I found myself growing red again. "It's bigger than Troy's, and longer. I hated when he used to put it in me or make me suck on it, but I guess that was mostly because I felt ashamed to be giving pleasure to a man I hated so much. I grew to hate his thing. With you it's a lot different. I know you would never hurt me, and so I don't see it as an enemy, and I can let myself think it's sexy. Especially when it's hard like that."

"Oh my god," I breathed.

"I'm just telling the truth," she smiled. "I just want to be honest with you, Daddy."

"I know. I'm just not comfortable with anyone talking to me like that, especially my daughter."

"Well then, it's your turn to talk about *me*. And don't leave anything out."

"Okay," I sighed. I might as well get this over with. "Before I met you, when Margaret Forrest first told me about you, I expected you to turn out to be some trashy girl with pierced lips and too much makeup and smoking a cigarette. I was going to tell you right to your face that I didn't want you.

"Then I saw you for the first time, and everything changed. I realized that you were a girl that needed a father more than anything else in the world, and all of my objections to taking you home with me just vanished. I've been feeling lonely since my girlfriend left me a couple of weeks ago, and I want to feel needed again. I just about made the biggest mistake of my life in refusing you, and I'm glad I changed my mind, because I like you so much. I'm in love with your smile, and I love to hug you and sleep with you and wake up to your beautiful face in the morning. I'm starting to feel like my life has meaning again.

"I admit that I'm attracted to you. You're a beautiful girl, and you have a great body. I can see why Troy took advantage of you, but I still hate him for it. You're my daughter, Kimmy, and you deserve so much better than that. I just hope I can give you what you need."

"Does that mean you love me?" she asked hopefully.

"No. Not yet. But I like you a hell of a lot, and that's after spending less than a day with you, so I'm sure it

won't be much longer. You just keep being as cute and sweet and adorable as you've been so far, and I'll come around soon enough."

She grinned. "Thank you, Daddy."

"For what?"

"For being honest with me. That wasn't so hard, was it?"

"I guess it wasn't," I replied.

"So now we know where we stand."

"But... this changes things, doesn't it? I mean, we both admitted that we're attracted to each other."

"So what? We also both know we can't do anything about it, so there's no problem."

"But are you sure you trust me, Kimmy? I mean, after what you've been through, I wouldn't blame you if you were a little scared that I might try something that you wouldn't like."

She laughed. "Impossible," she grinned.

"What?"

"I trust you completely. You're my daddy, after all."

"Okay. Then that's settled. Let's get up now. We have a big day ahead of us."

Kimmy smiled at me, then leaned in and gave me a quick kiss on the lips. She climbed up off of the bed and skipped out to the front room to her suitcase to find some clothes to wear, leaving me both confused and excited at the new changes in my life.

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# Chapter 4

## Kimmy's Second Day

I was still lying in my bed trying to collect my thoughts two minutes later when she reappeared in the doorway, naked but carrying a bundle of clothes. Apparently her nudity bothered her as little as she claimed. I decided, perhaps against my better judgment, that I wouldn't let it bother me either. We were family, after all, and she did have the cutest little body. As long as I didn't cross any lines, there was nothing wrong with it.

She set part of the clothes on the floor, then unfolded the rest, which consisted of a bright red blouse with a long, white skirt. She held them up against her chest and thighs.

"Which should I wear today, Daddy?" she asked.

"I think you should wear both the top and the bottom," I joked.

"You didn't let me finish," she giggled, setting the clothes on the floor and picking up the others. These were a pastel blue tank top with a pair of denim shorts. She also held these against her body to give me an idea of how they looked.

"Do you like this outfit or the other one better?" she asked.

"Honestly, I have no eye for fashion."

"But which one do you think looks prettier on me?"

"Truthfully, you could wear a burlap sack and make it look pretty," I smiled.

She laughed. "Well, I don't have a burlap sack to wear, but if you like the idea that much, maybe you can buy me one."

I really liked to see her in good humor like this. When I thought about how little she had had to laugh about until now, it made me feel good.

"I don't think I'll buy you a burlap sack, but if you promise you won't get it into your head that I'm a bottomless fountain of money, I'd really like to spoil you a little. I want to buy you some nice things if it's okay with you."

"Oh thank you, Daddy!" she exclaimed with a grin, then dropped the clothes in her hand and skipped over to give me a hug. It was a little awkward considering that we were both still nude, but it felt so nice that I didn't have the heart to tell her that it wasn't appropriate.

She kissed me on the cheek then, then headed back to the clothes lying on the floor. She asked me again which she should wear, and I suggested the shorts. Truth be told, it was because she had absolutely gorgeous legs, and the skirt would be too long to show them, not to mention that the tank top would leave quite a bit more of her upper body uncovered than the blouse.

She headed back out of my bedroom, giving me a chance to get up and dress myself. I wore a casual pair of slacks, and a lightweight, button-down shirt, similar to what I usually wore every day.

Normally I jogged on the treadmill then lifted weights for a while every morning, but considering that I planned to take my new daughter all over town today, I figured the walking we would do would be enough exercise for the day, so I decided to forgo the ritual. Besides, that would leave Kimmy without anything to do while she waited for me.

I was finishing shaving in the bathroom when she appeared in the doorway wearing the outfit I had suggested and a smile. She leaned in and wrapped her arms around me, and I slipped my free arm over her shoulder. We held that position until I finished, then we headed back out to the front room.

"I think I'll move the equipment out of my workout room into the den," I said. "That will free up a room for you to sleep in. You can have the bathroom at the end of the hall. I hardly ever use it, so it should be pretty clean. If you'll do me a favor and help me move my equipment, we'll get your room all ready for you. There are some coat hangers in the closet, but no dresser yet. That will be one of the things I'll buy you today."

"It sounds perfect," she smiled.

We set to work cleaning up her room then. It took both of us to move the treadmill, since it was so heavy. There was just enough room in the den for it after a little rearranging. Then we carried the free weights over. I took two at a time, while Kimmy had to grip one of the others with both hands. When I offered to help, she insisted that she was strong enough, so I merely watched to make sure she didn't hurt herself. There were six of the weights in total, so we repeated the process and got them all moved over.

I decided to leave the television where it was; there was already a large screen TV in the living room, and she might enjoy having one in her bedroom. I made her promise not to spend all day in front of it, playfully joking that it would turn her into a zombie and the last thing I needed was to wake up one night to find her shuffling into my room to eat my brains.

There was also a tall yet thin bookcase taking up space in her bedroom that would be needed for her dresser, and this proved quite a task to move. We took out all of the books, carefully stacking them on the floor in the right order to be able to replace them later, then maneuvered the bookcase out the door. There was no room left in the den, but we found a perfect spot for it in the hall. Then we returned to the room to pick up the books.

As Kimmy bent over to pick up a stack, the suggestion that she wear a tank top paid off. It was just loose enough that I could peer down the neckline to her gorgeous, bra-covered tits. Though I had already seen them in all their glory, this voyeuristic view of them half-hidden like this had a certain naughtiness that felt

particularly arousing. I tried not to look, but each time she bent over I couldn't help but take a peek.

Once we finished, we headed out to the front room and plopped down on the couch, resting for a while before our shopping trip. Kimmy scooted in next to me and leaned her head against my arm, as it was too low to reach my shoulder.

Impulsively, I put my hands under her arms and scooped her up to place her on my lap, where she giggled and lay her head down on my chest. I wrapped my arms around her and held her like that for a while.

"Daddy?" she asked.

"Yes dear?"

"Am I a nuisance to you?"

"Of course not," I insisted. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Because I made you move all those things into your den, and now you have to spend money on me buying me a bed and a dresser."

"And what else would I spend my money on?" I grinned. "I've got too much of it as it is. I've been looking for ways to use it."

She laughed. "Sure you have," she said.

"But honestly, it's been a long time since I've had something worth working for. I haven't really had much meaning in my life for a while. But now I have a goal."

"What's that?"

"Making you happy," I told her.

Her eyes began to well up with tears. "Really, Daddy?" she asked.

"Absolutely, Kimmy."

She broke down into tears then, throwing her arms around me and burying her face in my chest. I could feel the moisture seeping through my shirt, but I didn't mind. I hated to see Kimmy cry, but these were tears of joy.

"I said you're the most important person in my life, and I mean it," I told her, stroking her hair. "All I want to do is make you happy, whatever it takes. If that means spending money, then I'm happy to do it. If it means devoting all of my time to you, then I don't mind that either, especially since I enjoy your company so much. So let's have no nonsense about thinking you're a nuisance to me, okay?"

"Okay," she whispered, turning her head again and pressing her cheek against my chest. I reached up and wiped away the moisture from her other cheek, then wrapped my arms around her and held her to me again. Impulsively I kissed her on the forehead, and she sighed with a smile on her cute little lips.

We sat there for a few minutes longer, then got up and headed out to the car. While the stated purpose of our excursion today was to buy some furniture and clothes for her, I wanted to make it a father-daughter bonding activity as well.

There was a nice furniture store in town, run by a local family; I remembered visiting it when I first moved to my current home, and it seemed to have a pleasant atmosphere and reasonable prices. True, we could have gone to a department store instead and saved some time since I planned to buy more than just furniture for Kimmy today, but the whole point of the outing was to spend as much time as possible together. When we stepped onto the showroom, a friendly young saleswoman immediately greeted us. I explained that we were looking for a bed for Kimmy, and she began to show us several models.

Kimmy had a wonderful time trying them all out, lying down on them and even bouncing a little. She grinned and giggled as she rolled around on them, and I couldn't help smiling myself at her amusement. At thirteen, perhaps she was just a little too old to be having that much fun, but I couldn't fault her. After what she had been through for most of her life, she deserved a little childlike amusement. Truth be told, I almost felt like joining her myself.

We decided on a nice, soft bed with a hideaway bookcase embedded in the headboard with oak paneling and an elegant rose motif on the sheets and blankets. It was perhaps a little more expensive than I had intended, but Kimmy seemed to want it so bad that I didn't have the heart to tell her no. Besides, a smile and a hug from her made it well worth the cost.

We then searched for a dresser for her clothes. Vanessa, the saleswoman, was also helpful here, suggesting several different models. We settled on a simple, four-drawer dresser with a vanity mirror on top, large enough for all of the clothes that I planned to buy Kimmy, but small enough to fit nicely in the corner of her bedroom.

I had to pay extra to have the items delivered, but I didn't mind; that would avoid a lot of hassle and free up some time to spend with my daughter. Vanessa said that since it was still early in the day when I purchased them, she would have them delivered that evening, between seven and eight. That sounded perfect; Kimmy and I could eat out again and still be home in time for the delivery.

By the time we left the store, it was nearing lunch time. I knew of a good sandwich shop near the park, famous for its French dip sandwiches. My ex-girlfriend and I used to meet there for lunch sometimes. Kimmy asked, in a worried tone, if there was a chance that we might run into her there, but the two of us had parted on more or less friendly terms, so even if Kimmy and I happened to see her there, I would probably just say hi, talk with her for a minute or two, then leave.

We left the car at the park and walked to the cafe to order the sandwiches to go. Then we returned to the park

and ate lunch at one of the picnic tables there.

Because I didn't want to remind Kimmy of the past, instead we talked about the future. I explained that we would need to register her at the school so that she could get her class schedule set up, and with a knowing wink I told her that I would pull some strings to make sure she was in my home room class. With that, she was suddenly very excited about starting school in the fall.

When I asked about her hobbies, she said she liked to read and watch television. Her mother usually kept her cooped up at home, cooking and cleaning, so she never went out with her friends. The few times she had snuck out and found a few moments of freedom, Becky had beaten her when she returned, so she learned her lesson.

That was when I decided that I would take her on plenty of outings. Together we would develop some hobbies that took us out of the house. Too long she had been treated like a bother and a nuisance; now she would learn that she was a human being, and her wants and desires were important.

As we were eating, Kimmy spied a group of children on the nearby merry-go-round, and when we were through she asked if I minded if she went to join them. They were a little younger than her, about seven or eight, but she apparently didn't mind, so I let her go.

Up to this point, she had always seemed a little shy and reserved, but she was apparently very good with children. She offered to push the merry-go-round for them, to which they readily agreed. Like a babysitter, or perhaps a big sister, in no time at all she became both an authority figure and playmate to them, taking charge of the games they played and even suggesting new ones.

It was wonderful to see her having so much fun. She laughed right along with the younger kids, and even when they started up a game of tag, she joined right in. Of course, being bigger and faster than them, she had to slow down to give them a sporting chance, but it was all in fun of course.

One of the kids had brought a foam rubber football and they began to toss it around. After about five minutes, one of them overthrew it and it landed at my feet. Kimmy trotted over, but instead of asking me to throw it back, she grabbed my hand and pulled me off of the bench, and before I knew it I was a part of the game too.

After an hour of that, I was too tired to continue, but the truth was that I hadn't had that much fun in years. Sure I had gone to the beach a couple of times last summer and even played some beach volleyball, but it had always been with other adults. It was nice for a change just to loosen up and act like a kid again, especially with Kimmy there with me. She had a way of bringing out the child in me.

We spent over an hour at the park playing with the children, but we still had other things to do, so reluctantly we said goodbye to our newfound friends and headed for the car.

We drove to the nearby mall so that we could shop for some clothes for her, as well as anything else she wanted, within reason. She seemed a little overwhelmed by all of the stores; apparently her mother hadn't

taken her shopping much. I couldn't claim to be much of a shopper either, especially for clothes. To me, clothes were strictly utilitarian, something to keep you warm. I had a certain style that I liked, but it was common enough that I usually just ran into the store, picked up something off the rack, and left.

With Kimmy, though, shopping was fun. As soon as a friendly salesperson approached and began to help, Kimmy got into the spirit of things and started taking items into the changing room to try on. Each time she emerged, she gave a little pose and asked what I thought of the outfit. It was like my own private fashion show.

Like I told her, I thought she would look pretty wearing anything, so most of the outfits met my approval. I especially liked to see her in short skirts and tee-shirts. Then she tried on a simple but elegant dress, and I thought I had died and gone to heaven. She looked so beautiful I almost couldn't stand it. My daughter was absolutely divine.

I ended up paying a couple hundred dollars just at one store. We went to another store and I spent just as much. It was all right; seeing the look of joy on her face more than made up for the dent in my bank account.

By that time, it was getting late, so we headed back out to the car to go to dinner. There was a nice Italian restaurant nearby, one of my favorites. Kimmy and I sat and talked over plates of pasta and salad. She thanked me for being willing to spend so much money on her, and I told her that I had enjoyed myself a lot. Although I wasn't rich enough to do the same every day, I said that if we could find some less expensive activities, I'd be more than happy to take her out as often as she wanted.

*Take her out?* I thought. *That sounds suspiciously like it's a date.* But of course, that was nonsense. She was my daughter, after all.

Afterward, we stopped by an ice cream shop and I bought a couple of ice cream cones for us. "This is because sometimes I think of you as a little girl," I told Kimmy with a lighthearted smile.

After we finished eating, we stopped by a flower shop, and I bought her a bouquet of long-stemmed roses. "This is because sometimes I think of you as a young woman," I told her. Her eyes lit up with delight, and she kissed me on the cheek. I hugged her and kissed her on the forehead, then held her to me for a minute until I realized that we were in public and such affection might be misconstrued. Although we were father and daughter, there were still limits to how much affection we should be showing.

Kimmy wanted to go to the park again and watch the sunset, but unfortunately there wasn't time. We had to be home to wait for the furniture, so we climbed into the car and drove back to my house.

We had just arrived home when the van carrying her new bed and dresser pulled up next to the curb. A couple of large men with friendly faces got out, and Kimmy took my hand, once again reverting to her shy mode. The men greeted me, and I helped them move the bed and dresser into the house. It was a tight squeeze going through the door, but somehow we made it, and set them up in Kimmy's room. Once the men left, she went in and lay down on her bed. I stood at the doorway watching her as she spread herself out on it, a smile on her face.

"It feels so soft, Daddy," she commented. "And it smells so clean. Still, I like sleeping in yours better."

"Mine's not nearly as soft," I replied.

"It's not the bed, it's the company."

I laughed, then left her there and returned to the front room. I collapsed on the couch, a little tired from the events of the day. We had no doubt walked for miles around town, going from one shop to the other, and although I liked to work out, that was a little more walking than I was used to.

A few minutes later, Kimmy emerged from her bedroom and sat down on my lap, laying her head against my chest. Feeling her warm body against mine and seeing the look on adoration on her face made the whole thing worth it. I could do the same thing every day if I had this kind of reward to look forward to.

"Thank you, Daddy," she said.

"You're welcome, honey," I replied, wrapping my arms around her and hugging her to me. We sat like that for a few minutes, just snuggling in each other's arms. I closed my eyes and leaned my head back, letting all the stress in my muscles melt away.

"Are you tired, Daddy?" asked Kimmy.

"Yeah, it was a long day. I'm all worn out."

"Here, then. Let me take care of you." She climbed up off me and sat down at the other end of the couch. My disappointment lasted only a couple of seconds, because she motioned for me to lay my head down in her lap.

She didn't have to ask me twice. I rolled over onto my back and placed my head on her legs so that I could stare up into her smiling face. It felt every bit as nice as I had anticipated, especially when she began to stroke my hair. We talked about nothing in particular, and at every lull in the conversation she interjected, "I love you, Daddy," which made me smile. Maybe I wasn't worthy of the love of such a sweet little girl like this, but it felt really nice to hear her say it.

I felt so relaxed that it wasn't long before I drifted off to sleep, or at least partial sleep. I could still feel her soothing hands stroking my hair and the warmth of her body next to my cheek, but the rest of the world disappeared. Though it wasn't a particularly deep sleep, it felt so comforting and tranquil, and perhaps more satisfying than any nap I had ever taken before.

Half an hour later I awoke to the wonderful sight of my daughter's beautiful face smiling down at me. I yawned and sat up, then she took my hand in hers and lay her head against my shoulder again. We sat like that in blissful silence for the longest time, just enjoying being in each other's presence.

Finally, Kimmy spoke. "Are you feeling better now?" she asked.

"Much better," I replied. "I'm so glad I have someone like you to take care of me."

"That's what I'm going to do. I'm going to take care of my daddy," she smiled. "Do you want me to go fill up the tub so you can take a nice, hot bath?"

That sounded very nice right now. A soak in the tub was just what I needed. I nodded, and Kimmy kissed me on the cheek then hopped up off of the couch and headed for my bedroom. A couple of seconds later I heard the water running. I continued to relax there on the couch, still a little drowsy. Yes, a bath would feel really good. Then I would climb into bed and have a good night's sleep. Even though Kimmy had her own bed now, I wondered if I could talk her into sleeping in mine again tonight.

"The bath's ready, Daddy," I heard her call from the other room. Smiling to myself, I forced myself up off of the couch, then headed down the hall to my bedroom. I stepped into the bathroom, then froze in shock. Kimmy was sitting there in the tub.

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# Chapter 5

## Bath Time is Family Time

My eyes opened wide, as did my mouth. There was my daughter, completely naked again in front of me, acting like there was nothing out of the ordinary. She sat there half submerged in the water, but with her beautiful little chest completely exposed to my view.

"Kimmy..." I said. "What are you doing?"

"Taking a bath," she replied innocently. "Hurry up and get in before the water gets cold."

"But I..."

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Well... I just wasn't expecting..."

She giggled. "To take a bath with me?" she finished for me.

I nodded, unable to conceal the embarrassment on my face.

"It's okay, Daddy. There's no need to be bashful. It's not like we haven't been naked together before. I want to scrub your back as a thank-you for being so wonderful for me today."

I couldn't deny that it sounded nice. Too nice, in fact.

"Come on, Daddy." she pleaded. "It's just a bath. Unless you're worried that I'm going to try to seduce you," she said with a teasing smile on her face.

"Oh, no, that's not it at all," I replied. "I just... well..."

Her eyes lowered to my crotch, where I couldn't hide the rising lump in my pants.

"Oh, I see," she said with a smile. "Well, I don't mind if you don't."

"Um... really?" I asked, surprised.

"Daddy, I know all about that, remember. I just think you're not used to seeing my body, that's all. So we just have to get you used to it, and then there won't be any problem, will there?"

She had a very good point. I could probably have come up with a counterargument to her logic, but when it

came right down to it, I didn't want to.

"But it doesn't bother you that... well.. that maybe I'm having thoughts that I shouldn't have about you?" I asked instead.

"I trust you completely, Daddy. I know you would never do anything to me that I don't want."

I sighed. She really had a good point. I knew there were a million good reasons why I shouldn't accept the offer, but for some reason I couldn't think of a single one of them right now. Against my better judgment, I began to undress.

She watched me with a smile of delight on her face. I knew I shouldn't feel this good about letting my daughter see my body, but I found myself disrobing almost without thinking, as if my hands were moving all on their own.

Before I knew it, I stood there in front of her completely naked and with my cock as hard as iron and pointing straight out in front of me. I noticed her staring at it, but no matter how much I told myself I should cover up, the thrill of having her see me like this overpowered any inhibitions I might have felt.

After what seemed an eternity, her eyes raised to mine. "Come on in, Daddy, before the water gets cold," she said.

I nodded dumbly, then stepped into the tub. Her eyes returned to my dick, and never left it until it submerged under the water. I at least had enough willpower to face away from her. She had said she wanted to scrub my back after all. Kimmy scooted in closer, and although her chest didn't quite touch my back, her knees touched my sides. Since she was so much smaller than me, that meant that she had her legs spread nice and wide. I tried not to picture that sight, but it was hard to get it out of my mind.

She grabbed the cup that sat on the shelf in the wall, scooped up some water, and poured it over my shoulders. Then she took the wash cloth and began to rub it over my shoulders. I could feel the water running down my back and chest, washing away not only sweat and dirt, but all the tension in my muscles as well.

"There, now doesn't this feel nice?" she asked.

"Uh huh," I stammered. It had been a while since I had had my back washed. My last girlfriend had been a highly motivated and active woman, and we rarely had time to enjoy such simple pleasures, even during the summer when I didn't have to work. With Kimmy, though, we had all the time in the world.

Her hands felt so nice on me as she ran them all over my back. She had the most delicate touch, almost like a feather. I could feel myself relaxing more and more, second by second, and I couldn't help sighing. I could get used to this.

I decided that this much was all right. If Kimmy wanted to take a bath with me again, I would accept willingly. There was really nothing wrong with it; we were family, after all.

She moved her hands to my shoulders and began to massage them. I sighed as she worked out the tension in them; it felt so nice to have her do this for me. She had the most wonderful touch, and although her fingers were small, they worked their magic all over my shoulders.

"Thank you, Kimmy," I told her. "That feels so good."

"I love making you feel good, Daddy," she replied. "Let's do this every night."

"Mm," I said noncommittally. I still had enough self-control to realize that now was not the time to be making that kind of decision. I needed to wait until my head was clear from the intoxication of the bath and my daughter's naked presence behind me. Maybe on occasion we could bathe together, but I didn't know if I would be able to control myself if we did it every night.

I let her massage me like that for the longest time, and I closed my eyes to bask in the exquisite feeling. This, at least, was completely innocent. There was nothing wrong with a girl giving her daddy a shoulder massage, although admittedly doing it in the bathtub was probably bad. At the moment, though, I didn't care. I just wanted to let this feeling continue.

Suddenly, she threw her arms around my neck and pressed her body up against my back. I was alarmed until I realized that it was just a hug; she wasn't trying to seduce me or anything like that. Despite the fact that it really was inappropriate with us naked like this, I did nothing to discourage her. It did feel nice after all...

"You know something?" she told me. "You're not just the best dad in the world, you're all-around the best guy in the world."

"Thanks, Kimmy. And I think you're the best daughter, *and* the best girl in the world."

Then she caught me off my guard again by kissing me on the shoulder. All of these things she was doing to me really had me confused. What did she mean by them? If she were any other woman, I would say she was trying to seduce me, and if she were any other woman, it would work. But she was my daughter, and that meant it was all completely innocent. Or was it?

She didn't stop at the first kiss, but continued to kiss me all over my shoulders and even my neck. She continued to press her chest up against my back as she did so, her arms wrapped around me in a tender embrace.

What was she doing? Didn't she know what kind of effect this was having on me? Or maybe she did know, and was doing it on purpose.

No, I couldn't think that of her. Despite her background, Kimmy was innocent. None of the things that had happened to her were her fault. She was just a little naïve, and very affectionate with her daddy. There was nothing wrong with that but my own unwholesome thoughts. On the other hand, it did feel nice...

"I love you, Daddy," she whispered between kisses.

*I love you too,* I wanted to tell her, but I still didn't know whether it was true. I loved what she was doing to me, I loved being this close to her, I loved her smile, I loved her beautiful face, but did I love *her*? That was a question I wasn't prepared to answer yet.

After a few minutes, I realized that I had closed my eyes and nearly drifted off to sleep again, basking in the softness of her body and tenderness of her kisses. It was an odd combination of sexual arousal and peaceful tranquility. Certainly my cock hadn't diminished at all; on the contrary, it was as stiff as it had ever been before. I couldn't believe the effect my daughter was having on me.

I yawned, and Kimmy giggled. "Am I boring you?" she teased.

"No, of course not," I smiled back. "It's just so relaxing being with you like this. Not to mention the long day we had today. I'm liable to fall asleep right here in the tub."

"Well then, I'd better put you to work. Now it's your turn to wash my back."

To my disappointment, she withdrew a little, then as I was turning around, she stood up. I found myself gazing up at Kimmy's beautiful body, only about a foot from my face. I tried not to stare, but it was hard not to. No man who could call himself a man would be able to tear his gaze away.

Kimmy sensed my eyes on her, but she merely laughed. "Naughty Daddy," she teased, then turned around and sat down in the water. I merely sat and stared for a minute longer with an admittedly dumbfounded look on my face. Kimmy was sending me all kinds of confusing signals, and I was completely clueless as to their meaning.

"Aren't you going to scrub my back?" she asked.

"Um... sure," I said, reaching for the washcloth. I lifted it out of the water, squeezed out the excess, then with a deep breath I reached forward and touched her skin.

Even through the cloth, touching her bare back like this felt exciting. She had the most flawless, perfect skin, and I found myself wanting to just run my hands over it, washcloth or no washcloth.

She took her hair and pulled it to the side, throwing it over her shoulder so that I could work on her whole back. I couldn't believe how wonderful it felt to touch her like this. Though she faced away from me, just the opportunity to sit and stare at her made my heart race.

It took a few minutes to get her all washed up, and I took perhaps a little longer than strictly necessary, but I didn't want the bath to end.

To my surprise, once I put the cloth down, she scooted back and pressed her body up against my chest. This had the effect of pushing my cock against her as well. I couldn't believe how wonderful that felt! Something in the back of my mind told me I shouldn't be doing this, that I should get out of the tub right now. That voice of warning, however, seemed to come from a great distance, drowned out by the sensations I was feeling and

my attraction to my daughter.

Kimmy reached back and took both of my hands. She drew them forward, then positioned them so that they were wrapped around her front just under her breasts. I realized with excitement that one of my forearms was actually touching the base of the outward curve.

"Are you nervous, Daddy?" she asked me.

"What?"

"You're shivering, and your heart is pounding."

I realized that it was true. How could she not know why? How could she not know what she was doing to me?

"I guess I am a little nervous," I told her.

"Why?"

"Well, because... because I'm a little confused about things right now."

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, no. It's not your fault." That was a complete lie. It *was* her fault. I just didn't know whether she was doing things intentionally, or just being cute and affectionate.

Maybe she didn't know that herself. Maybe she was just as confused as I was. Was I sending the same kinds of signals to her that she was to me? She already knew that I was aroused; there was no way to hide that fact. Did she think that I actually wanted to *seduce* her? If so, would she be willing?

No, I couldn't afford to let myself think things like that. But god, she was so soft! What a wonderful feeling that would be.

"Maybe we'd better get out of the bath now," I said in a moment of mental clarity.

"Why?"

"Well... because..."

"Just a few more minutes?" she pleaded.

I sighed. That moment of mental clarity had passed. "All right. A few more minutes it is."

"Daddy?"

"What is it, honey?"

"Would you kiss me like I kissed you?"

I lost all resolve then. What man could refuse such an offer? I lowered my head and kissed her on the shoulder, causing her to sigh in contentment.

She tilted her head to the side, and I kissed her on the neck. There was nothing innocent about this at all; it was certainly not the kind of kiss a father would normally bestow upon his daughter. Right now, though, I felt about as unfatherly toward her as possible.

I lost control then, and kissed her all over the neck and shoulders. Perhaps if she had given me any signal, any at all, that it made her feel uncomfortable, I would have stopped, but she seemed to be enjoying it every bit as much as I was.

Somehow, miraculously, I managed to put an end to it after a few minutes. I don't know if I had a sudden flash of guilt, or if I realized that I was taking things too far, but for whatever reason, I reclaimed control of myself, and drew back.

"Thank you, Daddy," she said, then she stood up again. I thought that that meant the bath was over, to my disappointment, but then she moved in close. For an instant, I thought she was going to press her body right up against my face, but then she sat down again, slipped her legs around my waist, and then leaned in and hugged me.

I realized with both excitement and horror that my cock was pressed right up against her front this time, and I thought I could even feel her clit against the base.

"I love you," she whispered again as she held me there. She had been saying that all day, as if trying to coax me into telling her I loved her too.

I wrapped my arms around her back, not knowing what to do. What should a father do in a situation like this? But as far as I knew, this wasn't a usual situation for a father to be in with his daughter.

*As long as I don't do anything, it's all right,* I told myself. But wasn't I already doing something? Wasn't I getting aroused while I held my daughter's naked body against my own?

"Wouldn't it be nice if we could just stay here all night like this?" asked Kimmy.

"It sure would," I replied, "but unfortunately, I doubt I could sleep without falling over and dunking us both," I laughed.

She leaned back a little, but kept her hands on my shoulders. She sat there like that for a minute, her face less than a foot from my own, her eyes gazing into mine and her lips wearing a little half-smile.

Her lips. I already knew the pleasure of kissing them; she had kissed me last night when she had her

nightmare. But I had been so stunned that I didn't even thinking about enjoying it. Now as I stared at her beautiful face, I knew I wanted to let myself experience that wonderful feeling again. One kiss. Surely she wouldn't begrudge me that?

I leaned forward. Kimmy's smile widened, and she closed her eyes, tilting her chin up to give me better access. So she wanted it too, apparently. I continued leaning in, ever so slowly, toward those beautiful red lips that I so longed to touch.

*What am I doing?* I suddenly thought in alarm, an instant before I would have completed that journey. At the last moment, I leaned to the side and kissed her on the cheek.

When I drew back, she opened her eyes, and the confusion and disappointment there were obvious. What did that mean? I preferred not to think about it.

Then her expression changed to a mischievous smirk, and I wondered what that meant. A moment later I found out, as she upended a cupful of water over my head.

She giggled as I sputtered and wiped the water from my face. Whatever feelings had happened between us had now passed, and she was in a playful mood.

"Hey!" I complained, then reached for the cup. Still grinning, she held it behind her back. I wrapped my hand around her and tried to grab it, but she was too quick. She passed it to the other hand, then raised it above her head. I reached up, but she wriggled out of my grasp, pulling away.

I wasn't about to let her win that easily. I grabbed her and tried to keep her body against mine in order to keep the cup within reach. She squealed as she slid around in my grasp. Kimmy tried to stand up, but as she planted one of her feet and tried to push upward, it slipped out from under her. She toppled forward right on top of me. I went down backward, even going under water for a second. For an instant, her chest pressed up against my face, and I could feel her nipple poking into my cheek.

Embarrassed, I quickly sat up, releasing her and letting her get away. The water in the tub was churning and even sloshing over the edge onto the bathroom floor.

"Now look what you made me do," I told her, but kept a cheerful smile on my face to let her know it was all in fun.

"Yeah, well you didn't have to try and grab the cup from me," she taunted.

"Well, if you had just given it to me, none of this would have happened."

"If I gave it to you, you would have dumped water all over me," she countered.

"I would not!" I exclaimed in mock indignation. "I was just going to... wash your hair. Yeah, that's it."

She giggled again. "Sure you were."

"Sure I was. We made a mess the last time. The last thing I want to do is start that all over again."

She gazed at me for a second. "You promise?" She asked.

"I promise," I told her.

She held out the cup to me. She was so trusting and innocent that I decided I wouldn't try anything. I had planned to get her back, but looking at her like that, I realized that even if it was all in fun, I could never break a promise to her.

Rather than turning around and facing away from me, she took her previous position straddling my lap with her arms around my neck. It felt so nice that against my better judgment I decided not to tell her to turn around. I could wash her hair just as easily like this.

Trusting, she leaned her head back and closed her eyes. It was such a sexy pose that I almost couldn't resist leaning in and kissing her on the neck. But I refrained, instead filling the cup with water and lifting it very gently above her hair. I tipped it slowly and carefully so as not to get any into her eyes. She sat there immobile as the water ran down and wet her hair.

Two more cupfuls were enough to dampen all of her hair. Then I reached for the shampoo. Once again I took extra care; she was showing me a lot of trust, and I wanted so much to earn it. I poured a little into my hand, then massaged it into her scalp.

I found just running my fingers through her hair to be such a wonderful feeling. She had such soft hair, just like the rest of her. She sighed as I did so, and I found myself turned on even by those little sounds she was making.

All too soon, it had to end. I rinsed her hair off, then set the cup down. By now, the water was getting cold, so it was time to get out of the tub.

Before we did so, however, she leaned in once more and hugged me again, resting her head on my shoulder for a minute. I wrapped my arms around her and gave her a squeeze of affection. Then, by silent agreement, we stood up and climbed out of the bathtub.

Kimmy insisted that we dry each other off, and I was so lost by now that I agreed immediately. I reached for the towels, then wrapped it around her and worked it over her body. She stood there patiently while I rubbed her down, smiling contentedly. Again, I took a little more time than was probably necessary, but it gave me a good excuse to look at her body again. I just couldn't get enough of it.

When I finished, Kimmy took the towel and gave me the same treatment. I let her run it all over me, flinching a little when her hand brushed against my still-engorged cock. But it was only that one touch, and no matter how much I wanted her to do more, I also knew that I couldn't allow myself to give in to those desires.

Afterward, I reached for my bathrobe and slipped it on. Kimmy then gave me one last hug, then took my hand and led me back out to the bedroom.

Since there was no point hiding anything anymore, I opened my robe and let it fall to the ground. Kimmy stared at my swollen cock, and once more I found myself enjoying her gaze. I walked slowly to my dresser to retrieve my nightclothes.

"Daddy?" she said.

"Yes, honey?" I replied, turning to face her and trying to make it seem like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Well... since we're already undressed..." she stammered, "maybe we don't have to... maybe we don't have to put our clothes back on?"

"But weren't you planning on sleeping with me tonight?" I asked. She nodded.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Kimmy wanted to sleep in the nude with me! Though we had already touched each other's bodies, to lie there all night in each other's arms with nothing between us, just flesh to flesh, her hot, soft, young body pressed against me...

"I don't think that's such a good idea," I told her as soon as I managed to gain control over my raging hormones.

"Why not?"

"Because daddies and daughters shouldn't sleep naked together."

She looked a little disappointed, but nodded, then headed across the hall to her bedroom to get dressed.

I took the time to throw on a pair of shorts. I hesitated about putting on a tee-shirt; it was really a warm night, and it would be made even warmer by the presence of my daughter in bed with me. And after all, it wasn't as if I was looking forward to feeling her soft cheek against my chest, her hands against my bare skin, her body against mine with nothing between us but her own night clothes...

"I'm all ready, Daddy," said Kimmy, appearing in the doorway. This time she wore more traditional pajamas, with a button-down nightshirt and long pajama bottoms. Although it wasn't as sexy as the tank top and panties that she had worn last night, she still looked as cute as ever.

I decided to leave my shirt off this time. Kimmy skipped over to my bed and climbed in. I followed her, lying on my back next to her. Like before, she cuddled right up to me and lay her head down on my chest. She felt every bit as good as exquisite as I had anticipated. I slipped my arms around her and held her to me, smiling at the thought that we would sleep together like this from now on. She was my little girl, my little angel, my little princess.

"I love you, Daddy," she whispered once again. I kissed her once on the forehead, then lay back and let myself drift off peacefully to sleep.

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# Chapter 6

## Reassurance

Again I woke up to the sound of Kimmy sobbing against my chest, and I knew she was having another nightmare.

"Kimmy?" I said, gently nudging her awake. Her eyes opened, and she stared up at me with fear.

"Daddy!" she cried. "Please make him go away! I don't want to go back with him."

"Who?" I asked.

"Troy!" she sobbed.

"Troy's not here, honey. He's in prison. I promise he'll never hurt you again."

"But I saw him at the window!" she insisted. "He said he came to take me back."

Although I knew it was all in her imagination, the thought gave me a sudden chill. I glanced over at the window, and the closed blinds confirmed that there was no way she could have seen Troy there.

"It was just a bad dream, sweetheart," I told her gently.

"But it was so real!" She buried her head in my chest and continued to sob, and nothing I could do seemed to help. I spoke soothing words to her, I hugged her to me, I gently stroked her hair, but to no avail.

Then I remembered last night, when she had had a similar nightmare. She had done something that had calmed her, something I was a little reluctant to try. But if it would help...

I made up my mind. I rolled her over onto her back and lay beside her on the bed. Then I leaned in and kissed her on the lips. Her eyes opened wide with surprise for a second, then she closed her eyes and relaxed. I could feel the tenseness draining from her body as I continued to kiss her, and I realized that it was affecting me in a similar manner. I just wanted to lie here and kiss her luscious lips all night.

But that would be wrong. A simple kiss between father and daughter, especially to chase away the bad dreams, was perfectly fine, though this kind of kiss was pushing the boundaries. If I were to continue, though, I would be stepping way over the line.

When I drew back after about thirty seconds, Kimmy sighed, a contented smile on her lips and her eyes still closed. "Oh Daddy!" she breathed. Then she lay there unmoving, and I realized that she had fallen asleep again. I continued to watch her for a few minutes, this beautiful little girl, this precious angel that had so

recently come into my life. She was my darling, my sweetheart, my daughter.

I lay awake for the longest time, just holding her in my arms. It felt so nice to be near her like this, to lie here in bed with her and just stare at her adorable little face. She still had the remains of that smile on her face as she slept peacefully, and I felt joy in the thought that I had been the one to give it to her.

The taste of her sweet mouth lingered, and I licked my lips, savoring it. I could get used to that. My god, she was the most kissable girl I had ever known! I found myself almost wishing that she would never get over the nightmares, so that I could comfort her like that every night. But no, that was selfish of me, to want to cause her suffering just for my own pleasure. If I allowed myself such thoughts, I would be a horrible person. The nightmares would soon end, and I would only encourage their disappearance. Still, I could enjoy it when they did happen.

After staring at her lovely face for an eternity, I lay back on the bed and closed my eyes, cuddling her in my arms. I was glad that she still wanted to sleep in my bed even though she had one of her own. She had said that she would sleep with me until I found a girlfriend, and right now, that was the last thing I wanted to do. All I wanted was to be with my daughter.

In the morning, I awoke to a strange and erotic feeling in my shorts. I lay there half-asleep for a while, wondering what it could be but lacking the willpower to move long enough to find out. Kimmy lay there in my arms still, her head resting on my chest and her warm body pressed up against mine.

Part of me wanted to just lie there with her for as long as possible, basking in the delightful softness of her body, the rhythmic rising and falling of her breast, the calming sound of her breathing, even her subtle yet sweet fragrance.

But there was still that feeling between my legs, and something in the back of my mind told me that it was not right.

Kimmy sighed and shifted her position, and that feeling momentarily intensified. Suddenly, I knew what it was. My heart began to pound in my chest as I realized she had her hand down my shorts, and was grasping my cock!

Had she done it deliberately? Had she given in to those feelings that she had admitted she had toward me? Or was it something unconscious, something that just happened while she slept? The latter was much more likely, but just the thought of the former...

Whatever the reason, I had to put an end to it before she woke. I reached down and gently but firmly tried to pry her hand off, but she only squeezed it more tightly.

I couldn't believe how good it felt. Every motion of her tiny little hand sent waves of pleasure through me. The fact that she was my own daughter, rather than disgusting me gave it an erotic edge that wouldn't

otherwise be there. The forbidden nature of it only served to heighten my lust.

If she didn't release me soon, I was liable to go off, and then we would have a much worse problem on hand. I tried once again to pry her hand off, but to no avail. It was as if she didn't want to release me, no matter how hard I tried.

Suddenly her eyes opened and she lifted up her head. I froze in shock, completely lost as to what I should do.

"Good morning, Daddy," she said sweetly.

"Um... good morning," I replied.

She yawned, then lay her head back down on my chest. Then she glanced down and saw where her hand was.

Finally she withdrew it, both to my relief and disappointment. Part of me had wanted her to keep it there, and in fact to do so much more.

"Sorry," she giggled. "I didn't realize where I had my hand. I hope you weren't embarrassed."

"Maybe just a little," I admitted. "I guess I was more embarrassed for *you*."

"Why?" she asked. "It's not like it's the first one I've touched before."

"But I'm your father!"

"Yeah, I guess that makes it wrong," she sighed.

"Well, let's just forget it happened," I told her, and she nodded.

She yawned again, then kissed me on the chest.

"Daddy?" she said, glancing up at me with those gorgeous brown eyes of hers. "Can I ask you something?"

"Of course, honey," I smiled.

"Last night..." she said. "When I was having my nightmare..." She looked down, and I could tell she was a little nervous about asking the question.

I reached out and stroked her cheek affectionately. "It's all right, dear," I told her. "Go ahead and ask me."

"Well... why did you kiss me like that?"

I withdrew my hand and sighed. I had wondered whether she would even remember it, or if she did, if she would want to talk about it.

"You're right," I said. "I shouldn't have done it."

"That's not what I meant," she hurriedly insisted. "It's all right. You can kiss me like that if you want."

"Really?" I asked, surprised.

"Really," she confirmed. "I liked it. A lot. I was just wondering why you did it. I mean, it wasn't like a daddy kiss at all. It was more like a boyfriend kiss. When I closed my eyes, for just a moment I could imagine that you were my boyfriend."

"That's why I shouldn't do it," I told her. "I only kissed you because the previous night, you kissed me like that, and it seemed to calm you down. Last night the nightmare must have been really bad because nothing else I tried could make you feel better. So I gave it a shot, and it worked."

"Oh," she replied, and I could see the tiniest trace of disappointment on her face. I wondered what that meant. I leaned in and kissed her, this time innocently on the forehead. She sighed and curled up in my arms.

"Daddy?" she asked again.

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Is it wrong that I liked it so much?"

That was a hard question to answer. If she was committing some kind of crime just by enjoying that kiss, then many of my thoughts so far were felonious. But neither of us could help it, and perhaps that was an answer in and of itself.

"I don't think you can really call feelings wrong. You don't have any control over them, after all. It's acting on them that's wrong sometimes. For instance if we kept kissing each other like that."

"But what if I have another dream about Troy?"

That was a very good point. Last night it was the only thing that helped her to get over the bad dream.

"I suppose... I suppose it's all right to make an exception like that," I told her. *But only to help calm her down after the nightmare*, I told myself unconvincingly.

"So does that mean you liked it too?" she asked.

"Yes, sweetheart," I answered, feeling an obligation to tell her the truth since she had been so truthful with me. "You're a beautiful girl, Kimmy. Any man would love to kiss you like that."

"Troy didn't," she said, looking away.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bring up--"

"No, it's okay. I know you don't want to hear this, but sometimes I just need to talk about it with someone I

trust. I just haven't ever had anyone like that before."

"You can tell me as little or as much as you want, Kimmy. Whatever you feel comfortable with."

"Well, Troy never really kissed me. Whenever he took me, it was always about his pleasure, never about mine. To him I was just a toy to be used. If I ever did anything he didn't like, he... he hit me. He made me do things... I... I'm sorry. I thought I could talk about it, but..."

"It's all right, sweetheart," I reassured her. "Try not to think about it. That's all in the past now. You're safe with me. I'll never hurt you like that, and I'll never let anyone else hurt you either."

"But Daddy, there's something I'm worried about."

"What is it, Kimmy?"

"Well, it's kind of embarrassing. I'm almost scared to bring it up, but I need to tell somebody."

"I promise I won't get mad or think any less of you, if that's what concerns you."

"I know. It's just hard to say."

"It's up to you. If you want to tell me, it's all right."

"Well, I... I'm kind of worried, with all of the things Troy did with me, I mean I've been... well... sexually active."

"I know, and it doesn't bother me. It wasn't your fault, after all, so there's absolutely no reason to feel guilty."

"But that's not it. I was just wondering if maybe there's something wrong with me because... because I've never had an orgasm."

That surprised me. One look at her body was enough to see that she was already mature enough to be capable of those feelings, so it wasn't that she was too young. And she was certainly experienced enough.

"It's probably because Troy was so horrible to you," I said. "Like you said, sex was never for your pleasure, but always for his."

"But maybe that means I'm broken. Maybe because of that, now there's something wrong with me, and I'll never be able to feel an orgasm."

"I don't think that's the case," I reassured her. "You just need a positive experience to get you over all of the negative ones you had. You need someone to make love to you. Really make love to you, not just have sex. Someone who will treat you with respect and kindness and gentleness and love."

"Like you?" she asked, staring up at me once again with those big brown eyes.

My own eyes opened wide with shock. "Well... no... I mean..." I stammered, feeling myself growing red.

She giggled. "I'm sorry, Daddy," she said with a smile. "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"Then don't tease me like that."

"I wasn't teasing. I was being completely honest."

"Really?" I asked, astonished.

"Don't worry, Daddy. I know it's wrong, so I'm not asking you to do it. But I also know that you're the kindest, sweetest, most handsome man in the whole world, and there's no one else I would rather do it with than you. But I guess I'll just have to wait until I can find Mr. Second-best."

I relaxed as she explained herself. It still made me feel uncomfortable to know that she thought of me like that, especially with her flaunting her body all the time in front of me. Worse still was the thought that I was thinking of her in the same way. All of my defenses were being gradually torn down.

Still, I couldn't blame her. She had no more control over her feelings than I had over my own, and her only crime was in being so honest with me, which was really no crime at all.

There was something else in her words that disturbed me as well, and I knew I had to address it before it went too far.

"Sweetheart," I said, "maybe you shouldn't be too eager. I mean, maybe you should wait a while."

"Why? It's not like it's something I haven't done before."

"I know, but you didn't have a choice. Now that you do, don't you think it would be better to take a break from... well..."

"Sex?" she finished for me.

"Exactly. I guess I'm just a typical dad. I don't like the thought of my daughter having sex before she's ready to handle the responsibility. That's part of the reason why I hate Troy so much. And I don't want you to make the same mistake that your mother and I did. I can live with a mistake that ruins my own life, but it breaks my heart to think that I ruined yours."

"But you didn't!" she insisted. "I don't blame you at all, and I don't regret anything. If all those bad things hadn't happened to me, maybe I wouldn't recognize just how good you are to me now, and maybe I wouldn't love you as much as I do."

I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her tightly. "Thank you, darling. It means so much to me to hear you say that. I can't bear the thought of you hating me for what I put you through."

"I don't hate you. I love you."

I continued to hug her for a while, just basking in the tenderness of the embrace.

"Daddy?" she said after a couple of minutes.

"Yes, sweetie?"

"Do you love me now?"

I let her go and drew back, smiling at her. "I wish I could tell you yes, but the truth is that I don't know."

"That's okay," she grinned. "Yesterday the answer was no, so at least we're moving in the right direction."

I laughed. "Good point. But anyway, will you think about what I said? About waiting until you're ready, I mean."

"But that could be years before I find out if there's anything wrong with me," she insisted.

I sighed. I could tell that this was really bothering her, and she needed some kind of immediate reassurance. Unfortunately, it wasn't just something I could tell her; even if I promised that there was nothing wrong with her, that wouldn't be good enough. It scared me that she might go out and have sex with the first boy she met. At her age, that was the last thing she needed. Despite her previous history with Troy, I really did feel that she should wait.

There was another possibility, though. She only needed to have an orgasm, then she would have all the reassurance she needed. And that didn't require anyone else's help necessarily.

"Kimmy," I said, a little hesitantly. "There might be another way."

"Really?" she asked, her eyes brightening up with curiosity.

"Do you ever... do you ever touch yourself?"

She began to grow red, and I could see that for the first time since meeting her, I had embarrassed her. She nodded, though.

"It's all right," I told her. "There's nothing wrong with that. I just think that maybe that's a way that you can find out without anyone's help."

"But I've tried that before, and it doesn't work," she said. "I've never been able to give myself an orgasm either."

"Well, maybe you just need to keep practicing. It will come eventually."

"Daddy?" she asked.

"What is it, honey?"

"Would you show me?"

Now it was my turn to be embarrassed.

"Um... I don't think..."

"But maybe I'm doing it wrong," she insisted. "Maybe if I did it right, I could finally have an orgasm."

"I don't think that's such a good idea."

"Why not?"

It was a simple enough question, and despite any discomfort it might cause me, I figured she deserved the truth. "Because I'm already having thoughts about you that I shouldn't. If I were to see you doing that, I might not be able to control myself. I know you trust me. I just wish I trusted myself."

"Oh," she said, apparently accepting my answer.

I kissed her on the forehead, then stood up and headed into the bathroom to take a shower. As I stood under the water, I thought about what was happening. It was hard to believe that I was being tempted by my own daughter. Worse still, she wasn't exactly subtle about her feelings toward me. Perhaps all I would have to do would be to ask, and she would let me...

No! I couldn't afford to think such thoughts. I had already crossed too many lines with her. I had kissed her, I had taken a bath with her, and now I was considering going even further. She wanted me to be with her when she touched herself. Oh god! That thought alone was enough to drive me crazy. If I were to take her up on that offer, I knew I wouldn't be able to restrain myself. And then things would change around here. She would be thrust back into that nightmare that she had just left, but this time it would be worse, because she would have nothing to hope for. The man she had dreamed would take her away from it all would have betrayed her.

I could never do that to her, not to this little girl who needed me so much. I was coming to realize, too, how much *I* needed *her*. After all of the things that had happened to me lately, she gave me a purpose in life again. Little Kimmy, my darling daughter, was the best thing that ever happened to me, and all I wanted to do for the rest of my life was make her happy. I would do anything for this girl that I loved so very much.

I froze in stunned silence as I realized the nature of the thought that had just passed through my head. *This girl that I loved!* Yes, it was true. In less than two days, I had grown to love her. I hadn't believed it could be possible. Granted, Kimmy had claimed she loved me from the first moment she saw me, but she had a long history of loving that fantasy, that imaginary me. She had merely transferred that love to the real thing. But I

had never even known she existed until that day in the Department of Social Services. Now, three days later, I loved her.

Or had it happened even sooner than that? Perhaps I, like Kimmy, had fallen in love with her the first time we met. Maybe I just wasn't willing to admit it, because I thought it was supposed to take a long time for things like that to happen. Or maybe I pretended not to love her because I also felt myself attracted to her and couldn't come to terms with just *how* I loved her.

None of that mattered now, though. Sure, I was still attracted to her, but I also loved her as a daughter. *My daughter*, I thought with a smile. And I was her daddy. I couldn't wait to see her again, so that I could say the words she had been longing to hear from my lips.

I turned off the water and quickly dried myself off. Maybe when I told her I loved her, she would wrap her arms around me and hug me. Wouldn't that be nice. Or maybe she would kiss me on the cheek, which would be even nicer.

I wrapped the towel around my waist just in case she was still in my room, then opened the door.

There she was, lying on the bed with her eyes closed. Her deep breathing told me that she was asleep. She lay on her back with her hair splayed out over my pillow, knees slightly bent to the side, and both arms partially raised to put her upturned palms near her forehead. I watched her for a few seconds, taking in the beauty of her young face, with her delicate lips slightly parted as she breathed.

My heart pounded in my chest as I felt that familiar stirring in my groin. Such an angel as I had never beheld now lay slumbering in my bed, so innocent, so childlike, so vulnerable. A lesser man than me would surely take advantage of the situation.

Or was I that lesser man? How could I resist such temptation when it lay there before me, beckoning me, calling me? I knew that I had to have her. I needed to feel her body against mine, her cherry lips filled with my tongue and her young femininity penetrated by my manhood.

Before I knew it, I had crossed the room. I leaned over, and with trembling hands, reached out. My fingers, almost of their own accord, found the top button of her nightshirt and unfastened it. She didn't stir. I moved lower to the second button, but stopped when I heard her suck in a deep breath. After she let it out, I waited a minute, then continued with my task. The second button fell to my fingers, then the third, then the fourth. The nightshirt spread down the middle, revealing the beautiful valley between her young, adolescent breasts. Two more buttons and I would be there. One more. Now!

I slowly parted the garment like the cover of a book and stared at the delight that now lay revealed to my hungry eyes. Once again I gazed upon those sweet, tender, young breasts that I so longed to touch, to feel, even to taste. They belonged to me now, as they had always belonged to me. I was her father, after all. I had created her, brought her into this world. Without me she would not exist. Surely she would not begrudge me my due.

Just then her eyes opened.

I stared at her in shock. What was I to do now? I had been so wrapped up in my fantasy that I had not thought of an excuse when she inevitably awoke. I had thought only to take her, perhaps against her will at first, but as I worshipped her body with my own she would naturally give in to the pleasure and love me for it. Suddenly confronted with the reality, I found myself unable to do anything but stare.

She yawned, causing her beautiful torso to push forward momentarily, then with a smile, sweetly asked, "Are you going to make love to me, Daddy?"

"Um... no," I stammered, but the redness of my face betrayed me.

"Then why were you undressing me?" she asked.

"Because..." I said, trying to think of something, anything, that could pass as an excuse. Almost without thinking, I blurted out, "because I changed my mind about helping you."

"You mean... helping me touch myself?"

I nodded, knowing that I was stuck, trapped by my own words. I had to go through with it now.

"Okay," she replied with an enthusiastic smile.

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# Chapter 7

## A Father's Love

Kimmy wasted no time, but immediately slid down her pajama bottoms. I watched in eager anticipation as her hands moved up to the waistband of her panties. She slipped them down as well, revealing her sweet little pussy to my view. A moment later she lay back down on the bed, completely naked, and staring up at me with love in those big brown eyes of hers and a smile on her lips.

I had a moment of hesitation as my conscience, which had fled to the furthest reaches of my mind, flared up. Was I really going to go through with this? Was I going to watch as my daughter masturbated in front of me?

"Spread your legs, honey," I told her. She lifted her knees, then drew them apart. I nearly gasped as I saw her little lips spread apart, opening to reveal the wonders inside.

"Now put your hand between your legs and rub it," I told her. I couldn't believe was I was saying! I was actually directing my daughter's masturbation, as if we were making a cheap porno film!

Trusting, obediently, she placed on hand down there. She kept her fingers closed, unfortunately hiding herself from view, and began to run it up and down, very slowly.

She closed her eyes but kept that smile on her lips, her gorgeous young kissable lips. The sight before me was almost too much to resist. I was almost willing to give up our entire future together just for one moment of bliss with this little sex goddess.

With all the willpower I could muster, I managed to control myself. How easy it would have been to just take her right there! But somehow I didn't.

Kimmy seemed to have forgotten me for the moment as she rubbed herself. That gave me plenty of time to look over her nude young body. She had wonderfully soft skin, and cute little breasts that, though still small, had a certain delightful charm to them. I loved the way they trembled just slightly as her chest rose and fell with her breathing. The nipples were also small, just right for putting in the mouth and probably absolutely delicious.

I was doing it again. I was thinking of seducing my daughter. What a horrible man I was, to even be here watching her and especially to have those wicked thoughts. But, although I knew this was wrong, somehow that didn't seem to matter any more.

I let my eyes travel lower, and saw traces of moisture between her legs. She was capable of that much at least. I could smell it now, the musky feminine odor that meant she was aroused, like an animal in heat. And like an animal, it drew me to her. I took a step forward and reached out a hand.

Then I stopped, once again claiming control over my body. This had to end, I knew, but how? Should I just walk away and let her finish in privacy, or should I tell her that I was leaving? No, I had promised to help her, and I couldn't go back on my word. At least, it made for a good excuse to remain.

Soft, barely audible moans began to escape her lips, more like the mewling of a cat than the sounds of a woman in ecstasy. It reminded me again of just how young she was, but rather than disgusting me, it turned me on so much that I couldn't stand it. I wanted so much to be the one to cause her to make those sounds. I wanted to stimulate her all over her body, inside and out, until she finally discovered the joy that she had been missing for so long. All the horror and disgust at those thoughts had vanished completely, and the only thing keeping me from attacking her right there was the fact that I could never hurt her like that.

Her eyes opened and she gazed at me for a moment with those lovely brown eyes of hers. "So am I doing it right?" she asked.

"You're doing fine, sweetheart," I reassured her.

The smile broadened on her lips. "Do you really mean that, daddy?" she asked.

"What, about doing fine?"

"No, am I really your sweetheart?"

Impulsively I leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. "You're my favorite girl in the whole world, and that's the truth."

"Daddy, would you do me a favor?"

"Anything, Kimmy."

"Would you... would you take off your towel?"

*Oh god! I thought. That's not fair! How can I resist her when she asks me things like that?*

"If that's what you want, honey," I told her. She nodded.

I unfastened the towel and let it slip to the ground, exposing my already-hard cock to her eyes. She had seen it before, but this time it was different because I was deliberately showing it to her in order to sexually arouse her. She stared at it with a hungry look in her eyes, and to my astonishment and excitement, she actually licked her lips!

Again I began to fantasize, this time about her taking it into her mouth and sucking me to orgasm. To actually cum in her mouth and have her swallow it would be the greatest feeling I could ever experience.

"Daddy, you're so handsome," she smiled at me. "And so sexy." She began to rub herself again, her eyes not leaving my dick. It was as if she were speaking to it rather than to me, an amusing thought.

"I think you're sexy too," I told her without thinking. A low groan escaped her lips as I said the words, and I knew it was causing her pleasure to hear them, so I decided to continue. "You've got such a pretty face, and a gorgeous body." Another groan. "If I weren't your father, I would have my hands all over you." Another groan, this one a little louder. "I would rub you and squeeze you and grope you and fondle you. I would kiss you all over the face, then kiss you all over your chest. I'd put your nipples in my mouth and suck on them. I'd kiss your tummy, then I'd kiss your gorgeous little pussy. I'd run my tongue all over it, inside and out. I'd--"

"Oh Daddy!" she cried out with delight. Though she was obviously excited, I could tell it wasn't quite to the point of orgasm.

I had already gone too far, but there was no stopping now. It was all for her benefit, after all, wasn't it? At least, telling myself that seemed to strip away all of the guilt.

"Would you like me to kiss you again?" I asked her.

"A daddy kiss, or a boyfriend kiss?"

"A boyfriend kiss," I smiled.

"Oh god, would you?"

I leaned over, staring down at her pretty face lying there on the pillow, her bright eyes staring up at me with adoration and an innocent smile on her lips. Those lips that were waiting for my own.

As soon as our lips touched, I knew I wasn't going to stop. She had the most kissable lips of any girl on the planet, and I would not deny myself that pleasure. I kissed her deeply, powerfully, as if trying to devour her.

I noticed her rubbing herself furiously now, to my delight. She seemed to enjoy the kiss every bit as much as I did. She even opened her mouth, and I took the hint. I let my tongue slide inside to make contact with her own. She moaned around my lips as she let it happen, and our tongues teased each other's in that beautiful, passionate kiss.

Then I felt a marvelous sensation between my legs, and I realized that she had taken hold of my cock with her free hand. It sent thrills through my body to know that my daughter, my cute little Kimmy, was giving me that kind of pleasure. Yes, it was crossing a line, but then again, wasn't that exactly what we had been doing ever since we met? Granted, it was the first touch between us of an undeniably sexual nature, but we had kissed and undressed together and flirted like crazy with each other already.

Her hands began to move slowly up and down the shaft. I could tell she had done this before, and right then I felt the strangest feeling yet toward Troy: gratitude. He had prepared her for this, prepared her for *me*, and now she was putting her training to good use, to give me what I had longed for ever since I had first met her.

I couldn't let this be about me, though. I wanted Kimmy to experience the same kind of pleasure, because this

was all about her after all. I placed one of my hands gently on her stomach and began to rub her there, at first in tiny little circles, but expanding bit by bit. That ever-widening circle got closer and closer to the places on her body that would give her the most pleasure, and I could sense by her heavy breaths and excited trembling that she knew what was coming up, and awaited it with eager anticipation.

I reached her breasts first. I slipped my hand onto one of them and gave it a squeeze. She squealed in delight at the contact, then giggled at her own reaction.

My lips left hers, and I kissed her chin, then moved lower. She sighed as I kissed her all over her neck. I drank in the smell of her, the slightly sweaty yet oh-so-feminine aroma of an aroused woman. It had been too long since I had experienced that, and I was going to take full advantage of it.

My lips then moved to her shoulders, then her upper chest. There was no stopping now; I was going to make good on my previous words. Kimmy was going to experience her first orgasm, and I would be the one to give it to her.

She knew what was coming up, and let out a loud moan. I didn't want to disappoint her, so I kissed slowly downward toward one of her breasts. I took my time; there was no need to rush, and I wanted to draw this out as long as possible in order to maximize her arousal before I finally took her.

As I kissed her, I let my tongue touch her soft, warm skin, and she gasped at the contact. Seeing the reaction that produced in her, I made sure to keep doing it as I kissed ever closer to her nipple.

It was already swollen and hard before I even got there. I glanced at it as I kissed all around it, enjoying the mewling sounds she was making from the stimulation.

Finally I decided to give her what she wanted, and took it into my mouth. Kimmy cried out I simultaneously teased it with my tongue and sucked on it. It tasted exquisite. I just couldn't get enough of my daughter's tits.

I alternated between sucking it, nibbling on it gently, and just flicking my tongue against the tip. Each of these actions produced more of the moaning sounds from her, especially when I made it random so that she didn't know what kind of stimulation she was going to feel before it happened. The complete lack of anticipation made sure she wasn't ready for it when it came, which served to heighten her arousal.

Meanwhile, her hands were not idle. She still continued to stroke me, giving me back some of the pleasure that I was giving her. Through this mutual stimulation I sensed a strengthening of the bond between us. No more was I just her new father, but something far more. This was a kind of love that very few fathers and daughters ever got to experience with each other, a closeness that was so beautiful.

I moved to her other breast, not wanting to neglect it. I kept my hand on the one I had just left, squeezing and pinching and pulling the nipple as my mouth attacked the other one. I teased this nipple like I had done the first, and with the gasping breaths she took, I could tell she was getting more and more aroused.

But I still had more to do. There was one more part of her that I knew I had to taste. I lowered my hand along

her body to where her own hand was still rubbing. Gently I pulled it away and took over. Kimmy cried out at the contact, and I grinned, knowing that I wasn't finished yet.

She was definitely wet there, leaking juices like crazy. I let my finger slide into her opening, massaging her from the inside. I sought out the little bud at the top of her slit, pinching it gently between my fingers. That sent a tremor through her body, and she squealed with delight.

"Kimmy," I said tenderly. "Do you want me to kiss you there?"

"Oh god, Daddy!" she cried out. "Oh yes!"

With a grin, I knelt on the floor between her legs. Unfortunately, that meant she had to release my cock, as it was now out of reach. But there would be plenty of time for that later.

I breathed in the aroma of her aroused pussy, enjoying the smell for a moment. Then I leaned forward and planted a kiss right on her little clit.

"Aieeeeeeee!" she screamed at the pleasure. I then stuck out my tongue and licked from the bottom of her slit to the top, making sure to make contact with the nub at the end, and she cried out again. I repeated the motion, over and over and over again, and her body bucked from the pleasure. She had lost all control by now, and her body was reacting to every little touch of my mouth.

I hooked a couple of fingers into her sweet pussy and pried the lips apart enough to let my tongue burrow inside. God, she tasted wonderful! It was the most exquisite thing I had ever encountered. How could I have been so foolish as to deny myself this for almost two days? Well, I would make up for my mistake by taking advantage of it over and over and over again.

"Daddy!" she moaned. "Please! I want... I want..."

I lifted up my head and stared up at her. She had her eyes shut tightly and her mouth opened in an expression of intense pleasure.

"Tell me, baby," I said. "Tell me what you want."

"I want to feel you inside of me!" she blurted out.

So it had come to this. There were no inhibitions left in either of us, and Kimmy had just given voice to the desires that we both felt. I knew I could not refuse her any longer, especially since I was about to burst with passion myself.

"Yes, Kimmy," I replied. "I'm going to show you just how much your daddy cares about you."

I rose from my knees and stood between her legs, my cock now aching to enter her. I wasted no more time, but positioned it at her little hole. She trembled and gasped at the contact.

"Now, Daddy!" she called out. "Do it now!"

I took her by the hips and thrust forward. Kimmy squealed again in pleasure as I slipped inside, feeling her warm, tight tunnel engulfing my manhood. It was like nothing I had ever felt before. Yes, I had had sex with my previous girlfriends, but it was nothing compared to the bliss of doing it with this little girl that I loved more than anything in the world. The love I felt for her made it all the more pleasurable.

She wrapped her legs around my back as I rocked my hips back and forth, pressing deeper and deeper with each thrust. I was completely lost in the pleasure, drowning in the feeling between my legs, the sight of her beauty lying there before me, and the radiance of our love.

She reached out with her arms in a girlish gesture, and I accepted the invitation eagerly, laying my body atop hers. The softness of her skin and the sight of her face so close to my own only added to the pleasure. We bathed each other's faces with kisses as we made sweet, passionate love to one another, father and daughter enveloped in sexual bliss. We had crossed the final line, and I had no regrets. She was mine, and I hers, and that was all that mattered.

"Oh god!" she exclaimed. "Fuck me hard, Daddy!"

The words shocked me; I had never heard her say anything like that before. But if anything, the contrast of her innocent, almost childlike nature with the foul language coming from her lips drove me even wilder with passion. My darling little angel was a devil in bed! I thrust deep and hard, and she cried out with every motion. She had asked for it, and I was more than willing to give it to her.

The excitement and pleasure were almost too much to bear. I knew I wouldn't last much longer as I continued to thrust deep inside of her. I wanted to show her just how much I loved her; I wanted her to feel my love filling her up inside. My darling Kimmy belonged to me now, and I to her, the way it was always meant to be.

Her moans by this time had risen in pitch and intensity so that she was now shrieking with every thrust. I listened to her beautiful voice crying out, and it drove me into a frenzy. The thought that I was causing her that much pleasure aroused me beyond belief. I pounded her as deep and hard as I could, and I couldn't tell whether the screams of pleasure that echoed in my ears were hers or mine. Probably both. It didn't matter anyway. All that mattered was that Kimmy and I were lovers now, and we were consummating our relationship.

I kissed her passionately as I felt the pleasure mounting. It was time. I let my body tense up as waves of pleasure wracked me. My cock jerked inside her as it spewed forth its seed. Kimmy sensed it too, and it triggered her own orgasm. Her pussy tightened around me, squeezing me in a vice-like grip as she screamed in ecstasy. We held each other tightly as our mutual orgasm enveloped us.

As the pleasure ebbed and I rolled off of her and lay down on the bed next to her, the full import of what I had done hit me.

"Oh my god!" I gasped. "Oh, Kimmy! I'm so sorry! Can you ever forgive me?"

She merely turned her head to the side and smiled at me. "For what?"

"For what?" I exclaimed. "Kimmy, I told you I would never hurt you. I promised I would always protect you from people like Troy. And now I've become just like him."

"No you haven't!" she said, suddenly angry. "Daddy, don't you dare say things like that."

"But I... I molested you."

"And it's about time, too," she insisted. "Call it what you will: sexual abuse, incest, statutory rape, I don't care. I wanted it, and I wanted you to give it to me. It was the best feeling in the whole world, Daddy. Please don't spoil it by making it sound like something horrible. It wasn't. It was wonderful."

"But Kimmy--"

"Daddy, do you love me?" she interrupted.

I was taken aback by the question, or at least the timing of it. Now wasn't the time to go into things like that; now was the time for guilt and remorse and apologies.

"Kimmy..." I said again, but she wouldn't let me change the subject.

"I asked you a question, Daddy. Do you love me? Tell me the truth."

The truth. I had been learning to love her over the course of the past couple of days. I loved spending time with her, I loved holding her in my arms, I loved sleeping with her, and most of all I loved making her smile. As I gazed into her adoring eyes, it all became clear.

"Sweetheart, not only do I love you, I'm in love with you," I confessed. "As terrible as it is, I'm in love with my own daughter. I know that makes me some kind of perverted bastard, but I can't deny my feelings any more."

"Oh Daddy!" she exclaimed, rolling over on top of me and wrapping her arms around my neck. She lay her head against my chest, and I felt moisture there. She was crying.

"What's wrong?" I asked her, wondering if she had suddenly realized, like I had, what had just happened between us. Perhaps she felt sickened by my betrayal, or scared, or angry. I felt disgusted at myself, and horrified at the thought that my darling sweet daughter might actually hate me.

"I've been in love with you ever since I met you," she explained, "and I've been waiting for so long to hear those words from you. Please Daddy, I want you to be my lover."

So that was it. Kimmy had no regrets about what had happened between us. While the act itself may have

been identical to what Troy had done to her, the emotions involved made it the polar opposite.

"Kimmy, you have no idea how much I would like to fulfill that wish," I told her. "Even though I've loved other women before you, this was something very special to me. But it's wrong."

"No it's not. How can it be wrong when we both want it so much?"

"Because... well... Look what happened to Troy. I could go to prison if anyone ever discovered this."

"Daddy, you said you wanted to devote your life to making me happy."

"Yes I did, but--"

"How far would you go to accomplish that goal?"

"As far as necessary."

"Would you even risk prison for me?"

"I... well... yes. I suppose I would."

"Then what's the problem?"

She was right, and I knew it. Especially now that I knew how much I cared for her, I would do absolutely anything for her happiness. Why should I deny myself what I wanted, when it was the same thing that would make her happy? I didn't care what society said about this kind of relationship, I didn't care that I might end up in prison, I didn't even care if I ruined my life over this, as long as I could see her smiling.

I put a finger under her chin and lifted her head so that I could stare into her eyes. For a moment we just gazed tenderly at each other, then I leaned in and kissed her on the lips. It was the most beautiful, passionate kiss that I had ever experienced, because I had never loved another woman as much as I loved my little Kimmy.

"Is this really what you want?" I asked.

She nodded, and I leaned in and kissed her on the lips. "Then it's what I want too," I told her.

That was all that needed to be said.

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# Chapter 8

## My Daughter, My Lover

The last of my defenses had been swept away, as had my conscience and all of my inhibitions. Apparently Kimmy had never had such inhibitions; the only thing keeping her from giving herself to me right from the beginning was my own reluctance. Even that had disappeared, leaving no more barriers between us.

Neither of us wanted to get out of bed, and we didn't. She rolled over on top of me, and as I stroked her back she smothered my face and neck with kisses.

I lay there with what was probably a stupid grin on my face, just enjoying her ministrations. It felt so good that I didn't want it to stop. I ran my hands up and down her back in a loving caress, loving the feel of her soft skin.

After a while she ceased her barrage of kisses and lay her head down on my chest. I continued to stroke her, basking in the intimacy of her body against mine.

A few minutes later she raised her head. "I'm going to take a shower now, Daddy," she said.

"Do you want some company?" I asked with a grin.

"Of course," she replied. "I think we should take our showers together from now on. We can wash each other's backs like we did last night."

"Actually, I'd rather wash your front," I laughed.

"You can do that too."

We finally left the bed, and Kimmy took my hand and led me into the bathroom. We were both still nude, so we just turned on the water and stepped into the tub. As the warm spray cascaded over us, Kimmy wrapped her arms around me and hugged me to her. I could feel myself growing hard again, my cock pressing between her legs. This time I didn't even try to hide it.

Kimmy stepped back and took it in one of her hands. She slowly stroked it up and down, causing me to groan.

"Oh god, baby, that feels so good!" I told her, and she smiled at me. Then she reached for the soap. She squirted a little into her hands, then massaged it into my cock and balls.

"Let's get this all nice and clean for me," she said as she worked.

I stood there, loving the sensation she was giving me. Had I not recently climaxed, I would probably have gone off right there. As it was, she spent several minutes fondling me.

I reached out and slipped my hands onto her breasts and gave them the same attention she was giving me. I squeezed and rubbed and kneaded them in my hands. Kimmy really did have the most beautiful, luscious little tits in the world. Perhaps they weren't as big as a full-grown woman's, but on her body they were just right.

After a few minutes of mutual groping, she turned me around. "Now it's time to wash your back," she said. She picked up the soap again, but for some reason didn't apply any to my back. I could hear her moving around back there and wondered what was going on. A moment later it all became clear as she pressed her body up against mine.

She had lathered up the whole front of her body, and started to rub it up and down my back. I stood there in shock at the sensation, excited by the thought of what she was doing to me. She was using her own body to wash my back.

She even jumped up and wrapped her arms and legs around me like a piggyback ride. I held her legs as she continued to rub up and down against my back in that erotic massage.

Unfortunately, it eventually had to end. She climbed back down off of me and turned me back around again.

"Now your turn," she said with a grin. "I want you to wash my back just like I washed yours."

I was more than happy to oblige her. I let her soap up my front, then she turned around. I leaned in and rubbed up against her, but I didn't stop there. I made sure my hard cock slid between her legs, and reached around to fondle her tits. Only then did I start rubbing up and down her back.

The slippery sensation was almost enough to bring me to another orgasm, so I couldn't keep it up for long. Kimmy obviously sensed it too, because after a few minutes she stepped forward away from me, and I was forced to reluctantly release her.

"Not yet," she grinned. "I have something special in mind for you." I couldn't wait to find out what it was.

By now the water was growing cold, so we quickly rinsed away the soap, then turned it off and stepped out of the shower. We took our times drying each other, standing nice and close so that we frequently rubbed up against each other's bodies as we worked each other over. It felt nice just to run my hands over her, even with the towel between my hands and her skin.

When we were finished, we headed back out to the bedroom. I reached for one of the dresser drawers to get some clothes, but Kimmy grabbed my hand.

"Oh no you don't," she grinned. "You're not allowed to wear clothes today."

"Yes mommy," I teased, but I didn't try to get dressed. Instead, I sat down on the bed and motioned her over to me. She climbed onto my lap, straddling me and wrapping her legs around mine. She pressed her body up against my own, and leaned in for a kiss.

I kissed her back hungrily, holding her tightly to me. My lips attacked hers, and our tongues teased each other's. Meanwhile, she wriggled on my lap, stimulating my swollen cock. She knew exactly what she was doing; this time the motion wasn't incidental, but deliberately designed to drive me into a frenzy. It was working.

After a few minutes of this, she reached down between us and guided it to her entrance. I pulled back.

"Slow down there," I told her with a smile. "Maybe you can keep going twenty-four hours a day, but I don't have that kind of energy. Let's go eat breakfast first."

"I know what I want for breakfast," she said, glancing down between us, and I suddenly realized what she meant. I nearly gasped at the thought. Would she really be willing...? Not even my previous girlfriends had done that for me.

She could see the excitement in my eyes because she gave me a seductive smile. "You'd like that, wouldn't you, Daddy?"

"Oh god yes, Kimmy," I breathed.

"After breakfast then," she said. "I'm going to make you feel really really really good."

"Then let's eat!" I said enthusiastically.

"Just a second," she told me. She rocked her hips forward, and I felt my engorged member entering her. I groaned at the sensation. Kimmy wrapped her legs around my hips and her arms around my neck and held me tightly. "Now stand up and carry me out to the kitchen," she said.

I rose to my feet, and she sank even deeper onto my cock, causing me to groan in pleasure again. I took a moment to get my balance; although she was light, the unusual arrangement of weight meant I had to adjust my stance to compensate. Once I got it figured out, I left the bedroom with her riding on my cock.

I decided just to have a light breakfast this morning; for one thing, I was anxious to get it over with and get back to having fun with my daughter, and for another, I didn't want to try cooking anything in this position and risk burning her. Still carrying her, I opened the pantry and grabbed a loaf of bread and a squeeze bottle of honey, then went to the refrigerator and retrieved the butter and milk. I placed this on the table, then slipped a couple of pieces of bread into the toaster and pressed the button down.

While I waited for it to pop up, I backed Kimmy up against the wall to give myself some leverage, then began to thrust into her. She squealed with delight as I fucked her there in the kitchen.

"Ooh Daddy, it feels so good!" she exclaimed. "I want to do this with you all day."

I had just gotten into a good rhythm when the toast popped up, so reluctantly we had to stop. I took the toast out and placed it on a plate to carry over to the table. I then sat down at the table with Kimmy still in my lap.

Kimmy surprised me by releasing me and leaning back, resting her upper torso on the table. She kept her legs wrapped around me though, with my cock buried inside of her. She grabbed one of the pieces of toast and placed it on her chest.

"I'll be your plate today," she grinned, and I laughed.

"I have to warn you," I told her, "I'll probably get crumbs all over, and then I'll have to lick them up."

"That's the idea," she said.

I reached for the butter and spread it on the bread as it sat on her chest. Then I grabbed the honey and squeezed a little onto it. On impulse, I "accidentally" let some of it dribble onto her tits.

"Oops," I grinned. "I missed." Then I leaned over and stuck out my tongue.

"Ooh!" Kimmy exclaimed with excitement as I licked the honey off of her, paying particular attention to the nipple. I remained there a little longer than was really necessary to get her clean, but then, I didn't exactly hear her complaining.

After I rose up, I gazed down into her beautiful face, which was staring back at me with adoration. Sometimes I just loved to look at her like this, especially with her nude.

"Aren't you going to accidentally spill some honey on the other side?" she asked in an innocent voice. I wasn't about to argue with her, so I picked up the bottle of honey and deliberately squeezed out a healthy amount onto her other breast. Kimmy reached down and scooped some up with one of her fingers, then stuck it in her mouth. "Mmm," she smiled. "Tastes good."

I was excited beyond belief by my daughter. Sometimes she could be so shy, but right now she was a sexy little slut. She knew just what to do to turn me on, and she wasn't holding back.

I leaned down again and ran my tongue all over her perky little tit, scooping up all of the honey and teasing her like crazy. I flicked it against the nipple, which elicited an excited mewling sound from her, almost like a kitten. And that's what she was, my little sex kitten.

My tongue stimulated her over and over again, keeping her nipple hard. I leaned in further and sucked on it, causing her to gasp. She cried out as I sucked it as hard as I could, intensifying the pleasure for it. When I nibbled lightly on it, her whimpering became a wail of pleasure. Her pussy tightened around my cock, and I realized she was having another orgasm.

After a few more minutes of stimulating her with my tongue to let her calm down from her climax, I finally

got around to the task of eating my breakfast. I leaned over and nibbled on the toast without lifting it from her chest, making sure to get in quite a few "incidental" licks on her body as I did so.

After finishing it, I licked up all of the crumbs, most of which had gathered in the valley between her breasts. I took a long lick up her sternum all the way to her neck to make sure I got it all.

I handed her the other piece of toast, but instead of taking it, she shook her head. "I told you, I've got something else in mind for my breakfast," she said with a sly grin. There was no doubt what she meant this time, and my cock jumped inside of her in anticipation. She giggled at the sensation.

I wasn't about to waste any more time, so I hurriedly gobbled down the other piece of toast. I drank a quick glass of milk to wash it down, then carried my daughter out to the couch and sat down on it. She climbed off of me, which was in a way disappointing, but on the other hand, the anticipation of what was about to happen more than made up for it.

"Now it's time for me to thank you properly for being such a wonderful daddy," she smiled. She knelt in front of me and gently spread my legs. "Now just relax and enjoy this," she said. She took both of her tiny hands and wrapped them around the base of my shaft.

"Oh my god!" I breathed as she leaned in and opened her mouth. She let her tongue touch the tip for just a second, and I groaned again. She smiled, obviously enjoying the reaction she was getting out of me. She touched the tip with her tongue again, with similar results.

I couldn't believe how exquisite the lightest touch there could feel. It was kind of a ticklish sensation, but intensely pleasurable. I nearly jumped every time she teased me like that.

But I wanted more, and she sensed it. She circled the head with her tongue as her hands began to move up and down on the shaft. She was an expert at this, I could tell. It was unfortunate that she had had to go through some horrible times in order to become so, but as long as she was willing to do this for me, I was more than happy to take advantage of what she had learned.

"I can taste a little bit of me on you," she said with a wink. That made sense; after all, my cock had recently been buried in her cunt. Rather than disgusting her, though, it seemed to just add to her excitement. Once again I was reminded of just how dirty my little darling could be in bed.

She let her tongue run all over the head for a few minutes, then set to work on the shaft. She licked it all up and down, covering every part of it. There was not a single spot she missed.

She even went lower, licking me all over my balls. The surprise pleasure was almost too much for me, and it was with only the strongest of willpower that I was able to keep from cumming right there. Kimmy noticed this too, and backed off for a few seconds to let me get myself under control. Then she went to work again, licking and tasting me and even sucking my balls gently into her mouth one at a time. She kept one hand stroking my dick during this time, keeping me in a high state of arousal.

Eventually she moved up again, licking her way up the shaft. She kept eye contact with me as she did so, smiling as she pleasured me. It looked like she was enjoying this, if possible, every bit as much as I was. I had told her that all I wanted to do was make her happy, but she was certainly making me happy right now!

Once she reached the head, she licked all around it a couple of times, then took it into her mouth. She started with a kiss right on the tip that ended with a slurp as the head disappeared inside.

I gasped again, my whole body tensing up. It wasn't quite an orgasm, but the intense pleasure was the next best thing. As she stared up at me with those big, beautiful eyes, it reminded me of how she had done the same thing to my fingers yesterday at breakfast. I had thought then that the sight was so erotic, but now that she was doing it to my dick, it was ten times more so!

"Mmm," she hummed with a smile as she slowly bobbed up and down on it. Every suck sent tingles through my body, pulsations of pleasure spreading outward from the center of this obscene yet beautiful act. I loved the sight of the indentations in her cheek as she sucked me off and the look of adoration in her eyes as she stared up at me. I was certain now that she loved to give me pleasure, just like I loved to do with her.

That thrilled me to know end. It meant there would be no selfishness between us; our lovemaking would be about making each other feel good. Our relationship would never be about taking, but always about giving, because we loved each other so much.

She took me in as deep as she could, and I could feel myself hitting the back of her throat. She couldn't quite take my whole cock in, but I loved the feeling anyway. She was trying her hardest to please me, and it was working.

She kept this up for a few minutes, then backed off a little. Though it had felt extremely nice, I didn't want to force her to do anything she didn't want to do. Besides, when started to tease the tip with her tongue as she sucked on just the head, I realized that this felt even better. I groaned again, clutching the cushions on the sofa tightly.

Kimmy was experimenting now, finding out just what I liked the most. I had never had a girl suck my cock before, so I hadn't realized that there could be that much variety in a blowjob. I loved the fact that she was so anxious to make it so pleasurable for me.

My hips were starting to rock forward reflexively, so she took the base of the shaft in her hands again to keep me from thrusting in too deeply. I would never have done anything like that to her on purpose, but I wasn't exactly in control of my body at this time. If anything, Kimmy had more control over me than I did.

After a few minutes of this, I knew I wouldn't be able to hold out much longer. My groans had now turned into a series of gasps every time I inhaled and grunts every time I exhaled. The pressure was starting to mount, and in a moment I would find release.

"Oh god, I'm going to cum, sweetheart," I told her. She merely smiled and sucked harder.

The pleasure was too much to bear, and an instant later I erupted. Despite my previous orgasm before breakfast, this one was every bit as intense. I shot spurt after spurt of my cream into her mouth, and she swallowed it eagerly. She kept that smile on her lips the whole time, and if anything it even intensified as she tasted my cum as it fired over and over again into her mouth.

I lost track of all time; certainly it was only a few seconds, but it seemed like an eternity that I continued my climax as Kimmy drank it down. Somehow she managed to take it all without spilling even a single drop.

Eventually the pleasure waned, and the jerking of my cock tapered out and finally ceased entirely. Kimmy continued to suck until my dick went limp and she was sure there was no more forthcoming. Then let it slip out of her mouth. She stood up momentarily, then slid onto my lap, lay her head against my chest, and gazed up at me fondly. I wrapped my arms around her and held her there in a warm embrace.

"Your cum tastes so good, Daddy," she said. "That's what I want for breakfast every day."

"Every day," I breathed, too exhausted to even think right now, much less give her an intelligible answer. She giggled and kissed me on the chest, then snuggled up to me. We sat there immobile for the longest time, just feeling the warmth and love of each other's naked bodies pressed together.

We made love one more time that morning, this time on her bed. She would have been up for a few more, but I had to take a break; despite not having sex in several weeks, I just couldn't keep up with her, especially with her newfound enthusiasm for sex.

We took our time, just letting it happen. This time there was no hesitation, no worries or fears, and no need to rush it. We spent over an hour just touching and rubbing and kissing each other's bodies, showing our love for one another.

Afterward, we lay together in each other's arms. I held her tightly to me, never wanting to let her go.

"So does this mean I'm your girlfriend?" asked Kimmy.

"It sure does," I smiled.

"And you won't look for another girl that you'll love more than me?"

The way she said that made me think back to our previous conversation about this same subject. Was there still that doubt in her mind? If so, that brought up a disturbing possibility.

"Kimmy," I said, "I want you to tell me the truth. How long have you wanted me to make love to you?"

"Um..." she said, blushing. "I guess, I guess in a sense, I always have. I mean, I've hoped to find my daddy for so long that I really didn't have any room in my fantasies for anyone else. Then when I finally met you, I thought you were the most handsome man in the whole world, and I knew that I would never ever love any

man more than you. But then you mentioned getting a girlfriend, and I got jealous, because I was scared that you would leave me once you found someone else to love. So I thought that if I became your girlfriend, then that would never happen."

So that was it. She had seduced me in order to win me over. This little girl had done the only thing she could think of to make me love her, despite my insistence that I wanted her to stay with me.

I hugged her to me. "Kimmy, didn't I tell you that I would never abandon you?" I asked, stroking her hair.

"You said it, but I wasn't sure. You almost rejected me, remember? I want you to love me so much that you'll keep me forever."

"I do, Kimmy. You don't have to worry about that ever again. It has nothing to do with sex; you don't have to feel obligated to make love to me. I want you to stay with me no matter what."

"But what if--"

"There is no 'what if.' There's not a single woman in the whole world who could take your place in my heart."

"I know, Daddy," she said with a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes.

"But Kimmy, now that you know that, I'm going to give you another choice, just like I gave you at the beginning. If you're at all uncomfortable with making love to your own father, we can end it right now. I'll still love you, but only as a daughter. I'll still hug you and kiss you and hold you in my arms, but that's it. And then one day you'll find a man who can give you everything else you need, and I'll give you up to him, a little sadly but still happy for you, because that's the way it's supposed to be."

"Or we can continue down this path that we've started. We'll bathe and shower together, sleep in the same bed, and give each other wonderful pleasure. I won't try to coerce you one way or another. Don't feel obligated to please me, because nothing would please me more than to know that you're happy. So I leave it up to you. What do you want?"

Kimmy wrapped her arms around my neck, leaned in, and kissed me passionately on the lips. I needed no other answer than that.

That's how I began a sexual relationship with my daughter. We continued it all summer, spending as much time in bed as out. We went out to eat at least once a week, and to any outside observers it was a father spending quality time with his daughter, but as far as we were concerned it was a date, just like between a boyfriend and girlfriend.

She never had another nightmare after that second night together. I don't know whether it was because she no longer feared sex, or if she finally knew for sure that I would never abandon her, or if it was just because she

had nothing left to worry about. For whatever reason, there were no more of those episodes, for which I was glad. I still gave her plenty of "boyfriend kisses" though, every night before going to sleep, and every morning after waking up.

In September Kimmy began school, and I pulled some strings to get her into my home room class, just so that I could be near her. I was happy that she made a lot of new friends, and even happier that none of them were male. There was still a part of me that worried about the long-term consequences of an incestuous relationship with her, but there was also a part of me that would have been insanely jealous if she showed the slightest interest in boys her age.

For her part, Kimmy has managed to play her role perfectly. In public she calls me Dad, but at home I'm still Daddy. She doesn't fawn over me or flirt with me during school; in fact, she acts much more mature than some of the other girls in my classes.

I made a promise to both myself and her that I wouldn't let our relationship affect her grades, and so far it seems to be working. Of course, that doesn't stop me from rewarding her with sex for finishing her homework or getting a good score on a test, but I like to think that she would do just as well without the reward, because she's so eager to please me.

Maybe one day we'll have to deal with the reality of a girl living with her father long after most girls would have moved out of the house. For now though, we have nothing to worry about. To the outside world, we're just a single-parent household, a father and daughter who love each other like in any other family. No one knows the truth, and probably no one ever will. There are some who would call our relationship inappropriate, but we don't care. The only thing that matters is that Kimmy's fantasy has come true. She's finally found a daddy who loves her more than anything in the whole world, and that's never going to change.

## THE END

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