

KIDNAPPED - Part 1

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Title: Kidnapped 1

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Summary: A man is forced to watch videos of sex with progressively younger girls, then made to perform.

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[Sometimes a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do to get what she wants to get!]

Randal exited the coffee shop into the bright sunny morning with a smile. The day was looking *great!* He savored another sip of his signature drink, the venti iced skinny hazelnut macchiato, sugar-free syrup, extra shot, light ice, with no whip. It'd taken him over a year to formulate this concoction and get the baristas trained to do it right, but it was *totally* worth it! Ruby had done it right.

Ruby wasn't her real name, it was just what he called her on account of her ruby red hair and equally red lipstick. She was petite and pale, and Randal had once wondered if she'd lied on her application to get the job. Cafe' Foame' wouldn't hire an underage girl during school, of course - there were laws. But as he got to know her a bit, he realized she was just older than she looked. She was actually quite mature - as she'd made clear that time she'd hit on him. It hadn't been their usual banter and flirting - she'd actually wanted to drag him off to bed. Of course, being nearly fifty, he couldn't bring himself to take her up on it.

But he still had nice daydreams about what might have happened if he had, and it was with these happy and erotic thoughts dancing in his head that he strolled down the walkway. Suddenly the coffee went flying, and the world went black. Gasping in surprise, his nose filled with a strong chemical odor and he knew no more.

The world was dark, and it took him a moment to realize that his eyes were actually open. Dark wasn't the word. *Black* was the word. And quiet. As the grogginess dissipated, he realized that it was because his eyes were covered with some sort of mask, as were his ears. He tried to move - and he found that he was quite securely, though comfortably, bound to the padded chair he was sitting in. He struggled a bit, testing the bindings, and that movement revealed one more thing. In addition to being blinded and deafened and immobilized, he was apparently stark naked!

"Hello?" he called out. "Is anyone there? What do you want?" The natural assumption was that he'd been taken by the CIA or some other lettered organization. Or maybe the mob. He couldn't think *why* though. He was a nobody. Slightly above average income, but not enough to bother kidnapping. His job was okay but wasn't linked to any form of political or financial power. He had no wealthy or powerful relatives. In short, there was no *reason* to kidnap him.

He was about to call out again when he felt a light touch on his shoulder. A light touch, soft fingers. A woman? Suddenly his being naked mattered more than it had a second ago. He was about to ask what they wanted when there was the sound of his headphones powering on.

"Hi Randal," came a soft, seductive voice. It sounded faintly familiar, but was electronically distorted a bit, so he couldn't identify it. "Don't worry honey, you're not in trouble, and you'll be released just as soon as we're done with this. You won't be hurt. In fact, I think you'll find our little exercise... stimulating." There was a laughing quality to her voice, but it wasn't mocking. It sounded more like someone was playing a joke on him - and was trying to keep from bursting out laughing.

He hadn't been too worried anyway. He doubted anyone who wished him ill would have made him so comfortable. It'd be a pretty stupid torture method! But his curiosity was killing him. Who was it? Some of

his friends putting him through some sort of practical joke? He tried to think who would do that, but although his friends loved humor, they didn't generally think the so-called "practical joke" was funny, and Randal tended to agree.

His speculation halted when the girl - she was definitely a girl - began to run her hands over his body. "Mmm... you have a nice body Randal," she cooed through the headphones. He could feel her fingernails lightly running over his nipples, then downward. He could smell her too, and she smelled clean and nice, and her hair tickled as she leaned forward from behind him to trace lower. As she did so, he realized that she too was naked - or at least *mostly* naked, as he felt her bare skin pressing into his back, her nipples stiff and poking into him.

Before her hands got there his cock was already stirring, and he knew he would definitely play along. Whatever this woman wanted, it was obviously sexual - and she was obviously talented. While he wasn't exactly sexually adventurous, he also wasn't a prude. And besides, what choice did he have? Also, it'd been *far* too long since he'd been with a woman.

"Ooh! Your cock is just as lovely as we'd been told!" she said happily, her fingertips lightly touching his rising member, causing it to rise even faster. "Don't cum too soon now Randal," she giggled. "We want you to build up a nice big load before you do - promise you'll try?"

He choked a bit. "I-I'll try," he stammered. It was all too strange, but the utter blackness and not knowing where he was or who he was with was powerfully arousing.

"Good boy," she said, giving his cock a rather nice squeeze. "I know how boys like visual stimulation, so here..." There was a pause, and then he squeezed his eyes closed under the unexpected brightness. He opened them slowly, and realized the mask he was wearing was actually one of those Virtual Reality devices - and it was playing a porn clip!

His cock continued to inflate as he watched the feed. A young, petite woman - his favorite kind - was with two black studs, one large cock in each hand as they caressed her body. The camera work was good, as was her skill level, and in moments she'd brought both of them to rather spectacular climaxes all over her body.

As they were rubbing their cum into her skin, the girl's voice returned, superimposed over the audio feed from the clip. "What did you think of that Randal? Pretty sexy huh? Would you like to cum all over me like that?"

The truth was that though he was quite aroused, he was nowhere near ready to fire off. Still, he knew the correct answer. "Yes ma'am!"

She giggled again. "Oh Randal, I'm not a dominatrix! You don't have to call me ma'am, or mistress, or any of that nonsense. I just want to make you cum really good and hard - maybe more than once if you're 'up' for it. Does that sound fun to you?"

Did it ever! he thought.

"Was that girl to your liking Randal," she asked. "We have quite a collection here to choose from, so we should find what you like best."

"She was perfect," he said, and meant it. The girl had appeared about eighteen, slim, with modest breasts. Compared to the men, she was quite petite - exactly the way he preferred.

"I don't know," the girl said. "I think she was too... I don't know. Hey, let's try this one out." The video changed, and suddenly he was looking at another girl. This one was even smaller, and he doubted she was eighteen. But the hand on his cock was making it difficult to focus. She might be seventeen, he

justified to himself. That'd still be okay, though not strictly legal, he knew that many porn stars stretched the truth a bit on that sort of thing.

She had jet-black hair, ruler-straight hair - most likely a wig, and light brown skin, as well as an infectious smile. She was clearly enjoying strip-dancing for the camera, and with the VR gear, Randal felt like she was giving him a personal performance. Her body was delightful as well. A high, tight ass was eventually exposed, as well as a completely shaved cunny, which she flashed only briefly, increasing his interest.

When the song finished, the girl jumped onto the bed, and a man joined her from off-stage. The guy was about thirty and the idea flashed through Randal's mind that he could be her father. Well, probably not. But still, the age-gap was intriguing. Especially when she went to town on the guy's knob. She made no bones about her love for cock-sucking, and the man's member was rock-hard in moments. In short order she was laying on her back on the bed, diddling her cunny while he fucked her full-length. She was talented, Randal had to admit. She never choked or gagged at all, and in a few moments the man was laying lines of cum along her face and chest while she squealed and giggled like a little girl on Christmas day.

"Careful stud," the girl's voice tittered in his ear. "Don't want you cumming too soon. We want a good, big load to build up first!"

Suddenly he figured out what was going on. "Oh my God! You want me to knock you up!" It made perfect sense. This woman, whoever she was, had decided he should father her child, and didn't want him to know who she was. It was obvious! It was also devious, and brilliant.

"I'm willing, I suppose. But I really don't want another kid - the one I got is trouble enough!" It was true too. Being a single father might be the most rewarding experience one could have - or so they kept telling him - but it was also a real pain in the ass. Especially when your daughter was such a handful. Cheri was ornery, rebellious, and at that age when she was starting to get interested in boys. A triple-threat. And she had the looks to make the boys jump through hoops for her too. In a few years, he was going to have to invest in a shotgun, he was sure. At eleven she wasn't there yet, but he suspected she was already playing "kissing games".

The girl laughed merrily and made a loud "Bzzzt!" sound. "Wrong! We want you to cum a lot because it will be more fun for you, and because we looove cum!" She began to stroke his member with slow, firm strokes, milking the pre-cum, then he felt her hair on his thighs, her breath on his member, than finally her warm tongue lapping up the drops. "Mmm... yummy!" she said happily.

"If I let you cum during this next clip, how long do you think you'll need before you're ready to cum a second time?" she asked in a more serious tone.

The truth was that he almost never came twice in one night anymore. That was a game for young men. On the other hand, the situation was powerfully arousing, and he wasn't sure he'd even go soft after cumming the first time - not if she kept this up! "I'm not really sure," he finally admitted. "Probably not long."

"That's good," she said with a tremble to her voice. "Cos I really want you to cum for *me*." The way she emphasized the word "me" piqued his interest. Was there to be another girl for round two?

Then the scene on the goggles changed, and he suddenly knew *exactly* what she meant. The girl in this scene was Ruby! He must have gasped in shock, because she giggled in his ear. "I *told* you that you'd regret not taking me to bed when I gave you the chance! Venti iced skinny hazelnut macchiato, sugar-free syrup, extra shot, light ice, with no whip, my ass!" She giggled again. "No, strike that, *do* whip my ass!" He felt her rubbing her bare ass against his hand, and he automatically tried to grab.

It was pure reflex though. The reality was that Randal's mind had turned to jelly. The Ruby he knew could pass for eighteen, but this girl on-screen would *never* pass. Without the makeup and uniform, she looked

more like fourteen - if that! And somehow he knew it wasn't an old recording. This was just what she looked like naturally.

She looked *good* though. Her tits, such as they were, were high and firm, the nipples full and erect as she ran her hands over herself for the camera, turning and twisting about to expose every inch of her fine form to him. "Jesus," he said under his breath. He was going to Hell, sure as shit.

"What's the matter Randal," she teased in his headphones. "Don't you think I'm pretty?"

Her hand on his cock stroked in time with her words, and he could feel the precum dripping down the side, making her hand slick. Seeing her on-screen, he could imagine how small her hand would be on his member, and part of him yearned to see that. His cock was already pretty big, in her grip it would look - obscene!

"I can't," he finally managed to choke out, but what he *really* couldn't do was close his eyes. While Ruby was giving him a truly amazing handy, the same girl on-screen was presenting. On her hands and knees, she arched her back so her sweet little ass waggled in the air invitingly.

"Oh yes you can Randal. Don't let that innocent little girl look fool you. I may only be fourteen, but you *will* be cumming in my mouth shortly!" Then she burst out giggling as his cock twitched at her words, delivering a large dollop of precum in excitement. He felt her dive on it and lick it up, smacking her lips in satisfaction before saying, "You can complain all you want Randal, but we both know your cock wants this - so you might as well just get used to the idea of filling my mouth with your seed!"

"Fuck," he said, but it wasn't really a complaint. On-screen, Ruby had picked up a rubber dong and was rubbing it along her perfect, smooth little slit while the camera panned in for a close-up. Slowly and deliberately she worked it into her light pink pussy - her light pink *fourteen-year-old* pussy! His cock twitched again and he realized she'd let go of it - and he *still* felt like he might shoot off, even without physical stimulation!

On-screen Ruby began to fuck herself with the toy, quickly bringing herself to a rather spectacular climax, while the voice in his ear whispered, "I did this for you Randal. I fucked myself with that toy, knowing you'd be watching me. That's why I came so fast! Because I knew I'd be sucking your cock when you watched this! I love being watched Randal. I'm one of those girls who gets off on men watching her being naughty. Here, see?"

He couldn't see, but then he felt movement and smelled her sex. She must have wetted her fingers and put them under his nose. He inhaled her fragrance deeply.

"You like that Randal? You like the smell of my fourteen-year-old pussy?"

Randal groaned, but couldn't deny it, and she knew it. He might as well cop to it. "Yes," he said, his voice growly with arousal and desire for her. She giggled, and moved her wet fingers again. Feeling them at his lips, he opened his mouth and sucked them in, tasting the sweet juices of this fourteen-year-old slut, knowing how terribly, horribly wrong it was, but relishing the flavour all the same.

"My pussy tastes good, doesn't it Randal?" Ruby cooed, taking her fingers back. "So you'll appreciate this next bit." He felt her move away, then felt her between his legs once again and felt this might be the climax - no pun intended.

On-screen the young girl pulled the toy from her drooling pussy, then brought it around and stuck it to the floor. It had a suction-cup base, so it stood up for her. Then she dropped her head, sucking it into her mouth - while at the same time, the real girl was engulfing his *real* cock. He felt himself sinking into her mouth and throat as the toy on-screen was sinking into her mouth and throat there. Then both the virtual girl and the real girl were bobbing on their respective cocks.

With no way to move, Randal was at the mercy of the girl. Fortunately, she was merciful. She didn't tease him any more, instead bringing him steadily to a climax of mind-boggling proportions. He watched the young girl on-screen as his balls tightened and his muscles tensed, and then he was shooting his cum into her greedy suck-hole, his hips straining against the straps, trying to thrust instinctively while the girl just continued to bob up and down, rubbing his member with the walls of her throat and her wiggling tongue, coaxing out jet after jet of hot cum in the longest, most thoroughly satisfying climax of Randal's life.

Eventually he was spent, his finally salvo fired and gulped down, but Ruby didn't release him. She continued to suck on his member until she had out every drop, then continued to suck on him to keep him fully inflated. It worked, of course, though partially that was because on-screen she had moved to a spread-eagle position and was giving him an absolutely *beautiful* view of the firm cock-toy fucking her sweet fourteen-year-old pussy. It looked for the world like it would be too big for her, and yet, she managed to squeeze it in as if it was the easiest thing in the world.

Like many men, Ruby enjoyed watching women masturbate, and also like many men, he "related" when the toy in use was about the same size as his own member. This one was, and somehow Randal knew that was by design. The time she'd hit on him in the coffee shop, she'd told him that she'd heard he had a nice cock - whoever had told him that must have had direct knowledge.

Remembering this, Randal realized he'd turned her down back when he'd thought she *might* be seventeen. If the him-then could only see the him-now, with this fourteen-year-old sexpot still sucking on his cock after having slurped down every drop of his cum! Part of him was ashamed, but most of him was too sated to give a shit.

Ruby finally released him and got up to kiss him. "I want you to know for certain that I ate your cum" she said just before her lips pressed against his. Sure enough, he could taste his cum - and then she was pushing her wily tongue into his mouth and he was tongue-kissing a little girl. On screen she was pushing her way through her third or fourth climax, and it was odd to be kissing her while watching her fuck herself silly - but it was odd in a good, and arousing way.

It took him a little while to realize that while they were kissing, the hand had returned to his member, gently squeezing and stroking. It was nice though - comfortable and sexy and nice to kiss and get a handy at the same time, while watching porn. Then he realized that both of Rudy's hands were wrapped around him - so it was some other girl stroking his member.

Part of him wasn't surprised. She'd said "we" many times. And while that could be an affectation, part of him had secretly hoped there were others present. Hell, for all he knew, he was in a room *full* of people watching this teenie gobble his knob! It didn't matter, he justified to himself. He was a prisoner, and couldn't do anything about it anyway. No foul, no error. Bullshit, but who gave a fuck. This was the best thing that had ever happened to him. And besides, the idea of others watching was kinda exciting on its own merit!

As if the Universe had read his mind, another voice sounded in the headset. "You like fucking little girls, you old pervert?" he asked. A male voice - and not a boy. A man. Probably over thirty, he guessed.

It was a bit of a shock, but then, all of this had been a shock - and he'd just cum, so he was totally relaxed. And someone was jerking him, so he was still aroused. And Ruby was kissing him, so all was well with the world. She broke the kiss to let him answer.

"You should talk," he answered back. "You're obviously a pervert if you're in on this. What are you, the cameraman? You like recording little girls dildo-fucking themselves and sucking off older men?" The funny thing was, he'd tried to say it in a cutting manner, but it hadn't come out that way. It'd come out calmly, as if he was asking a taxi driver if he liked driving cars.

"I do indeed," the man replied with a chuckle. "Ruby's a sexy little fuck-toy, isn't she? She's been talking for weeks about how she was going to suck your cum out. Ever since she heard you have a big dick, she's been eager to give it a go.

"But she's only part of why you're here. We'd like to see how you feel about his next one. She's a bit younger - that okay with you?"

"Like I got a choice?" Randal said testily, though inside he felt a thrill run through him. He'd never in his life thought he'd be with a fourteen-year-old girl.

The man laughed, smacking him good-naturedly on the back. "Excellent! How young do you think you can handle?"

"I don't know," Randal said. "I never thought I'd be able to handle a fourteen-year-old."

"But you did!" Ruby chimed in. "Yummy cum too Randal! I wanna go again as soon as you're ready!"

Randal grinned. Since he'd already crossed that line, it didn't seem wrong to do it again somehow. "Any time toots, only next time I want to be able to touch you too! It's only fair!" He hesitated. "Speaking of which, is all this really necessary now?" he asked, shrugging against the bindings.

"For now, yes," the man said. "Think you can handle a thirteen-year-old?"

Randal shrugged. A year's difference in age was a pretty big difference when they were that young. Still, "Maybe," he said.

"What about twelve?" the man asked.

Randal hesitated. "I... I don't know. Probably not," he admitted, sounding even to his own ears as if he'd failed at something. "It seems... a little creepy somehow."

It wasn't "somehow", he knew. It was quite simply that that was too close to his daughter's age. And he couldn't *even* imagine being with someone her own age. That was just - well the word *creepy* wasn't *creepy enough* to describe the creepiness of that!

"Okay dude, don't fret - you'll lose your stiffy!" the man said, and Randal realized that that was actually happening. "We're not gonna make you do anything you're dead-set against. So just relax and go with it, okay?"

Randal felt himself relaxing and realized he'd been tensing up. He took a deep breath. "Okay, okay. Sorry."

"No fret. Let's try this one," the man said, and a video began.

To his surprise, this one had a girl of an apparent age around sixteen. She was very pretty, very sexy, with tits about twice the size of Ruby's. Randal watched as she moved erotically around, showing him her body from every angle, then began to touch herself for his entertainment.

Like before, he focused on the visuals while enjoying the tactile sensation of a girl's hand on his member. Ruby had stopped kissing him and moved off somewhere, but Randal was fairly certain that whoever was stroking his member was underage as well. At least in *his* mind she was. It was more exciting somehow to think she was. That he was being stroked by a young girl while watching this slut on-screen.

And she was a slut too. After she'd shown him everything, she began playing with herself, working her pussy with practiced fingers. It was esthetically beautiful and certainly arousing - and yet somehow Randal wasn't that into it. He'd rather have watched Ruby some more.

So instead he focused on the girl who was stroking him. Was she fourteen too? Or maybe she was the thirteen-year-old the guy had mentioned. Whoever she was, she was having fun with his member, stroking and kissing, and licking and sucking it in a nearly infinite variety of methods.

He found himself imagining her. A cute little thirteen-year-old girl stroking his cock. *That* would be something to see, all right! She would be smaller than Ruby. With even less tits. Not as curvy. More lanky. Less of a teenager - at thirteen, *barely* a teenager! More like a little girl! Would a girl that young even enjoy sex? Clearly the one stroking him was having fun doing it - she seemed to be spending more time sucking than licking now, as if she enjoyed the feel of his large man-sized cock in her mouth.

"Excellent Randal," the man said gently in his ear. "Your cock's really hard now. Do you mind if I ask what you were thinking?"

Randal started to say he was watching the video - then he realized that the video had gone blank! How long ago? He had no idea. He'd closed his eyes to imagine the little girl sucking and stroking his cock! Oh well, no point in lying - they would know the video was off for - how long? Didn't matter.

"I guess I was imagining the girl stroking me," he admitted.

"Cool," the man said. "You know she's a little younger than Ruby, right?"

"I assumed," Randal said.

"Want to see her getting fucked?" the man asked.

Randal's pulse thumped. Boy did he ever! Watching Ruby play with herself was awesome, but watching a thirteen-year-old actually getting fucked? Yes please!

"Yes please," he said, his voice cracking.

The guy chuckled, then Randal felt a water bottle at his lips and he drank. He hadn't realized how thirsty he was!

"Okay, here she comes," the man said. "You'll have to pardon the costume - it's for her protection. I hope you'll understand."

Randal was slightly disappointed, but when he saw the costume, he couldn't help but grin. The girl was in a cat outfit - sort of. She had on a mask, and face paint, as well as fake paws, a collar, and some sort of headpiece that gave her "fur" instead of hair, as well as ears. It was very cute, even though the cat was blue-and-white instead of realistic colors.

She entered the room on all fours, her sweet little ass a delight to watch, and Randal was surprised at how immature she was for a thirteen-year-old. She had almost no tits at all, though there were definite nipples, and they were definitely crinkled up firmly.

"Heeere kitty," a man called from off-camera, and she got up and ran to the bed that he was laying on, the camera panning to show it as she moved closer. Randal was slightly disappointed that the girl didn't have a tail, then realized that there was no way her little butt could be improved on. A tail would have just obscured that view! He smiled, realizing the director really knew his stuff.

The man laying on the bed was, again, *far* too old for the girl. This guy had to be at least forty. But he was in decent shape, and his erection was rock-hard, straining upward as he lay on his back, looking large and lewd - as inappropriate as possible for this little girl.

He smiled as she approached, patting the bed beside him, and she climbed up and lay down beside him.

"You're a good little kiddy, aren't you?" he asked, petting her, his hands almost grotesquely large in comparison. Randal laughed at himself as he realized he'd said "kitty," not "kiddy".

On-screen the girl-cat was rolling this way and that, letting the man... no, *encouraging* the man to touch her everywhere. He didn't stop any one place very long, but he did in fact touch her everywhere, and Randal tensed when he got to her privates. He wondered what such a young girl's pussy would feel like. He imagined it'd be very smooth, very warm, and he wanted to know that feeling beneath his own fingertips. He wondered briefly when he'd get a chance to actually be with Ruby.

But then the man was speaking. "Would kitty like some cream?" he asked. A lame, old line from a zillion porn videos, but the little girl smiled like it was the first time she'd heard it. Perhaps she was. She got up on her hands and knees and approached the man's member while the camera panned around to get a beautiful 3/4 view featuring her sweet rump.

The man held his cock out to the kitty, and sure enough, it was leaking a bit of cream. The girl sniffed it like a cat would, examined it from several sides, then tentatively licked the tip. At the same time, the girl between his own legs licked the tip of Randal's cock, and he realized he'd been so into the show that he'd failed to notice that the girl between his legs had pretty much stopped playing with him. It was like she was watching the screen too - and for all Randal knew, she was. It would explain why she'd licked when the girl on his goggles had.

Over the next few minutes, Randal's hypothesis was confirmed. As the girl on-screen experimented with licking the man's cock, the girl on his cock licked his cock at the same time. He felt like he was in some sort of lip-sync situation. Or rather, tongue-sync!

It was all very cute, and arousing, and both Randal and the man on screen were providing their girls with plenty of "kitty cream". But eventually the man began touching the girl, and Randal couldn't do that. He wanted to - God how he wanted to! It looked so... so *erotic* to be able to caress that smooth flesh. To feel her little pussy - shiny with wetness. How warm it must be! The girl on him did give Randal the very large pleasure of offering him a taste of her juices as the man on-screen licked his own fingers. God did she taste good! And her fingers were so small and delicate! He'd rather lick pussy juice from them than from his own fingers *any day*!

Gradually the couple on-screen started getting more physical, and to Randal's surprise and delight, the girl on him followed suit. The kitty-girl climbed atop the man, squeezing his cock between her thighs, and Randal felt the girl on him climb onto his lap and sit on it, imprisoning his own member between her thighs on two sides and her pussy on the third. She felt so hot, and so wet! If he hadn't just cum a little while ago, he was sure he wouldn't have been able to hold back, so that was a good thing. He didn't want this divine torture to end too soon!

The kitty-girl gradually began to move, stroking the man's cock with her thighs and pussy, and so did his girl, causing both men to drool their juices directly onto the girls' thighs and pussies. Randal shuddered with the mental image of his cock drooling on this little thirteen-year-old's cunny, making it even slicker and wetter, and he wondered how much more he could take. He also wondered if a thirteen-year-old could fit a man-sized cock. Of course they couldn't, but... well what if they *could*?

When the girl on-screen lifted herself and positioned the man's cock, Randal damn near came. He was going to fuck that little girl? He was! Or rather, the girl was going to... hell, she was impaling herself on it! The sight was so lewd, so outrageous, so erotic - there was no fucking way that huge cock was going to fit inside that little girl - only it did. She pushed down and it went in. A bit. She winced. She lifted, then dropped again - and it went deeper inside her until she winced again. She repeated this again, and again, until finally she was perched atop the man with a huge grin of pride on her face, as if she'd accomplished something wonderful.

"Fu-uck," Randal said, then jerked in surprise as he felt the girl on his lap lifting herself. "Oh honey, no! You'll hurt yourself!" he said, trying to move so she couldn't.

But of course, he couldn't move. The man's voice came back online. "Don't worry Randal. She can take your cock. That's her in the video, you know, and that guy's about the same size as her. Does she look like she's *not* enjoying it?"

In fact, on-screen the girl was slowly lifting herself and dropping, a look of concentration and serene pleasure on her face. She did *not* look in discomfort. If anything, she looked like she was in bliss.

"Okay, okay. Sorry," he said. "Just... just new to all this."

"No worries," the man said. "But since you're sitting up, she's going to need to turn around. So don't worry, you'll feel us moving her, then she'll be taking you to the hilt - trust us."

In fact, he could already feel the girl climbing to her feet on the chair. Carefully she turned around, and he imagined the man on one side, Ruby on the other, helping to steady her. Then he felt her hands on his shoulders to steady herself.

She lowered herself, and he was surprised at how smooth and wet and warm her cunny felt on his cock head. He started to take a breath, but she was already pushing down, and his cock was squeezing into her. She was so fucking tight! Randal's inhalation turned into a gasp, followed by a deep, "Oh fu-uck honey!"

The girl giggled, and he grinned at himself. He'd know what was coming, but there was simply no way he could have prepared himself for the tactile sensation of a teenaged girl squatting down on his cock - it just felt *too* good.

It felt equally good when she reversed after a few inches, rising upward, then dropping down again, taking his cock even deeper inside her. Each exit, each entrance was a completely indescribably pleasure - none of which compared to the joy and pleasure he felt when he felt her little kitty finally mash all the way down, engulfing him completely inside her. He *totally* got why she looked so happy and prideful at her accomplishment now!

On screen the couple were fucking in long, slow strokes, both of them making sounds of pure pleasure as they copulated. The man, of course, helped lift her with his hands on her ass, and Randal wished he could do likewise, but with him sitting and her hands on his shoulders, she was in a better position than the cat-girl to accomplish the raising and lowering anyway, so he just tried to relax and enjoy the ride. And fought like hell not to cum any sooner than necessary. It felt *too* good - he didn't want it to ever end.

The kitty and the man continued on, but Randal lost track of them because the girl fucking him did something the girl on-screen couldn't. She kissed him. As soon as her lips met his, her tongue was pushing into his mouth. He opened and let her in, and to his surprise, she began to climax right away. It was as if their tongues entwining were the final straw for her. He could feel her shaking against him, her pussy juices sloshing down his cock to puddle under his balls. He had never suspected that thirteen-year-olds made so much juice, though in retrospect, he realized it was a function of practice more than age. This girl had clearly fucked before, and enjoyed it very, very much.

He did too, and while he was still trying to prolong it as long as he could, it was a losing battle. He knew he was going to cum, and he wasn't sure about protocol. So he twisted his head to the side to break the

Randal couldn't have been happier, and the girl's head nodded agreement without disrupting their kiss. He'd never fucked blindfolded before, and it was insane how much more *intimate* this felt. He closed his eyes and focused completely on the girl, their kiss, and their union. The only thing that would have made it better would be if he could actually *touch* her.

As if reading his mind, hands undid the straps on his arms and he was free to wrap his arms around the young girl. He wanted to touch her everywhere at once, and made his best effort to do exactly that. She was so small, so delicate, so precious, so perfect in his hands. It was as if without his eyes, he was examining every minute detail of her by touch, and found every inch sweet and perfect.

The kiss broke - they were both panting too hard to keep their mouths together. With his help, the girl was bouncing up and down on his soaking wet, rock-hard cock with an abandon that even older women would be hard-placed to match. She was a machine. He was completely under her spell. And when she finally hit her "big one", the convulsions tearing through her body signaled his own peak, so that as she was bouncing and grinding and screaming as she came on his cock, he too was gasping and growling and erupting upwards into her depths.

Eventually, after an infinity of pleasure-spasms, peace came to them and they simply held each other lovingly, completely at peace, still joined, but their deeper joining so far beyond their physical joining that the latter seemed redundant. When their breathing had slowed, and their pulses quieted, only then did they move again.

Randal tilted his head back, smiling. "So Cheri, do you think it'd be okay if we took this gear off now?"

Cheri giggled, helping him remove it. It hadn't been *her* fault. There was simply no way she could have cum that hard with her father without shouting "daddy" over and over again. After all, it'd been her dream for over a year now. Ever since she'd made friends with Ruby and then with the rest of the crew. Even though she'd made porn films with them staring about a dozen men by now, she'd always imagined they were her daddy, and she'd never been completely happy with any man - until now.

"Sorry for the charade old boy," a tall, blond man said, approaching from the side. He and Ruby had withdrawn for the couple to complete their tryst. "Little Cheri there figured this was the only way you'd ever give her what she so desperately wanted. We figured we *might* be able to get you to couple with say, a sixteen-year-old without forcing the issue, but there was no way we could get you all the way to eleven without trickery."

"Don't be mad daddy," Cheri said, wiggling her preteen body against him. "It's all *my* fault!"

Randal grinned. He was way too happy to care about anything else. He reached out and shook the man's hand. "It's fine. I know what a stubborn little bitch she can be when she really *wants* something!"

"Daddy!" Cheri said, feigning outrage but grinning hugely.

"And you owe me a good fucking," Ruby said, approaching from the other side, grinning as well.

"Wait, what? I owe you?" Randal asked.

"A deal's a deal," Ruby nodded, looking at Cheri.

Cheri actually blushed - an interesting thing to do, considering she was currently perched upon her father's cock in a puddle of their combined sexual juices. "I'm sorry daddy, I know I shoulda asked, but I kinna promised Ruby that if she helped us..."

Randal laughed out loud, then turned to Ruby. "Ruby, it would be my profound *pleasure*. Hell, I just fucked my eleven-year-old daughter, it's not like I won't enjoy fucking your fourteen-year-old brains out! Uh," he added uncertainly. "You *are* fourteen, yes?"

Ruby giggled. "Does it matter?"

"No, I suppose not. Later though, okay? At the moment, I'm a little exhausted, and I think my daughter and I need a rest." He looked around, then rolled his eyes. "Hey, is this our basement?"

Cheri laughed, hugging him tight. "I can just nap here daddy," she said happily.

"No way," Randal said. "Your friends can take the guest room in they want to stay. But you and I are going to sleep in daddy's bedroom." He kissed her forehead. "You will *not* nap on top of my lap - I've already been kid-napped once today!"

FEEDBACK - *Thank you for reading! If you'd like to leave feedback, please read the following:*

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