

Babysitter Crush

by James Lucien

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Author's note:

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

I step out of my bathroom into my spacious bedroom and freeze. I'm only wearing a pair of orange boxer-briefs, having just finished my nightly shower. My heart thumps and my dick twitches with elation.

My sitter, Candy, is sprawled across my bed on her belly, her baby-pink Converse high-top sneakers hanging over the side. My mouth begins to salivate as my gaze slinks up her sleek legs to her red plaid miniskirt that scarcely conceals her perfect bubble butt. If only the skirt was an inch shorter, I could see the creases between her toned thighs and round cheeks.

She's been on the track and field team throughout middle and high school, which along with her skateboarding to get around explains her sculpted rump. The spandex running shorts she wears for track and field exquisitely exhibit her taut tush, which is why I always attend her events whenever possible. Otherwise, I've never been interested in sports, watching or participating. My dad is Candy's coach, so it's no problem to tag along. And my mom is happy whenever I leave the house since she thinks I'm addicted to video games.

My leering eyes finally rove beyond her lovely lady lumps. The lower half of her back is bare and arched. She's leaning on her elbows, texting her girlfriend most likely. Her long golden blonde hair is tied up in pigtails instead of her habitual ponytail. She doesn't normally dress so provocatively. Usually wearing a pair of short-shorts and a T-shirt.

"Hey Devin bro," Candy welcomes without looking back at me. "I'm using your phone for a sec. Mine is dead and I forgot my charger."

"This is a strict Android only residence anyhow," I jest.

She continues to text. "Don't hate on my iPhone, bitch. Just cause you're a little taller than me now doesn't mean I can't kick your ass." I'm tall and lanky and she's short and thin.

"You wanna bet." I make a move for my dresser, hoping to slip on some pants, but Candy turns over just before I reach it.

"Wow," she smirks as she looks me up and down, "nice package. Puberty hit you hard as *fuck*, didn't it?"

My cheeks burn with embarrassment and I cup my hands over my tightly wrapped manhood.

Candy sits up with a giggle. "I know I'm like your big sister, but you don't have to be shy. It's not like I haven't seen my share of dicks."

I'm not sure which I'm more shocked by, her dick statement or her elegant makeup. She doesn't normally wear any. Most would consider her face cute or adorable even, but with the black liner and baby-blue shadow accentuating her gorgeous pale-blue eyes, and her plump lips glossed bright pink, she looks sexy as a model.

I stammer, "I-I-I thought you and Mandy were lezbo lovers?"

Candy sets my phone on my nightstand and laughs. "Just cause I eat puss doesn't mean I don't gobble cock."

I let my cupping hands drop away from my groin. "Are you fucking with me?"

Candy hops off the bed and it's clear by the way her perky breasts bounce that she isn't wearing a bra under her tight crop-top. "No, it's called bisexual, Devin. You ever heard of it?"

"Nope," I roll my eyes. "Does that mean you have a penis *and* a vagina?"

"Damn," she snorts. "Your dad is a PE teacher and you still don't know shit about the birds and bees."

"He spends more time with you than me." I shrug. "You wanna be my tutor?"

"Sure," she chuckles, "whip out your big dong and I'll show you how it works."

I slip my thumbs under the waistband of my boxer-briefs as if I'm going to tug them down, and question, "Is your dong big too?"

She slaps my balls, enough to startle me but not hurt me. "You wanna see?"

Candy is flirtatious by nature, and I often provoke her teasing, but she's never gone so far with me before. She has been my sitter since she was twelve, and before that, her older sister, Britney, would bring Candy over when she babysat, so I've witnessed Candy grow from a gangling girl into the delicious treat that she is now. Her eighteenth birthday was last weekend. She's a senior. I am too, but in middle school rather than high school.

"Shit, Candy!" I squawk. "You trying to get me aroused?"

"Hell yeah," she grins, "I figured you like it rough."

I grip my junk in one hand in case she's thinking of slapping me again. "How'd you figure that, Sherlock?"

"I scanned your browser history while you were showering." She glances over at my laptop on my desk. "The only thing you like more than cosplay girls is anal sluts."

My jaw drops open. "Uhhhh."

She falls backward onto my bed, holding her tight tummy and laughing hysterically. "Oh shit! You're so fucking guilty, bro!"

It's only then that I remember my browser history clears automatically when I close it. "Har har. You got me." She knows me too well. Her guess was absolutely correct.

She sits up, her face flushed from laughing. "Devin, you're so fucking predictable it's sad."

I growl, "You think so?!" And leap on top of her, gripping her wrists and pin her down. "Predictable, huh?"

Candy giggles and flares her brows. "You gonna kiss me?"

I've fantasized about kissing her only about a million times. "I might if you didn't have cum breath. Who's dick did you gobble for dinner?"

"Your mom's," she chuckles loudly, "but don't tell your dad!"

Realizing that my cock is pressed firmly against her crotch with only a few thin layers of fabric between them, I roll over onto my back beside her and sigh.

Candy turns on her side and strokes my bare chest. "What? I thought we were having fun? Did I hurt your feelings? Is that why you still need a sitter? To keep bad feels away?"

I'm two years older than Candy was when she started babysitting me, yet my parents won't leave me home alone. I've been a sleepwalker since I could walk, and I've experienced several blackouts since puberty. After brain scans confirmed no tumors, my doctor suspected I have dissociative amnesia and recommended a psychologist, which I haven't visited. I think my parents are hoping I'll grow out of it rather than face the possibility that I'm crazy. They won't even acknowledge that I've had an imaginary friend for as long as I can remember. I don't believe Malphas is imaginary, he's just invisible to everyone besides myself.

Of course, that's not what I tell Candy. "My mom's just overprotective. Plus she knows you could use the cash." While my mom makes bank working for the governor's office, Candy's mom is a single parent getting by as a bartender. My family lives in a big house while Candy's lives in a dinky trailer.

"*Actually*," Candy pats my chest excitedly, "I forgot to tell you I won a scholarship!"

I turn on my side to face her. "Wow, awesome!"

"Right?!" Her sexy adorable face is a portrait of happiness. "I thought I was gonna have to work a few years to save up money."

We're laying so close, I can smell her minty breath. Glancing down, I can see the outline of her nipples through her shirt. "I just figured you were gonna become an exotic dancer either way."

Giggling, she slaps my chest. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

I poke her flawless belly. "You'd have to shed a few dozen pounds, but with enough meth, anything is possible."

Her eyes and mouth go wide with excitement. "Do you still have the DDR pad?!"

I blink at her. "I don't know how your brain made that giant leap, but yeah, and the Xbox 360."

Grabbing my shoulder, she shakes me. "Yes! Thank you! Where!"

I roll onto my back with a sputtering sigh. "In a box under the bed."

"This is gonna be so much fun!" Candy springs off the bed and drops to her hands and knees. Reaching under the bed, she pulls out the box, opens it up and plucks everything out.

Most nights that Candy sits, she spends it snuggling with her girlfriend downstairs in the living room. "No Mandy tonight?"

"Nope," Candy replies as she connects the Xbox to my wall-mounted flat-screen, "it's just you and me tonight."

I move to the head of the bed and sit against the headboard to watch. I won't be playing. I only own *Dance Dance Revolution* because my mom thought she could trick me into exercising. My daily regimen of push-ups, squats, and planks is plenty. I'm not trying to be Christian Bale in *American Psycho*.

Candy starts the game and chooses "crushcrushcrush" by Paramore. I immediately slip into a trance as Candy hops up and down, flaring her miniskirt and flashing her black thong panties bisecting her two bubbled cheeks.

When the song ends, Candy descends into a side split as her score is displayed. "Fuck yeah, I killed it!" She looks over her shoulder at me, sticks out her tongue and humps the pad.

I swallow the lump in my throat, and jest, "That's not very hygienic. Fuck knows where your pussy has been."

She laughs as she leaps up. "Do you wanna turn, or do you just wanna keep staring at my ass?"

I casually fold my hands over my lap to conceal the raging hard-on I wasn't aware of until this moment. "I'm good with ass gazing."

She cocks a brow with a smirk. "Somebody's gonna have a serious wet dream tonight."

I give her a big cheesy grin. "I'm looking forward to it."

Candy returns to the game and chooses "Bad Romance" by Lady Gaga. As she gyrates her curvy hips and playfully spanks her ass, I grip my erection over my underwear with my left hand while keeping my right hand cupped over top to hide it. I can't help but give my dick a gentle tugging as I chew my bottom lip with a mounting yearning to mount her tantalizing tushy. I'm gonna have to duck into the bathroom during the next song and jerk off.

Rather than wait for her score to display, Candy spins around the second the song is over and notices the pumping of my left arm. Her jaw drops. "O-M-G, Devin!"

"What?" I look down at her sneakers with guilt. "I didn't do *anything*. Keep playing."

She marches over to me, grabs my wrists and pulls my hands from my groin. "Well, that is definitely *something*."

"I'm sorry." I glance up at her wide staring eyes. "It has a mind of its own. I'm really sorry."

“You’re only sorry you got caught. What was your plan? Were you just gonna cum in your boxers?”

“No,” I whisper, “I was gonna go in the bathroom and take care of it.”

“Well, that sounds pathetic.” She reaches under her skirt and pulls off her lacy thong. She drops it in my lap. “You wanna use these?”

I blink at her in utter bewilderment. “Do what now?”

“They might be a little musky from dancing, but they’re clean.” She plucks them from my lap and holds them under my nose. “Smell ‘em.”

I inhale deeply, hold it a moment, then exhale through quivering lips as my eyes roll back. “Holy *fuck*, Candy.”

She giggles, “Don’t all little brothers love sniffing their big sister’s panties?”

I take the thong from her hand, press it to my nose and inhale again. I’ve daydreamed about smelling her pussy juice many times, but it was never this good. It makes my dick throb.

“Maybe I can get some sexy lingerie for next time.” She combs her fingers through my hair. “That’s if you can keep this a secret.”

“I would never tell anyone ever!” I exclaim.

“In that case,” she winks, “why don’t we have some *real* fun?”

I breathe in the arousing scent of her pussy again as she sashays to my desk and opens my laptop. A poster hangs on the wall over my desk, depicting Joel and Ellie from *The Last of Us* standing in knee-high water in the middle of a ruined city street. As Candy signs into her YouTube account, she is oblivious of the poster becoming animate.

Joel holsters his revolver, unzips his pants and pulls out his big dick. Ellie tosses her rifle in the water, bends at the waist and bobs on Joel’s cock while looking back at me out of the corner of her eye. Malphas, my invisible friend, is saying hello. He comes and goes as he pleases. This is one of the ways he communicates with me.

Candy selects a personal playlist of dance music and turns up my attached speaker system. After switching on my black light, she turns off the Xbox, TV, and recessed lighting.

With her panties still held to my nose, I joke, “Are we having a rave? Don’t we need glow sticks?”

Giddy with giggles, Candy climbs onto the bed. She crawls towards me, licking her lips and staring with a seductive gaze. She steals her thong from my grasp with her teeth and spits them aside. She purrs, “You’re all mine.”

I stammer, “I-I-I’m not sure what I’m supposed to do.”

“You’re so cute.” She licks my cheek. “Just sit and I’ll take care of everything.”

“Okay,” I gulp, “that works.”

Turning around and straddling my legs, Candy begins to twerk, thrusting her hips to flap her skirt up and down as her cheeks slap together. I stroke myself as I gawk at her jiggling rump. Her asshole is tiny and pink and her pussy is bald. I wanna taste both!

When the song ends, Candy lays on her face with her ass in the air. Reaching back, she spreads her cheeks wide and winks her tiny pink pucker at me. Now that is a skill!

She points a middle digit at me. “Suck my finger. Get it nice and wet.”

My heart pounding, I lean forward and close my lips around her slender jutting finger. I swirl my tongue around it a few times, slathering her finger with warm spit, and then lean back again.

My breath catches in my throat as she wiggles her moistened digit into her asshole. She makes faint whining moans as she pumps her finger. I had no idea she was such a slutty freak!

After another song ends, Candy sits up on my thighs and looks back over her shoulder at me demurely. “Do you wanna eat my ass?”

I nod emphatically, “Yes, please.”

She stands, lifts her skirt, and backs up toward me. “You can grab my ass.”

Afraid that if I touch her perfect tush I’ll awake to find this was only a dream, I reach up cautiously and clutch her cheeks. They’re real, firm, and amazing! I squeeze and spread, then nuzzle my face between them. I groan and she moans as I knead her cheeks and jab my tongue tip.

Candy moans, “Push harder, Devin.”

I press with more force and my tongue delves into her tight asshole. I twirl my tongue, teasing her anus and she whimpers in bliss.

I tongue her ass for about twenty minutes, judging by the number of songs that play, relishing every second of it, before she pulls away.

Candy turns around to face me, descends onto my lap and she grinds her pussy on my cock, which is still shielded by my underwear.

I don’t want to ruin the mood, but I have to ask. “What about Mandy?”

She continues to rock her hips with the beat of the music as she replies, “Me and Mandy are more like friends with benefits, just like me and you can be now that your dick is ripe for the sucking.”

Her candor is so stupefying, it takes me a full minute to find my voice. “Does that mean I can kiss you on the lips?”

Candy laughs, “You think I’d let you eat out my ass but not let you kiss my mouth?”

I blush, “I’ve never had a girlfriend or a friend with benefits.”

“I know.” She offers me a wry grin. “You’re cute like that. But it’s about time you became a man.”

Emboldened by her statement, I curl my arms around her shoulders and pull her close. I shut my eyes and press my lips to hers. She swipes her tongue into my mouth with a moan and I suck it softly. She grinds against me harder and kneads at my scalp. I slip my hands under her crop-top and fondle her tits, mashing her perky breasts and pinching her taut nipples.

We kiss and hump like this in a fit of passion for another twenty minutes, before Candy stands and presses her pussy to my mouth. “Lick my twat, Devin, please!”

With my head pinned to the headboard, I don’t have much choice, not that I mind. I grope her ass as I tongue her clit. I’ve watched enough porn to know basically what I’m doing.

Candy pulls at my hair and thrusts her pelvis, “Ooh yes, yes, yes! Don’t stop!”

I suck and flick her clit for ten minutes, until her legs tremble and she goes still with a cry. She crumbles atop of me, gasping for her breath, and pulls off her crop-top, exposing her beautiful bosoms to me.

She pants, “You can suck them if you want to.”

I’ve never wanted anything more! I seal my lips around a nipple with a growl of hunger. I suck them hard, moving back and forth between them, as Candy moans and grabs at my crotch.

Ten minutes pass before Candy pulls my head up to kiss me again. She sucks my tongue as she massages my balls over my underwear. Finally, she breaks away, and smirks, “Want a sloppy blowjob?”

I never thought I would ever hear any girl ask me that, let alone Candy. I blurt, “Oh fuck yeah!”

Candy giggles, “Damn, you’re excited. Don’t blow your load already.”

I jerked off twice today, once this morning and once before my shower, so I should be fine. I confess, "I don't have any condoms. Do you want me to go check my parent's room?"

She laughs, "You're not gonna get me pregnant by popping one off in my mouth."

I shrug with awkward anxiety, "I didn't know if you would let me do that."

"Relax, Devin. I'm not an uptight prude. Just try not to get any in my hair. Can you manage that?"

I nod, "Sure. No cum in your hair. Got it."

She beams, "You're too cute for your own damn good."

I blush and look away.

Candy turns my chin and pecks my lips. "You wanna take those boxers off, stud?"

I bob my head. "Yeah."

She moves aside and I slip off my boxers and toss them on the floor.

"Wow," Candy remarks, "look at that retro bush."

I ask, "Do you want me to go shave it off first?"

"No, it's okay." She spreads my legs and positions herself between them, resting on her elbows and knees with her back arched and her ass in the air. "But I'm not sucking your hairy balls."

"That's okay. I'll shave them before next time," I promise.

She grasps my shaft and begins to stroke it softly. "You ate my ass and pussy so good, I'm gonna blow you the fuck away."

It's so incredible to be staring down at Candy as she tugs my cock and gazes up at me seductively. "I could eat your ass and pussy for every meal."

"If that's the case," she chuckles, "I'm gonna have to start hanging out here even when I'm not getting paid."

I offer, "I'd give you my entire allowance if you chilled with me every night."

"Damn, Devin," she laughs, "I'm not a fucking prostitute. You don't have to pay me."

I cock my head, "I didn't mean it like that."

Candy rubs the tip of my dick with her thumb. "I'm just messing with you."

"I, um," I pause to gather my courage, "you know, I like, care about you."

She glides her bottom lip up my shaft and pecks the head with a kiss. "I like you too, Devin."

I inhale a deep breath and exhale slowly to steady my nerves. "I mean like, I *like* you like you."

Candy grins as she drags her tongue up my shaft. "Are you trying to propose?"

I chuckle, "Just suck my big dong you dizzy bitch."

She giggles and then puckers her lips and drums my cockhead on them, taunting me. "Because of that comment, I'm gonna make you beg me."

I roll my eyes. "I'm my own worst enemy, huh?"

Candy smiles and nods in agreement, then rubs my cock on her cheek, then slaps it on her jutting tongue. "This is all you're gonna get until you beg me."

My attention is drawn to my *Batman Arkham Knight* door poster of Harley Quinn holding a bat over her shoulder. She flings the bat out of frame, opens her mouth wide, grabs her dyed pigtails and bobs her own head as if sucking a dick. Malphas is implying I should grip Candy's pigtails and force her to suck my cock.

Of course, I don't have the balls to do that, so instead, I plead, "Please, Candy, please suck my dick."

She pecks the tip with soft kisses, causing my balls to tingle. “Not good enough.”

Harley Quinn is now down on her knees, forcing herself to bob on the bat.

“Please, Candy,” I beg, “please, please, please suck my cock.”

She butterflies her tongue on my cockhead while pumping the shaft. “Still not good enough.”

I prayer my hands. “Candy, I’m fucking begging you. Please suck my cock. Suck my dick like you mean it.”

Harley Quinn hits herself over the head with her bat and collapses.

Candy grins, “A little better.” Then she sucks my cockhead so soft and slow that I wanna scream.

“Candy, *please*, it would mean the *absolute* world to me if you sucked my cock.”

Gripping my shaft firmly, she turns her head and flicks my cockhead from her lips repeatedly, making wet popping sounds. “Since you asked so nicely. I guess I could suck your dick for a while.”

I sigh with relief. I thought she might torture me all night. “Thank you, Candy.”

She spits on my cock. “Anytime, my little bro.” And then she slides her lips over the head and all the way down the shaft while staring up at me.

“Oh my *fucking* God, yes!”

She giggles with my cock planted firmly in her throat.

“Holy fuck,” I exclaim, “you really are a cock gobbler!”

She laughs so hard she spits out my dick. “Don’t be an asshole, Devin! I’m trying to cock gobble here!”

“I’m sorry, *really*. That was just so amazing. *Please* continue.”

Candy smirks and arches a brow. “I’m just getting started, stud.” She reaches up and kisses me with moaning lips while stroking my shaft. I graze the back of my fingers over her nipples as she sucks my tongue. She pulls away slowly, tugging my bottom lip with her teeth. “You’re a good kisser. Did you practice on your pillow?”

“No,” I blush, “a peach.”

She tenderly kisses my cockhead. “You practiced eating pussy with a peach too, didn’t you?”

I grin, “Whatta you think?”

She chuckles, “That you probably went through a whole bushel.”

I snort, “No more peaches for me. Only your pussy, which is much sweeter anyway.”

She laps at my cockhead while fisting my shaft with slow but firm pumps. “Are you gonna recite poetry next?”

“No, but how about a Haiku? I prepared a meal. Made special for your birthday. My cock a la mode.”

Candy chuckles again. “You’re so much fun. We really need to do this more often.” And then she begins to rock back and forth on her elbows and knees, gazing up at me with her gorgeous pale-blue eyes as she slides my dick in and out of her snug throat.

I groan, “Ooh Candy, that feels so good. Thank you.”

She reaches up and kisses me with passion again. “You don’t have to keep thanking me, Devin. Your big dong feels good in my throat.” She descends and runs her puckered lips up and down the underside of my shaft. Then closes her eyes and moans with lust as she sucks me hard and fast.

“Holy *fuck*, Candy, ooh *fuck*!”

My smartphone rings on my nightstand beside me. It's my dad's ring. "Oh shit, I gotta answer this."

Candy asks, "Do you want me to keep sucking while you talk?"

I know I should say no, but I nod, "Yeah."

She giggles, "Yes, *sir*, boss." And then she swallows my dick with a roguish grin.

I grab the remote to my speaker system and turn down the volume, then grab my phone and swipe to answer. "Hey, Dad. What's up?"

"Hey, Devin." I can hear a DJ introducing a dancer in the background. "Candice isn't answering her cell. Everything okay?"

Candy puffs out her cheeks with my dick in her mouth and crosses her eyes, trying to make me laugh.

I resist the urge and flare my eyes at her. "Oh yeah. Her phone died. Everything's fine. What time do you think you'll be home?"

"After you're in bed," he replies. "And your mother won't be home until the morning."

I pinch Candy's nose while she has my cock crammed down her throat. "Did you want to talk to her?"

"Uh, no, no, that's fine. I was just checking up."

I hear a woman ask for the phone, then Candy's mom purrs, "Hey, Devin. Is my daughter treating you alright?"

"Hi, Abby. Yeah, she is."

"You have my permission to smack her around if she acts like a little bitch."

Candy looks up with a goofy smile and a thick strand of drool stretching from her lips to my cockhead.

I fake a chuckle, "Oh, yeah, thanks. Um, I gotta school assignment I need to get back to."

"Well alright then, Mr. Honor Roll, you two have a good night."

The call ends and I place my phone back on my nightstand and turn the music back up. "Your mom just told me I should slap you around a bit."

Candy rolls her eyes with a sigh. "I'm not surprised." She spits on my dick, which is already drool slathered, then rubs her face against it like an affectionate kitten.

"Fuck, that's so fucking hot!"

She bats her lashes. "Tell me I'm the best cocksucker."

"Holy fuck, yeah you are!"

Candy pouts like a toddler, "Do you really mean it?"

"Of course, I fucking do!"

She smiles, "Thank you, Devin."

"Ooh fuck," I groan, as she devours my cock with a famished moan of rapture.

Candy kneads my balls with one hand as she rocks on her elbows and knees, using her entire body to gorge on my dick rather than just bobbing her head. Her covetous moans and wet slurps are just as blissfully pleasing as the suckling sensation of her mouth and the compressing feeling of her throat.

I reach over her and flip up her skirt so I can see her ass rock as she sucks me. I still can't believe she let me tongue her ass and eat her pussy. I must be in heaven and I never wanna go home.

About thirty minutes later, she gasps, "Goddamn, you have some serious fucking stamina! You're gonna let me suck your big dong all night, aren't you?"

"I'm sorry," I apologize. "It just feels so fucking good."

Candy chuckles, "I'm not complaining. On the contrary, I'm fucking proud, little bro, and grateful. You're giving me a workout."

"Yeah," I snort, "cause you totally don't get enough exercise."

She lays down on her belly and begins to fist my shaft as she bobs on the head, sucking harder and faster and moaning louder.

I reach forward and knead her firm cheeks, squeezing and splaying them. "Candy, you have the most *perfect* fucking ass."

She moans around my dick in her mouth, "You can't fuck it but you can finger it if you want."

"*Fuck*, just hearing you say that makes me wanna cum." I moisten my middle finger and sink it between her clenching cheeks, pressing it three knuckles deep into her ass.

Candy groans, "Ooh yeah, Devin, finger my tight little asshole!"

I pump my finger in and out of her clutching rectum as she sucks and slurps and squeals with joy. Probing her tight asshole gets me so riled, I growl, "*Fuck*, I wanna cum down your throat so *fucking* bad!"

Candy cries, "Fucking cum for me, Devin! I wanna feel you shoot your hot load in my throat!" And then she swallows my cock whole.

I grunt, "Ooh *fuck*, ooh *fuck*, ooh *fuck*, I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum!" My legs shake, my balls pull close, and my cock goes solid as steel, and I howl in ecstasy as searing spurts of spunk stream from my dick and down her gulping throat.

Candy suckles my cockhead gently as I fall back against the headboard, and my legs twitch with aftershocks of pleasure.

I stroke the back of her head as she looks up at me smiling, and I pant, "That was the best orgasm of my life."

She kisses my cockhead softly. "Maybe next time I'll bring Mandy along so we can both suck you off at once. We can take turns switching between your cock and balls. Would you like that?"

"Hell fucking yeah, I would."

"Mandy's a lezbo, so you're out of fucking luck, bro."

I laugh, "You fucking bitch!"

With my head tilted back against the wall of the VIP room, I watch Abby via the mirrored ceiling bobbing her head in my lap. She has the same golden blonde hair as her daughter. Thanks to the dim lighting, I can easily imagine that it's Candice sucking my prick.

Abby comes up for air, and pants, "You ready to cum for me, big boy?"

"I didn't give you permission to breathe, you filthy pig." I fist her hair and shove her head back down. She loves it when I treat her rough. It's been that way for twenty years.

Regrettably, Abby's my wife's oldest friend. They grew up together. I love my wife, but she's boring in the bedroom.

I sip my Gentleman Jack on the rocks as I forcibly bob Abby's head, plunging her throat with my cock. I relish the *gluck-gluck-gluck* sound and her gasps for breath.

When my glass is empty, I rise to my feet and thrust my hips hard and fast, fucking her mouth and throat as she coughs and chokes. "Here comes your reward, you foul hog." I grunt with gratification through gritted teeth as I spew hot goop into her gagging gullet.

I plop back into my seat with a blissful sigh and Abby sucks the head of my dick as she milks the shaft for all it's worth, draining me completely. "Okay," I pet her head, "I think you got it all, you cum thirsty piglet."

As she uses a half-dozen tissues to mop up the slobber and splooge from her flushed face, I pull up my boxers and jeans. "That was great as always, Abby."

She drops into my lap and slings an arm across my shoulders. "My pleasure as always, Mr. Warrick." She never tires of teasing me for taking my wife's last name. It was for political reasons.

I glance at my watch. "I better get going. Candice is expecting a ride home."

"Uh-uh," she shakes her head, "you've had too much whiskey."

I pour the mostly melted ice from my glass into my mouth and chew it. "You want her riding her skateboard home in the dark?"

"Either let her crash on your couch or get her an Uber like *you're*," she sternly pokes my chest, "gonna be taking home from here."

"Her phone's dead, so that won't work." I shrug, "So I guess she's staying the night with me."

"Maybe you should take this opportunity to have that *talk* with her."

My eyes roam away, searching for an escape. "I'll think about it."

"She'll be going to college soon." Abby insists, "It's *time*."

"Okay," I groan. "Get off me, you harlot."

Abby chuckles and pecks my cheek with a wet kiss, before hopping off my lap.

I pull my money clip from my back pocket and pay her for the hour she spent on her knees. I give her round rump a smack and head out to the parking lot, where I catch an Uber ride.

Once I'm home, I lock the front door behind me and drop my keys into the crystal bowl on the console table in the entryway. All the exterior doors are fitted with double cylinder deadbolts so they require a key to exit as a protective measure due to Devin's sleepwalking.

I'm tipsy but not tired, so I head into the kitchen for a beer to sip while I watch TV. As I pull a Heineken from the fridge, I hear footfalls coming down the stairs. I pop the bottle open and turn around to a delicious sight of forbidden fruit.

Candice has her long golden blonde hair tied up in pigtails and her precious face done up with tasteful makeup. Her pert tits are wrapped snug in a white crop-top that flaunts her flat tummy, and her smooth legs are displayed by a red plaid miniskirt that she probably stole from her mother's stripper outfits.

She curtsies as she enters the kitchen. "Hello, Coach Warrick."

I take a long draft of my beer to give my nerves a moment to settle down, before replying, "I've known you since you were born, Candice. You don't have to call me coach when we're not on the field."

Candice retorts with a grin, "And you know, nobody but my mom calls me Candice."

I down another serious swig. "It feels inappropriate to call you by a stripper's name."

She arches a brow. "If you've got an issue with strippers, why do you spend your free nights at the strip club with my mom?"

I roll my eyes. "My issue, Candice, isn't with strippers. It's with thinking of *you* as a stripper."

"Why," she winks, "you don't think I'd be any good at it?"

I chuckle, "I'm sure you'd exceed at it, like you do with everything you put your mind to."

Candice leans her elbows on the island counter between us and cups her cheeks in her palms. “So, do you notice anything different about me?”

I snort, “You mean besides the inappropriate way that you’re dressed tonight?”

“Oh,” she smirks, “I know you noticed that. The look on your face was priceless.”

I can’t help but blush. “I may be a teacher, but I’m only a man.”

Candice licks her bright-pink glossed plump lips. “*Only* a man, isn’t the way I’d describe you, Coach Warrick.”

“Well,” I laugh, “on that note. I better head up to bed. Your mother gave me strict orders for you to crash on the couch.”

“What’s the rush?” She bats her lashes. “Mrs. Warrick won’t be home until the morning.”

I gulp down the remainder of my beer, and whisper, “Devin’s upstairs.”

“He’s sleeping like a baby.” Candice walks around the island and opens the fridge. “Have another beer. Chill with me.”

I sigh in defeat. “Your mother did want me to have a talk with you.” I grab a second Heineken and pop the cap off.

“You didn’t tell me if you noticed anything different about me.” Candice places her hands stout on her curvy hips. “I’m legally a woman now.”

“Yeah,” I snort, “I’m well aware. I was at your birthday party last weekend, remember?”

“How could I forget?” She crosses her arms with a sneer of jealousy. “You spent the whole night chatting with my mom while ignoring me.”

I set my beer on the counter. “I’m sorry.” I uncross her arms, wrap them around my waist and close my arms around her shoulders. “I have to be very careful how I treat you in front of other people.”

“I know.” She settles her head against my chest as she melts into my embrace. “It just sucks, is all.”

“I told you from the start,” I peck the crown of her head with a kiss, “no matter how we feel, we can never have anything more than what we share on our drives together.”

Candice looks up at me with a pout. “But I’m eighteen now. I’m a woman. Don’t you wanna fuck me?”

I palm her cheek and peck her forehead with a gentle kiss. “What’s best for us both is more important than whatever we may want.”

Retracting her arms from around my waist, she unbuckles my belt and unbuttons my jeans. “So you do wanna fuck me.” She pulls down my zipper. “Mandy has fucked me with a strap-on, but I’ve never been fuck by a real cock before.” She tugs my jeans down. “I’ve been saving my virginity for you.”

I grip the waistband at the front of my boxers with one hand to keep her from pulling them down. “I’ve gotta talk to you.”

Candice cups my groin and massages my gear over my boxers. “Can’t I suck you while you talk?”

I don’t have the willpower to pull her hand from my crotch. “We should sit down in the living room.”

She reaches around with her free hand and gropes a cheek. “But you’re always sitting down when I suck you off. I wanna suck you while you’re standing so I can look up at you.”

“Candice,” I sigh, “you probably won’t be interested in doing that anymore once you hear what I have to say.”

She giggles, “I *doubt* that.” Then narrows her eyes in an expression of mock suspicion. “Unless you’ve got the AIDS.”

“No,” I snort. “It’s nothing like that at all. It’s *much* worse.”

Candice cocks her head and squints her eyes at me. “Killer robot from the future or shapeshifting reptile from space?”

I chuckle, “You’re spending too much time with my son.”

“I’m guessing reptile since I don’t think robots get erections.” She squats down and kisses my prick over my boxers.

“Candice, I’m serious. It’s important.”

“You’ve got a *serious* hard-on.” She licks her lips. “It’s *important* that I relieve it.”

I shake my head in disbelief. Then release my boxers and grab my sweating beer.

As I gulp down half the bottle, Candice yanks my boxers down. She wraps her hands around my shaft and her lips around my cockhead. She twists her fists up and down as she bobs her head, her pigtailed swaying, and her pale-blue eyes gazing up at me with desire.

I consider letting her swallow my cum, however long that may take, before relating my confession. I finish my beer and retrieve another as she sucks and slurps with enthusiasm. If I didn’t know better, I’d think her mother gave her lessons on dick sucking.

“Oops,” Candice giggles in a purposely childlike manner, “did this blowjob make you forget what you wanted to tell me?”

I chew my bottom lip with anxiety, then blurt, “You’re my daughter. I’m your father.”

She smiles at me warmly. “I know you are, Daddy.”

I shake my head and blink in befuddlement. “You *know*?”

Candice kisses the tip of my dick tenderly. “I’ve known since I was eleven. My mom told me one night when she was too drunk to remember the next morning.”

I grab her by the arms and stand her up. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

She fists my erection as she speaks. “I was afraid you’d shun me to protect your affair with my mom and that you wouldn’t trust me to keep our relation a secret from your wife.”

“But then why did you come on to me sexually?”

“I figured since you didn’t tell me you’re my dad, you didn’t love me.” A tear trickles down her cheek. “The first time I sucked you, I just wanted you to admit our relation. I didn’t think you’d let me do it, but you did, and I felt so connected to you. And after that, you gave me more affection than I’ve seen you give to anyone else.” She reaches up on her tippy-toes and pecks my lips. “I love being your naughty little secret.”

I pull her hands away from my dick. “I’m such a fucking piece of shit.”

“No, you’re not.” She grips my prick again. “I realize why you didn’t tell me. You were protecting your family.”

I down the rest of my beer and get another. “I took advantage of you.”

“No,” Candice shakes her head. “I enjoyed every blowjob and fingerbang. I don’t regret a single moment we shared together.”

I glance down at her hands pumping my shaft. “Could you stop doing that, please?”

“But I love giving you pleasure.” She sinks into a crouch. “I just ask that now that I’m a woman, you treat me like one.” With a lustful slurping moan, she resumes sucking my cock.

“Candice,” I groan, “I’m not gonna fuck my own daughter.”

“Yes, you are.” She stares up at me with a determined expression. “Or I’m gonna tell your wife all about how I’ve been giving you roadhead for the last four years. She must be curious why it takes you so long to drive me home.”

A fiery surge of rage sets my skin on fire. “Are you fucking *threatening* me?!”

Candice offers a smug grin. “How about we call it a necessary coercion to ease your guilty conscience?” She closes her eyes and begins to suck my cockhead again as if this conversation was complete.

“*Candice*,” I snarl, “you do realize that my letter of recommendation won you your scholarship and I can rescind it?!”

She flicks the head of my dick from her plump lips with a wet pop. “You do realize that I could easily plant a nanny cam in the girl’s locker room and make an anonymous call to the principal’s office?”

My blood boiling with fury, I growl through gritted teeth, “I’m gonna teach you a lesson you’ll never fucking forget!”

Candice looks up at me with an arched brow, expressing disbelieving dispassion. “Daddy, just stop. Anything you do to me I can use against you.” She bats her lashes with a grin. “Why don’t you take that anger and put it to good use by giving my pussy a pounding?” She winks, “Don’t you wanna bend me over the counter?”

I can’t remember the last time I’ve felt such wrath. “I’m gonna put you over my knee and give you a spanking that will make up for all the spankings you missed over the years!”

“Ooo,” Candice giggles, “are you gonna give me a mean birthday spankin’? I’m so scared.”

I shove her away, causing her to fall on her ass. “Take off your panties!”

She waggles her brows with a giggle. “Yes, *sir*, Daddy.”

I rip my leather belt from my jeans bunched around my ankles. Then tear off my leather loafers and kick off my pants and boxers.

Meanwhile, Candice slides her lacy black thong from under her bottom, exposing her pristine Barbie slit. Gliding them up and over her knees, she slips them around her pink sneakers and offers them to me. “If you use your belt it could leave bruises that I’ll show to my mom.”

I swipe the offered thong from her palm, bunch it up and shove it into her mouth to gag her. I fold my belt and thread it through the buckle. Stepping behind Candice, I pull her arms behind her back, slip her hands through my makeshift cuffs and pull them tight around her small wrists. Gripping Candice by her upper arms, I heave her to her feet. I swing a chair out from under the kitchen table, plop down and toss Candice over my legs.

She looks back at me with a smirk, daring me to do it. She thinks this is a playful game.

I fold her skirt up under her bound hands, unveiling her perfect little bubble butt. At every track and field practice, I fantasize about taking her behind the bleachers, peeling down her spandex running shorts and pummeling her taut tushy. Yet, I’d never do it. I’m fucked up enough to let her guzzle my cum, but I’m not fucked up enough to defile her nethers. A man’s gotta have boundaries.

Candice flexes one cheek and then the other, back and forth, taunting for a spanking.

I lick my palm and lift my hand high. “You’re gonna regret threatening me.” I bring my hand down hard, slapping my palm across her cheeks with a loud smack that stings my palm. *Whack!*

She clenches her cheeks and cries through her gag as she bucks like a bronco.

“That’s one of eighteen.” *Whack!* “Two.” *Whack!* “Three.” *Whack!* “Four.”

Candice thrashes and attempts to roll off of my legs.

“You’re not going anywhere, sweetheart.” I grip her arm farthest from me, pinning her down. *Whack!* “Five.” *Whack!* “Six.” *Whack!* “Seven.” *Whack!* “Eight.” *Whack!* “Nine.”

Managing to spit out her panties, she sobs, “*Please, Daddy, no more! I’m sorry! Please!*”
“If I don’t follow through completely with your punishment, you won’t learn your lesson and you’ll walk all over me.”

She cries, “I’m sorry! I learned my lesson! I swear I’ll do whatever you say!”

“Prove it by not screaming.” *Whack!* “Ten.” *Whack!* “Eleven.” *Whack!* “Twelve.”
Whack! “Thirteen.” *Whack!* “Fourteen.”

“No more!” Candice screeches. “*Please!*”

“I gave you an opportunity to prove your obedience and you failed.” I pat her reddened cheeks and she winches. “Now I’m gonna have to give you another punishment after I’m done with this one.”

She begs, “Please! Please! *Please!*”

Whack! “Fifteen.” *Whack!* “Sixteen.” *Whack!* “Seventeen.” *Whack!* “Eighteen.”

Candice snivels, “No more punishments! I’ll be a good girl! I promise!”

I move her down onto her knees between my legs. “You want me to treat you like a woman, huh?” I grab her by her pigtails. “I’m gonna treat you rough like I do your sloppy whore of a mother.”

“Please, Daddy, I’m really sorry!” She looks miserable with her black and blue eye makeup streaked down her flushed cheeks.

“You threatened my marriage and my job. Sorry isn’t enough.” I roll my wrists, wrapping her pigtails around my fists for a better grip. “Now open wide and say ahh.”

“Daddy, *please*, I’ll suck you good! Even with no hands! You don’t have to this! I’ll be a good girl! I’ll never threaten you again!”

“I said, open wide and say ahh.” I give her pigtails a light threatening tug.

“Ouch!” Candice yelps. “Okay, Daddy.” She lowers her jaw and juts out her tongue.
“Ahhhhhh.”

I chuckle, “That’s my good girl.” Then using her pigtails like reins, I pull her face down, shoving my cockhead passed her lips. “Suck hard while I bob your head.”

She mumbles around my dick in her mouth. “Yes, Daddy.”

“And I want it sloppy. So no swallowing your spit. I’ll help you get started.” I gather a mouthful of saliva and hock it over my shaft, splashing her face.

Blinking her eyes, she nods.

“No matter how hard you choke, your eyes remain open and staring into mine. Understand?”

She mutters in the affirmative.

“If you do good, I’ll untie your hands so you can play with your pussy.”

Candice mumbles, “Thank you, Daddy.”

I start slow and shallow, making her suck no more than a quarter of the full length of my shaft. Even so, my cockhead hits the back of her throat with each bob, gagging her slightly and splattering spit. And this is only the warm-up before the real event begins.

My manhood has always been too big for her small mouth, which is why she normally uses both hands and only bobs on the head. The first time she hesitantly reached over the armrest console to bury her face in my lap, she sucked my cockhead like a nursing infant suckling on a teat. I only climaxed because of the deviant nature of the situation. The second time she went down on me, with a little physical direction, I taught her to bob her head. By the third time, she was stroking and bobbing without needing much guidance while I fondled her tiny tushy. She’s filled out nicely since then. Puberty does a body good.

Seeing her plump lips stretched wide around my thick dick and her big beautiful eyes gazing up at me with an expression of submission as she sobs and slurps, I regret that during all her previous blowjobs my attention was on the road or watching the parking lot for observers. I've truly been missing out over these last four years. I wish I would have had enough time to stop at the park between our homes and taken her into the woods so she could suck me on her knees. I was always rushing to shoot my load down her throat and get home before too much time passed so my wife wouldn't get suspicious. Now I've got all night to enjoy her suckling mouth and I couldn't be more excited to fuck her throat.

I groan, "Ooh fuck, sweetheart, your mouth feels good, but I wanna feel your throat."

Candice squats down lower, arching her spine and craning her neck to tilt her head back to open her throat.

"Look at you assuming the position, my little deepthroat slut." I slide to the edge of the chair and lean forward to align my rigid prick with her narrow throat. "I've wanted to do this for such a long time." I lean further, cramming my bulbous cockhead into her esophagus as she chokes and coughs. "You gotta swallow, baby, swallow!"

She gulps hard like she's swallowing a horse pill, allowing me to burrow my dick deeper into her spasming throat.

"Good girl! You've got half my cock down your throat!" Pulling on her pigtails, I gradually jam the rest of my dick into her gullet. She squirms as she chokes, but my grip remains steadfast.

I taunt, "It's hard to breathe when you're gagging on a big fat cock shoved down your throat, isn't it?"

Holding her there, spit coughs from her lips wrapped around the base of my shaft, snot sneezes from her nostrils, and her red crying eyes roll back under fluttering lids.

With a twirling of my wrists, I release her pigtails and she springs from my dick with a harrowed gasp and flops on her back.

Rising from my chair, I crouch and turn her on her side. I loosen the belt enough to slip one hand free of the makeshift cuffs, then turn her on her back and slip her hand through the belt again and tightened it so her wrists are now bound in the front. I scoop her into my arms and lay her on the island counter on her back with her head hanging off the side.

Panting and weeping, Candice pleads, "*Please, Daddy, no more! Please!*"

I slap her across the face with my steely cock. "You asked for this, sweetheart." Before she can reply, I shove my dick into her mouth and lunge my hips, driving my prick all the way down her throat, causing it to bulge and smacking her eyes with my balls.

She bucks hard, punching me in the chest and kicking her feet toward the ceiling. I draw back and she coughs and gasps and sobs. "I *can't*, Daddy, I *can't!*"

"You can and you will." I grip her bound arms to keep her from punching me again, then thrust my pelvis, jamming my dick into her gullet as she gags. "*Fuuuck*, that feels fucking good!"

Candice kicks and stomps her feet on the countertop as I roll my hips at a steady pace, plunging her throat as bubbling spit splatters and drools from her lips. Before long, her face is an absolute mess of slobber and snot and smeared makeup.

I continuously fuck her throat with only small reprieves to allow her to catch her breath, until her gag reflex no longer reacts to the intrusion of my girthy prick.

She bawls like a toddler that has dropped her ice cream cone in the dirt as I gulp down my beer that has gone warm.

Grasping Candice by her svelte waist, I heave her into the air upside down and set her on my shoulders. She weighs less than a hundred pounds and I weigh more than two hundred, so it's not a difficult feat. I wrap my left arm around her to hug her to my chest, and palm the back of her skull with my right hand to hold her head still so I can fuck her throat while I eat her pussy.

With a thrust of my pelvis, I drive my dick deep into her gullet, smothering a desperate cry for clemency. I delve my tongue between her oozing slit, sampling her sweet ambrosia, before fluttering her clit with my tongue tip. "Goddamn, your pussy tastes good!"

Soon the *gluck-gluck-gluck* of my cock plunging her throat is intermixed with mewls of ecstasy. She's finally enjoying herself. Like whore mother, like whore daughter. She's gonna be the life of the party in college. The provoker of blowbangs and instigator of gangbangs. The bukkake princess of every frat house.

My prick pulsates in her undulating throat as I envision her sexual journey through college. Candice loves to overcome escalating challenges and I can see her taking on more and more men in riskier and riskier situations with each sexscapade. She'll start out sucking off random dudes in public places like the laundromat, library, and locker room, and soon become an oral cum-dumpster at get-togethers. Double penetration at off-campus keggers will quickly develop into triple penetration at gala balls and then orgies at toga parties. By the end of her freshman year, she'll have become a dorm room train station, every weekend a drunken debauchery of booze, blowjobs, and booty. The college is close enough that I'll be tempted to visit her on long weekends to evaluate her developing skills and offer her constructive criticism. After she has sucked and fucked every male student at least twice, she'll move on to the staff and faculty sometime in her sophomore year. She'll blow guards in security booths and screw janitors in broom closets, before enticing the professors and beguiling the coaches. In her junior year, she'll become the dean's personal sex-puppet. She'll spend all her time in between classes under his desk or bent over it. Her senior year will culminate with a seduction of the entire Board of Trustees, and she'll blackmail each of them. She might be a slut, but she's anything but stupid. She's a diabolical little bitch, which is why I'm actively gouging her gullet without mercy.

Her cheeks clench and her thighs quiver against my face as she approaches an orgasm. Her mewling increases in volume until she is yowling like an alley cat in heat. It's a surreal sensation to experience my daughter climaxing with my dick in her mouth. As she trembles with jubilation, poignant memories from each of her eighteen birthdays flash through my mind in rapid succession. To keep my family safe, I could never be the father she desired or deserved. As I witnessed her grow up from a safe distance, I longed for her more so with each passing year. By the time she flirtatiously fondled my manhood over my sweatpants and offered me a blowjob, that deep longing had perverted into a lustful desire. Once her head was in my lap and her lips were wrapped around my cockhead, there was no going back.

I convinced myself that it was okay to allow her to suck my dick as long as she didn't know the truth of our relation. Now that she knows, this has to be the last time she swallows my cum. Our relationship needs to be based on love, not lust, no matter what it takes. I've gotta make things right. I've gotta redirect our relationship. I've gotta find a way to be a better father. If that requires confessing to adultery, then so be it. I've lived with this lie for too long. My wife's precarious political situation won't allow her to divorce me anyway.

When Candice's joyous aftershocks cease, I flip her upright and set her on her feet. I grip her by the throat and kiss her sloppy mouth with a ravenous groan, stroking and sucking her tongue. Goddamn, she tastes fucking delicious! Last deep kiss, I swear. Then I spin her around and remove the makeshift cuffs.

As I toss my belt onto the countertop, Candice twists while sinking to her knees and fists my cock with both hands. “I want you to cum for me, Daddy! Feed me your hot cum! Please, Daddy, cum for me!”

“Suck me, sweetheart, suck me!”

She seals her plump lips around my cockhead with a covetous moan of elation and sucks hard as she bobs her head while gazing up at me with pleading eyes.

“Ooh fuck,” I groan in bliss, “that’s my good girl. Show Daddy with your mouth how much you love him.”

In response, Candice bobs her head faster, sucks harder, and her slurping moans grow louder and more desperate for spunk. She’s more cum thirsty than I’ve ever seen anyone before. She’s absolutely manic for my splooge and yet she’s never been more attractive to me. The compulsion to bend her over the counter and pillage her pussy, or slam her up against the fridge and plunder her ass is overwhelming. It would be so easy. She wouldn’t even resist me. She would willingly accept my cock into her pussy and ass with squeals of joy. It would be her nirvana.

The thought of penetrating her young pussy and virgin ass brings me to the edge. “I’m ready to cum, sweetheart! I wanna paint your precious face white with my cum! Open wide and jerk me!”

Candice gasps, “Yes, *Daddy*, yes! Cum all over my face! I want it all over!”

I groan, “Ooh, fuck *yeah!*”

She pumps her arms, milking my cock with frantic need, and juts her tongue from her panting mouth. Her big beautiful eyes beg for cum. “Give it to me, Daddy!”

“Ooh fuck! *Fuck!* Ooh fuck!”

“Yes, *Daddy*, yes, yes, yes! Give me your hot cum!”

I grunt a shuddering snarl of satisfaction through clenched teeth as euphoria surges from my loins throughout my body and blistering streams of pearly goo erupt from my purple throbbing cock in viscous cords that splatter across Candice’s adorable face, over her jutting tongue, and into her wide welcoming mouth.

A sharp pain in my neck overpowers my paradisaic pleasure and my dick goes limp. I reach up and wrap my palm around something cold and solid. I pull it from my neck with a wet *sshhluck* and blood sprays over Candice in spurts as she shrieks in horror. As my mind grows foggy, I examine the object with a detached sense of wonder. It’s a kitchen knife. How did it get in my neck? My knees give out and I drop in a heap. The knife clatters across the floor as Candice continues to scream. Darkness swallows me whole.

Sprayed with cum and showered with blood, I can’t stop screaming and shivering as my dad bleeds out on the kitchen floor while my half-brother stands over us with a guilty grin. What the fuck?!

Devin answers as if he heard my thought. “He was abusing you, so we put a permanent stop to it.”

A scream dies in my swollen throat. “Who is *we*?”

An unsettling smile splits his face. “Devin knows me by my Christian name, Malphas. But you can call me Master.”

I stutter, “Wh-wh-what the *fuck* are you ta-ta-talking about, Devin?!”

He snickers, “Devin was having a... How could I put this nicely?” He pauses to stroke his chin, a mannerism I’ve never witnessed from him before. “A *difficult* time watching the two of you, so I took over for him.”

“Wh-wh-what do you mean? To-to-took over for him?”

He holds himself with an arrogant level of confidence that I’ve never seen in Devin. “I’ve been in the backseat for a while, preparing Devin to hand over the wheel. He’s still here with us, but it’s my cloven hoof working the gas and brake.”

A frigid chill crawls up my spine. “What the fuck?”

“What the fuck, indeed. It’s been so long since I’ve got to play in this world.” He looks me up and down with a predatory gaze. “And I couldn’t have asked for a better plaything.”

My shock is infused with frightened anger, and I shout, “Snap out of it, Devin! Wake the fuck up, bro!”

He chuckles in a haughty manner. “This isn’t a sleepwalking episode. No amount of screaming will do you any good. This body is all mine.”

I glance at the back door and remember my keys are in my purse upstairs.

“Uh-uh,” Malphas shakes his head. “Don’t even think about it. You belong to me now. You’re not going anywhere, bitch.”

I glance towards the front door. My father’s keys should be in the crystal bowl on the console table in the entryway. Maybe I should make a run for it.

Malphas slaps me across the face with the back of his hand. *Whack!* “I *said*, don’t even think about it.” He wipes the cum off his hand onto his boxer-briefs.

I touch a palm to my stinging cheek. “Wh-wh-what do you want?”

“Nothing much, really.” He grins. “Just to defile you in every way.”

Tears stream down my face. “Are yo-yo-you gonna kill me?”

He shrugs with a nonchalant expression. “Not until I get bored with you at least.”

I’m so terrified, I piss on the floor and it pools between my thighs. “If I do-do-do what you say, will yo-yo-you let me live?”

Malphas snorts, “Do you really think my promises are genuine?”

“No-no-no,” I stammer and snifle, “I guess not.”

He points his index finger with his thumb raised in a gun gesture and flicks his wrist, pretending to shoot. “That’s our smart big sister.” The handgun pantomime is a favorite of Devin’s. Maybe Malphas doesn’t have full control. Maybe I can coax Devin out.

“*Devin*,” I implore, “I know you’re still in there. You’ve gotta take back your body. You’ve gotta help me. *Please*.”

Malphas throws his head back with a hearty laugh. “Bitch, please. That was fucking pitiful.”

I ball my bloody fists. “Please, *Devin*, you’ve gotta fight!”

He cocks his head and arches a brow. “Fucking really? Is that all you got?”

“Devin, I *love* you! Don’t let this monster hurt me!”

“Love?” Malphas rolls his eyes. “The only thing you love is guzzling loads of cum.”

“I’ll be your secret girlfriend! We can have lots of sex all the time! And I promise to Snapchat and Skype with you every day while I’m away at college!”

“Well, well, well,” he nods with an expression of intrigue, “now you’re speaking our language.”

“You can fuck my mouth, my pussy, and my ass!”

Malphas smirks, “That’s exactly what we’re gonna do you for the rest of the night.”

“*Devin*,” I beg, “*please!* Do you want me this *one* night or *many* nights for years to come?! Take control!”

“Sure thing, blondie.” He clutches one of my pigtails. “Let’s go get you cleaned up.”

He yanks on my hair and I scramble to my feet with a pained yelp. Malphas jerks me forward and I stumble over my dad’s body, falling to my knees. I crawl with my head askew as he leads me out of the kitchen and passed the living room and dining room to the staircase. I reach for the banister to climb to my feet, but Malphas tugs me away. I scurry up the stairs as he continues to march along at a swift pace. He pulls me down the hall to the master bedroom and into the bathroom, where he yanks me to my feet and shoves me into the large walled-in whirlpool bathtub. He twists the knob to turn on the water and switches it to the showerhead.

I scream as the ice cold water hits me and curl into the fetal position. I shield my face and shiver and sob until the water warms. Then I unlace my wet sneakers, pull them off and toss them out of the tub. My bloodsoaked shirt is next. Then my socks and finally my skirt. I do my best to ignore Malphas’ leering eyes as I rise in the nude, squeeze bodywash onto a loofah and begin to wash the cum and smeared makeup from my face and the sweat and blood from my body.

As I rinse, Malphas pulls off his boxer-briefs and steps into the tub behind me. “*Devin* has fantasized about fucking you in the shower more times than I can recall. We’re gonna enjoy this greatly.”

I turn to face him and the water beats on my back. “*Devin*, you can have me in the shower as often as you like if you take back control. Please, *Devin*, I’m begging you.”

He smacks me across the face so hard I fall to my knees. *Whack!* “Call me *Devin* one more time *bitch* and see what happens!”

I look up at him with angry tears in my eyes, the hot water spraying the back of my head. “I’m sorry, *Master*. Forgive me.”

His expression shifts suddenly from rage to remorse and he palms my cheeks with affection and thumbs away my tears. “Demonstrate your repentance by worshiping our phallus with your mouth.”

“Yes, *Master*. As you wish.” I tilt my head back, lean forward and close my lips around his dick, enclosing the entirety of his shaft. Even flaccid, it fills my mouth completely, the head tickling the back of my throat. When he’s fully grown, his manhood will be at least as big as our dad’s.

“*Mmm*,” Malphas moans, “that’s our good little cocksucking slave sister.”

I rub the flat of my tongue back and forth against the underside of his dick as I suck hard like I’m trying to pull a cherry through a straw. His cock grows warm as it begins to rapidly engorge.

Malphas slides his hands from my cheeks to the back of my head and laces his fingers together, keeping my lips pressed to the base of his shaft as his dick expands, forcing me to crane my neck and swallow hard to allow his expanding cock into my swollen throat.

He groans, “Ooh *damn*, Dad totally obliterated your gag reflex. You’re a deepthroat pro now.”

I glide my palms up his thighs, around to his backside and grip his cheeks. I hum, causing my throat to vibrate around his dick. My only hope of survival is to exhaust him so I can sneak away or keep him satisfied until morning when Mrs. Warrick returns home.

“*Fuuuck*, that feels fucking great!” Malphas throws his head back and thrusts his pelvis, plunging my throat with his cock. His hairy balls slap my chin, splashing my drooling spit. “Ooh *fuck*, that’s *fucking* good!”

Unable to breathe, I start to feel lightheaded and anxious. I relinquish one of his cheeks and pat his thigh to inform him I’m suffocating.

“Don’t tap out yet, throatslut. We’re almost there and we wanna see how many loads you can swallow before sunrise.”

I smack his thighs with both palms as he continues to pin my lips to his thrusting pelvis.

He grunts, “We’re gonna fire a load down your throat any second!”

As my vision begins to darken, I ball my fists and pound on his thighs in a fit of panic.

Malphas growls, “We’re almost ready to burst into your stomach!”

I grasp his thighs and try to push away as I shake my head, attempting to turn away as I kick the tops of my feet on the tub floor in a frenzy of fear.

He thrusts harder and faster, smashing my nose into his pelvis. “Ooh *fuck*, ooh *fuck*, ooh *fuck*, we’re gonna *cum!*”

I continue to resist him to no avail as I choke and cough as his pulsating erection spews hot jets of jism down my throat.

When his balls are empty, he releases me and I fall backward with a gasp. Sobbing and coughing, I turn on my side and vomit his cum into the drain.

Malphas grabs one of my pigtails with his left hand and yanks me up onto my knees as I yelp. He slaps my face hard. *Whack!* “Who said you could throw up our cum, bitch?!”

I cry, “I’m sorry, Master!”

He slaps me again. *Whack!* “Don’t ever do that again!”

“Yes, Master! I’m so sorry!”

Still gripping my pigtail, he squats down and kisses my quivering lips with gentle passion. He sucks my tongue with a soft moan of bliss. It seems like Devin and Malphas are competing for dominance.

I moan into his kissing mouth and pump his erection with both my hands, hoping to lure Devin out further.

When he breaks away, his gaze shifts from warm affection to frigid animosity. He smacks me across the face. *Whack!* Then spits in my mouth. “Even if I let you live, you’d never amount to anything more than a cum guzzling whore like your mother.” He stands tall and sneers. “You know she’s a cheap stripper, not a bartender, right?” I’ve known for years, but always played along with the lie to keep her happy.

I nod, and whimper, “Yes.”

Malphas jerks my pigtail and slaps me. *Whack!* “Yes, what?!”

“Yes, Master! I’m sorry, Master! I’m so sorry!”

He barks, “Put your hands behind your back and suck my cock!”

“Yes, Master!” I unhand his erection, fold my hands behind my back and begin to bob slowly on his cockhead, slurping and sobbing and sniffing. My dad’s dead and my brother’s either crazy or possessed by a demon! I just want this night to end!

Malphas clutches my pigtails and rocks his hips, fucking my mouth. “Stick out your tongue and look up at us!”

I gaze up at him with tears pouring down my face and jut my tongue.

“Ooh *yeah*, you’re gorgeous when you’re crying and slurping cock!” He thrusts deeper, hitting the back of my throat with his cockhead. “We’re gonna relish destroying your pussy and ass!”

I moan as I suckle his thrusting dick, hoping to appease him with my mouth. I’m terrified of him fucking my virgin pussy and ass. I knew my dad would be gentle, but Malphas won’t. I lied about Mandy fucking me with a strap-on so I didn’t seem completely inexperienced. My pussy has never been penetrated by anything more than a few gently probing fingers.

He thrusts deeper and harder, jamming his bulbous cockhead in and out of my esophagus. “Listen to those whoreish moans! You’re such a fucking suckslut! Your mother would be proud! Your father would be too, if we hadn’t ended him! The stunned expression of horrified shock on your cum-coated slobber-slathered face was to die for!”

Devin could never be so cruel to me. This can’t be a mental breakdown. He must be possessed. My mom didn’t teach me religion, but I’ve seen enough horror movies to know we need a priest to perform an exorcism. There’s nothing I can do but endure the demon’s torment.

Malphas pulls away and, still holding me by a pigtail, smacks my face with a stinging slap. *Whack!*

I cry, “*Please*, Master, stop hitting me! I’m doing as you say!”

He slaps me again, harder than the last. *Whack!* And then again, harder still. *Whack!* “I’m not hitting you to punish you. I’m hitting you because I enjoy your cries.” He laughs as he smacks me again. *Whack!* And again. *Whack!* And once more. *Whack!*

I scream, “*Please* stop it! Stop hitting me! *Please*, Master!”

His sneering smirk morphs into an expression of compassionate concern. Releasing my pigtail, he grips me by the arms and pulls me to my feet. He gingerly cradles the back of my head and kisses my lips with heartrending tenderness.

I sob as he laves my tongue with his own. It feels as though his soul is enveloping my heart. I wanna go curl up in bed with him and sleep away this terrible nightmare. I know that isn’t a viable option, so instead, I fist his cock and moan.

His palms skim down my back and grip my ass. Squeezing my cheeks, he peels them apart and his moaning deepens into a greedy groan. He pulls away from my lips with a sinister grin. “We’re gonna tear this ass up. But first, we’re gonna fuck your pussy to shreds.”

Fearful of enraging him, I don’t beg for mercy or suggest an alternative. “Yes, Master. My body belongs to you. Treat it as you wish.”

He slaps me across the face repeatedly. *Whack! Whack! Whack!*

Resisting the impulse to cry out with each smack, instead, I whimper, “Thank you, Master.”

Malphas chuckles with malice. “You might not scream for me when I hit you, but you’ll sure as fuck scream when I clobber your cunt.” He slaps me again. *Whack!* And then spins me around and spanks my ass. *Whack!* “Put your hands on the wall and prop your tush.”

“Yes, Master.” I bend forward, press my palms to the wall with my fingers splayed and arch my lower back. The hot water flows along my curved spine, converges between my cheeks and runs down the insides of my legs.

“Beelzebub below,” Malphas exclaims, “we’ve never seen a more enticing sight on this earthly plane!” Clutching my cheeks with his thumbs sunk between them, he spreads them wide. “Lucifer the Light Bringer, you’ve got the most perfect tiny pink pucker!” He plunges his thumbs into my anus and pulls it open. “Mother Lilith, that’s tight!”

“It’s tight for you, Master.”

He retracts his intruding thumbs and slaps my ass. *Whack!*

I clench my cheeks but hold back from crying out in pain. "Thank you, Master."

Gripping one of my pigtails, Malphas pulls my neck askew and smacks my face. *Whack!*

I sniffle, "Th-th-thank you, Master."

Palming one side of my face, he presses the other side to the tiled wall. "You ready to get fucked?"

"Yes, Master," I sob. "My pussy is ready for you."

Looking with one eye between his fingers gripping my face, I watch as he grabs the base of his shaft. He rubs his cockhead between my slit, water cascading off his erection, until he finds my opening and shoves inside.

I mewl through clenched teeth as he drives his rigid member into my gripping pussy.

"*Fuuuck*, your snatch is snug!" He lets go of my face to grip my hips with both hands, and immediately begins to hammer my pussy. His thrusting pelvis claps my cheeks, splashing water and slapping loudly with each hammering hit.

I can't help from crying out, "Ooh fuck! Ooh fuck!"

Malphas grunts as he pounds me, "You like your little brother's big cock inside you, don't you, you fucking slut?!"

With a whining sob, I reply, "Yes, Master. I do."

As he continues to hammer me, he hocks a mouthful of spit across my face. "Fuck yeah, you do, slut!"

With his spittle oozing down my cheek, I snivel, "Thank you, Master."

He jerks his head, spitting into my mouth. "You love it when we degrade you, don't you, slut?!"

"Yes, Master," I sob between his brutal hits. "I fucking love it."

Malphas spits in my eye. "That's because you're a whore!"

"Yes, Master," I cry. "I'm a whore. I'm your whore."

He smacks my face. *Whack!*

I weep against the wall. "Thank you, Master."

Malphas slaps me again. *Whack!* And then again, harder. *Whack!*

I press my stinging cheek against the cold tile wall, offering him my other cheek.

He accepts my offer and slaps my fresh cheek. *Whack!* Then grips my biceps, pulls my arms behind my back and redoubles the effort with which he batters my pussy.

I moan, "Ooh fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" I'd hate to give him the satisfaction, but like a tightening spring, I feel about ready to snap. Even though it's futile, I restrain the surging wave of bliss for as long as possible.

When my legs begin to tremble, Malphas gloats, "Look at you, *slut*, about ready to cum on your brother's cock!"

My toes curl and my fists clench as I resist.

He hammers me harder and faster. "Go ahead, big sis! Squirt on your brother's dick!"

With my forehead pressed against the wall, I shake my head, whipping my wet pigtails back and forth. As the wave overcomes me, I groan, "No! No! No!" My inner muscles clench and I squeal through grinding teeth. "Ooh *nooo!*" And I lapse into an orgasmic fit of mind-bending ecstasy.

A yank of one of my pigtails twists me around. Malphas shoves me onto my knees, my legs still quivering. He smacks my face. *Whack!* Then my other cheek. *Whack!* He grips my lower jaw and squeezes my mouth open. He spits into my mouth, then slaps me again. *Whack!*

I choke on a sob. "Please, *please* stop hitting me!"

Malphas slaps one cheek. *Whack!* And then the other. *Whack!*

"*Please,*" I cry, "stop it!"

He spits in my mouth again, then palms the sides of my head and lunges his hips, thrusting his dick passed my lips and into the back of my throat.

Gagging, I grip his thighs and attempt to push away.

"You're not going anywhere, slut!" He tilts my head back and crams his cock all the way down my throat.

I beat at his thighs as he savages my throat. I'm never gonna make it until morning! He's not showing any sign of growing tired! On the contrary, he seems to be growing more vigorous!

When my arms become too weak to continue holding up my fists due to asphyxiation, Malphas grunts, "Ooh fuck *yeah!*" And his throbbing dick spews hot spurts down my throat.

When he finally withdraws his cock, I gasp for air and grip my ravaged throat.

As I massage my throat and pant for my breath, he drums his rigid dick on my forehead. He snickers, "What's wrong, big sis? Can't you handle our big dong crammed into your taut throat?"

I look up at him with gushing tears streaming down my cheeks. "*Please,* no more."

He shakes his head and blinks several times as if attempting to clear a fog from his mind. "Candy," he questions with an expression of sincere empathy, "are you okay?"

I shake my head, and sob, "No, I'm not okay."

Stooping down, he slips his hands into my armpits and lifts me to my feet. Curling his arms around my waist, he pulls me close. He pecks my temple with a soft kiss. "I'm here." He seems to be himself again, but for how long?

"D-D-Devin," I stammer in fear, "I'm so scared and tired."

He squeezes me tighter and kisses my crown. "Then let's get you dried off and tucked into bed."

I squeeze him harder and sob into his nape. "Thank you, Devin."

He strokes my back, soothing me. "Of course, Candy. I *like* you like you, remember?"

My sob becomes a snort and I gaze up into his eyes with endearment. "I *like* you like you, too."

He smiles warmly, shuts his eyes and kisses me. His tongue tip slips between my lips and I suck it softly with an affectionate moan. His persistent erection pulses against my tummy as we kiss with passion for several minutes. Maybe Devin's back in the driver's seat for good now.

When he withdraws his tongue, I pull away, turn around and move my face under the spray to wash away the remnants of my tears. I twist off the water and turn to face Devin.

Pulling a towel off a rack, he pats my face dry, then wipes my neck and chest and all the way down to my toes. I turn around and he dries my back and butt, even getting between my cheeks.

I step out as he towels himself dry. His impressive member is still at full mast. Did he take a Viagra? Is it a supernatural erection? Or just teenage hormones? Am I losing my mind? Is this all really happening? Could this be a dream? How do I wake up?

After hanging the damp towel, Devin takes my hand and leads me to his bedroom. This is a good sign. If he was still possessed, he would have probably taken me to his parent's bed. Then again, we left our clothes in the master bathroom where they would find them. Maybe he's not thinking clearly? Does he even remember what he did to our dad?

As we climb into his bed under the illumination of his black light, I scan the room for his phone but I don't see it. He must have hidden it. My purse is missing too.

Devin pulls the sheet over us and I turn on my side, turning my back to him in hopes that he'll allow me to sleep. He slips an arm between my shoulder and neck, wrapping it around me as he snuggles up close behind me. As he spoons me, his steely erection glides between the gap in my thighs and slides through my nether lips, his cockhead coming to rest against my clit, where it pulses with his steady heartbeat.

I yawn and close my eyes. "Goodnight, Devin. Sweet dreams."

He tucks a wet pigtail behind my ear and pecks my cheek. "I know you're tired, but do you think we could have sex first?"

My heart sinks into my stomach. I just wanna go to sleep and forget. And my pussy is already tattered. But if I deny him, he might lose control again.

I turn my head toward him. "My pussy is sore. How about a blowjob instead?"

"I'm ready to move beyond oral sex." Reaching down, he squeezes one of my cheeks. "How about anal?"

I swallow a swelling lump in my throat. "Do you have lube?"

Devin reaches passed me to his nightstand and retrieves a small bottle from the drawer. Retracting the sheet, he turns on his back and squirts the gel onto his cockhead, which dribbles down his shaft. He cuddles close to me again and delves his dick between my cheeks, poking his cockhead against my virgin asshole. His dick is so much thicker than a slender finger. About four times as thick.

I clutch my pillow with both fists and bite down on it in dreadful anticipation. I whimper and whine and shed tears of pain as he forces his cockhead through my sphincter into my rectum with a grunt of effort.

He groans, "Ooh Candy, your ass is so fucking tight! It feels so fucking good! I've wanted this so bad!"

"Ooh *fuuck*," I grunt through gnashing teeth, as he burrows deeper and deeper into my ass until his pelvis is pressed firmly against my cheeks.

Remaining still, his rigid dick throbs deep in my bowels as he fondles my breasts with care. "Kiss me, Candy."

Unclenching my jaw, I crane my neck and part my lips as his meet mine.

Devin strokes my tongue with his as he begins to rock his hips, slowly pumping my ass with his cock. Although he's gentle, it still feels like he's splitting me in half, and so I weep into his kissing mouth as he stuffs my rectum.

When my pained weeping eventually becomes choking sobs of misery, Devin pulls out and I gasp in relief.

Devin instructs, "Turn onto your tummy and spread your cheeks for me."

I whimper, "It *hurts*, Devin."

He pecks my forehead. "I'm gonna lube up your asshole."

"Okay," I snivel, "thank you." I roll onto my stomach, reach back, splay my cheeks wide and wink my asshole.

Devin squirts the cool gel into my anus. Then he pulls my hands away from my cheeks and mounts me. He grinds his erection between my cheeks, and moans, "Fuck, you've truly got the most perfect bubble butt in existence."

I hug my pillow to my chest and chomp down on a mouthful in preparation for the agony to come.

Devin peels one cheek aside, crams his cockhead into my anus, and lays atop me. Sliding his hands under me, he grips my shoulders for support and begins to thrust, grunting into my ear with each lunge of his hips.

I chew my pillow and sob as he increases the tempo and force of his thrusts, his pelvis spanking my cheeks with progressively louder claps. I squirm and squeal as his hammering grows fierce enough to smack the headboard against the wall with each hit. I kick my feet and tear at my pillow with my teeth as I shriek in excruciation as he pummels me with such brutality that we are bouncing off the mattress with each savage slam.

I cry between each brutal pound, "Please...stop! It...hurts...so...bad! Please...no...more! Please...let...me...suck...you...off!"

Devin ceases his assault on my ass, crawls over me and plops against the headboard. Panting for air and slick with sweat, he pulls the pillow out from under me.

I rise onto my elbows, cup his balls with one hand and grasp his cock with the other. I twist my fist up and down his shaft as I bob on the head with thirty moans, sucking and slurping frantically. The lube is cherry flavored.

"You love the taste of your own ass on your brother's cock, don't you, slut?!"

I begin to sob in terror as I continue to suck his dick with obsessive need, knowing Malphas has returned to torture and kill me. My mind races for a means of escape as I suck and slurp and sob. There's nothing in reach of the bed that could be readily used as a weapon. As athletic as I am and as sedentary as he is, he still has greater strength. I'll never overpower him!

Malphas growls, "You suck cock like a succubus, but we want more of your ass!" He yanks one of my pigtails, rolling me onto my side, and slides onto his back beside me. "You're on top this time so we can watch your tits bounce!"

"Yes, Master. As you wish." I straddle him and, with my hands on his chest, gradually lower my bottom onto his lap, wincing through gnashing teeth as I take his cock into my swollen asshole.

He slaps my face. *Whack!* Then pulls up his knees and lunges his hips, spanking my cheeks with his pelvis.

With my mouth wide and my eyes clamped tight, I screech in agony as he pounds away at my ass.

He smacks my face. *Whack!* He slaps my ass. *Whack!* He swats one breast. *Whack!* And then the other. *Whack!* Then my face again. *Whack!*

I scream, "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"

Gripping my throat, he rolls us over. He grabs my ankles and pulls my feet behind my head. With a forearm pinning my feet, he resumes hammering my asshole as I shriek in excruciation. With his free hand, he slaps me across the face again and again. *Whack! Whack! Whack!*

I claw at his face, and scream, "Stop it! Stop hitting me!"

Malphas seizes my wrists and pulls my hands above my thrashing head. He pins them to my feet by leaning his weight on one forearm, and recommences his vicious torment.

I sob and squeal as he grunts and groans while impaling my ass and continuously smacking my face and tits. An hour passes in this way, my heart growing blacker with each slam and slap until I'm a hollow doll staring blankly at the ceiling, my panting whimpers sounding automated.

Malphas climbs off of me. "I'm gonna get a drink. I want you in the doggie position when I return."

As he leaves the bedroom, I roll over and rise onto my forearms and knees. I remain in that position like a robot awaiting commands.

Malphas returns a few minutes later with two beers, one half empty, and sets them on the nightstand. "I'm gonna donkey punch you with a beer bottle for the finale."

I reply in a monotone voice. "As you wish, Master."

He mounts me from behind, pulls my pigtails, arching my spine, and spans my ass cheeks with his hammering pelvis. My grunts of pain are consistent like a prerecorded audio loop as he pounds my asshole without pause for hours. He finishes both beers while pulverizing my ass, and smacking my face for good measure.

When he finally reaches for an empty bottle, something primal surfaces from deep within me. I snatch the bottle before he can grab it, twist around and bash it across his temple, splitting his skull.

A shriek sounds from the kitchen. Mrs. Warrick is home! She'll never believe me! I'll have to kill her too.

Thank you for reading Babysitter Crush. I hope you enjoyed it. Please take a moment to leave me a review at your favorite retailer. If you did enjoy Babysitter Crush, you may also enjoy my horror erotica anthology, [Depravity and Terror](#). A divergent collection of five horror novellas soaked in blood and sprayed with cum. Harrowing tales to thrill, chill, and titillate. Available for purchase at most major eBook retailers.

May you never harm the ones you love.

James Lucien