

My Favorite Cam Girl

Porn sometimes got so . . . boring. I mean, I love it. Watching it. Jerking off to it. Thinking about it. But sometimes, it just didn't have the connection that I wanted. There was always the idea or thought of just going on a date or finding a hookup, but I found something that was far cheaper, and I could do it by myself - Cam Girls.

It was a Friday night when I found the need to dive into the cam world once again. I was stuck with my mother for the weekend while my father was away on a business trip. Home alone while she was out with my younger brother, which meant I could have some desperately needed alone time.

I opened my phone and found the website already open in my browser. It was like it expected me to need it tonight - Logged in and ready to go. My cock hardened as I skimmed through the top performers. The profile images of the scantily dressed women as they danced, twerked, or stripped. The top performers were always sexy and enticing but usually required some sort of payment to get to have any fun. But for me, it wasn't the top girls that I wanted - it was the ones on the back page. The new performers that came here for fun - for the pleasure of interacting with strangers from around the world. It was those that I sought out.

Scrolling through the last ten pages, my eyes grew heavy with boredom, and my cock was annoyed by the fact that I had not already begun. It defied my need and softened as I searched the last few profiles. My mind began to drift to the idea of porn as I clicked the previous page.

"Well, guess it's porn tonight- holy hell," I grunted. My dick snapped back to attention at the sight of the last performer on the website. The profile image was exactly what I wanted, exactly what I lusted after.

Wide-set hips. Fat heavy cheeks. Lacy lingerie that I wanted to rip off with my teeth.

I growled at the image, and when I clicked to view. My cock burped up a spurt of cum into my underwear as the live video came alive. The camera was angled upward, pointed directly at the smoothest, most perfect pair of cheeks I had ever seen. The cheeks were doused in oil and glistened under the lights of the performer's room. Her large ass took up the entire screen and gave little vision of the rest of their body or the room. Though I could see the edges of a corset that was tied tightly around her waist, causing her around massive ass to appear even large by the flared-out explosive appearance of the corset. I was barely in the room for a second when a message came through the chat.

HungryHole: Looks like it's just the two of us in the chat.

The ass on my screen bounced up and down in excitement for me. I unzipped my pants and withdrew my cock. It slapped heavily into my lower stomach like it demanded to be touched.

"Fuck," I said as I rubbed the head of my cock. Precum smeared into my palm, and my legs shivered.

InchesOfPleasure: That just means more of you for me.

I heard a soft giggle from the screen, and the performer's cheeks twerked. They slapped against one another. The heavy *POW* of her ass made me throw my head back in pleasure. I could only imagine what it would feel like on my cock. The stranger continued to dance for me as music played softly in the background. Her hand rubbed against his silky smooth cheeks, pulling them apart every so often to tease me with what was nestled between them.

InchesOfPleasure: Fuck baby. Why don't we take that thong off and show me that hole?

Another giggled responded, and I watched as she hooked her fingers into the waistband of the underwear and slowly worked it over her heavy cheeks. Inch by inch, the thong was pulled free of its prison between her full cheeks. The thong fell to the floor, and they bent over to reveal the surprise hidden between her mountains. I groaned into the camera, not understanding the sensations that ran through my body. The hole gaped open for me. I threw my head back into my pillow, wanting more than ever to fuck.

HungryHole: You ever try anal before?

My mouth ran dry at the thought of the truth. So instead, I lied.

InchesOfPleasure: All the time, baby. What about you? You like men fucking your asshole? You like feeling your hole stretch around a man's cock?

The asshole flexed open and close as if it begged for my cock.

HungryHole: Fuck, it feels so empty. She needs something big to fill her.

I watched as fingers were fed into her hole, stretching it open for me to continue to stare and lust after. A smile crossed my lips, and my dick dripped into my palm as I typed my following message.

InchesOfPleasure: Why don't we fix that. I know you got some cocks lying around your room. Something big that we can use to stretch out that hole. Get you ready for when I come over later and fuck that big ass of yours.

She leaned slightly to the side, and her hand returned with a large black dildo. It dripped with thick white lube, which looked like the thickest cum I had ever seen. She slapped it against her cheeks, throwing lube across her mounds. I imagined that was what it looked like when it was covered in cum.

InchesOfPleasure: FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK

She giggled once more before she lifted herself from her stole. Off-screen, I could hear as she licked the base of the dildo and suctioned it to her chair.

InchesOfPleasure: Now be a good bitch and sit on daddy's cock.

HungryHole: Yes, sir.

It was like their hole was made to be fucked. I watched and jerked as the toy was fed into her hole. The massive toy was easily fed into her body as she sat lower onto the stool. I grunted and moaned as if it were my cock. The tightness. The wet feeling as it wrapped around my cock. I clenched my hand

tightly around my shaft and pumped my cock slowly into it, in time with the dildo as it sank into her hole. Her soft, high-pitched moans as the 9 inches of black silicone pushed me closer to orgasm, and as I watched her pick up speed - I could tell she enjoyed it as much as I did. Together we started slow, moving with every thrust and bounce, but my overactive imagination and my need to cum overpowered my want to go slow.

InchesOfPleasure: Oh fuck, baby. Ride my cock. Ride it fast! Milk that fucker, baby!

HungryHole: God, you're so big. So huge! Fuck stretch out my hole. You like fucking me?

InchesOfPleasure: Hell yes! Better than any pussy.

HungryHole Gonna cum in me? Gonna breed me like a bitch?

Her moans grew louder, and her bouncing grew more feral. I zoomed in closely at her hole as the thick cum-like lube leaked from her hole. I bit my lower lip, holding in my moan as my cock went rigid. The feminine moans on the other side of the screen got louder and higher as she got closer to cumming. Quickly I pressed the audio button and recorded my voice - several octaves deeper - and told her exactly what I wanted from a slut.

"I'm going to fucking breed that ass. I'm gonna make you forget you even have a pussy. I'm gonna pound those big fucking cheeks until we both - oh fuck - I'm gonna . . . fuck I'm cumming! UGH!" I let out several heavy grunts and click sent as fast as possible. I could hear my voice on the screen as she bounced on the dildo so fervently, I thought the stool would break the chair. My cock unleashed across my lower body, spitting cum as far as my upper chest and my face. Her moans urged me to cum and shot inside of her asshole. I watched as she bounced aggressively into the stool. Her large ass hit too hard, one time too many times, and the seat slipped. The performer's heavy ass slammed backward into the camera, knocking it off its tripod and onto the ground. I reached out to help as if I was there, but all I could do was watch and let my cock unload onto my body as she fell.

"Oh my god!" I shouted, unsure of what to do. The camera fell to the floor, and the performer followed quickly behind. A deep manly laugh followed the heavy thuds, and I watched as the camera was lifted from the floor. The camera panned the room as it was raised. "What the fuck. . ." I knew that room. I recognized those sheets, those curtains, that tv that was mounted in the corner. The camera continued to move and readjust until it was pointing up towards her - towards him. His heavy broad shoulders, his beefy upper body, and salt and pepper facial hair. I recognized it all.

"Sorry, got a little too excited," my father said with a wink. His eyes were covered with a deep blue eye shadow, while his thin lips were covered in a deep red and seemed larger than average. "Did you cum without me?" He said, slipping back into his high-pitched feminine voice. My cock twitched slightly at the sound while my brain was torn in two by the sight.

"Oh, my fucking god!" I cursed breathlessly, still recovering from my orgasm.

"You sounded sexy as hell in that voice memo. Wanna send me another?" He asked, adding more sultry into his voice. "Maybe this time you can tell me how I'm a naughty girl who wants your cock?"

I didn't know what to do. I was speechless with no other chances. I closed the browser and threw my phone. I thought I was going to hurl. My mind raced with questions, questions that were quickly followed by the realization. I just jerked off to my father's ass, and I wanted to do it again.

Deeper into Addiction

The memory of my father's show and his gaping hole tormented me my every waking moment. Minutes before he picked me up on Sunday morning, I had wiped away another load from my chest as I worked another orgasm from my aching balls. I lost count of the number of times I regretfully jerked off to the memory of his hole as it pulsed on my screen and begged for a cock.

"How's it going, sport?" He said, patting me on the shoulder as I slid into the front passenger seat. Just his touch was enough to set my skin aflame.

"Hey, Dad," I whispered. I tried not to look at him as he smiled at me. His fatherly grin was a mask that hid the hyper-sexual person that just bubbled underneath the surface. I turned away before I stared for too long. He began a useless stream of small talk as we drove back to our home. His words meant nothing to me as I focused on keeping my cock from bulging too noticeably within my pants. He tried to keep the conversation afloat, asking me question after question about what I did, how I ate, did my mother take me anywhere. Yet, all I could think about was what he was wearing underneath his benign pair of khakis and red polo. I could barely respond without a moan escaping from my lips as I continued to imagine what underwear he wore as he drove his minivan. By the end of the ride, my father went silent as my responses became shorter and shorter. I kept my head tilted towards the window. Unable to look at him without seeing him dressed in a tight corset and fishnets.

The vehicle pulled slowly into the driveway, and I rushed from the car before it became still. I ran inside and locked myself within the downstairs bathroom. I pulled my cock from my pants. The erection was painfully erect. I was already dripping precum and begging for release. I listened as my Dad entered the house. In my mind's eye created an image. Heavy cheeks bouncing. Waist tight from a red corset. Fishnets plastered tightly against his thick thighs. A black thong buried deep between his massive mounds of ass. My mouth was salivating as I rubbed my cock quickly and aggressively.

"Fuck," I gasped as I shot a load of cum into my hand. I braced myself against the counter as I attempted to catch my breath. It was the fastest load I was able to work from my cock. I looked at my flushed reflection. Immediately, I hated myself. Disgusted by the lust for my father and his alter ego. I turned the water, washing away the cum and the feeling of disgust from his skin.

"You okay, bud?" My father asked from the opposite side of the door. "You were real quiet in the car."

"I'm fine, Dad! Just had to take a piss. Can't I piss in peace?!" I barked back. I heard his body pull away from the door at my aggressive response. Even I was taken aback by the anger that layered my response.

"Okay." The hurt was audible in his response. "I'm gonna head out and make a quick delivery. I was thinking pizza for dinner?" The last syllable held a hint of hope in his words.

"Sure, Dad," I said as I stared at the mirror. Though I tried to fix my tone, it was difficult. I hated what I was doing and the person I looked in the mirror. I listened as he left the opposite side of the door,

gathered his keys, and silently left. The entrance to the garage opened, and I quickly shouted. "Love you!"

The door slammed shut without a response.

I slumped forward onto the sink. I wasn't just disgusted with myself. I was ashamed.

Maybe if I just saw it one more time, I could give it up? Perhaps I could find something in his room to give me closure. To allow me to move on from this - this addiction.

I waited for the garage door to close and counted to thirty. Waiting an appropriate amount of time before I knew my father would not be making a quick U-turn. I moved up the stairs and into his bedroom. I looked at his king-sized bed and the bare furniture that lined the walls. I looked at his computer and knew that was the desk where he sat during his cam show three nights ago.

"I just need something . . . something to get me over this," I said before I began my search. I moved clockwise through his room, searching through his drawers, the bathroom, and his closet. It wasn't until I poked my head underneath his bed did, I find a suitcase filled to the brim with kink and smelled of sex. Corsets, heels, fishnets, every article of clothing was made of lace or leather. Atop the pile of clothes sat the thong that filled my imagination. The thin black piece of fabric that I knew had spent hours buried between my father's cheeks. The thong that had imprinted itself within my mind.

I took it from the stack and did something that I never expected myself to do. I pulled the thong to my face and sniffed.

"Fuuuuck," I groaned as I inhaled the sweaty, salty taste of my father's taint. I fished my hands into my pants and gripped my cock. It grew within my hand - lengthening and hardening within every sniff. Images flooded my mind, creating a false memory that my mind wanted. A wishful thought that was made of memory and lust.

"You want this?" my father asked as he hovered his massive ass over my face. His creamy cheeks swayed back and forth, teasing me with their taste and their heft. His heavy body sat on my chest with his ass towards my face. I wanted it badly. I needed it.

"Fuck yes," I begged as I reached out my face towards his rounded ass cheeks. My cock throbbed as it begged for the tightness of his hole. For a taste of the sweaty depths of his crack.

"You wanna taste your father's pussy? Wanna eat him out until I cream myself?" he asked again.

"PLEASE!" I begged louder. My desperation was clear. I had never needed anything more in my life. He arched his back and pushed his ass back. His large hand grabbed a cheek and pulled it away. The scent of sweat wafted towards me.

"Tell me how much you want it. Tell me how much you want your father's sissy hole. How much you wanna munch on his pussy." His ass moved slowly towards my face. Inch by inch. So close. So close I could almost taste it. I stuck out my tongue and took the first swipe of his hole.

"Fuck, Dad, sit on my face. God, I want it. Please! Please feed me your pussy! Ohhhh, fuck!" I cried as my cock lurched forward and released the third load of the day onto the floor of my father's room. I buried my face into the thong. Practically forcing the sweaty underwear into my mouth, stifling

my moans and grunts of pleasure. Though it was the third one, it was the heaviest and most intense of the day.

"Robbie?"

My name cut through my fantasy as I turned to see my father standing in his doorway. I knew his face of shock mirrored my own. I opened my mouth to speak, and the thong fell from my mouth and landed into my fresh load.

"What . . . what are you doing?"

I had no answer. At least no answer that I could voice.

My Dad and I Get Close

"I uh - It's not . . . it's not what it looks like," I said, knowing that the truth of the situation dripped from my cock. My father stepped towards me. His ordinary stroll turned - sexy. His thick legs crossed one in front of the other, giving him a more hourglass shape as his hips seemed to undulate from side to side.

"What to try again, sport?" He asked, dropping the surprise from his voice and replacing it with eroticism.

"Uhhh . . . I was -" I began again as my father paused in front of me. His face seemed to contort before my eyes. The fatherly grin twisted around the corners, and his lips seemed to pout further from his mouth. Even his posture changed as he adjusted himself before me.

"Worshipping your daddy's panties? Sssucking the sweet taste of his pussy?" He slurred his S's as he spoke. His deep voice altered. He sounded more like a domineering woman than a father from the suburbs. Just the sound of his voice made my cock twitch, growing erect once more. "Mmm, is that for me?" My father asked as he dropped to his knees with two heavy thuds. He placed his hand into the globs of cum from the floor, scooped them up with his fingers, and pushed them into his mouth. He grunted at the taste and went back for more. He cleaned the floor and then locked his eyes on my cock as it bounced freely. I couldn't move. I was too afraid to attempt. A growl radiated from the back of his throat before he jumped at me.

"What? No! Dad, don't!" He parted his lips and took my cock easily into his mouth. The head of my shaft pushed into his throat. I struggled beneath my father's forwardness. His hands pressed into my inner thighs and held me to the ground. "Oh god! No! I'm not gay! Dad! Please!" I cried as his tongue slipped from his mouth and tickled the base of my shaft. My balls contracted under his aggressive movements. He pulled away, and my cock plopped free.

"Fuck, who knew I could make such a big dick!" He dragged his tongue along my shaft. My legs shook, and goose pimples erupted around my body as his mouth danced around the sensitive area beneath my head. "You think you could fuck your dad like a proper man?" He asked as he gave me bedroom eyes. He slapped my cock against his face, spilling the precum and saliva onto his face. "Do you know how to use this big cock?" He narrowed his eyes at my silence and spoke again but with a more forceful tone. "Boy! I'm talking to you! Do you know how to fuck a bitch or not?"

"Yes," I said. The words slipped through my lips. His eyes grew so hungry as he pulled away from my hard cock. He stood and undid his jeans. They fell to the floor with a heavy thud. "Fuck," I gasped at the lacy undergarments that were hidden beneath his Dad's jeans. The black lace clung to his thick legs. It crawled around his thighs like spiderwebs, creating delicate artwork across his robust lower body. My eyes traveled towards between his legs and saw a bump within the pouch barely. A small wet spot formed where I assumed where his cock would sit, and the idea that my cock towered over him turned me on in ways I didn't understand.

"What do you think of your dad's micro-dick?" He teased as he rubbed his fingers along the front pouch. He pressed his fingers into his dick, and his fingers sank into his groin. "I can push it inside, making it look like I don't even have one. You won't even have to see it if you don't want to, Robbie." He turned around, and my dick nearly exploded. The lacy onesie stretched across his cheeks. It dug deep in between the mounds, leaving just enough skin between the design that made me yearn for a touch - for a taste. The heavy pillows protruded from his body and curved perfectly around his body. They looked almost unnatural on his body as if they looked made to be used. I could only imagine what tastes and sensations were hidden within their depths. My mouth drooled as eagerly as my cock. "You wanna fuck your father? Fuck that man right out of me?" He asked as he lifted his shirt from over his head. He swayed his hips from side to side as if he stripped for my enjoyment. The lace covered every inch of him, stretching all the way to his wrists and his neck.

He bent over on the bed and pushed out his ass for me. His cheeks parted slightly as they spread apart for me to enjoy. With one hand, he pulled his cheeks further apart. He revealed a slit, an opening cut into the network of lace. The further his cheeks came apart, the more I could see within his deep crack. A smooth pink hole came into my eyesight.

"Fuck I just need to be filled. I just feel so empty. So . . . in need," my father moaned as he flexed his hole. It opened and closed in front of me, gasping for my thickness. He looked over his shoulder and the feminine grin transformed back into his fatherly features. "You gonna be good to your old man? You wanna fuck my pussy?" The constant changes from father to slut confused me. I felt dizzy with worries and doubts, but my hand stroked my cock as I watched his ass bounce. His two large, beautiful, muscular cheeks enticed me to give in to my baser needs, "Son." He called firmly.

"Yes." I gasped. The hypnotic sway of his cheeks drew me closer. I crawled on all fours, moving closer to his hole. "I want it," I groaned. "I want it so badly. It's all I have been thinking about." I paused just a handful of inches from his cheeks. The heat of his body welcomed me, but I hesitated.

Fantasy collided with reality.

Lines I never imagined existed were being crossed.

His hand appeared at the back of my head and pushed me forward. I gave no resistance to the force. My nose pressed first into his warm cheeks, and slowly my face descended into his buttocks. I extended my tongue and readied to fall deeper into passion.

My father's hole opened, welcoming my tongue. His insides were smooth and slick like velvet, pulling me deeper and deeper into his body. The sweet flavor of his hole rolled over my tongue. I buried my face between his cheeks and inhaled deeply. The smell was intoxicating. I pressed my lips to his hole and practically made out with my father's asshole. My tongue worked around the insides of him. I probed and cleaned his hole, ticking the most sensitive areas inside of him. He groaned and grunted beneath me.

"Fuckkkkk. Fuck your daddy! Pleaseee!" He whined, slipping back into the feminine tone. He clenched my face, head between his wide hips. He rocked back and forth, fucking himself on my tongue. My hands found my cock. Precum leaked along the shaft.

I massaged the seed around my cock, bathing my cock with it. My hand tensed along the head, and I groaned into my father's hole.

I was ready to fuck my father.

My Father's Pussy

I pulled myself from my father's cheeks. I stared at his hole - his pussy. It winked and gaped at me with a hunger for my cock. I licked my lips. It was beautiful. It hungered for my cock, and I lusted for the tightness around my shaft.

"Ready . . . bitch?" I grunted as I pressed my spongy head against his hole. My father's hole kissed the tip of my cock, pursing his puffy hole against my cock.

"Please. Please fuck me," My father groaned in his feminine persona. "Please fill my pussy!" He cried. I grabbed handfuls of his ample butt cheeks and squeezed tightly. He moaned at my manhandling. I pushed his cheeks together and rubbed my cock along his crack. The tightness of his cheeks forced cum to ooze from the tip of my shaft. I grunted deeply, enjoying the feeling of his fat ass wrap around my dick. His hole continued to push out and kiss my shaft as I dragged my cock back and forth.

"PLEASEEEEE," my father whined. "PLEEEEEEEASSSEEEEE!" His bitchy pleas made me chuckle but also made me give in to his cries for penetration.

I pulled apart his cheek and saw how my cock had leaked precum around his hole and crack. The thin layer of slime leaked slowly down his perfect cheeks, rolling towards his untouched cock. I swiped two fingers around his crack and plunged them into his hole without warning.

"FUCK!" My father moaned, slipping into his deep voice.

My hand immediately connected with his ass in anger.

"Sound like that again, and we are stopping. Understood, sissy?" I growled.

"Yes, Sir," my father repeated, going into his feminine voice.

"That's a good girl," I added a third finger to his hole to show my appreciation. My father showed his appreciation by arching his back and thrusting himself on and off my fingers like it were a toy. He ground his hips into my fingers. He tensed his hole and released it. The muscles within his pussy worked deftly around my hands and made me even more eager to finally fuck him.

I pulled my fingers from his hole and pushed them into my mouth. The sweet flavor rolled over my tongue. My mouth watered for more. I gripped his cheeks once more, pulled them from one another, and lined up my cock. My father squirmed with such desperation. And I decided to give into him.

My father screamed a high-pitched squeal of pleasure as I sank my cock into his pussy. I pushed all eight inches into his body without pause - eight inches that he greedily accepted. His hole opened for me without friction. His plump ass buttocks settled on my lap. I leaned on top of his back and snapped my jaw in his ear. His body shivered underneath me.

"Fuck, it's so big, daddy!" My father cried out to me. I chuckled into his ear, breathing heavily into his canal.

“That’s right, baby girl. I’m the daddy now. You are just my little sissy, aren’t you?” I asked before I pulled away and pushed his head into the mattress.

“Yes, daddy! I’m your sissy!” He groaned. “Please, daddy! Fuck my pussy. Fuck me hard!” My father cried out. I withdrew my cock, pulling all but the tip from his ravenous hole, and then plunged back into his hole. My father let out a heavy moan as my heavy balls slapped his taint. I flexed my cock within his gaping tunnel and felt him tighten as I withdrew my cock.

The pattern became a repetition of flexing, tightening, teasing, and releasing. I switched from slow and tantalizing to intense and authoritative. I could feel the way my father’s hole stroked my cock as I worked every inch inside of him.

“Cum in me! Breed your sissy! Please fuck a load in me!” My father begged me in his girlish voice. “Give your manly load! Pump your babies in me, daddy!”

My balls contracted and grew tight beneath my shaft. My thrusts grew slowly as every sensation magnified with every stroke.

“FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK TAKE IT BITCH!” I howled as I squeezed every ounce of cum from my balls into my father’s hole. I felt the heavy shots of cum decorate his insides while he massaged every drop from my cock. I collapsed back on his back, pumping my hips into his fatty cheeks, not wanting to miss a second of my fantasy come reality. I felt our hearts race in sync with one another.

I moved slightly, and I felt my father’s hole tighten around my cock. He didn’t want to release, and neither did I. We adjusted our bodies slightly, and I fell asleep with my cock softening within his hole.

Once I woke up with my cock hardening within his hole and plowed him while he slept. Sometime around 4 AM, I woke up to my father fucking himself on my cock, using me for his pleasure. Through my hazy consciousness, I saw him jerking his tiny cock, milking what pathetic load he created within his inferior balls. I allowed him to use me - this time.

Ideas formed in my mind and invaded my dreams as I fell asleep.

* * *

I woke up later that morning to the sound of bacon sizzling and the sweet smell of vanilla. I turned in the bed, expecting to see my father but found it empty. I pulled myself up, feeling my cock bulge beneath the sheets.

My morning wood commanded my attention.

I gave it a hearty squeeze before I slid from my father’s bed and walked across the room. I stepped over my clothes, not caring that my hard cock bounced in the air. I turned the corner into the kitchen and found my father in the kitchen, shirtless but wearing his usual Mountain Dew pajama bottoms. He looked over his shoulder and smiled, and his eyes moved to my exposed nether regions. He stifled a moan by sucking on his bottom lip.

“Morning, son,” he said, acting as if everything was normal.

“Morning,” I grunted back as I walked towards him. His eyes remained glued to my cock as it bounced towards him. I could see the hunger from the night before return. “Ready for breakfast?” I asked with a slight snarl.

“Yes,” he breathed. I gripped his shoulders and pushed him to the floor. His body gave into my advances, and his mouth hung open. Ready for my cock. My hands went into his hair as his lips went to my cock. My cock sank into the back of his throat, and he remained still.

“If you are gonna use me like a fuckstick, then I am going to use you like a hole.” I held his head in place with one hand and pumped my cock in and out of his mouth. My father’s throat opened for my cock as I took a piece of crispy bacon from the counter. I fucked his throat as I continued to eat. My hips slowed and froze, and I allowed him to put in the effort. I released his hair and gathered more food while he pleased my cock. His tongue was as skilled as his hole, finding the sensitive areas of my head and shaft. His hands moved to my body and grabbed my hips.

I felt my cock ready to explode, and I pulled my shaft from my father’s mouth. I dropped the food in my hand and aimed it at his face. I shot several streams across his face, covering his features with my cum. He closed his eyes and smiled as I covered his face. When my cock ran dry, I pulled away from him.

“Come to the table. Bring the food, and don’t touch my load,” I commanded.

My father obeyed.

I walked to the table and stared at the two chairs, and an idea grew. I took my father’s chair.

My father approached the table and stopped when he saw me in his chair. I hoped for a bit of fight from him, but he only obediently sat in my chair with a smile and cum on his face.

“Good girl,” I teased as I grabbed from the stack of French toast and began to eat. We ate in silence with my cum still on my father’s face. My mind whirled with ideas, wants, and demands as we ate. When the food was all eaten and my cum was dried on my father’s face, I finally turned to him.

“Things are going to change around here,” I said, dropping my voice into an authoritative rumble.

“Yes, sir.” My father’s voice was slightly more than a yelp of agreement.

“First of all, get rid of those fucking horrible pants. From now on, you don’t wear any clothes that don’t show off how much of a little sissy bitch you are, understood?”

My father rose silently and, hooking his fingers into the waist of his pajamas, and pulled them down. Beneath my father’s thick cotton sleeping, he wore red panties that clung to his overly plump asscheeks and lacey stockings. His heavy body stretched the fabric taut and plastered his tiny cock against the front of the underwear. My mouth drooled slightly at the sight, enjoying how my father had instinctually dressed like a bitch.

“Yes, sir,” my father said, dropping into his female voice.

“Good girl, next . . .”