

First Time With Toys

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Daddy had to reward his special girl for all her hard work on his cock.

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(Can be read as a stand alone but is part of the series "Daddy's Desires")

My daughter and I have been having sex regularly for the past month. It was dangerous, because it was always so spontaneous. Neither of us stopped to grab a condom, or even think about the existence of such items. We just went for it, we did what we desired, we followed instincts that neither of us previously knew we had. We made love. We had sex. We took it rough, we did it slow. We simply could not stop.

My adorable princess treated me so well. She was always doing her best to please me. No matter how far it made her go. She was always on her knees, taking my cock deep in her mouth. Her pretty, often swollen lips would wrap around my head like they were made for the occasion. She would suckle with all her might while the tip of her tongue worked magic on the veins that covered my length. Not only that, she would dress up in different attire to arise feelings within my chest. Sometimes she was a naughty schoolgirl, other times she was an innocent down to earth cowgirl, but my favorite was when she dressed up like my own personal maid. I could whip her petite little ass as she bent over the table to pick up a mess I had made. My daughter was my dream.

With that in mind, I knew she deserved something special. I had asked my daughter if she had any toys and she denied, while giggling. It didn't take much for her to admit that she was dying to try one. So, I searched the internet far and wide to find a toy that suited my beautiful daughter. She deserved the best in everything, and this was no different. I knew from my past that a rabbit was always the way to go. The stimulation of her clitoris and vagina would drive her wild. But what brand to buy? There were so many to choose from, so many different kinds. The reviews left by horny women helped me make my decision. Putting down a hundred dollar bill I made an investment for my precious one.

For days I anxiously waited for FedEx to deliver the intimate gift. I wanted to see my daughter's eyes light up with surprise. I wanted to see the excitement, nerves, and embarrassment turn into a flush on her cheeks. I had to see her reaction. It was no surprise to me the excitement I felt when the truck

finally pulled up in front of our home. I dashed to the door and met the man with the package. He handed it over and walked away, unaware of just how important the gift he just handed over was. With shaking arms I walked upstairs, finding my daughter curled up in bed. She was clad in nothing but a tiny pair of baby blue panties and a lacey bra to match. A naughty novel was in her hands, and her eyes were glued to the page.

Without a doubt, my daughter was aroused from the material she was reading. This was perfect timing, almost as if some higher power wanted me to treat my daughter in such a lavish form.

“Baby, I have a gift for you.”

Her eyes snapped up from her novel and locked on the box in my hands. A huge grin spread across her face, she had always been a fan of presents. Walking forward I set it down in front of her. The plain brown packaging gave away nothing about what was inside. She quietly asked if the gift was for her, as soon as I assured her that it was she began tearing it open. The packaging tape posed a small problem, but she won out in the end. First she pulled out a package of fresh batteries, an add on I ordered with the toy. She raised her eyebrows and set them aside before grabbing the next brown paper wrapped box. Once she tore away the wrapping her eyes were set on the box.

It was a smooth, cool plastic that felt easy in her hands. It was see through with bright purple words written across the front, “Pleasure City: Rabbit Vibrator.” I saw my daughter’s eyes go wide with wonder before her lower lip sucked beneath her glistening white teeth. Pride swelled in my chest as she turned the box over repeatedly in her hands, soaking in the image before her. Small beads of sweat gathered at the base of her neck.

“This is for me?”

Her voice sounded full of worry as she eyed me cautiously. I couldn’t hold back my booming chuckle as I responded to her curious question,

“I sure as hell have no use for it. It’s all yours.”

She squealed in excitement, and after staring at me for a few moments opened the box. She pulled out the inside plastic and inspected the toy even closer. The shaft was full of artificial veins and made out of a white rubber that felt nearly real. There were white pearls beneath a clear portion of the fake cock, and then a bulbous white head. The shape almost reminded me of my own cock. At the end of the toy was a controller. One side took care of the vibration, the other took care of the turning pearls. My daughter pressed the buttons curiously as she felt up the shaft. I stood silently, enjoying the view. She was a young woman exploring a new sexual world.

“Do you want to play?”

I asked her softly, being sure not to pressure her. She nodded slowly as I climbed up onto the bed. Grabbing the wrappings I threw them on the floor. She kept her eyes on my chest as I took the toy from her and slipped the toys into their home. I handed the toy back to my daughter. She immediately clutched onto it, as if the time away had been painful. I smiled softly as she once again pressed the buttons, jumping at the movement the toy made.

“Oh, wow...”

She continued to press the buttons until both functions were at their maximum potential. I sneaked my hand around the toy and snatched it from her, turning it off completely. She whined at the loss before being distracted by my actions. My fingers locked around the band of her small panties. I could smell her arousal already. I pulled the material away from her swollen pussy lips and off her legs. The skin of her pussy was glistening with her own arousal. My fingers brushed over her clit softly, causing her to take in a sharp breath. It always mesmerized me how much control I could have over the young woman by simply touching her most tender places.

As I played with her pussy she reached behind her back and discarded the bra. I was entranced by the look of her breasts. They were perfect globes sitting high on her chest. Her pink nipples were hardened to a point. My fingers slid deep into her depths as I leaned forward, catching her nubs between my own lips. She gasped at the suction as my tongue traced patterns across her tender nips. I continued to lash at her nipples while my fingers pistoned in and out of her.

“Daddy, oh, please...”

Her pleas seemed broken as she wiggled beneath me, unable to handle the increasing pleasure. I pulled away after a few moments and took a hold of the toy. As much manlihood as it takes me to admit, it was much thicker than my own cock, although the length was nearly identical. I locked eyes with my daughter and she nodded slowly, giving me permission to do what I wanted. Quickly, I spread her legs even farther apart. The creamy color of her skin drew me in. I wanted to bury my face between her legs but I knew what I had to do.

Taking the toy, I pressed it against her entrance slowly. She purred at the slight pressure as her eyes slid closed. I pushed harder, breaking all resistance. Slowly, the fake shaft slid all the way into her depths. My daughter’s jaw dropped as she got adjusted to the new size. Quiet whimpers left her lips as I moved the vibrating portion, placing it directly against her clit. Her fingers were wrapped around her nipples as she toyed slowly, her eyes still shut. With slight nerves I pressed the pearls on low. My

daughter seemed to purr from her chest as her legs spread wider. I began to thrust the toy in and out of her depths.

“Daddy... that feels so different!”

Her voice squeaked as she exclaimed her approval. I smiled and nodded at her softly, turning it up higher as I continued to thrust it in and out of her. The noise of her liquids slapping against the toy surrounded us. My own cock was throbbing with desire as I pushed her higher and higher in ecstasy. Her hands were rubbing her abdominals slowly, sliding lower and lower. I knew what she wanted, I knew what she desired. Taking a deep breath to prepare myself I turned up the clitoris stimulation one notch. Her eyes immediately flew open as her body seized. Her painted fingernails dug into the sheets as she pulled her legs slightly closer together.

I pressed my hands against her soft thighs and massaged the skin as I pushed the toy all the way inside. The vibration on her clit hummed softly. With no regard for taking it slow I immediately turned the toy all the way up. My daughter bit into her lip, nearly drawing blood as her legs began to tremble. I rapidly pushed the toy in and out of her. I could tell that she was climbing to somewhere higher, a better place all together. My arm was beginning to feel sore as my daughter clawed at my wrists. She was trying to make me move faster.

Finally, she arched her back drastically. Her fingernails dug into my skin as her jaw fell open. Loud noises of approval, desire, and need escaped her throat. I kept moving the toy, helping her ride the wave of pleasure. I knew what she was feeling. Sparks of desire were flying through her as every single muscle she had was clenching tighter. She was on a high unlike anything else can provide. Slowing down my movements her body collapsed on the bed. Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she tried to catch her own breath.

“Thank you for the present daddy, what can I do to say thank you?”

My lips curled up as I stared down at my daughter and grabbed at the erection hidden beneath my jeans. A mischievous grin came across her face as she sat up slowly, eyeing my boner.

“I think I know....”