**Daddy, I Have a Question**

by Lubrican

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**Chapter 1**

Bob was reading an article about a ruckus caused by a citizen at a recent city council meeting when movement in his peripheral vision caused him to look to his side. What he saw, or rather who he saw, was his daughter, Cathy. That wasn’t strange. He saw her all the time. They lived together, after all.

What was strange was how she was dressed. Modesty in the Phillips household had always been relaxed, as Bob raised his little girl. Bob did not teach her to be ashamed of her body, unintentionally, like many parents do. But they weren’t nudists, or anything.

“I’m curious as to where you got that outfit,” said Bob, staring at her over one corner of his paper.

“I got it at a store in the mall,” she said. “I saved up my allowance for it.”

Bob eyed the Baby Doll “pajama” outfit, which was a sort of bronze color and actually went with her blond hair and fair skin very well. A lot of that skin showed, including all of her cleavage within a hair’s breadth of her areolas. What did cover her breasts was made of lace and her nipples peeked through the holes in the fabric. The panties were of similar material and even through the filmy jacket he could see the front of the panties was puffed out, full of pubic hair.

“It looks a little grown up for a fourteen year old girl,” he commented, carefully.

“It’s supposed to be sexy, but it probably looks stupid on me,” she sighed.

“You’re wrong. It looks very sexy,” he said. “That’s the problem.”

She stopped and stood there, just looking at him.

“Daddy?” Her voice was light and high-pitched. “You said we could always talk about anything, right?”

“Of course,” he said. He said it from habit and did not think about how some things might be more difficult to talk about than others, now that she was almost grown.

“Okay, so I want to ask you a question.”

“Go ahead,” he said.

“Well, I said I probably look stupid but you said I look sexy. So ... did seeing me in this give you a boner?”

There was a long pause, during which the silence bothered both of them. It bothered him because he kept trying to figure out what to say and couldn’t, and it bothered her because she was afraid he wasn’t going to answer. She filled the silence first.

“It’s okay if you got one. I mean I know you get them all the time. Boys at school get them all the time, too, but they’re kind of icky. Mister Anderson, my English teacher, gets them whenever it’s pep day and we wear our cheerleader uniforms in class. Some of the girls like that because he’s kind of hunky and all, but I don’t like it when he looks at me and gets one. But yours are different. Yours aren’t icky. I kind of like it when you get one.”

“You do?” He was still a deer in the headlights.

“Yeah. Yours make me feel special.” She moved closer to him. He could see through the filmy jacket now, and the bra was tiny, covering only the tips of her breasts, which looked like they belonged on a grown woman, instead of an adolescent girl. “Yours make me get a funny feeling right here.” She touched her abdomen, just below her belly button, with one slim finger. “From what Mrs. Peterson said in sex education last semester that means I might be getting horny, except she said when you get horny it means you want to have sex and I don’t want to have sex with anybody. I mean I know I’m not supposed to want to. I want to be a good girl for you because I couldn’t go on living if you didn’t love me anymore.”

“C’mere,” he said. It was his gut instinct that was in play now. Some things were of paramount importance and his relationship with his daughter was at the top of that list. Her mother had succumbed to cancer when Cathy was only five and Bob had been required to be both mom and dad ever since. He had never been interested in trying to find a “replacement” mom for his daughter. Any time he thought about dating it felt like he was cheating on Valerie. He knew that was silly, but beating off served his sexual needs. Even that had been an infrequent need, over the years, at least until recently. When you have a drop-dead gorgeous young woman in the house, who looks just like her mother did when you were head over heels in love and horny all the time, the urge to stroke one out comes more often. He had hoped (and believed) she hadn’t seen any of those boners she so lightly brought up.

Cathy moved and, out of habit and maybe something less identifiable, sank down on his lap. She leaned one barely-covered breast against his chest and put an arm around his neck. He inhaled the scent of her body lotion and the erection that had almost begun to flag bounced right back into iron-hard eagerness. It was obvious she felt it because she wiggled on it, getting it to settle between her butt cheeks. All the time she looked him right in the eye.

“There is no way in the world I could ever stop loving you,” he said, stroking her back. “You are everything to me. I will love you fiercely until the day I join your mother. I’ll probably love you even then. I know she’s been watching out over us and when I die I’ll keep watching out over you.”

“Let’s not talk about you dying,” she said, sounding as adult as she looked. “Can we keep talking about your boners?” She wiggled on his stiffy again.

“We can,” he said, slowly, “but why do you even want to? I’m sorry I get them. I mean I’m not supposed to get them, but you’re so beautiful I can’t help it. It doesn’t mean anything. I mean you don’t have to be afraid.”

“I’m not afraid, silly,” she scoffed. “I told you I like it. But I also know what you mean when you say you’re not supposed to. Can I tell you something secret?”

“Of course,” he said.

“It really is a secret and you have to promise not to tell anybody.”

“I promise,” he said, again without thinking first.

“Pinky swear!” she demanded and produced her little finger to be gripped.

He went through the motions and waited.

“You know Jennifer Humboldt?” she asked.

“She’s the tall one with the black hair that goes to her waist, right?” Bob was visualizing one of the other cheerleaders. He had the same problem Mister Anderson had. Whenever he saw the girls in uniform he got hard.

“Yes. Well ... I wasn’t going to tell you about this because I know you’ll be angry but at one of the sleepovers Melanie snuck some booze from her dad’s stash and some of us tried it. I didn’t like the taste but Jennifer did and she got really drunk. After everybody else was asleep and it was just her and me, she said she was horny and wished her daddy was there. I asked her why and she said she wanted to sit on his lap. She said she sits on his lap a lot.”

She blinked.

“Are you mad at me about the booze?”

“No. I understand teens get curious. I’m glad you didn’t like the taste, though. So Jennifer sits on her father’s lap. Is that the big secret? That’s not such a big secret to have. You’re sitting on my lap right now.”

“Not like she sits on his lap,” said Cathy. “When they do it they’re naked.”

Bob blinked.

“Naked?”

“Uh huh. She sits on him and his boner goes inside her.”

“No way,” groaned Bob. The image of Jennifer Humboldt sitting, skewered on Hank Humboldt’s fatherly cock, did not help make his own erection go down.

“I think yes way,” said Cathy. “She described how it makes her feel all stretched and then it feels really good and she kisses him and gets a fliver and then he gets a fliver and then they’re done.”

“Fliver?” Bob croaked.

“Yeah. That’s when a girl gets all giggly and wants to scream and if it’s a guy, he squirts stuff out of his penis. We call it getting a fliver.”

“Have you seen a boy have a ... fliver?” gasped Bob.

“No, Daddy,” she moaned. “Of course I haven’t. When would I get to see that? You don’t let me get alone with a boy.”

“Do you understand why I won’t let you date, yet?” asked Bob.

“Uh huh. You don’t want me to get horny with a boy and have flivers. But I don’t want to do that anyway. Boys are gross. They say crude things and grab their crotches and stuff and it just makes me ill. If I want to have a fliver myself I have to think about ... um ... something else while I do it.”

“You have ... flivers?” moaned Bob.

“When it was girls only day in class Mrs. Peterson said it was normal and it was a good way to calm down if you got too horny. Did she lie?”

“No,” said Bob, carefully. “I just never thought about you doing that.”

“She said boys do it, too, even more than girls do.”

“I suppose that’s true, too,” Bob sighed.

“Jennifer said her daddy used to do it with her at the same time, back when she was twelve. When she was thirteen he put it in her mouth, and this year he lets her sit on his lap with his thing up inside her.” The precocious fourteen-year-old blinked at her father. “So ... do you do it?” she asked. “I’m not trying to be nosy but when Jennifer was talking about all this she sounded like she loves her dad as much as I love you. But we’ve never done any of that stuff and I don’t know whether there’s something wrong with Jennifer and her father or you and me.”

“Hold on right there,” said Bob. “It doesn’t have to be that someone is wrong and someone is right. Different people have different relationships and if it’s right for them, then it’s nobody else’s business.”

“But I know if people found out she’s doing it with him he’d get in huge trouble. So that makes it wrong, right?”

“Okay, yes. If people found out it would tear them apart. Whether I think it’s right or wrong, I don’t feel like I should tear anybody’s family apart.” He blinked. “That assumes she wasn’t forced. If he forced her then that’s a different thing.”

“I don’t think he forced her,” said Cathy. “She said she couldn’t wait to get back home so they could do it.”

“Well, then, I figure it’s none of my business,” said Bob.

“You know she doesn’t have a mom, either,” said Cathy.

I know that, but not what happened.”

“Jenn says she left the house one night to go to the store and never came home. Jenn says she had to become the woman of the house and that’s part of why she and her daddy do it.”

“You don’t have to become the lady of our house,” said Bob.

“I almost am anyway. I wash the clothes and do most of the cooking. You wash the dishes, but I have to do the mopping and sweeping because it would never get done if it was your chore.”

“You don’t have to become the complete woman of the house,” moaned Bob. “Not like Jennifer has.”

“But I love you,” whined Cathy. “I love you at least as much as Jenn loves her daddy, and you get boners for me and I get horny when you do, so how come we’ve never done anything about that?”

Bob blinked. Things had taken a decidedly serious turn. No longer was this a casual conversation with a curious teenager. Suddenly he found himself talking to an almost-woman who had things in mind that she shouldn’t be thinking about for another four years. Except she was. And she was sitting on what she knew was his erection, wiggling on it, in fact, making it extremely clear said boner did not make her uncomfortable in any way, shape, or form.

“Sometimes it doesn’t work out when a father and daughter um ... try to do things like that,” Bob said, vaguely. “Sometimes it freaks them out. And if it does that, it can damage their relationship. I don’t want to chance ruining our relationship. I love you, too, and I want you to be happy and well-adjusted. Some day you’ll find a young man who also makes you horny and who you want to be with all the time. And you’ll get married and have all the sex you want and have his babies and everything. I don’t want to screw up your chances of having a normal life like that.”

Cathy leaned sideways, all the way onto one butt cheek. Her hand snaked between them and found his rock-hard penis. She gripped it as if she’d gripped one a thousand times and squeezed it.

“You think this would freak me out?” she said. “I don’t think so. I know you’ve been getting them for years and I never felt freaked out about it. When I talked to Jenn that night I finally understood what I was feeling when I saw you get one. I teased you sometimes, just to see if I could make it happen.”

“Like tonight,” Bob suggested. “What you have on is called a ‘come fuck me’ outfit by some people.”

The girl blushed and her face turned bright red.

“I just wanted to look sexy ... not the other,” she said.

“That’s why you learn things at home, so when you’re out in the world you know what to do and how to avoid problems.”

“Jennifer’s learning things at home,” said Cathy.

“Look at me,” Bob said, trying to make his voice harsh. “Do you want to learn the things Jennifer has learned ... here ... at our house?”

The blush had faded a little, but popped right back.

“Maybe,” she whispered. “I’m not sure.”

“Then you shouldn’t do anything,” said Bob. “You should never take steps like that in your life unless you’re absolutely, positively, without a doubt sure it’s what you want to do. You can’t un-do things like that, like you can never un-say something that hurts another person.”

“I know this,” said Cathy. “I like sitting with you like this. I like it that you get boners for me. I like looking sexy for you. I like it when all you have on is pajama bottoms or your briefs. I want to see what you hide in those briefs except I’m too chicken to try that. I don’t know anything for certain except that I love you more than anybody else in the whole world and I always will. I don’t care what happens or doesn’t happen as long as we keep loving each other.”

“Well, I love you, too, and in the same way. We don’t have to make any decisions right now. We have lots and lots of time. You have two more years of high school left and a lot can happen in that time. Let’s just take things slowly, okay?”

“Okay!” she said, her voice bright. Then she kissed him ... on the lips.

They had kissed each other thousands of times and many of those were pecks on the lips. There had been lingering hugs, but not lingering kisses. This one, however, was different, because when she pushed her lips against his she didn’t just pucker them, make a smacking sound, and pull back. This kiss held a kind of emotion that was different than anything they had shared in a kiss before this. Her lips seemed to stick to his and then his lips moved and his head moved and the pressure on their lips increased.

It became a lover’s kiss, pure and simple. Nothing overtly sexual had happened and it was possible nothing ever would happen, but that one kiss cemented their passion for each other into a block that would anchor them for the rest of their lives. There was promise in that kiss, promise that there was more that could be shared. Nothing happened when the kiss finally broke, except that Bob grunted, “Get up off of me before we make a big mistake.”

She hopped up and bent over. One of her breasts popped out of the flimsy bra as she reached to grip the erection in his pants again.

“I’ll see you later,” she said to his lap and squeezed his cock. Her eyes came up and said, “I liked that kiss a lot. I think we should kiss like that from now on.”

“We’re taking things slowly, remember?” he panted, gently.

“That’s why I still have my outfit on,” she said, with an impish smile. “I love you. Right now I really need a fliver, so I’m going to bed.”

She leaned forward and kissed him again, but this time it was a completely normal loving little peck on the lips. Then she ran for her bedroom as he watched her bubble butt bouncing in the tissue-thin panties that cupped, but did not control, her ass cheeks.

Ten minutes later Bob groaned as relief flooded his groin and his semen blasted all over a T shirt that had been in the laundry hamper and would go back there later. As he did, he imagined his daughter with her legs spread, rubbing her clitty until she “giggled and wanted to scream.”

If he’d known Jennifer Humboldt had given Cathy the dildo she no longer needed, (because she was getting the real McCoy from her father, ) and that Cathy had that big, fake penis plugged as deeply in her adolescent pussy as she could get it, he might have had to jerk off twice.

Or he might have decided she could handle the real thing physically as well.

Delayed gratification can be one of the most powerful aphrodisiacs there is. In the case of this girl and this man, neither pushed things very hard at all. That said, modesty got a little more relaxed, when it came to Cathy’s movements around the house. She bought more shorty pajama outfits, most in opaque satin, meaning Bob couldn’t see through them. They were often just loosely draped on her frame, though, and Bob got many a shot of a pink-tipped breast, or the bulge of pubic hair in the G-string panties she now wore almost exclusively.

She teased him in her cheerleader uniform, too, doing stretches that displayed her charms and giving him sultry looks.

This had an effect on Bob. It was obvious she wasn’t scared or worried. It was obvious she was obeying his suggestion that they go “slowly.” The result was that when he got excited over her he no longer tried to hide it. If anything he wore only his skivvies more often because the length and shape of his boner was easily visible through the plain, white cloth, and she said she liked seeing his erections.

Cathy only sat on his lap infrequently, now, but when she did she kissed him and she began to straddle his lap while she did this, which put her adolescent pussy in position to rub against her father’s excitement. These kisses left them both panting and she always grinned, said, “I love you so much, Daddy,” and then “went to get a fliver.”

It was that, in fact, that moved them forward when neither actually intended things to be moved forward in any concrete sense. One night when she ran off to masturbate, as Bob limped toward his bedroom to do the same thing, he passed her door and heard a moan from within. The urge to peek was irresistible and he only cracked her door a couple of inches, but it devastated him. She was stark naked and the fingers of one hand pulled at a pink nipple cruelly, while her other hand expertly fucked her pussy with the big, black, latex penis she’d been using for six months, now.

She looked like a woman.

She looked like a woman who needed to get laid.

He stayed there and jerked off, cumming on her door. He was so stressed out by the whole situation that he didn’t realize her eyes were open and watching him as he groaned and spurted. It wasn’t until she panted, “That was hot, Daddy. Thank you,” that he realized Pandora’s box lid had opened a little further.

“I’m sorry,” he moaned.

“I’m not,” she replied.

He fled. Had she followed him he would have been helpless to resist her.

But she didn’t follow him. Her dopamine-filled brain was satisfied with what had happened.

And she was sure it would happen again.

“The incident” was not discussed openly. It was as if neither was willing to broach the subject, so they did not talk about it frankly.

The next night, though, after Cathy straddled Bob’s lap and masturbated almost to completion while she kissed him, she left her door open after she “went to get a fliver.”

Bob could see it was open before he got there. The front of his shorts looked like someone had stuffed a piece of broom handle inside them. Whether it was accidental or by design, as he came even with her open door the tip of the dildo she’d been rubbing her clit with pushed her labia apart and she gave a little sound of satisfaction as all seven inches of the latex sank into her young pussy.

She did not look at him. She kept her eyes tightly closed. He could have gone on, but he didn’t. He hauled out his cock and began stroking it, standing in the hallway. When she stiffened and pulled the dildo tightly against her clit, her voice was passionate as she said, “Ohhhh, Daddy, I love this so much,” and it was as if she had thrown a switch. His balls jerked and his semen lanced out in a three foot long rope that entered her room and flopped on the hardwood floor he had so lovingly installed several years ago. His knees weakened as shorter streams shot out of his prick and he almost went down, but staggered away through the hallway. When he got to his room he pulled on his pajama bottoms and then grabbed a towel to return and clean up the mess he’d made. Maybe she was asleep and wouldn’t know about it.

It was already gone. Her bed was empty, other than the black dildo lying on top of it. He heard the toilet in the hallway bathroom flush and before he could move she came out, still naked, and looking like the statue of some Greek goddess come to life. She said nothing, except as she passed him she gave him a semi-lingering kiss and said, “Night night. I love you.”

She closed the door, leaving him standing in the hallway, holding a useless towel. She had cleaned up his semen from on her floor. She had taken the Kleenex or whatever she’d used to handle his cum to the bathroom and dealt with it. That she had come out of the bathroom naked seemed to have made no impact on her. That he’d cum while watching her fuck herself seemed to have made no impact on her. None of it seemed to have made any impact on her except to cause her to say she loved him.

In other words, what had happened was perceived by the girl as something normal, maybe even ordinary.

He had another erection by the time he got into bed.

None of this happened in a vacuum. Bob went to work and did the normal things a single dad does. Cathy went to school, participated in cheerleading activities, did her homework, and basically acted like a normal teenage girl ... except when she didn’t. But that part of their lives wasn’t primary. Normal life was the norm and most of their time was spent in ordinary pursuits.

Her fifteenth birthday arrived and she had a big party. All the cheerleaders came, including Jennifer Humboldt, who acted just as normal as pie and gave no indication of any kind that her own father was fucking her long, deep, and continuous. Bob wondered if she was on the pill and then assumed she had to be. She’d be pregnant if she wasn’t. That led him to reflect on whether or not he should take Cathy to the doctor and get her a prescription, too.

“The ice cream is too hard,” said Cathy, interrupting his train of thought. “Can you dip it for us?”

“Sure,” he said.

“Ooooo, look at all the muscles,” teased one of the girls as he scooped out a big dollop of the frozen treat.

“I’ve seen him pick up the rear end of a Volkswagen bug all by himself,” said Cathy, proudly.

“There was no motor in it,” Bob interjected.

Then all the girls had to feel his biceps, while he tried to duck away from it all.

“Don’t play hard to get, Mister P,” said Merilee Green. “Let us catch you!”

“Don’t be a slut, Merilee,” said one of the other girls.

“I’m not a slut. You’re a slut!” Merilee shouted and the battle was on.

It was good-natured, even if specific examples were sometimes given as to why one girl or another was a slut. The only girl who wasn’t accused of “sluthood” was the birthday girl. Bob wondered how many of these girls other than Jennifer were getting the sausage slid to them and then felt bad about thinking about that. He had lusted after these girls for years but had never actively imagined them lying on their backs with a man between their thighs ramming his penis into their young pussies until they were filled with hot cum. Now, because of what he knew about Jennifer, his whole outlook on the squad had changed. He felt like some innocence had been lost and was a little sad about it.

Afterword, when all the girls were gone and it was just him and Cathy cleaning up the mess, he mentioned it to her.

“How much credence should I give to all those girls calling each other sluts?” he asked.

“Oh, most of them are just posturing. A few have fooled around on dates and stuff.”

“So Jennifer is ... unique ... among them?”

“Yes,” said Cathy. “At least I think so. I think Theresa might be having sex with the guy she babysits for because he pays her exorbitant amounts of money for the babysitting she does for him. But other than that I think they’re all as frustrated as I am.”

“I didn’t know you were frustrated,” he said, feeling the hairs stand up on his arms and neck.

She came to him and put her arms around his neck. She bumped his loins with hers and looked up at him.

“Do you know what I want for my birthday?” she asked.

“I already gave you a hundred dollars to buy clothes with,” he reminded her.

“That was just maintenance. What I really want is for you to come inside my room tonight.”

“Come inside your room?”

“While we get our flivers,” she said, staring into his eyes.

“Why?” he asked.

“Because I can’t see you very well out there in that dark hallway,” she said. “I want to see it. I’ve wanted to see it for months, now, but I was patient. I waited. I didn’t push things. Now, for my birthday I want to be able to see it and even touch it.”

“I don’t know about the touching part,” he said, knowing he was going to cave.

“I do. You don’t have to touch me, but I get to touch you.”

“What if I want to touch you?” he asked.

“Just the thought of that makes my panties get all damp,” she sighed.

“Are you sure about this?” he asked.

“Wait until you find out what I want for my sixteenth birthday,” she teased.

He realized how much she wanted to ratchet things up when she told him to sit in his chair and get ready to be kissed. She came out in her cheerleader outfit and it wasn’t until she clambered onto his lap that he saw a shot of puffy pubic hair that told him she did not have panties on.

“Whoa up there, princess,” he said, gripping her waist. “You forgot part of your uniform.”

“No. I did not,” she said, patiently. “I can’t tell you how many times I’ve sat on your lap and gotten so close to a fliver I could just taste it, but it never happened. Tonight it’s going to happen.”

And she did it. She sat on him and got the front of his pants wet with her discharge as she rubbed her bare pussy on his lump. He could hear her getting close as she kissed him avidly. There came a time when she stopped kissing him and just rubbed hard.

“Ooooo, I wish you didn’t have those pants on,” she whined.

“Don’t ask for too much,” he panted.

“I’m so close,” she whimpered.

He did it without even thinking about it first. His hands went up inside her jersey and he pushed her bra up. Finding and gently mauling her nipples was easy and the electricity that caused shot her over the edge like she was in a barrel going over Niagara Falls. She wailed and then cried and then hugged him tightly as her loins gave little, weak bumps. Her mouth found his and her kiss was passionate.

“Now we go to my room,” she panted.

“You already came,” he said.

“You didn’t,” she said, firmly. “I want to see you cum. I want to help you get a fliver like you helped me.”

“I don’t know about this,” he groaned.

“Don’t make me beg, Daddy,” she said. “It’s my birthday. I’ve been patient. Let me do this.”

He gave in, of course.

There was a level of miscommunication that might have been humorous, if it hadn’t made Bob a basket case. What she meant by “see it” was hold his erection in her hands while they stroked it until it shot all over her breasts. She sat on the edge of her bed, naked, with her legs spread while she pulled him between them. He had already removed his (damp) pants and was wearing only his tighty whities, which were, as usual, stretched to the maximum. She pulled the waistband down and revealed his bone before stopping.

“It’s beautiful,” she sighed.

“It’s just a penis,” he said, trying to slow things down.

“It’s the penis that put sperm in my mother and made me,” she said, gripping him with both hands. “Good grief! Your balls are huge!”

“I don’t think so,” he said.

“In sex ed they said the testes are about the size of a walnut. Daddy, these are like Halo oranges! They must have enough sperm in them to make a billion babies!”

She stopped talking and began experimenting and exploring. Making the foreskin thin and disappear was her first “most fun ever” part of what happened, but it wasn’t the last. When the little eye wept a drip she pushed it around with her fingertip. Bob told her to be careful or there would be an accident. Cathy bent over and, still holding his cock with two hands, kissed the tip and said, “Maybe next time I’ll see what you taste like, but for now I just want to see you shoot.”

Her reference to sucking him was what made him shoot, whether that was her intent or not. She cooed as he splattered his cum between her heavy breasts, and then on each of them, before his last shot went between them again. He watched as a thick blob of pearly fluid dripped down over her abdomen and got caught in her fluffy blond pubes.

“Careful,” he gasped. “Don’t let any of that get inside you.”

“Hmmmm,” was her response, but she scooped the stuff upwards and rubbed it on her breasts. “It’s warm. I didn’t know it would be warm.”

“Body temp,” he gasped.

“I like it,” she said. “It’s already getting cold, though. I’m going to hop in the shower and then go to bed. Thank you, Daddy. That was the best present I got.”

She stood, but didn’t go jump in the shower. Instead she hugged and kissed him, grinding her body against his. His prick pushed into her thigh gap and she ground her pussy against it. He couldn’t tell her to be careful because her tongue was in his mouth.

She didn’t think about inviting him to shower with her. If she had, she’d have lost her virginity that night, because he’d have hardened and pushed her against the shower wall to get in her. But she didn’t and he went to his own shower to get the cum off of him that her body had smeared on his.

Another step had been taken. It was a relatively large one, compared to the minimal foreplay they’d been teasing each other with while she was fourteen. The next day, at breakfast, he said, “I’m going to get you an appointment with Doctor Fisk and have him write you a prescription for the pill.”

“Don’t,” she said, carelessly. “I don’t want to take birth control pills.”

“Why not?” he asked.

“One, I’m not having sex and two, I don’t want to have to remember to take a pill every day, except for certain days and all that. Some of the other girls are on them and they seem like a pain in the ass.”

“Better a pain in the ass than a big belly,” said Bob.

She got up and moved to straddle him. She did not rub.

“Are you going to give me a big belly, Daddy?” she asked, innocently.

“No!” he gasped.

“Then I don’t need to be on birth control,” she said.

“There could be an accident,” he said.

“Do you think you could accidentally push your penis into my vagina?” she asked. Now she did rub.

“All I know is I did something with my daughter last night I never thought I’d do. That worries me.”

“Don’t worry. The only place inside me this is going is maybe in my mouth,” she said as she rubbed her pussy against his cock. “And that’s only maybe. I’m not at all sure about that, yet. I do know I don’t want it to go where Harold goes, though.”

“Harold?”

“My dildo,” she said.

“You named him Harold?”

“Yes. That was the only male name I didn’t know somebody in real life had.”

“What if you meet somebody named Harold?”

“Then I hope I like him. Now, stop molesting me. I have to go to school.”

“Like I’m molesting you,” he sighed.

“Of course you are. I’m a virgin. You’re not. I’m innocent. You’re not. I’m a poor little girl who just wants her daddy to love her. You’re the one who keeps thinking about needing birth control and getting sperm too close to my cunny and all that.”

“You’re not as innocent as you claim,” he argued.

“I know!” she squealed, happily. “I’m having so much fun being naughty! I can’t wait to get home tonight and be naughty some more!”

And with that she was gone in a whirl of good-smelling teenage girl.

Bob was semi tumescent all day as he thought about what she’d said.

He didn’t know what would happen that night.

He just knew he’d probably feel guilty about it.

But he also knew he’d do whatever she wanted to do.