

## **For Daddy**

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\* \* \*

I had down-loaded another video from the amateur porn website and was masturbating as I watched it. The video featured a lactating young woman who also bound her breasts, two of my favorite turn-ons. Her breast was tightly bound with elastic, stretching the areola. It also made her breast jut out, and apparently increased the pressure because her nipple was spraying milk, not in the usual start-stop-start streams, but continuously for five or ten minutes. She managed to keep her face hidden for most of the video, but as I came, she leaned over to pick something up. I was staring at a face I recognized. Then I went and made some breakfast and thought about the video.

I had been watching the video for the last few weeks and it still turned me on as much as it had that first day. Some days I masturbated five or six times while watching it, I couldn't help myself. The woman was my ideal mate.

\* \* \*

Nicola arrived home early, from work. She kicked her shoes off and reaching behind her, under her blouse, she undid her bra, pulling it off one arm and then out the other sleeve. Then she pulled her skirt up and peeled her panties and panty-hose off.

*There, almost human.*

As she went up to her room she heard a groan and peeked in the slightly open door of her step-dad's room. Thankfully his eyes were closed. His trousers were down around his ankles and he was masturbating to a video on his computer. She arrived just in time to witness his explosive release. His come hit the wall behind the computer and draped strands over the keyboard. As she watched a smaller blob of come shot out and a few seconds later another blob, smaller yet.

She turned to go to her room but the computer screen caught her eye. Her mouth suddenly went dry and she couldn't swallow. It was her, she had posted the video a few weeks ago. As silently as possible she crept to her room.

Sitting at her computer, she clicked on the video and watched herself. It turned her on, seeing her own breast bound, milk spraying from her nipple. She cupped her pudenda, letting two fingers slip inside her hot, wet, welcoming vagina. Her fingers sought out the little rough patch inside her, behind her pubic bone and rubbed it while she massaged her clit with her thumb. She came, drenching her fingers.

\* \* \*

Nicola had been waiting for her step-dad to say something. It had been two weeks since she first caught him watching the video, but he kept silent. She knew he liked her, more than a father should, but he was her step-dad and whatever may happen, he took his commitment seriously. When she was eleven she had been adopted, five years later her adoptive mother died, and her step-dad raised her single-handedly since then.

Nicola started sleuthing. So far she had been able to surreptitiously catch him watching the video three times, but she was certain that he watched it much-much more. Sometimes his bedroom door was locked and she would and listen at the wall. She could often hear him groan as he came. When he was out, she went in his room, on his computer and looked at the video and the time it was last played. It was never more than six or seven hours ago, and usually more like one, two or three. He played it a lot, he obviously liked it.

*What to do? I've seen him... maybe I should let him see me, I mean really see me?*

\* \* \*

"It's Friday night, aren't you going out Nicola?"

"No daddy, I have something I want to do here," she said.

"Okay babe," he said, his eyes briefly passing over her full breasts.

Nicola went to her room and stripped naked, then she moved her computer desk and chair so that someone at her bedroom door would be able to see what she was doing. Next she pulled the door almost closed, leaving a sweatshirt on the floor as though it had dropped by accident, preventing the door from closing. The gap left was wide enough to give him a good view.

She knew he would watch the video and come five minutes later. Then he would go to the bathroom in his master bedroom. What he didn't know was that Nicola had plugged up his toilet with handfuls of toilet paper. He would have to walk by her partially open door to use the other toilet.

Nicola heard him coming upstairs, and put a glass against the wall, her ear against the glass and listened; she could hear him masturbate and then groan as he came. She quickly sat at her computer, leaned over the towel and looped the elastic band underneath and then over the top of her heavy breast. She tied a granny-knot and pulled the loose ends.

A few seconds later she heard his door quietly open.

The elastic tightened her skin, making her breast jut out. She pulled the ends of the elastic again, as her breast turned a rosy color.

He was at her door, she could feel him, but she dare not steal a glance, she didn't want to scare him off. Instead she intently watched her computer screen, staring at the recording she was making.

The areola of her bound breast stretched, covering almost half her breast. A little white bead of milk formed on the nipple and dripped. She pulled the ends of the elastic again, now the nipple was stretching over the surface. Milk sprayed in multiple streams as her breast slowly darkened. She moved around, trying to make sure he saw it all, while she kept her gaze on the screen. It was so difficult keeping herself from looking at the door, it took all of her willpower.

Suddenly he wasn't there. She heard the bathroom door close, a creaking as the loose toilet rocked and a few minutes later he groaned as he came.

When Nicola heard the bathroom door open she put a hand between her legs, fingers in her lubricious vagina, and scratched the little rough patch with her finger nail. She groaned as she came, quivering on the chair. Then she heard his bedroom door close.

*I hope he saw. I hope he realizes it turns me on as much as it turns him on.*

But later, and the following day he said nothing.

*Was he content just to watch the video?* Nicola wondered, *I'm sure not!*

As days passed Nicola started leaving her door wide open all of the time, no matter what she was doing. Most of the time, when she was at her computer, she was either masturbating, making a video or watching someone else come. A few days later he started leaving his door open. Sometimes she could hear him come at the same time she did.

*What do I do?* She wondered, *We obviously like the same things, and he is just my step-dad, it's not like it would be incest. What would it be like to be fucked while my breasts are bound and spraying?*

The thought turned her on and she masturbated again.

Then she had an idea. She decided to make a new video, and worked at it for an hour before it was all just the way she wanted it. Then she added a title page and some music he would like. An hour later she posted it on the amateur porn website, using the same keywords as her previous video.

\* \* \*

I sat at my computer masturbating as I watched my daughter... my step-daughter, bind her breast. I squeezed my hard cock, stroking the full length of it as she pulled the binding tight. My pulse quickened as a bead of milk formed, and when she started spraying I came, groaning, unable to hold it back.

Nicola had seen, I know she had. I heard the flooring creak as she walked along the hall to my open door. She stayed a few minutes, and then tip-toed to her room.

*It's not like it would be incest, she's my step daughter and a grown woman... what to do?*

I went to the amateur porn website and typed in *lactation* and *bound* and hit search. All of the same videos were returned, but also a few new ones, but none as appealing as Nicola's. Then I saw it. Its title was simply, *For Daddy*. I downloaded it and watched it. It was Nicola, I knew it was, even though she kept her face hidden. As I watched she tied a piece of elastic around one breast, and then the other. Alternating, she tightened first one then the other, and in seconds both breasts were spraying. In another second I was spraying too, but not milk.

"How did you like it daddy?"

I turned toward the voice, still holding my rigid cock. Nicola was standing naked in the doorway, both breasts bound and spraying. I casually kicked my trousers off my feet, and when I saw her turn her head, distracted by a noise outside, I lunged at her.

"Eeeeeeee!" she squealed, laughing.

She turned to run down the hall, but I caught her before she took a single step. I had one arm around her body, under her spraying breasts, the other across her abdomen, my hand cupping her vulva.

"No daddy, be nice," she said laughing.

"Have I ever been not-nice?"

"No, you're always nice, even when everything around us is going to hell," she said turning her head to me, puckering her lips.

I kissed her and picked her up, carrying most of her weight on her pubic bone.

"Eeeep," she squealed, "daddy, you're picking me up by my cunt!"

As she struggled, my fingers slipped between her labia, through the constricting muscles, into her lubricious vagina.

"Oh daddy..."

Nicola was still struggling, but all movement was transferred to her clitoris which was trapped between my fingers and her pubic bone. Her struggles peaked, and then she groaned as she came, drenching my fingers.

"Daddy, get your cock between my legs," she said, gasping.

I hoisted her up by her pubic bone as my hard cock slid down between her butt cheeks, until dropping down between her thighs. Then she reached between her legs and guided my rigid member to her vulva. I lowered her and my cock slipped up inside her, next to my fingers. She put her hands on the wall in front of her, her butt was in my lap. I put a hand on each of her hips, supporting her weight, and fucked her as hard as I could, right there in the hallway. She groaned as I pounded my cock into her, and moments later I came, pumping my creamy jism into her.

"So much for our father/daughter relationship," I said.

Nicola laughed, "It was there when I needed it. You'll always be my daddy, but now we're going to have so much more."

I carried her into my bedroom and set her on my bed. Her breasts had turned a plum color, we still had five or ten minutes before the circulation had to be restored.

"Pull on the elastic daddy... but put your cock in me first."

The idea of doing that turned me on, pre-come was dripping from the tip of my cock in long strands. I held my cock and smeared the pre-come over her inner labia, then I slid it into her, not stopping until our pubic bones met.

"Nicola, you wouldn't believe how often I've dreamed of doing this," I exclaimed pumping my cock.

I took the ends of the elastic in my hands and pulled, tightening the binding around one of her breasts.

"Harder," she said.

I pulled again, looking at her. Nicola nodded so I pulled again.

Nicola had large breasts, but even so, they had been spraying continuously for a good five, almost ten minutes. I had never seen a pair of breasts that could do that. I pumped my cock in her as I pulled the elastic on her other breast. Her milk flow increased as I pulled on the elastic again. I felt her breasts, kissed them, kissed her, and then took a breast in my hands and squeezed it as I drank her warm milk, all while fucking her. My come exploded inside her, even she could feel it.

"Oh daddy, that was amazing, I could feel it squirt through my cervix," she said, lifting her hips, allowing me deeper penetration.

I continued fucking her while I leaned over the other breast and took her milk, sucking as hard as I could, trying to empty her before we had to release her breasts, but her milk was still spraying. Her breasts were starting to darken.

"We have to release them," I said.

She nodded and I pulled out of her and then untied her breasts.

"Eeeee," she squealed, "Daddy, I've got pins and needles in my titties!"

Nicola lay there as I massaged her breasts, helping the circulation return to them. She watched as I pinched the areola and squirted milk out.

"You have more milk than anyone I've ever known, why is that?"

"I've been doing it a long time, since puberty. As soon as my breasts developed I started encouraging them to lactate."

"How did you start it?"

"Birth control pills, the way most lactators do, we take them every day for months. They fool the body into thinking it's pregnant. Then we stop the pills entirely, that fools the body into thinking it just given birth."

"How much milk were you producing?"

"After a week, about a quart a day."

"When you were sixteen!?" I exclaimed.

"No, fifteen actually. When I was sixteen I was producing almost two quarts a day."

"Wow, that's a lot of milk, what did you do with it?"

"I-I ahh... put it in the refrigerator."

"Can't have it spoil, but I don't remember seeing it. What did you do with it then?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"No, I didn't have to, it just got... sorta used."

Her dad looked at her.

"Oh come on dad, can you remember ever buying a bottle of milk during the last ten years?"

He thought and then shook his head, "No, I guess I assumed you were getting it."

"I was, just not from the store. It's not that big a deal, it's just milk, everybody loves milk."

"No, it's not *just milk*, you can't equate it with cow's milk. It's your breast milk, made by a person I love for consumption by me."

"All the more reason to love it, there's nothing wrong with people drinking it."

"I know that Nicola, it's just that I wish I could have paid it the respect it was due."

"Dad, you can do that now, in fact it's even better, now you can service the rest of the cow."

He leaned over and kissed her, a lover's kiss, not a reserved, fatherly kiss, and then he kissed her breasts.

"An obsession is a wonderful thing," he said, "especially when



you can share it. I find it amazing that my daughter shares the same obsession."

"Step-daughter," Nicola corrected, "I spent most of my life wishing I was your real daughter, now I'm glad I'm not."

"I am too babe," he said kissing her, his cock rapidly solidifying.