The Slutty Daughter

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A Dad changes perspective

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Jamie was a slut. There was no other word for her, at least in my mind. She strutted around in miniskirts and high-heels, wore too much makeup, and hung out with the oddest of friends. Beneath the surface she was a pretty eighteen-year old girl with all the assets a young woman of her age could desire; a trim body, firm breasts, a cute butt and long slender legs. But she was a slut, and well on her way to a life of debauchery and eventual destitution. The problem was that Jamie was my daughter, and especially that her mother, Sharon, disagreed with my assessment.

“You’re too old-fashioned,” Sharon told me. “She’s no different than any other girl of her age.”

“What about the tattoo?” I asked.

“She’s had it for at least two years,” Sharon responded. “You probably didn’t notice. Lots of girls have tattoos these days.”

“I still think her skirts are too short,” I added.

“She’s got beautiful legs,” Sharon continued. “She should show them off while she’s still young.”

“Well, her makeup is overdone,” I declared, hoping to win a point.

“It’s just a look, John,” Sharon replied. “She’ll grow out of it.”

“Her friends are strange,” I threw in, running out of ideas. “Especially that Joe guy.”

“He’s a budding poet,” Sharon said, throwing her arms in the air comically. “They’re supposed to be strange!”

And so it went on, until I had exhausted all my arguments. It didn’t seem to matter what I thought, Sharon always had an answer. We’d discussed the matter many times before, the argument invariably endingwith me having to admit that Jamie made good grades at school, didn’t smoke, didn’t do drugs, and didn’t even drink too much. Apart from being a slut, Jamie was perfect, at least according to her mother, but I knew differently. I saw the way she eyed up the boys and I had seen her practically fucking both boys and girls in our own home.

The first time I caught Jamie was when she was only sixteen. I’d come home early from work and had heard her chatting with a male friend in the living room. As I turned the corner from the hallway, I saw her sitting there playfully straddled over his knees, her arms around his shoulders and his hand on her thigh, halfway up her up her tartan plaid miniskirt. Her blouse was several buttons undone, exposing the tops of her breasts in her low-cut white lace cotton bra.

I coughed loudly, warning them that I had arrived home. Her male friend looked at me in shock, stood up in a hurry, said “hello” and “goodbye” within a few seconds, and then disappeared via the front door. Jamie got up, pulled her blouse closed with one hand and adjusted her skirt with the other before quickly retiring to her room. We didn’t speak a word about it, and I didn’t let Sharon know either, especially because of what happened next.

I had been excited by the scene, but somewhat disgusted that a young guy was handling my daughter in that way. I couldn’t get the picture of a half-undressed Jamie out of my mind. The way she sat there with her blouse open, her thighs exposed and her legs parted waiting to be touched in her most intimate parts made my cock swell.

I rushed into the bathroom, undid my fly and tugged my shaft, imagining that I was her male friend, sitting there as she had been, my hand beneath her skirt, touching her smooth thighs. Then I thought about what it would be like to suckle her perky young breasts while reaching inside her panties, and at that moment I came violently, spurting all over the bath rug. The whole masturbation session had lasted less than a minute, but it was one of the most exhilarating I had ever experienced.

The next time I saw Jamie engaging in sexual activity was only a couple of months later, when she had invited her friend Christine to stay for the weekend. I was out in the garden late one evening putting the lawn mower away when I heard the girls giggling through the open window of the ground-floor bedroom. The light was on and the curtains were drawn, but one of the curtains was slightly pulled aside at the bottom. I crept toward the window to see and hear what was going on, peering

cautiously through the crack.

The girls were kneeling there in their pajama bottoms, facing each other on the bed, taking turns at touching each other's breasts and recoiling in laughter.

"That feels so strange," Christine giggled. "Do it again."

"It tickles," Jamie said, "in a nice way."

My cock stiffened as I watched them, their laughter dying down slowly while they continued to fondle each other, until Christine was massaging Jamie's tits with both hands. I couldn't see Jamie's breasts very well, because she was perched with her back diagonally to me. But, I could see Christine's in all their glory; two beautiful pear-shaped mounds with delicate pink nipples poking straight outwards.

I reached inside my pants and pulled out my shaft, knowing that I had to be quick in case Sharon came looking for me. The girls started kissing, wrapping their arms around each other and tonguing each other until Jamie pulled gently away. She bent down and took the tip of Christine's left breast in her mouth, sucking and licking it. The sight of Jamie's half-naked body, her arched back and her butt stretchingthe material of her cotton pajama bottoms was delicious. I wanted to see Christine licking her, or her licking Christine, but I knew I didn't have much time.

I rubbed the head of my shaft furiously until my balls tensed up, just in time to see Christine pull down her PJ's and expose her shaven little peach. I shot my load over the grass, zipped up my fly and went back to close up the garden shed.

I knew that from that moment that Jamie was fucking everyone she could get her hands on, boy or girl, and even though I had masturbated over thoughts of her, I didn't like the idea of her turning into a whore. I turned it into my mission to find out what was going on.

At first, I had rifled through her bedroom dresser drawers while she was out, and had found a box of condoms under her panties. Several weeks later I found a vibrator, and a few weeks after that I found a strap-on dildo.

I suspected her of bringing friends home while Sharon and I were out, which was confirmed on many occasions when I discovered the stains left on her bed sheets. "Surely Sharon has noticed them?" I thought, but I didn't want to broach the topic because there was no reason for me to know such things. I restricted my comments to Sharon about Jamie's overall appearance and the types of friends

she liked to frequent.

By the time she was eighteen, Jamie had an entire drawer full of sexual paraphernalia and otherdrawers filled with exotic lingerie, not to mention some kinky books, magazines and DVD's. On occasion I was excited by what I saw, generating thoughts of what it would be like to see Jamie engaged in such activities.

Sharon was on the night-shift, having recently found a nursing job at the local hospital. Jamie had gone out with her friends, and was supposed to have been home by 1AM. I had tried calling her several times on her mobile phone, but she wasn't responding. I was angry that she had chosen to disobey the house rules on the very night that Sharon wasn't there, knowing that her mother would excuse her the next day. On the other hand, I was worried that something might have happened to her. I sat there watching the television, and decided I would call Sharon later if there was still no sign of Jamie.

Finally, at about 3AM I heard the doorbell. I got up and went to answer.

Jamie stepped into the hallway. I could tell by the defiant look on her face and the anger inside me that we were going to argue. She glared at me, just waiting for it to start, putting one hand her hip, letting the top half of her body slouch sideways, the other hand dangling loosely beside her. It was her usual stance whenever she sensed that I was about to give her a verbal grilling. We'd been through the routine many times before.

"Where were you?" I demanded.

"We were down at Cosita's," she replied, sighing, shifting her legs to make a dash for her room.

I stepped sideways to block her. She wasn't going to get away that easily. I knew her tactics. Within seconds she would be strutting off and wishing me a good night, if I didn't stop her.

"What happened to your mobile phone?" I continued. "I tried calling you several times."

"The music's really loud in there," she answered. "I'm really tired. I need to go to bed."

She faked a yawn, hoping that I wouldn't see through her charade, and that I would let her go silently

to bed, giving her and yet another victory in her collection of “How I fooled my Dad” stories. I shifted my body to the right, cutting off her path.

“I’m tired too!” I said angrily. “Especially from worrying about where the hell you were until this hour!”

“It’s only 3AM,” she said. “Most of my friends are still back at the club.”

“I don’t care about your friends!” I practically yelled at her. “You’re my daughter and I expect you to be home at a decent time. I told you 1AM!”

“I’m a woman, Dad!” she barked back at me. “In case you hadn’t noticed; I’m not a little girl anymore.”

I could feel the blood rushing to my face. My heart was palpitating and my hands were beginning to shake. I breathed deeply, trying to think what I could say next. She had caught me off guard with her statement about being a woman. I realized that she could be leaving home any time soon and that there would be no more curfews.

“What your problem, anyway?” she continued. “Are you jealous of the other guys?”

“And the other girls!” I thought to myself, remembering Christine, but I declined to comment.

“I’ve seen you staring at my tits and butt,” she continued, “and I know that you’ve been messing around in my lingerie drawer.”

My face went bright red. I thought I had always been discrete, but obviously she somehow knew that I had been rummaging around in her things. I was wondering how much she knew when she volunteered the answer.

“I even saw you jerking off into my panties in the bathroom!” she continued.

I felt like sinking into the carpet. “How could she have possibly seen that?” I questioned myself.

“When?” I asked, hoping she wouldn’t be able to provide proof.

“Never mind when!” she barked back at me. “I saw you once, but I bet you’ve done it multiple times. You probably sniff them at every chance you get.”

The conversation wasn’t going at all how I had expected. I knew that she wouldn’t care too much

about my scolding, but I had at least wanted to make a point, to let her know that her father disapproved of her ways. Instead, she had busted me and made me feel small. I was scared that she might speak to her mother.

I started to apologize, but before the words came out of my mouth, she interrupted me.

“Is this what you want, Dad?” she asked, lifting off her t-shirt and exposing her breasts, “Because, if it will help you lighten up a bit then I’m ready.”

“Jamie!” I said, shocked and excited at seeing her braless top.

“It’s what you want, isn’t it?” she continued, “Otherwise, why would you be so interested in my sex-life? Plus, I think it’s exciting to know that you jerk off at the smell of my pussy.”

She stepped forward and put her hand on the bulge in my pants. My cock had sprung to life within seconds and was straining to be released. She squeezed it gently, looking up at me and saying “Let’s go take care of this.”

She led me into her bedroom, turned on the light, and closed the door. She unzipped the fly of my pants and pulled out my shaft. She got down on her knees and flicked the head of my shaft with her tongue. I looked down at her, observing her beautiful dark-brown hair draped around my groin, her nipples standing erect, and her tongue exploring the length of my cock.

She unbuckled my pants and pulled them down along with my underpants, and then proceeded to swallow me whole while holding my balls tightly. The way she sucked me was exquisite. In fact it was just too exciting. The feeling of her mouth engulfing me was about to make me blow.

“Jamie!” I exclaimed. “I don’t want to cum right now!”

She stood up and kicked off her shoes, undid her skirt, and pulled her panties down before jumping onto the bed, lying on her stomach. I looked at her, her legs parted, her gorgeous round butt raised and her shaven pussy on full display.

“Come on Dad!” she laughed. “I’m waiting.”

I fumbled with my clothes and finally got down on the bed, next to her. I ran my hand over her back, up to her neck, and down to her butt several times, stroking her sweet young body. She turned

toward me, and we kissed.

“I want you from behind,” she said quietly.

I was puzzled at her request, not knowing if she meant that she wanted me inside her pussy or her butt. After all, she was quite experienced, and I had seen scenes of anal in her literature. Both were equally exciting.

“Not in the butt,” she laughed, as though she had read my mind.

I sat across her thighs and continued to stroke her back for a short while, then grabbed my shaft and pushed it slowly inside her. She was dripping wet, making the entry easy. Her pussy was still tight, despite my thoughts about her being a slut and expecting her to be loose by now.

She moaned as I pumped in and out of her, her thighs slapping against my groin while I pushed more and more deeply inside her at each thrust.

After a couple of minutes, she lifted up her butt and got down on all-fours, doggy-style. I reached around her waist with one hand, and felt her breast rubbing against my palm, her hard nipples bumping across my fingers.

She started bucking wildly, throwing her head about, and her hair whipping through the air.

“Hmm, yeah, fuck me good, Dad!” she cried out, “I’m going to cum all over you!”

Within seconds, her juices streamed all over my cock and dribbled down my legs, setting me off. I thrust my cock deep inside her and held it there while my balls tightened and my shaft swelled, followed by multiple spurts of thick creamy cum filling her insides.

A few moments later, she turned over to face me, smiling.

“That is what you wanted, isn’t it?” she said coyly.

I took her in my arms and kissed her.

“Thank you Jamie,” I answered.

We fell asleep, our bodies still wrapped together, exhausted from all the excitement.

I awoke at about 6AM, just minutes before Sharon was due home. I was panicked, but managed to get dressed just in time to hear the key in the front door.

“So, was the “slut” home on time?” Sharon asked jokingly.

“I’ve changed my mind,” I said. “She’s not a slut after all. She's my daughter.”