

Daddy —
Daughter
Discipline

Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

Mistress Pepper and Sophie are “anonymized” versions of me and my slave-girl. The real me. All of my stories are (or should I say will be) my memories of a session with a sub. Thus, they are true stories. Only in this version details have been changed to protect the sub. I do live in Mobile about 10 months of the year (the remaining two I spend in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia, where my father is from and lives), and almost all of my subs live in Mobile or a bordering county. I’m originally from Baldwin County, next door to Mobile. I moved across the bay to attend USA. As is/did Mistress Pepper. But I’m not a blond. And you’ll most definitely have to guess at my bra size! If you got this story on my web site, the picture on the cover isn’t really the sub. It’s just a picture that looks close to it that I found online thanks to Yandex.

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available on my website.

If you want to be notified of new stories, just subscribe to my mailing list and you’ll get a link whenever a new story is posted, whether it’s published on another site or not.

And remember, the names and such have been changed in this version to protect the slutty. Only Princess Lilly appears as herself. But she truly has no concept of shame. Check out my blog, also on the member's pages of my website, if you want. Her picture is there. Isn't she so cute!

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Introduction:

In case this is the first of my stories you've read, there are a few things I've skipped over in this story since there are several other stories I've written about this same sub. I tend to write a story after almost all of my sessions with my toys. But I publish very few of them online. All of them are available free on my web site to my friends. Many more are available in a "public version" (in which the names and identifying details have been changed to protect the shame of my sub), also for free, to "members" of my web site (free to join, and so NO spam!). And the latest four stories are always available to anyone, free, to the world, no questions asked, no membership required.

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 21-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only

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place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

When I want sex I never use one of my toys. I never allow a toy to touch, or even see, all of me. And I never bring a toy to my bedroom. Nor do I chose a woman. I pick a man, usually one I find in a club or cafe, or wherever. I flirt, dance dirty a little and if he meets my standards, I ask if he's interested in a one-time-only, no-names-exchanged, hook-up. I've never been turned down.

I have a few standards for my hook-ups. I never pick a guy I know or even just see around. And I insist on a cock between 7 and 9" long and 1.5" across, plus or minus a small bit. I won't touch a guy who isn't circumcised, either. I hate the way the foreskin feels inside me. I want to feel that fat head. The dirty dancing gives me plenty of time to tease a guy hard and feel for myself what he's got. It's the only way not to be disappointed. Guys always lie about their equipment!

Sophie is my 21-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest.

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Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

Paige is my 20-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18th birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

Paige is a rather lean girl. She stands about 5'6" tall, but weighs only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a junior at USA where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, is also in her junior year at USA. Before they became mine, both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get

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into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both transferred to USA this year for their last two years of college and will earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

I have three BFFs, (Isabelle, Reagan, and Ellie) none of whom are into my little games. But all of whom occasionally creep into my stories. After all, they are my BFFs so they tend to be around. Luckily they're not offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to put on a show on their account.

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (29), Janelle (37), Colette (41), Diane (45), and Olive (47). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a

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sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

Most of my stories are from the months I spend in Mobile. I very seldom publish any of the few stories from my time in Russia. That's because Putin's Russia isn't as enlightened as America. Homosexuality is a crime there. And the courts there would deem anything between two women to qualify. However, it's a crime that's not so often prosecuted. Usually no one really cares if it's kept discrete. So while I have been known to play there as well, I've very careful who I'll play with. Only those toys that come to me with the most trusted of referrals are considered. And I keep the stories private. I'm definitely not going to advertise what I've done there.

I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a junior diplomat at the time. Sophie goes with me to Russia. She, obviously, is an American citizen. She only speaks about five words of Russian, too. But she never leaves my side. And she does wear her collar, much to the dismay of the TSA screeners. That shiny padlock holding it around her neck is not a friend to their scanners. Paige, however, doesn't get to take the trips. I usually leave her with my mom, who enjoys the free house maid she uses Paige as. And, as a Domme, my mom is well versed in the proper care that Paige might need.



*Chapter One - The
Naughty Daddy And His Slut
Daughter*

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It's Monday morning, the first day of spring break, and Lundi Gras (the day before Mardi Gras). Not that I get much of a spring break. I still have to work my three shifts at the hospital, one of which starts at 14:00 today. And my shift yesterday at the county jail. And my shift on Thursday at the free clinic where I volunteer a few hours a week for the experience. But I don't have any classes this morning.

When I have a morning free, which is rare, I usually summon a toy around 09:00 or 10:00. That allows me enough time to spank it, tease it, and amuse myself before lunch. It's just after 08:00 when my friend and fellow Domme Diane texts me asking if I have any free time today, the sooner the better.

I already know that Diane wants a favor. It's the only reason she'd ask if I had time "the sooner the better." I just call her and tell her I can make some, what does she need.

Diane is a 45-year-old Dutch woman. She's a big woman, too. Not wide, but over six feet tall. She's rather attractive, as well. Like me, she plays with both men and women. Unlike me, her toybox is mostly male. About 75% male anyway. I know that she favors a rather harsh style with her male toys, but an equally delicate style with her female toys.

Diane tells me that she's in Miami for a few days, returning Thursday around lunchtime to her home outside Pensacola. She tells me that she has a long-time toy named Harold. He lives in Perdido, a small city that's half in Florida and half in Alabama. That's the southeast tip of Baldwin County, putting it about 40 minutes from me in Mobile. And probably 30 minutes from Diane's house. Pensacola area traffic really sucks!

Her toy texted her this morning to beg permission to masturbate. He should have known better. He's already in trouble with her and is about 3 weeks into a month of orgasm denial. Since I don't know Diane quite as well as I know some of my other Domme friends, I ask what her

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rules are for that. It turns out that they're the same as mine. He's not allowed to touch his cock, except to wash it, and even then for only a few seconds. Obviously, masturbation is out of the question. As would any form of being touched by others, except that's not a consideration. He's a single father. Diane never tells me what happened to his wife, if she left or passed or whatever. But I do get the idea that it's been a while since he's had a partner.

The problem, according to Diane, is his daughter Emily. She just turned 19. She had been dating some boy for several months. Then, about a week ago, he dumped her. He told her that he was tired of dating a "titless bitchy bimbo who can't even suck a dick." Pretty much in those words.

Since then, Emily has taken to parading around the house in her underwear when she wasn't busy crying over the boy. Unfortunately, Emily has a rather small, but firm and rounded, bottom. She favors sexy, skimpy panties, too.

Unfortunately for Harold, the sight of her hard bottom seems to be arousing him. That plus the long stretch of not touching his cock. His cock has been stiff far too much. And it aches badly for release.

Diane said she scolded him harshly for allowing his cock to be hard without her permission. Harsher for bothering her to beg permission. And the harshest for looking at his daughter's bottom, no matter how cute it is. Scolding him is all she can do from 700 miles away.

Diane thinks that he deserves much more than a mere scolding. She promised him that she would be summoning him at her convenience to suffer appropriately. She didn't tell him she was out of town, or when she'd be back. Only that he would be summoned, sometime, to suffer for it. I'm sure the waiting will have his cock straining even harder.

While on the phone with him, Diane was already thinking of me. I'm not much older than his daughter. And like Emily, I'm petite. But that's about where the

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similarities end. He's definitely not going to be seeing me parading around in my underwear. And I share a style of play with Diane. I have no problem being harsh on a toy, male or female, when appropriate.

Diane asks if I have the time to "administer a proper punishment to the worthless boy who should be a eunuch." She doesn't ask for anything specific, instead leaving his punishment to me. She always does that when asking for a "favor." She's never been disappointed.

Diane does tell me what she's done with Harold, and what he likes the most. She also links me to her archive of session pictures of Harold. Her collection isn't that extensive, but it's good enough to give me an idea of what Harold looks like. And what I'll have to work with. I'd never agree to see a toy, for anyone other than my mom, sight unseen.

Diane has barely even seen Emily. She doesn't recall ever speaking with her, either. What she knows of the girl, she's learned from Harold. And an occasional glimpse. It amounts to nothing.

I tell Diane that I'll take care of it for her. I ask her to send Harold a text, giving him some basic instructions and my address. I doubt any of the instructions I have for him are anything Diane hasn't given him 10 times before.

Except for the last one. I know Diane has never given this one. He's to bring Emily with him. It's only fair, her shameless prancing around him is what excited him to misbehavior, so clearly, she should "understand" the full consequences of her sluttiness. While I do hint at things with Diane, Harold's instructions offer no clue as to why Emily must come with him. Or what will be asked of her once she's here. Only that he must bring her to his punishment. Which begins now. As in get in your car and drive to my house. It gives me about 40 minutes to prepare for them. Maybe closer to an hour, since he might not be driving his fastest.

In truth, I'm not sure what I'm going to do with Emily. One thing I do know is that she won't be getting a place in

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Diane's toybox. I don't have to ask. Diane doesn't take toys that are related, except for husbands and wives.

I don't know what Emily will be willing to do, either. Or what she'll like. That matters, too. For all I know, she'll go running the minute I open the door. I'm sure even the thought of coming with her father will be a shock to her.

This is one of the few sessions I didn't give the playtoy a specific time to appear. Instead telling Harold only that he was to come "right now" and not waste any time getting here. I did it for a reason. It gives Harold the least amount of time to explain things to Emily. Basically, he has to come right out and tell her that he's been seeing a mistress, that he's been naughty because of her flaunting her bottom, and now he's in unimaginable trouble if she won't come with him to see a friend of his mistress. Another mistress, one he has no clue about. He doesn't know who I am, or what to expect here. Only that his mistress sent him to me for a hasty punishment, and instructed him that Emily must go with him. He can't even tell her why she has to come. That will be the most uncomfortable for him.

It's almost an hour before I hear the knock at my door. I just don't know if he drove slow, or if it took him some time to get out of the house. For all I know, there was an accident slowing traffic. Or maybe it took him a few extra minutes to convince Emily to come along. Probably.

I send Sophie to answer the door. She's my 21-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's a petite girl, curvy with curly blond hair. Since she won't be leaving the house anytime soon, I have her wearing one of the "slave dresses" I bought for her. They're all-lace dresses that barely cover her from breasts to bottom. No more. And worn without undergarments, they don't really cover much of anything. They just make you look a little harder to see through the lace. She gets matching lace knee-high boots with spiked heels. It's a cute look. A slutty one, too.

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Harold notices that immediately. I can see his eyes checking out my slave-girl rather appreciatively. Of course, she's off-limits to the toys, but he won't know that. I won't tell him either. He can just lust after my slave.

Harold is a decently tall man, about six feet or so it looks to me. He's fairly lean too. Today he's wearing jeans with a dark t-shirt. The shirt is snug enough that I can make out enough to know his figure is going to be something of a cross between wiry and strong. More of a slightly narrow frame than anything. But manly enough. I can see a hint of defined muscles in his arms, and I'm sure his chest is going to be the same. I don't see any fat or flab on him. Not bad for a man in his late 40s.

From here I can see that Harold has a fairly oval face with a strong, prominent jawline. And a rounded chin, not a sharp one. His head is shaven. He could be bald, but I don't think so. His scalp is too clean as if shaven this morning. He has brown eyes, set slightly deep in his face, and a moderately wide, slightly short nose. He has a long, wide mouth, framed with light pink lips, that look almost like a straight line across his face. And I can see his ears standing out clearly from his head. Then again, there's no hair to hide them.

From Diane, I know that Harold is 5'11". And weighs 190 pounds. She has him listed as having gray hair. I guess he does. Maybe that's why he shaves it, he's too vain for the gray. She said he's 49, close to the top end of what I'll play with. But in my range. And that's not to say there's never been an exception, especially when it's a favor. I also know that Diane hasn't allowed him to cum since Jan 31, which is right at the four-week mark. No wonder his cock is begging for some attention.

Next to him stands a rather petite, and young-looking, girl. Obviously his daughter, Emily. I'd guess she's about 5'2", the same as Sophie, and maybe 110 pounds. Maybe. She's wearing a dark blue t-shirt that's rather loose on her, nicely hiding her breasts and curves. But she has decently snug stretchy pants on under it. Those flaunt

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the shape of her lithe legs and rounded bottom. Clearly, this girl knows what her better assets are and dresses accordingly.

Emily has short, and rather dark hair. It hangs down to the tops of her shoulders, barely brushing them. It's loose and bushy, puffing out as well. She has dark brown doe eyes over a wide, but short, nose. She has a slightly narrow mouth, framed with light, but deep, pink-purple lips. Full lips, but ones that aren't puffy or plump. She has a moderately oval face, leaning towards the rounded. She's cute, but not exactly pretty. More plain, a definite girl-next-door kind of girl.

Even with the blousy shirt, I can tell that Emily has a small frame. And a narrow one. I can see enough of her arms to tell that they're not much thicker than toothpicks. Her legs aren't, either. I can't see any breasts pushing out the front of her shirt.

But mostly what I notice is how young she looks. I know that she's 19 – Diane wouldn't have said so if she didn't know beyond a doubt. It's partly her small size. It's partly her slightly bland face. She could probably pass for about 14 if she tried. To me, that's a couple of points against her. Not that it matters. She's not my toy, just someone here to learn her lesson for Diane.

Sophie, as I've told her to do, quickly orders Harold to come in. Just inside the door, there's a stretch of empty wall about six feet long. I keep it empty so that my toys have a place to stand when they arrive. I don't allow the toys any clothes beyond that wall. That's a rule with very few and rare exceptions, and only then when it's necessary. Sophie points Harold to the wall, as far from the door as possible, and tells him to stand there.

As Sophie is letting Harold in, I'm walking over to meet him. Emily is just standing there in the doorway. Her eyes move a mile a minute, anxiously scanning the room ahead of her. As if she expects to see a medieval torture dungeon complete with chains hanging from the ceiling

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and a rack. Not the ordinary living room she can see a good piece of.

A second later, once Harold is in place, Sophie turns to Emily. "Come in and stand next to your father, slut," Sophie says rather plainly.

"Hey!" Emily balks, "Don't call me a slut, bit--" I'm pretty sure Emily is going to insult my slave. I don't allow that. Sophie is mine. I reach out and grab hold of Emily's loosely hanging t-shirt. It's about all I could reach. Otherwise, I'd have grabbed her hair, one of my favorite things to yank a girl around by. I yank the shirt hard. Emily stumbles forward and into the apartment. "AH!" She squeals in a rather high-pitched girly shriek.

In about one second, before Emily even stops squealing, I have her the two steps forward to where I have a chair waiting. I had planned the chair for Harold, not Emily. But... I won't let anyone speak to my slave like that. Now is as good of a time as any for this little bitch to learn some manners.

I drop into the chair, yanking Emily along with me, bringing her to my right side. I really wish her hair was longer. Instead of using her hair, I put a hand to her hip and the other to her shoulder. She tenses, as if she's trying to resist, but moving quickly wins out. Emily drops over my lap, landing with a soft plunk.

"WHAT!!!" Emily shrieks out. It's even louder and just as girly-high. But this time I hear a touch of nervousness in her voice as well. I ignore her completely.

Instead of answering her, I take my right foot and hook it around the back of her knees, pulling her thighs up to the side of the chair. My hand finds the center of her back, pushing her down firmly against my lap.

That leaves my other hand free. It darts to the waistband of Emily's pants. The good thing about stretchy pants, is they're very easy to move. No buttons or zippers to deal with. I pull up and they pull away from her body. I yank hard, and they pull down. I make sure to take her panties down with them, exposing her firm, rounded

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bottom. I let go of her pants. They snap, pulling taut around the tops of her thighs about an inch or two below the bottom curve of her behind.

Sophie stays where I had her, facing Harold and watching him to make sure he knows not to interfere. If Sophie wasn't wearing her collar, he might well mistake her for another Domme. I doubt Diane gave him so much as a name, just told him where to go for his punishment. I'm sure he's been wondering who he's being sent to.

I don't have a paddle handy. But I do have a hairbrush on an end table nearby. It's an old-fashioned wooden one with an oval head about 5" long. It has soft bristles, too. It's the one I use for brushing the princess. Princess Lilly the Cuddle Bug, my pit bull. She has the softest fur. For now, she lays on the sofa across from me, one eye open to watch. Just in case I'm thinking of treating her to another brushing this morning. She wouldn't want to miss that.

Emily gets no warning. If pulling her panties down wasn't enough of a warning, that is. I just raise the hairbrush and snap it down. It's not that hard of a stroke, about half of what I could put into it.

"OW!" Emily screeches as the hardwood cracks against the soft flesh of her bottom. Her rather white flesh. Her bottom is decently taut now, too. I can feel the firm muscles of her globe as the paddle smacks her. And I can see the pink oval-shaped splotch as I lift the paddle up. "OW! FUCK, THAT HURTS!"

"OW!!!!!!!" I'm pretty sure Emily was going to say more. She seems the type to call me names like she was going to call my slave. But she didn't have the time. I had the paddle up, and snapping back down against her other cheek too fast. It leaves matching pink spots on her bottom. With her small bottom, those pink spots cover a good part of her butt, too. This time her squeal lasts a little longer even though the stroke wasn't any harder. It's just long enough to keep her from saying anything else.

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And then Emily is screeching a fresh “EE-OW!!!!!!” as my paddle lands again on her right cheek. The pinkness of her pale globe darkens to a more medium shade. A pinkness that glows brightly to announce the sharp sting shooting into her young bottom. It hurts enough that now Emily is squirming hard as she tries to get up. I can feel her hips thrusting up as her feet push against the floor. Emily is one of the few girls who are small enough that while she's over my knees, her knees are not on the floor. I can feel her hips thrashing from side to side, too. Or at least trying to. I have her knees pinned firmly in place and that stops most of her movement.

I can feel Emily's shoulders squirming, and rising, as well. I can see her hands coming up, then flying over her back towards her bottom to cover it.

I ignore Emily's resistance. I just keep the paddle moving, snapping yet another stroke down. I don't slow down, or lighten up the strokes. Even as I see it coming. Just before the hairbrush lands, Emily's hand makes it down to cover her stinging bottom.

“OW!!!!” Emily screams out as the paddle lands on the back of her hand. She yanks her hand away from her bottom. Her hand flies up, knocking against my side as it does. It comes up under her head where she shakes it hard. It lets me see the pink splotch on the bony back of her hand. Bet that hurt. But she must have learned a lesson. As the paddle is coming down again, I see her other hand pull away from her bottom. I guess she must have decided it hurts more on her hands than her butt.

I still feel Emily squirming hard to get up off my lap. I ignore it and keep her held down while I give her a few more strokes on her bare bottom. Enough to turn every bit of her milky globes to a light, but very angry and bright, shade of red. Once her cheeks are glowing, I decide to see if Emily has learned her lesson.

I say nothing. I just set the paddle down and quickly grab hold of the girl. A good, hard, and slightly rough shove lifts her off my knees and drops her back onto her

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knees at my side. I spring up to my feet and turn to face her.

I grab hold of her hair, just above her brow. There's not much, but it's long enough for me to shove her head back and force her to look up at me. Emily kneels, trembling as she sobs. Little tears run down her red cheeks from her equally red and puffy eyes. Her little face is even wrinkled up a bit.

"Bad girl!" I snap in a harsh, cold voice. "I do not tolerate rudeness or disobedience in my realm, *BITCH*. That is my slave. You will address it very politely as 'Miss Slave.' Or you will be back over my knees until you can't sit for a week.

"You are a slut. A worthless cheap trashy slut scraped from some filthy gutter. Nothing else would prance around like a skanky bimbo in its panties flashing its ass at its daddy because no one else even wants to see that disgusting thing.

"Now, stop whining like a baby. Get up, pull your pants up, and go stand beside your perverted father before I decide you could use another lesson in manners, *BITCH*."

Emily is still sobbing. But she hops to her feet about as fast as anyone ever has. Her pants are up just as quick, with only a slight squeal as she pulls the elastic fabric over her sore globes. And then she moves a bit slowly as she takes her place beside her father.

Emily stands there, weeping silently now, and trembling. Kind of pulling inward a little too. I'll bet she's completely lost. Clueless about what to do. So she just stands dumbly. Works for me. As long as she stands there, which is what I told her to do for now. I don't worry about her posture. She's not my toy, just here for an hour, and she obviously has never played with anyone before. Teaching her anything would take some time that I don't really have this morning.

I turn my attention to Harold. I simply snap my fingers and tell him, in a very icy stern voice, "give those clothes to my slave, pervert." I have my circle of Domme

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friends, with whom I often swap toys, and we all use the same commands with our toys. It makes it simpler for the toys. If I say "undress," it has the same meaning as if whichever of my friends owns him had been the one to tell him. But Diane isn't in our group. I know some of the commands she uses and postures she prefers, but not all of them. And I'm not going to waste the time to teach Harold my style either. That's why I went with the generic command to hand his clothes over. For a one-time session, I don't really care how those clothes come off.

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold says. Then he starts taking his clothes off. He starts with his shoes, then his socks. As each piece comes off, he simply holds it out to Sophie. Sophie, with a nod from me, takes them.

Then Harold takes his shirt off, revealing a lean chest. I can see a bit of definition, the lines of his muscles. Not bulked up or rippled, but clearly in better than average shape. His chest is completely hairless as well. I almost wonder if that's shaven, but it's not. There is a bit of fuzz on it. Fine by me, I've never been a fan of a hairy chest anyway.

He doesn't fold his shirt. Instead, he just holds it out to Sophie. Normally she wouldn't take it unfolded, but my nod told her to. She takes it. She doesn't fold it for him, just adds it to the growing pile of his things.

Then his jeans come down, revealing a pair of gray boxer shorts. With a giant point in the front of them where his stiff cock is poking against them.

His boxers are the last thing to come off. That bares his smoothly shaven pubes and scrotum. Neither of which comes as a surprise to me. I'd have been surprised if they weren't. I know Diane prefers them without hair. I kind of like the hair... it makes a convenient leash.

It also lets his very hard cock stand out straight, nothing blocking the view of even a bit of it. In case there was any question, he obviously didn't mind watching Emily get a decent spanking. At least he has a decent-sized cock. I'd guess it's a little over 6 inches long, and a bit

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over an inch thick. It's circumcised, the pale pink head of it standing out from the top of his pale white shaft. The bell-shaped head might be a little pinker than the rest, but it's not much darker. His cock stands out straight and eager. Underneath of it, a pair of good-sized balls are pulled up snugly in his sack.

Harold, now naked, stands with his hands at his sides and waits for his next instruction. He doesn't look as nervous as Emily does, but he definitely looks a bit antsy. I figure he's thinking that whatever I do to him, it won't be a first for him. The first will be his daughter standing there watching it. I know, after Emily's spanking, he's wondering if she won't be doing more than just watching him, too.

Just as quickly, I turn my attention back to Emily once more. She is very studiously trying to avoid looking in the direction of her father. Clearly, she does not want to see him. I don't know if she's snuck a few glances or not, my attention has been on Harold. "Did I give you permission for a hard cock, pervert?" I ask Harold but keeping my eyes on Emily. That way I get to see her blush a little and cringe a bit more, as she hears it. I guess she hasn't looked, or she would already have known it.

"No, Ma'am," Harold answers with a bit of reluctance in his voice.

"We'll discuss that in a minute, pervert," I tell him. My voice doesn't soften up a bit. "As for you, slut, give your clothes to my slave, too. Now, *bitch*."

Emily's eyes widen a little and her blush deepens. I know that she's been teasing her dad. But he is family. And it's only been in her underwear, not naked. The surprised, and now embarrassed, look on her face tells me that she never anticipated actually getting naked with him around. Or in front of a couple of women, she doesn't know.

She stands still for a second or two. It seems longer. Even her trembling stops, as if she's frozen solid. Then, without warning, she trembles hard. Far more than she has yet to. Enough that her entire body shakes hard. The

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blush on her face deepens. "Do I have to?" Emily squeaks out in a very embarrassed, hushed, and cringing tone.

"I said to give your clothes to my slave, *BITCH*," I very firmly tell Emily. The mere fact that she'd ask a question like that tells me that D/s is something she is utterly clueless about. She's probably never even thought about it before. And so clearly has no clue what is expected of her. "You will give your clothes, and I mean every stitch of them, to my slave now. If you do anything else, if you stall, or if you say anything other than 'yes, Ma'am,' you will find yourself back over my knees. In my realm, slutty bitches obey, not question. Now, get naked, slut."

Emily stays frozen for about half a second. "Why do I have to be naked..." I think Emily intended to say more. Instead, she screeches a loud and pleading "NOOOOOO!" as I grab hold of her shirt again and yank hard. The yank is hard enough to have Emily stumbling forward, not walking, as she crosses the few steps over to where the chair is.

A couple of seconds after that, Emily is again over my knees. With her pants and panties back down to bare her still-glowing red bottom. She wiggles hard, struggling to get up long before I have the hairbrush back in my hand. I say nothing. I've already said it, and there is no reason to repeat myself.

Instead, I just start snapping the hairbrush against her sore cheeks, sending fresh needles of pain stinging into those firm globes. "EE-OWWWW!" Emily screeches as the paddle lands its first swat. And she starts sobbing again.

"EE-OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Emily lets out a long, squealing shriek as the paddle swats her other globe. I have no clue how good Emily is at dealing with pain, but I'd bet she's playing it up a bit. Her squeals are definitely more than the swats call for. I know how hard I'm spanking her. Just like the first time, with about half of the power, I could put into the little wooden brush. I know how much it will be stinging her.

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I've decided that Emily will get five strokes, that's five swats on each cheek, for daring to question me after I told her not to. That should be enough to teach her that I'm serious. She either does as I say, or she will pay for it. There won't be any wiggle room or second chances. Obey or pay. Simple.

She cries and shrieks her way through them. She thrashes around, energetically trying hard to get up off my lap. She doesn't put her hands back to cover her bottom again, though. Her instincts start to, but she catches it and stops herself before her hand gets another swat. Her bucking is useless, I have her firmly pinned down again. Just like last time, Emily doesn't get any break between strokes. I give them one right after the other, as fast as my arm will move.

The five strokes have her bawling like a baby. Once she's gotten all five of them, I set my paddle down. Then I grab the waistband of her pants and underwear and yank them casually up. I'm not trying to be rough, but I'm not making an effort to be gentle with her fiery stinging bottom either. She squeals again as the fabric covers her globes.

I could have left them down. I've already given her the instruction to strip, so it would just be a head start for her. I don't. This way, once she's back beside her father, she has to take them off again. Herself. That's what I want, her to take her own clothes off.

I shove Emily off my lap and onto her knees. I use her hair again to shove her head back, making her look up at me as I stand over her. I look down into her wet eyes with the coldest glare I can muster. "You want to know why you have to strip naked like a cheap slut, *bitch*?" I pause for a half-second. "Because I said so, *BITCH*. Now go stand beside your perverted daddy, slut."

Emily doesn't hurry, but she does get up and return to her place. She stands there, fidgeting hard on her feet now, not trembling. I can see her hips shaking as if trying to ease the sting in her bottom. It won't help.

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"What are you waiting for, bitch, strip naked like the cheap slut you are. Give those clothes to my slave. Or would you like another spanking?"

"No, Ma'am," Emily blurts out very nervously. She immediately squats down and starts taking her shoes off. Then her socks. She's definitely moving slowly, but also steadily. As she stalls, she starts to cry less and less. I guess the sharp sting is starting to fade into a dull ache now.

And then, after stalling close to two full minutes with her shoes and socks, Emily is very slowly lifting the bottom hem of her shirt up. Over her head. She holds it out, her arm locked straight, pinched in two fingers to slave. She looks away, not watching as slave pulls it from her grasp.

And definitely not seeing me looking at the sexy white lace bra that she has on. It has tiny cups shaped like triangles of lace, fringed with a heavier lace that's also white. It has thin ribbons for straps over her shoulders and an almost equally thin band around her chest. It has a tiny ribbon spanning the inch or so between the cups in front, tied into a bow. It has got to be an AA-cup. Her breasts are almost flat. No wonder her ex-boyfriend called her titless, she is rather flat. Even the tiny cups of this AA-cup bra are slightly loose on her mounds.

The white lace clearly shows the dark purple-brown rings atop those mounds. Rings about the size of a quarter. Centered in each is a nipple as wide as a pencil, and stranding up almost a full ½" from her mound. Dark nipples, with flat tips and defined sides to them as they rise from the shallow swelling that passes for her breasts. Nipples that are now straining hard against the lacy fabric of her bra.

Then Emily slips down her stretchy pants. There's not much she can do to stall too much on those. It's just slide them down and step out of them. It still takes her over half a minute to be handing them over to Sophie.

It shows off a pair of sexy, but modest, panties. They're white with a couple of black pinstripes across

them. And they're fringed with a heavy black lace. They're cut high on her hips, with a waistband wide enough to cover her narrow hips. They even fully cover her pubes. They fit her well, but not too snugly. Between her lean thighs, I can see that her mound puffs down, but the crotch of those panties obscures it enough that I can't tell how puffy it is.

Next off is Emily's bra. She cringes hard as she bares her tiny breasts to our eyes. She closes her eyes, too. It's the only way she can not see my eyes closely checking her breasts out and sizing them up. She's already decided what my verdict will be: titless. Then again, women are always harsher judges and critics of other women's bodies than men are.

Emily doesn't open her eyes. Once Sophie has taken the bra from Emily's hands, Emily reaches to the waistband of her panties. She takes a deep, trembling breath, and shoves them down a little faster than she's been moving. She blurts out a little squeal, and thrashes her hips crisply, as they pull off of her bottom. Then, once they're past her bottom, and every bit of her body is bared, she hurries to step out of them and hold them out to slave.

With her eyes closed, Emily doesn't see me wave to Sophie, cuing her not to take the panties. Sophie sees it.

Now I can see her flat pubes. I'd seen them earlier, with her pants down for her spankings, but this is the first time I've seen them with her standing, openly baring them. They're shaven silky smooth. And I can see the wide mound of her pussy puffing down almost prominently between those narrow thighs.

It is my first good view of her narrow, but rather long and thick lips. And the thick ridgeline of inner folds, a light shade of pink, that runs between them, filling every bit of the ¼" wide gash the edges of her lips leave. Her lips are shaven just as smoothly as the rest of her pubes are.

Other than her tiny breasts, Emily has a good figure. Her stomach is taut and flat. Her hips are narrow, but so is she, and just slightly full enough to have smooth rounding

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to their curve. She has a noticeable feminine curve at her waist, too. There's not a bit of fat on her. She's just shapely enough to not look even a bit bony.

"Open your eyes, slut," I firmly tell Emily.

It takes her a second. She opens them slowly. At first, she just cracks them, waiting a beat to see if I'll let her get away with that, before opening them the rest of the way. I wait until they're fully opened.

It forces Emily to see me looking over her naked body. To know that she has no secrets left from me. "Are those the panties you paraded around and teased your perverted father to horniness in, *you filthy slut?*"

"Yes, Ma'am," Emily barely squeaks out.

"You've lost them, bitch," I tell her in my steely firm voice. A voice that I hope leaves no room for doubt that I mean it. "Loudly say 'Butt Monkey, here are my panties, Sir.' say it now, *BITCH.*"

"Butt Monkey," Emily squeaks badly, her voice trembling and breaking, as she says it. It's louder than she has been, but still shamed and hushed. "Here are my panties, Sir." Emily's eyes now very nervously scan the room, wondering who Butt Monkey is. Or rather who the guy I just told her to call out to come get the panties freshly off her just-spanked bottom.

Her question is quickly answered. Her voice is loud enough. A giant brown ball of fur comes rushing out of the kitchen, where the chicken of a dog has been hiding with Paige, my 20-year-old live-in slave-whore. He flies at full speed towards Emily, taking in the sight as he runs. He jumps. His jaws snap shut, ripping the panties out of her hand as he soars past. "AH!" Emily shrieks out in surprise. He lands on his paws. He keeps going, circling around behind me to give the new people (something he's always scared of) a wide berth. With her panties dangling from his teeth, he rushes back to the kitchen. He loves panties, but only ones fresh off of a woman. Very preferably an aroused woman who has moistened the crotch of them. Those

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delicate panties of Emily's won't last two minutes. He'll chew them to shreds. Happily.

And, as the 80-pound dog rushes off with her panties, the look on Emily's face tells me she realizes what I meant when I said she'd lost them. For good. She won't be getting them back from him. There won't be anything left to get back. She shirks back a little, but otherwise stands fidgeting hard as she waits beside her equally naked father.



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"Slave, fetch my gloves," I softly tell Sophie. Then I just stand there while Sophie hurries to the playroom and fetches me a pair of my pastel green latex gloves. Size small to fit my small hands. While I'm waiting those few seconds, I keep my eye on Emily. She's the newbie. The one who doesn't know anything. The one who is more likely to misbehave. But she doesn't. She just stands there dumbly, obviously nervous, quivering lightly, and waiting. She stands with her arms at her sides, but with her hands folded in front of her pubes, vainly trying to cover her pussy. Isn't that just so modest of her?

Normally I'd start with Harold since he's the toy and the one here for punishment. But I've decided to start with Emily. First off, she's obviously willing to play. I knew that the instant the first swat of the paddle landed on her bottom. Yes, she thrashed, fought, and tried to get up while I held her down. But she didn't *fight*. The resistance she offered was exactly what a toddler would do over mommy's knees, not the fight of a grown woman fending off an attack. Thrashing, but never once hitting me. And afterward, she didn't leave. There was nothing but my voice stopping her, either. She could have walked right out the door. It tells me two things: first that Emily does not want to be spanked. And second, that she accepts that I have the power to spank her if I want to, whether she wants it or not.

Diane did tell me that Emily "is basically a leech living off of her dad like she's 12 years old instead of a big girl." Diane's words, not mine. While I don't know the details, I can guess what Diane means. Emily isn't trying very hard to support herself. She's living at home, eating food, using power and water, probably driving a car with gas and insurance, all of which her father is paying for. Maybe she's going to school or has some part-time job for her fun money. But she's not contributing to the expense of her existence. A leech. But likely trying to have all the fun she can.

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But it does make me wonder about the dynamic between them. And what her father has told her. If maybe she's only here, and being spanked because he's making her. If he's "threatened" her somehow, such as telling her that it's the price of staying in the house. Or if maybe she's yet to mature beyond high school and still accepts parental authority as if she were younger. She definitely seems lost and uneasy about being here. I want to see how Emily responds to things before pushing her too far. If this isn't for her, then I don't want to make her go there.

I take my time pulling the latex gloves on my hands. Emily spends those seconds watching me with rather nervous eyes. As if she's wondering why I'm putting them on, and certain that, whatever my reason, she's not going to like it. That I've seen a number of times before. It only takes me a single glance to see Harold standing calm as if he's not the least bit nervous yet. I suspect not. There's probably not much he hasn't done before. Not with Diane owning him.

I point to Emily. Then I crook my finger, beckoning her to come forward to me. "Come, slut, let me see if you're really naked or just a lying stupid bitch." I say it with just enough edge to my voice that Emily should know I'm betting on the second. Then again, it's a loaded question. I already know she's not fully naked. I can see a thin chain necklace on her and a bracelet. I'm sure she didn't even think of those when I told her to strip. It's not like they cover anything. I'd bet she wouldn't take those off before hopping in bed with her boyfriend.

Emily keeps her hands in front of her pubes as she comes forward a couple of very tentative steps. She watches me, her eyes antsy and darting around. She only takes three steps, but it seems like every one is shorter than the last.

She looks cute as she keeps those hands in front of her pubes. Naturally, the next thing I make Emily do is to stretch her arms out to the sides and spread her fingers. Then I tell her to spread her feet, putting about 18"

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between their insides. That's more than enough to open her thighs all the way to the top and leave her bare pussy mound puffing down between them. Fully exposed, with nothing close to covering it.

I know Emily is uneasy. And embarrassed. Both plainly show in the way she's fidgeting and on her face. I make her look straight ahead, warning her firmly to keep her eyes forward and wide open. Whether she wants to or not. I even tell her that she sees whatever is in front of her eyes, and nothing more, no matter what she wants. For the moment that has Emily seeing me staring at her nakedness. And that seems to be embarrassing her even more. A lot more. Which motivates me to take my time. And that only makes Emily even more uneasy.

My eyes start at the top. They start at the bushy dark hair, billowing out as it hangs down and fully covers her ears. It ends above her narrow, lean shoulder blades. It frames her slightly rounded face. She has a pair of deep, dark brown doe eyes. Above those are a pair of wide and long, but slightly sparse eyebrows. And then her short, slightly wide nose. And her moderate mouth, neither wide nor narrow, framed with thick light pink lips. Then her narrow neck.

Her shoulders are narrow. They're lean enough that I can plainly see the lines of her collar bones. Her arms are narrow as well, looking almost no thicker than toothpicks. But they have a good shape to them, not so lean as to show bones. Her chest and stomach are flat with taut, elastic skin. Skin that's lightly bronzed from her time in the sun. Her breasts are almost fully flat as well, to me they look as if they're no more than a gentle swell to her flat chest. But her nipples are the opposite, standing up long with sharp lines to them. I can see only faint tan lines where the triangles of a bikini top cover her breasts, but even that's enough to leave her mounds pale white. Which contrasts with her dark nipples and rings.

I make sure that Emily has to watch me take my time looking at her breasts. I know that's something she'll be

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especially sensitive about. I can see her embarrassment blooming with every second I spend eyeing those closely.

Then I put my fingers to her head, running them through her short hair. The tips of my finger glide over her scalp as her light hair slips between them. Emily flinches hard as I touch her. As if she was hoping that simply looking would be enough of a check for me.

I don't tell Emily what I'm doing. I just put one hand under her jaw and pinch the corners of her mouth firmly, but lightly. Just hard enough to make her mouth open wide. I hold it open. With a finger from my other hand, I push each of her cheeks out from her gums. Then I lift her tongue up. There's really nothing to see there. It's not like she's going to be trying to hide anything. I just want her to feel how fully I'm seeing her body.

Now my hands go down to Emily's neck. Immediately I start taking the necklace off of her. "Bad bitch!" I firmly scold her. "Listen carefully, dumb slut, naked means naked. That means nothing, not almost nothing." I take the necklace. It's a cheap one. If it's even gold, it's definitely like 1/2-karat gold. It's the kind of chain they sell cheaply at kiosks in the mall. I casually toss it to the side, aiming for a trash can. It lands on the rim of the can, hanging there. I guess that counts as a basket.

Next, my hands move down to her shoulders. Along her shoulders and out her right arm all the way to the tips of her fingers. My hands lightly glide over her skin, letting Emily feel me touching every bit of her body. My hands glide back up, very softly letting my fingertips stroke the undersides of her extended arms. I go all the way up to her underarms. And then I stroke those softly with the pad of my finger, tickling her enough to get a twitch and a shiver from her. And feeling the faintest hint of stubble there. As if she shaved them last night instead of this morning. "Razor stubble? That's gross, bitch. If I ever feel it again your bottom will be redder than it is now. I don't care if you knew you were coming to see me or not." Then, as Emily is shirking back a little from the

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disapproving rebuke, my hands move across her shoulders and down her other arm.

This time I stop at the bracelet she's wearing. It's cheap also, more plastic than anything. The "jewels" on it are just glass. My icy glare reminds Emily to stand still, if her fidgeting counts as still, holding her arms straight out while I take it off her wrist. And toss it towards my trash. Then my hands move again, finishing their stroke over her arms, and again pointing out the stubble in her underarm.

I keep my hands gliding softly down Emily's chest. I'm going slowly, and Emily is cringing more with every millimeter my hands slip down. Every millimeter closer to her breasts. Normally, even with the smaller breasts, I lift a woman's mounds to fully expose the underside of it. There's no chance of doing that with Emily. There's just no mound. Her breasts barely rise an inch from her chest. With her arms stretched out, it's more like half of that. Probably no more than her stiff nipples stick out from them. It's almost like running my hands down a man's chest. I feel only a slight rise under my hands as they pass onto her mounds. Then I feel her tall nipples, harder than rocks, poking hard against my hands.

That's when I pause, with my hands flush over her breasts. And with Emily cringing so hard it looks as if she's about to cry. Despite their tininess, I can feel the sponginess of her breasts. They're firm. I use the tips of my fingers to lightly knead her flesh. There's not enough for me to squish it, but there is enough for my fingers to gently press against it. Enough for her to feel it.

"AH!" Emily sucks in a very squealing, sharp breath as she feels me touching her breasts. It's mostly surprise. And she cringes hard inward. I feel her flinching as if to pull back from me. But my icy hard glare stops her. Her face scrunches up a bit more than it already is.

I start moving my hands, now drawing a single fingertip down her mound, tracing a steady line right for her nipple. "Hasn't anyone ever touched these little boobs before, bitch?"

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"Yes, Ma'am," Emily squeaks out in a hushed, and very embarrassed voice.

"But never another woman?"

"No, Ma'am," Her voice breaks and quiets even more.

Now my finger reaches her nipple. And glides onto it. As long as it is, there's plenty of nipple for me to stroke. To feel the slight roughness to the hard nub.

"UH!-mmm..." Emily blurts out as my finger tenderly strokes along her stiff nub. Instantly the dark flesh around it pulls taut, raising little ripples up around her nipple. And she shivers. Then, only then, does she cringe with her face scrunching up impossibly tightly giving her an utterly disgusted look. She fidgets more as if it's all she can do not to run away. Then she shivers crisply again.

"That feels good, doesn't it, *slut*?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Emily barely manages to squeak out in the most hushed, disgusted, and shamed, voice.

"You don't want it to, do you?"

"No, Ma'am," she says a little louder, and a lot more confidently.

"But you like it anyway, don't you, stupid *bitch*?"

"Yes, Ma'am," her voice is back to fully mousy squeak and near silence.

"And it gets you hot, doesn't it, *slut*?"

For a second Emily doesn't answer. She stands there, cringing, her eyes wetting. I'd never allow her not to answer. Not that I don't already know the answer. The crisp, faint quivering running through her body, that I can feel, tells me the answer. I just bring my thumb up under her nipple. I start pinching it lightly. I would have pinched it anyway, it's the best way to feel the hardness of it, but I won't tell her that. Her nipple is like pinching a steel bar.

"AHHHHHHH!" Emily squeals, her eyes popping wide and her jaw hanging open as if shocked. She shivers a little crisper, too. And I can feel her quivering sharpening up a bit.

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Very slowly I increase the pressure on her nipple. As I do I repeat my question.

"Yes, Ma'am," Emily blurts out. Her voice is still very hushed and totally embarrassed, but now there's a bit of urgency to her squeal.

I stop increasing the pressure. I'm already pinching the long nub hard enough to feel what I wanted to. I hold it, pinched between my thumb and finger, nothing else touching her nipple or her breast. The tip of her nipple sticks out a hair past the pad of my fingers, into the space between my fingers below my first knuckle.

"Say it politely, *BITCH*. In your normal voice. Tell me that it's getting you all hot and bothered like a trashy gutter slut to stand here while another woman plays with that completely flat boob."

I see her cringe. She hesitates for a second. "It's getting me hot, Ma'am." Her voice is hushed. I scold her sharply, telling her that's not what she was told to do. And I pinch her nipple a little harder. Enough that she feels it and sucks in a breath. "It's getting me hot for you to touch my tit, Ma'am... like a cheap slut." It's still not right. Or anywhere near as loud as the normal voice I heard when she first arrived.

So I pinch harder. A lot harder. Not enough to hurt her, but enough for it to hurt a little. And I scold her. "Even you aren't that stupid, *BITCH*. I told you what to say. And how to say it." I pinch harder, sending a dull pounding throbbing into her nub.

"OW!!!" Emily starts squealing.

"SPEAK!" I snap over her squeal.

"IT'S GETTING ME ALL HOT AND HORNY TO STAND HERE LIKE A FILTHY GUTTER SLUT WHILE ANOTHER WOMAN PLAYS WITH THE TIT I DON'T HAVE, MA'AM!" Emily screeches out, her voice is loud and urgent. And laced with a bit of neediness now.

"Manners, *STUPID BITCH*," I firmly scold Emily. As I scold her, my left hand is raising up. Then I slap her face hard, leaving a light, but visible, pink handprint on her

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cheek. "Don't you dare scream at me, *BITCH*." I pinch her nipple a little harder. It makes her hips shudder. And it brings goosebumps erupting on her chest. "Say it properly."

Emily trembles. Hard. A half-second later she takes a squeaky deep breath. "It's getting me very hot and horny to stand here like a filthy gutter slut dyke while another woman plays with my non-existent tit, Ma'am..." Emily's voice is at her normal, slightly quiet, volume. It breaks, too, quivering as much as the rest of her is.

I release her nipple and she takes a deep breath. Then I play with her other breast. This time she stands still for me, breathing a little deep with raspy, stuttering breaths. And quivering erotically.

Now that I've made it past her breasts, Emily should be relaxing a bit. Instead, she's still quivering. I hear a bit more of the stuttering creeping into her voice as my hands inch down her stomach, toward her pubes. Then a very crisp shudder hits her when my fingertips stroke over the silky skin of her pubes. There isn't a bit of stubble there.

"Good bitch," I softly tell Emily in a sweeter voice. "no stubble here, like it should be." And then my hands are moving down her thighs. I know Emily is wondering why I skipped over her pussy. After the way, I explored her breasts, and her reaction to it, I know she expected me to tease her there. And wanted it as much as she dreaded it. But I don't. I keep going down her legs to the tips of her toes.

"Keep your arms out, and turn around so your butt is to me, bitch." I lace just a bit of the firmness back into my voice.

Emily doesn't hesitate, but she does turn slowly, taking baby steps to stall a bit. I wait until she stops. "Good bitch. Now stay just like that and I won't have to spank you again."

Emily easily stands there, still quivering, as my hands slowly explore her head, neck, arms, and back. It's not until the bottom of my hand gets to the top of her hip

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bones that I feel the trembling coming back to her. I ignore it and keep going.

Since Emily is behaving, I keep my touch feathery light as my hands glide down over her stinging bottom. Her globes are small but rounded and firm. They stand out from her hips just enough to have a slight curve at their bottom edges. The inside edges of her cheeks just barely touch, almost closing off her deep crack.

I stop the moment my hands have slipped over that bottom curve of her globes and onto the tops of her thighs. Then I pivot my thumbs, quickly bringing them up to the bottom of her crack. It's deep and dark. I feel the firmness of her cheeks as I push them wide apart, stretching her crack fully open.

"AHHHHHH!" Emily squeals loudly, reflexively rising up to her tiptoes as she wants to step away from me. But she doesn't move her feet. I hold her there, her cheeks gaping, crack stretched wide, and her asshole now fully displayed for me.

The first thing I notice is a few stray hairs in her crack, mostly in the dark swath of purple-pink flesh around her asshole. Her asshole is on the small side. Maybe not even quite as wide as a dime, and that's counting the ring of muscle that's cinching it tightly shut now. It's well-rounded, with only the smallest pinprick of darkness at the center of the wrinkled flesh. I don't see any funneling to it or any pucker, but it's hard to tell with her squeezing it so tightly. I hold her globes open.

"Now you're just being a nasty bitch, *bitch*." I tell her with some scorn in my voice. "This crack has hairs in it like a man's." Not exactly true, everyone has a few hairs there, unless they're shaven away. "And this anus is disgusting. Wipe it after using the toilet, bitch. Do you think I want to see little bits of poop clinging to it?" It's no messier than anyone else's would be. I'm not telling her that.

"No, Ma'am," Emily answers in her hushed, shamed voice. And I feel the tension in her body as she cringes. Then, much to her relief, I release her cheeks and continue

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inspecting her body. Down her legs. I have her lift each foot, one at a time, and show me the sole of it, too. I even check between her toes.

I stay behind Emily. I use a firm voice, but one that's gentle as well. One that tells her I mean business, but also says I'd prefer she obeys and not make me punish her. I tell Emily to lean over as far as she can. I tell her that she can move her hands now, and use them to brace herself.

Emily shudders twice, very hard. Then she starts leaning over. She moves rather slowly. I've come to see that's her style: delay as long as she can but obey. It reminds me of the sulking way of a petulant teenager. She leans over far. More so than I'd expected her to. She goes over far enough to get her hands on the floor, only slightly arching her back up as she does.

This isn't about searching her body. It's a way to remind her of her place. That she's now utterly powerless. That her place is to obey. That she gets no say. And no privacy. Or anything else. That I will do as I wish. "Are you going to get all slutty and hot when I check your pussy, bitch?"

Emily sobs once. "Yes, Ma'am... I think, Ma'am..." she answers. She uses a voice that's very close to her normal volume, too. As if she's learned that lesson.

"Is that pussy hot and wet now, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Ask me very politely to look and see how sloppy your skanky pussy is, bitch." I'm using the same firm, but kind, voice with her.

"Please look and see how sloppy my skanky pussy is, Ma'am?" Emily asks, her voice trembling, but not hushing.

I put the tips of my fingers to the edges of her long lips. They're narrow but nicely plump and soft. And shaven to a silky smoothness. They wiggle slightly from the looseness as I push them wide apart to expose every bit of Emily's pinkness.

Now I can see everything. I can see the deep pink ridgeline where her soft inner folds flow together and

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almost fully hide her clit. I can see the deep purple edges of her folds as they part. I spread those as well to get a good view of her hot, narrow tunnel. Everything is wet, with a very fresh coat of her oily, clear honey. I can even get a faint whiff of her mild muskiness.

I use the tip of a gloved finger to stroke lightly over the thick ridgeline between her lips. "AH!" Emily gasps out a loud squeal. "Ooh!-mmmmmm!" Her surprised squeal quickly fades into a hungry, and muted, little purr. At the base of the ridgeline, just before her folds begin to separate, I feel the steely hard nub of her clit. It feels like a little BB covered by the soft, thin, pink folds. "Uh-MMMM!" Emily blurts out a very needy purring moan, and her hips shudder crisply, as my finger finds it. I barely touch it before I see the entrance of her tunnel snapping with little twitches. Twitches that are just strong enough to push out a few drops of honey each time.

Now I put the very tip of my finger to the entrance of her tunnel. Then I start pushing it inward, very slowly. That way I have the time to get a good feel of Emily's pussy walls. "UHHHH!" Emily sucks in a very sharp, and squeaky, breath.

As my finger enters her tunnel, the first thing I notice is how hot it is. She could be on fire. I can feel her walls snug around my finger. She's not clamping down. Her tunnel is narrow and tight. Her walls are firm, but with a good bit of sponginess to them as well. It's a good thing she's so wet. Her honey is slippery, letting my finger glide into her easily. Despite the little twitches erupting randomly throughout her walls.

"MMMMM!!!!!" Emily purrs, louder than she has yet to purr, as my finger is slipping into her.

I don't stop until every bit of my finger is inside Emily's pussy. Her walls hug my finger snugly. Crisp, light, quivers race over her body. "promise me that you'll be a big bitch and stay still while I explore this sloppy pussy, bitch," I firmly tell her.

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"Yes, Ma'am," Emily answers, a bit of breathiness to her squeaky-high voice. "I promise to be a big bitch and stay still while you explore my sloppy pussy, Ma'am."

"UH-MMMMMMMMM!" Emily grits her teeth hard and screeches a deep, loud, and needy moan as my finger starts moving gently inside her. I take my time, slowly and softly moving the tip of my finger around inside her. Twisting my finger. Stroking it lightly against her nervy walls.

Emily shudders hard with even the tiniest motion. Steadily, she breathes harder and deeper as well. And she keeps moaning loudly. As the fractions of a second tick off, I can feel the little twitches in her walls steadily growing stronger, too. Like hot little sparks zapping her muscle, snapping it hard and quick before vanishing to reappear somewhere else. And sending icy-hot chills shooting along every nerve she has.

And then, after about half a minute of that, I'm slowly easing my finger back out of her pussy. Now there's nothing there I haven't touched and seen.

Emily breathes out a fast, hard, sigh of relief, and frustration, as my finger slips from her pussy. Frustration at not getting any relief from the ache I started in her pussy. Relief that I'm out of her pussy, a place I have no doubt she did not want a woman to touch her. I release her lips, letting her pussy lips close. And now sparkle with a fresh coat of wet honey.

I know Emily thinks I'm done now. There's simply nothing I haven't seen. So Emily, taken by complete and horrific surprise, shrieks a loud "OOH!" as she feels my hands return to the edges of her globes and pull her crack wide open again. It's a very nervous, whiny cry. And her hips start fidgeting, squirming hard. As if she just can't make herself stand still. I see her tiny asshole snap back to full cinched closed, too.

I don't have to grease my finger. It has a fair coating of her oily honey covering it. Honey that's as slippery as the grease is. I just put the tip of my finger against her

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very tight ring and hold it there, still. I have rather thin fingers, and Emily's asshole is tinier than my finger.

Emily shudders and fidgets as she stands there, mewling soft, and very nervous, whines. I'll bet my finger feels huge to her. I'm pretty sure that she's not experienced at this, either. I wouldn't be surprised if she's never let anyone play with her bottom before.

I ask her directly if she's ever had anyone in her bottom before. In a trembling voice, she tells me no, not even a finger has been in her bottom. I'm pretty sure that she's praying this won't be the day that changes, too. Of course, that means it will be, even if it wasn't going to be.

"As disgustingly filthy as this anus is, that's not going to stop me from *fully* inspecting that body, *bitch*. Do you want this to be very unpleasant?"

"NO, Ma'am!" Emily blurts out nervously. And trembles a little sharper. I think I can hear a bit of a whine in her voice, too.

"Then I suggest you obey, *bitch*. Because if you don't, I won't feel a thing. You, on the other hand, are going to be extremely uncomfortable for the next couple of minutes. In case you're as dumb as you look and haven't figured it out yet, I will *not* be coddling you. You can obey, and it won't be awful. You can disobey and it will be awful. I don't care. You have *one* chance to obey. I don't do second chances." I tell her firmly.

I use a professional voice as I tell Emily what to do. I tell her to relax. Not to resist, but to invite it into her bottom. I tell her to take a deep breath and push as if she's constipated and trying hard to use the toilet. I tell her that as it enters her, she's going to instinctively want to tense. That's a mistake. She needs to keep pushing hard until it's fully into her bottom. And then just relax and breath slowly with deep, controlled breaths.

"3..." I keep to my matter-of-fact voice as I start counting. "2..."

"OOHHH!" Emily starts whining loudly as her hips and bottom tremble.

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"1..." And I start pressing with a steady, moderate pressure. I'm pushing hard enough that Emily doesn't stand a chance of stopping it. That my finger will move neither quickly, nor too slowly, as it pushes into her. But not so much as to make it unnecessarily rough for her. More as if I'm being efficient and aren't concerned with her comfort. I hope that is how she feels it, too. I want her to feel as if I don't care about her comfort.

"NO!" Emily blurts out in her trembling, very squeaky nervous voice. An instant later I feel a light pressure pushing back against my finger. It's not nearly as much as it should be. But it does tell me that Emily is trying. And that's she scared to do this. Yet she's standing there, her hands braced against the floor, while it's done to her.

"OW!!!" Emily squeals before she should squeal. My finger hasn't pushed into her bottom yet. I can feel the firmness of her muscle as I push against the rubberiness. I can feel her muscle starting to push inward. I can feel it just beginning to yield and allow itself to be stretched open. It's the point where Emily must feel that it's really going to happen.

She sucks in an even deeper breath without exhaling the one she's been holding. It's squeaky and near-panicked. But then I feel her pushing even harder. It pushes the ring of her asshole back against my finger. My finger doesn't move. That makes her asshole start to stretch wide to let my finger slip through.

"uh-EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!" Emily shrieks a squeal as my finger finally slips through her rubbery soft muscle. Immediately I feel her muscle harden as it tenses for a split second, squeezing hard around my finger as if trying to clamp it still. It doesn't stop my finger. It just makes me push a bit harder to keep my finger moving at the same pace. "OW!" Emily shrieks out, her hips snapping a hard thrash. Then she catches herself. "Uh-MMMMMMM!!!" She pushes back again, loosening her asshole around my

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finger. It happens quickly as if her bottom is now trying to swallow my finger.

I ignore Emily completely and just keep my finger moving. The lesson is far more important than the inspection is. Emily's lesson being that I meant what I said. There is no second chance. I will do as I said. I don't care if she makes it easy or hard on herself. It is happening. She has no say in it.

I push every bit of my finger into Emily's bottom while she stands there trembling and squealing. Except for that one time, she manages to keep her asshole loose for it. I stop with the webbing of my finger flush against the outside of her asshole. That way she can feel my hand in her crack. And feel that I'm as deep into her as possible.

Emily doesn't stop pushing. Maybe she's afraid to after tensing up and feeling my finger dragging across the flesh of her asshole as it pushed into her anyway. Maybe then she realized that her asshole isn't a strong enough muscle to resist me. She can't stop it. She just stands there, quivering, and waiting.

I wait for a second or two before I tell her that she can stop pushing, and just relax. I warn her not to tense up. And I tell her to start breathing before she turns blue. In slow, steady, deep breaths. Then I tell her again to slow her breathing down. She does, but they take on a bit of a quivering squeal as she does.

"Stay like you are, bitch," I tell her. Then I start using my finger. Just like I did inside her pussy. I take my time, unconcerned for the antsy girl, and make sure that I feel every bit of her bottom. At least as much of it as I can reach, which is less than half. But plenty.

"uhhh!" Emily lets out a soft, not strained, but very embarrassed grunt as my finger starts moving. I don't have to move it to feel that her rectum is decently full. I can feel the firm mass of waste lying against my finger. Thank G-d for gloves! Moving my finger shifts the tube of waste inside her, poking it against the walls of her rectum. That she feels, albeit not uncomfortably. It's just enough

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for her to know how full her bottom is, and to know that I can feel it as well.

While I inspect her bottom, I'm careful to keep my finger from pressing down against the "bottom" of her rectum. The side that I know is lying loose and flat against the backside of her pussy walls. I save that for last. I even rotate my finger slightly so that when I do get to it, the pad of my finger is pressing down flush.

I start by massaging a small circle, with a light pressure, against the inside of the walls of her rectum. That's no thicker than saran wrap and does nothing to dull the sensations. Mine or hers. I can feel the firm, meaty walls of her pussy burning with their heat right through it. The instant I start stroking them, I can feel powerful twitches suddenly erupt, snapping like lightning around her pussy.

"OOH!!!!" Emily blurts out a long, squeaky, squeal, shuddering hard as she does. It takes about a second for me to see the goosebumps erupt on the lips of her pussy. And then shoot up her crack to surround her asshole, rippling the dark flesh around my finger. "oh, OOH!!!!" Emily shrieks out a very needy purr.

"AH! AH! AH! AH! AH! Oh, OOOHHHHHHHHHHH!" Emily pants a few squeaky, too-fast breaths, and then lets out the hungriest of shrieking purrs. Her bottom shudders, each shudder growing sharper and stronger than the last. The twitches in her pussy steadily grow stronger, too. And more frequent, more of them erupting at once.

In about two seconds I see the first drops of honey starting to appear at her wide slit. And then a second or two later, I feel her asshole start twitching lightly around my finger. "UHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Emily cries out the most desperately hungry purring moan as her hips shiver crisply.

"Stop being so slutty, *slut*," I scornfully scold her. Then I change up. Instead of the small circle, I start moving the pad of my finger over her insides in a small straight line. As if it's a tiny cock fucking her bottom, only

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doing it skillfully. With the right amount of pressure against the bottom of her rectum, stroking tenderly over the backside of her pussy. There are just as many nerves there as there are on the front of those walls. Her pussy just isn't used to being sweetly teased on this side. It feels the same, only a little different and weird to her. A little more intense, too.

"UH! UH!! UH!!! oh, UHHHHHHHH!!!!" Emily moans loudly, and rather shamelessly. Just like a porn actress would. Just like she would if she were being fucked in her pussy.

"You really are a total slut, *slut*, you're going to cum while I'm inspecting your filthy ass! Aren't you, bitch?"

"Y... Yes, Ma'am," Emily stutters, her voice quivering as badly as her body is.

"Say a polite thank you, *bitch*." I don't tell her what to say. I've done that enough. I want to see if she's learning, or just repeating. It will be another clue to me about what Emily wants. It's not like this timid girl is ever going to come out and tell me.

"Thank you for fingering my filthy ass and making me all hot like a cheap ass whore, Ma'am." Her voice quivers, and I can hear the embarrassment in it. But she keeps the volume up as I made her do before. She's learning.

"How filthy and full is this disgusting butt, bitch?"

"I'm sorry that my ass is full and very filthy, Ma'am"

"A good enema will clean out this bottom and that filthy anus, *bitch*. Ask for one, and *promise* to behave."

"UH!" Emily cries out in the sultriest voice. She pants a couple of lightning-quick squeaky "AH!s" Then, under her breath, so quiet I can barely hear her she mumbles "oh, fuck, I'm going to explode..." she takes another breath. "Ma'am... will you please give me an enema to clean out my filthy ass and asshole? I promise to be a big bitch and behave while you give it to me, Ma'am." Her voice is almost weird, pure erotic urgent need, but laced with a hefty dose of embarrassment and even more

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reluctance. And a fair bit of nervousness as she thinks about getting what she's asking for.

I stop teasing her bottom and pull my finger out. Emily pants hard, very needy, and frustrated breaths.

I tell Emily to stand up with her hands behind her back. Then I take a pair of handcuffs out of my back pocket and lock them around her wrists. Her wrists are so bony and narrow that I have to use the last notch on them.

I put my hands on her shoulders and turn her around. Then I tell Sophie to take "this filthy bitch" to the playroom and watch over it until I am ready "to fill its filthy bottom with a gigantic cleansing enema." That should give Emily something to think about while she's sitting on the hard wooden bench, in silence, waiting her turn.

Sophie takes hold of Emily's arm and leads her to the playroom.

I turn my attention to Harold. "See what trouble you've gotten your tiny little bitch of a girl into, pervert, by letting your creepy dick get aroused by your own daughter?"



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Now it's Harold's turn. He's an experienced plaything, so I expect more of him. I expect him to already know the basics, like obedience. I pick up my crop. My favorite crop. The one that's made of pastel green soft leather and trimmed with white lace. It looks rather girly, which suits me, but that doesn't dull its sting one bit.

I tell Harold to stretch his arms out as well. And to "stay." Diane uses that command, too. Pretty much everyone does. It means to stay put, be still, and silent. Harold is going to get the same inspection that he just watched his daughter get. Just as thoroughly.

It doesn't take me long to get down to Harold's nipples. Like most men, his are small. But they're the same dark shade of pink-purple that Emily's are. And his tiny nubs are just as stiff as hers were. His breasts are about the same size as hers, too, which is to say flat. I tease his nipples briefly with my finger, pinching them as well. He barely reacts to the light pinch.

From there, it's not long until I get down to the immediate problem. His stiff cock. And it's still standing straight out, as hard as steel. Unlike Emily, his pubes aren't fully shaven. Instead, he has a small triangle of light brown fur above his cock. It's neatly trimmed well inside the creases of his thighs with sharp lines. It ends at the top of his shaft, except for a pair of short tufts that poke down the side almost to the bottom. It has another sharp line across the top. I have zero doubt that's Diane's standard for her men. Harold has no choice in how he styles his pubes. It leaves his cock and balls smooth and hairless for easy access to both.

"Let's see just how creepy of a pervert you've been, freak boy," I tell Harold. From my pocket, I pull out a pair of tweezers. I also keep one eye up to watch Harold as I drop down to one knee. That puts his cock at about eye level for me. I catch his eyes flicker downward for just an instant. Barely long enough for him to see the tweezers in my hand. He must see them. I can see on his face that

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he's wondering what they're for. This won't be something Diane does. I do like to be unique.

I put the smoothly rounded tip of the tweezers against the tip of his cock, squeezing them to close their jaws before they touch. I put them right to the opening of his urethra. I wrap my hand around the base of his steely shaft to steady it. I make sure I have a good grip on it. And now, I feel the first nervous flinch run through Harold. I guess he's getting an idea of what I'm going to do.

I push firmly. It doesn't take much pressure at all. The rounded tips of the tweezers start moving forward, stretching the light pink flesh of his soft cock head to fully expose his urethra just inside.

"UGH!" Harold blurts out a very uncomfortable cry as he flinches hard.

I keep pressing. The tweezers keep sliding forward. They push into the top of his urethra, stretching that rubbery tube a bit to accommodate them. I keep going, pushing them about an inch into the tip of his cock. Then I slip a finger between the arms of the tweezers and use it to spread them. That opens the jaws. The jaws spreading stretches his urethra and the soft head of his cock. I keep going until the little hole at the tip of his cock is stretched about $\frac{1}{4}$ " wide. That gives me a good view down into his cock. Maybe about an inch and a half into the steely hard shaft.

I hold his cock still. I feel faint quivers running through him, but quickly ebbing as he realizes this doesn't hurt. It only hurts when I push them in. Like a catheter. I take a few long seconds to look straight into his cock. "You really are a disgusting pervert, freaky boy!" I chide Harold in my most disapproving tone of voice. "I see your filthy cum inside your cock! You got so hot and horny looking at your *own daughter's bare butt* that you almost came in your boxers! Do you have any clue how disgusting and perverted you are?"

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I don't close the jaws again. Instead, I yank them out. Quickly. Harold grunts out a loud "OW!" as I do. I've seen what I wanted to see.

I release Harold's cock. I reach under it, easy to do with it still standing out stiff, and wrap my hand around his balls. I squeeze very lightly to feel the size of them. They're about average. Nothing special. Then I start squeezing a little harder. And harder. I stop squeezing when I hear Harold suck in a very nervous and strained breath. That would be when he really feels my grip on his tender balls. I hold the pressure.

"I see these filthy balls are full of cum," I mockingly tell him. There's really no way to tell just by feeling them. But it's a safe bet, with his cock stiff, that he will be able to cum. Thus, I'll be "proven" right when he does. I squeeze a little harder, getting a light wince from Harold. "I'll have to remind these tiny balls to behave, too." then I release my grip on them. Harold sighs out deeply with relief.

I finish my frontal inspection. There's nothing uncomfortable there for Harold. But it does let me see the light brown sparse fur on his legs. Manly enough, but not hairy.

I tell Harold to step forward and turn around. He does, not stalling as Emily did. I work down his body again. There's not much to see until I get to his waistline. Just strong shoulders. Arms with firm muscles under slightly loose skin that hides the definition of them. A virtually hairless back, thankfully.

And then I get to Harold's bottom. His isn't loose, but it isn't youthfully taut or firm either. Nor is it that well-rounded. His cheeks have a bit of flatness to their tips. And a very slight bit of sag to their bottom curves. The inside edges of his globes meet fully, lying flush against each other and fully closing off his long crack.

But as I put my hands to his cheeks, I can feel the toned muscles hiding under the thin layer of looseness. I quickly pull his cheeks wide apart to reveal his asshole. His is larger. There's a fairly huge swath of light pink flesh

around his nickel-sized ring. A very wrinkly ring, with one prominent wrinkle line flowing from the back of his scrotum to his asshole, and then turning inward. The center of it is a dark spot about the size of the tip of a pencil, with a shallow funneling toward the darkness. At least there's barely any hair around his ring.

His asshole isn't any cleaner, or dirtier than Emily's was. Which is to say it looks like everyone else's would. That doesn't stop me from rebuking him for having a filthy asshole, too. I tell him "no wonder that titless bitch's bottom is so filthy, I see where it learned its hygiene!"

I release his cheeks and finish making my way down his body. I check him over just as completely as I did Emily. Even the bottoms of his feet. Unlike Emily, I don't have to remove anything from his body. Diane has taught him that naked means naked.

And then I have Harold bend over with feet wide apart. I'm sure he knows what I'm going to do. If nothing else told him, he just watched me inspect Emily's rectum, and I hope, by now, he knows he's in store for at least what she got.

I love seeing men in this position. Harold does it well, too. His bottom is just firm enough that his crack begins separating enough for me to pick out his asshole in its deep valley. His balls hang down, dangling loose and low in his sack. Behind his sack, his very stiff cock juts almost downward.

I put a tiny dollop of lubricating gel on the tip of my gloved finger. Then I put the greased tip of my finger against Harold's asshole. Pressing lightly. I feel the first flinch as his asshole reflexively tenses. And immediately I feel it loosening back up again. He isn't pushing back, but he is relaxed. It just won't have his ring as rubbery as it would if he were pushing. I guess Diane didn't teach him that trick. I would be surprised if she did. Diane likes to make her toys uncomfortable. But he should have heard me tell Emily.

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I push casually, neither trying to be rough nor gentle with his bottom. Only trying to push into his bottom as efficiently as I can. His asshole stays as it is, not tensing against my finger as Emily did. I can feel its firmness, its rubberiness as my finger slips right through his ring. I push all the way into him as well.

"UH!" Harold grunts once with mild discomfort as my finger first presses into him. I can tell he's used to this. It tells me that I'll need to do a little more to make sure he knows I'm going to be very different from Diane.

I spend close to half a minute probing around inside his rectum. He's not nearly as full as Emily is. I can feel a tiny bit of waste, but not much. I'd call it clean. Not that I'm going to tell him that. I make sure he feels just how thoroughly I probe his insides. And I use a bit more pressure than I did with Emily, making sure it's slightly uncomfortable for him. That he really feels my finger slipping over the inside of his rectal walls, feeling every last nook and cranny he has.

Then, once that's done, I curl my finger inside his rectum. That brings the tip of my finger back against the inside rim of his asshole as it's stretched around my finger. It lets me feel the tone of that muscle. Which I do, even though that's not what I'm interested in. Then I move my fingertip slightly, wiggling it back and forth for a second until I feel the hard, walnut-sized rock of his prostate.

I shift my finger so that the pad of it lies flush against his prostate. Now I bring the four fingers of my other hand up and lie them softly against the pinkish flesh just behind his sack, between his balls and his asshole. And, with his balls hanging down, the flesh under the top of his sack, too. I push against him with a firm, but gentle, pressure. That pushes his prostate back towards my finger inside him.

I use the finger in his bottom to slowly stroke over the top of his gland, caressing it. It lets me feel it. It's hard but smooth. It's slightly larger than average, but not so large as to indicate a medical condition. More as if it's just

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enlarged slightly as he's aged. Which many do. It takes a couple of seconds, short seconds before I see the twitches. They're impossible to miss. They're sharp enough to have his cock jump a little with each one. Another second or two and I hear him fighting to muffle a deep purr.

I mock him, telling him that his prostate is swollen up so big that either he's the horniest man in Mobile, or he should be seeing a proctologist. In reality, his prostate gives no clue to how horny he is, or how "full" of cum he is. But his twitching cock does.

I slip my hand down and wrap it around his balls, getting a firm, but not hard, grip on his dangling balls. Then I start slowly pulling my finger from his bottom. I don't straighten it out first. Instead, I let my finger pull against the inside of his asshole, his rubbery muscle pushing it straighter as it slips through his ring. He'll feel that pressure.

And then my finger is out of his bottom. I release his balls and tell him to stand up. Then I get a second pair of handcuffs. I bring his hands behind his back and lock them there. I spin him around by his shoulders, too, so that he faces me.

I grab a leash with a choker collar already attached to it. I drop the loop of the collar over his head. A light tug on the chain leash pulls it lightly snug around his neck.

"I'm sure your mistress has taught you that she will tell you when she wishes her penis to be hard. Since she didn't tell you that she wanted her penis hard, you are clearly taking unauthorized liberties with her property. I'll start by teaching that filthy cock to behave.

"Now, come along to the dungeon and we'll remind it that it should be floppy now," I tell him with an evil smirk on my face. Then I lead him to the playroom.

I parade Harold into the playroom. Emily is sitting on the bench. Properly. The bench is just a short wooden bench with nothing but a pair of legs under it. Its seat is nothing but a 2"x10" board. But it is nicely polished. Mostly it's hard. Something I'm certain that Emily's sore

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bottom is constantly reminding her of. It's along the wall to one side of the door. She sits with her back up straight, and her eyes forward. Her legs are fully crossed, right over left. Her hands are still bound behind her back and that keeps her from using the wall behind her as a backrest. One more little comfort she's denied. Sophie stands over her making sure that Emily behaves.

Emily keeps her eyes forward as I lead her naked father into the room. It gives her a view of his bottom as I walk him past her. I can see that she's still trying hard not to look at him. That's not so uncommon. Few girls really want to see their father naked. Especially leashed.

I walk Harold across the room to the far wall. Then I turn him around again so that his stiff cock is pointing directly at Emily. I put a hand to his chest and nudge him back against the wall. Then I use my foot, tapping the inside of his ankles, to urge him to spread his legs a bit. Just past the point where his balls dangle freely with about a half-inch of air between them and his thighs.

There are already chains attached to the baseboards along this wall. And more to the ceiling above him. I use the ones along the baseboards, with cuffs on the ends of them, to lock his feet in place. Partly in place. Where he can't close his legs or step away. I guess he could stretch his feet a few inches wider, though.

I hold my hand out. "Slave, bring me a pink one," I say in a soft voice. Sophie immediately hurries over to the cabinets along the wall and gets one out. She brings it to me, setting it in my hand.

I asked for a cock clamp. They look like the clamps off of jumper cables, only without the teeth on them. And with bright pink rubber on their jaws. I quickly squeeze one open. Just as quickly I let its jaws clamp shut on the head of Harold's cock. The jaws bite hard into the spongy flesh at its tip, just beside his hole.

"uh..." Harold grunts quickly, "OW!" Harold starts breathing fast, sharp breaths. His hips shudder hard, waving his cock around as if trying to shake off the clamp.

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There's no chance of that. It's far too strong. It just bounces around as his cock shakes it. I give him a few seconds until his squirming starts to ebb. Then I put a second clamp beside it. That gets him squirming anew.

Sophie brings me a few more clamps. In under a minute, I have five clamps on his cock. One at the center of the cock head, and one on each side. All three of those pinches firmly, and bite into, the spongy soft, and nerve-filled, head. I have two more on the steely shaft itself, one about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way down, and one about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the way down. They pinch into the shaft just as hard.

They have Harold wincing hard. And squirming. Almost in tears, but not quite. He does pant some hard strained breaths as he stands there. The chains on his ankles stop him from moving as much as his hips are trying to. But they also leave him enough wiggle room that his thrashing hips swing his hard cock around. Too bad that doesn't shake even one clamp off. Or loosen them. It leaves them where I put them. Biting into his very sensitive cock, stinging those nerves and sending bolts of pain racing through it.

"Sooner or later that perverted cock is going to behave. I can wait," I tell Harold in a very taunting voice. I stand there, off to the side slightly, and just watch as he whines and squirms. I don't want to block his view. His eyes are looking right at Emily as she demurely sits naked and waiting. Obviously, he enjoys that view, and that will make his cock want to be stiff. The clamps, and the mild pain they're giving him, should encourage it to soften up.

It takes several, rather long minutes. But slowly I watch as the stiffness fades from his cock. Not all the way. His cock doesn't shrivel up. It barely loses any of its size. But it does soften up. At least enough that it now hangs down instead of sticking out. And the clamps bite into the shaft fully, squishing it instead of just pinching against it. It doesn't do anything to ease Harold's suffering, though. His hips still fidget just as hard. And he steadily grunts his discomfort.

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I have Sophie fetch me a cock stretcher. At least that's what I call it. It's just a hook with a three-pound weight on the end of it. I slip the hook through the heavy spring of the clamp. And I let go of it. Gravity immediately pulls the weight toward the floor. It pulls his cock firmly downward as well. It's enough weight to stretch his semi-soft shaft.

"UGH!" Harold grunts out. He shudders hard, then his hips return to their squirming. That's a mistake. Every little thrash of his hips does nothing more than bounce the weight around. As it bounces, it tugs hard on his cock. And not pleasantly. It's enough that I see his eyes just beginning to moisten.

And then, as Harold finally manages to force his hips to stay still, I see the first tear roll down his cheek. I see him gritting his teeth, too. And I see his face scrunching up hard. But now his cock is almost still. I "reward" him by taking four of the clamps off. I leave only the one clamp at the tip of his cock. The one with the weight dangling from it.

I pause for close to a full minute. I just stand there staring at Harold. I watch him fidget and whine. I wait. Eventually, I start seeing the faint quivers flowing through his body. I knew he'd enjoy the pain. More so if he was "forced" to behave and endure it. Diane told me that much.

Now that Harold is standing fairly still, I reach up under his taut-hanging cock and put the tip of a finger to his balls. I lightly tickle his balls. "That filthy bitch will be getting a nice, huge enema to clean it. You are going to watch, and behave while you do. You can think about how your little girl wouldn't be suffering like that if you weren't such a creepy old freak.

"Oh, and in case you haven't figured it out yet, my rule is the same as your mistress's. When I want that cock hard, I'll tell you. Otherwise, it stays soft. You might be a disgusting pervert, but you will not be acting like one here.

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I don't care how hot you think that titless whore's skanky bottom is."

I smirk. I catch a glimpse of Emily cringing hard as I remind her what's in store for her. I hear a faint groan escape from Harold's lips. One that tells me he knows he's in for two kinds of agony. And he knows his cock is not going to want to behave for that sight.

If my suspicions about Emily are correct, Harold doesn't know the half of it.

I can't be sure how either of these two is going to react to the enema. But I have a couple of guesses. Probably good ones. I suspect Harold is going to like it as much as Emily will squirm.

Either way, I know that the waiting, the anticipation of what's coming, is going to tease them more than the actual enema will. It always seems to. So I take my time. The longer it takes me, the longer they're waiting.

Emily is trying hard to behave. But she can't stop herself. Her head turns slightly. Her eyes just can't move far enough in her head to see what I'm doing. And she can't resist the urge to see. Even though it clearly makes her even more nervous when she does. I see her face scrunching in horror.

I step over to the cabinets. There's a small rolling table already over there. I start setting things out on it. First is the enema bag. Mine are all clear bags, like IV bags, with about six feet of tubing already attached to them. They all hold a full liter of solution. The only difference between them is the color of the fluid inside. That's just food dye to tell me what's in it. I pick a yellow one.

Yellow is the color for mineral oil. It makes for a rather uncomfortable enema. Unlike water, or anything water-based, the oil won't be absorbed by her rectum. Water is, fairly quickly. Once absorbed, the water passes through her body. And that reduces the volume left in her rectum. That won't happen with oil. Every last drop of it will stay in her bottom until she's allowed to empty it.

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There's one other difference between oil and water enemas. The oil won't loosen her stool. It will leave her waste firm, as it would be without an enema. It will come out of her, along with the enema, just like that instead of in a watery mess.

Then I lay out a couple of nozzles. I hold up the first one. It's almost comically huge. It's a full ½" thick, and about 8" long. That's far bigger than needed. But that's only for Emily to see. She does. It has the desired effect. Her eyes pop wide in horror. The second one is only about 6" long, and about ¼" thick. That one has a wide latex band at its base that can be inflated to hold it in place.

I add a couple of pairs of latex gloves to the table. And a single-use packet of lubricating gel. Finally, I set my inspection camera on the table. I watch out the corner of my eye as I do. It's just a cheap camera I bought at Harbor Freight designed to look into engines or down drain pipes. But it works to look up her "drainpipe" too. It's a little thicker than a finger, with a lighted lens at the tip of the 18" long flexible shaft. As I'm setting it on the table, I have the shaft stretched out to its full length. That makes Emily suck in a sharp breath and tremble as she watches me add it to the collection. Even though she has no clue what I might do with it.

I push the rolling cart over beside the massage table in the center of the room. Then I crook a finger to Emily summoning her to come over for her "butt washing enema." Emily stands. She comes. It's about three steps from where she's been sitting. She crosses them with the tiniest baby steps, more shuffling her feet than walking. She trembles so badly that she wobbles as she walks. I just point to the table and tell her to sit on the edge. She very slowly pulls herself up and sits properly. I push the cart out in front of her, beyond her reach but just barely, where she'll have to look at the torture implements arranged on it.

I leave Emily sitting there, staring at the enema and fidgeting. I step back over to where Harold is waiting. He's

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still grimacing, but he's stopped whining. Mostly. The weight still has his cock stretched tautly downward, too. And now, his cock is starting to show a tinge of purple to its flesh around the clamp. I'll bet that his cock head is throbbing badly now. That clamp is really squishing into the soft flesh.

"Is your Mistress's cock going to behave its perverted self while your daughter gets the enema you helped earn her?" I ask him in a rather cold and taunting voice. A mocking voice that I hope tells him I already know it's not.

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold answers in a groaning voice.

"I really hope you're not lying to me, freaky boy," I sternly tell him.

I reach down and take the clamp off his cock. Instantly the head of his cock springs back into its bell shape. Only now there's a bloodlessly white spot on the head where the clamp had been. Harold pants a deep sigh of relief. His cock hangs limp, still long and full, but not stiff, for a moment. At least now it droops down over his balls.

It hangs half limp for about one second. From this angle, he has a side view of Emily. A perfect angle for him to see just how flat her chest is and how long her hard nipples are. That's enough. After that first second or so, I see his cock start slowly swelling back to steely hardness.

I just stand there, not saying anything, until his cock is fully hard. That doesn't take long. Maybe ten seconds tops before it's standing out straight again. "Uhhh..." I sigh out. "I see it is going to be creepy filthy!"

I'm not one to tolerate such disobedience. I know it's not really possible for a man to stop his cock from getting hard when he's aroused, and there's definitely no changing what arouses a person. But that doesn't mean it won't make a good excuse to give him the punishment he wants. And in all fairness, Emily does have a fairly cute and firm little bottom.

I just reach over to where I set the clamp I took off his cock not long ago. The one with the weight attached

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that had his cock pulled down. I pinch the clamp wide open as I bring it over.

Harold stands and watches. I see his eyes tracking the clamp and a whining look on his face as he dreads more of the hard pinch and pulls.

I glare hard at Harold, keeping my eyes on him as a reminder to keep his up. I don't have to move anything with his cock so stiff. It's poking straight out from his pubes. Not a bit of sag to it.

Last time Harold's cock was soft enough to have some give to it before I put this weight on it. There isn't going to be a bit of give to it now. His cock is too hard. Even with this weight on it, it would only angle downward slightly. And it would hurt more as it tugged hard on his steely shaft. I hope he's thinking about all of that.

I bring the clamp up under his cock. I keep one eye locked on Harold's eyes, making sure he's looking forward not watching me. He doesn't dare move them, not with me watching. And that means he can't see the clamp as it nears his cock.

"OW!!!!" Harold blurts out in horrified shock and discomfort, and I close the clamp around the top of his sack. I have the jaws pointing up. That way, while the tightest pinch of them is against his sack, his balls are feeling the pinch. Almost as hard of a pinch. His sack, no one's sack, is big enough for his balls to hang beyond the jaws. As I close the clamp, fairly quickly, it squeezes his balls harder than my hand ever has.

As soon as the clamp is closed around his balls, I let go of it. It drops about an inch, yanking hard downward on his sack as it does. It pulls hard against his balls, too, squishing them down against the bottom of his sack even harder than it squeezes them.

"EEEEEE!!!!!" Harold shrieks loudly. I'd swear his voice even seems to have raised up an octave or two. He shudders hard. His face scrunches up just as hard. And his eyes water immediately.

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"OW!!!" He pants hard, fast, and loud. He can't stop himself from fidgeting, even though every movement jiggles the weight against his captive balls. He sucks lightning-fast, very strained breaths.

I completely ignore his suffering. "I don't see that penis being a good little boy yet..." I say in my most teasing voice. I stand there and glare at him coldly. I'm hoping the stern look on my face tells him the rest of the message. That we will be standing here until his cock isn't stiff. It won't bother me. I don't feel a thing. I doubt it bothers Emily either, it gives her a brief delay from the enema.

I pick up my crop. I don't move but instead, swing the crop around to tap his sore bottom with it. "Stop crying like a sissy, freak boy. Stand still!" I give him another and much harder swat. It's hard enough to get its own yelp from him.

And to still him. It doesn't stop those fast panting breaths. It makes his face wrinkle up even harder. But he stands still for a couple of seconds before light shivers start flowing over his body.

I use the soft, but stiff, tip of my crop to give him another very light tap. Right on the top of his cock head. It's just barely enough to bump his still rock-hard cock down a bit. "You be a good little perverted penis..." I say in a mocking voice. I start tapping my foot, about one tap per second. I tap off five seconds. Then I give his cock another tiny swat with the crop. "Be a good little penis..." and I start counting again.

It takes about six taps before I see his cock starting to get softer. I know Harold is praying that I will very quickly remove that clamp. I don't. I ignore the gentle softening. I keep going as if his cock was still fully stiff.

In another half minute, his cock is moderately soft. About as soft as it was when I took the clamp off of it. "Fully soft, freaky little penis..." I teasingly tell Harold just to dash his hopes that this will be soft enough to free him from the hard pinching on his balls. I keep tapping off the

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seconds, too. The only difference is now his cock is soft enough that the swats to it aren't really bouncing it anymore. No matter, he'll still feel them just the same.

It takes at least another minute. I wait until his cock is fully soft, hanging down limp and shrunken. Its sagging tip almost reaches the top of the clamp's jaws as they still pull down on his tender balls. And Harold still whines.

Now that his cock is soft, I have Sophie fetch me a cock cage. It's steel, with a bit of a bend to it that will keep his cock lying down over his balls. And a ring on the open end that locks around his balls, too small for him to pull his balls through it. It's about an inch wide, making it a slightly snug fit on his squishy-soft cock. That leaves no room for his cock to stiffen or thicken. It's about 3½" long. That's long enough for his soft cock, but not for it to get much stiffer. The ring around his balls will hold it from pulling forward with the top of his cock as it tries. The cage will force his cock to stay soft. As it tries to stiffen, and it's going to almost the second this weight comes off his balls, it will only strain against the steel of the cage. Unpleasantly. The harder it tries to get, the more blood that flows into it and fills it, the more the cage will bite into it as it confines it.

Now, I take the clamp off his balls. That gets a deep and relieved, sigh from Harold. I drape the leash over his head and use it to lead him over to the table where Emily is sitting and waiting. With each step closer to her, Emily starts to get even more fidgety as she waits. She knows it's time. Every step closer to her is a step closer to her bottom's filling.



*Chapter Four - Daddy/
Daughter Enema*

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I stand Harold at one side of Emily, along the side of the table. "I am going to unlock your hands. You are going to be a very good little freaky boy. You will not touch yourself. Not even your legs. Not even to scratch an itch. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold says, a bit of hesitation in his voice that tells me he's aching to do just that. Probably to rub and soothe his aching, purple balls.

"And you are not going to be a pervert here. You will not touch your little girl's titless chest, or her pubes, or her pussy, or play with that bottom you seem to lust after. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am." This time there's no hesitation to Harold's voice. I'm pretty sure that the idea of actually touching, or doing anything, with Emily has never entered Harold's mind. I doubt he could have even imagined seeing anything. Or her seeing anything. Even if he does think about touching her, with incest being rather taboo, I doubt he'd dare to broach the subject with her. And he definitely wouldn't want anyone to see any of it. In other words, he wouldn't touch her here.

"Good. Consider this your only warning. I don't do second chances. Misbehave, and not only will you be punished appropriately, but every infraction will add two ounces - that's one whole disposable enema from a drug store - to *her* enema. And two extra minutes of waiting for relief from it. And that doesn't include the extra time she has to wait while I spank you.

"Now, be a good boy and lie her on her back, legs up on the table. Slut, just do nothing. Let your perverted daddy do it for you."

Now that their hands are free, Harold puts his very lightly on Emily's ankles. He lifts her legs up by her ankles, uncrossing them, and uses her legs to spin her onto the table. He sets her feet on it. Then he puts his hands to her shoulders, taking obvious care to keep even the tips of his thumbs far from her chest, and lies her back.

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Emily trembles as her father moves her into position. Her face scrunches up a bit, too. She looks as if she's about to panic. As Harold lies her back, I see her start to stiffen a bit. Not enough to stop him, but enough that he should feel her reluctance to allow him to lie her down.

I tell Harold to roll her onto her left side. That will put her bottom towards him. Then I stand there, tapping my foot impatiently, but lightly, and glaring hard at Harold.

Harold silently mouths "I'm sorry, Emily." And then he reaches to Emily's thighs and side, keeping his hands far from the off-limits places, and gently rolls the now-stiff Emily onto her side. Her legs are stiff as he goes to bend her knees and bring her feet up, positioning her as if she were sitting in a chair but lying on her side. Emily starts sobbing softly, mostly mutely. She quivers as hard as ever.

I tell Harold to very gently put one hand to Emily's top (her right) cheek, letting his finger slip halfway into her crack, and stretch her cheek up as high as he can. "That will fully expose your daughter's anus for her enema," I add only to make him think about what he's doing.

Harold puts his hand to her bottom very hesitantly. Emily flinches hard, her body almost snapping, as she feels his touch. I doubt it's the touch, but the knowledge that her father is going to spread her cheeks for her to get an enema. An enema that she does not want, and that clearly has her nearly terrified.

He slips his finger into her crack very slowly, adjusting his hand's position as he does. He takes care not to let his fingers touch the valley of her crack. I did tell him only halfway into her crack. He's clearly not taking any chances of bringing more on her.

Then he lifts. He moves slowly, pulling her cheek up. But he lifts it high. As high as he can. It leaves her bottom cheek lying relaxed, but still fully rounded, on the table. It gives her crack a V shape, the inside edge of her top cheek pulling taut and straight while the inside edge of her bottom cheek still has a bit of casual roundness to it. It also stretches her asshole slightly, rounding out the ring,

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and showing off the countless little wrinkle lines that flow around it. But mostly defining the dark roundness at the center of deep-colored flesh.

I leave Harold holding her cheek up. He keeps his eyes forward, an easy way to avoid actually seeing her bottom. And a way that's guaranteed not to get him in trouble. I put my hand to his head and nudge it down until his eyes are looking right at her exposed asshole. I want him really thinking about what he's helping me to do to his daughter.

"See how dirty her anus is? Take a good look, freaky boy." I tell him. Harold will be able to see a few flecks of waste around her wrinkle lines. But, not being in the medical or corrections fields, he won't have seen too many assholes before and won't know that they all have something, unless freshly cleaned. He'll think it really is dirty.

"Yes, Ma'am," he properly answers. And I see a hard cringe flow through Emily as she hears it. To her, that's an impartial opinion. Now she's certain that I wasn't just making it up. Worse, someone is actually seeing it! Now her father will always know that she came here with a messy butt hole.

I hang the bag up. It needs to be above the height of her hips for gravity to pull the liquid into her bottom. Once it's up, I quickly snap the nozzle onto it. The thinner one, not the huge one. But Emily won't know that. Everything is happening behind her, where she can't see it. I see her flinch again as she hears the snap.

The nozzle is pre-lubricated with a thin film of gel. There's a hard plastic cap over the tip of it to cover the grease. I pop the cap off.

"EWWWW!" Emily squeals nervously as she feels the slick tip touch the outside of her asshole. She reflexively tenses to full clenching tightness, too. I pause, holding the nozzle lightly against her ring for a moment. That gives her a chance to loosen up before it pushes into her. She doesn't. She lies there, cinched tight and fidgeting badly.

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"Give me your hand, freak," I teasingly tell Harold in a very steely firm voice. He starts, very reluctantly, bringing his hand up. I grab his wrist and pull his hand along. I put his hand to the base end of the stiff, but flexible, nozzle. I point to the latex band around the last inch of the shaft. "Do you see that rubber?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold hesitantly answers.

"*You* will push the nozzle into your little girl's anus until half of that band is inside of her butt. Do not stall. Do not dally. Just shove it right up her butt, *now*."

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold barely answers. He pushes.

The lubricated nozzle easily pushes into Emily's unwilling asshole, slightly stretching her tensed ring to accommodate it.

"Noooo..." Emily whines out in a hushed, very nervous, squeaky breath. She shudders hard enough that I see her hips snap forward, away from the tube, as it starts to enter her. But otherwise, she lies there, unhappily, trembling, whining, and demurely allowing the tube to be pushed into her bottom.

I cheat and keep my hand on Harold's wrist so he can't go slowly. I feel just enough tension in his arm to know that he would if he could. Instead, the nozzle takes about a second, maybe a second and a half, to slip about five inches into her bottom.

When it stops moving, I can see Emily's tight asshole squeezing hard around the stiff tube. Her dark, still wrinkled, flesh against the milky whiteness of the shaft. Emily quivers and fidgets hard. She mews soft "Oohs" over and over again.

I take a big syringe and connect it to a small port at the end of the nozzle's base. I push its plunger, pushing a couple of ml of sterile water into the band around the shaft. It inflates the band. Partially. With Emily's asshole squeezing hard against it, the center of the band doesn't inflate. Instead, the end does, swelling up just outside her asshole. As does the tip of the band, swelling up just beyond her ring and inside her rectum.

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"OH!" Emily starts squealing loudly as she feels the band inflating inside her. It doesn't get that thick. About twice as thick as the shaft. About $\frac{3}{4}$ " total width. That's still narrow enough that Emily is only feeling that it's there. It won't even be a tiny bit uncomfortable. It will just feel like waste ready to be emptied, something she probably feels every day. Without the quivering shrieks.

I tell Harold that he can release her cheek now. He quickly lets go. Emily's cheek drops down, closing her crack. The puffy wide balloon swells beyond the rim of her crack, standing out from the edges of her globes. With a tube running to its center. Everything vanishing into her crack.

I take hold of the leash and use it to walk Harold around to Emily's front. I take him up by her head, standing him where Emily's eyes will be focused right on his caged cock. And only a few inches, less than a foot, from it.

"Oh, *bitch...*" I tell Emily in my most teasing, taunting voice. But also a soft voice. "You are going to be a big bitch, just like you promised me you would be. That means lie still. Do not move anything. Just lie there like a useless sack of meat. That should come naturally to you. You will keep your eyes open and forward. You will not speak. Not another word."

I smirk wide. "And for that little 'no' you didn't think I'd hear, you can add one ounce to the enema. The next word will cost you two ounces." It's not. Nor would Harold's misbehavior actually increase her enema. I've already decided that she can manage with my "standard" bowel cleansing enema. Sixteen ounces. That's going to make her very uncomfortable. I wouldn't increase that just to make her suffer. But I will definitely make her think I am.

"Yes, Ma'am," Emily squeaks out in a hushed, very mousy voice. A voice that seems to cringe as much as she is. It looks as if she's fighting hard to keep her eyes from squeezing shut. And just as hard to keep them from

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averting away from the sight of her father's caged cock in front of her eyes.

I don't know if Emily can notice it or not. I see it. I see the loose skin of his cock starting to squish into the space between the steel bars of the cage. That tells me his cock is trying to stiffen up already. I make sure Harold's focus is on Emily. I tell him that he may touch her chastely and comfort her as she receives her enema. If she behaves. If she misbehaves she won't be allowed that "worthless mercy." He takes her hand, holding it. He puts his other hand on her arm near her shoulder.

I reach down and adjust her arms slightly, telling her that she's not to try and hide her titless chest. She's to keep her arms out from her body. I don't tell her that's so I can see her nipples. The ones that are harder than steel bars as they stick out from her almost flat chest. Despite her babyish whining, something clearly has Emily aroused.

I flip the clamp on the tubing. That lets the fluid start flowing. The yellow liquid quickly runs through the clear tubing. In a couple of seconds, it's vanishing into the nozzle.

"ooh... EEEEE!" Emily shrieks out a fully-panicked squeal. Loudly. She pants hard and fast as if hyperventilating. I can see her body tense up fully. I can see her hand gripping and squishing Harold's. And that's all as the first few cool drops of liquid drip onto her fiery hot rectum. She shouldn't be feeling anything but their iciness yet.

"OH! EEEEEEE!" Emily goes on shrieking squeaky, nervous cries. She trembles hard. She fidgets wildly, but also without moving much.

I watch her body. The one thing that won't lie to me. I see her nipples. They stay stiff. I'd say they strain to stiffen even harder.

"UGH-OWWW!" Harold grunts through gritted teeth. He tries to mute himself but doesn't quite. I'm sure that grunt is warranted. I can see his cock straining so much against the cage that it's taking on a deep purple tinge.

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And that has every bit of loose skin pushed into the space between those rings. It looks like his cock has grown about $\frac{1}{4}$ ", just enough to have the ring around his sack pulling forward. Bringing his sack along with it. As his sack slips through the ring, it tightens the bottom of his sack, using his skin to squeeze his balls. I see his face wrinkling up.

I reach a finger to the underside of Harold's balls and lightly tickle them with the tip of it. "OH, freaky boy," I say a bit loudly, in a very teasing sing-song voice. "Is this filthy perverted cock trying to be naughty and get as hard as a rock?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold reluctantly answers. His voice carries the hard strain and discomfort of his cock being confined, unable to stiffen. Of the steel bars almost cutting into the shaft as it tries to thicken. And the now-light squish on his balls.

It takes a few more seconds before I start to see the top of the bag pulling in as it empties. About an ounce and a half, a shot, of fluid in her bottom now. That's just enough for her to feel the liquid filling her rectum, but not over-filling it. More just flowing into her.

Emily quivers a little harder with every drop. She goes on shrieking squeaky "EE!s" and hyperventilating. And gripping Harold's hand with all her strength. There's not really much more she can do to show her discomfort.

Her nipples still strain for a new height of stiffness. Only now I can see perky goosebumps erupting around them. And I can see those goosebumps starting to rise up on her globes, flowing out from her crack.

Lying in this position, with her waist bent a full 90 degrees, has the puffy mound of Emily's pussy, or at least most of it, sticking out behind her. From between the tops of her thighs. Enough that it rises at least $\frac{1}{4}$ " beyond the backs of her legs. And that's enough for me to see the tips of her lips. Those are already covered with goosebumps. And I can see her slit. I can see her loose folds quivering too. I wonder if it's from her pussy or from her body quivering.

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I leave Emily lying there. Harold tries to softly stroke her arm and holds her hand as he's forced to watch her graphic, and un-warranted, display of discomfort. I watch both. Harold grunts harder, more and more discomfort in his voice, as his cock keeps fighting against the steel of its cage. His cock doesn't get any stiffer, thicker, or longer. It can't. The cage holds it. It just hurts him a little more and makes him grunt harder. And then it brings fresh tears to his eyes. None of which does anything to stop his cock from trying to harden even more.

It's about a minute and about five ounces. Now Emily should be feeling rather full. Not quite ready to explode yet, but definitely ready to run for a toilet. Enough for her bowels to feel like they're filled to capacity, but not quite stretching over-full yet. Just starting to be slightly uncomfortable for her.

I'm standing in front, where Emily can mostly see me. Enough that she knows I'm there, but also without me blocking her view of Harold's straining cock. I want her to see that. I want her to see me, too. I want her to see that I'm closely watching her. With my crop in my hand. Making sure that she keeps her promise to behave. I want her to know that obedience isn't an option. I've decided that she gets an enema, so, no matter how badly she doesn't want it, she's not only to get it but accept it willingly.

Emily is still lying there. She quivers sharply now. And sobs while whining "OH-OOHs" over and over again in a too-squeaky voice. Her body is still as tense as steel. Only now do I see the first drops of her honey appearing on the jiggling edges of her folds. Now I have no doubt that Emily is as hot as she is bothered.

I tell Harold that he can rub her stomach. As long as he behaves himself and rubs her stomach, not her chest. I'm purposely avoiding using the word breasts in front of Emily. I want to remind her that she "doesn't have any." I can tell how sensitive she is about the tiny size of hers.

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Emily steadily whines more as her bottom slowly but steadily fills. With about eight ounces, half of the enema in her, she starts shivering crisply and hard. A glance is all I need to see that her entire pussy mound is wet, too. Her honey is flowing even faster.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" Emily screeches out, her head snapping back and her mouth hanging open. Now she's up to about ten ounces. Now she's definitely feeling over-full. Probably feeling as if her bottom is about to explode from the pressure swelling inside of it. I'm confident she can manage to hold all sixteen ounces. Pretty much anyone can. But it is going to be very uncomfortable for her. "OHMYGOD, IT'S TOO MUCH!"

"UH-OW!" Emily squeals just as loudly when my crop swats her bottom. I land the swat on her top cheek, roughly centered, close to her crack. Maybe an inch from where the tube disappears between her globes.

"Bad bitch!" I sharply scold her. "You were warned, no talking. That's two more ounces, *bitch*. Say anything other than 'yes, ma'am' and apologize, and the next word out of that filthy mouth will earn you four ounces."

"Yes, Ma'am," Emily replies quickly, her voice now very hushed and breaking. Still squeaky. Still quivering, fidgeting, and fussing. "I'm sorry for breaking my promise and being a bad bitch, Ma'am..." In the time it takes her to say those short words, the honey goes from covering her mound to running down the creases of her thighs as well.

Emily pants fast, hyperventilating breaths. "UH! UH! UH!" over and over again. She quivers, shivering harder by the second. She whines. She doesn't say another word. Her body is fully tensed up to the point I'm sure her muscles are starting to burn from it.

Harold stands in front of her. He can't help but to watch her suffer the enema. To see her so obediently lying there for it. To see her long nipples wiggling atop her flat mounds as her body quivers. To see them straining to stiffen even more. Or to hear her agonized moans, as they take on a faint, but sweet, tone, a bit of raspiness to the

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squeakiness. From where he's standing, I doubt that he can see her pussy mound. Her legs will be in the way of his view. But I'd bet he can get a whiff of her mild muskiness. There's no missing it. Not only her mound but then a good part of the backs of her thighs are wet with her oily thin honey.

Harold grunts loudly, too. His cock is now more purple than white. As are his balls. Both strain hard against the steel bars of the cage. The steel rings that bite hard into the flesh of his cock. And pull firmly against his tender balls. The cage that keeps his cock bound into a curved, limp shape and limited to its floppy size. No matter how much it tries to stiffen. Now even the spongy head of his cock is squished firmly into the tip of the cage.

Finally, Emily has all sixteen ounces. Half the bag. I flip the clamp again, pinching off the line to stop the flow. I give her just a few seconds. She doesn't realize that it's stopped flowing into her. She's too full. At least for her limited experience. All she knows is that it feels like her bottom is going to explode.

I grab Harold's leash. "Come," I tell him firmly. I lead him around behind Emily. She lies there squirming and whining. I have him lift her cheek up high again. Now he has a view of the dark flesh of her ring straining as it squeezes as hard as it possibly can against the thick white tube passing through it. I have him hold it in place while I deflate the balloon that's holding it in her bottom. The balloon that's preventing her from having an accident, no matter how much she tries to.

She should feel the balloon shrinking inside her bottom. But I doubt she notices it. She's too busy squealing over the intense pressure. "*BITCH*" I raise my voice a bit to make sure I have her attention. "Your daddy is going to pull the nozzle out of your anus now. You will behave and control yourself like a big bitch. If you have an accident, you can have another enema until you learn to behave for them. Is that clear, bitch?"

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"Yes, Ma'am," Emily squeaks out in a voice so low I can barely hear her that breaks with her sobs. "I promise to be a big bitch and not crap all over myself, Ma'am." I didn't even tell her to promise. But she did. I won't correct her obviously rude language this time. But I will next time.

I tell Harold to pull it out the same way he pushed it in. just tug, and it will come. Harold tugs. It comes out quickly, surprising him, slipping along easily on its film of greasy gel.

"EEEEEE!" Emily shrieks. For the second it takes to pull from her bottom. "UH-OWWWWWWWWWWW!!!!!!!" she cries out, shuddering hard, once it's out of her bottom. Her asshole closes instantly, losing no more than a drop of the liquid. Her muscle squeezes so tightly that it vibrates slightly. And that wiggles the single, prominent wrinkle line flowing into it.

It has her folds jiggling in her gash, too. And her honey almost flowing like a river. "OH-OWWWWWWWWW!" She cries out again, a bit more squeakiness in her pleading voice. But other than shuddering and shivering so crisply that her long nipples dance, she lies still, fully tensed up.

"Freaky boy," I say to Harold in my teasing voice. "It looks like this filthy bitch needs her daddy's help again!" I smirk. I tell Harold that he's to lie Emily on her back now, with her legs and feet together. And he's to move her, not let her move herself. Not that she could easily move with all the tension in her muscles. He's to put her arms at her sides, too.

Then I watch as Harold basically fights Emily's body to get her into position. It's not that she resists him, just that she's so tensed that moving her limbs is like bending steel. There's no way Emily is going to loosen up, either. Not while she's straining so hard to keep her asshole tensed up.

Emily screams out a loud "OWWW!" with every tiny movement of her body. As full as she is, her rectum is going to be stretched to the point where it's firmed up inside of her. With it less flexible, every movement is going

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to be sending sharp little cramps shooting through her just behind her pubes. And making her urge to empty suddenly so much stronger.

Despite her noisy whining, Harold manages to get her into position. I walk around and stand over her head. From her side, I lean over, bringing my face close to hers. "Now you will lie there for five full minutes while the cleanser does its job. And you will behave, *bitch*, is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Emily stutters in a mute voice. "I promise that I will lie here and behave, Ma'am."

I tell Harold that he may rub her stomach very lightly, which will ease her cramps, but otherwise, he may not touch her. He starts rubbing her stomach. Very lightly, barely touching her, not wanting to do anything to make it worse for her.

Emily lies trembling and mewling soft, very pleading, and strained "OOHs." Her face is scrunched up, but she keeps her eyes mostly open as I've told her to do. She stares at the blank ceiling, unable to see what's going on around her. Or to her.

I just stand over them, watching them both and waiting. I make sure that both get frequent glimpses of the crop in my hand. That should be a warning that I won't tolerate disobedience.

"Freaky boy... Does your daughter have nice, silky smooth skin?"

"Yes, Ma'am." There's really no other way he could answer that. Emily does have silky skin. And she has a flat stomach with toned muscles and taut skin.

I can see Harold's cock still fighting to stiffen up in the cage. And I can hear his grunts. The discomfort in his voice. So I know he's still very aroused. "That bitch's skin feels good to a pervert like you, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." He reluctantly admits.

"Look at the bitch's pussy..." I tell him, adding a bit of firmness to my voice to remind him it's not a request. Emily's pussy mound is puffy enough that it can be seen

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between the tops of her squished thighs. It's glistening with its coat of her oily honey. Honey that somehow has gotten smeared onto her silky bare pubes, too. "can you see her pussy skank covering everything?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." He confesses even more reluctantly.

"That pussy must really want some attention, don't you think, pervert?"

"Yes, Ma'am..."

"Your cock likes that titless little girl and its sloppy wet pussy, doesn't it pervert?"

"Yes, Ma'am..."

I thought he might try to lie about it out of shame. He definitely blushes beet red and his voice is very hushed as if he's praying that Emily doesn't hear him. "Aw..." I switch to a taunting voice, "does that freaky cock hurt from trying so hard to get nice and stiff?"

"Yes, Ma'am..."

"I guess that freak stick must really want to slide in and out of that hot, wet tunnel... She's narrow, so she'd feel tight even on that tiny cock. Does that useless cock want to fuck that slutty slop pit of hers?"

"Yes, Ma'am" Harold very unhappily, and reluctantly, admits. Not that he could deny it with his cock still purple as it strains against its cage.

I slap Harold's face. "Pervert! What kind of a father are you? Fucking your daughter? That's sick!" I reach down, behind Harold's bottom and between his thighs. I cup his dangling balls in my hand, squeezing just enough for him to feel that I have them. "Your cock likes watching her cry and squirm? Your cock wants to fuck that slutty thing while its butt is pumped full with the enema? That will make her pussy even tighter. And make her feel cramps every time it moved in that hot, wet, pit. Does that cock like watching her suffer likes this?" I tighten my grip a slight bit.

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold says, his voice sobbing from the shame. And worse the embarrassment of knowing that Emily is hearing every bit of it.

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Emily lies obediently mute as she fidgets and groans her very urgent, pleading whines. Her face is scrunched up hard, making it hard for me to see the expression on it, but I'm pretty sure I see a bit of disgust, and a lot of nervousness, at the idea of her father fucking her like this. I'll bet Emily is already envisioning it. His cock stroking her pussy, the tightness, the building orgasm, and the cramps killing her as it all happens.

Not that it's going to happen. I'd bet Harold knows it, too. He should know that Diane would never let him out of the "no orgasm" punishment. And I wouldn't either. I doubt Emily knows it, though.

I'm only tormenting Harold to pass the time. The five minutes that Emily will have to hold the enema. Without anything to help her, like a butt plug. It's my standard time, the minimum that I insist any toy retain an enema. And the length of time it takes a cleansing enema to fully do its job.

"Are you ready to go potty, slut?" I ask Emily.

"Yes, Ma'am!" Emily answers quickly in a very urgently squeaking voice. "Can I please go potty NOW, Ma'am?"

"Now how are you going to do that, stupid slut?" I mockingly ask her, "when every time you move you end up screeching out like you're dying?" I pause for about a half-second. It's not long enough for her to say anything. But I can tell she's thinking about it. She's thinking about how she's going to manage to get to the toilet and how awful that walk is going to be. She's not thinking, not yet, about how humiliating I could make that for her.

"I know! Your perverted father can help you potty!" I blurt out with some enthusiasm in my voice. "Would you like to ask your daddy - nicely - to help you potty?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Emily answers. I nod to her. Eagerly, she blurts out, her voice rather anxious, "Dad, will you please help me go potty? Please, dad, it hurts when I move!"

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I swat Harold's sore bottom with my hand. Not too hard, but enough to make sure I have his attention. "Don't just stand there like the useless pervert you are, freak boy, help your little girl go potty after the huge enema you gave her," I tell him with a heavy note of disapproval. "Or does that creepy penis of yours want to watch her squirm a little more? *Get your eyes off her jiggling nipples!*"

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold answers. He starts to reach for Emily's shoulders and hips as if he's going to carry her to the toilet.

I stop him. "Not like that!" I scold him icily hard. "First, be very gentle with this filthy bitch, it's extremely uncomfortable and that's your fault for being naughty," I tell Harold that he's to put his hands to her hips. And be very careful not to touch "that hard bubble butt you're lusting to play with... In fact, you'd like to fuck that tiny little butt, wouldn't that creepy wants-to-be rock-hard cock?"

Harold cringes hard. Then reluctantly confesses "Yes, Ma'am..."

"Are you thinking about fucking your daughter's ass now, while she's busy crying because it's so full?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Harold confesses in the most reluctant and hushed voice ever. And blushes a bit deeper. It makes his face a little redder than any sunburn ever would.

"Tell her!" I snap in a harsh, steely voice. "Look that slut in the eyes and tell her what your filthy cock wants to do to her. Fully. And don't think about mumbling like some bitch boy. *NOW!*"

Harold weeps a few tears of shame. He slowly steps around to her side and leans over so that he's looking her right in her eyes as commanded. "I'm so sorry, Emily... I can't help it... My filthy cock wants to fuck you... in your wet pussy and in your full butt... so much that my cock is trying to get hard, and the cage is holding it, and hurts like a bitch--"

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CRACK. My whip snaps hard against Harold's sore bottom. "OW!" Harold squeals out. "Language, freaky boy!" I scold him firmly. I hope Emily hears it, too. Maybe she'll remember to watch her mouth, too.

Then, with a bit of icy encouragement from me, Harold again reaches for her hips. I have him slide her gently down the table, keeping her body in the same position so that she won't cramp until her knees are fully bent with her calves hanging over the edge.

I know Harold is thinking that he's going to sit Emily up now. I know Emily is thinking that as well. I tell Harold to very slowly, and gently, lift Emily's ankles up. I tell him to keep her knees bent 90 degrees, as they are now, while he does that. And to open her legs slightly.

Harold, now knowing that this is going to make Emily even more uncomfortable, moves very slowly. It takes him about a full minute to lift her ankles up. With him standing at the foot of the table, Emily is lying at about the height of his navel. I have him lift her ankles until her calves are flat, even with the table. That has her thighs straight up and down. Then I tell Harold to hurry up, this won't bother Emily, and bend her knees a little to rest her ankles on his shoulders.

I'm not sure if they've figured anything out yet or not. But now Emily is lying on her back with her body positioned as would be if she were sitting on the toilet.

Harold has a good view of her body, too. He can see the backs of her thighs. With them now slightly spread, he can see the entirety of her pussy mound poking out towards him too, in all its sloppy-wet glory. And her mound is covered in fresh, sparkly wetness. And he can see the bottom half of her globes. It's not a view, or an angle, that most ever see.

The position naturally lifts Emily's bottom a bit, shifting her weight back onto what would be the tops of her globes and her back. Her spread feet, even only a foot or so apart, start to pull her cheeks slightly apart. Enough so that the edges of her cheeks, barely touching anyway, part

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enough to begin opening her deep crack. Enough that I can see her straining asshole in its valley. I wonder if Harold realizes that this position increases Emily's urge to empty, an urge that was already ten times worse than anything she's ever imagined. Or if he realizes that her asshole is pointed directly at him.

I take a moment, leave a very impatient Emily to wait. I tell her to keep her hands at her sides, touching nothing, and palms up. Unless she'd care to start over. Even the thought of it seems to scare her. I know she's going to behave.

I had Harold put Emily's ankles on his shoulders for a reason. It leaves his hands free. I doubt he thought about that. At least not until I hand him a large, shallow, clear plastic bedpan. The surprised, disgusted, and slightly nervous look on his face tells me so. But he is now.

I have Harold slide the shallow rim of the bedpan as far under Emily's bottom as he can, centering her asshole over it. I have him spread her cheeks wide, holding them fully stretched open. That has Emily's clenching and tiny asshole fully displayed.

I tell Harold that he's to start counting backward, at a normal speaking pace and voice, from "100 chimpanzees in a tree." That's about 2 seconds for each count. I warn him that if he slows down, both he and Emily will pay the price of his disobedience "and I think this filthy bitch has suffered enough for your creepy cock's misbehavior today."

Harold starts counting. I tell Emily that she may relieve herself. Or not. I really don't care. But *before* "your daddy starts to say "no chimpanzees in the tree," you will stop. This is the only chance of relief I'll offer you, bitch, I suggest you go poopy."

I don't even get the words out of my mouth. As soon as I start and get "you may go poopy..." out of my mouth, Emily's bottom explodes. Her asshole opens as wide as it can. A powerful geyser of yellowish liquid erupts from her ring, shooting hard against the backside of the bedpan. The messy fluid runs down into the pan and starts filling it.

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A few droplets splatter, landing on Harold's arms and chest.

And it keeps shooting out as if a fire hose had been opened. My hands are on Harold's head. I hold it still, making him stare directly at Emily's dilated asshole and the fluid gushing out of her. It looks like an ocean, especially compared to her tiny body.

It's not long, maybe a couple seconds, before her feces starts coming out with the fluid. I'm not sure Emily even realizes it. Not with her asshole gaping so wide. Not with that torrent spewing out of it. But Harold will see it. Several mid-sized clumps of solid brown waste. All of which shoot back, bounce lightly off the back of the bedpan and start making a rather smelly pile. It's why I picked the mineral oil for the enema. If Harold is going to watch her asshole closely while she poops, he should get the deluxe show.

Emily's bottom continues shooting the jet of fluid out of it as Harold loudly counts down. I hear him raising his voice slightly, making sure Emily knows how long she has left to finish. I know he's praying that she will be able to finish in the time I've given her.

Emily finally stops fidgeting almost as soon as she's allowed to release the pressure. She lies still. But she cries out a loud "OW!" as she starts relieving herself. That vanishes quickly. Her hands ball into fists. "Ooh!" She purrs out in a mixture of relief and the strain of her still desperate urge to empty. Her voice fades into more relief as the enema flows from her bottom.

About the time Harold gets down to 40, I see the flow ebb. By 30 it stops. "Ahhh!" Emily breathes out with relief.

It doesn't last long. He gets to 22 before Emily screeches a very loud, and shocked "OH-OWWWW!-EEEE!" and lets go again. A second geyser, as powerful as the first, erupts from her asshole, adding more liquid and mess to the bedpan.

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It makes Harold antsy as now he thinks she'll never finish on time. After all, she only has about 200 seconds, a little over three minutes to empty.

Harold gets to 4 before the new torrent begins ebbing. At two, with the flow down to a small trickle, I see Emily clenching her asshole tight to stop the flow. Then one. The flow is pinched off just before Harold reaches zero.

Emily lies there, breathing relief, for several seconds. Slowly, I see the tension fade from her ring. Now there's nowhere near the pressure inside her to make her uncomfortable. I doubt she even feels anything. I doubt there's more than a couple of drops left inside her anyway.

I set a package of baby wipes on Emily's stomach. "Clean your baby up, freaky boy. I want that bitch spotless."

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold answers, a little note of apology to Emily in his voice. Then he reaches for a wipe. He starts with her cheeks, washing them with the soapy wet wipe. He works inward towards her crack. From the cleanest to the messiest. Luckily for her, the geyser was so powerful that it sprayed forward into the pan, leaving little to cling to her bottom. Except at the end. But that's mostly clean-looking oil, not her mess. I let Harold use all the wipes he wants, and he's not shy about using them.

He wipes about $\frac{1}{3}$ of her globes, and as much of her crack as his fingers can reach. He wipes over her asshole several times. Then he pauses as if he's done.

I scold him for being so "inattentive" to "his little girl's hygiene." I tell him to use one hand to stretch her asshole out as much as he can. Then I make him use two wipes to clean it thoroughly. I even make him smooth out the wrinkle lines around her rings and clean them. Then, with a fresh wipe covering it, I make him use his fingertip to press firmly against her asshole, pushing her ring slightly aside as he does, to clean there, too. When he's done with her bottom, there isn't a speck of dirt anywhere to be found. Just a glistening wetness from the moist wipe.

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I point to her still honey-covered mound. It's a fresh wetness, not the sticky drying wetness of older honey. Her honey is still weeping from her slit, even as she lies loose and demurely allows him to intimately clean her asshole. "I said spotless, freaky boy. Clean that skank pit, too. And try not to get too aroused." I add in a very scornful, degrading voice.

I instruct Harold to first clean the creases of her thighs. Then to clean the outside of her lips. He uses a feathery light touch and tries very hard to make sure she only feels the wipe touching her pussy, not his fingers. Still, even the soft touch gets the loose flesh of her plump lips jiggling slightly as he wipes the honey from them.

I know both of them think, and probably hope, that's the end of it. So I make Harold use a hand to open her lips. Just her lips, so he can clean the underside of them and her sloppy-wet pinkness. As he does, I notice a faint hint of raspiness to Emily's breath as she lies there still, quivering faintly, and being very intimately cleaned.

So I have him clean both sides of her very loose, soft, inner folds as well. And the tiny slice of pinkness between them just above her tunnel. I make him clean around, but not inside, her narrow tunnel. And I scold him as he does to "stop thinking about that worthless cock of yours sliding in and out of that filthy pit and just clean the skanky thing!"

Now there's only one thing left glistening from honey instead of the moistness of the wipe. The wide ridgeline of pinkness in her slit where her folds meld together. The ridgeline that nestles her clit. I make him clean that, too, warning him to really clean it, not just wipe over it once.

"AH!" Emily sucks in a very sharp, throaty squeak and shudders hard as he touches her there. She keeps shuttering and panting lightning-fast "ooh-AHHH!" throaty squeaks as he cleans her there. I know he's going as fast as he can, but it's not fast enough to keep a fresh layer of goosebumps from erupting on her lips.

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Now that Emily is clean, I have him lie her back down with her calves dangling over the edge. I have Sophie take his leash. "Go wash her filth out of my bedpan, freaky boy," I tell him. With a wide smirk, Sophie leads him to the bathroom to scrub, not rinse, the disposable pan out.



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Emily never got near a real toilet. The only relief I allowed her was the bedpan her father held for her. Nor did I allow her to clean herself up. Only what he did for her. While Harold was off with Sophie scrubbing out the bedpan that I'm throwing out anyway, I told Emily to get off the table and go sit on the bench again. Only this time her hands aren't bound. She gets to keep them behind her back without the chains on them.

I watch Emily closely as she sits there. I can see that she's still very uncomfortable being here, and that has her fidgeting. But I don't see any discomfort to her. And that's what I'm watching for. I don't want her sitting there with her bottom ready to explode. It looks like she's not, so I can move along.

It takes a couple of minutes for Sophie to lead Harold back in by his leash. When she does, she brings him straight to me. I can clearly see his deep purple cock is still straining against the cage, squishing the loose flesh of his flaccid penis between the steel rings. That has got to hurt. It certainly looks like it. I'd wondered if the break from "the action" that scrubbing out the pan gave him would ease his arousal. Apparently scrubbing her poop out of the pan did not ease anything for him. Fine by me.

I take Harold's leash and lead him over to the wall, where I had him earlier. Only this time I don't chain his legs. Not yet, I'll need them free. I have him stand against the wall with his hands behind his neck. Facing Emily as she again demurely sits offering him a good view of her nude body. Except for her pussy. Her crossed legs hide that. But they don't hide her bare "breasts" or the long nipples standing straight off of them.

And that's where I see Harold's eyes keep wandering to. It looks to me as if he's trying to stop himself. As if he doesn't want to look at his daughter's nipples. But does, anyway. They are rather long, and that makes them cuter. Especially atop her nearly flat mounds.

"I am going to take this cage off that filthy cock, freak boy. It *will* behave." I tell him in my firmest voice.

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As I reach down to unlock the cage from his cock, I have no illusions that his cock is going to stay soft. I fully expect it to stiffen up immediately. And that's exactly what happens. Even as I'm still pulling the cage off of its soft length, I can see it stiffening. A second later it's standing out again at its full hardness.

"I see you're still being a creepy pervert, freak boy," I mock Harold. It's a good way to give his cock a minute. When it first sprang to full stiffness, it was still deep purple. But slowly, the purpleness is fading back into its normal hue of mostly white with a faint bronze tinge to it. I hear Harold breathe out a deep sigh of relief as his cock is freed, and then mutter a few more "uh!s" under his breath as it stiffens.

"Don't worry, I can make even the creepiest of cocks be good little dildos," I smirk wide as I taunt Harold. Then I hold a hand out to my side. "Slave, fetch me a ball noose, I think $\frac{3}{4}$ kilos will do."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie giggles as she hurries to fetch it. For some reason, Sophie has always enjoyed seeing these used. I think, like me, she just likes watching the men squirm.

She brings it, putting it in my hand. Harold watches in horror as he sees it, his eyes following it all the way from the cabinet to my hand.

I don't hesitate. As soon as it's in my hand, I'm dropping down to one knee. As petite as I am, that has his cock jutting out and about into my eye. I reach my hand up between his spread thighs and use the tips of my fingers to lightly stroke the backside of his sack. It lightly tickles him. Enough that I can see his balls quiver slightly as my fingers bump them around a bit.

For a few seconds, his balls just wiggle. Then, slowly they drop a tiny bit. His cock doesn't even think about softening. It just twitches slightly as I tease him.

I keep teasing his balls while I use my other hand to slip the noose up and over his dangling balls. I bring it up carefully, not letting it touch his sack as I do. Then I slowly

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close the strap around his sack, up high, almost against the bottom of his shaft.

The noose is just a ¼" wide strap of slightly stiff black rubber. It has a pull-through buckle on it, like a zip tie only this one will release if it's squeezed. It has some weights attached to it by little plastic clips. As the weights hang down, they pull the strap tighter. At the same time, the clips pull down on the top of the strap, driving the bottom edge of it even tighter against his sack.

I let go of the noose. The weight, a little over a pound and a half, is plenty to pull it tight. The wide strap squeezes down around his sack, just above his balls. It drops, too, pushing his tender balls down hard against the now very-taut flesh at the bottom of his sack. And the bottom edge rolls slightly inward. The weights dangle, bouncing slightly.

"UGH!" Harold cries out as the weight squishes his balls. His face scrunches, his eyes almost popping out. And in less than a second I see his eyes wetting. He grits his teeth hard. He starts panting hard. "UH! UH!"

He fidgets and squirms hard. I guess he can't stop himself, most men can't. Even though that has the weights bouncing and tugging harder on his aching balls. The thing to do is to stand still. But it's clear that Harold isn't going to do that. Instead, he grunts, his grunts growing louder and starting to take on a pained note as he squirms.

I stay where I am, watching his balls. Slowly, but steadily, they start taking on a purple hue as the noose restricts the blood flow to them. I'm sure the pounding ache in them is only growing worse by the second, too. That band is squishing them fairly well.

Harold's cock bounces and twitches in front of my face. He struggles but manages, to keep his hands up behind his neck. His cock doesn't manage to touch anything. It dances for at least a full minute.

Finally, I give up. It seems even the ball noose isn't enough to get the arousal out of his cock now. His cock

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must have really enjoyed intimately sharing Emily's enema with her!

I stand back up. It's time for more. I turn my back to Harold. Then I reach back with one hand, putting the tips of my fingers to his shaft about midway along its length. I curl my fingers a bit so that the edges of my nails are against his sensitive flesh. Very slowly, as slowly as I can, I draw my fingers along his length until I feel the spongy soft rim at the base of his cock head against the pads of my fingers. Then I squeeze lightly, letting my fingernails dig into his shaft just enough for him to feel their sharpness. "Come along, freak boy... if you want to cry like a sissy girl instead of behaving, you can be a girl."

I use my light grip on his cock to pull him along. Cocks make great leashes. And there's no way any man is going to let my fingernails dig into his cock instead of following me. Harold doesn't hesitate to follow.

"UGH!-OWWWWWW!" Harold screeches, his voice rising an octave. I don't move slowly for his comfort. I walk at my normal pace, forcing Harold to keep up or let my nails cut into his cock. He keeps up. The speed of the movement has the weights bouncing wildly between his thighs. And every bounce equals a hard tug downward, squishing his balls with all their weight. "OW!" it quickly has the tears running from his eyes.

Luckily for Harold, I'm only taking him a few steps across the room. I stop him at my spanking chair. That's just a simple chair without armrests. It's in front of the bench, several feet out, and facing the bench. I stand him facing Emily. I turn the chair to the side so that its backrest won't be in the way.

Then I release his cock and take hold of the leash still dangling from his neck. "Over you go, freak *GIRL*." I mockingly tell him as I pull down hard on the leash. Harold has no choice but to bend over. I have him bring his hands down so that he can rest his forearms on the seat of the chair. I wouldn't want him off balance, and he would be without the support. He might topple over. Especially in a

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minute or two. I pull his head up so that he's looking directly at Emily. Bent over, while she's seated, his eyes are almost perfectly lined up with her nipples. I nudge his head up just a hair, putting a light strain on his neck from the angle so that he's looking at her face.

I leave him there. Staring at Emily, while she looks back at him. With his legs spread wide. His cock is still rock hard and now pointing mostly at her. With his balls pulled down hard, the weights dangling from them. And his arms opened to the edges of the seat so that nothing blocks Emily's view of it all. Or of his agonized face.

I go over to the cabinets. I keep a wide selection of toys in them. From one I pick out five dildos. None of them are small. The smallest is about 1¼" thick and six inches long. The biggest is about 1¾" thick and 8" long. All of them are "realistic" ones. Dildos that are made to resemble a cock with a bulbous head and fake veins on it. And with fake balls at the base. Those make for a good handle to grip. The smaller two also vibrate. I lay them all out in a line on the counter.

Then I return to Harold empty-handed. He can't see that. But Emily can. I'll bet she's wondering why I laid the toys out and didn't bring anything over with me.

"Last chance to be a good little penis..." I tell Harold. Then I pause for about five or ten seconds. His cock does nothing but keep twitching eagerly. I snap my crop across his bottom, searing a medium pink welt onto the sore flesh.

It gets me another loud yelp, the pitch of his voice rising a bit. And it gets a hard flinch from Harold. That gets the weights bouncing hard as they hang from his balls, yanking against his throbbing orbs. And that gets a loud, long, squealing groan from Harold. None of it does anything to soften up his stiff cock. It just gets a sharp twitch from it.

"Oh that penis really wants to fuck your titless little daughter, doesn't it freak boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Harold confesses in a hushed voice. "OW!" He yelps as my crop swats his bottom again. I

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scold him for being shy. He answers again in a more normal voice.

"Tell that bitch." I command him firmly.

"I'm sorry, Emily, but my perverted penis really wants to fuck you..." Harold says in a voice that's pure shame. But he doesn't mute it.

Emily cringes slightly and blushes to a bright, glowing redness. Clearly, she's uncomfortable hearing it. Especially with her eyes on his very eager stiff cock. I'll bet she didn't notice, or care, about the distinction between his cock wanting her and him wanting her. Although I suspect he'd touch her. I'm less sure if she'd let him touch her.

"Too bad you're a naughty *girl*. And *girls* don't fuck... girls get fucked. Ask that bitch, nicely, to go pick a cock to fuck you."

Harold cringes a little. Just enough for the weights to jiggle a bit more energetically. He takes a raspy deep breath. "Emily, will you please go pick a dick to fuck me. Please, Emily, please pick me a dick..."

I silently point to the selection of dildos that I've laid out while glaring at Emily. I'm sure she can figure out where the dildo she picks is going to end up. It's not like there are a lot of options.

Emily sighs, realizing that she doesn't really have a choice. She's expected to go pick one. She gets up, fidgeting a bit uncomfortably, and walks over to the array of toys. She glances over it. It doesn't take her long. I suspect all of the ones I've laid out are bigger than whatever she might own. Most of the common, cheap ones are more like 5" long and an inch thick. And lack the detail mine have. All of these are larger than average for a man, too, albeit the smaller ones aren't much above the average mark. I'll bet Emily is wondering how those nice fake cocks would feel inside her pussy. She's still sloppy wet and aroused. I don't have to look, I can see the honey she left on my bench.

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Emily is an anal virgin. She told me that. Not even a finger in her bottom before today. And still nothing close to the size of any of these dildos. She cringes again at the thought of one of them in her bottom. Then she chooses the smallest one. She picks it up by the base, holding it with two fingers, and brings it over to me.

"Don't just stand there like the stupid bitch you are, bitch, spread those flabby cheeks so I can see this filthy pervert's anus." I scoldingly tell Emily.

"Ew..." Emily mutters very faintly. She scrunches her face up a bit, too. Reluctantly, she puts her free hand to his globes and pushes his crack apart. She doesn't stretch it fully wide, as Harold did hers, but she does open it enough that I have a good view of his asshole.

I take the dildo from Emily's hand. She eagerly lets go of it, quickly drawing her hand back from it. She loosens up slightly now that the toy is out of her hand. She still holds his cheeks open for me, trying very hard to stare at the wall instead of her father's bottom.

I move as quickly as I can. I take the toy and bring it up between Emily's thighs. As she stands, they're barely parted. The toy pushes its way up, dragging over her skin as it moves. Reflexively Emily's feet open slightly. I'm holding the toy "sideways," with its tip pointed through her thighs, not upward towards her mound. The side of the dildo's cock head bumps hard against her mound.

"OOH!!!!!" Emily screeches out, shuddering violently hard as she feels the stiffness touching her mound. It presses into her gash, pushing her lips and folds aside, to lie firmly against her clit. I rotate the toy against her clit. That keeps her shuddering hard and shrieking out the squeaky high, very needy, cry. But only once. One full revolution of the toy and I pull it away from her pussy.

As the toy comes up, I can see a good coating of her oily honey covering the top inch or two of it. The entire head and a tiny bit of the shaft. I keep going my fastest. I bring the toy up. I turn it, aiming directly for Harold's asshole. The toy pushes his globes aside, stretching his

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crack a bit wider, as it plunges into it. I stop the toy with the tip of it flush against, and pressing firmly on, the outside of his asshole.

I grab Emily's wrist. She squeals from the surprise. I bring her hand over and put it to the base of the toy. I wrap my hand over hers. Closing hers firmly around it. Then I take my hand away, leaving only Emily holding it and his cheeks.

"Ask for it, freak boy. Ask your daughter to make you a girl. In detail. Tell her what to do to that filthy perverted butt. It's not like this stupid thing knows!"

It gets a good hard wince from Harold. He struggles to keep his voice up to where Emily can hear him. Where I can hear him. "Emily, please make me into a girl... just put that toy up my butt... please, Emily... you have to do it... make me a girl."

It's not nearly as detailed as I'd like. But I decide to let it go. I can see Harold struggling to even ask that much. The toy must feel huge to him. It completely eclipses his asshole and even the darker swath of flesh around it.

Emily hesitates. A heavy look of puzzlement blossoms on her already disgusted face. It tells me she's wondering how she's supposed to put the shaft into a hole about $\frac{1}{3}$ of its size. I can't tell if she's wondering how her father, or anyone else, could stand it.

I grab Emily's free hand. I bring it up underneath of Harold. Just as I did with the toy, I slide my hand around so that it's on top of hers just before her hand lands. I put her hand to Harold's very stiff cock. With him leaning over, his cock stands out at about a 45-degree angle - halfway between straight and pointed at the floor. I wrap Emily's hand around the shaft.

The instant Emily's silky soft skin touches Harold's aching cock, he shudders hard. Emily sees it and scrunches up a little more in repulsion. I close my hand, closing Emily's snugly around his cock just below its sensitive head.

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I put my other hand on the back of Emily's other hand. The hand she has wrapped around the base of the toy. I start pushing, making Emily push the toy harder against his asshole. Then I take my hand away.

Emily stops pushing. I'm not sure if she'd resume again or not. I don't give her more than a split second. She yelps loudly as my hand swats her still-stinging bottom. She gets the message. Push it in, or get spanked until she does. Emily takes a deep breath and holds it. She squeezes her eyes tightly shut. She shoves the toy.

"UGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" Harold blurts out a long, slightly high-pitched, and very unpleasant, grunt. Harold reflexively tries to buck forward, pulling his bottom away from the toy. Emily's grip on his cock stops him. At first, his cock slips through her grip, her hand tenderly stroking his cock. After about an inch, her hand comes to rest against his pubes, leaving him nowhere to go. Emily's arm is straight, her elbow locked. If his hips go any further forward, they'd pull her over, and she's not letting that happen. Emily just shoved the toy hard, pushing it quickly into his butt. For a split second, I can see the pink-purple flesh of his asshole pulled taut around the white shaft. Then I can't see anything. The base of the toy pushes flush against the valley of his crack, covering every speck of colored flesh. Emily lets her breath out. But the disgusted look on her face stays.

Harold pants fast, strained breaths laced with heavy grunts. He stands there, fidgeting, but mostly still. I don't let him have the time to get used to the shaft stuffing his bottom even fuller than the enema had Emily's. I tell him to plead with Emily to finish "making him a girl." His bottom needs fucked, not just stuffed.

"Please, Emily..." Harold begs, his voice equal parts plea and hesitant grunt. "Please make me into a real girl by fucking my butt with that thing... Please, Emily, you have to! Please, don't disappoint her, just fuck my butt with it... I want to be a girl..."

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Emily looks as surprised as she does disgusted, and that's saying something. It's clear to me that she knows she doesn't have a choice. Other than to run out of the room, that is. Otherwise, she's either going to do it or be spanked into doing it.

She averts her eyes, not wanting to see it. Then she starts pulling the toy back out of his bottom. More like yanking it. She's far from gentle. I don't think it's intentional roughness, more a lack of experience. She has no clue how this is done.

Harold grunts again, loudly. As Emily pulls the toy out, his hips follow it, shifting backward. That pulls his cock through Emily's grip again. This time there's nothing for her hand to bump against. His cock keeps going until his bottom has nowhere to go. It has the head of his cock, and not much more, left in Emily's grip.

I just tap the back of Emily's hand just before the cock head of the dildo starts to emerge from his tight ring. She takes the hint and shoves it back into his bottom. It's still a crude, moderately rough, and quick shove. But it does the job. His hips buck forward, stroking his cock through her grip. And she buries the toy in his butt.

The harshness of her strokes are going to have Harold's asshole really feeling it. At first, it will throb hard, like a thumb hit by a hammer. Then, as that fades, it will burn hot from being stretched so wide. Not to mention the unpleasantness of the toy quickly stuffing and unstuffing his bottom. Or of the thick shaft sliding in and out of his bottom. It keeps Harold grunting hard as Emily slowly falls into a rhythm of stroking the toy in his bottom.

It also has Harold's hips bucking in step with the toy. And that keeps his cock pulling through Emily's hand. Stroking it just as if she were masturbating it for him. It takes a moment, but finally, Emily realizes that. She loosens her grip. That only makes it worse for her "disgust factor." It softens her grip, letting his cock slide more easily through her hand. And that raises his arousal even

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faster. In about thirty seconds, Harold is no longer able to hide the needy, primal moans creeping into his grunts.

Emily must hear them. And realize that he's enjoying the stroking of his cock. She immediately tightens her grip to near vise-tight. Hard enough that she's squeezing his cock. It does nothing to stop his hips from thrusting with the toy. It just pulls his cock through her uncomfortably-tight grip. Even that does nothing to stop the sensual moans from blossoming in his pained grunts. And that makes Emily look even more grossed-out by the scene.

The weights still hang from Harold's balls. And they still pull down on his balls just as hard and unpleasantly as ever. Harold's constant bucking has them jiggling hard, every bounce of the weights tugging painfully against them. Emily's narrow arm, reaching between his thighs to hold his cock, does nothing to steady the weights. But it is in the perfect position for his squished balls to knock against with every bounce.

None of which does anything to dampen Harold's arousal. In well under a minute I see the first goosebumps erupt on his sack, just above the band cutting into it and squishing his balls. They very quickly flow upward into his crack, around his asshole, and then outward onto the edges of his cheeks. Steadily, his grunts fade into hungry moans.

I start to see Harold's cock twitching hard against Emily's unyielding grip. It doesn't move much, her hand holds it too tightly, but I can still see the twitches. I'm sure Emily can feel them, his cock snapping sideways against her hand. If she knows what they mean, she doesn't show it. It tempts me to let this go on until Harold can't stop himself from cumming. That would really disgust Emily. And probably humiliate Harold. If it wasn't for Diane's no-orgasm punishment, I might do it.

I take just a second to glance at Emily. That's all I can afford to take my eyes off of Harold for. It's enough for me to see her nipples are as hard as ever. And enough for

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me to see the trail of honey that seems to have leaked from her mound and started down the insides of her thighs.

By the time I've seen that much of Emily, and turn my eyes back to Harold, I see the tip of his cock starting to glisten. Maybe a millimeter or so around the opening at the tip. The first tiny droplet of his cum has wept from the tip of his cock. He's got to be straining not to cum.

Obviously, it hasn't done anything to make his cock "behave" and go soft. It's had the opposite effect on him, as anyone would know it would. Probably even Harold knows he doesn't have a chance of getting soft like this, despite the painful tugging on his balls. I wait until the dildo is completely buried in Harold's bottom before putting my hand atop Emily's and stopping her.

I use a foot to tap the back of Emily's knees, commanding her to kneel down as I do. My foot buckles her knees. She keeps going down to them. As tiny as she is, it has her eyes below his bottom, staring directly at his downward-stretched balls. The balls that have turned a decent shade of deep purple from the pressure on them. It should give her a fair view of his very stiff cock just beyond, too. I put a hand to her head for a second to steady her, making sure she doesn't avert her eyes from the sight.

I reach to the base of the toy and flip the little switch. It starts humming softly. Emily picked one of the vibrating ones. "Uhhhh!" Harold purrs loudly, and rather erotically sweet. Emily just cringes a bit as she hears it. I guess she hadn't noticed that it vibrates. Oops.

I really wish Harold had hair. I would so love to jerk him upright by it now. But he doesn't so I reach around, over his shoulder, and grab hold of the leash. I use that to jerk him upright. As soon as the collar starts biting into his throat he gets the hint and stands up. Quickly, since I don't leave him much choice.

As soon as Harold straightens up, my hands are on his shoulders. I spin him around to face Emily. I couldn't have planned it better. I move him quickly. That forces

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him to move his feet even quicker. It leaves him no time to think about the weights dangling from his balls, let alone slow down or move easily. Instead, it has the weights bouncing wildly, yanking hard against his balls. That has Harold grunting out loud, pained, yelps.

But that's not the best part. Emily is just a little too close to his bottom. As he spins in place, and my firm grip on his shoulders stops him from moving, his cock comes around just above the level of her eyes. It's not that long, but it's long enough. Especially standing out stiff. The tip of it still wet with the first couple of drops of leaking cum, brushes against Emily's forehead just below her hairline. I keep a leg behind her, stopping her from pulling back. I stop Harold with his cock centered on her forehead, just the tip of it touching her. It leaves her with a sparkling line of his cum halfway across her forehead. And a wincing, disgusted face.

I hesitate a second or five just to let Emily get a good view of his stretched balls and his cock in her face. Then I nudge Harold back a bit, putting about a foot between his cock and her face.

"I guess that penis is being so naughty that it's going to take some extra persuasion to convince it to behave." I tauntingly tell Harold. Then I put a hand to his chest and start pushing him backward. I push him all the way back until he's against the wall. I chain his ankle to the wall, this time stretching his feet wide apart. Then I pull the chains down from the ceiling. Those are just more of the same heavy chains (from Home Depot), running through pulleys overhead to screw eyes that I can reach. A leather wrist cuff is attached to each chain. I lock those cuffs around Harold's wrists. Then I pull hard on the chains, pulling them taut, and lock them to the eyelets. It won't pull him up, but it will keep his arms stretched up above his head. Out of the way. Where he won't be able to use them for anything. Like saving himself from what's next.

Now I summon Emily over, ordering her to kneel in front of her father. But I do let her stay back about a foot

from the tip of his cock. She might think that's a mercy for her, but it's not. I'll need the room.

It lets Emily get a very good look at her father. At his "blue" balls (really a deep purple from the limited blood flow to them) as the weights pull them hard downward, squishing them in his sack. At his steely hard cock standing straight out towards her forehead, its eager tip glistening with the sticky wetness of his pre-cum. Of his quivering, obviously aroused, and needy body. Of the goosebumps covering his sack above the band and around his cock. Even down onto the tops of his thighs. It's a sight that should leave her no doubt that Harold is enjoying his time here. And a sight that I doubt she even sees.

I hold my hand out. "Slave, let's *fully* introduce this freaky pervert boy to the female perspective of being fucked. Give me a... seven inch fuck stick."

"Oh, YES, Mistress!" Sophie says with a good bit of excitement in her voice. I think she likes seeing this done, too. She hurries to the cabinets to fetch it.

What I call a "fuck stick" is just a thin, but stiff, steel wire with steel balls running down its length. The wire runs through the center of the balls, like a necklace or something. The balls run the full seven-inch length of the wire. The balls are 10 millimeters in diameter. That's between $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Big, but not too big.

Sophie brings it over and puts it in my hand. Harold grimaces the instant he sees it. Emily just looks puzzled, as if she's clueless about what it might be used for. And, by its narrow size, mostly confident it won't be too bad. Not like the thick dildo still stuffing Harold's bottom, sending its powerful vibrations flowing right into his prostate.

I hesitate for a moment. Then I hold the beaded stick out to Emily. "You might want to lubricate this for your daddy. I *know* he would prefer you to." I smirk wide.

It takes Emily a moment to process the instruction. Then she reaches a very tentative and unsure hand out for the toy. She takes it, holding it, looking at it, and

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wondering what to do with it. I think she's waiting for me to offer her some kind of lubricating gel.

I giggle. "Such a silly little slut bitch! Lubricate it... you have plenty of lube for it in the too-sloppy slut pit of yours! As if I'd waste my good KY Jelly on that freaky pervert! Besides, he'd probably prefer your cream to that gel!"

Now Emily grimaces, the disgust plain on her face. I guess she doesn't like the idea. She moves slowly, stalling as long as she can as she moves the toy down between her spread thighs. She lightly touches the tip of it to her mound, twirling it around.

I grab Emily's wrist. "Not like that!" I scold her, but with a good bit of taunt in my voice. "Like a big slut!" I push her wrist down to the floor. With her on her knees, that leaves just enough room for the toy to angle up so that its tip now points into her slit, instead of along it.

I bring Emily's wrist up. That pushes the toy into her pussy. It's a "casual" push in, neither slow nor fast. Neither gentle nor rough. Just a push. "OOOOHHHHH!" Emily shrieks out a very erotic squeal as the toy pushes into her tunnel, the bumpy beads stroking the walls of her pussy. Her very sensitive and needy pussy. "UH!" She moans sweetly. Then the toy reaches the depths of her tunnel, and I reverse, pulling it back out with another moaning squeak from Emily.

I bring her wrist up to eye level for her. With the toy sticking up from it. The first four to five inches of the toy, as much as would fit into her pussy, are covered with a thick layer of her oily, and slippery, honey. A coating that sparkles with its wetness. And fills some of the space between the rounded sides of the beads.

"See, lubricated like the slut you've been acting like would do. I told you, if you want to act like a gutter slut, then I'll make you a gutter slut here, *bitch*."

The grossed-out look on Emily's face is all I need to see. That and the confusion that tells me Emily still hasn't

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figured out what the toy is for. I keep my firm grip on her wrist. Then I grab her wrist.

I bring her free hand up to Harold's stiff cock. I put her hand to his length, wrapping her fingers around it and clamping them snugly to hold his cock steady. That gets a deep crimson blush from Harold as he shudders from her touch. And as he lets out a soft moan that he tries hard to mute. But there's no hiding the effect her delicate skin and feminine touch are having on him. Especially when it's his cock she's touching. It's too erotic.

I pull Emily's hand down slightly, bringing his cock down a hair with it. That has her look straight at the tip of his cock. With the sparkly coat of cum still moist on its tip, there's no way she misses the opening at the tip. The rather small-looking hole that's the tip of his urethra. But the look on her face tells me she still hasn't figured it out. Then again, I've already figured out that she's not the brightest candle on the menorah... more so when it comes to non-vanilla sex.

I don't bother with instructions. I just bring Emily's hand up, bringing the toy along with it. She doesn't resist. In a second I have the toy in place. "AH!" Emily blurts out a very surprised, squeaky gasp. A look of horror sweeps over her face. The rounded tip of the first ball is pressing snugly against the tip of his cock, fully eclipsing the small opening. Pushing just hard enough to start pushing the soft pink flesh of his cock head inward.

Harold tenses up, gritting his teeth as he grimaces hard. He knows what's coming. He's trying to prepare for it. His arms and legs tense as well, lightly rattling the chains as they pull against them.

"It's only fair, bitch," I tell Emily in a very teasingly sweet voice. "That freak wants to fuck your genitals, so it should love you fucking its genitals... now, push that right on in."

I thought Emily looked horrified, but the look on her face was nothing compared to the one that erupts when I tell her to push that beaded stick into her father's cock.

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Emily freezes for a second, then she trembles. I pick up my crop. Emily mouths a silent "I'm sorry, dad." She starts pushing, very slowly and gently. For a moment the first bead just pushes the spongy soft flesh of the cock head inward. Then it has nowhere left to go. It pushes against the opening.

The rubbery opening of his cock head quickly surrenders. The rounded tip of that ball stretches it wide and the stick starts slipping forward. The first ball vanishes. Now that pressure is off his cock head, it springs back to its normal shape, giving Emily a good view of the silvery wet balls pushing into the stretched pink hole.

The bottom of the second ball starts pushing into his cock. It doesn't squish his cock head much. Not with the first ball already stretching the tip of his tube. "UH-OWWWW!" Harold grunts out in a high shriek. He shudders hard, his hips reflexively trying to snap back hard. To pull his cock away from the textured toy. The snap of his hips is quick and hard. Chained against the wall, there's nowhere for him to go. Instead, his sore bottom just presses hard against the unyielding wall. It leaves his cock mostly still, in place, for Emily.

Emily cringes hard as he cries out. She stops, but only for a split second. I'd bet then she remembers that I have my crop in my hand and will use it on her if she doesn't do this. She starts pushing again, going a hair slower and trying to be easier. She doesn't know that actually makes this worse for Harold. And I won't tell her.

I stand there, watching Emily while Harold shrieks and she keeps pushing the toy into his cock. It moves excruciatingly slowly - for Harold. But steadily, those shiny balls vanish into his cock. Harold shudders hard, his hips thrashing, with every fraction of an inch that it plunges into him. Emily cringes in horror, but obediently keeps going.

It takes her several seconds to push the entire length of the toy into him, leaving only the tip that she's gripping exposed. That's a little longer than his cock. It has those first couple of steel balls beyond the base of his cock, and

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probably close to, if not against, his prostate. They could pass through that part of his urethra as well. I'd bet there's enough of them against his gland that he can feel it being stroked from its inside now too.

"What are you waiting for, slut? Fuck that useless little cock!" I sternly scold Emily. "Freaky there wants to be a girl, so use that thing as if it were a boy and he's the girl. *Fuck that penis!*" I bring my crop up with a swift motion, reminding Emily of the consequences of disobedience.

She immediately starts pulling the toy. Harold shrieks again, feeling the toy start moving through the inside of his cock. Of his still rock-hard cock in Emily's soft grip. The toy isn't any thicker than a number of catheters. Thus, it's no more unpleasant than they would be. And he'll only feel that when it's moving. If it's still, he'll barely notice that it's there.

I insist that Emily keeps it moving. It takes her a bit, maybe half a minute or so, to establish a good rhythm. She still cringes hard, but she keeps the toy moving. Slowly her pace builds, a little more so as she hears that Harold shrieks the same no matter how fast she goes.

I stand there, watching Harold and Emily. I make sure that Emily watches what she's doing. That she keeps her eyes open, seeing the shiny balls vanishing into his spongy cock head. I make sure that the urgent shudders and thrashing hips keep showing me that it's arousing Harold as much as it's hurting him.

After about a minute I put my hand to Emily's. The hand she has around his cock. I warn her to keep fucking him steadily. Then I move her thumb. I make it stroke very lightly over the bottom of his steely hard cock. That's where his rubbery tube is. The tube that's stuffed full enough that I can see the balls moving through it, stretching it around them as it does. I move her thumb in a line over the balls.

"There, slut, can you feel the toy so deep inside his cock? Fucking it like it was a pussy?"

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"Yes, Ma'am," Emily answers in a quivering, reluctant voice.

I move her hand to the base of his cock. Then I move her thumb along the underside of it, all the way to where his sack pulls down. I press her thumb back a little more, letting her feel the tip of the toy stroking inside him beyond his cock. "That's a good deep fucking, isn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

It takes about two more seconds. I figured it wouldn't take long. Harold shrieks just the same. But now I can see a good-sized drop of his whitish cum pulled out along the beads, and clinging to the tip of his cock. The next stroke brings out a little more cum. Now it's unmistakable.

"Look at that, slut!" I blurt out eagerly, "do you see his cum on the tip of his cock? This freaky thing likes being fucked like a pussy, doesn't it, *bitch*?"

"I guess so..." Emily says in a rather disgusted and muted voice. Then, before I have a chance to swat her bottom for the answer, she quickly blurts out "Yes, Ma'am!"

"Do you think that filthy penis wants to cum while you fuck it like a pussy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Emily admits. As thick of a coat of his cum that's clinging to his cock head now, there's no way she could say anything else.

"That's so disgusting! Ask him." I tell her to ask your daddy if he wants to cum all over your face while you fuck him like a girl.

"uh... Daddy..." Emily asks in a very hesitant voice. A voice that tells me she's afraid to hear the answer even more than she's embarrassed to be asking the question. "Does this perverted penis want to cum all over its daughter's face while its daughter fucks it deep like it's a trashy whore's pussy?"

"YES!" Harold shrieks out in a trembling voice as the crispest shudder yet sweeps over him. That tells me that he likes being reminded it's his daughter doing this to him. I figure that's not because he wants her. It's because of the humiliation of the taboo of liking her attentions.

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I slap Harold's face. Hard. Enough that it knocks his head to the side and leaves a bright pink handprint on his cheek. "Bad pervert!" I scold Harold. "Tell her properly what you like your slut daughter doing to you!" I've been offering Emily strong hints of how to say things. I don't do that for Harold. He's experienced and should know.

"Emily, I'm sorry, baby, but my disgusting perverted penis *really* wants to cum all over your face while you fuck my penis like it was a pussy getting fucked by another penis!"

Hearing it makes Emily cringe a little more. It makes Harold shudder a little harder. I see Emily's rhythm suddenly change as she hears the words. She picks up a little bit of speed and roughness to her stroke. Maybe it's her unconsciously punishing him for saying it. It has the opposite effect on Harold. It makes him shriek a little higher in pitch, but also shudder a little more. And it brings those droplets of cum out of his cock a bit faster, giving it a thicker coating of clingy cream on its tip.

"Have you ever had a boy cum all over your little face, slut?" I teasingly ask Emily.

"No, Ma'am."

"It looks like your freaky daddy really wants to cum all over your face right now, doesn't it, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am,"

"It looks like that filthy pervert penis is still being naughty, doesn't it? It doesn't look like it's even trying to be a good penis and get soft for me, does it, slut?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Is that freaky penis still rock hard in your hand, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am... the hardest I've ever felt, Ma'am."

"Then I guess we're wasting our time. Yank that toy out of his cock. Hard, slut. Now."

Emily doesn't answer. "OWWWWW!" Harold screams out like a girl as she almost rips the toy out of his cock. A huge dollop of his cum appears at the tip of his shaft a second later. As I allow her to take her hand from

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his cock, it sticks out at her twitching hard. And still slowly oozing a little cum.



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I leave Emily in place, on her knees in front of Harold for a moment. "I hear you are about the worst cock sucker ever, titless," I say, standing over Emily, at her side, and looking almost straight down at the top of her head. Instinct has her wanting to look up at me. Her head tilts slightly so that her up-rolled eyes can see me.

In a way, I'm switching back to a lesson for Emily, not so much for Harold. Not that he won't be a part of it. I still have my crop in hand, so I don't hesitate to give Emily a light swat on her pink bottom. She yelps a loud and squeaky-whiny yelp. I scold her to get her eyes back down where they belong. Looking straight ahead. And that means looking straight at her father's very hard cock standing out towards her with tip glistening from those drops of his cum. She shifts her eyes back down quickly.

I repeat the question, this time asking her if her boyfriend told her that she's a lousy cock sucking titless whore. Still staring at her father's cock, Emily says yes in a very humiliated voice.

"Show me," I snap in my icy hard commanding voice.

"WHAT?" Emily blurts out, balling hard and cringing as she does. "YOU SERIOUSLY WANT ME TO SUCK MY DAD'S DICK?"

"OWWWWWW!" Emily screeches a very loud, and very squeaky, yelp as my crop snaps hard against her tender bottom. It's a good swat, but still not as much as I could give her. It's enough that, even sitting back with her bottom between her heels, her hips snap forward from the swat. She quickly brings her bottom back to place.

"I said show me, slut." I snap, raising my voice a tiny bit as I switch into my domineering drill sergeant voice. "You've been acting like a gutter whore, flaunting your bottom like some cheap slut, and we all know that tramps love sucking cocks. So suck that cock now, slut." Before Emily has a chance to do anything, I swat her bottom again. She yelps. I scold her more, over her yelp. "Why isn't that cock down your slutty throat, *BITCH?*"

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Emily starts trembling. She also starts opening her mouth. And moving it towards Harold's penis. It takes a few seconds but finally, there's no way left for her to stall. Her lips are right in front of his cock. Emily sticks the tip of her tongue out and tentatively puts it to the underside of his cock head. Instant his cock twitches sharply, jumping up off her tongue and knocking back down against it. Emily flinches back.

"Ewww..." Emily mutters very quietly under her breath. Then her tongue is back on the underside of his cock. It twitches just as sharply from the hot, wet touch.

I lightly tap Emily's bottom with my crop again. "Stop playing around, *BITCH*, that's a cock, not a popsicle. Suck the perverted thing, now."

Emily stretches her lips a little further apart slowly she moves them the last fraction of an inch. Finally, I see her soft, moderately plump, light purple-pink lips against the pinkish head of his cock. Her lips are barely touching it. She starts to hesitate again.

I bring my hand up behind her head. She can't see it, but she might be able to see my crop in my other hand. That's not coming up. Before I can do anything, Emily's head snaps back hard. It tilts down, her mouth hanging open as she gags hard. She spits a couple of times, too. She's gotten a taste of his cum. Then she sucks fast deep breaths, mumbling another "Eww.... So gross...."

"OWWWWW!" Emily shrieks as my crop swats her bottom again. She doesn't need to be scolded. She already knows. She quickly lifts her head back up and puts her lips to the tip of his cock again.

Then Emily hesitates again. I just don't know why she's hesitating. I smack her, fairly hard, on the back of her head. It's enough to knock her head forward an inch or so, and that shoves his cock head into her mouth. "SUCK COCK, SLUT, like the slut you are." I scold her harshly.

Emily moves impossibly slowly. She does keep her soft lips very lightly against his cock. She moves her head with short, too-slow strokes. At the shallowest, she has the

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head of his cock in her mouth. At the deepest, maybe another ½" of his shaft. Which leaves about 4½" exposed and untouched. I don't see her cheeks pulling inward, either, and that's a sure sign she's not sucking.

I give her a little time. I'm hoping that as she gets over her hesitancy, her blow job will get better. It doesn't. She sticks to the same short strokes. And she speeds up, going as fast as she can. As if she just wants this over with. I don't see her suck, either.

I watch Harold, too. Obediently he keeps his eyes forward, not shifting them down to watch Emily sucking his cock as men like to do. He fidgets, but it's the fidgeting of being uncomfortable with the scene, not the squirming of a man driven to ecstasy by her mouth. Slowly, his needy quivering starts to ebb as well. He stays quiet, too.

If this is how she sucks a cock, I don't have to wonder why her boyfriend insulted her abilities. I don't have to wonder why no man has ever cum in her mouth before, either. It would take forever, if ever, for her to finish a man like this.

"Is that how you really suck a cock? Like that?" I ask her with equal parts disbelief and disapproval in my voice. She can't answer me with his cock in her mouth, but I do see her nodding her head very slightly. Not that she needed to answer. "No wonder guys don't like it! That's the worst attempt I've ever seen."

Quickly Emily brings a hand up and wraps it around the base of his cock. She starts stroking his cock with it. It gets a little bit of a reaction from Harold, a very small squirming. I'm sure his squirming will quickly get more intense as she masturbates his cock. But that's not what I want her to do.

I use my crop, snapping it against her narrow wrist. "I said suck, not play with, that cock! It's called cock sucking, not cock stroking, for a reason! What kind of slut can't suck a cock?"

Emily's hand flies off his cock the instant my crop touches it. As I'm still mocking her, I see the first tears of

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shame start running down her cheeks. I sigh deeply. Then I pull a pair of handcuffs out of my back pocket. In a few seconds, I have Emily's hands cuffed behind her back. Where she won't be tempted to use them again

Emily doesn't resist me when I pull her hands back. I'm pretty sure she just thinks it's her punishment for trying to use one to stroke his cock. That it's my way of reminding her, no matter how ineffective her mouth is, she's not going to be helping things along with her hands.

I put one hand to Emily's jaw, cupping my hand under it with my fingertips in the corners. My other hand goes to the top of her head, at the back. As small as she is, I can get a decent grip on her head with my one hand. That's not so usual for me. My hands are pretty small. I feel a sharp tremor flow through Emily, but it doesn't have the nervousness that I'd expect if she guessed what I might do next. Too bad, for her, that she's never read any of my stories. I do this a lot.

I don't go slow. I pinch the corners of her mouth hard to force her jaw wide open. All the way open, until her jaw muscles are starting to strain. That's when I feel Emily tense up hard. Her stiff muscles make it a little harder to move her body. "*You will learn to suck cock like a proper whore. Even if you are just a titless cum dumpster.*" As I tell her, I'm already moving her head forward.

With her shallow stroke, only the head of his cock is in her mouth when I take control of her head. Even as petite as she is, that's not enough to fill her mouth. Maybe half of it, but no more. Opening her mouth stretches her lips wide open, too. It pulls them almost taut. They still, barely, touch his cock. But they look like a stretched-out light purple rubber band around the bronze shaft.

As soon as I have control of her head, Emily feels the spongy soft head of his cock slipping along the top of her tongue. It's not long, maybe a second, until I have the soft head at the very back of her mouth. I feel Emily trying hard to close her mouth, but that can't happen with my fingers digging into the corners of her jaw. Her mouth

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stays wide open. All it does is tense her muscles up the last bit.

Now Emily trembles hard. Her eyes pop wide open. And so far, all she can feel is the soft tip of it gently pushing against the back of her mouth. And his shaft lying on the top of her tongue. From what I've seen, this is deeper than she's ever felt a cock before. I doubt it has even her small mouth stuffed full, but I'm sure his average-sized shaft feels gigantic to her. And feels thicker with every millimeter that pushes into her.

I don't stop. I don't even slow down. I do shift her head, bringing it back and using it to drive her shoulders slightly down. That changes the angle of her neck, craning it and straightening out the bend at the back of her throat. She doesn't realize what I'm doing. Or why. Only that I'm shifting her head as I keep it moving steadily forward.

An instant later she figures it out. She feels the spongy soft tip bump against the back of her mouth. Only instead of stopping it, it just nudges it downward a hair. And that gives it a straight shot past the back of her mouth into the top of her neck, where it starts funneling toward her throat.

"NOOOOOOO!" Emily tries to shriek out pleadingly. And very nervously. She tries to shake her head, too. It barely moves in my tight grip. But I feel it pushing and pulling against my hands. Naturally, I ignore it.

It doesn't even take a second for his cock head to fully stuff the narrowing funnel of her mouth. Its sponginess starts squishing in against the sides of her funnel. And she can feel the hardness of his shaft still steadily gliding atop her wet tongue. The fact that it's not slowing down has Emily wondering just how much of his cock I think will fit in her mouth.

It doesn't take much longer for the head to have her funnel fully stuffed. And for the steely hard shaft to follow that spongy head into the funneling. Unlike the head, his shaft isn't going to squish. It stays just as big, pushing into

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her funnel and forcing it to stretch around him. While driving the spongy head even closer to her throat.

Emily starts fighting me hard. She trembles violently. Her muscles pull against me all their strength, trying mightily to pull her head back from the cock. Her head shakes a desperate "no." The rest of her just shakes. I can hear her sucking lightning-fast pants through her nose. All of which I ignore.

And then I can feel his rock-hard shaft pushing against the top of her throat. Or rather I feel the firm resistance of her narrow throat as if I'm pushing the hardness against a stiff rubbery wall. It must feel like a wall to him as well. Her throat is nothing but a narrow rubbery tube. Maybe, at most, $\frac{1}{4}$ the thickness of the shaft starting to push against it.

As soon as she feels the pressure against her throat, Emily chokes hard. It's the hardest choke I've seen. Maybe I should say she vomits. She would have if she could have. Her stomach muscles contract suddenly and hard, thrusting her bottom up with a crisp snap. She makes an awful sound. Her body shudders wildly.

Her head stays put in my tight grip. And it keeps going forward. Emily struggles hard against me. I can see the utter panic on her face. Her eyes popping out of her head. Trying to shake her head "no" desperately. I can hear the chains of her cuffs rattling loudly as she tries to free her hands. I can see her legs shuffling across the floor as she tries to scoot back.

I still ignore it, and her, as she heaves sharply again. Then I feel the rubbery resistance vanish suddenly. His cock keeps moving, only now it's pushing into her rather narrow throat. Her rubbery tube squeezes tightly around his wide width as his cock plunges deeper, stretching that tiny tube wider than it's ever been.

Emily keeps fighting me as hard as she can. Her throat burns hot from the stretching. Panic sets in as she realizes her throat is stuffed so much that she can't breathe. The air in her lungs is all she has. And she feels

her throat being roughly stretched deeper and deeper inside her as the cock keeps right on going. I feel her jaw trying to close so hard that I'll bet she draws blood from her cheeks. And I see tears running down her cheeks.

And then I see those light purple lips, even as taut as they're stretched, bump against Harold's pubes. His cock has completely disappeared, swallowed up by Emily. I can't even see the very root of it. Just her slightly dark lips against his lightly bronzed pubes. And I can see his deep purple balls, pulled down by the weights, as the top of them bumps against Emily's chin.

I stop her there. I have to, Harold doesn't have any more cock for her. I definitely don't consider Harold to be "well-endowed." But even his decidedly average size is plenty to have the sides of Emily's thin neck pushed out at the front, in the shape of a cock. All the way down her neck.

"There," I announce with a great deal of satisfaction in my voice. "That's how a real slut takes a cock in her otherwise useless mouth."

Emily still chokes and heaves hard. I ignore it and hold her in place, her lips against his pubes. Her bottom keeps on snapping up hard. After about three thrusts, I put my foot on the small of her back, just above her cheeks. Emily feels the rubber sole of my sneaker as my foot shoves her butt back down between the tops of her heels. And holds it down. It doesn't stop her from choking, or heaving, but it does keep her bottom down as she does. I can feel the hard snap of it against my foot. It encourages me to stomp a little harder on her back.

"You are going to suck this cock like a gutter slut." I very firmly tell Emily in an icy voice. "On your own, like the big slut you keep pretending to be. You *will* make this penis like it. You will make this penis cum and shoot its disgusting cream into your mouth so that you can really taste it coating your tongue before you swallow every last drop of it. You *will* take every bit of this cock on every stroke, just as you are now. I *am not* asking. I *am* telling

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you what you are going to do, slut. And just so there's no misunderstanding, I don't care if you want to suck your daddy's cock like a filthy whore. I don't care if your throat is on fire. I don't care that your jaw is throbbing from being stretched so wide. I really don't care how much you choke on it. I don't care if you puke all over it. You *will* suck daddy's useless perverted cock like the filthiest of gutter whores."

Much to Emily's relief, I start moving her head backward. I set the same slow pace that I used to shove it down onto his cock. She still heaves. I can still feel the resistance of the drag as her tight tube squeezes snugly around his cock.

Harold shudders hard and purrs a soft moan. A very sweet and needy moan. A moan of pure bliss. I'm sure that this is a very rare treat, if not a first, for him. It's far more than a naughty boy like him should be allowed. But it's the only cock around for Emily's lesson.

"And as for you, pervert, I know how badly you want to fuck your little girl. Too bad, this is my titless whore, not your baby. It will suck your cock until I decide that it's learned to be the slut it's been acting like. You will stand there. What you will not do is cum in its mouth. When I want you to squirt that filth into its mouth, I will tell you to. Cum without my permission and both of you pay the price."

I tell him in a very stern voice, hopefully leaving him no doubt that I mean it. And hopefully giving him some hope that relief will be coming. Then I switch to a voice that's just as stern, but also equally mocking and scornful. "Now be a good pervert and tell your little girl sweetly just how much you want her to suck your cock like the disgusting creep you are."

Harold's voice is breathy and as much a sweet moan as it is a voice. "Emily, I'm sorry for being such a weird pervert... but please, baby, please, that's the best blow job I've ever felt. Will you please suck my dick, baby? Please, Emily, please, suck my dick... I'm sorry for being such a

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creepy weird pervert of a father, but... OH! I need it, baby! Suck my dick, Emily, please!"

While Harold begs Emily to suck his cock, I keep her head moving. It takes a second or so for the tip of his cock to slip from her throat. Then another before it's backed out of the funnel enough that she can breathe again. Emily immediately sucks a panicked fast breath of air through her nose. She heaves once more but stops herself from puking on him. Barely.

I keep her head moving until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth. Until the insides of her lips are bumping against the rim at the base of his cock head. And then I reverse her stroke. Immediately the panic takes hold of Emily again. And she starts fighting me.

I keep her head moving just the same, smoothly stroking his cock with her tight mouth and silky lips. Emily cringes hard as she feels it passing the back of her mouth again, knowing that it's about to stuff her throat so uncomfortably again.

Harold purrs sweetly as his cock shoves into her resisting throat a second time. Emily heaves hard again. But her bottom doesn't thrust up. It tries, but I stomp it in place with my foot. I just keep her head moving smoothly.

This time I don't bother to stop her head at the bottom of the stroke. I go down until her lips and nose are flush against his pubes, his entire cock inside her lips, and smoothly reverse the stroke while Emily heaves again. And I keep going. I keep the same steady pace, slowly drawing her lips, mouth, and throat over the entire length of his very hard cock.

Harold stands there, his hips squirming hard as the chains hold him in place. He steadily purrs louder and louder with each stroke. It's not long before I know he's too eager to cum. Maybe a dozen strokes. By then it looks like he doesn't even notice the heavy weights tugging against his balls as his hips squirm.

Emily is literally nothing more than a cock toy in my tight grip. It doesn't take her long to feel it, either. To feel

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as if she's nothing more than some inanimate object I'm using to stroke that cock. The way I utterly ignore her choking, heaving, crying, and resistance drives it home.

It takes her a lot longer. Maybe 30 strokes. But eventually, I see the choking start to fade as her throat gets used to the feeling of being stuffed. Of having the fat shaft shoved down it, willing or not. Finally, her bottom stops snapping up as her heaves fade. And then her tears stop flowing.

In about two minutes, which must seem to be a lifetime to Emily, she stops fighting me. Her body goes loose and limp. She does nothing, allowing me to fuck Harold's cock with her flaccid body. And mouth.

"Tell her what to do, freak boy," I snap harshly.

"Emily, please, baby, please! Suck my filthy perverted dick just like She told you to! Swallow my cock, Emily, please, G-d, I can't stand this, you are too fucking good! Please, Emily, please, I'm sorry I'm such a perverted father, but please SUCK MY DICK!" He begs in a very throaty moan. It's a voice that lets me hear just how much he's already struggling not to cum in her mouth.

I take my foot off of Emily's back. With her no longer bucking her bottom up I don't need to hold it down. I tell Emily "I told you that *you* were going to suck your daddy's disgusting cock since no one else will. *YOU* are going to do it. I did not say you were going to hang in my hands like a rag doll while I do it. Now, suck it. Just as I've shown you to do." I tap a cheek of her bottom with my foot, cluing her as to what will happen if she doesn't.

And then I release Emily's head. Emily's body moves with a fluid, almost dreamy motion as if she's in a trance. She just keeps going. She doesn't even think about slowing down. Not even the first time that thickness pushes into her burning throat and stretches her. By now she's used to that. It might be unpleasant for her, but she's gotten numb to it. The only thing that Emily does show on her face is her disgust at having her father's cock in her mouth.

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Harold doesn't notice a thing. He goes right on squirming hard, shivering erotically, and purring the neediest, most urgent, of moans. Moans that tell me it's growing hard for him not to cum. Moans that tell me this really is the best blow job he's ever had. That his daughter is driving him crazy.

I glance at my watch. I've decided that Harold will endure 15 long minutes of this. Holding an orgasm off that long will prove to be as fitting of a punishment as it will prove difficult for him.

Now that I'm not fighting Emily, it gives me a chance to look at her. To see that her nipples are as hard as ever. To see that her entire bottom is covered in goosebumps. And to see a small puddle of honey on the floor under her pussy mound. I'm sure it's Harold's very urgent moans that are doing it to Emily. I'll bet this is the first time she's ever felt as if anyone really wanted her to do this. And actually loved what she was doing for him. And that, I've known all along, is what Emily really needs to feel right now. I doubt she cares one bit about the discomfort she had to suffer to learn this lesson, either. What matters to her is that someone, anyone, can't get enough of her girly attention.

I decide to add a little something more to it. Mostly to tease Emily. And to remind her of her place. I tell her that now, every tenth stroke, she's to beg him for what she really needs. Without stopping or breaking her rhythm.

"Daddy, please let me taste your cum in my trashy mouth," Emily asks Harold. I know that she doesn't want to taste his cum. Or anyone's. But she doesn't hesitate to ask for it simply because I told her to. I think she's finally starting to accept her place.

"You're such a good daughter, Emily, thank you for swallowing my useless tiny dick, baby. I really love the way you suck it, just like a trashy titless whore." I make Harold answer her every time. I want her to hear the erotic strain in his voice that broadcasts just how close to cumming he is. I know she can feel the crisp twitches of his cock, too.

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Every one of those is so hard that his cock is going to be knocking against the inside of her mouth.

It's about the ten-minute mark. Two-thirds of the way through Harold's suffering and Emily's lesson. Hearing his ecstasy has had an effect on Emily. It's made her slowly start showing a little eagerness and hunger in her ministrations. It's made the disgust vanish from her face, too. She no longer cares that it's her father's cock in her throat. All that she cares about is that Harold's so sweet and needy, pleading moans announce that someone really likes what she can do for him. She doesn't care who.

I tell her to ask him "like a real whore now" to cum in her mouth. I don't give her a clue what to say.

"Daddy, *PLEASE*, give me that cum! Cum in my mouth, daddy! Give it to me, daddy!" Emily says. It's all she has time to get out while she's reversing her stroke. Every word gets a crisp, needy, erotic shiver from Harold. And a little thrust of his hips.

"UGHHHHH!" Harold blurts out in sweet agony. He almost cums in her mouth, but manages to hold it back. He shudders hard. "Thank You, Emily! You are the best cock sucking titless whore I've ever seen! You are the best daughter any pervert father could hope for!"

I make them keep going as I keep an eye on my watch and the seconds slowly tick off towards fifteen minutes. Now that I'm watching Harold, I have no doubt that any longer would have been too much for him. He's too close to climax now, and he still has some time to endure. It doesn't look like Emily minds too much, either. In fact, it looks like she's doing everything in her power, while following my directions exactly, to make him cum.

With one minute left I tell Emily that she has one last chance to earn herself a reward. To entice Harold to cum in her mouth and swallow it. At the same time, I put the tip of my crop softly against her sore bottom. I don't spank her with it. I just caress a little circle atop her cheek with the soft leather. Letting her know what's coming if she doesn't obey.

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"Daddy, *PLEASE*, cum in my slutty mouth. Let me have that cum! Let me taste your cum, daddy! Show me how much you like me--" Emily stops herself mid-sentence. "My blow job!" she quickly corrects her plea. "Please, daddy, let me taste your cum in my mouth."

It must arouse Harold to hear her beg for it. He tenses up hard. On the very cusp of orgasm, I see him gritting his teeth and crying out a loud, erotic, and anguished, "UHHHHHHHH!" as he shivers constantly.

Then the fifteen minutes are up. I grab hold of Emily's head and pull it back until Harold's cock slips from her lips. His cock stands out, straight and fully stiff, pointing at Emily's lips as if it's trying to get back to them. His entire length sparkles brightly with a fresh layer of her saliva. There isn't a speck, not the tiniest droplet of his cum anywhere to be seen. His cock still twitches crisply. It only takes a second for me to see the first droplet of his cream weep from the tip of his cock and cling to it.

"Aw, did you get a good taste of your daddy's cum, titless slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Emily answers in a tired, but still slightly excited, voice. After about half a second, she blushes brightly and cringes inward. It's not that she suddenly remembers whose cock she's been sucking, I haven't let her forget that. I doubt she cares nearly as much as she appears to. She more cares about what everyone else will think of her knowing what she's done. Especially me and Sophie, the two who have seen just how eagerly she grew to suck it. She breathes fast and deep, but fairly quietly. More catching her breath after the long blow job than anything.

I snap my head, turning to face Harold. "You filthy pervert!" I scold him in my most disapproving voice. "What kind of a creepy sick father cums in his daughter's mouth? Now that titless little thing is going to be tasting your filth for the rest of the morning. Can't that freaky penis do *anything* like a normal penis?" I sigh a deep, disgusted, "UGH!" and shake my head. "Don't worry, I

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have one more trick to *MAKE* that cock behave before I break out the jumper cables and really teach it a lesson.”



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I leave Emily where she is, on her knees close to and facing Harold's overly stiff cock. It takes me a couple of minutes to get Harold out of the chains. I unlock his hands first, making him put those behind his neck and wait while I free his ankles. He still fidgets the entire time, although his squirms do start to ebb as I finish freeing him. His cock must have really liked Emily's mouth. It stays stiff and gently twitching.

While I'm at it, I take the band off of Harold's balls. It's been on there long enough. Restricting the blood flow to them for too long isn't a good thing. I don't want to injure him, just to make him suffer. Harold breathes out the heaviest sigh of relief as the pressure comes off of them. His hips shudder hard, shaking his balls as they dangle low between his thighs.

"You will completely ignore that perverted cock, freak boy. No touching it. No rubbing it against anything or dry humping my furniture like some dog. Not even a thought about it. Am I clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold answers. His voice tells me he's fairly sure he's not going to be able to do it. At least he's going to be thinking about it constantly. I know he will be. I want him to. I just want him thinking that he can't.

"Then bring your little girl over to the table," I tell Harold firmly. "Put your hands on her hips or shoulders only." I stare at him.

Harold doesn't waste any time. He quickly steps forward, and to the side so that his stiff cock won't touch Emily as he advances. He puts his hands to her shoulders. "Come on, Emily, She wants you on the table again..."

I see a faint nervous tremor flow over Emily as she remembers her last trip to my table. Her enema. But she rises to her feet. Harold shifts his hands to her hips, placing them carefully to avoid touching her bottom. Or anything other than her narrow hips. He urges her to step over to the table. He doesn't stall as Emily would. His hands nudge her to the table at a normal walking pace. It takes only a couple seconds for her to get there. Harold

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stops her beside the table. And quickly takes his hands from her hips.

He stands facing her, but with a bit of space between them. And a little to her side, not quite straight on. I tell him to put her on the table, laying her on her back tenderly. And I warn him that he's to behave. That means his hands may touch her only chastely, not anywhere intimate. And his cock may never touch her. Emily isn't allowed to do anything to help. She might as well be a sack of potatoes for this.

Harold steps around to her side. He squats down a bit, wrapping one arm behind her knees. He puts his other arm across her upper back and then hesitates for a second waiting for Emily to give him her weight.

I put a stop to that. Glaring icily into Emily's eyes, I remind her that she's to do nothing. I explain to her that I expect her to stand there and not move. To keep her body fully relaxed, offering no resistance to Harold. But she's not to do even the smallest thing to help him. Once he has her weight, she's to go limp in his arms and stay that way until I say otherwise.

Emily studiously obeys her instructions. It forces Harold to get her weight off her legs, rather than just waiting until Emily bends her knees and gives it to him. I can tell that he's never done this before, at least not with a live person. Worse, a person he does not want to drop. He ends up, after a couple of false starts, simply shifting to his side. That pushes his arm against the back of Emily's knees, buckling them. Her bottom starts to drop a couple of inches. As it does, he rises up to stand, lifting her along with himself. It leaves him holding her as if he were going to carry his new wife over the threshold.

Harold takes the single step to bring him up close to the table. He leans over, setting her still-tender bottom on the padded table first. Then her feet. Since she offers no help, he has to lie her back and then pull his arm out from under her shoulders. Then his other arm from under her

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knees. He takes hold of her ankles, pulling her feet along the table to stretch her legs out.

I send Sophie to fetch a bunch of heavy tie straps. Zip ties, only these are more like "police-grade." They're thick, and they're about 18" long. They're a good ¼" wide, too. No one is going to break them. They're neon pink. I take one from Sophie's hand, leaving her to hold the rest, and hold it out to Harold.

I tell Harold to take it and use it to snugly bind Emily's ankle to the edge of the table. The side of the table. I warn him that if she gets free of the straps, there will be consequences for both of them that he will regret. I don't say what. Instead, I watch as Harold reluctantly takes hold of her small foot and brings it over to the edge of the table. He threads the strap around her ankle and the tube-steel frame under the portable massage table's top. He slowly pulls it taut, snuggling it around her ankle. He leaves it a hair loose, maybe one "click" from where I'd have put it. Nowhere near loose enough for her to get free of it.

I hand him another strap and tell him to bind her other ankle to the far edge of the table. He does that the same way. It spreads Emily's lithe legs enough that now her pussy mound is fully bared.

I hand him another strap and tell him this one is for her thigh, just at the top of her knee. I watch as Harold puts his hands on her calf to bring her knee out to the edge. He has to bend her knee a bit to stretch it over. And scoot her bottom a couple of inches down the table. But he gets it done quickly enough.

I give Harold another strap for her other knee. He binds it. It stretches her thighs wide open as if she were standing with her feet almost fully stretched apart. And that pulls everything well away from the puffy mound of her pussy. It lets me see the creases and insides of her thighs too. It shows us all just how wet she is, and how sloppy her mound has gotten. As if she enjoyed the blow job as much as Harold did.

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I'm sure Harold can guess what the tie straps still in Sophie's hand are for. I tell him to take both of her hands and bring them up, over her head, to bind them to the top edge of the table at the center. One strap for each of her tiny wrists. Her small size almost has her arms fully stretched out for her hands to reach. I make him tie her with her palms up, too. That will make it harder for them to find something to grip and squeeze. I would have him bind her elbows, too, but I don't think her arms are long enough for that. I want her lying comfortably, but also tied snugly enough that she's not going anywhere.

A lot of times I just tie arms to the sides instead of pulling them up. I pulled Emily's up for one reason. It stretches the skin of her stomach and chest, pulling it taut, and that minimizes her breasts. Her almost fully flat mounds. With her arms stretched high, her chest is perfectly flat. Only her long nipples stand up stiff from the smooth flatness.

It has her entire body pulled lightly taut. And splayed out with her more intimate places on shameless display. Which is how I want her. It leaves Harold standing beside her, facing her, seeing her nakedness, and unsure what to do now.

"Slave, bring my gun," I tell Sophie. She enthusiastically hurries off to fetch it. It's not a real gun, although Harold doesn't know that. He should know I'm not going to shoot him, though. It's a little pellet gun for kids. Older kids, but still kids. It's hot pink. It shoots rubber pellets the size of BBs. Decently soft rubber pellets. I found those in pink, too. It holds about 100 of them, and I keep it fully loaded. It uses CO2 to fire them, but not as powerfully as an air rifle or a real BB gun would. These won't break the skin. But they will leave a nice red spot. And they sting like a giant, foot-long, very angry killer bee. They sting sharply and deeply.

I'm not sure if Harold is relieved to see the gun, or more nervous when he does. It looks like both. Relieved

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that it's only a toy. But nervous because he can guess that I will shoot him with a toy.

I tell Harold to stand at Emily's side, about 18" back from the table, his navel even with hers. I tell him to reach over Emily, not touching her, and put his hands on the far side of the table. It makes him lean almost all the way over. That brings his head down as well, putting his eyes about 3" above her navel. That should give him a good view of her lean stomach, and out of the corner of his eyes, those perky nipples.

I make Harold spread his feet almost as far as he can. Wide enough that there's at least a good inch of space between his dangling balls and the inside of his thighs. With Harold leaning so far forward, his steely-hard cock is now jutting down as much as it is out. And his balls are hanging against the underside of that shaft. His cheeks are pulled mostly taut, rounding out the bit of looseness to them, almost as if poking his bottom out for me. His still pink bottom.

I tell Harold what to do. I tell him to leave his hands right where they are. They may not move for now. But his lips can. He's to put those to Emily's body and kiss her flesh. Very sweetly and tenderly. All the way from her shoulders down to the top of her pubes. Her pubes and pussy are off-limits for now. But her "breasts" are not. Especially not those pert nipples. Those need to be licked as well as kissed. He's to "make love to her childish, titless body." Very affectionately. But most importantly, he's not to be thinking about that creepy hard cock of his.

I sit back and watch for a few seconds. Harold slowly lowers his lips the last couple of inches until they barely touch Emily's stomach. He gives it the featheriest kiss. He barely touches her as he does. It's a tentative kiss, too, as if he's silently asking her permission to kiss her body.

Emily does as she was told to do. Nothing. She lies there mostly still and silent. It's not exactly the most encouraging she could be. But it's not discouraging him either. It's perfect as if she's inanimate.

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Harold keeps kissing her, working quickly to get it over with, but also diligently kissing everything as he was told to do. It doesn't take but a few kisses, with Emily not objecting, for Harold to start getting a little sweeter in his kisses. That gets goosebumps erupting on Emily's skin around his lips with every new kiss. And that encourages Harold to kiss her body a little more tenderly.

It doesn't take long for Harold to make his way up to her nipple. I know he's been worrying about that. It shows in the way he slows down, his kisses becoming more tentative as he nears her nipple. By now he's kissing her breast. Not that he can tell with their utter flatness. He's that close to her tall nub. Harold stalls, trying to kiss his way around the nub and the ring of dark flesh around it before inching towards it. And then, finally, it brushes along the side of his nose.

"AH!" Emily suddenly sucks in a very fast and squeaky breath. Her body shudders hard as goosebumps erupt to cover the entire breast, not just her nipple. "OOHHHHHH!" Emily purrs sweetly.

"Be very sweet, freak boy, this is you thanking the *titless* whore for sucking your filthy cock," I teasingly and firmly instruct him.

Harold's lips inch closer to her nipple. I swat his bottom, scolding him to "quit being such a man and think of the whore for once." I tell him to just close his lips around the nipple, suck very gently, and swirl his tongue around the "comically huge thing." Harold reluctantly moves his lips into place to obey. I'd bet he's hoping that Emily heard his instructions. That she'll know this is my instruction, not his choice. It won't matter to Emily right now. But it clearly matters to him that he's being "forced" to do it, not "choosing" to.

"UHHHHHHHHHH!" Emily screeches the tensest, most erotic, and neediest of moans. She draws her cry out endlessly as her body shudders. And she squirms hard, pulling firmly against the straps for the first time. But not as if she wants to get off the table. As if she can't bear to

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lie still while she's teased so sweetly. Her back arches up a little, pushing her nipple into his mouth.

It seems to be all the encouragement that Harold needs. He starts putting some eagerness into his teasing. That gets Emily moaning out even more urgently and squirming more energetically. That encourages him to be sweeter to her. The cycle repeats.

With Emily's first impassioned moan, I see Harold's cock start twitching. I have zero doubt that it's arousing him to feel her responding so eagerly to his attentions. To her not only allowing it but clearly enjoying it. To see how it's driving her erotically crazy. To feel her hungry squirms under him, knowing that it's him making her squirm like that. And that she likes it.

"I warned you, pervert!" I scold Harold, "your disgusting penis will behave while you thank your little daughter for being a filthy whore." I take aim and squeeze the trigger on my pellet gun. A single, glowing pink, rubber ball flies out the barrel, quickly crosses the five feet or so, and strikes its target. This toy gun isn't anywhere close to as accurate as a real one, but at this range, it's not going to miss.

"EE-OW!" Harold shrieks out loudly, his voice suddenly a couple of octaves higher. His hips thrash hard, shaking his stiff cock around as they do. His hands grip the edge of the table. My pellet sears a bright, hot, deep pink welt spot onto the pinkish head of his cock. Then it bounces off and falls to the floor.

As Harold cries out, his mouth opens wide and he stops caressing her nipple with his tongue. But his hot breath flows over her now-moist nipple as it explodes from his lungs. That chills her nipple, and that feels just as sensual to her as his kiss. And then his tongue is back on her nipple again, caressing it with its wetness.

Then Harold is crying out again. His cock twitched again with his blossoming arousal, and that earned him another shot. This time the pellet struck the underside of

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his shaft just below his cock head. It didn't sting any less there.

I'd bet by now Harold has figured out that every time I see any sign of arousal on his cock I'm going to shoot it. Another pellet will, without any warning to him, send an unbearably sharp bolt of stinging lightning shooting into some sensitive, and very intimate, place. Long after the pellet is lying on the floor, the sting will still be there. As will the glowing pink spot showing where it landed.

I wonder how many stinging pellets it's going to take. Not that it matters, I have more pellets if I run out. I tell Harold that he's to keep going. He's to "make love that to repulsive body" until I say for him to stop. I don't tell him that won't be until his cock gets soft. And it eventually will. It's just a question of how many stings it's going to have to endure first.

I just stand back, watching Harold closely. Anytime I see even the faintest of twitches from his cock, I shoot it. And Harold yelps out in pain as another hot lance of stinging pain slices into his cock. Slowly, but steadily, it begins to look like a polka dot dress as the pink spots cover more and more of his lightly bronze shaft. It only takes a couple of shots to have tears coming from his eyes.

It takes about half of the gun's load for me to finally see his cock starting to go soft. Starting to. It softens very slowly. Reluctantly and unwillingly. Clearly, it wants to stay hard, but the stings are finally too much for that.

Emily lies there as he kisses her very sweetly. The shots to his cock have the effect I was hoping for. They make his kisses grow as passionate and urgent as her squirms. Diane was right, Harold likes the pain. Emily, it seems, like the sweetness, it's bringing out. The feeling of hunger in his kisses. A hunger for her immature-looking body. I'll bet that's something new to her. At least a hunger this intense.

Emily's squirms steadily grow stronger. More urgent. Now she's pulling hard against those straps, constantly testing them. She doesn't come close to getting free of

them. She cries out the neediest, and most pleading, of moans. She breathes deep, throaty breaths with a heavy sultriness to them between moans. I can see her hips instinctively thrusting up, lifting the sloppy wet, glistening puff of her pussy mound up as if begging for some attention to it. I make sure that Harold stays above her pubes. It keeps Emily's hunger blossoming.

Finally Harold's cock is limp and hanging down over the front of his sack. Fully limp, it hangs almost straight down. Even with it being a little shorter, it makes an easier target for me. I can see his muscles snapping at his pubes. If his cock had any stiffness to it, it would be twitching. But it doesn't. It hangs limp, inert, and useless. As many pink spots as I can see on it, his entire cock has got to be throbbing hard, as if hit by a sledgehammer. With hot needles of stinging pain shooting through the pounding throb. And clearly, that's doing nothing to dampen his enthusiasm for kissing her.

It's been several torturous minutes. This time, as Harold's lips near her waistline, the lowest point he has permission to touch, I tell him to keep going. That starting now he's to include the top of her thighs in his attentions. The top being from her hips down to the lowest point that "glistens with her slutty cream." That's about four inches down from the creases of her thighs. I warn him that I'm only allowing him to touch her thighs now. If so much as a hair of his touches her "skanky mound" she will be the one to suffer for it. And that while his "filthy mouth" is there, he can lick her filth off of her thighs. I want her legs tongued spotless of any honey.

"AHHHHHHHH!" Emily's needy moan comes out as a long screeching squeak the instant Harold's lips and tongue touch the cease her of her thigh. She shudders so crisply that her body snaps hard against her bonds. She stays tensed up, pulling against the straps, as goosebumps instantly erupt over her thigh. "AHHHHHHHHHHH, OHMYG-D, AHHHHHHHHHHH!" Her hips thrust up with all their strength, lifting her mound up for some of that tongue.

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Harold obediently keeps going, his tongue licking the honey off her very sensitive inner thighs. And that keeps Emily thrashing hard and screeching loud moans. I have no doubts at all that Emily has never waited for even a tenth this long before. Her former lovers never made her wait. They hurried right along to what they truly wanted, a cheap fuck. And she gave it to them.

That first too-needy, too-urgent, thrash, and screech from Emily are all it takes to get Harold's cock moving again. The instant I see it starting to swell, not even getting harder yet, I shoot it. The shot hits its mark, the loose, soft head of his dangling cock with enough force to knock his floppy shaft to the side as it sears the welt onto it. His cock keeps swelling, and that brings another pellet right behind the first. And then a third until his cock returns to its full floppiness and dangles limply down.

"Be a good penis, freak boy!" I harshly scold Harold. "I said no getting eager to fuck that tiny little girl! I will tell you when I want *MY* penis hard." Scolding him does nothing to discourage his cock. As soon as his tongue shifts down, bringing a fresh erotic shrill from Emily, Harold's cock starts stiffening up again. This time he gets four pellets to his cock before it behaves.

I let him keep going, cleaning one thigh completely before sending him all the way back up to her shoulders. And then down the other side to clean off her other leg. Naturally, I make sure he pays special attention to her nipples as he passes them. Then I have him keep going, paying equal attention to all of her body, except for her pubes which are still off-limits.

It's an endless and losing battle for Harold. His soft tongue caresses and fleeting kisses covering her body arouse Emily too much. By the time he finishes one thigh, her honey is already creeping back onto the other one. And her neglected pussy begging harder for more attention.

Emily's pussy throbs almost as badly as Harold's cock. But from different causes. Hers aches from the

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intense need to cum that long ago bloomed in it, setting her nerves on sweet fire. Every single one of those nerves now tingles for the tiniest touch to push her over the edge. It keeps her thrashing hard against the straps, shivering and shuddering. It keeps her screeching loud, squeaky, pleading moans. It keeps her body tingling sharply, driving her crazy. If she could get one of those hands-free, it would long ago have been on her pussy.

She can't get it free. Emily can't do anything. She's bound too snugly. All she can do is lie there and feel everything. To feel her body being pushed to heights of arousal she's never even dreamed of before. To feel her nerves torturing her with their tingles. To feel her pussy aching unbearably, but also so sweetly. To know that the tiniest thing could push her into the most intense climax ever.

To know that little push isn't coming. Not until I say for it to. To know that until then, she's going to be lying here and enduring the too-delicious agony of waiting. To feel, for the first time ever, that she's not in control of her body. That someone else is. That I can make her feel whatever I wish her to feel, and there's nothing she can do about it. To feel like a toy, not a person, as she's used without thought to her desires. Or her desperate needs.

Harold's cock steadily keeps trying to swell up into steely stiffness. I keep shooting it every time I see it do anything more than dangling limply. It keeps Harold flinching hard and crying out with every shot. It keeps his cock soft, too.

Even though his cock is soft, it still feels every bit of his arousal. It aches and throbs for attention. Every now and then I still see a droplet of fresh cum weep from the tip of his cock. That gets him a shot too. I almost run out of ammunition.

By now Emily has endured at least ten long minutes of this. I'd guess that nine, maybe nine and a half, more than she's ever imagined getting. Finally, I tell Harold to move along. Now he may kiss her pubes. And lick her

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honey from them. He may touch everything except for the puffy, goosebump-covered mound of her pussy. And that includes the wide gash that's weeping fresh honey as fast as his tongue can lick it from her.

The first time he touches her pubes, a thousand icy hot chills shoot through Emily, setting fire to every nerve in her body. It snaps her body hard, thrusting her hips up crisply. It drives her pubes up as well, slamming them hard against Harold's face and mouth. With her pubes held up, her hips thrash from side to side, grinding her silky smooth pubes against his face. It smears a good bit of the honey onto his face.



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Now that I've had Harold lick around her mound while taking care never to touch her lips, most of the honey is cleaned off of her. For a few seconds, her gash steadily weeps a fresh supply. But she's as clean as she's ever going to get. I snap my fingers and bark for Harold to stand up.

Harold quickly straightens up, obediently putting his hands behind his back where they belong. He keeps his feet wide apart since I haven't told him to move them. His balls still hang down, loose in their sack, between his thighs with a good bit of space between them and his legs. His flaccid cock droops limply over the front of his balls, its tip pointing to the floor.

He keeps his eyes forward, which has them on Emily's squirming, fidgeting body. Emily moans out a long, frustrated groaning plea. A plea for some long-overdue attention to her pussy. She shivers crisply as well. And pulls against her bonds as she wiggles, unable to lie still with her pussy aching so badly.

"Hey, titless!" I snap to get Emily's attention. "Do you want to cum like a trashy slut?"

"YES!" Emily screeches out. "Yes, Ma'am! I just have to cum, Ma'am!"

"Do you want your daddy to make you cum?" I ask rather tauntingly.

"YES, MA'AM!" Emily cries out, her body still squirming energetically. Especially her hips, as if trying to twist enough to grind her pussy against something. "Can my daddy please make me cum?"

"Do you want that sloppy pussy eaten, titless?"

"YES, MA'AM!!! Can my daddy please eat my sloppy pussy?"

I turn to face Harold. So far his cock is still soft, but I'm sure hearing her ask for him to eat her pussy is having an effect on it. It won't be long until I'm punishing it for stiffening again. "Do you want your little girl to get to cum and relieve that pounding ache in its pussy?"

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"Yes, Ma'am," Harold answers with a hint of shame to his voice.

"You have one chance, freak boy. If that pervert penis behaves, I will allow this titless whore to cum all over itself like a filthy gutter slut. If it misbehaves and gets close to hard, then your titless whore of a daughter pays the price by *not* getting to cum." I smirk wide. I know Emily is never going to get to cum. I know what's next. Harold doesn't, but the look on his face tells me that it doesn't matter. He knows Emily isn't going to get her relief, too. Sophie's wide smirk tells me she knows it, too. Emily is the only one with that hopefulness on her face. The only one who thinks she has a chance of getting to cum.

"Oh, skanky, get your skanky whore's mouth in here." So far Paige, my live-in slave-whore, has been doing chores. These two haven't seen her yet. I doubt they even knew she was here. Paige has been in the kitchen.

Paige doesn't hesitate. She's been mine for far too long. She hurries into the room. Harold's eyes immediately lock on her as she steps in. Paige is a lithe woman. She's 5'7" tall, but a mere 102 pounds. It gives her a narrow frame, like Emily. A frame with good curves, too. And a pair of rather pert B-cup breasts with wide nipples atop their slightly pointy mounds.

Paige is 21 years old, but she could pass for a couple of years younger. Mostly because of her lean body. She's a pretty girl, too. She has an oval face framed with curly light brown hair that hangs down to her shoulder blades. She has brilliant green eyes. She has a slightly long, but equally narrow, nose. She also has a wide mouth framed with light pink, plump lips that are like silk.

"Yes, my Queen?" Paige asks as she steps into the room. Paige is wearing what she always wears inside the house: nothing. She has a pink collar locked around her neck with a shiny brass padlock. She has police-issue leg irons locked around her ankles, their chain rattling lightly as she walks. She has her hands behind her back. That

way they're not blocking Harold's view of anything. And he is definitely looking.

"This titless thing needs its pussy eaten. Eat, skanky."

For the first time, I see a bit of tension on Emily. It doesn't ease her squirming, but with her muscles stiff it gives it a different look. Antsier. I see a look on her face too. A look of complete surprise. Maybe she thought I was joking or something, just because she hadn't seen anyone else. But hearing Paige's voice, with her light southern accent, tells Emily that there is definitely another woman in this room. A woman who is about to eat her pussy.

Emily tries not to turn her head. She shifts her eyes toward the voice. Almost immediately her head follows, rolling just enough for her to get a glimpse of the nude woman coming quickly to her.

Paige picks a place at Emily's side about even with her calves. She leans over, still keeping her hands behind her back. In about two seconds, her silky soft lips are on Emily's honey-drenched pussy mound.

"AH!" Emily cries out a short, overly squeaky, gasping moan. "AH! AH!" She pants a couple more rapid-fire squeals as her hips snap up, lifting her bottom slightly off the table. It's as far up as those hips are going with her legs bound to the table. Her hips snap wildly as they thrash from side to side. Her head snaps back, too, her mouth hanging open. "OH, AH!!! AH!!! AH!!!" Emily's hips grind hard against Paige's face.

Paige stretches her mouth wide until her soft lips almost fully surround Emily's mound. Then she puts the tip of her tongue to Emily's wide slit, wiggling it around to feel for the hard nub of Emily's pounding clit. Paige pushes her tongue lightly against the sensitive bundle of nerves. She starts moving it slowly, in a tiny circle. And Paige sucks lightly, drawing Emily's clit deeper into her mouth where her tongue can better get at it.

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“AHHHHHHH!” Emily shrieks out, her hips thrashing even more wildly. A violent shudder sweeps her body, wagging her long nipples atop her chest.

Paige’s tongue goes on caressing Emily’s too-sensitive nub. Paige completely ignores Emily. She just lets her head move with Emily’s thrashing hips so that her tongue stays in place. And goes right on teasing Emily’s clit.

“OHMYG-D... YES! I’M GONNA CUM!” Emily shrieks out as those fiery sparks shoot along her nerves, tingling their way up her spine.

I quickly lean over and slap Emily’s face a few times. Light slaps, but the four of them together add up to a faint pink handprint on her cheek. Mostly I just want to be sure I have her attention. I grab her head and hold it still. I can feel it pushing against my hands as it tries to thrash. I hold it steady. I snap loudly for Emily to open her eyes and look at me.

“UHHHHHHHHH!!!!” Emily cries out, shuddering harder, as she opens her eyes to see me staring down at her with a stern look on my face. “AH! AH! AH!” She pants squeaky shrilling pleas.

“*DO NOT CUM.*” I tell her in my firmest voice, separating each word as if it’s a distinct command.

“NO!” Emily screams out in pure panic. “I have to cum RIGHT NOW... Ma’am, OH, SHIT! I GOTTA CUMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!” Suddenly her thrashing picks up, seeming to double as I hold only her head still. The straps hold her arms and legs still, too. But her body squirms as if it’s on fire.

“You will not cum. Once your daddy earns your orgasm by making his penis behave, I will *TELL* you to cum. Then you may cum. Not before, or both of you will pay dearly for it.” If I just told her that Harold would pay, she might decide he deserved it for bringing her here and making her endure what she has.

“AH! AH! Ooh, AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” Emily screams out. She squirms even harder. Not more energetically or

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wilder, she's already doing both as much as her body will. More powerfully, her muscles pulling with more strength on every thrash.

"UGHHHHHHHHH!" Emily's hips thrash wildly. Her mound grinds firmly against Paige's soft lips. It's been less than a minute and already Emily's pussy has smeared her honey all around Paige's mouth, chin and nose. The oily honey sparkles brightly as it clings to Paige. It does nothing to change what Paige is doing to Emily. She goes on, utterly ignoring Emily. Just as I've trained her to do.

I release Emily's head, leaving her on her own to behave. She knows what I expect of her. She'll behave or misbehave. I turn my attention to Harold. I must have looked away for too long. His cock is no longer fully soft. It's about halfway to stiffening up, and, in another two seconds, it will probably be steel.

I don't bother with shooting it. I take my crop and snap it down, putting a good bit of power into the stroke. It lands on the base of his cock, about half on the head and half on the semi-stiff shaft. It lands hard, searing a very bright pink welt onto his cock. A welt that will probably take a good hour to fade away. It lands hard enough to knock the shaft down, bouncing it against his balls.

Harold screams out loud and high-pitched as the crop sends those needles of pain lancing into his cock. His hips reflexively wiggle, shaking his cock around hard. Still partly soft, his cock really flops around. His knees buckle a bit. He leans slightly forward, his elbows drawing together. Tears well up in his eyes as they about pop from their sockets.

"Bad freaky pervert penis!" I harshly scold him. "I said soft, not stiff! There's no reason for a hard penis! Can't you see that your little girl prefers this lesbian tongue? Obviously, the titless thing has a lesbian pussy! See how much that pussy likes what girls do to it?"

Before Harold can straighten back up, I put my hand on the back of his head. I get a good, vise-tight grip on him and shove his head down as roughly as I can. I twist it

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slightly, angling it, as I bring it down over Emily's smoothly bare pubes. I stop just before his ear touches her skin. I hold his head there, Harold's wide-open eyes now aimed directly at the point where Paige's lips meet Emily's pussy. And with his eyes about three inches from that point.

"SEE?" I snap firmly with a heavy mocking note to my voice. "See that lesbian pussy loving skanky's lesbian tongue?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold squeaks out in a very tensed voice. I don't know how much detail he notices. The goosebumps that stand up like mountains on the exposed parts of Emily's lips. The fresh honey almost dripping from Paige's bottom lip. The light quivering flowing through Emily's lips. The way Emily's muscles are so tensed that her hips seem to vibrate. Or Emily's loud shrieks of sweet erotic agony as she tries not to cum.

Whatever he notices, it's pretty plain that Emily is loving every tiny thing that Paige is doing to her. I do see his eyes shift for a fraction of a second, glancing down to the point where the tips of Paige's stiff, wide, light pink nipples are brushing over the top of Emily's bound leg.

His cock hesitates for a moment. A brief moment after the crop stings it. Then it resumes stiffening up. "Bad filthy perverted penis! This is strike two! One more and your lesbian titless whore is *OUT*." I tell Harold in my most taunting voice. And then the crop snaps hard against the tender underside of his cock. It lands almost exactly opposite where the first strike did, sending its sharp needles shooting into the same place, but from the other direction. With some softness still left in it, the crop throws it up hard, bouncing it against his pubes before it comes falling down and bounces against his balls. I'm sure there's a matching welt on it as well.

Harold screeches out just as loud again. And shudders. I hold his head steady, keeping his eyes close and focused on what Paige is doing. It seems that guys can't resist watching two girls doing anything with each other. I'd bet this is a far closer, more intimate, view of it

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than Harold ever hoped to get. It would be very unusual for Diane to have brought two women for him to see this. I'll bet he's even forgotten that the pussy he's staring at is his daughter's.

"DADDY, PLEASE!" Emily screams out in a trembling shrill voice. "PLEASE! Make your dick behave! Please, daddy, please don't make me stop! I have gotta cum so fucking bad! Please, daddy, MAKE THAT STUPID DICK BEHAVE SO I CAN CUM!!!! DON'T MAKE ME GO WITHOUT! I CAN'T DO IT! I HAVE TO CUM! OH, SHIT I HAVE TO CUM! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

For a few seconds, I watch Harold's cock steadily, and reluctantly, soften as the pain fills his shaft. I hold his head in place, keeping his attention on Paige and Emily.

"AH! AH! AH! Ohhhhhhhh.... AHHHHHHHHH!!! EAT MY PUSSY!!!! SHIT, SKANKY!!!! AH! YOU'RE SO FUCKING GOOD! I HAVE TO CUM!!!!" I really should punish Emily for screaming out a begging plea like that. I didn't tell her she could beg.

But since she wants to beg... I start by firmly scolding Emily for begging the wrong thing. Paige "is nothing but a dyke's pussy toy, like a good vibrator." If Emily wants to cum, she should be begging her daddy. After all, it's his penis that decides if she cums or suffers.

Harold's cock is almost fully soft. Enough so that it's drooping down over the front of his balls again. But it's obvious to me that it's not going to last. I can see it pulsing as if starting to swell and then stopping itself.

"DADDY!" Emily screams out, her voice breaking and trembling worse than it was a second ago. It's a voice of pure burning, lustful, slutty need. "AFTER I SUCKED YOUR DICK LIKE A WHORE! AFTER I SWALLOWED EVERY FUCKING INCH OF IT, YOU HAD BETTER BEHAVE SO I CAN CUM! I WILL SO FUCKING HATE YOU IF YOU DON'T!"

"UH...AH! AH! AH! I SO FUCKING MEAN IT, DADDY! I SWALLOWED YOUR DICK. I SUCKED YOUR DICK BETTER THAN ANY WOMAN EVER. YOU HAD BETTER GET ME MINE OR I WILL TOTALLY MAKE YOUR LIFE MISERABLE! OH,

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SHITTTTTTT!...UHMMM....AH! AH! DADDY, MAKE THAT DICK BEHAVE SO THIS DYKE CAN EAT ME OFF!!!"

An hour ago, Emily was a shy, quiet, girl. She seems to have forgotten every bit of her modesty, at least for the moment. It announces just how badly she wants this orgasm.

I'm carefully watching Harold's cock. He's not paying attention to it. That's obvious by the way he so intently watches Paige's mouth. I wait while Emily screams out her pleas. Until I see the first faint hints of twitches in his cock. About five seconds.

"Skanky, show this pervert what a whore can do for his titless little lesbian," I tell Paige.

Paige doesn't answer. She can't with her mouth in use. But she immediately obeys the command. She stretches her mouth wide open. Then she rolls her head slightly to the side until she starts to lie against the inside of Emily's thigh. That gives Harold a very full view between her plush lips. Not just her white teeth, which never touch any part of Emily. But of the tip of Paige's tongue swirling around so slowly and softly atop the knotty ridgeline. And atop Emily's very hard clit. Enough of a view that he can watch her purple tongue caressing her pinkish nub. To see the very point where the two meet. To see the edge of Emily's clit, glistening with Paige's saliva, as Paige's tongue moves along. To see the hard throbbing ache that has her little nub pounding and pulsing. And to see the honey drip from the downturned corner of Paige's mouth as more honey flows onto Paige's bottom lip. Some runs into Paige's mouth, some drips down.

Emily thrashes, shudders and squirms even harder.

"Freak boy..." I tease, "Do you want to watch your titless daughter *show* you just how much it likes girls? It really wants to cum all over that lesbian whore's face, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Harold answers. I'm pretty sure that's the answer to both questions. He's definitely

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staring, intently watching Paige's fine tongue expertly tease Emily's starving clit.

"Yes, what, pervert?" I taunt.

"Yes, Ma'am, this pervert really wants to watch your lesbian whore make my daughter cum on her face, Ma'am."

"How about you, titless, do you want to show your daddy how sweetly a whore can make a dyke like you cum?"

"YES, MA'AM! I WANT TO CUM ALL OVER THAT DYKE WHORE'S FACE, MA'AM!" Emily begs.

"I'll count back from ten, and then, if your filthy father behaves, allow it. Ten..." I start counting, keeping a close eye on Harold's cock. It's halfway to full stiffness before I start counting the short seconds off.

But the instant I start counting, it springs to full attention. I pretend not to see it. I keep counting. That way Emily can think she has a prayer of cumming.

"Two..." I count off. Harold's cock twitches crisply. It's the third twitch I've seen since I started counting. I "didn't see" the first two. But now I'm ready to stop Emily. I reach out quickly and grab hold of Paige's hair. A light tug is all it takes. She quickly lifts her head, following her barely-taut hair as I pull her head up.

"NOOOOOOOOO!" Emily screams out in utter agony. "OH, FUCK NO!!! I FUCKING HATE YOU, DADDY! I FUCKING HATE YOU! OH, SHIT!!!! SHIT, I HAVE TO CUM SO BAD IT HURTS! AH-AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" Emily squirms hard as if trying to bump her pussy against Paige.

"Don't blame me, *bitch*," I tell Emily firmly in a very icy voice. "I didn't lose your reward by acting like a pervert." I reach down, under Harold's cock, grab a tight grip on his tenderized balls, squeeze lightly, and use them as a leash. I pull Harold up along Emily's side, then up to the table. This way his cock can stand out just over Emily's head. His cock head is right above her eye, leaving her a full view of his stiffness. "See how hard this cock is for a couple of dirty little dykes?"

Chapter Eight - A Skanky Lesson For A Lesbian

"Uh..." Emily purrs out in a needy, whiny voice. "Yes, Ma'am," she adds with a heavy sob.

"I guess you'll just have to diddle that slop pit when you get home, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am," Emily sobs out. It's almost a full-blown crying.

"Next time, maybe your filthy pervert of a daddy will make his useless penis behave so that you can cum like a big lesbian."

"Yes, Ma'am... I hope so, Ma'am..."

I tell Paige to come around and hold Emily's wrists. I have no doubt that, should Emily get a hand free, it will fly to her pussy. She's too needy not to.

With Paige firmly holding Emily's hands up, I have Harold free Emily from the straps. He starts at her ankles, leaving her legs free to squirm and wiggle against each other as he frees her hands.



Chapter Nine - The New Girl

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It took me several minutes to get Emily off the table, making sure that she didn't touch her pussy. But now I have her sitting on the wooden bench. Properly. To me that means naked, with her legs crossed right over left, her back up straight, her head held up with her eyes forward, and her hands behind the small of her back.

I have Harold sitting next to her. Also properly, which means the same way except that I don't make males cross their legs like girls. Instead, I have Harold sitting with his knees spread about 8-10" apart. That's just enough to leave room for his balls to lie atop the bench without touching his thighs. And for his stiff cock to stand out, parallel to the bench about even with the tops of his thighs.

The bench itself is a rather plain wooden one. Amish-built, so it's sturdy. It has nothing but a pair of crossed legs underneath to hold it up. No backrest, either. Just a heavy board for a seat. It's narrow, too. Wide enough for two to sit with an inch or two between them. I have it a couple of inches out from the wall just so that they can't use my wall for a backrest.

Harold looks... almost relieved to be getting a rest. As if he's been pushed close to his limits, but not yet to them. I can still see the red welts rather plainly on his cock, so I know it's stinging sharply. His balls show nothing now. I'd bet his bottom is still tender from the spanking. And a fool could see that his cock is throbbing with an unbearable ache to cum.

Emily looks just as tired. But she's far from still. She fidgets and squirms hard. Her long nipples stick out from her chest. There's no doubt that her pussy is aching just as badly for its relief. Or that she's already thinking about masturbating and wondering how much longer until she gets out of here and can do it.

Seeing how urgent Emily's antsy squirming is, I take my time. I stand in front of them, facing them, with my crop in my hand. These two have had enough for one day. And not just the play they've endured. Even more, they've

Chapter Nine - The New Girl

gone to depths that neither ever imagined sinking to. Such as Emily sucking Harold's cock. I'd bet you anything that a few short hours ago, Harold never imagined Emily knowing that he so much as knew what a Domme was, let alone actually knew one. Now she's joined him to suffer under one. Me.

"Freak boy..." I start in a rather business-like voice. I'm simply telling them what will be. And it will be as I say. "I believe your Mistress has put you on orgasm restriction as punishment for your obscenity..."

"Yes, Ma'am,"

"Then you will definitely not be cumming. You will wait until you've served every second of the punishment that She gave you. Is that clear, freaky boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Harold answers sounding as if he were walking to his own execution or something. He knows he's in for a few very miserable days. And he doesn't yet know the half of it.

I turn to Emily. "I suppose you'd like to diddle that filthy slop pit like the gutter slut you've been acting like?"

"Yes, Ma'am?" Emily answers hopefully. She looks to me with questioning eyes, silently praying for my permission. Not that it matters much to her. She'll do it with or without. But I think she's hoping for permission so she doesn't risk Harold suffering more for her relief.

"I will give you one chance to earn your own relief."

"Thank you, Ma'am!" Emily blurts out very eagerly. "I'll do anything to earn it, Ma'am!"

I tell her what she's to do to earn her relief. On the way back home, as soon as they're through the tunnel and on I-10, she's to wait until they pass a truck. Or a truck passes them. The first truck, no matter what it is, or who's driving it. She's to pull her shirt all the way up and show her "titless chest" to the driver. So that he, or she, gets a good view of "her infantile undeveloped chest and can see that she looks like a little girl instead of a woman" her top is to be up before the driver has a view and stay up until he or she has moved out of range. They are to be driving the

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posted speed limit, no faster. I'm not letting them fly by a truck. She's giving the driver, hopefully male, a very good view.

"Yes, Ma'am, I'll show the driver what a total trashy slut I act like by letting him see that I don't have any tits, Ma'am," Emily promises to do it.

I tell Emily that I am the "trust but verify" kind of woman. She'll have to prove to me that she did as she just promised to do. To prove it her father will video it and send me the clip. She says she'll do that, too. Although now I can see on her face that she was at least thinking about only saying she did it. And now knows she's going to have to actually do it.

Then I tell her the bad news. Once I see her video, if she's followed her instructions, I will text her permission to masturbate. She may not until she has permission, no matter how miserably her pussy aches for it. However, they have a decent ride home ahead of them. About 30 minutes from the I-10 causeway just beyond the tunnel. It shouldn't take them long to pass a truck on that highway. I'm planning to text her permission quickly once I see her video. She should have permission before they get home. So I add the instruction that she may not masturbate until she's inside her home. She accepts all of that as well.

I turn my attention back to Harold just in time to really see a good crisp twitch of his cock. It tells me that he's aroused by the idea of his daughter having to shamelessly flash her tiny breasts to some random stranger. And saying she'll do it. It also tells me that his cock is so eager to cum that he's not going to be thinking of anything else until he does. I doubt an ache this intense will fade away.

I tell Harold that he's to come back here every day at 08:00 until his Mistress "finds the time to see your perverted butt." However many days that may be. Whether it's none or a year. I know that it will be three days. Diane will be back Thursday and she's planning to summon him to explain himself to her. He doesn't know

Chapter Nine - The New Girl

that. I'm not telling him. I add that this way I can see his "filthy perverted dildo and make sure it hasn't been abused." By abused I mean touched. By him or anyone else.

He promises to obey.

As if an afterthought, I add that he will bring Emily with him. I quickly turn back to Emily in time to see the shock on her face. It vanishes quickly into acceptance, but it was there. The naive girl thought this would be the end of her agony!

"Since you want to act like such the slut in front of your father, you *will* act like a total gutter slut in front of him," I tell her. "Sluts should be naked. Thus, when you get home, before setting so much as a toe in your house, you will strip and give your clothes to daddy. You will not put anything on. He will give you some clothes to wear here in the morning. Once you're back out of the house, you may put them on. By anything, I mean just that. Not a single thing. Not a stitch. No jewelry. Not even a pair of earbuds. Nothing that touches that body goes on it. Stay naked like the trashiest sluts do."

Emily cringes a little, but meekly accepts her fate. I remind her that, if she behaves, she will be given permission to masturbate once. She will do so. After that, I don't care how badly her pussy aches for it, it is not to be touched.

I add a rule that there will be no hiding from her father either. Like in her bedroom. First, no matter what she's doing, the doors will remain fully open. Even if she's using the toilet or showering. Second, she's to be in the living room, as is Harold, unless there's a reason to be somewhere else. She can watch TV and surf the internet in the living room. Her bedroom is for sleeping. Anything that can be done in the main part of the house, will be. And being naked is no excuse for shirking her chores. She can just do those, the same ones she always does, naked.

Emily cringes a little more and again meekly accepts her fate.

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I tell Harold that when he comes over here tomorrow, I will expect his cock to behave itself unless it wishes to go home even sorer than it is now. He says it will, although his voice tells me he doubts it. Then I tell him to stand up. Once he's on his feet, I tell him to take Emily by the hand and follow me. I lead them back up to the front door and have them stand against the wall. Still holding hands.

I have Sophie bring up their clothes. As instructed, she sets both piles on the floor at their feet. I take Emily's bra off the pile and hand it to Sophie. I tell her that she's silly to be wearing one. Bras are to support breasts. She doesn't have any breasts, so she has no use for one. Then I tell her to put her clothes back on.

It doesn't take Emily long to dress. She doesn't even hesitate despite not having a bra or panties left in her pile. She immediately pulls her pants and then her shirt on before starting on her shoes and socks. Clearly, she wants to cover herself.

I look down at Harold's pile as if lost in deep thought. I stall for a long moment. Then I reach down and pick his pile up. All of it. I hand it back to Sophie and tell her to "fetch something more appropriate for this bitch." With a giggle, Sophie hurries off to return Harold's clothes to the cabinet and get what I've asked for.

Sophie returns with a pair of black panties with pink polka dots. They're not the most modest, either. But they do have decently wide sides to them. They're low cut on his hips. They'll cover about $\frac{3}{4}$ of his bottom. They'll strain to, but cover his pubes and the bulge of his cock, too. If his cock is soft. Stiff there's no chance of it. Sophie hands them to me. I drop them at his feet, right where his pile used to be.

I tell Harold to put his clothes on. There's nothing for him to put on besides the panties. He pulls them on. His still stiff cock stands out, holding the waistband down in front. I giggle. "I guess there's no tucking that perverted penis in!"

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I point to the corner where the door would open against the wall. I tell Harold he's to stand in it. Then I guide him into position, standing with only the tips of his toes touching the baseboards. And his hands behind his back. I tell him that he has to keep his eyes open and stare at the blank wall.

We all stand in silence. I'd love to mock Harold, and it would be easy to do, but I know that would keep him aroused even longer. After about five minutes I tell Emily to go see if his cock is soft enough to tuck into his panties. She peeks over his hip bone and shakes her head.

I wait another five minutes and tell her to peek again. She shakes her head again. Then, five minutes after that, Emily finally pronounces his cock to be soft enough to tuck in. I tell her to "fix his panties so he looks like a proper bitch."

Emily obediently grips the panties by the waistband. She pulls them out in front and then up. She also takes great care not to touch his cock. Smart girl, if she touches it, it's going to rocket back to full stiffness in two seconds.

Once she has his panties pulled the rest of the way up, I tell Harold to turn around. There's a huge bulge in the front of them. One that tells me his cock is still about $\frac{1}{4}$ stiff. Emily must be in a hurry to get out of here. Or didn't want to stand ignored in silence for another five minutes while I went about my life and she thought about that throbbing ache in her pussy.

I tell Harold that since he "obviously likes being a girl, since he couldn't keep his penis acting creepy while he was used like a girl, then it's fitting that he dresses like a girl." Tomorrow, when he comes here, he's to be wearing whatever panties Emily wore on her last date with a boy. She can give them to him. Until then, he's to wear the panties I'm loaning him. If he behaves, Emily may ask me for his clothes back tomorrow if she wishes.

Today he can go home like he is. This way, walking down the street in his panties, the entire world will know that he's "a girl inside."

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Before Harold can balk, I tell Emily if she wants to leave, she may take his hand and they may go. Now. Or they may stay for a while. Emily immediately grabs her father's hand and pulls him out the door. I suspect he is going to have a very humiliating walk to his car. I wonder if he parked on the street in front. I wonder how far he parked. I don't care. I'm not the one humiliated, and the panties cover enough to keep him from being arrested.

It's about 20 minutes later when I get the message from Emily. She sends me the video of her sitting in the car, passing a truck, with her top held high enough up that her breasts are fully visible. Along with her perky nipples. She adds a text: "I did as you said, Ma'am, can I please cum?"

It's a short video clip, about 20 seconds long. But it does show the entire event. It shows their car starting roughly even with the back bumper of the truck's trailer. It shows them passing alongside the trailer. It shows them pulling even with the cab. Emily has her top up, showing her chest, a couple of seconds before I see the cab. Her top stays up until the cab is well out of the frame. Clearly, she either had her phone propped up on something, or her panty-clad father took it while driving. For his sake, I hope she propped her phone. Alabama has laws against making slutty videos while driving. It's a sub-clause to the texting while driving law.

I wait a few minutes, but that's all. Then I send Emily a very detailed text back:
titless whore:

You have permission to masturbate if, and only if, you do it my way. If you do not want to follow my instructions, then you may not, and if you do, there will be harsh consequences for the both of you.

You will already be nude when you enter your house. You will ask your father politely to clear out a corner for you and place a chair in it, facing into the empty corner. You will stand silently and wait until he has your corner ready.

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Once your corner is ready, your father will come fetch you and take you by the hand. He will hold your hand and not release it until these instructions say for him to. He will walk you to his bed. You will lie in his bed, on your back, with your legs spread as wide as possible.

You will masturbate. You may touch only your clitoris, not your vagina. Absolutely no penetration. And no toys. Just ONE finger on your clitoris, rubbing yourself until you cum. Once. As soon as you've climaxed, you will tell your father that you "came like a filthy whore."

Your father will walk you back to the chair in the living room and you will sit in it. Properly. Once you are seated, he may release your hand.

You will sit there just as he stood in the corner. Your eyes open, staring at the wall. You will not look at anything else. Nor will you make a sound. There is not be a TV, radio, or anything else on to distract you from thinking of what a complete slut you've been. You may not move, either. Sit still. Wait.

Your father is to watch the clock for you. In fifteen minutes, exactly, he is to return for you. He will tell you that it's time to "show your daddy what a gutter slut you are." He is to take you by the hand again. This time he will take you to the sofa. You will sit on the sofa, feet on the floor, and your knees as far apart as they will go. You will ask your father to watch you masturbate. You will masturbate again, the same way, with a single finger on your clitoris, nothing more, until you climax for a second time. And then you will thank your father for watching you "cum like a filthy gutter slut."

Your father will return you to the chair. Once you are properly seated, he may release your hand. You will sit and wait.

In 30 minutes, your father is to return and take your hand. Neither of you are to say a word. He will take you to a place of his choice, anywhere in the house except the living room where the chair is. He will pick a place and stop you there. Still holding your hand, he is to kneel down

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in front of you, his eyes on your pussy. Once he's in place, he will tell you "Go ahead, whore, diddle that slutty thing." You will masturbate, a single finger to your clitoris, until you climax. You will remain standing on your feet. You will not tell him when you climax. You will continue masturbating. He will have to watch your pussy. When you climax, he will tell you "stop playing with your pussy, whore." You will stop when told to, whether you have climaxed or not. You may not say anything. He will return you to the chair and release your hand once you are properly seated.

In 30 minutes he will return for you and take your hand again. You will take him to collect every sex toy you have. You will give them all to him. He will put them in a bag and bring them to me in the morning. Once that is done, he will take you to your bed. You will masturbate, the same way, one time in your bed, until you climax.

As soon as you've climaxed, you will thank your father for being so attentive to your pussy's needs. He will walk you back to the chair and release your hand. You will put your chair back where it goes.

Your father is to take a picture of you masturbating the final time. You will text that picture to me immediately. There will not be any retakes.

If you wish to masturbate my way, then promise me that you will behave while your father helps you to masturbate. Otherwise, promise me that you will not touch yourself.

It takes Emily a couple of minutes to text back, but I suspect that's just the time it takes her to read the instructions. She texts back "Yes, Ma'am. I promise to behave and be good while my daddy helps me to masturbate your way, Ma'am."

About three hours later I get a picture from her.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

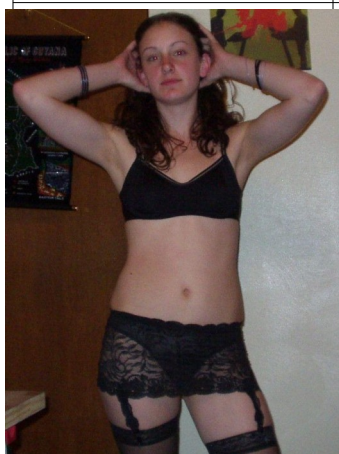
My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
21	5'4"	121
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
21	5'7"	102
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

Debuts In: "Paige: From College Girl To Slave-Whore"



Princess Lilly

Age	Height	Weight
6 (Human)/42 (K9)	2'2"	60
Hair	Eyes	
Black & White	Puppy Dog	



Prince Butt Monkey

Age	Height	Weight
13 Mo.	3'	75
Hair	Eyes	
Brown, Tan, White	Puppy Dog	

A portrait of a woman with curly brown hair tied back, wearing black-rimmed glasses and a black V-neck top. She is smiling slightly and looking towards the camera. The background is a solid red wall.

Mistress Diane

Age	Height	Weight
48	5'11"	
Hair	Eyes	
Black	Brown	