

# **A Daughter's Desire**

**By**

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Space-lagged like a daughterfucker due to the lengthy slip-space travel, I pull a long drag from my new vaporizer and the warm bliss of the Euphoria floods my tired mind and flows through my hardened body, triggering a narcotic grin to spread across my face and the patrons of the crowded lounge to go slow-mo.

The gory horrors of the galactic war fade from my thoughts. The haunting ghosts of fellow soldiers eviscerated in battle finally grow quiet. A tranquil peace, unknown to me since I was drafted, settles over me like a heavy blanket.

I take another puff and lean back, melting into the seat of the booth, waiting for my wife. I haven't seen her in five years. She hasn't seen me in seventeen, due to time dilation. I may not even recognize her when I see her. Her fur may have changed colors for all I know.

We were only married a few months when I was forced to leave her behind, but we were hot and heavy every day of that short time. Females of the Felidae species are notorious for their insatiable sexuality. Prostitution is a norm in their culture, and they have the greatest presence in all of adult entertainment. On their homeworld parental and sibling incest is practiced regularly. My wife admitted indifferently to sleeping simultaneously with her father and older brother. She considered it an honor to give them her virginity. I did my best not to picture it at family gatherings.

I'm admiring the drug-exaggerated twinkling of the stars, visible through the space station's transparent ceiling, when the hottest piece of half-breed teen pussy I've ever seen glides into the lounge. My cock swells at once.

Crossed between a human and an ocelot, her large golden cat eyes are reflective. The end of her small upturned nose is pink like her pouty, plump lips. Her rounded feline ears and long tail are covered in sleek reddish-brown fur. Her fair skin is spotted by black rosettes. And her petite body appears nimble. Perfect for folding and twisting into a scrumptious sex pretzel.

She's wearing a translucent mini-dress, over luminescent neon-pink bra and panties, with matching grav-sneakers and no socks. Her shoulder-length violet hair is tied into pigtailed with black bows, invoking an air of innocence. An everlasting strawberry lolli-pacifier protrudes from the corner of her mouth. Purple holographic angel wings flicker and flutter on her back. And a black tech-collar is around her slim neck, projecting a data halo scrolling around her head. The rousing idea of attaching a leash to her collar flashes from my imagination. I'm titillated by the notion of her on all fours, rubbing against my leg, licking at my feet, whining for a suckle of my prick.

My mouth salivates as I gawk. Her buoyant breasts are three times the size they should be for her tiny frame. Obviously hormone induced augmentations. My heart rate speeds as she turns, scanning the crowd for someone, briefly displaying her round bottom to me. Her cheeky panties are strained by her tight cheeks, double the proportion they should be. I'd love to take her over my knee and give her luscious rump a good spanking, before splaying her delicious tush wide to make a meal out of her tender parts.

The moment she meets my lustful gaze, a bright smile blooms on her cute face and her data halo dissolves. She hurries over to my booth, pigtailed bouncing about, and spits out her pacifier, which dangles in her ample cleavage.

The excitement in her tone magnifies the squeakiness of her high-pitched voice. "Hi! Grian Aries? I'm Penumbra. You can call me Penny. Everybody does. Hi!"

I've been true to my wife all these years, didn't fuck any of the eager female grunts, not gonna fall for an obvious ploy now when we'll be reunited at any moment. So I stifle my look of surprise with a roll of my blue eyes. "I don't know what your game is, how you know my name,

but I'm waiting for someone, so you better take it somewhere else." I make a shooing gesture with my cybernetic right arm. Lost my birth one to a bolt of searing plasma.

She glances at the gunmetal nanosteel of my replacement limb with a flush of glee, her eyes flaring with delight. "Actually, your wife sent me."

The military doesn't allow any communications between servicemen and civilians for fear of a security breach, and my held messages have not yet been released, so it's possible that Corona had reason to send a courier in place of meeting me here herself as planned. "*Right*, then you can tell me her name as well?"

"Corona Aries." Her persistent smile disappears, replaced with a lopsided frown. "Well, now it's Aquarius. Has been for years." Then it reappears, brighter than before. "Would you like me to recite her ID number too?"

I pinch my brow and growl. "Whatta you mean, now it's *Aquarius*?"

Penumbra gives me a pout, part compassion part pity. "Whatta you think it means, Daddy?"

Eyes wide, I bark, "What the *fuck* did you just call me?"

She tilts her head forward with a look of disapproval. "Is that an appropriate way to speak to your daughter?"

I yelp, "My *what*? How old are you?"

Penumbra drops her head, looking up at me timidly with her big eyes. "Sixteen. Was born nine months after you left, almost to the day."

Mind reeling, I blurt, "You gotta be fucking shitting me!"

She giggles. "No, I'm not shitting you. You wanna scan my ID?"

Hope and pride wells up in my chest as doubt and dread threatens to invade. "You're really my daughter? I've got a beautiful baby girl?"

Penumbra smiles bashfully, cheeks reddening. "That's what I'm telling you."

My anxious skepticism gathering force, I grumble, "If you're lying to me, I'll pull off your tail, I swear it."

She sighs. "Scan my ID." And reaches her scrawny arm across the table, baring her wrist, where her legal data-chip is embedded below the skin.

I ignore her needlessly outstretched hand, and with a thought command, I utilize my military-grade neural aug to initialize an ID scan. With another command, I activate my cerebral HUD to view the results, which match her claim. Still suspicious, I verify her government registration information through the space station AI, and my stomach drops. "Holy shit, I'm a father." I exhale a long breath. "I need a stiff drink." And with another thought command, I order a whiskey on the rocks from the bar.

Penumbra's feline eyes go glossy with tears. "And I need a hug from my daddy."

If I stand the erection I've been hiding will be revealed, so instead I spread my arms and let her come to me. She swoops around the table gracefully and into my lap, settling her tenuous weight atop my rigid member. The thin fabric of my black pants and her luminescent neon-pink panties are a meager barrier between our fuck tools. I can feel the warmth of her puss and I'm sure she can feel the throb of my dick, though she gives no indication. If she does make a remark I'll blame the Euphoria.

We embrace with incredibly affectionate exuberance, squeezing each other tight, and her tail whips about excitingly. Her sweet scent, like vanilla and jubilation, is intoxicating. I resist an urge to kiss and nibble her neck.

Penumbra nuzzles her cheek against mine, skin soft as peach fuzz, and purrs into my ear, "You're my hero. Have been all my life. Ever since mom told me you valiantly joined the military to fight in the galactic war."

I loosen my hold, resting my palms on her slender hips. "There was nothing valiant about it. I was drafted."

She plants a soft peck on my cheek, then my lips. "Sure, but plenty of lesser men dodge."

A voluptuous android dressed as a cocktail waitress delivers my drink, giving me an excuse to abandon any further debate about my valor. Reaching around Penumbra, I retrieve it from the table, gulp it down and order another. A double this time. My mind's still reeling, and my cock's still pulsating against my tantalizing daughter.

Her big golden cat eyes twinkle with awe as she ever so slowly rolls her hips, gingerly grinding her pantie-clad cleft against my throbbing prick.

My throat abruptly goes dry as my arousal ascends to new heights. I stutter, "Te-tell me about yourself."

Penumbra smiles brightly. "I've already finished all compulsory federal schooling. I wanted to be done before you arrived, so we could spend more time together."

I choke. "All of it? You're two years ahead? Graduated?"

She bobs her head. "Yup."

The sexy android serves my double whiskey. I guzzle it down and order a triple.

Penumbra continues to leisurely gyrate in my lap as she speaks. "For my phys-ed requirement, I focused on erotic dance. My step-daddy was very supportive. Whenever he could, he watched me practice." Her smile and eyes widen. "I can't wait to show you what I can do on a pole!"

The mention of her step-father's support ignites a furious flare of jealousy, which is instantly forgotten when her pole dancing enthusiasm inseminates my imagination with intimate images of her sliding and swinging and seductively stripping.

I snatch the triple whiskey from the android's grip, and grunt, "Another," before taking it all down in one swig, and handing back the glass.

Still tenderly humping my erection, Penumbra goes on. "For my electives, I always chose culinary courses. And Mom let me do most the cooking at home, so I've had plenty of practice. I can make at least one meal from every species in the Federation. I learned all the most popular human cuisines for you."

The combination of the Euphoria, alcohol, and most of all, my inflamed desire, impede my ability to focus my thoughts beyond anything other than Penumbra's ambrosian body and dazzling eyes.

Thankfully she carries on the conversation without any prompting from me. "I've never had much spare time with all the courses I was taking at once, but with what little I did have I read. My favorite is romance adventure." She bites her lower lip with nervous indecision. "I always imagine you as the hero."

Obviously, she has an infatuation, if not an obsession, with me. Or at least some imagined heroic version of me. I'll never live up to her exorbitant expectations. Why'd her mother allow her to believe I was some fantastic lionheart?

The android waitress brings my second triple whiskey. My head is swimming. The room is spinning. And yet my dick remains galvanized. No amount of boozes, short of enough to render me unconscious, is gonna be sufficient to overcome the stimulating effect of Penumbra's lap dance. So I sip my drink rather than gulp it.

Penumbra proceeds, "I like darker stories too." Her eyes drop demurely and her voice diminishes to a whisper. "I like when the villain forces the heroine to orally pleasure him. And when he ties her up and violates her bottom."

And with that comment, I drain my glass. "Penny, baby girl, you shouldn't say stuff like that to me. I'm your father, not your girlfriend."

Her lower lip quivers with dejection. "But Daddy, I wanna tell you everything. No secrets."

Her welling tears cut through my unaccustomed fatherly restraint. "Okay, fine, no secrets." I sigh, surrendering to her mournful countenance. "You can tell me anything."

Her gorgeous smile reblooms and she wipes her trickling tears away with two swipes of her long tail. "Thank you, Daddy." She gives me a self-conscious frown. "I don't have any girlfriends. Never had a boyfriend either. Been too busy preparing for your return." She perks up again. "You're all I want. All I need."

I'm too drunk and horny to properly deal with the tempest of emotions and desires raging within me. I wanna protect her like a father should, but I also wanna penetrate her every orifice. I wanna hold her in my arms and comfort her, but I also wanna expel my splooge across her adorable face and oversized tits. I wanna provide for her and guide her, but I also wanna pillage her virginity, pussy and ass, assuming she's a virgin.

I need to send her back to her mother before I do something I'll regret. "This has been great, meeting you and getting to know you a little, but I just got back and I've got things to sort out. You should go home and we'll get together again soon."

Penumbra looks away hesitantly, even halts her erogenous gyration. "Um, about that." She glances up with an apologetic expression. "Mom and my step-daddy left here an hour ago. Caught a shuttle to Titan. Mom relinquished full custody to you." She shrugs her shoulders with a sheepish grin. "I'm all yours."

"She left?!" I stroke a palm over my close-cropped indigo hair. "Why?"

Penumbra gives me a lopsided frown. "I don't know, but my step-daddy likes to gamble, so I'd guess he lost more than he can repay."

And of course, at that very moment, two Yakuza enforcers march into the lounge, the leader holding a DNA sniffer. The station is under military control, so they don't have unabated access to the AI, which can track via data-chips. They barge through the crowd, shoving people out of their way, directly toward our table.

I hoist Penumbra from my lap and set her down next to me on the booth. "I'll handle this, sweetheart."

The leader attaches the sniffer to his belt as they reach us. The other turns his back to survey the crowd. The leader's eyes are cybernetic reflective-silver orbs, so I surmise he's scanned me for hidden weapons and found none. "This girl is property of the Syndicate. Hand her over."

Gripping the edge of the table, I pull myself to my feet and hope he doesn't notice my pants are tent-poled. I growl, "I'm her legal guardian. What claim does the Syndicate have to her?"

"She was put up as collateral, and we are here to collect. No more questions. Step away, *now*."

No one crosses the Yakuza. They own everything. And I'm sure they've only grown more powerful during the last seventeen years. Therefore I know these enforcers won't expect me to refuse them, let alone fight.

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So with the distinct advantage of surprise, I tense the nanosteel muscles of my cybernetic arm and tear the table from its base, metal screaming.

This is the end of the free preview.  
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