

"Spying On My Step-Daughter"

A story by: Night Hawk

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Until lately, I honestly thought that 'peeping' was a pastime that was only practiced by weird guys who couldn't find a regular sex partner or who needed the risk of getting caught before they could get it up.

I for one, would never have dreamt that I could, or ever would, get any kind of a thrill watching somebody without them knowing I was watching.

I'm 38 years old, once divorced, and living with a woman four years older than me. I thought I was a normal, red-blooded American male whose idea of sexual enjoyment came from sucking and fucking.

I hooked up with Cathy, soon to be my second wife, about five years ago, and we enjoy a really good sex life. There isn't anything in the sex department that Cathy would deny me. Cathy had married young and had a daughter Candice when she was just eighteen. Candice, like her mother, had married young also and had been out on her own long before I met Cathy.

Candice had met a foreign-exchange student from Greece, and when his schooling was done, they had moved back to his homeland. Like her mother's marriage, Candice's had broken up also, only she hadn't waited as long as her mother to tell her husband of less than four years to take a hike. She then worked her way across Europe before saving enough money to come home.

This was the first time I met Candice. I had seen pictures of her, but nothing could have prepared me for the beauty we picked up at the airport.

Tall and slender, with long, cascading blonde hair falling in waves halfway down her back and a really slight figure with small breasts, a smaller waist, and a small but nicely shaped ass.

Candice had just turned 24 the month before.

Candy, as Cathy affectionately called her, rushed into her mother's arms. After a long embrace, Candy released her mom and turned to me.

"So you're the man who has made my mother so happy," she said smiling. "I'm really pleased to meet you, George," she said, hugging me.

Candy was tired from the trip, suffering a mild case of jet lag, and although she had a lot to tell her mother that night, she couldn't stop yawning, and pretty soon she headed off to bed.

The next morning, I was up and puttering around the house around seven o'clock, while Cathy, who likes to sleep late anyway, continued to dream the morning away. I usually don't see Cathy up and about until at least ten o'clock. I figured after the long trip that Candy would also remain in bed, but I was surprised to see her stumble into the kitchen at 7:30, rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

"Good morning, George," she mumbled as she shuffled to the counter. She gave me an affectionate hug and kiss on the cheek. I was shocked and pleasantly surprised by this display of affection but even more shocked to see that Candy was only wearing a thin, short nightie. I offered to make her a cup of coffee, which she readily accepted. I had a twofold reason for wanting to move from my chair and brew a cup for Candy! Not only did I want to be courteous and hospitable, but I also wanted a chance to straighten out the instant erection I had gotten when I had caught a glimpse of Candy's panties, and her nightie was so sheer that I could nearly see the flesh of her small boobs. As it was, I could make out the dark outline of her aureole and the darker, stiff nipples, which protruded slightly.

I don't think Candy knew how turned on I was by the sight of her body, and as we talked while she drank her coffee, it was all I could do to keep my eyes from wandering from her delicate facial features to her small bosom, which rose and fell with her every breath. Candy finished her coffee and said that she was going to take a shower. I said that I had work to do in my little shop out back and told her I'd see her later.

I have a little business of my own that keeps me from having to work for anybody else. I build custom cabinets, and my shop is a sanctuary. Cathy never bothers me when I'm working out there, so I felt quite safe and secure pulling out my cock and stroking it! Candy had given me such a hard-on, and I didn't want to take it back to the bedroom where Cathy was sleeping in case she wondered how I had gotten so aroused without her. A few strokes was all it took, and my seed boiled over, blast after blast spraying through the air, landing in the sawdust on the floor!

After I cleaned myself up, I felt like a dirty old man! This lovely young girl was the daughter of the woman I loved and planned to marry.

I worked for a couple of hours, and then as it neared the time that Cathy would be getting up, I headed in for a coffee break and a late breakfast. Cathy and Candy were sitting at the table chatting. Cathy gave me a kiss good morning and thanked me for taking care of Candy while she slept. I noticed that Candy's hair was still damp from her earlier shower, but she had changed into jeans and a T-shirt. I guess Candy didn't believe in wearing a bra, not that she needed one, but I couldn't help but notice her dark nipples through the white cotton Tee.

Later that night, after Cathy and I had made long, passionate love, she told me how glad she was that Candy and I had got along so well together. She said that she was a little worried that Candy might resent my taking her father's place, but after talking to Candy that morning, she was greatly relieved that Candy realized her mother needed a male companion as well. Just talking about Candy was getting me aroused again, so I kissed Cathy good night and rolled over to hide my new erection.

The next morning, Candy was up even before me, and as I made my appearance in the kitchen, she surprised me by having a coffee already poured for me.

"Mom told me what time you usually get up," she said, "so I thought this morning I would make the coffee." I thanked her for her consideration. She stood by the counter talking to me as I drank my morning pick-me-up. Candy was wearing a nearly shear, red baby-doll, trimmed in black lace, with matching panties. She bent over to pick something off the floor, bending at the waist instead of bending her knees. I was about to tell her how bad that could be for her back when I caught sight of pale white ass flesh pointing in my direction. I tried not to ogle, but the way she bent forward pulled the material of her red panties tight into the crack of her ass, and I spotted a few stray pubic hairs poking out from the sides of the elastic leg bands.

My coffee got stuck in my throat as I watched and realized that, the way she was bent, I could see right up her top to her little boobs. I had only just caught sight of her hard little nipples when she straightened back up. I got up painfully, since my hard cock was bent double in my pants, gave her a kiss on the cheek, and told her I was headed out to do some work. I just barely made it into the shop and locked the door. I could hold out no longer. I whipped my cock out of my pants, and three strokes later my cum shot out with such ferocity that I thought it would punch holes in the wall!

I didn't get any work done that morning at all. I whacked off four more times before I was finally satisfied. I realized that I was becoming obsessed with Candy's lithe young body. So firm, so young, so delectable! I love her mother, and I had no desire to climb into the sack with Candy, but the desire to see her totally nude became my driving passion.

I schemed and I planned, trying to devise a way that I could 'accidentally' catch her in the shower, or maybe I could find an excuse to enter her room when she was changing. As much as I racked my brain, I couldn't come up with a scheme that was foolproof and wouldn't cause a rift between her mother and I or jeopardize the great relationship that was starting to grow between Candy and myself.

Over the next few days, I spent many a happy minute pulling on my own meat, initiated simply by the pure arousal that thoughts of Candy's nubile young body provided me. Candy had started talking about finding a place of her own to live, and her mother didn't want her leaving.

"Tell her, George," Cathy said. "Tell her that she's no imposition."

I agreed with Cathy and told Candy so. I told her that she was a very pleasant young lady, and both her mother and I enjoyed her living with us, and that we had plenty of room to spare.

Candy finally relented and consented to live with us indefinitely. That's when my brainchild was born. I told Candy that I was going to build her a dresser for her room. Something from me to her, sort of a belated birthday present for all those years that I hadn't known what a charming daughter I was inheriting. Cathy smiled then, and Candy threw her arms around my neck, kissed me on the cheek, and said thank you.

I slaved for a week over that dresser, making the oak come to life under my trained hands. Six drawers on the bottom and twelve small ones to hold jewelry and such along the sides of the big mirror. In all, there were four mirrors in this dresser. One big one in the middle, two long pivoting ones on the side, and one at the top angled in such a way that she could see the top of her head. It was behind the top mirror that I secured a small video camera.

I used a high-tech surveillance camera with a wide-angle lens. I built lights right into the dresser and told Cathy and Candy that I would have to wire it in directly. Since the dresser was going to fit snug against the wall, I didn't have to worry about the camera being discovered.

One day when both girls were out shopping, I installed the dresser in Candy's bedroom and fed the wires for both the lights and camera through the wall and into the basement. I had the camera wired so that it would turn itself on when it detected motion in the room. The camera was hooked to a VCR, which I loaded with an eight-hour tape. When the girls got home they ooh-ed and ah-ed over what a fantastic job I had done, and in all honesty, I did intend to remove the camera once I had seen Candy's delectable body nude just once.

I had to wait three whole days before I could retrieve the tape from the basement where I had carefully hidden the VCR. The girls were out on another shopping spree, so I knew that I would have an opportunity to watch the tape without interruption. With shaking hands I loaded the tape into our unit upstairs and settled back to enjoy the show.

The beginning of the tape was filled with a lot of stuff I wasn't interested in. Things like Candy moving her clothes and such into her new dresser. I fast-forwarded through that until I got to the part where I could tell she was getting ready for bed.

Slowly she undressed, taking care to fold her clothes so as to not wrinkle them. Then my wish came true! Candy, now nude, walked towards the dresser and sat down to brush her hair. I watched in fascination. Her body was everything I had hoped it would be. Her nipples were stiff and pointy, suggesting their sensitivity, and although her breasts were small, they were still a delight to look at. Her pubic hair was just a shade darker than the hair on her head, but proving she was a natural blonde, with light, wispy hairs surrounding a set of oversized vaginal lips. Then she raised one leg, reached for a pair of scissors, and proceeded to trim her pubic bush. By now my fist was a blur as it sped up and down my shaft. My cum was boiling over as I shot my first load into the tissue I had ready for this moment.

I continued to watch the tape as Candy climbed into bed. The nighties she wore in the morning were just a cover up! Candy liked to sleep bare-assed. I was glad I had set the motion detector to only kick in when it detected more than five seconds of movement and to stop recording when there was no movement for more than ten seconds or I would have had a full tape of her sleeping.

The next portion of the tape showed Candy getting up in the morning, getting dressed, and then coming back in her room after a taking a shower. By now I had come twice, and as I watched Candy admire her nude body in the front of the mirror, my cock started to rise again!

The next segment was nearly an identical version of the night before, and my cock was getting a little sensitive. I thought that I might turn it off and watch it again some time in the future when, on the screen, I saw Candy stand up and go to the wall that separates our rooms. She pulled a picture aside revealing a hole about three inches wide. She turned off the overhead light but left on the small ones I had installed in the dresser. She removed a pair of rolled-up socks from the hole and I rewound the tape to make sure of what I had seen!

Sure enough, there was a small crack in the wall through which she could see into the bedroom I shared with her mother. With her eye glued to the crack, her free hand snaked down and started to finger her pussy! I remembered that night well -- Cathy and I had made love, my arousal level raised having her nubile daughter in the house.

Candy's fingers were pistoning in and out of her pussy now as she watched her mother and I get it on. Her knees buckled as an orgasm overtook her. A few minutes later, she replaced the rolled-up socks, straightened out the picture, and crawled into bed. For the first time, my noodle was limp.

My soon-to-be stepdaughter is a peeper too?

I'm a Peeper, She's a Peeper, wouldn't you like to be a Peeper too?

~ *End* ~

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