

I Love You Daddy - Part 2

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Master had invited his coworkers over for another dinner. This time, it was baked ziti and tomato basil soup. The apartment was in pretty good condition so I got the shopping done in time to swing by the salon to get my hair dyed a brighter blonde with red high lights. I also got my hair chemically straightened with a Brazilian blow out (and, seeing how these dinners usually go, I decided to get a normal Brazilian as well). I decided that went better with my maid outfit. It's good to have some brightness to stand out against the black, even if there are white ruffles on the skirt. Even though I love bright eye makeup though, it just doesn't go with the outfit, so I went with my usual smokey blackness. So a super bright dye job isn't the least understandable thing in the world, and neither was the bright pink lip gloss. The ziti was in the oven and I was getting the soup ready when Master and the guys came pouring in. I was clapping over to the cutting board in my spiked heels to get started on the tomatoes when I heard Jared (one of Master's coworkers) yell, "Baby girl, whatever you're doing in there smells delicious!" "Jared honey, you're too much!" I laughed. "Hey guys, dinner isn't gonna be ready for maybe forty five more minutes so how about a round of drinks?" Master and his friends roared their general approval. As usual, Master got his martini first, and the rest of the crowd got their usual smattering of gin and tonics and Jack and Cokes. Of course there was lots of hugging and kissing as I served them. After all the time I spent here, it would be weird if they didn't. David and Jared were particularly huggy. Jared even kissed me on the cheek. After everyone was served they all took their drinks out on the patio to talk business. Apparently, that was where they were eating today. When I was out running errands and going to the salon it had been gorgeous all day, and it still was. The sun was setting, the moon and the stars were crystal clear and everyone in our building and the one across from ours were out on their patios. As I served everyone I noticed a lot of the people in the building across from ours were having barbecues or drinking. They devoured dinner quickly and then came the rounds of drink after drink, and the heated arguments about things intelligible only to people who spent years and a fortune in law school. They also started slapping my partially exposed, panty-covered ass when I turned from one guest to another and whistling. A part of me wondered if I should be concerned that this is happening at a deck table on a patio out in the open, with everyone in the building across the way doing stuff outside, but I didn't dwell on it. Let the neighbors think whatever they want. It's not like they never did kinky stuff outdoors either. On top of that, it made me kind of horny. I felt the cinch of the corset more acutely, and the underside of my breasts spilling over it. I don't care if they're implants, I swear they tingle sometimes. When I went out

to top everyone off around eleven o'clock, Master pulled me onto his lap and covered me with boozy kisses and stroked my hair which was tied back in a ponytail. I cuddled my face into the crook of his neck and he undid my hair so he could run his hands through it. We were sharing his martini when Jared called out, "Hey baby girl, come here!" I glanced up at Master, even though I knew I didn't have to. Rules were rules. So I clopped on over to the opposite side of the table where Jared was, his icy grey eyes taking in every nuance of my walk. I stopped a few inches in front of him, crossed my arms under my boobs and said, "What is it, hon?" His mouth curved in a slow smile as he ran his hands up my thighs, under my skirt. My clit started to swell, but he wasn't touching it, which was strange. Normally he couldn't keep his hands off it. "Baby girl, why don't you have a seat on the table in front of me?" A breeze had started to pick up and I glanced at the building across from ours. On the patio directly across a couple was still having a barbecued dinner. The chill made me feel a little exposed, but I pushed Jared's plate and his glass out of the way and obliged, my legs dangling off the edge. "Aren't those heels murder?" he asked. "They can be, but I find breaks between serving drinks." He wasn't even listening to me. He had slipped off both heels, grabbed my nylon-clad feet and placed them between his thighs and started massaging them. The relief was so immediate that I had to lean back on my hands for support. "Does that feel good, sweetie?" "Mmm hell yes..." This was almost unbearable. I'm something of a lightweight and the tiny bit of booze I had from Master's martini combined with the massage were almost enough to conk me out altogether. "You have such beautiful feet darling," Jared went on as he rubbed me. Without warning, he held my feet to his face and inhaled. I could sort of feel his tongue poking out, and then I noticed Zach, one of the guests, was sitting up on the table and unbuttoning my top from behind. While he was awkwardly fumbling with it the way guys always do one of our guests, David, yelled, "Alright honey, let's see the fun bags!" When he managed to unhook my bra and took it away the relief was almost better than the foot massage. It was one less constricting device and there was just something delicious about sitting there, leaning against my arms, with my breasts bared to the night sky. The dinner guests whooped and cheered. There were a few camera flashes. Jared had dropped my feet against his chest. He was unbuttoning his shirt and fishing his swollen cock out of his fly. My feet had slid down his naked chest and were now resting on his thighs. "Mmm...baby girl, have you ever given a foot job?" He had shaken his pants off completely and his large balls and stiff, six inch cock were right between my feet. There was something kind of powerful about it. I just slid my left foot over his dick and stretched the nylon between my two biggest toes over his head as I pressed my heel against his balls. I could feel the tightness through the ball of my foot but I could tell what was really getting him off was what I was doing with my toes. I pressed as hard as I dared, pushing his cock against his chest as my toes stretched the nylon over his cock's tip. I pressed his thigh into a more open position with my right foot while my left dug gently into his cock and balls. David called over to Master "Hey Alex, get the camera out, hand it to me!" meanwhile Jared's left arm was drooping off of his chair and his head was leaning all the way back. I still felt a little exposed, though. I had never done anything like this outside. I anxiously rubbed my big toe across Jared's thick, dripping head and when David stood up with Master's camera I grabbed his Jack and Coke, which was still mostly full, and downed the whole

thing. The burn seemed to wake me up. I realized how still and tentative I was being, so I ran my foot upwards over Jared's tanned six pack, his cock throbbing under the base of my toes as I moved my foot over his belly. I took some time to just rub him like that for a while, rubbing his cock back and forth across the entire length of my foot. He groaned and his eyes lidded with boozy pleasure as I ran my right foot over his belly and toward his chest. Then I felt Master's familiar hand on my shoulder. "I brought you something, baby girl," he said as he offered me a fresh Jack and Coke which I sucked down as promptly as the other one. As I guzzled it Master gently squeezed my right boob and twisted my nipple which made my giggle, spilling a little of the drink on my neck and tits. Jared was still moaning and I rubbed my right foot further up his chest toward his neck and he brought his head up again, grabbed my foot and placed it on his face. The sensation of his nose breathing through my toes set me on fire and I rubbed his cock with my left foot faster, but I couldn't do it without pressing harder, which also set me off. I had never experienced anything quite like the feeling of that tense, hot, six inch power through my feet. Jared was biting the nylon and licking my right foot which intensified everything. I jacked him harder, almost shoving my foot into his groin, and all he did was moan and grunt. The power thrilled me so much that I pushed his face all the way back with my right foot, and ran my left all the way down to his balls, kneading his sack with the ball of my foot while rubbing his head with my big toe. I ran my other foot over his nose and lips and my toes actually slipped into his mouth and he bit down hard. The warm shock from it seemed to make me more aware of the camera so I arched my back and cupped my boobs in my hands. The night air seemed to make my nipples especially sensitive as I gently rubbed and tweaked them. Jared was still going crazy biting and sucking my toes, which made me feel both deliciously helpless, trapped in his mouth, while I was getting off on the feeling of his tense, throbbing, helpless manhood trapped under my left foot. Warmth was spreading from my chest across my entire body, and I impulsively ground the ball of my foot into his balls, as hard as I could, and thick spurts of jizz shot out of him, flying over his shoulder. He shot off over and over again until his chest was covered in spunk. Master and the dinner guests were laughing and cheering. I giggled a little and let my right foot drop off of his face. I wanted to rub the jizz over his chest with my feet, but I didn't want to get any in my heels so I just let my feet dangle off the table. Master kissed me on the head and Zach got back up on the table and kissed me while grabbing my boobs. I grabbed his shirt and pulled him closer. I was about to grab his groin when Master said, "Baby girl, there's something I wanted to talk to you about." He was still smiling with sleepy good humor so I knew I wasn't in trouble. "What is it, Daddy?" "I checked our transaction records online before dinner and I saw you went to the salon." "Oh yeah, I still had some money left over from my allowance so I thought I'd get my hair dyed and straightened, as well as a Brazilian. I didn't over spend, did I?" "Oh no honey, you didn't, I just wanted to know." David was still standing around with the camera. "They got this new girl there and she really knows what she's doing. They really did a good job down there." "Really?" Zach said, still squeezing my left boob. "Why don't you get your cute butt off of the table and show us, baby girl?" In a drunken zombie way, I hopped off the table to find my feels, and clumsily pulled them back on. When I actually stood up the six inch spikes and the booze made me feel spacier than ever. I actually started to fall over but Master caught me.

This was the first time I was ever drunk since he bought me. With worry, it occurred to me that I had never been this clumsy in his presence. I drank a guest's drink. The guest didn't seem to mind, but still. Then my mind ran back to his question about the transaction records. I'd been so good since I came home with him, I worked for every penny he spent on me. When he trained my hole I buried my face in the pillow and allowed him to stretch me as he saw fit. I remembered when he said "once it's in, it won't hurt any more than that" and swallowed against the steady ache. Not once had I ever touched my clit in his presence. I was only allowed to do that in the bathroom, in front of the camera, or if he told me otherwise. The website that he broadcast me on had paying members. First and foremost, I am his property, but what was almost as important is that I needed to be a valid financial investment, and if I couldn't take direction, if I couldn't be a good possession and do nothing but what he needed, then what good was I? Suddenly worried that he might not be happy with me, I turned around and buried my face in his shoulder, my naked chest heaving against his. "Baby we gotta walk over to the balcony, everyone wants to see how your Brazilian turned out!" "Daddy I'm so sorry if I over spent, I'll never do it again, I promise, just please, please don't be mad at me!" He held me close for a few seconds. "Baby, we'll talk about this more tomorrow morning, but for now let's make sure our guests go home happy." This made me feel even more unbalanced than ever, but house rules were house rules. The guests had to go home happy. So he walked me over, catching me a few times as I attempted to walk drunk in my heels, until we reached the balcony. Zach had the honors, as he had been the one to ask. I put all of my body weight on my hands and looked out at the building across the way. The couple directly across from me and Master didn't appear to be eating dinner any more, but they were still at their table, looking right at us. Some of the other people out on their patios appeared to be paying attention as well. I wondered if this would count as punishment received when me and Master had our talk tomorrow. I felt Zach tug my skirt and panties down around my ankles. Cold air touched my hole as he spread my cheeks. "Wow, look at that, it's so smooth..." suddenly I felt the cold touch of his hand on my hole. "Tyler come here, you gotta feel this!" "What are you talking about, I pounded the fuck out of her just the other night!" "Yeah so did I, but just come feel!" Soon, there was one pair of hands holding my ass cheeks apart while several others fondled my hole. Someone stuck their finger in with no lubricant and I bit down against a yell. I hoped silence tonight might also count in my favor tomorrow. After they took their finger out, someone ran their tongue over my hole. Whoever it was began to suck and I just held fast to the railing on the balcony while staring up at the stars. I wanted to keep my mind on what my Master thought of me, but the sensation of that tongue on my asshole just melted me. I lost every train of thought as he made his way down to my balls, holding them both in his mouth while my sore, throbbing clit went crazy. "Hey, when is she gonna get bent over!?" the man from the other building yelled. I hope to be a good possession one day, a good fuck doll and also a good money making investment that exists to take orders, for that is essential to both functions. At that moment, though, I succumbed to an opportunistic weakness, seeking only to alleviate my punishment. I looked back over my shoulder and said, "Why not? It's Saturday, no one's doing anything tomorrow, why shouldn't everyone have a turn?" I noticed most of the guests were kneeling down, touching, licking and admiring my fuck hole. Master and three others

were standing. All four of them were stroking their cocks and looking at my hole, but I hoped to get an answer from someone, at least a look from Master, but neither happened. Sheepishly, I turned my attention back to the people in the opposite building. Several windows were open, with people staring outward. Whoever was tonguing my asshole began to suck and I felt a little bit of precum drip down the length of my clit. My skirt had a tent pitching awkwardly though the railing while my naked tits hung out. The wetness against my hole was amazing and there were cameras flashing from the building across from ours. I wasn't sure if I felt loved or despised. Maybe I should have seen this coming, but Zach was the one to take me. He always pounded away like a teenager, so brutal, so fast, beating my cries from my throat as he bent me over the railing, my naked tits hanging over for everyone to see. I held fast to the railing, resisting the aching throb in my clit as he see-sawed through my butt with no lube, smacking my ass as hard as he ever did. I knew I would find a few red welts on my butt tomorrow morning. As he drilled me I closed my eyes and tried to focus: this is me at my most functional, this is me doing what I was born to do. If Master sees me fulfilling my purpose without protest, maybe he will be convinced that my intentions are well, and maybe he will deign to use me for his cock. I need to keep the paying members of the website happy, but what he really wants from me, and what I live to do, is to service his big, beautiful cock. As Zach grabbed my hair and bent my whole torso over the edge of the balcony, I squeezed my eyes shut and remembered that if this performance might endear me to Master, if it might prove me worthy to take his cock, to exist for his cock and for no other reason, then it's worth it. If I can take Zach's jack-hammering, dry cock while the neighbors take pictures, then maybe my obedience has the strength to bear Master's lovely attention- To my horror, my clit erupted. Not once did I come in public before now. I was coming uncontrollably in my skirt and panties and I had to hold back a sob, but everyone saw. Everyone, the dinner guests, Master, the neighbors, all saw my clit shoot its load over the side of the patio. Zach fucked me harder. Maybe forty minutes later, Zach pulled out of my burning shit hole, turned me around by my shoulders and shoved me to my knees. So many of them were crowded around me, all jacking off, but I kept my eyes open. I took their hot loads across my cheeks and hair, on my boobs and my neck, all over my face, but my eyes were somehow missed. David was the first one to hit my eyes, and I couldn't help closing them. I just couldn't help it. I closed my eyes and wiped my face, smearing jizz and makeup all over. When I could see again, Master was the only one left. I suspected the other guests were on their way out. "Daddy...Daddy..." I whined, not sure what I wanted to say. I reached up and rubbed his thigh. "Daddy...your cock is my reason to live. I wake up in the morning and go to sleep at night because you need a nice warm place to put your cock. I always want to be as warm and as tight as you need me to be. My holes are the only things that give me any value, and they have value because they belong to your cock-" To my joy, his jizz shot onto my cheeks, neck and tits, and not once was I tempted to close my eyes. I think we were both pretty exhausted after that. We showered together and as we went to bed he held me in his big, strong arms and said, "Baby, we have something to talk about tomorrow morning, but I still want you to know that no matter what I do to you, you're my pet and I love you." "I love you too, Daddy." I know you do, baby. Now just calm down and get some sleep."