

My Step-Daughter's a Little Hellion

By

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You don't know me and I don't you, but let me tell you a story. More of a confession, actually. But hear me out, it's a doozy of a tale.

Shortly before the world went to hell in a handbag, I met a beautiful woman. And when I say beautiful, I mean an absolute bombshell. A seraph in human guise. Long blond hair and blue eyes that seemed to sparkle. The face of a model. High cheekbones and pouty lips. The body of a pornstar. Big tits so perky they defied the laws of physics. A narrow waist that emphasized said melons and a heart-shaped rump that caused traffic accidents. Even her feet were stunning. Her name was Mirage, which means 'fuck fantasy' in French. Don't quote me on that.

At the time of our meeting, I had thought it was by chance and I was thanking my lucky stars. Chance and luck weren't involved, unless you count bad luck. I'll get to that later.

So I'm in a Victoria's Secret buying a gift card for a coworker I fancy, when I stumble into Mirage. And I mean *literally* stumble, like in a bad rom-com. We spin, topple, and she lands on top of me. I gawk at her abundant cleavage for an awkward amount of time as she giggles like a schoolgirl with downs.

Next thing I know, I'm sitting on a pink sofa in the dressing room as she models one scandalous piece of lingerie after the next. She's bending and bouncing and holding provocative poses, all the while asking my thoughts, claiming she needs a man's opinion. I'm making nonchalant comments, acting like this happens to me every day, but, of course, the whole time my cock is trying to tear its way out of my jeans.

I meet her for a sushi dinner the following evening. She laughs at all my bad jokes, maintains the conversation focus on me, and flirts like it's her native language. As I'm ordering daifuku aisu for our dessert, her stocking-shod foot slinks between my legs and nestles against my package. She winks and licks her lips as I stammer the order at the unaware waitress.

During the entirety of the Uber ride back to her place, Mirage gyrates in my lap while sucking my tongue. The driver ogles via the rear-view mirror with only one hand on the steering wheel.

Once we're upstairs in her elegant apartment, she directs me to the living room couch and pours me a whiskey. As I sip, she disrobes down to her lace teddy. As she sinks to her knees before me, unbuttons, unzips, and pulls down my pants, she tells me that she's old fashion and doesn't participate in sex outside of marriage. Apparently, oral sex doesn't count.

I utter a loud gasp of bliss and stare down at her in shock and awe as she slides my pulsating prick all the way into her throat like it's a simple practice to master.

A door behind us opens. A teenage girl prances out in a short bubblegum-pink nightgown. With her every jovial bounce I'm given a rousing flash of her panties, which are the identical shade of pink. She has the same blond hair, sparkling blue eyes, and attractive facial features as Mirage. She is a cherub that has lost her white-feathered wings.

She halts behind the couch and announces, "Hi, I'm Lili."

Mirage moans and groans with my cock in her throat just outside of Lili's view.

I gulp. "Um, hi, Lili. Are you Mirage's little sister or niece?"

"Nope," she shakes her head, "I'm her daughter."

"Ooh." Mirage never mentioned being a mother and she doesn't have a single stretch mark or scar on her flawless body, so I'm completely taken aback. "How old are you?"

Lili flips her hair with a demure smile. "I'm eighteen." She is so petite she looks about half that age. She can perceive the doubt in my expression, and offers, "You wanna see my ID?"

"No, no, that's okay. I believe you. You're just so—"

“Short and sweet and succulent.” She’s as flirtatious as her mother, currently deep-throating my dick as though she’s oblivious to her daughter chatting me up. And *goddamn* if it wasn’t the best blowjob I’d ever had up until that night!

“It’s late,” I suggest, “maybe you should go to bed.”

“Nah, I’m not sleepy yet.” Lili spins, giving me a peep at the cheeks of her adorable apple-bottom peaking out of her panties, and skips over to the kitchen area.

I pull a throw blanket over my lap to dampen Mirage’s suckling mewls of gluttony. Then drain my whiskey tumbler.

Lili plops down next to me with a bottle of Strongbow hard cider in one hand and the bottle of Jack Daniel’s in the other. “You ready for a refill?” She takes no notice of her mother’s head bobbing under the blanket or of her legs sticking out from underneath. She would have to be blind and deaf to fail to notice her mother aggressively sucking my cock beside her.

Stunned, I simply reply, “Sure.” And hold out my glass.

Lili pours the whiskey with a practiced hand, not spilling a drop, and sets the bottle on the coffee table. “How was your dinner date? My mom was so excited.”

I down a gulping guzzle. “Oh, uh, it was great.”

Lili twists and lays back, resting her head against the cushioned armrest and pulling her slim legs onto the couch. “She thinks you’re really special.”

“Yeah, um, do you wanna turn on the TV maybe?”

“Nah, I’d rather just talk.” Lili casually kicks up a leg, hooking her ankle over the back of the couch, giving me an unobstructed view of her pretty pink panties. The tight slit of her elfin mound is outlined by a slight tuck of her undies between her nether lips.

I nearly bust at that moment but manage to hold back for fear of shouting.

Lili presses the threaded mouth of her beer bottle to her plump, pink-glossed lips and sensually slides her rolled tongue in and out of the neck with a wry grin. She then upturns the bottle and chugs it down completely. She belches and giggles, then rolls the empty bottle up and down the inner thigh of her raised leg, coming just short of her exposed crotch with each slow descent. “Whattaya do when you’re not eating sushi with my mom?”

I blink and shake my head to break the spell cast by the teasing bottle. “Uh, I’m a software engineer.”

“A ’puter nerd, huh?” She winks. “Smart guys are sexy.”

Anxiety mounting, I finish off my drink in one draft. “Whatta ’bout you? High school?”

“Nah, I homeschooled. Finished early.” She brings the bottle to rest between her parted legs and utters a soft moan while staring into my eyes. “Still cool. It feels nice.”

“Yeah,” I blurt without thinking first, “I bet it does.”

She giggles and points the bottle toward my bobbing lap. “I bet that does too.”

My cheeks flush hot and I glance away. “Uh, yeah. Like I said, you should probably go to bed now.”

“It’s okay.” Lili bites her lower lip with an expression of yearning. “You can cum. I’ve just been fucking with you for fun is all. Go ahead and blow your load down my mom’s throat. Can’t you hear how thirsty she is for your spunk? She wants it so *bad*.”

“That’s, um, not really appropriate.”

She snorts. “Not appropriate, huh?” Lili drops the bottle onto the plush carpet and presses a finger to her pursed lips in a hush gesture. Then slips the same digit under the elastic hem of the crotch of her undies. She slowly pulls them aside, unveiling her perfect pussy lips. She splays

them with two fingers of her opposite hand, showing me her moist pink center and my heart hammers.

I swallow hard and stutter, “Y-y-you really shouldn’t be do-do-doing—”

“It’s okay,” she whispers. “I’m just helping you get there. You wanna cum, don’tcha, sexy? You wanna drain your balls into my mom’s hungry belly?”

I nod and finally allow myself to moan with bliss.

Lili sinks a finger into her glistening folds of perfection and stretches her small mouth wide in a hushed gasp. I’d never seen anything more arousing in all my life!

I groan aloud, “Ooh fuck!”

Mirage responds to my cry of ecstasy by sucking me harder and faster and louder. I can feel her drool oozing over my tightened sack.

Lili vigorously works her buried digit, grinding at her g-spot while panting and moaning softly. “I wanna see your expression of joy when you burst. It’ll make me cum so hard my pussy will squirt.”

The thought of my pleasure causing this little blond-haired blue-eyed angel to cream pushes me over the edge and my eyes roll back under fluttering lids as my cock spurts hot splooge into Mirage’s throat.

When I open my eyes, Lili has vanished without a trace but for a wet spot on the couch, which I hide with the throw blanket as I uncover Mirage.

Mirage says nothing about Lili whatsoever, merely thanks me for a pleasant evening and makes me promise to call her.

Over the next few months, I see Mirage almost every day, either for lunch or dinner, but never go back to her apartment for fear of another incident with Lili. I was wracked with guilt and didn’t want any more.

Eventually, after some prying, Mirage confesses that she had been married at sixteen and gave birth before her seventeenth birthday. Which would have made her thirty-five if Lili was truly eighteen, though Mirage only appeared to be in her mid-twenties. I chalked it up to good genes and healthy living.

On each date, Mirage sucks my cock and guzzles my cum, but I wanna get balls deep in her pussy. So I do what any cunt-crazed man would, and propose to her while she’s licking my spunk from her lips. She accepts at once with tears of joy, even though I haven’t presented a ring. To my pleasant surprise, she requests we skip a wedding and simply elope on a honeymoon cruise to the Caribbean.

Two weeks later, I pick her up in a limo to head to the docks. Lili climbs in behind her and I nearly shit myself. Mirage claims that Lili’s father withdrew his offer last minute to take Lili for the week and she doesn’t trust Lili to be left alone. I couldn’t offer an argument after witnessing Lili’s perverse behavior.

Mirage is friends with the first mate and he grants Lili passage without a ticket, though we’ll have to share our honeymoon suite with her.

The captain marries us at port before we ship off. I wear a tuxedo t-shirt and swimming trunks, Mirage a white wedding bikini, and Lili a pink ruffled one-piece swimsuit that accentuates her tempting tushie. I can’t refrain from stealing covetous glimpses of her protruding apple-bottom at every available opportunity.

The three of us celebrate with a bottle of Dom Pérignon champagne in a four-person hot tub surrounded by other guests enjoying the afternoon sunshine, the salty sea breeze, and the softly playing tropical music. We joke and laugh and discuss the assorted activities we wanna

attend on the ship and the many attractions we wanna see on the various island paradises we'll be visiting. Lili maintains an air of juvenile innocence and a childlike playfulness that I find strangely alluring, until Mirage climbs out of the tub to sunbath on a beach lounge nearby.

Once Mirage lies down and slips on a pair of tanning goggles, Lili moves from the seat across from me to the one beside me. She slides a thin arm around my back and rests her head against my shoulder. Her naive demeanor disappears as her true-self emerges from behind her impressive mask of purity.

My dick twitches in my trunks as I feel Lili's hand settle on my knee. I drain my champagne flute as her smooth palm gently glides up my inner thigh. One leg of my trunks is bunched up by her hand slowly reaching farther inside. I hold back an elated moan as she cradles my balls with a ginger touch. They overfill her small palm.

I glance down at her and she's gazing up at me with a coy smile. I know I should pull her hand away but I don't have the necessary willpower.

She blows me a tender kiss and then giggles as she begins to massage my nuts with slender, fondling fingers.

I scan the crowded deck to be sure no one is eyeing us as my prick grows large and rigid.

Lili coos so soft I can barely hear her voice. "Does that feel good, Daddy?"

It hits me in the chest like a ton of bricks, my heart leaping into my throat, as I realize I am now her step-father and she is my step-daughter. Her palm closing around my girthy erection is made all the more erotic for it.

I peer down at her with longing eyes, nod once, and breathe, "Yes, sweetheart, greatly."

Lili winks. "It's not inappropriate?"

I utter a guilty chuckle. "Just don't tell your mom."

Lili softly twists her fist up and down the full length of my long shaft. "It'll be our special secret between you and me, *Daddy*."

An euphoric shudder courses through my body at her carnal use of that affectionate title.

She tugs my prick harder. "You like being my daddy, don'tcha, you dirty old man?"

I glance at my new wife sweating under the sun, before replying in a whisper, "I do, but it's wrong."

She feints an expression of shock with a muted gasp. "Oh, is it really, Daddy? Should I stop jerking you off under the bubbling water? Do you wanna hop out and go play shuffleboard instead? Maybe take a nice stroll across the deck with your big dick tent-poling your trunks?"

I'm having difficulty subduing my heavy breathing as she strokes my shaft while teasing me. I fear someone walking by noticing or Mirage overhearing during a lull in the music. I debate forcing Lili to stop as I image the agonizing embarrassment of getting caught and the misery of being thrown in the brig for the duration of the trip.

Lili purrs, "I wanna feel your fat cock pulse in my palm as you bust your nut real hard, *Daddy*."

That ends the debate immediately. I peck her forehead with a fatherly kiss, and pant, "Me too, sweetheart."

Lili fists my dick faster and reaches her palm higher, stroking the sensitive underside of my cockhead with each pump. She coos, "Cum for me. I want you to cum. I wanna feel your sticky icky between my fingers, *Daddy*."

I dunk my head below the water and howl as I erupt!

When I finally stop trembling and come up for air, I find Lili licking and sucking her fingers like a little girl with a lolly.

She giggles innocently as I blink at her. “Tastes yummy, Daddy. I wish I had more. Maybe later you can give me a whole mouthful?”

Before I can gather my thoughts to issue a rebuttal, Mirage rises from her lounge with a stretching yawn that draws all eyes to her large buoyant bosoms scarcely contained by her scanty bikini top. I’m struck with a jolt of guilt as I ponder how I could cheat on such a beautiful babe, and with her daughter, no less. We haven’t even consummated our marriage yet and I’ve already received a handjob while she snoozed a few feet away. I swear to myself I won’t let it happen again. I need to muster the strength to refuse Lili’s advances.

We spend the remainder of the afternoon swimming, sipping icy cocktails, and playing pool volleyball. After changing into evening attire, we dine in a cabaret restaurant while watching a neo-burlesque performance, which is equal parts singing, dancing, and classic striptease. Mirage enjoys the show, but Lili seems bored to death.

We give Lili the privilege of choosing our next activity. She leads us down into the bowels of the ship to an old fashion cinema showing John Carpenter’s *The Thing*. When the film begins the theater is barely half full. Mirage falls asleep on my shoulder before the second act.

Lili lifts up the armrest between us and snuggles close. In my buzzed state, I curl an arm around her without thought of the consequences. She tosses one leg over my knee, spreading my thighs, and casually cups my groin. I don’t dare to move for fear of waking Mirage.

Lili kneads my package over my pants as we watch. Her gentle molestation causes my cock to engorge and throb. She unbuttons my trousers and slips her small hand inside. She fishes my erection from my boxer-briefs through the fly. I chew my bottom lip as she begins to stroke my shaft within my pants.

Soon, Lili kisses my nape and whispers up at me. “I wanna suck your cock and swallow your cum, *Daddy*.”

I shake my head with wide eyes. “No, no, no.”

She nods zealously with a beaming smile. “Yes, yes, yes.”

I glare daggers at her but she disregards my disapproval and unzips my trousers, exposing my prick to the air. I glance around the darkened theater in paranoia, but everyone is engrossed in the movie.

Lili licks her plump lips with a look of craving. “Don’t wake Mom when you cum in my mouth, *Daddy*.”

I make a pleading expression. “Please don’t do this, sweetheart.”

She tongues and nibbles my earlobe, before cooing, “Don’t worry, *Daddy*. I’m gonna suck you good. Even better than Mom.”

Mirage gurgles in her sleep and nuzzles against my shoulder. She’s out for the count.

Lili drags her tongue tip across my lips and I defy the urge to kiss her hard on the mouth. She shifts in her seat and ducks her head down. I inhale a sharp breath as she pecks my dick with a soft, sucking kiss that tingles my heavy balls.

At this point, I figure it’s futile to resist and so I affectionately stroke her silky hair as she swirls her tongue around my cockhead.

Unlike her mother who always dives straight into deep-throating, Lili takes her time, teasing my cock with kisses and licks and drums on her tongue.

Eventually, I can’t take it anymore and I shove her head down, punching my prick into her warm, wet mouth. As my cockhead hits the back of her throat, she gags and attempts to rise. I curl my fingers into a fist, clutching a sturdy grip of her mane and bob her head as she utters whimpering mewls of rapture. She seems to be enjoying my demanding dominance over her.

Her suckling mouth is divine. I can't help myself from groaning quietly as I force her to suck my dick. There is something indescribably titillating about watching her head bob in my lap with her blond hair veiling her face.

It dawns on me that I can take advantage of this situation to teach her a lesson, and so, without rousing Mirage on my shoulder, I pivot my pelvis towards Lili while twisting Lili's head to align with her throat. I force her face down, plunging my prick all the way into her snug throat as she coughs and chokes.

Lili puts up an ineffectual struggle, pushing back against my legs with her short, skinny arms as I bounce her crying face off my crotch. The loud violence of the film conceals her desperate cries as I fuck her throat. I had never been so rough with anyone before, let alone a nubile young girl that addresses me as Daddy. Yet I don't feel any remorse, only a thrilling serenity as I gouge her gullet as she squirms and squeals.

Between drinking for hours and the handjob in the hot tub, my stamina is steadfast. My flexing bicep burns from thrusting Lili's straining head up and down, but I ignore the muscle ache and continue bobbing her head without respite. If this ravaging of her throat doesn't teach her to respect my authority, nothing will.

When I recognize the movie is nearing its climax, I strive to reach my own. I'm not walking out of this theater with blue balls. At the risk of waking Mirage, I switch the hand I'm using to bob Lili's head and lift up the back of her fuchsia sundress. I tug her pink panties into her crack, giving her a wedgie, and grope her round cheeks with lustful greed. They're so plump and firm. I bite my tongue to keep from howling as my balls pull tight and my cock blasts searing jets of goo into Lili's gagging gullet!

Lili comes up from my crotch with a heavy-panting smile. Her flushed face is a mess of tears and slobber. Yet her expression is one of exhilaration rather than exasperation. Despite her struggling, the little masochist enjoyed my rough treatment. The only lesson she learned was how to deep-throat dick.

Our honeymoon suite includes a queen-size bed and a loveseat, which little Lili curls up in with room to spare after changing into a baby-pink nightgown in the compact bathroom. I tuck her in and give her a goodnight kiss with paternal affection as Mirage watches us with pleased adoration.

The next morning I awake to discover that Lili climbed into bed with us at some point during the night. Sleeping on my side as I usually do, Lili parked her tush against my groin. The only way I can sleep is in the nude.

I inhale the sweet scent of her hair with a pleasant sigh and my morning wood throbs between her cheeks. The warmth of her crack and the satin of her panties is a newfound nirvana.

Lili utters a soft moan in her sleep and clenches her cheeks, squeezing my solid shaft between her bubbled buns.

I take a peek under the silk sheet and chomp down on my lower lip. The bottom of Lili's nightgown is bunched around her midsection, baring her cute back dimples. My cockhead jutting from her cheeks has dribbled precum into the small of her back, leaving a glistening snail trail.

Lili abruptly twists around and grasps my erection with both her small palms. She whispers, "Is this for me, *Daddy*? It's so big and hard."

I swallow heavily, my desire and conscience dueling with fury. I comb my fingers through the length of her silky mane, then continue on, gliding down the arch of her lower back and take a firm grip of one cheek. I groan as I squeeze.

Lili leisurely pumps my cock. "You like my hiney, don'tcha?"

I kiss her forehead. "Uh-huh."

She coos, "Do you wanna take off my panties, *Daddy*?"

I sigh in frustrated defeat. "Yes, sweetheart, I do, but if your mom wakes up..."

"My mom is a heavy sleeper, especially when she drinks, and it's still pretty early. She likes to sleep late. As long as you keep it down, you can do whatever you want to me."

Trusting her encouragement against my better judgment, I carefully pull the sheet off of us.

Lili rolls onto her tummy and props up her bottom. "Pull 'em off me, *Daddy*."

Rising onto my knees below her, I slip my fingers under the elastic waistband of her undies and slowly peel them down, unveiling her tushie. I pull her panties down her slim legs and leave them around one ankle in case she needs to pull them up in a hurry.

Reaching back with her little hands, Lili spreads her cheeks, revealing her puny pink pucker. "You can taste my tiny hineyhole if you wanna, *Daddy*."

My cock pulses and my nostrils flare as I'm instantly overcome with a ravenous hunger. In that heated moment, I had never wanted anything more. This cherubic girl offering me her rosebud triggered the most lustful yearning I'd ever experienced.

Fearful of waking Mirage, I perform a controlled dive, firmly planting my face between Lili's splayed cheeks without shaking the bed but with enough force to smack her pelvis to the mattress and drive a startled mewl from her lips. I jab my rolled tongue against her bantam bud until it blooms and then jam my tongue deep inside her.

Muffled moans issue from Lili's mouth buried in a down pillow as I devour her ass with the gluttonous voracity of a starving timber wolf. I'm groaning and drooling and thrusting my hips wildly, humping the bed while imagining it's Lili's taut little tasty asshole. And tasty doesn't even begin to describe the exquisite experience of ramming my tongue up her virgin-tight ass. It was like eating my favorite meal combined with meth and Molly. I'd never felt any higher.

I pull her hands away and knead her cheeks roughly as I tongue-punch her asshole until she quivers and quakes.

Lili twists around and whines, "*Daddy*, I need to pee." She wraps a small hand around two of my fingers, slipping off the bed and pulling me along after her.

I lock the bathroom door behind us as Lili takes a seat on the toilet. She motions me forward and I cradle the back of her head as she presses her lips over my cockhead while she begins to tinkle. I moan softly as she sucks my dick in earnest.

When her trickling urine peters out, she fumbles blindly for the toilet paper as she continues to suck and slurp.

I advise, "I got it, sweetheart." And tear away a wad of TP, reach between her legs and gently wipe clean her perfect little pussy. Caring for her like a toddler as she nurses from my cock is bizarrely erotic.

After I flush the toilet, Lili purrs up at me, "*Daddy*, will you fuck me?"

After reining in my excitement, I reason, "I can't risk the chance of impregnating you."

She cocks her head adorably, and appeals, "You can fuck me in my hiney, *Daddy*."

My heart skips a beat at the thought of cramming my cock up her ass. Pressing a palm to my chest, I take a step back. "It'll hurt you, sweetheart."

Lili rises from the toilet and pumps my rock-hard prick. "I don't care if you hurt my hiney, *Daddy*. I wanna feel you inside me. You can cum in my hiney too if you wanna."

The childish cadence of her velvety voice speaking such seductivity throws me for a whirl.

She reaches past me and plucks a small bottle of baby oil from the countertop among other travel size toiletries. "You can use this, *Daddy*."

I inhale a deep breath to settle my reeling mind.

When my head stops spinning, I'm standing in the shower with the hot water spraying my lower back and my oiled erection in one hand. Lili is bent forward with her palms pressed to the wall, her feet together, back arched to jut her apple-bottom.

She looks up at me over her shoulder, and coos, "Stretch out my hineyhole, *Daddy*."

A shutter of ecstasy ripples through me, and I stammer, "F-f-fuck yeah, I will, sweetheart." Due to the substantial difference in our height, I have to squat to bring my dick level with her tush. I nudge my oiled cockhead against her tight pink star. It's more than double the circumference of her teensy rosebud. I don't think it will fit but I try anyway.

Lili grunts through gnashing teeth as I steadily impale her viselike ass, driving my girthy prick through her seizing anus with a gasp of bliss.

When my cock is embedded to the root deep in her bowels, Lili looks back with crying eyes, and whimpers, "*Daddy*, your dick feels so *huge* in my tiny hineyhole."

I hunch forward and peck her cheek with a kiss. "Is it too big, sweetheart? Should I take it out?"

She shakes her head with a look of surprised distress. "No, don't take it out! I wanna feel your cum fill up my hiney, *Daddy*."

Her words inflaming my passion, I comb my fingers into her blond mane, fisting her hair, crane her neck and kiss her lips with ardor.

Lili moans and groans and quivers and shivers as I lap and lave her tiny tongue while working my cock in and out of her rectum at a restrained rate. Slowly but steadily I increase the stride and strength of my stabs until I'm beating her bottom with brutal brio.

Lili claws at the wall and kicks her dangling feet as I trounce her tushie. The spanking slaps of my pelvis pounding her clenching cheeks are surely loud enough to disturb the neighbors and yet we haven't heard a peep or a creep from Mirage sleeping in the next room. At the time, I was so enthralled that this concern didn't even cross my mind.

Eventually, Lili is unable to contain her cries of pain and begins to shriek with each of my savage slams. Her screams of suffering further elevate my exhilaration and encourage an escalation of my exertion.

The cherry color of her clobbered cheeks spreads up her back and down her legs until all her flesh is flushed red as burning cinders. The crimson bleeds into her blond hair, blending into pink. From below the sweat-matted hair of her forehead, two short stubby horns of scarlet sprout. From above the cleft of her cheeks, a long arrowhead tail of cerise crops up and coils around the base of my cock and cherries. Lili's sudden and startling shift into the satanic semblance of a succubus or siren serves not to stifle my satisfaction as I spew my seed!

Her rectum undulates around my shaft, squeezing out every last drop of spunk as something like a tentacle within her bowels suckles at my cockhead!

Her head twists around at an unnatural angle and a long forked tongue hisses between her crimson lips and I recoil, smacking against the wall and shutting off the water!

Lili falls to her feet, her arrowhead tail uncoiling from my junk. She twists around and plops to the floor. "Look what you did, *Daddy*."

The lights faint and flicker as the droplets of water on the walls trickle upward.

My stomach wrenches as I watch her belly swell before my eyes. "What the fuck?!"

Leaning back against the wall, she pulls up her knees, spreading her slim legs, and a stench like brimstone burns my nostrils as her tight slit oozes a bubbling tar that seeps into the drain.

I sputter, “W-w-what are you?!”

Lili titters, “A better question is what are you, *Daddy*. A human couldn’t impregnate me.” She howls towards the ceiling with excruciating labor pains, baring glinting fangs, and her long cerise tail lashes back and forth as her cunt stretches wide to expel ebony eggs!

My heart hammers at my breastbone as if it’s going to burst from my heaving chest as I watch her push out six pulsating pods!

As she pants for breath, I reach a trembling hand toward the shower door handle.

Lili scowls up at me. “Don’t be a deadbeat dad.”

I retract my hand for fear of what she’ll do. “I was j-j-just going to go get your mother, sweetheart. I would never abandon you.”

Her scowl becomes a smile. “Of course, you wouldn’t, *Daddy*. Without you, I wouldn’t be able to feed our babies. They need lots of cum.”

I gulp. “They need cum?”

She nods with a grin. “And only yours will do. But don’t worry, *Daddy*, I’ll suck it out of you.”

“W-w-what will your mother think?”

“She won’t think anything, *Daddy*. She was only a projection.”

My stomach drops. “A projection?”

“Yeah, silly, a psychic projection. How else would I have lured you into my clutches?”

I blink at her befuddled. “Your mother was never real? I fell for an illusion?”

“Come on, *Daddy*,” she giggles, “her name was Mirage for fuck’s sake. You’re a handsome man, but she was perfection. You really never questioned it?”

“W-w-why have you done this?”

“If you’re looking for a diabolical monologue, you won’t get it from me, *Daddy*, not until after breakfast, at least.”

“Yeah,” I nod, “okay, sweetheart. How about I go re-re-retrieve our breakfast while you rest?”

“No need. The honeymoon suite comes with 24-hour room service. You’ll be staying here for the remainder of the trip. Our babies need to be ready for our return home, which means lots of feeding.”

Repressing my revulsion, I ask, “How long before they hatch?”

“Do you have a full bladder to spray them with?”

“Um,” I hesitate, “you want me to piss on them?”

“Yeah, *Daddy*, pee on them.”

I reconsider fleeing the shower. “So they won’t hatch if I don’t piss on them?”

Lili rises to her feet. “You can’t run from this. Even if you somehow managed to escape the suite, where do you think you’d go? No one would believe you. If you got yourself locked in the brig, I’d seduce the captain to release you. Mirage can be very persuasive.”

I glance at the door, my mind reeling, and Lili steps in front of it.

Claws extend from her fingertips as she hunches to pounce. “I’m stronger than I look. You can’t overpower me, *Daddy*.”

Surveying her stance, I surrender. “Okay, I’ll piss on them. You can retract your claws.”

“As soon as they hatch.”

I grip my flaccid dick and release my bladder with a sigh of relief and resignation, spraying steaming yellow over the six gooey ebony eggs. They bubble, hiss, and shutter. I gasp as onyx claws tear through the melting mounds, the reek like rotting corpses!

Lili sinks into a stoop and pets the putrid puss, unveiling the ungodly horrors within. Mottled green scales, webbed black wings, and sharp needled teeth unfurl from fetal positions as shrieking cries assault my ears, tearing at my very soul!

I hyperventilate as burning beady eyes glare up at me. “Holy shit! Holy *fucking* shit! What the *fuck* are they?!”

Lili giggles, “They’re our babies.”

“Those are not *fucking* babies! Those are what *fucking* nightmares of devils are born from! How the *fuck* did those creatures come out of you?!”

“You filled my hiney with your sticky icky, remember, *Daddy*?!”

I turn my head and vomit bile down the wall. “Oh *fuck*, oh *fuck*, *fuck*! What have I *fucking* done?! We have to kill them!”

Lili hisses, “Don’t you dare! Don’t even think about it! They are our babies, *Daddy*!”

“No, no, no, they’re monsters! They need to be exterminated!”

Leaping up, Lili clutches me by the throat and slams my head against the wall. “You will never harm them! Do you understand me, *Daddy*?!”

My head spinning, I croak, “I understand, sweetheart, I understand!”

She releases her death grip. “Turn on the water so I can rinse them off.”

Gripping the back of my aching head, I turn on the hot water and pull down the detachable shower head.

Snatching it from my hand, Lili meticulously sprays each of the screeching little abominations clean. Then sprays herself clean before handing it back to me.

I replace the shower head and shut off the water. “Can we dry off and order our breakfast now, s-s-sweetheart?”

“No, not until we feed our babies their first meal. Can’t you tell they’re hungry?”

“Um, yeah, I guess so, but I won’t be able to cum again so quickly.”

“You’re gonna cum again even if it takes all morning.”

“F-f-fine, but can we at least get out of the shower so their horrid shrieks won’t be so *fucking* loud?”

“Sure, *Daddy*, whatever you need.”

We exit the shower, closing the glass door to muffle their cries, and towel dry. I sit on the toilet and realize I’m still shivering.

Lili sinks to her knees. “Relax, *Daddy*, you’ll be safe as long as you comply. Even when they’re grown, I can protect you from them.”

“And w-w-what about everyone else?”

“You don’t wanna know, *Daddy*. Just enjoy my suckling mouth.” She stuffs all of my cock into her little mouth, gazing up at me as she causes it to engorge by sucking and moaning rapaciously.

I can’t help but groan. Her mouth feels so good. I fist her pink hair and bob her horned head. There’s no reason to be reserved now that I know she isn’t my teenage step-daughter.

Lili slurps loudly as I bob her head roughly, plunging the back of her throat.

My reeling mind snags on something cryptic she said earlier. She implied I’m not human. But then what am I? I never knew my father so maybe he wasn’t human. That’d make me a half-breed. But a half-breed of what? None of this makes sense. I busted in Lili’s ass and she birthed

monstrous creatures. Maybe this is an hallucination. Maybe I was drugged or I'm suffering from food poisoning. Maybe this insanity is the result of a fever dream. This can't be fucking happening.

I focus on the elation of Lili's sloppily sucking mouth for thirty minutes before I force her head all the way down, cramming my cock deep into her snug throat, and bellow with bliss as I geyser into her gullet!

When my balls are drained, I release her hair and she rises with a smirk. "Thank you, *Daddy*, for blowing your load down my throat."

I pant, "My pleasure, sweetheart."

Taking my trembling hand, she pulls me to my feet. "Come watch me feed them."

Lili steps into the shower, getting down on her hands and knees, and regurgitates my splodge like a mother bird. She drools my pearly goop into their needle-toothed snapping maws.

I unconsciously step backward, bumping into the sink countertop as the hideous creatures writhe and wail as spines sprout from their scaled backs and their lashing limbs stretch and skew! This is a fucking nightmare! I've gotta fucking wake up! This can't be fucking real! I've lost my fucking mind!

Exiting the shower, Lili closes the glass door, grips me by the prick and leads me out of the bathroom, shutting the door behind us to further mute their cries.

I collapse into a chair and Lili orders our breakfast. Mirage has vanished without a trace, even her belongings are gone, so maybe she really was just a psychic projection. Could this all be real?!

Lili slips her baby-pink nightgown back on and, in the blink of an eye, shifts back into her human guise of a petite teenage girl.

She tosses a robe at me and I put it on in a shell-shocked state.

After our breakfast is delivered, my hands are still shaking as I raise a mug of coffee to my lips. I eat slowly while staring into my plate like a zombie with no conscious mind.

Once my plate is empty, Lili pulls me to my feet, pulls off my robe, and pulls me into bed. Laying atop me, she nuzzles and nibbles at my nape. Her gentle affection is almost enough to make me forget she is a succubus siren.

Rousing partially from my zombified state, I ask, "Are you ready to tell me what this madness is all about?"

Lili rolls her hips, grinding her cunt against my cock as she breathes an explanation. "Lilith, Infernal Lady of Lust, seduced Samael, an angel of death, and bore many children. I am the first born and greatest of those Lilim. Your father was an incubus, making you half-demon and half-human, which is why your seed was able to grant me the gift of spawning demonic children upon this earthly plane. Given enough time, they'll reap every soul from this world."

I can barely wrap my mind around everything she admitted. I feel faint with fury. This tiny temptress has inveigled me into inaugurating the apocalypse!

Lili coos, "Do you wanna fuck my little kitty, *Daddy*? It'll make you feel better. I'm wet for you, *Daddy*. Don't you wanna punish me?"

The moist warmth of her pussy humping my prick incites it to grow rigid as my heart pounds with rage. I wanna choke the life out of her as I pulverize her pussy into pulp!

I roll atop of her and clutch her by the throat as I thrust my cock deep into her cunt, causing her to cry out!

Lili shifts into her demonic form and hisses with excitement as I begin to thrust. "Yesss, *Daddy*, punish my pussy!"

I clench her throat tighter and tighter as I clobber her cunt with increasing intensity! “I’m gonna fuck you to death, you little fucking bitch!”

She throws back her horned head with a strangled giggle and her arrowhead tail lashes my clenching cheeks, provoking me to pound her pussy harder!

I grunt and gasp and my sides begin to ache, beads of sweat trickling down my spine, as I drill her depths with ferocious force!

Even as she struggles to breathe, she squirts and squeals as she seizes with serenity, soaking me with scalding secretions!

My forearm spasming with pain from straining for so long, I release my grip of her throat, and she titters, “I’m gonna fuck you, *Daddy!*”

Glancing back over my shoulder, I sight the arrowhead end of her tail shift shape. I howl as her dildo tail burrows up my ass!

Lili giggles, “I’m fucking you in your tight hineyhole, *Daddy!*”

My mouth stretches wide with a quivering groan and my eyes roll back under fluttering lids as her plunging tail milks my prostate, causing my cock to erupt into her cunt as euphoric waves wash over my mind and body!

I must have passed out from exhaustion, because I awake at noon to the rapture of Lili’s sloppy sucking mouth. I presume it’s feeding time.

I grip her small ears and gently fuck her face until I grunt with gratification, giving her my spunk to regurgitate for our hell spawn.

The next four days pass in a haze of blowjobs and booze as Lili sucks me again and again, even when I’m eating and sleeping.

If I weren’t half-demon, I’m sure my balls would have withered up and fallen off. Instead, they’ve doubled in size to provide larger cum loads.

Whenever I need to use the bathroom, I keep my eyes averted from the shower. I don’t wanna see what our demonic offspring are becoming. Their belching croaks, snapping teeth, and rasping snarls are enough to make my blood curdle without needing to lay my eyes on the monstrous creatures.

I’m sitting on the open balcony in the buff sipping a mimosa and staring out at the glittering blue water in a post-orgasm daze thinking about tossing myself overboard, when Lili comes out of the bathroom wearing her human guise with six blond-haired blue-eyed cherubs trailing behind her like ducklings.

I set my Champagne flute down and rub my eyes to be sure I’m seeing what I think I’m seeing, and sure enough, I am. The four-day-old identical sextuplets are half Lili’s height and more adorable than the cutest puppy or kitten you’ve ever seen in all your fucking life.

My heart sinks as my prick rises to full salute. I don’t have the nerve to feed myself to the sharks rather than my demonic daughters, so I go inside to surrender to their needs.

Before I can even slide shut the glass balcony door, they are all over me.

“Daddy, Daddy, Daddy,” they cheer excitedly as I stumble across the room to the bed as they cling to me, Lili surveying with a smile.

I collapse under their combined weight onto the mattress like a wildebeest taken down by a pride of hungry lions. Rather than tear into me, their drooling little mouths suckle. One cherub gorges on my cockhead, another slurps on my balls, two attempt nursing from my nipples, one sucks my tongue and another my nape.

All fear of these mewling monsters disguised as blonde babes is replaced by felicity as I succumb to their suckling.

The paradisal pleasure of their six small mouths sloppily sucking me simultaneously is beyond description. A dreamlike delirium overcomes me, distorting my perception of time. It seems as if days and weeks are passing as I splooge again and again. Yet, the sun doesn't set and the moon doesn't rise.

Eventually, Lili joins in, settling her apple-bottom on my face so I can tongue her rosebud as our spawn take turns sucking me to climax.

Spewing into their slurping mouths as I tongue-plunge Lili's puny pucker is a blissful beatitude and her wriggling atop me throughout is an Edenic elation.

Again, I must have passed out, because I awake at sunset to an empty suite. I don't know where Lili and our daughters have gone, how long I've slept, or if it's the same day. My head feels like I've been on a month-long bender. I can't even see straight.

I spill out of bed and crawl to the balcony to sight only the sea. It's still the same day. Tomorrow morning we'll reach home. I've got about twelve hours to somehow stop this ship from docking and bringing about the end of the world. Now where are my pants?

This is the end of the free preview.

The full story will be available for purchase at most major eBook retailers.

Please browse my website JamesLucien.com for more of my works.