

## **CRAZY 1671**

### **CRAZY PLEASURE**

#### **Chapter 1671 A Seduced Father: EP2**

"They're just girls Steffie; I'd never have sex with young friends of yours, I've known them since they were little girls, they're my patients," he protested fiercely as he grew ever harder against my stomach.

"You don't like them? You don't think they have nice bodies Daddy? You don't think they're sexy when you see them naked in your office?" I demanded.

"They're nice girls honey, but they're too young for me..."

"They're woman now Daddy, like me. Don't you think I'm pretty? Sexy? Don't you think men want me?" I cooed into his ear, each breath tickling him, caressing him, inflaming him.

"Of course, you're beautiful honey, but..." he stuttered, reddening as he spoke.

"If I wasn't your daughter, your little girl, would you want to make love to me Daddy?" I pressed him for an answer even as my fingers moved onto and around his hardness.

"Jesus Steffie!" He groaned rolling away from me, and then rose up and jumped out of bed, his long shaft bouncing proudly as he moved.

"Awww, stay in bed with me a few more minutes Daddy," I pled as he disappeared into his bathroom. What's he thinking about I wondered as I heard the shower running. I know your body wants me Daddy but what about you?

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#### **Chapter 1672 A Seduced Father: EP3**

"Oh Daddy, your words, they're so beautiful, thank you," I whispered, and then added, "You're the only man I'll ever love," while pressing myself urgently into him as my lips hungrily sought his, wanting him now to recognize the new me, wanting him to feel as I, wanting him to grasp that we were destined to be joined in every way.

I could feel a shiver of excitement tremor through his body as our tongues met and explored and couldn't help but feel the sudden hardening, lengthening, against my stomach.

"Sweetie!" Daddy gasped as he pulled back from me, confusion and desire dueling on his face.

After spinning in his arms, I ended up facing away from Daddy, my firm bum pushed back against his erection, his hands suddenly full of my breasts. For just a millisecond I felt his fingers caress me, squeeze me, before he dropped them as if they were on fire, mumbling, "Oh Jesus Steff, I'm sorry, I didn't.."

"Can you attach them Daddy," I asked, ignoring his apology as I slipped the pearls into his left hand and leaned back against his chest.

"Of course honey," he said eagerly, clearly glad to have something innocent to do, relieved that I hadn't seemed to notice his furtive touch.

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### Chapter 1673 A Seduced Father: EP4

SPRING 1994

In the months that followed, through March and April and May, our relationship changed, both of us fundamentally altered by that night. We were suddenly in new unknown territory; now longer was it just the innocent loving father-daughter relationship we'd lived for eighteen years.

I think it was easier for me, my youth allowing me to immediately accept the fact I wanted Daddy as my lover, as my husband. Oh, I knew about society's rejection of this forbidden love, of society's criminalization of what we would do, but my mind had easily accepted what my body was demanding. It was harder for him; society's taboos against sleeping with your daughter were deeply ingrained in him. While I welcomed what my body was demanding, I could see him continually fight his ever increasing urges.

Everything I did over those months was directed at making Daddy accept what I knew was inevitable but still as I studied the problem and incest in general I was stunned at what I found.

Daughters do love their fathers like I did! In fact as I read and studied I found that for someone like me, an only child whose mother had left her when she was ten years old, it was almost inevitable that I would try to take my Mommy's place and become Daddy's girl.

I set out to seduce him over those months. I dressed better, no more jeans or sweats and sneakers at dinner, instead I changed to dresses, or blouse and skirt ensembles, just sexy enough that Daddy couldn't ignore the woman I'd become.

I made sure I hugged him every day, holding him each time just seconds longer than normal, making Daddy feel the woman I was.

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### Chapter 1674 A Seduced Father: EP5

"Sit with me Daddy," I said, patting the seat next to me in invitation as he hovered uncertainly in the middle of the room.

Finally sitting cautiously at the other end of the sofa he watched me, his eyes flicking from my breasts to my thighs before meeting mine.

"You're as bad as the bellboy," I giggled nervously, my sang-froid suddenly gone, knowing the next few minutes were so vital to my future happiness.

He moved towards me, and wrapping his arm around my shoulder and tucking me against his warm body, started to talk. "Oh Steffie, I love you so much honey. But not like this, not as a man and woman, ...not as lovers," he sputtered. "You're my daughter, my beautiful daughter... We can't...I don't think of you like that Steff," he finished, but his tentative words seemed said more to convince himself more than me.

"You don't want to love me Daddy?" I demanded.

"No sweetie... not like that," he replied hesitantly, the bulge rising in his robe belying every word.

"So why haven't you gone out on a date for the last four months?"

"What?"

"You used to date all the time, now you never do," I insisted.

"But I ....," he stammered before I cut him off.

"Why were you secretly reading that psychology book on father-daughter relationships? Yes I saw it in your room Daddy," I said as I saw him about to protest. "I read it too Daddy, where it talks about incest, about love between fathers and daughters."

"Why have you been surfing internet incest sites? Reading stories about fathers making love with their daughters, watching forbidden videos," I demanded.

"How come you always get an erection every time I'm around you now?" I continued to pound at him, my legs now spread, exposing myself fully to his nervous looks.

"But Steff," he protested.

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### Chapter 1675 Taboo Relationship: Part 1

A man begins a daring, taboo relationship with two eighteen-year-old girls

The dictionary defines lust as 'a strong sexual desire.' But I think it's more than that. There is something pure... something primeval about true lust.

It began like any other day. Being early September, it was more autumn than summer, although it had turned

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### Chapter 1676 Taboo Relationship: Part 2

However, it seemed when there was a sufficient incentive, money talks. I was under no illusion that I wouldn't have pulled this off without the cash. I knew there was always the option of escorts, but I wasn't that desperate and the idea of sharing women was a massive turn off.

So it was with particular relish that I arranged my first assignation with the girls. Jasmine liaised with Alia and they planned to come and see me on the following Saturday. I trusted them enough not to back out, which might have been foolish and paid the money into their accounts straight away.

It was a long three days and I did my best to enjoy my week off and not become obsessed with the prospect of the threesome. That was easier said than done, but I found running helpful, as it cleared the head and gave me a nice serotonin boost. I had a couple of nice days out visiting local tourist attractions and a day at home, sorting out the garden.

By the time Saturday came around, I was full of nervous anticipation. The clement, warm spell had lasted the whole week and I was curious as to how they would be dressed. Apart from on Social media, I'd only ever seen them in jeans, leggings and T shirts, as the geology outings dictate that sensible clothes were worn.

It was close to two o'clock when the doorbell chimes sounded and I took a quick look in the hall mirror before answering the door.

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### Chapter 1677 Oh fuck Mr B

The preparations were done. Three days of cleaning and moving all my man toys elsewhere turned my man cave into party central for my now 18-year-old daughters big birthday party.

They arrived and yep they had all grown up. Kids I would see running around, playing and skipping were now young firm, tight, sexy women. Some were still growing into their skins, others complete with high heels and skintight dresses were making most of the people stopping and looking.

Drinking started at 8. There was plenty of party food around but alcohol was the main thing being consumed. Jaya bombs started by 8:30 and by 9:00 we had at least three people sitting on the sofa looking confused and swaying... just add water...

I completed a swoop of the place and headed to the bathroom to make sure all was well there.

The door was locked and I turned and started to walk away... then stopped when I heard two voices from inside. I listened to ensure all was well.

"I can't stop... I'm cumming." I heard a male voice say in muffled sounds.

"Don't stop! No! I haven't finished." begged a girl. The voice I recognized, but couldn't put a face to.

I knocked on the door and walked back to my living room. It was a good spot where I could see out to the garden, through to the party area and the exits to the kitchen and bathroom without moving around too much.

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### Chapter 1678 Fuck Me Coach

Her cries were making me harder by the second; this sex goddess with her legs spread in front of me begging for my cock was more than a dream come true. I took a step closer and held the base of my cock as I slid the head just in the entrance of her hole. Then I pulled out and rubbed it along her slit keeping pressure on it so it rubbed her clit as I went. Then back inside, then out, going a bit deeper each time.

Being a coach of a girls basketball team for 4 years had its up and downs, but I always enjoyed watching the team grow.

This was the first year that the girls had moved into the open division and we needed to get a few more experienced players. As luck would have it the first night of training two new, older girls arrived. They were very different; one quiet and shy, the other brash, bold and totally sex on legs.

Since I'd coached the same team for years the girls were like family. But Tiffany was 26, much older and totally wiser. She had a smoking hot body and each time we spoke my mind wandered to the nasty things I could do to her body.

A few games into the season we were 1 and 1. Tiffany walked up to me after a game and said

"I want to start I should be the point guard," with passion in her voice.

"We have a point guard and she is doing well," I said "Besides your shooting inside has been great." I continued emphasizing the point.

"Well I want to play guard and I know how to get what I want." she said with a smile. The sweat dripping off her face made my heart race just a touch as she turned and walked away.

Training night rolled around and it was raining so we cancelled the run. As usual I called down to the

field just in case anyone didn't get the message, sure enough there was Tiffany, training in the rain ducking, running, jumping and shooting the ball all by her lonesome.

"Hey Tiff!" I called

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### Chapter 1679 Daddy's Slut Girl 1

Growing up with a single parent, especially a father who is a world-renowned scientist, and computer genius, wasn't the easiest thing for a girl to do, I can assure you. At age five my dad explained the differences between males, and females by the simple expedient: "Boy's have a penis, girls have a vagina." At age 10 he explained the facts of life to me by saying: "Women are the receptacles, and storage area that bear the offspring of all life." Then at puberty, when my first period almost fried my brain with embarrassment he finally took the time to sit down and explain everything in much more simpler terms. With a dictionary in one hand, and the Kama Sutra in the other he just answered any, and every question I wanted to ask about sex.

I learned from the dictionary that a slut was a dirty, slovenly, slattern woman. That a whore was a harlot/prostitute. That a bitch was a female canine. And from the Kama Sutra I learned that a wife could be all of these, and still be a lady, and so much more. When the question and answer period ended, I knew then that women had been literally getting the shaft since time began, and had one last question to ask.

"What's the real difference between a man, and a woman, daddy?"

"Men have a penis, Chrissie, and women have a vagina," he replied. "Other than that sweet heart, there isn't any real difference. And that's the one thing that nobody understands."

The epiphany that I had then was like being hit with a falling brick. Dad really was a genius. Because women had a vagina their plumbing was different than men, and made them more emotionally inclined in normal decision making, with a lower center of gravity, and breasts that were meant for nurturing offspring. Because men had penises they had a higher center of gravity, broader shoulders, and thought more from a logical standpoint when making normal decisions. Which meant that as far as having sex was concerned both male, and female were equal in stature irregardless of society's moral standards.