

Call me Daddy

By q_and_a

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“Helen?”

“Yes. This is her. Is this Paul?”

“Yes.”

“Hi, Paul.”

“I'm so glad I was finally able to talk to you.”

“Yes. Me, too. How are you?”

“I'm fine. I still can't believe it. Thanks for giving me your number.”

“Oh, no problem. You're welcome. I don't usually like to give out my phone number, but I almost feel like I know you. We've chatted enough times, don't you think? But I needed to hear your voice.”

“You have a sweet voice. It goes with everything I know about you. The pictures, the stories, what you've told me over chat. If anything, it's making me kind of nervous.”

“I'm making you nervous? My heart's beating in my throat.”

“I feel a pressure in my gut. It's getting me all crazy talking to a young girl like yourself.”

“We were getting kind of hot on the chat thing there.”

“I know. I was about to come in my pants.”

“Why didn't you?”

“Ha. I take my time. What about you?”

“My hands inside my panties, if that's what you want to know.”

“Are you wet.”

“Shit. Of course I am. My pussy's dripping wet. You sound like a nice guy.”

“I am. Pervy but nice.”

“How old are you, again? I know I've asked before, but I can't remember, now. Maybe it's too late, or I've drunk too much, or frigged my cunt a few too many times that I can't think straight. My head's swimming with ideas, and I can't pin any of it down.”

“I've told you before. I'm old.”

“I know. I can hear it your voice. You're married.”

“Yes.”

“So how old are you? It's not important. I don't care. I do, but not in a negative way.”

“I'm 36.”

“Where's your wife?”

“Asleep.”

“So what are you doing talking to wet horny girls this time of night.”

“Talking to wet horny girls. I'm old. I'm 36.”

“Ah, don't say that. That's a nice age for a man. Means you're not immature.”

“I don't know about that. Some people would disagree with you, my wife for example if she ever found out.”

“You're funny. What I meant was that you're not a kid.”

“Like you, for example?”

“I'll take that the nice way.”

“Do.”

“I think a woman's more attractive when she still has her youthful spirit in her, and she hasn't traded away her right to being a girl first and foremost.”

“What about a man?”

“A man's more of a man the less of a boy he is.”

“I like it. You're a real philosopher.”

“Can I ask how old you are.”

“Why?”

“For the records.”

“How old do you think I am?”

“I don't know. Eighteen?”

“You can tell yourself that. Don't worry about it. Just don't ask too many questions.”

“Mysterious. That's cool with me. You're younger than that, aren't you.”

“Yeah.”

“You're in high-school.”

“Sure.”

“You're going to give me a heart attack.”

"I know, old man."

"I'm looking at a picture of you right now. Helps me create an image."

"Are you? Which one?"

"It's a dark one. You're in your bed, there's a computer next to you, and you're wearing nothing but bra and panties. Green bra. Pink panties. You have nice full tits, and it looks like you're wearing braces."

"I am."

"It's my favorite picture of yours."

"Oh, my god. Thanks. That's so sweet."

"No. Let me tell you that was a hot picture. I've cum to it tonight already. I can smell the rag that I wiped myself on."

"You came for little old me?"

"Yes. I stood up in front of my flat-screen, and jerked on my cock until it came out shooting in streams of white sticky cum"

"Yum. That's nice of you to say. It's good to know that someone appreciates you."

"Oh, you've been appreciated, alright. Ha, ha, ha. I can't get over it. I'm at least twice your age. And here we are on the phone."

"Is that a problem?"

"No. Yes. I'm old enough to be your dad."

"Hmmm. I miss my dad."

"I'm sorry I brought it up. It's going to be okay."

"I know. I'm still in mourning. He was a good guy. It's been crazy with my mom, and my brother. Especially my brother."

“All you can do is be there for each other. Which it sounds like you have. Tell me the story again.”

“It happened when we went to stay at my aunt's by the Jersey shore.”

“The aunt's rich, right?”

“Of course. She's loaded. Divorcée. No kids. She has a guest house that used to be the maid's but now my mom's the maid. Anyway my brother and I were messed up. I mean, real psych jobs. We wouldn't take the pills. That's one good thing about my mom. She wouldn't let us get medicated. She wanted us to work through it, and not just cover it up.”

“Good decision.”

“Yes. Anyway, we needed each other. We were young, full of hormones. We ended up feeling each other up on the beach, under the salty waves. It was late at night and we were far from the shore. The moon was low. We could barely see. We hugged. The cold waves pushed us up and down, up and down. We kissed with our warm tongues. I licked the salt water from his face, and he pulled my breasts out from my top. He sucked my nipples. God. It felt so great. Like nothing I've ever felt before. I closed my eyes while he bit my tit flesh raw. We reached over between our legs. He put his fingers inside me, and I jerked his penis. I came first and then he did. We kissed so hard, I felt like I was becoming him. Then we walked back home. When everyone was asleep, I came into his bedroom downstairs. I got into his bed naked. Then we fucked for the first time. We did it all night, we came over and over again. Sucked and fucked. Slow and quiet. It was agony. Until the sun came up above the ocean.”

“That's beautiful.”

“Sure was.”

“You're still fucking him?”

“When the family's not around. Yeah. Sometimes when mom's around, too, when she's asleep, or out in the yard and one of us or both need to have it. We need it more than we get it, though.”

“Man, I hope you're never caught.”

“Me, too. The family doesn't need that.”

“Good luck.”

“We're moving out soon. My mom wants to stay with my aunt but we don't. It's too restrictive. My brother and I, we want to rent an apartment and move back, just the two of us. We told her we didn't want to lose our friends from school.”

“Or your independence. You're lucky you have him.”

“I know. He loves me so much it breaks my heart, and when he's in me, it's like I'm on cloud nine and my pussy's singing. I wish others could see what it means to us. But that's never going to happen. It's depressing and then it's not. I think I'm going nuts sometimes.”

“I'm sorry.”

“Do you want to be my dad, Paul?”

“Sure. Maybe I can be your sugar daddy?”

“Oh yeah, I need one of those.”

“Or a few.”

“Now you're thinking. You're a smart guy.”

“Call me daddy.”

“Okay, daddy ... and I'll be your little girl.”

“How was my little girl today?”

“Not so great, daddy. I haven't had any dick since you were here. I miss you so much my pussy hurts. I've tried everything. I've fucked six total strangers I met online this past week alone.”

“That's not so bad. That sounds like more than enough for a young girl's pussy.”

“But not for me daddy. Sure I love sucking and fucking all those strange cocks. Black, White, Hispanic, but it's just not the same. Yeah, they fuck me in the face and in my tight cunt, but then what? They try to fuck me in the ass and it's like I'm working with amateurs. I need it in my butt hole, and I need it good. I need you. I need a reaming like only my daddy knows how to give it to me.”

“Twelve inches of thick ramming hard meat.”

“Delicious cum squirting meat.”

“Oh, baby. Ohhhhhhh.”

“Yes, put your 12 inches of cock in my sweet ass.”

“Baby, if I was there I'd be fucking so deep into you. Slipping it in between your sweet little ass, and running it along your ridged ass hole.”

“Yes. Yes. Ummm. Ummmmm. Oh, yes.”

“I'd fuck you long and hard, slamming your delicious ass cheeks. Pounding hard and deep.”

“Just like I love it, stretching my ass walls so much it hurts, and I'm clawing the bed. I love the way your cock hits me up and down my ass hole. You'd screw my pipe hole until you came panting and spilling your thick semen inside of me, and then I'm still riding your pole.”

“Working your asshole mercilessly. All the way in, and then pulling back so your pucker's just hanging on to its head for sweet life.”

“Oh, god. Oh, yes. Yesssssss. Ungh, ungh, unghhhhhhhh.”

“Helen?”

“Paul. I came, baby.”

“Give me a second.”

“I'm drenched. I'm smelling my fingers. They're coated in my thick sweet juices. Mmmmm. I'm tangy, sweeter than salty. I'm pretending your still in my ass. Come in my ass. I'm pulling on my flesh. I'm pinching my tits.”

“Unghhhhhhhhhh.”

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“Paul, you there?”

“Yeah. Whew. Whew. I'm still here, and somehow with you, and also on my shirt.”

“Let me lick that up. Tasty.”

“Hold on.”

“What?”

“My wife. Wait. Yes, honey. I'm coming.”

“You have to go?”

“Yes.”

“Think of me, sweetie.”

“I will.”

“Call me, again.”

“Tomorrow?”

“Sure.”

Kiss. Kiss.