

Teddy Bear Nightmare

By

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My strawberry-pink eyes pop open as I awaken, panicked, gasping for air, my heart pounding in my ears. Springing up in bed, I swipe the sweat-matted bangs of my baby-pink hair from my forehead as tears trickle down my cheeks.

Triggered by my sudden movement, the overhead emits a soft glow of illumination, and the motherly voice of the ship AI sounds. “Good morning, Kayley. May I be of assistance?”

Ignoring the AI, I tear off my covers to find my powder-blue pajamas sweat soaked, clinging to my petite body, yet my bedroom is cool.

My first urge is to run to my dad’s room and bang on his door, hoping he’ll let me in if I beg enough, so I can climb under the sheets to cuddle with him until I fall asleep again, but I know he won’t. When he sets a rule he sticks to it sternly. It’s one of the many things I love about him. His enduring strength and fortitude.

After my mom died, he let me sleep in his bed, wrapped in his arms every night. But after I got my first monthly bleed, he made me start sleeping in my own room. Shortly after, he began taking Rosa, our all-purpose *voluptuous* companion-bot, to bed with him each night.

I was so jealous, I attempted to blow her out an airlock, but the ship AI overrode my command and notified my dad. He was so furious, he yanked down my pants and panties, pinned me against the wall, and spanked my bare ass red. I cried at the time, but ever since I can’t think about it without touching myself. I even retrieved a 3D video playback from the security system that I’ve watched about a *million* times. It’s the only occasion he has ever spanked me, though I’ve purposely given him plenty of reasons to give me another. I’ve played pranks on Rosa, triplines and falling buckets of water, only to be confined to my room as punishment. I’ve refused to do education assignments with the same result.

I pull my top over my head and toss it aside, exposing my small peaks. I hope someday I have big bouncy ones like Rosa. She’s always flaunting them in her low-cut steel-blue French maid’s outfit, wearing no bra so they jounce and jiggle perpetually.

Untying my bottoms, I let them drop to my ankles and then kick them away. I wiggle out of my bubble-gum pink panties and fling them another direction. Rosa will pick up everything later. I like to keep her busy.

I pad into the head, activate the shower with a thought command while taking a pee, and then step into the steaming spray. I close my eyes to let the soothing water wash over my face, and a flash of my dream comes back to me. I was being chased by something huge and furry. Despite the hot water coursing down my back, a cold chill surges up my spine.

Unfastened grav-boots clapping the deck to announce my approaching arrival, I strut into the galley, wearing hot-pink thigh-high socks to exhibit my slender legs, cyan short-shorts that allow the bottoms of my firm cheeks to peek out, a white cropped sleeveless blouse to showcase my tight tummy and thin waist, with my baby-pink hair tied in pigtails with cyan bows.

The stunned look on my dad’s handsome face as his deep-blue eyes rove over my body is a priceless reward. He blinks at me in shock for a long moment, before clearing his throat. “Kayley, princess, what did I tell ya about dressing like that?”

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Sitting down across from him, I huff, “*Daddy*, it’s my birthday, *remember?* You said when I turn sixteen I can wear whatever *thrash* I want.”

He groans, “*Yes*. That’ll teach me to make declarations in the heat of the moment.” He sighs with a self-deprecating shake of his head, then grins at me. “Happy birthday.”

I smile softly. “Thanks, *Daddy*.”

He gives me his serious face. “Now fasten those boots.”

I look away with a guilty grin. “*Yes, Daddy*.” And with a thought command, my grav-boots tighten around my ankles.

Rosa leans over the table to place a plate of hot food before me, her *ginormous* melons swaying haphazardly. “Happy sweet sixteen, darling.” She speaks with an Old Earth French accent for my dad. He likes the sensual sound of it. It makes me wanna punch her in the throat.

I roll my strawberry-pink eyes dismissively at her. “Whatever, *bot*.”

Dad retrieves a gift-wrapped box from under the table. “I didn’t forget my princess’s birthday.”

I tear it open and discover a teddy bear, a simple stuffed animal with no electronics, just like the one I had as a child before I placed it in my mom’s coffin to keep her safe out in space. I’m instantly overcome with nostalgia.

Joyful tears splashing my cheeks, I race around the table and leap onto my dad’s lap into his open arms. “Thank ya, *Daddy*, thank ya!”

He kisses my crown, then thumbs away my tears. “You’re welcome, princess. I’m glad it had the desired effect. I wasn’t sure. To be honest, I got ya something else. The teddy I stumbled upon yesterday on that abandoned freighter.”

My dad’s a scavenger. He tracks down lost ships and commandeers their forgotten cargo. He and my mom used to venture into the wreckage of recent battlefields, which was much more profitable, until one day the damaged stellar drive of a neighboring ship went nova.

With a coy smile, I look at him out of the corner of my eye. “*Sooo*, there’s another gift somewhere?”

He chuckles. “*Yes*, but after today, you are not to use it until *after* your daily education assignments are complete.”

I clap my hands excitedly. “You *finally* had it repaired?!”

“*Yes*.” He flares his eyes, mimicking me. “*Finally*. Not only repaired but upgraded as well.”

I embrace him again, squeezing tight. “Thank ya so much!”

The ship’s ancient. Much older than me. Even before the sim-room quit functioning altogether, it was buggy as hell. Complex simulations would crash the software before the rendering process completed.

So I’m in complete awe of the intricate world before me. The chirping of exotic birds in the surrounding jungle is so crisp. The scent of the salty ocean mist so sharp. The taste of my

piña colada so distinct. The warmth of the sun rays on my naked skin so real. I could lose myself in here for days.

I flip over on my beach towel to tan my pale rump. I stripped out of my clothes in the locker room before entering. I've never had the opportunity to sunbath in the nude before. One of the upgraded features. It's so liberating and erotic. If I wasn't so pasty I'd skip to the next portion of my self-prepared program. It employs functions I've never had the *pleasure* of experiencing.

I sip from my sweating glass, already feeling a buzz thanks to the deactivated parental locks. I cloned my dad's cerebral ID a few years ago. One of his regular buyers is a total perv. For a pair of my panties, he loaned me the illegal hardware. When I returned it, he refused me a copy of the hacker software necessary to utilize the cloned ID, until I conceded to his demand for a peep at my puss. I felt so dirty as I unfastened my shorts and stretched my panties forward to allow him to ogle at my pink slit. Hunched over me, his reeking breath gagging me, the drooling bastard stole a snapshot. Probably to render a more accurate simulation of my juvenile body for his personal sim-room. The thought turns my stomach.

As I soak up the rays, I daydream about my dad. I imagine him entering my beach scene in tight little swim briefs, his bulging package scarcely contained, his sculpted chest, muscular arms and shredded abs glistening in the heat, beads of sweat dribbling down his magnificent body as he towers over me. My reverie is no exaggeration, as I've watched him shower many times thanks to the cloned ID and the shipwide security system. Unfortunately, Rosa usually bathes him, and afterward, she always services him with her hands, breasts, and mouth. Once I watched until he climaxed, and nearly puked I was so envious.

I envision my dad pouring tanning oil into his palm, stepping over me, and sinking to his knees to rest his bottom on the back of my thighs, and I jolt at the feel of his weight. The sim-room must have inserted him early in response to my desire. A feature I was unaware of.

I utter a purring moan as he massages the muscles of my shoulders and neck with his big, powerful hands. "*Ooo, Daddy, that feels nice.*"

"It's my pleasure, princess, truly." Thumbs swirling, he gradually works his way down my spine. Then back up and down again. Palming my cheeks, he kneads them firmly, spreading them apart with each hardy squeeze. "You have your mother's ass. Perfect shape, size, and suppleness. I can't help but wonder if it tastes as sweet."

Flushing red, I giggle nervously. "*Daddy, that so, so dirty.*"

"Your tiny pink bud looks clean and *delicious* to me." He sidles down, splays my cheeks wide, and drags his tongue up my crack, pausing at my rosebud to twirl his tongue, before gliding to the top. "*Mmm, so sweet.*"

I definitely didn't program that. Looking back over my shoulder, I flare my strawberry-pink eyes at him in embarrassment. "*Daddy!*"

He chuckles. "A tasty asshole isn't anything to be ashamed of, princess." And plunges his face between my cheeks, groaning hungrily as he laps at my bud. It opens for him and he jabs his tongue inside me. He gropes my cheeks roughly as he shoves it deeper and deeper.

I curl my toes tight, and mewl in bliss, "*Ooh, Daddy, that feels so good.*"

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When he finally comes up for air, he flips me onto my back, grasps my cheeks and lifts my crotch to his mouth as he rises to his knees. The blood rushes to my head as I moan and squirm, while he ravages my pussy, sucking my sensitive button and slithering his tongue in and out of my oozing slit.

Within minutes I'm close to climaxing. I can feel it coming like a tropical storm. My legs contract, my thighs squeezing his head, and my ab muscles spasm. I gasp as it hits me and my eyes pop open wide.

My dad abruptly morphs into a giant animate teddy bear. I scream with a mix of jubilation and terror as I quake with orgasm. It's immeasurably more powerful than any I've ever experienced from masturbation.

When the waves of euphoria cease, I scream, "End simulation!"

The paradisiac environment disappears, replaced by an empty cavernous room, but the hulking bear remains, pinning me to the deck, beady eyes glowing a lurid crimson, a big black cock throbbing between its furry legs.

I cry, "Get off me! Get off me! Get off!"

I deep laugh rumbles up from his broad belly. His voice like grinding boulders, he grumbles, "The look on your face when I shifted was more than worth the wait."

Trembling in fear, I sob, "What are you?! What wait?!"

"I come from the darkness to feed on the light. I've been waiting for the right moment since your father brought me onto your ship."

I wail, "*Please* don't eat me! *Please! Please!*"

He bellows, then scrapes his long, rough tongue up my neck and over my cheek. "You're too luscious to eat. I'm going to enjoy you for some time to come."

My heart hammering at my breastbone, I gulp. "Whaddaya want from me?" Moving off me, he sits beside me, grabs my pigtails and heaves my face toward his groin. "First, I want you to suck my cock."

This is the end of the free preview.

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