My Daughter, Serina

By Buddybear

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Father and daughter are together in a tropical paradise, and the ties that bind.

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My Daughter, Serina

It was mid-July and my daughter Serina and I had arrived in Hawaii the day before. The hotel staff was very helpful in arranging tours and day trips for us. The hotel and the beach were incredibly beautiful and romantic. Our suite on the third floor was exquisite, and had a spacious patio overlooking a park, another hotel, and the beach. My wife (from whom I am cordially separated) and our other two kids were expected to join us in four days.

The reason for this expensive two-week vacation was Serina. She was turning eighteen in four days, and was enrolled to begin college this fall. With her living on campus six hundred miles from home, it meant that I wouldn’t get to see her but a few times a year. I wanted to do something special to mark this new phase of her life.

For the first two days, we did the usual fun stuff, including swimming. I got Serina a very daring thong swimsuit and she was obviously embarrassed at first, but I encouraged her to wear it. After an hour on the beach, enjoying all the stares she got from the young men (and many much older men), she decided that she liked the attention, and started flaunting her slim curvaceous body to anyone who would give her a second glance. I gave her many second glances, feeling no shame in ogling her delightful breasts, her essentially naked ass, and the enticing pubic mound just barely covered by her new suit.

At the end of the second day, I give her another present: lingerie. It was the first really adult nightwear she had ever owned and she was ecstatic. The teddy and panties were indeed a bit revealing (okay, you could read newspaper headlines through them), but with the matching robe that came down to mid-thigh, it was modest enough. After supper, she put on her new lingerie and we cuddled up on the double lounge on the patio, watching the Hawaiian sunset.

We talked about her college plans and how good it would be to see Mom again, and other random chitchat, and then we fell serenely silent as the golden orb of the sun approached the horizon, and began to dim and redden. I had her in my arms, enjoying the fragrance of her hair, the feel of her skin, and the soft curves of her breasts as they rose and fell with her breathing.

Finally, I decided the time was right.

“Serina, I have something to confess to you. This might change our relationship, sweetheart, but I feel that I have to come out and be honest with you.”

“What’s that Daddy?” Serina snuggled closer to me as the sunset becomes more radiant.

“Serina, I know I’m your father, but I am also a man. I’ve always had very strong sexual drives. Your mother can attest to that. And I have had strong erotic feelings toward you—for a long time.”

“What?” She pulled away slightly. I didn’t try to hold her. “Daddy? Did you mean that the way it sounded? That’s just wrong! I’m your daughter.”

I kept my demeanor even and steady. “Yes, Serina, of course it’s wrong. According to the law in most states, and according to common moral taboos, it is indeed terribly wrong. I admit that. So what? I still love you. It’s just that I love you in a dimension that most fathers don’t experience, or if they do, they never confess. I would never hurt you—you know that, Serina.”

“Daddy… this is… this is really a shock. I never had the slightest idea that you might… feel that way toward me. Why? Why are you telling me this?”

“Serina, haven’t I always been honest and open to you? I don’t like keeping anything from your mother or from you. I told your mom years ago about my attraction to you and she understood. She knew it was natural for me to feel this way. She advised me to hold off and wait until you were older, and then tell you. The time never seemed to be the right time, but you’re off to college this fall, and I’m afraid if I don’t say something now, it will forever be too late. You’re 18th birthday is in two days, we’re here in the most romantic spot on the entire planet, and—we’re by ourselves, just you and me.”

Serina brushed her long blonde hair away from her face and over her shoulders. Her eyes were fastened on the crimson velvet fireball that was just beginning to touch the distant horizon. Then she turned to me with just a trace of a frown.

“Daddy, what did you think I would do when you told me this? Just jump in bed with you? Is that why you bought me the swimsuit and this lingerie?”

I allowed myself a big grin and a chuckle. “No, sweetheart. Of course, if you DO want to jump in bed with me, I promise I will not stop you. But, realistically, I just wanted you to know how much I love you, much more than just merely as a father. I love you passionately, like a lover. Yes, I bought the swimsuit because I wanted to see you as naked as possible, and I was aroused by your near nakedness, and I enjoyed it. And also, I bought them just because they would look beautiful on you. Serina, I just want you to know how I feel toward you. I’m hoping you can just accept that, embrace it, and have it be… have it be something beautiful instead of something ugly.”

My daughter looked into my eyes and her frown disappeared.

I continued, “Sweetheart, there were a hundred men on the beach today, who not only admired your beauty, but felt a sexual attraction to you. You enjoyed that, didn’t you? Okay, well, just count me as man number one hundred and one.”

“Okay Daddy. Still, it’s a little odd knowing that you…”

Serina broke out into laughter and tickled me under the arm where she knows I’m sensitive. She gave me a hard push and I rolled off the lounge with a thump. I sat up and gave her a dirty look.

“Dad, I don’t even have words for what you feel toward me. How do I even say it? Hunh? It’s weird knowing that you… that you… what? How do I say it?”

She made a funny face, and spoke in a clownish voice. “My daddy has the hots for me? Hunh? You got a boner for your little girl, daddy? Hunh?”

As I sat back on the lounge, she lunged for me again, but I was ready. I caught her wrists and pulled her toward me and across me. I put my arms around her and held her gently against me. Serina pretended to struggle for a long moment, then rested quietly on my chest. I could feel her heartbeat. I caressed her hair while the sun sank down below the edge of the Earth, ending with just the tiniest green flash.

“Daddy, I’m not sure I can think of you this way. I always felt safe around you. Even in that thong bikini. But now… do I have to worry about you hitting on me? Or sneaking peaks of me in the shower? I’ve never thought of YOU as a sex object.”

“Sweetheart, do you remember that microphone we put in your room when you were ten so that we could check in on you when you had a sudden asthma attack?”

My daughter looked up at me in the dimming light, and nodded. Then her eyes got bigger and she sat up. In the twilight I could see her breasts wobble sensuously.

“What about the microphone? I thought you took that out of my room years ago!”

“No, Serina, we just turned it off. But once, I heard noises from your room late at night, and just to be sure you were all right, I turned it on. You were masturbating with your girlfriend Lacey. Remember her? And the two of you were fantasizing having sex with me at the same time. I heard you asking me to fuck you over and over again. I listened until you both went to sleep.”

Serina was shocked, but not as much as I was afraid she might be.

“Daddy, I don’t know what to say. You shouldn’t have listened to us. That was an invasion of our privacy.”

“Yes, you’re right sweetheart. I apologize. It was wrong of me, but what was done was done. I heard you verbalizing a fantasy about having sex with me, and that memory has been with me ever since.”

Serina laid her head back on my chest and sighed deeply. “Wow Daddy. I remember that night with Lacey like it was just yesterday. And I remember what I said. Lacey really had the hots for you, you know. God only knows why. You were the ugliest daddy on the block.”

I playfully punched Serina in the arm and she returned a much harder punch to my ribs.

“Daddy, Lacey was such a slut. I mean it would embarrass me soooo bad the way she carried on about sucking your cock and getting you to fuck her. I know she was doing it to tease me, but it also made me so horny. And we would laugh and giggle and finger each other’s pussy and… I… yeah, I would fantasize about you… and… say those things. And you heard me?”

“Yup, I sure did. And it aroused me, too.”

“How much?” Serina was looking up in my eyes with not a trace of smile nor frown.

“Are you’re sure you want to know,” I said? She nodded.

“I was aroused so much that I had to masturbate. I came just seconds after I heard you cum. And ever since then, I’ve wanted to make love to you.”

She quietly twisted toward me, still leaning on my chest, but looking into my face. “Dad, how much did

you listen? Was it just that one time with Lacey?”

“Well, you had Lacey over dozens of times. I listened to some of those, but not all. I was surprised to learn that the two of you had sex every time she stayed the night. I have to tell you that I grew quite jealous of her. There were a few times when I heard a noise from your room when you were alone, but it was always you masturbating. Well, not entirely alone—I always masturbated along with you, listening from my bed in the dark. Then when you snuck that first boy into your room… what was his name? Andy?”

“Randy. What? Daddy, you didn’t!? Tell me you didn’t listen to me fuck Randy!!!”

Serina jumped up on her knees and beat me with a throw pillow about the head. I broke out in laughter and submitted myself to her pummeling.

“God damn it, Daddy, when a girl loses her cherry to her first real boyfriend, she has some right to expect that her own father isn’t listening to the whole damn thing! Did you jack off listening to me get fucked for my first time? Did you? Did you?!”

I was laughing uncontrollably, trying to shield my face from the pillow blows.

“Well, maybe just a little.”

“You spying bastard! You masturbated just a little, hunh? I’ll teach you to listen to me getting fucked…”

Serina pounded me with the pillow as hard as she could another dozen times, then dropped it. I looked up at her and grinned a crooked grin, tears beginning to stream down my face. I opened my arms. Serina was trying to catch her breath, too. Then she collapsed on my chest and started crying.

“Daddy! Daddy! I love you. I love you so much. I love you…”

I held her tightly in my arms and kissed her hair, her ears, her neck. The sunset was darkening to evening. The stars were coming out. The hotel had only small lights on the patios, but no major lights that would brighten the sky and make the stars hard so see. The night sky was pitch black, the Milky Way in the constellation Cygnus glowing bright and sensual.

I felt her tears dripping onto my cheek and my neck.

I kissed her ear again and slipped my arm around her waist. Serina stopped crying and collapsed on

my chest. There was a delightful tropical breeze, so our cuddling felt warm and... cuddly. We were silent until finally, she gave a big sigh.

“How do you feel, Serina? Tell daddy.”

“I feel okay, Daddy, a little bit uncomfortable... but sort of aroused too. Thinking about those nights with Lacey. And dreaming about… you.”

“That's fine. Aroused is good. “

Then she sat up slowly, pulling out of my arms.

“God, daddy, the stars are so beautiful here. They’re overwhelming.”

Serina swiveled about and straddled my upper thighs, leaning over me. I felt her hands gently pull the silk robe out from between us, so that her thighs and mine touched skin on skin. Her voice was hardly more than a whisper.

“Tell me what you dream about me, Daddy. Tell me, please.”

“Well Serina, I could do that, but our cuddling might get… well, out of control. You know that I’m very sexually attracted to you.”

For a long moment, there was just silence, except for Serina’s slow breathing and the celestial thrumming of the stars overhead. Then she began to rub her breasts very lightly, but sensuously against my bare chest.

“Please tell me, Daddy. I need to know.”

“Okay. If that’s what you want, sweetheart, I’ll tell you. My first naughty thoughts of you were when I heard you masturbating with Lacey. But my very naughtiest fantasies began when you lost your virginity to Randy. How old were you?”

I could still feel her nipples drawing little circles on my bare chest. She shrugged. “sixteen?”

“That sounds right. Sixteen. I remember you telling him what to do—apparently Randy hadn’t read the instruction manual. You said, let me touch it; let me kiss it; put it between my legs; push it in deeper…”

Serina leaned forward and bit me briefly on the chin. “Yes daddy, I get the general idea! You don’t have to quote everything I said that night. God damn, do you have it all memorized?”

Then I started laughing, causing her body to rock in such a way that I felt her breasts bounce gently upon my chest. It was incredibly arousing.

“Well, I guess maybe I did memorize it. You will have to admit that it was very memorable. I mean, how often does a father get to listen to his daughter give away her virginity? Anyway, you asked what I dreamed of in my fantasies with you…”

“Yes, tell me.”

I lowered my voice to the same level of whisper she was using.

“I fantasize that I’m Randy, and you’re telling me those same things. I dream that you’re telling me to push my penis inside you. And in my fantasy, I do. I slide my penis all the way inside my lovely daughter, Serina. I dream of kissing every square inch of your body—and kissing and licking your breasts—and your pussy.”

I could hear Serina’s breathing become deeper and faster. Her nipples on my chest were driving me crazy with lust.

“Remember how yesterday I put sun lotion on your butt when we went to the private beach? I thought about slipping my fingers between your thighs. And kissing your pussy.”

“Wow. Daddy? I have to confess something to you—I was thinking the same thing. I had never felt you touch my ass like that ever. I was shocked for a second, then it felt so good… so good that I wanted you to keep doing it. And even slip your fingers down… you know…”

“Really? You always were a naughty wench. And I'm proud of you. There’s nothing to be ashamed of if you have sexual feelings for your father.”

“Really, daddy? Do you remember the hammock we had in the back yard last fall?” Serina giggled for half a minute. “I don’t know if you ever suspected, but every time we napped in that hammock together, I had the sexiest dreams. About you and me. And when I heard you sleeping, all snuggled up against me, I would put my fingers between my legs, and… That was why I loved getting in the hammock with you. I loved those sexy fantasies, daddy. I loved masturbating, feeling your warm body pressed against mine.”

I put my arms around my daughter and pulled her to me, feeling her hard nipples poke me in the chest. I began massaging her back, and soon felt her relax in my embrace.

“It was a shame that your last boyfriend Sammy didn't work out, Serina. I was so hoping to listen to him fuck every orifice in your sweet body. I guess now, with him gone, that won’t happen. Maybe I'll have to do that myself.”

“Mmmm. I would love that, Daddy.”

She kissed me—lightly at first, then with increasing passion as our mouths opened and our tongues pressed together. When we parted, I was so aroused I was seeing spots in front of my eyes.

“Careful, sweetheart, don’t say things like that when I’m so aroused. I might take you seriously.”

“Oh? Are you aroused, Daddy?”

“Sweetheart, that lump you’re grinding your twat on is not a dill pickle. Really sweetheart, don’t joke around with this. You have no idea how much I want to have sex with you.”

“Daddy? You have no idea how much I love you. How much you… you turn me on. I know that’s not a dill pickle. It’s your penis and it’s hard as a rock. And I’m grinding my… twat against you because I’m so wet. I’m wet for you, daddy.”

Serina sat up. She shrugged off her silk robe. She grasped my wrists, and raised my hands slowly, and placed my palms upon her breasts. Her hard nipples stabbed into my hands. I automatically began caressing and squeezing her breasts through the thin silk of her teddy. My daughter’s breasts. My penis surged to full erection beneath her, with only two thin layers of fabric between my manhood and her vagina. She gasped.

“Do you feel that, Serina? Do you feel my desire for you?”

“Yes, Daddy. I feel it. I know you want to put it inside me. And I… oh god, Daddy, I want you to do it.”

“Serina? Why? You know it’s wrong. You know it’s incest. You know…”

“I know Daddy. And I don’t care about all that. I only care that you want me so much. I love you. I can’t deny you anything, Daddy, not even my sex. I love you and I need you. And if you need to be inside me, then that’s where I need you to be. Put your penis inside me, Daddy.”

And she kissed me again. A slow, sensuous, languorous kiss, that did more than all her words to convince me that my daughter was ready for me to make physical love to her. I returned her kiss with all the passion in me. She moaned softly, and began slowly humping herself against my erection.

“Serina? Would you come to bed with me, sweetheart? I want to make love to you. Right now.”

“Yes, Daddy. Yes.” And she continued the long French kiss, our tongues swirling around each other like a pair of anacondas in heat. A tiny breeze blew in from the sea, carrying up the fragrant aroma of her aroused genitals to my nose.

I lifted her off of me, stood up and took her hand. We walked quickly into the master bedroom. I told her I would prepare the bed while she went to the bathroom. I turned the main lights way down, lit some scented candles on both bedside tables, and made some other arrangements. She came out a few minutes later, wearing just her teddy—no panties.

She was beautiful beyond words! Her gently bobbing breasts and her pale thatch of pubic hair were clearly visible through the thin silk. I welcomed her into my bed, her father’s bed. The look in her eyes told me everything I needed to know. She wanted me. She wanted to give her body to me. She lay down on the bed, her smile communicating the deep love she had for me, and her willingness to surrender her flesh to my carnal desires.

So, first thing, I wrapped the velco straps around her wrists and pulled the ropes until her arms were held over her head.

“Daddy? Daddy? What is this? What are you doing?”

Second thing, I took the silk handkerchief I had bought for her yesterday, and gently inserted it between her teeth and tied it behind her head. I kissed her eyebrows and her nose.

“Babby? Babby? Wabzidiz? Wabzoo boofin?”

And third, I wrapped the other pair of velco straps around her knees, and pulled the ropes until her legs were splayed wide apart, giving me total access to her genitals.

“Serina? Daddy loves you so much! Don’t ever forget that, darling!”

I examined my workmanship, and adjusted the ropes so Serina would be more comfortable. I stuffed a throw pillow under her butt. Then I disrobed while sitting on the bed next to my beautiful daughter’s helpless body. She continued to make muffled sounds and struggled against her bonds, but I knew

she was safe. Finally, I raised up on my knees, exposing my erect penis to Serina's startled gaze.

"Babby? BABBY!?"

I had been so afraid that my daughter would be uncertain about consummating our love for each other. It was such a load off my shoulders to know that she had given herself to me without reservations. I positioned myself between her thighs so that my stiff member lay against the blonde curls carpeting her pubic mound. I pushed her teddy up under her arms to display her lovely breasts—her heart-breakingly lovely breasts with their modest aureoles and their large ebony nipples. I caressed her soft yet firm breasts and pinched her nipples as my daughter continued to struggle and strain. I had no idea what she might be trying to say. It didn't matter. She could tell me later when we were done.

I slipped my fingers inside my daughter's genitals, noting with satisfaction that they were well lubricated. I licked my fingers, savoring the flavor of my daughter's musk, and re- inserted them inside the opening of her precious vagina. I pushed in all the way and began massaging her G-spot with that hand while I fondled and squeezed her breasts with the other.

Serina's struggles shifted and changed as I knew they would. The element of fear that I detected in her moanings diminished, and were gradually replaced by sexual arousal. She continued to fight against the ropes, but not with the same degree of panic. I knew it would all go away in a few minutes, so I was not concerned at all. She was safe in my hands.

I had always had some difficulty with intercourse. After years of masturbation, I found that girls, though quite a lot of fun, were often distracting. How they moved, what they said, the moans and groans and other (even weirder) noises often got in the way of my sexual pleasure. I needed them to behave more like the girls in my fantasies. And if they couldn't do that, I needed them to fade into the background a little so I could enjoy their bodies the way I enjoyed my masturbation fantasies.

I had many masturbation fantasies of my sweet daughter, Serina. And I was determined to make this a night to remember for both of us, for the rest of our lives.

The movements of her hips and pelvis stopped thrashing so much and became more of a rhythmic thrusting as I massaged her G-spot and then her clitoris. I bent over and spent long sensuous minutes suckling at her sensitive breasts. Judging from her moans and grunts, I applied just the exact level of pressure that pleasured her the most. I was sucking my daughter's breasts! Oh god, how long had I waited for this! Longed to feel her hard nipples scraping across my tongue.

I moved down and lowered my mouth to her genitals, which were quite wet and hot, the aroma of her

arousal almost overpowering. I penetrated her body with my tongue and greedily lapped up her thick juices. Oh merciful god, I was eating my daughter’s pussy! I shifted position so my tongue could penetrate deeper and I could fondle her hard clit at the same time. In the background I was vaguely aware of Serina's muscles tightening up, and her moans raising in volume and pitch. I kept this up until my tongue grew tired.

I got between her thighs again, and poked the head of my throbbing erection against her damp, slick pussy lips. I paused while I ran through all of my Serina fantasies.

“Serina? You know daddy loves you, right?”

That was all I really wanted to say. I found conversation during sex very distracting. But she would learn that in time, just as her mother did. Serina raised her head, grunted something unintelligible, then slammed her head back into her pillow and arched her back. Her pelvis thrust upward and my cock head slipped easily between her pussy lips. I positioned myself, grabbed her hips, and in one long driving thrust, I penetrated my hard cock as deeply into my daughter as it would go.

Serina’s entire body clenched up tight against the ropes, but stopped struggling. Her disconnected grunts became one ululating moan. The only part of her body that moved was her pelvis, which rocked up and down frantically.

I had to stop. I didn’t move a muscle, except to clench my jaws. I didn’t want to cum too soon. But the temptation to do so was almost overwhelming. This was my daughter! My daughter, for chrisake! This was Serina my only daughter! Finally! After so many long years! Finally my cock was inside my daughter’s cunt! The realization of what I was doing was so enormous, it threatened to make me ejaculate prematurely. But I held on.

Finally, my tumescence decreased enough so that the danger was gone. I withdrew almost all the way out of her, then plunged all the way in, fast and hard, driving the air from her lungs. Oh the ecstasy of it! The power! The control! I repeated my slow extraction and hard thrust over and over again. Each time gaining more and more control over my penis and my level of arousal. Each time eliciting another loud grunt from my daughter. Oh god, I was fucking my daughter! YES!

Serina my daughter faded inexorably into the background as I knew she must. Serina the helpless masturbation sex toy slowly took shape in my mind and in reality. The reality had to match the fantasy, movement for movement. There must be no unexpected reactions or noises. Slowly, as my thrusts became faster and even deeper, the reality and the fantasy became more and more alike. The loud slapping of our flesh together had to match the sounds I expected. The image of my daughter, bound and helpless before me, had to match the vision. I had to be in control, total control over

everything, so that my penis would become as big and hard as it possibly could, without spewing my seed too soon.

I had to be in total control so that I could give my daughter all the sexual pleasure she deserved!

There! Synchronization! I was actually living my fantasy! The fantasy was reality! I was fucking my daughter Serina's lovely body. I was fucking her tender young body, which was unto me the ultimate masturbation appliance. I wasn't just fucking her, I was masturbating myself into her! I was USING her!! With total control! I was totally potent! Totally aroused! Totally erect! And totally slamming my blood-engorged cock into her body as fast as I wanted! As fast as I needed, to maintain absolute control and propel the fantasy forward.

It was glorious! It was everything I had ever dreamed it would be! And more! Oh god oh god I was fucking Serina's hot wet vagina, feeling the walls of her young womb sliding and caressing and kissing and suckling my rigid manhood! YES! YES! YES! And I could feel her helpless womb quivering and spasming on every stroke, at the mercy of my incestuous lust!

I slowed just enough to back away from ejaculating, or sped up enough to maximize my arousal. When I was at that point of supreme sexual balance, I opened my ears enough to monitor my daughter's sounds. She was grunting in perfect rhythm with my trip-hammer thrusts into her willing and yielding body. Oh god, she was so beautiful! How could a father ever deserve such a beautiful young girl for a daughter? Such a beautiful young girl so willing and eager to accept her father's hard lust-crazed cock inside her most intimate recesses? Oh thank you, god, thank you for giving my daughter to me as my sexual slave!

Serina's muscles were tightly clenched, holding her body in place against the ropes, her head thrashing from side to side as I sexually used her vagina. Her hands were knotted into fists, and her toes were tightly curled. Good. Her grunts turned into moaning gasps of breath when I slowed down, and back into loud uninhibited growling grunts when I sped up. Perfect.

It was all so perfect, so perfectly erotic, so perfectly arousing that I opened my awareness fully to the bedroom and my surroundings. My control was so perfect that I could exit the fantasy and emerge fully into the bedroom's reality. I saw my lovely daughter tied with ropes to the bedframe and gagged with a handkerchief. I saw my naked body shoving my magnificent cock into Serina's slick vagina over and over with a steady rhythm. I looked to the side and appreciated my foresight in placing a large mirrored room divider next the bed so that I could watch myself fuck Serina. Seeing her splayed out like that from this new angle was so erotic. Like watching another couple fuck with uninhibited abandon.

Look at that man over there! Look at that pervert! Fucking his own daughter! Tying his own daughter up like a Christmas turkey and using her like a masturbation toy! Using her to satiate his own incestuous lusts! YES! YES! I WANT TO BE THAT MAN!

I AM THAT MAN!!!

I saw from the wall clock that I had been at it for twenty minutes now, and my thighs were beginning to cramp. It was time ejaculate my semen into Serina. I watched the reflection of myself fucking my daughter without mercy, coming closer and closer to the ragged erotic edge: fucking my daughter—fucking Serina's cunt—fucking my little sex whore—fucking her slutty cunt hole! YES! YES!! YES!!!

I imagined my daughter pleading with me:

PUT YOUR COCK INSIDE ME, DADDY! I WANT YOUR HARD DICK INSIDE MY PUSSY, DADDY! MAKE ME YOUR WHORE, DADDY! FUCK MY HOT WICKED CUNT, DADDY! MAKE ME YOUR DADDY FUCKING SLUT! DADDYFUCKINGSLUT…DADDYFUCKINGSLUT…!!!!!

I screamed, "YEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!"

I almost passed out with the power of that first ejaculation! It took all my effort and control to maintain the brutal fucking rhythm of my cock inside her. Then her vagina clamped down on me like a vice! But my first load of cum lubricated her vagina so well that I continued to pound into her, spewing jet after jet of my incestuous semen into my daughter's womb. I became dizzy from the sheer intensity of my orgasm. I grit my teeth and looked at my reflection again, reflecting on the reality of what I was doing, sodomizing my own daughter, and this enabled me to maintain my erection for a little longer.

I was distracted by a new noise. Serina had pulled so hard on her arm ropes that there was now some slack in them. On each thrust of my cock into her, her arms would yank against the ropes, causing the metal railing headboard to bong like a broken windchime. Each grunt from her was in a higher register, a pealing of pure orgasmic ecstasy, her entire body quivering against the ropes. For her sake, I continued to thrust into her as long as I could, perhaps another three minutes.

And then… And then it all evaporated: the fantasy, the control, the arousal. I realized that I was desperately out of breath. I imagined that Serina probably was too. My penis went flaccid in an instant. I withdrew it from her vagina, realizing that my pubic hair, even all the hair on my balls and thighs, was just one big sticky sodden mess. There was a huge pool of sticky liquid on the pillow under her ass.

I needed to get some water to drink, my throat was so dry, but first things first. I untied Serina's bonds, then lurched off the bed. From the bathroom I heard Serina cry out once, a cry that subsided into a quiet sobbing. I drank my water and returned to the bed.

"Can I help you, Serina? Perhaps I can help you to the bathroom?"

She nodded and I helped support her until she was sitting on the bidet. I turned on the water for her and then went to the sink, and used a washcloth to clean myself off. I returned to the bed, where I tore off the sheets and replaced them with clean ones. Just as I finished and turned down the covers, Serina walked in, a little unsteady. Her teddy was missing. She came up to me and hugged me.

"Serina? I think we both need some sleep now. Do you want to go to your own room?"

Her hug became a vice-like death grip.

"No! No, daddy, don't make me leave. I want to stay here with you all night. Please don't make me spend the night by myself, Daddy. Please?"

"It's okay, baby. Sure, you can stay. I would like that."

We silently climbed into bed and we snuggled up like spoons, my arm holding her gently. It was dark in the room. The only light came from some small lanterns on patios in the facing hotel, and from the Moon, which was rising and casting pastel shadows across the bed.

"Daddy?"

"Yes, Serina?"

"Do you think...? Do you think... maybe... we could do that again tomorrow?"