

Daddy's New Girl, Part 3

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Published on Lush Stories on 27 Jan 2013

2014 Perimedes

Stephanie goes shopping

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/daddys-new-girl-part-3.aspx>

After passing out together at sunrise, we slept until about noon. I awoke to see the nineteen year old slut I had literally plucked from the curb the night before. She was still sleeping, breathing deeply, her pert breasts heaving up and down slowly in rhythm with her breathing. I noticed the wet spot she had left on the bed from our combined love juices. Her smoothly shaved cunny was glazed like a doughnut as were the insides of her milky thighs. My manhood twitched at the sight of her. She looked so innocent as she slept. I just watched her sleep for a few minutes before nature's call pulled me from the bed. She must have heard the toilet flush because as I walked out of the bathroom she was stretching on her back, arms outstretched, toes pointed and her lithe frame taut, nipples hard and jutting toward the sky. She rubbed her eyes and finally focused on me standing there watching her from the foot of the bed. "Good morning, Princess. Did you sleep well?" "Mmmm, yeeaahh," she said, stretching again. "Yeah? Is that any way to greet the man that just took you in? Yeah?" "Yes, Daddy," she said mockingly. "Is that better?" "It's a start. We'll work on a bit more respect after breakfast or I guess we should say brunch at this time of day. Can you cook?" "Shit, no, I mean, no, Daddy," again with a little attitude on the Daddy part. I bit back my growing impatience with this one. "Come, Sweetie, let's get you cleaned up for the day." I extended my hand to her and led her to the bathroom. She sat down and just stared at me as if to say, "you can leave now." I said, "don't let me stop you, Darlin', you better get used to me being around. I will go where I want, when I want, understand?" "But..." "No buts, just go ahead and pee, don't be ashamed, we all do it, right?" "Yeah," she said rather sheepishly. "What?" "Yes," she tried. "Better. Yes what?" I said, glaring at her. "Yes, Daddy," she said with emphasis on daddy. "Good, but let's try Sir this time. You'll have to get used to that. When I ask you a question or give you an order, you will address me as Sir. If you want to ask me a question, you may call me Daddy at home, in front of my friends you may address me as Uncle D. Understood?" "Yes, Sir," she said with a slight bit of attitude. I snapped back saying, "You may be nineteen, but I'll take you over my knee if I have to. Now, try that again with less attitude." "Yes, Sir," she said with a more respectful tone. "Very good, Princess, now wipe Daddy's cunny and hop in the shower and get cleaned up. We're going out for brunch and a little shopping." "Yes, Sir. Daddy, what

are we going shopping for?" "You'll see, Baby. The quicker you get in the shower the quicker you'll find out. Now scoot." With that she got up and flushed the toilet and turned on the shower. I went to make myself some coffee before returning to the bathroom. She had just gotten in the shower and I pulled the curtain aside and got in with her. "Daddy, are you going to shower with me?" "Yes, Sweetie, I thought it would speed things up a bit. You don't mind do you?" "No, Sir." I took a wash cloth and soaped it with shower gel and worked up a lather on the cloth and began to wash her back and shoulders, then down her back to her tight, perfect ass. Washing her handful sized buns was exquisite. I reached around her and began to wash her belly and chest being sure to pay special attention to her pert, B-cuptits and then on to her shaved mons. I then washed my chest and upper body and my maleness, then handed her the washcloth and instructed her to wash my back and ass which she did just fine. I thought to myself, "I could get used to this." We finished washing ourselves and dried off. I went to get myself some coffee and she went into the bedroom. When I returned she was just sitting on the edge of the bed staring at the floor. I said, "Uh, why aren't you getting ready?" Then I noticed what she was staring at on the floor. It was the dirty dress she had worn the night before. She looked like quite the comely slut in it last night. I now understood our dilemma. She looked up at me with big, sad, puppy eyes and she knew that I knew what was wrong. "Aw, Sweetie, don't be sad. We'll fix you up with something to wear to breakfast, OK?" "OK," she said, with a hint of sadness in her voice. I put a finger under her chin and raised her head so that she was looking into my eyes and said, "Hey, don't be so sad. This is just a small setback. Daddy already has an idea. You wait right here." I went to the phone and called next door to the neighbors. The wife answered and I explained that a friend's daughter had come to stay with me as her mom had fallen on tough times. But, when she arrived on the bus they had not switched her suitcase when she changed busses and her dress was soiled from the 30 some hours on the bus and could we borrow an outfit of her daughter's so we could go shopping for clothes. "Oh, sure," she said, "I'll get some things together for her, poor thing." "Thanks, I'll be over in a minute to get them. You're a lifesaver." Hearing the one side of the phone conversation transpire, Stephanie was now smiling, especially because she now knew what we were going shopping for. "Thank you, Daddy!," she squealed and she came over and hugged me tightly, pressing her face against my chest. "You're welcome, Princess. Now let me get dressed so I can get your clothes from next door." I got dressed and retrieved the clothes, a pair of shorts and T-shirt and a pair of white cotton panties. She asked if we needed a bra and I said, "I think we can get by until we go to the store, for now. I'll have Stephanie wash these up and bring them back later. Thank you so much." I returned home and she got dressed and we left for the mall. We ate first at a small café in one of the outbuildings surrounding the mall, then proceeded into the mall for a shop-fest. Stephanie was bubbling with excitement as we headed into the mall. Her eyes were like saucers and she was grinning from ear to ear as we walked along. I took her by the hand and we proceeded toward one of my favorite stores, Victoria's Secret. I hailed a sales lady and told her that my "daughter" had just come to stay with me for the summer and her mother had purposely not sent any underthings in a fit of spite toward me. "Would you be so kind as to help her get fitted into some nice underthings, please? Some cotton everyday things and a couple of nice frilly things of her liking for

dress-up, too. About five of the cotton sets and two nice ones should do it for now. I think she likes to wear those thong thingies that all the girls wear these days," I whispered to her. She smiled at my act of fatherly embarrassment and said, "I'd be more than happy to." And looking at Stephanie she added, "And what a beautiful, young lady you are." Stephanie blushed and said "Thank you," very sheepishly. I corrected, saying, "Thank you, what, Stephanie." "Thank you, Ma'am," she said demurely. "What a lovely young lady. Let's go have some fun picking out some nice things for you, Stephanie. You can have a seat over there, Dad," the sales lady said to me, pointing to a chair by the wall. The statuesque brunette took Stephanie's hand and headed for the lingerie area. I could see her asking Stephanie some questions and then led her to the dressing rooms without any items, most likely to measure her for a proper fit. They emerged shortly thereafter and proceeded to the lingerie again, beginning to pick out some nice cotton bra and panty sets, thongs, as I had hinted to her. They then went on to pick out a couple of nice satin and lace sets, one red the other blue. I got up and joined them and asked if Stephanie could change into one of the cotton sets as she obviously had no bra on. That settled, we paid for the underthings, thanked the nice sales lady and went out into the mall. When we got a ways from the store Stephanie stopped and I turned around and said, "What's the matter?" "That lady you thought was so nice, groped the shit out of me while she was taking my measurements." "Really?" I was somewhat shocked, but my cock stirred at the same time. "We'll just see about that, " I said and took Stephanie by the hand and started back to the store. Just before we got to the store I stopped and wheeled her around facing me and gave her a stern look and said, "Are you sure about this, 'cause I'm going to have a word with her and if you're lying I'll whip your ass right there in the goddamn store, young lady." "Yes, Sir, she did. I'm not lying. She groped me," she added in a whisper. I led her into the store and told her to go sit in the same chair I had waited in. I walked over to the sales lady who was helping another customer at the time and said, "I need to have a word with you, ma'am." "Sir, I'll be with you in a moment. I'm with a customer right now. Just a couple minutes, OK? Was there a problem with your purchase, Sir?" she said with almost a dismissive tone. "Not exactly," I said through gritted teeth, glaring into her eyes. She knew immediately why I was back from the look on my face and my tone. She then excused herself from her customer and said she'd get her another sales person and flagged down another woman. She looked at me and began to try to speak. I said, "Don't. Would you step outside the store with me, please?" very sternly. "Yes, Sir," and she followed me from the store. "My daughter tells me you took certain liberties while you were measuring her. In fact, she said you groped her, to put it in her words. Is this true?" I asked in a stern but muted tone. "Sir, it may have seemed as though I may have touched her private areas, but we were measuring her for...intimate apparel. Perhaps she was mistaken," she said in a half whisper, her upper lip beginning to quiver nervously. I could see the horror in her eyes, even though she was trying to hide it as best she could, and I knew she was trying to wriggle her way out of this. "Don't even try to go there with me, Sister. My daughter wouldn't lie about such a thing. In fact, I made sure before I approached you that she wasn't maybe mistaken. But she used the word 'groped.' Twice." I paused a moment and thought. I then looked at her solemnly and said, "I want your manager's name, your home and cell numbers, now." "Are you going to report this to my manager?" she said with a

look of true fear in her eyes. I said, "Not unless you don't do as I ask. What I want is for you to pick out 5 more satin and lace bra and panty sets, some sexy nighties, about three will do. Oh and some garters and nice colored stockings to match the new sets. I don't think you should have any problem paying for them, should you? I want you to deliver them later to our house, at which time you will apologize to my daughter. I assume you will be off work by seven?" "Yes, Sir, but..." "No buts, lady, unless you want a world of shit to rain down on you. Perhaps I should just go inside and have a word with the manager," I softly growled through my gritted teeth. "Oh, God, not that. You wouldn't do that would you? I can't..." "Hush! I'll call you at seven o'clock and tell you where we live. What is your name?" She gave me her name and phone numbers and her manager's name very quietly. I told her to return to work as if I'd tried to ask her for a date, if anyone wanted to know. And I warned her that the consequences of not complying would be severe. I told her not to attempt any eye contact with my daughter as she was already traumatized. She nodded quickly and retreated back into the store. I walked over to Stephanie and took her by the hand and led her back out into the mall again. Once outside the store I stopped and said calmly and quietly, "I think you'll like the outcome, Sweetie. Don't ask about it now, you'll find out later." My wheels were now turning as I thought about what might transpire later. My cock started to stiffen to the point I had to hide behind the Victoria's Secret bag and adjust myself. We continued on to buy Stephanie some nice casual short shorts, short skirts, Ts and tops. We got her some nice platform type casual shoes, a pair of Maryjanes, at my insistence, with a little platform so she wouldn't look too out of place in them and a pair of nice black CFMs with a little ankle strap. Stephanie was walking on clouds, she was so happy. She kept thanking me profusely at every turn. I said, "Oh, you can thank Daddy when we get home, Princess." It was now about half past five, so we got a pizza on the way home and munched out in front of the TV. To be continued...