Daddy's New Girl, Part 4

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Stephie gets an apology

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After finishing our pizza I told Stephanie to clean up and wash our glasses and then to hop in the shower to freshen up after our long shopping spree. I could see it was almost 7:00 so I took my cell phone into my study and closed the door. Stephanie had headed for the shower, at least I could hear water running.

I took out my business card that I had written down the sales clerk's info on and dialed her cell number. She answered very quietly.

"Where are you?" I asked her.

"I'm in the back room at work. You didn't leave me very much time to accumulate all of the things you wanted. I'm going to have trouble getting it out of here."

I thought to myself, is she stealing the stuff? Damn, she's got big ones! Just another trump card if I need it. I said, "I don't want to hear your problems, bitch. Just get your ass in gear. I'm waiting to give you directions. Are you ready to take them down?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?" giving her a taste of medicine.

"Yes, Sir, " she said rather snottily.

"I don't see where you have any room for attitude, you perv cunt!" I shouted back at her.

"I'm sorry, sir, " she said sheepishly.

"That's better, wench, and stop by the Lindt shop and pick up some nice chocolates for my daughter since you haven't left the mall yet. Oh, and I forgot earlier, I wasn't exactly thinking straight, grab a

nice silk robe, too."

I proceeded to give her directions to the house and told her to be there at 8:00 and not a minute late, or else.

I thought about the scene playing out in front of me and I thought, God, this couldn't get much better, a new girl and a nice looking perv sales lady. Wow! How heady is this? My mind was reeling. It suddenly dawned on me that the water was still running. I snatched open the door to see Stephanie just scooting into the master bedroom door, clothes still on.

I went to the bathroom and she had just barely gotten out of her clothes and into the shower. I could hear the shower curtain closing as I was about to enter the bathroom. "Are you about done in there, Baby?" I asked.

"Uh, just a couple more minutes."

"Stephie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you listening at my study door?" Silence. "STEPHIE!"

"Y-y-y-yes, sssir?"

"Wash up and get out here, NOW!"

"Yes, sir."

I could hear her whimpering to herself, worrying about her punishment for eavesdropping.

"Don't keep me waiting, cunt!"

"Sorry, Daddy, I'm coming right now." And she turned off the water and opened the shower curtain.

"Dry yourself and come to my study naked, young lady!"

I took a chair from the dining room into my study and placed in the middle of the room and sat down facing the door. Stephanie showed up in a hurry and stood naked in front of me looking scared.

"What were you doing young lady? Were you listening to my phone conversation? SPEAK!"

"Y-y-yes, sir, " she said, now looking at the floor.

"Look at me when addressing me!" I said sternly.

She looked up just enough to barely make eye contact and repeated, "Yes, sir, " in a scared tone.

"I guess you need to learn a lesson about people's privacy, don't you, young lady?"

"Yes, sir, " she said, almost to the point of tears already.

"Come here." She approached and I grabbed her firmly by the arm and brought her around to my side and placed her over my knee. I took a deep breath, pausing to gain some composure and to prolong her suffering. "I had a special surprise planned for you tonight involving that bitch that groped you today and now you've gone and spoiled it by eavesdropping on Daddy." I adjusted her so her waist was bent at my right leg and placed my left hand on her back between her shoulder blades. "Now you've forced me to punish you and you're going to have a red ass when I had no such plans for this. You've now spoiled my perfect evening by being a selfish little cunt and listening to Daddy's phone conversation."

[Whack!]

"Owww!" she yelled.

"Silence!" I shouted. " Take it like a big girl. When Daddy shuts his door, no matter what room he is in, it means he wants privacy."

[Whack!]

"Mmmmfff"

[Whack!]

"You'll learn not to be so nosy. Curiosity killed the cat and it's going to give you a lesson you'll not soon forget!"

[Whack, whack, whack...] I administered 20 good hard smacks to her bottom as hard as I could. My hand hurt, it was throbbing, I could only imagine how her cute derriere felt. She was trying so hard not

to cry out loud. She was whimpering as quietly as possible as tears streamed down her face. I rubbed her bottom and slipped my hand between her legs. She was soaked as I slid my middle finger between her lips.

"Get up!" She got up, wiping her tears with the back of her hand. "Get a tissue from my desk. Go wash your face with cold water. As you must already know, we're expecting company. Stay in my bedroom until I come for you, understand?"

"Yes, [sob] sir." My heart was breaking and my dick was as hard as Chinese math. She must have felt it, laying across my knees.

I went to my room and changed into some black lounging pants, the kind with the drawstring waist, kinda like PJs, and a black T-shirt in anticipation of our "guest."

At 8:04 the doorbell rang. I hesitated to get up and let her ring the bell again as I was on my way to the door. I opened the door and there she was with two full shopping bags from her store. She looked scared and disheveled.

I stood aside and she took the hint and entered. "Put the bags down there, " I said pointing to a spot on the floor beside her. She put the bags down and as soon as she stood up straight I grabbed her hair on the back of her head and yanked her head back and pointed her face at mine and said "You're late, bitch, " through clenched teeth.

"I-I-I'm sorry, I had trouble find..."

"Silence, " I shouted. I guided her by the hair into the living room and down the hall to the guest bathroom.

"Make yourself presentable and return to the living room, you look like shit," and I shoved her through the door to the bathroom by her hair.

She emerged a few moments later looking much better. She was still in her work attire, a eggshell silk blouse unbuttoned down to her cleavage with what appeared to be an antique white, lace bra, a stove pipe skirt, tan, with a six inch slit in the back, cut just above the knee. Antique white stockings and pumps about the color of her blouse. Quite sharp, actually. Very statuesque as I had noticed earlier. Probably a 36C, maybe D.

I motioned for her to come to me. I was seated in a high back leather chair. She came and stood in front of me. "You have traumatized my girl, upset me tremendously and caused yet more turmoil in

this household as a result of having to deal with this situation. I had to administer

a spanking just moments before you got here and it was directly related to the shit you started today. So, before I call my little girl out here I want you to strip yourself of your skirt and blouse, now."

You could have pushed her over with a feather. Her jaw dropped and she looked as if she were going to protest when I gave her a look of "Don't you dare!" And she began to unbutton her blouse. She slipped the blouse off and dropped it next to her, unfastened her skirt and shimmied out of it and shoved it next to her blouse with her foot. I eyed her up and down salaciously, making her quite uncomfortable aside from her state of undress in front of a stranger. To add to her discomfort, I said, "Hmmm, quite nice, for a perv. Did you add the robe to the list as I asked?"

"Yes."

[Sigh]"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Go get it then and be quick about it. In fact, bring all of it back and then get the robe out. Sort the rest into outfits and lay them nicely on the couch for Stephanie to see. We'll be out in a minute for you to "apologize"," I said as I formed the quotation marks in the air.

"Actually, she's not my daughter and she's not underage. I plucked her from the street to give her a hand up and the very next day she encountered you," I said matter-of-factly.

I took the robe and went into the bedroom. It was a very nice emerald green, silk robe, short, but just right. I liked it. It fit her perfectly. I told her to put her new black pumps on. She put them on and I led her out to the living room. The sales lady, Priscilla, was waiting and smiled at Stephanie and was about to speak when I held my finger to my lips.

I brought Stephanie with me to my chair and sat her on my lap. I was instantly sporting wood under her tight ass. She squirmed a little to let me know she felt it and to probably tease me. I whispered to her to sit still.

I looked up at Priscilla and said, "Come here and kneel before us."

She complied rather hesitantly. And I began, "Stephanie, Prissy here, has come to offer her most humble apologies for taking liberties with you in the store today. She has also brought you gifts that she has probably stolen from her store, but gifts to you nonetheless, like the robe you are wearing.

These are but a small token for her indiscretions today. You do not have to thank her for these. Furthermore, before I make her apologize to you, she will now stand and finish disrobing in front of you, as you did, unsuspectingly for her, earlier. You may proceed, Prissy."

She began to release her bra reluctantly as I hugged Stephie close to me so she'd stop squirming on my dick. Next she undid her garter belt from her stockings and slipped it off, then the stockings and shoes. We could see the hint of a trimmed triangle through the lace of her thong, the meaty mound below starting to swallow the lacy patch. With my finger, I egged her on to drop her panties. When they were off I told her to put her shoes back on as I like to see the effect they have on a woman's legs and ass. I then instructed her to put her hands behind her head, forcing her breasts to stand at full attention. Her nipples gave away her arousal.

I guessed Prissy to be about 42, in excellent shape for her age, no fat and her breasts still had some resilience, but not too surprising judging by the shape she kept herself in. Not a bit of fat on her thighs and a nice tight ass to boot.

"Leave your hands behind your head and kneel again. Spread your knees apart, farther." She spread them as far apart as she could. "Now apologize to my little girl for your perverted behavior today, cunt. Her name is Stephanie, in case you forgot."

"I...I'm so sorry for what I did today, Stephanie. I'm so ashamed. Please accept these gifts I brought as a small token for what I did. I'm sorry if I have caused you pain in any way."

"What do you think, Sweetie, does she sound sincere?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"Baby, stand up and show her your little bum so she can see the pain she caused you tonight."

Stephie slid off my lap and turned her ass to Priscilla and slowly raised her robe to expose her petite, red bottom.

"I think Prissy should kiss your little red ass and make it feel better, don't you, Sweetness?"

"Uh huh."

"Well, bend over a bit and stick your ass up to her face so she can kiss it and make it feel better, baby."

Stephie bent at the waist and put her hands on her knees with her ass just inches in front of her molester.

"Well, get busy, bitch, " I instructed. She eased forward and began to peck her ass cheeks one at a time. "I don't think you're being sincere enough, Prissy. Put some goddamn feeling into it. You had no problem copping a goddamn feel earlier today. In fact, Princess, spread your little, red cheeks so Prissy can french your cute rosebud. Fact is, she'll probably like it."

Stephie spread her ass cheeks as far as they would go and Prissy tentatively started to lick the perfect, pink starfish. "Come on, Prissy, with feeling. Let my little girl know you're really sorry."

She grabbed Stephie by her hips and went to work earnestly on her asshole, closing her eyes and visibly relishing the tasty treat. I knew she would, lesbian perv that she was. She actually had the audacity to start moaning as she ate my little girl's ass.

"That's enough, baby, she's starting to like it too much. Did she make you feel better? I bet you're starting to get wet, aren't you? And her too. Go feel her nasty pussy for Daddy and see if it's wet."

She checked Priscilla's mound, rubbed it up and down a few times and came up and smelled her fingers. "She's soaking wet, Daddy, the old bitch is loving it."

"Well, baby, what do you think we should do to her for being such a dirty, nasty, lesbo perv?"

"I don't know, Daddy, I gotta pee really bad. Can I think about it while I go to the bathroom?"

"No, darling, you just did." I could already see the horror in Priscilla's eyes. She knew exactly what I was thinking before Stephie caught on. "I think Prissy is thirsty, dear, why don't you give her a drink?"

I stood up and helped Stephanie scoot forward and straddle Prissy's face until she was leaning backward on her knees with Stephie's shaved cunt on her mouth. "Well, bitch, this is what you were after earlier today. Enjoy. Give it to her, baby, let her have your piss, she deserves it. Steph, hold her head between your thighs so she can't back away and spill your precious, golden nectar."

I took Stephie's head in my hands and kissed her full on the mouth. As we kissed I reached down and cupped one of her pert breasts, then pinched her nipple. She moaned and then her flow started. I could hear Prissy go "Mmmm," in surprise and start swallowing loudly, breathing noisily through her nose. Stephie was relishing the feeling of having her piss drunk from the source.

Priscilla had no recourse but to take what was dealt, and the night was young.

To be continued...