**Daddy, I Have a Question**

by Lubrican

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**Chapter 2**

What Bob didn’t think about was that Cathy’s libidinal development was undergoing stark changes, too. He should have. After all, she was doing new things and exploring. He was, though, so wrapped up in his own “problems” that he had tunnel vision, of sorts.

Cathy had been thinking about “things” ever since Jennifer had confessed in a drunken rush about having sex with her father. Jennifer had been smashed but it was obvious to Cathy that Jenn’s emotions about all that had been both genuine and extremely positive. Jenn hadn’t said it directly, but the way she had answered Cathy’s questions made it sound like it was all Jennifer’s idea in the first place, and that it was Mister Humboldt who got seduced, instead of the other way around.

Naturally, Cathy had thought about her own father in a slightly different way after that. She had always thought he was handsome and she had always loved him with an intensity that completely suffused her. When she got hugs and kisses she felt thrills throughout her body. Sometimes she felt particular stabs of pleasure just above where her pubic hair sprinkled her mons. It had been like that ever since she started having periods but she hadn’t really thought about it. After she found out Jenn was letting Mister Humboldt slide his penis in her over and over again (and Cathy gave Harold a try) she couldn’t help but wonder what that would be like if she and her own daddy did those things.

She had noticed the lumps in her father’s pants, occasionally. She also saw him look at her like other men looked at her, particularly when she was shaking her booty with the other cheerleaders at a game. They all knew they were teasing the men in the audience and most of them loved doing it. It made them feel powerful.

But look was all he had done. Granted, his hugs and kisses were warm and loving, but they never got sexual. Cathy thought about it for half a year before she decided she’d never know how she felt unless something deeper happened, and since he wasn’t doing any seducing, she was going to have to take a page out of Jennifer’s book and move things along.

Thus far her expectations had been exceeded in every way. She had been telling the truth when she said she thought the erections she knew about in boys and men were “icky.” She understood the value, as explained by their cheer coach, of getting the crowd excited. That excitement could be transmitted to the team and fire them up. An excited crowd was more likely to have a winning team. And men were easy to get excited if you teased them a little bit on a sexual level.

When she sat on her daddy’s boners, though, she didn’t feel that ick factor at all. Instead, it was like a different kind of hug, one that told her she was beautiful and sexy and grown up.

So she had teased him a little bit at home. And things had happened.

And she had loved them.

At school, when she saw a boy’s bulging pants she thought about what she’d had in her hands at home. When Mister Anderson’s eyes slid up and down her body she remembered the look in her daddy’s eyes when he was watching her use Harold.

She had lied to Bob about a couple of things. When she had said she might put his penis in her mouth – just maybe – she had known she would suck it the next time she got a chance to. That whole concept was a misty, foggy kind of thing in her mind, but she knew that she loved him so much it would be impossible for her to dislike being that intimate with him.

She had also lied when she said she didn’t want anything except Harold in her pussy. She already knew she would give her virginity to her father. She wasn’t in a hurry to do that, but she knew it would happen. She sensed that she could manipulate him. It was her first taste of feminine power and it was intoxicating.

There were other things on her sexual bucket list, but they were also untried ideas. She knew a guy could go down on a girl. She knew girls could do that to each other, too. The girls on the cheer squad were as close as first responders can get. The rule, if you were allowed to participate, was “Whatever happens in cheer squad stays in cheer squad.” They might have been ‘just kids’ but they took that seriously. If a girl blabbed, she was ostracized and it was as brutal as an Amish shunning. For that reason the girls were more forthcoming with each other than they would have been otherwise. For example, if there was a squad sleepover Misty Robbins and Maria Sanchez always lezzed out right in front of the other girls.

So every cheerleader knew what it looked like for a girl to get her pussy licked and cum while that was happening. None of the other girls jumped on that particular bandwagon with each other but some of them let boyfriends do that on dates. That was rare, though, because everybody knew “boyfriends” were temporary and that if you broke up with a guy then he’d tell other guys everything that they’d ever done.

Cathy was pretty sure she’d like it if her daddy did that to her. The problem was, she had a hard time believing a guy would want to do that and the last thing she wanted to happen now was for Daddy to put the brakes on. She was also sure she wanted his hands on her in ways that hadn’t happened, yet. When he had pulled her nipples she thought she’d just pee. She wanted that again. She’d seen Misty and Maria suck each other’s nipples, which seemed strange, until other girls said boys wanted to do that all the time.

Cathy’s sexual development had lagged a bit, compared to her peers, because most of them were allowed to go on dates and be alone with boys, while Cathy was not. She didn’t feel deprived about that, though. When her father said “No dates until you’re sixteen,” what she heard between the lines was “You’re mine right now and I don’t want to give you up until you’re sixteen.”

So, basically, since four months after her fourteenth birthday (when Jennifer confessed) Cathy had been thinking about sex a lot. The only unusual component of that was that she only thought about having sex with her father, instead of boys, or movie stars, or other more acceptable males. And because she’d had all the time in the world to think about it, the concept didn’t seem strange to her at all anymore. When Jenn had first blurted, “No. You doan unnerstan, Cat! When I sit on his lap we’re buck naked and he puts it up in meee,” Cathy had just naturally thought of her dad ... and her. That had seemed strange. Not icky. Just strange.

But then there had been the looks and the boners and the hugs and the passion in his voice when he told her he loved her and the idea of her first penis being her father’s didn’t seem strange anymore.

So, basically, Bob had no idea that his pleas of “let’s go slow” were much too late in the game, and that she was tired of going slow.

His first clue, concerning the speeding up of things, came that night when she came out of her room dressed in a shorty robe.

“I want to sit on your lap,” she said.

He’d been reading the paper they got each morning but he never had time to read until evening. He didn’t want to try to read a tiny phone screen so he was happy to pay extra for a real newspaper. He set it aside and held his arms out.

“I want you to be naked when I sit on your lap,” she said. Her voice was calm and measured.

“That’s not a good idea,” he said.

“I know that,” she said, disarming him. “That’s why I want to do it. I want to see if we can be that way and still be in control.”

That actually sounded logical to Bob’s addled brain. She needed to learn control and she needed to learn how to control the male she was with.

So Bob got naked and sat back down. The fact that he was rock hard no longer gave him pause.

Only when she climbed on his lap, straddling him, with her knees sinking down between his thighs and the arms of the chair, did he realize she was naked under the robe.

“Cathy!” he barked, as she settled her fat, greasy pussy lips against the bottom of his rigid column.

“Kiss. Don’t talk,” she ordered.

She kissed him and felt him resist, initially, but when she put her arms around his neck and began rubbing her naked pussy mouth against the underside of his erection, he relaxed and kissed her back. She didn’t break the kiss for a good forty-five seconds, and when she did, her lips brushed his as she whispered, “This feels really nice. I knew it would.”

“This is really dangerous,” he whispered back.

So she kissed him again and kept rubbing. She felt him tense and knew, instinctively, he was going to try to make them stop, so she hugged his head to her harder. He grunted and she felt the warm bath of his semen smearing all over her sexual opening. Only then did she understand he had been trying to avoid that.

She loved the feel of his warm goo.

She just kept kissing him and rubbed her vulva all over the mess he had made.

“That is the kind of accident I was talking about,” panted Bob. “That is why you need to be on the pill.”

Cathy leaned back and looked down. His hair and hers were all wet with something milky white. It was no longer warm, but she didn’t care. That mess was evidence that she was beautiful and sexy ... to her father ... and that’s what she wanted to feel.

“None of it got in me,” she said, “and even if it did, this isn’t a bad time in my cycle.”

“Famous last words,” he said. “Get off me. We need to clean up.”

“Daddy?” she said.

“What?” he sounded irritated.

“I love you,” she said, softly. “I love what happened. I’m not sorry about anything we’ve done. You’re the only man I need right now. Nothing bad can happen to us because whatever we do will happen because we love each other. Love can’t be wrong.”

She felt him relax.

“Sweetheart, you need to understand that the reason I came like that is because I wanted to be inside you. I wanted to make love to you.”

“I know,” she said. “I love it that you want those things. I know we can’t do that. I know you don’t really want to do that with me, but it made me feel really special when it happened. I hope I can feel that special again.”

“You’re not going to give up, are you,” he sighed.

“Why would I give up the most beautiful thing that’s ever happened to me?” she asked. “You stay here. I’ll go get a wash cloth. Don’t move!”

She dragged her knees out of the well each was in. She saw his eyes go to her groin and wondered what her pussy lips looked like. She had examined them in a hand mirror many times. She’d even looked at them with Harold spreading them apart. If she hadn’t been doing anything her outer lips were pale and closed. If she’d been rubbing, or using Harold, those lips were red and puffy, and the inner lips bulged out. She took her time getting off of him. She wanted him to look at her sexual opening.

“I love it when you look at me like that,” she commented.

He looked up and, just for a second, looked embarrassed, or maybe guilty. Then his frown lines disappeared.

“You’re beautiful everywhere,” he said.

“You’re going to get so many kisses!” she yipped and then danced out of the room.

She was back within a minute and had both a washcloth, wet with warm water, and a towel. She leaned over and ran the cloth roughly over his pubes, around his penis and across his balls. She followed that up with the dry towel and said, “All spiffy and clean!” Then she handed him the washcloth and said, “Now, you do me.”

She put one foot on the arm of his chair, opening her crotch to him again and exposing lips she assumed were rosy and flushed. She hummed as the cloth went over her lips and grazed her clit, before roughing up her blond lower hair. The towel felt much the same. He leaned over and got his face within inches of her quim, as if he was examining it to make sure he got every drop of sperm off of her. She heard him sniff and saw him lick his lips. She didn’t have enough experience to understand what that meant.

“Am I pretty, there?” she asked.

“Gorgeous,” he sighed. “You look good enough to eat.” He blinked and looked up. “Sorry. It just popped out.”

“I don’t mind,” she said. “You look good enough to eat too, sometimes. I want to get a snack and then maybe we can talk about that some more.”

“Things are moving kind of fast,” he groaned.

“Things are moving perfectly,” she said. “Come on. Don’t be a grumpy bear. Come eat ice cream with me.”

She waited until he got up and reached to pull him by his hand.

“Aren’t we going to put something on?” he asked.

“Am I so ugly you don’t want to see me?”

“You know better,” he said.

“Then I think we’re dressed just fine the way we are,” she said.

They chatted about normal things as they dished out ice cream and then ate it. She sat in her chair as if she was fully dressed. His eyes flicked constantly from her face to her pink nipples. They were erect. Her mother’s nipples had gotten like that, so hard and long one could hang a necklace on them. He also watched her mouth eating the ice cream.

He was hard again when she got up to put their bowls in the sink.

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What disarmed Bob was the fact that Cathy didn’t want to just dive back in. She sat on his lap again, this time sideways, with one arm around his neck and one warm breast pressed against his chest.

“I know you want to talk,” she said. “I just want you to know I’m very happy with the way things are going.”

“That’s what worries me,” he said. He blinked. “Well, there are a lot of things that worry me about this, but one of them is that you want to go forward instead of staying back.”

“I’m way behind a lot of my friends,” she said, firmly.

“It isn’t a race,” groaned Bob.

“I’m not trying to race,” she said. “All I’m trying to do is learn some things with the only man I can love and be like this with. Do you want me to go learn stuff with boys instead?”

“You also know better than that,” he said. “Look. Let’s be honest with each other, okay? Let’s just say what we’re thinking and what we wonder about and what we wish we could do. Can you be honest like that?”

“Of course I’ll be honest with you,” she said. “I already know what you want to do. You told me that when you spurted.”

“And how do you feel about that?” he asked.

She shrugged.

“I’m okay. So now you want to hear what I want to do, right?”

She had intentionally glossed over his “intent” because she knew he was fighting the desire to mate with her. That was the word she used because that was the word Mrs. Peterson had used. “When one engages in having sex one is mating,” she had said. “You need to remember that. If you have sex, you are mating and mating may produce a baby. That’s why all us adults want you to wait to have sex until you’re old enough and experienced enough to know that if you mate, it will be a good thing instead of a possible huge mistake.”

Mrs. Peterson had been so insistent on calling sex “mating” that it had worked, at least to a degree. For many of her students the word “mating” flitted through their minds when they engaged in foreplay on dates. The only problem was that Mrs. Peterson had used the term in a negative way, and a lot of her students didn’t think of it negatively at all.

One who didn’t was Cathy, though she didn’t think about that consciously. Like most humans, when she got horny she simply wanted to follow the script written by Mother Nature, even though she didn’t think of herself as submitting to nature at all. Millions of teens have started a date not intending to have sex, only to find themselves fucking later. They might even be thinking they shouldn’t be doing it while they do it, but they still end up doing it.

Mother Nature calls it mating, too.

Right now, Cathy didn’t want her father thinking about mating because she knew he’d resist. Instead, she jumped to her own list of things she was ‘interested’ in.

“Did you ever go down on Mom?” she asked. She saw the answer on his face before he said a word.

“A gentleman never talks about what he has done with a lady,” he said.

“I’m just curious, that’s all,” she said. “Never mind that. Did Mom ever suck you?”

“I refer back to my previous answer,” he said.

“Half the girls say it’s gross but the other half say they like it. Of that half, about half say not to get it in your mouth when is squirts, but the other half say it’s delicious. So how am I supposed to decide what to do? Nobody agrees on anything!”

“You’re talking about a very personal, very intimate thing,” said Bob. “There are no rules about it. You have to come to a decision based on the relationship, not what somebody else tells you.”

“The way I feel about it is that because I love you, I’ll love anything we do,” she said.

“What do the girls say about anal sex?” asked Bob.

Now it was Cathy who blinked, startled.

“Not very many talk about that,” she said, uncertainly. “When they do they say they did it to avoid getting a penis in their cunny. Is that something you and Mom ... something you like doing?”

“No, but it’s on the table. When you decide that because you love me you’ll love anything we do, that opens things up for behavior you haven’t even thought of.”

“I get that,” she said, feeling secure again. “I understand there are things we’d have to discuss before doing.”

“Let’s pause right there, said Bob. “You are assuming we’re going to just keep doing things.”

“You said to be honest,” she replied. “I’m sitting here naked, on my equally naked father. I have played with the boner I feel poking my bottom right now. I like this and if you’re being honest you’ll admit you like it, too.” She took a breath. “Do you?”

She didn’t want to ask that question, but it had to be asked, and instinct told her this was as good a time as any.

“Be honest,” she reminded him.

“Okay. Yes. I like it. I love you and it’s normal to want to do these things, even if I’m your father and you’re my daughter. Well, maybe it’s not normal, but it has happened and yes, I want to keep going very much. But that doesn’t mean it’s a good idea.”

“I get that,” she said. “I understand you’re trying to do the right thing. What I don’t think you understand is that the right thing to do is what I want you to do.”

“If only it were that easy,” he sighed. “The problem is I have wants, too. It’s been a decade since I was intimate with a woman I loved and I remember all the things I did with her. You look like her. Sometimes you smell like her. You make me want to ... do the same things I did with her.”

“If it isn’t actually mating, then would it be so bad to relive those memories ... with me?”

“It would be easy to say yes,” he said. “The problem is I know we’d end up ... mating. That’s how all this works. What we’ve been doing is foreplay and foreplay leads to having intercourse.”

“Okay, maybe that’s true, but you know when it’s going to happen, right? And if you feel like it’s going to happen you can take a break, right?”

“Sweetheart, that boner poking your bottom wants to do the same thing to you that Jennifer’s father does to her. I want to do that right now and I’m going to keep wanting to do that if we keep playing this dangerous game.”

“Then we need to change the game so that you won’t have to worry about that,” she said.

“And how would we do that?” he asked.

She told him that when Jennifer was in her fertile time of the month she sucked her daddy’s cock so it was limp and harmless.

“Jennifer lets her father fuck her and she’s not on birth control?” Bob gasped.

Cathy slid off her father’s lap and made him spread his legs. She moved between them and leaned in to take his bone in both hands. He watched in disbelief as she opened her mouth and put the tip of his cock in it. She pushed his foreskin back and then sucked the knob like it was a Tootsie Roll Pop.

“Baby, when did you do this before now?” he groaned.

She pulled off with a slurp and gave him a brilliant smile.

“This is the first time I’ve ever done it. I like it, though. I think I’m going to want to do this a lot.”

“Ohhh, Baby,” groaned Bob as she went back on and sucked, her cheeks caving in with a regular pattern.

It had been a long time and he became lost in the joy of feeling a woman’s mouth making love to his cock. She took as much into her mouth as she could and then sucked while she pulled off. She kissed the sides and even his balls. But then she always went back to sucking the knob, which fit into her mouth perfectly.

“You need to stop, Baby!” he grunted. “I’m close to cumming.”

But she didn’t stop. If anything she sucked harder and ran her hand up and down his shaft. With a pitiful groan he shot his daughter’s mouth full of fuck juice. She made a sound, but did not take her mouth off of his cock. He heard her swallow twice and one hand cupped his balls while her mouth still serviced his shrinking bone.

“You need to stop, Sweetheart,” he panted. “I’m getting sensitive down there.”

She pulled off, still cupping his balls and tilted her head as she gazed at his thick worm.

“Well that was different,” she said. “Awww, now you’re all soft. I had so much fun making you soft, and now my daddy doesn’t have to worry about mating with me.”

She looked up at Bob’s face.

“I really am going to do that a lot. You taste deee-licious!” She frowned. “It makes me really horny, though. I’m going to have to go use Harold.”

“Don’t go!” he gasped. “I’ll help you.”

She felt like a leaf in a windstorm as he got up, gripped her waist with both hands, and lifted her as if she weighed nothing. She squawked as she felt like she was flying until she landed on her back on the chair. Her hips were right on the edge of the seat and when he spread her legs and put his face an inch from her pussy she gasped.

She gasped a lot more over the next ten minutes as he made love to her vulva with his tongue and fingers. She went “Ooof!” when he found her clit and sucked it. She said “Oof!” a lot more times as he discovered and stimulated her G spot. If he’d lifted up with a hard cock and said he wanted to fuck her she would have cried “Yes!” but he didn’t do that. He just gave her three orgasms before he leaned back.

He was hard again.

“Don’t move,” he panted.

He got on his knees and gripped his cock, stroking it, aiming it at her swollen, wet lips.

“Is it a safe time in your cycle?” he growled.

“Yes!” she yipped, again thinking he might put it in her.

He didn’t, though. Instead he jerked until he groaned and painted her pussy with his cum, drenching it in sticky, white, daddy sperm.

Then he fell back on the floor and flopped his arms out to his sides.

Cathy pushed one hand through her curls and stuffed as much of his spend into her pussy as she could, using two and even three fingers to get it up inside her. She didn’t have another orgasm, but she realized her father had been right. Mother Nature wanted them to mate.

And now ... so did she.

Again, Cathy had an innate sense that said she needed to back off and let her father process what had happened. For her part she was completely relaxed and at ease with what had happened. She understood Jennifer a lot better, now, because she now understood how a girl could crave having her father’s penis in her pussy. It hadn’t even happened to her, yet, but she was convinced to her bones that when it did happen it would be glorious.

So the next day she went to school, did her homework, and then did some chores. She spoke to her dad, but only in the same way any girl might speak to her father when they were at home together. She could tell he was thinking about ... stuff ... but she kept busy doing little things and did not tease him. He was the one to talk about the elephant in the room.

“Baby?” he said.

“Hmmm?” she answered as she looked up from the book she was reading.

“Are you okay?”

“I’m perfect, Daddy.”

“Okay. Good.”

“Are you okay, Daddy?” she probed.

“I don’t know what I am,” he sighed.

“I’m trying to slow down so you’ll feel better,” she said.

“That’s sweet, but it won’t work,” he said.

“Why not?”

“Because we’ve gotten to the point where it’s only a matter of time until I fuck you.” He grimaced. “I hate that word, but that’s what the rest of the world would call it. They’d say I fucked my daughter and deserve to rot in prison.”

“Well, first of all, they’d have to find out you did that,” said Cathy. “I’m not Jennifer. I don’t get drunk and I’ll never tell anybody.”

“If you don’t go on birth control then we won’t have to tell anybody. Your swollen up abdomen will tell everybody.”

“Okay, maybe they’d know I’d had sex, but not who with,” she argued.

“Do you really want to spend part of your senior year walking around with a big belly? If school is anything like it was when I went, the comments and teasing would be brutal.”

“No, I do not want to go to school pregnant,” she said. “The idea of being pregnant doesn’t bother me, but then I’ve never actually thought about that. But I think you’re worrying too much. I really did love making you get soft yesterday and I’ll be happy to do that every night if you want to. But I also don’t want to push you.”

“I’ve already been pushed, Sweetheart. Trust me, there is a part of me that wants to take your virginity.”

“That’s okay. I’ve known you’d be the man to pop my cherry since a night two years ago.”

“What?” He sounded confused.

“Somebody threw an egg at me during a game and it got all over my uniform, right over my crotch. Some of the girls laughed and I thought I was going to die of embarrassment. And you took me home and wiped it all off and held me and kissed me and told me it didn’t matter what anybody else said because you loved me and always would. I know it sounds crazy, but I knew right then that you’d be my first.”

“You were only thirteen back then!” Bob gasped.

“It was the first time a man had touched my pussy,” she said.

“I didn’t touch your pussy. I just wiped the egg off with a towel,” he groaned.

“Potato, potahto,” she said. “I knew that even before Jennifer told me about her and her dad. All that did was convince me I was right. You don’t have to do it right now, or anything, but when the time comes you’ll be the one.”

“That does not help,” groaned Bob.

“I’d be happy to help you if you take your pants off,” she said.

“Not tonight!” he barked. “Somebody has to exert some control and discipline around here.”

“Fine,” she said, lightly. “I have Harold. You have your hand. I’m sure we’ll both be fine.”

It was two hours later, as the grandfather clock in the hall struck eleven times, that he appeared in her open door.

“Cathy?” he whispered. “I can’t sleep.”

“Me, either,” she said. “I hoped you’d come.”

She got up.

“Let’s use your bed. It’s bigger.”

An hour later, after having sixty-nined the entire time, Cathy wiggled around to face her father. She kissed him with sperm-covered lips and tasted her own spicy flavor on his lips.

“I love you, Daddy,” she sighed.

“That’s good, because you’re stuck with me,” he said.

Twenty minutes later they were asleep in each other’s arms.

If you’re a widower who hasn’t awakened to find a hot woman in your bed, then you can imagine Bob’s consternation when he woke to find a blond head on his shoulder and hot breasts pressed against him. The room smelled faintly of sex, but it wasn’t bad. She moved when he did and he found out she was one of those people who can wake up and get up all within a ten second time frame.

“What time is it?” she gasped as she bounded out of bed, landing on her feet.

“Six fifteen,” he said, glancing at the clock on the bedside table in his room.

“Ohhh, okay. I have time to get ready.”

Then she was off and he heard the hall shower turn on a few minutes later. He didn’t have to go to work until nine, so he lay there and just reflected on how his life was going. He had always lived with a cute, vivacious, smart girl as his “roommate”. He had tried hard to be both a mother and father to her and they had done okay. Now, suddenly, he was living with a hot, sexy super model who slept with him and didn’t blink an eye about it. True, all they had done was have oral sex, but she had informed him he had the rights to her virginity, whenever he wanted to claim them. Now that woman was in the shower, just down the hall. He could get up and go join her and she’d let him. He knew that. But she was trying to get ready for school, not fight off a troll who stalked her.

There was always tonight. He knew something would happen tonight.

He’d probably ask her to sleep with him again.

She had cheer practice after school and pulled something in her right thigh. She limped into the living room and he heard the story.

“You need a massage,” he said. “Take off your clothes and go lie down on my bed.”

“A massage,” she said, skepticism heavy in her voice. “Right. I need to be naked for a massage.”

“No, you need to be naked for what comes after the massage,” he said. “You need lots of endorphins in your body to help with the pain and aid in healing that sprain.”

“Are you going to ravish me tonight?” she asked.

“Probably not, but then I would have said none of what has happened would happen, so who knows?”

“You have to be naked, too,” she stipulated.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way,” he said.

“Ohhhhh, man you were right,” groaned Cathy. “That feels so good and the pain is almost gone.”

Bob continued to mold, poke, and push the tissues in her right thigh. It had felt hard and tight when he started, but now everything was loose and moved easily. He pushed his hand up and over her mons, sliding his fingers through her short and curlies.

“Mmmm, I like that, too,” she said.

He lay down bedside her and rolled her to face him.

“Would you please consent to going on birth control?” he asked, quietly.

“Maybe,” she said. “Do I need to go on birth control?”

“Yes. You do,” he said.

“Mmmm, that sounds good, too. I can’t wait.”

“You’ve waited two and a half years. Another year won’t hurt.”

“You’re going to make me wait until I’m sixteen?” Her voice rose an octave.

“I should. In fact I should make you wait until you graduate.”

“If you’re worried about me going to school preggers, then don’t. If it comes to that I’ll just home school until I get my diploma.”

“Let’s not jump ahead to being pregnant,” said Bob. “That definitely needs to wait until after you graduate.”

“Really? You’d actually mate with me?” She sounded excited.

“That is off the table until you graduate. Then we’ll talk about that,” he said. He did not believe for a second that he’d ever get his daughter pregnant ... unless there was some kind of mistake, or something. When it came to intimacy with Cathy things were not easy to anticipate.

“Okay, I’ll agree that’s off the table as long as you promise me I won’t have to wait until I’m sixteen.”

“Don’t you want to be sweet sixteen and never been fucked?” he teased.

“I don’t like that word, either,” she said, her voice sharp. “I’m going to bed. I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Wait!” he said, but she was already gone, moving on that right leg as if nothing had happened. “Fuuck,” he groaned.

He knew he’d blown it.

It was only ten-thirty when her naked form climbed into bed with him. He rolled to face her but she went, “Shhhh. Go to sleep.”

The tension drained out of him.

With his beautiful super model in his arms, he drifted off to sleep.