**Daddy, I Have a Question**

by Lubrican

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**Chapter 3**

Bob awoke to competing sensations. He had to pee and had morning wood because of it. His bladder was not happy. At the same time a hot, sucking mouth was working his cock over, making him want to cum. He sat up to find a tangle of blond hair covering his groin. He grinned at the idea that overnight he had grown long, blond pubic hair, but then winced as his bladder screamed at him again. Gently he gripped her head and pulled her mouth off of him.

“Awwww,” she complained.

“I have to pee,” he said.

“That’s not very romantic,” she complained, further.

“Maybe not but when it’s hard like that in the morning it means I have to pee really bad.”

“I thought it was because I was sleeping with you,” she pouted.

“Hold that thought,” he said.

He jumped out of bed and hurried to his bathroom, where he sat on the commode. As badly as he needed to go he couldn’t get a stream going and he groaned as his bladder shouted obscenities at him.

“I wondered how a guy could pee if he had a boner,” said a soprano voice from the doorway. He looked over to find her standing there, naked, watching him.

He had the sudden urge to stand up, take her back to bed, and fuck her until she couldn’t speak. That got his stream going and he sighed with relief.

“Makes a lot less mess this way,” he said. “The alternative is to jump in the shower and do it while you take your morning shower.”

“Ewww! Daddeeee!” she yipped. “You can’t pee in the shower. Eww!”

“The drains all go the same place,” he said, shrugging. He shook his dick and stood up, feeling much better.

“It’s all soft!” she whined.

“It will get hard again,” he said. “You’ll be able to play with it or suck it or whatever you want.”

“Not until you wash it off,” she said. There was a sharpness in her voice that reminded him of his grandmother, when he had done something wrong.

“Hence peeing in the shower,” he said with a grin.

She pulled a washcloth from the bar on the wall, got it wet, and cleaned his penis. By the time she was finished he was half hard.

“I have to pee, too, my handsome little friend,” she said to the penis she had just attended to. “But when I get finished, I’ll come back to bed and suck you nice and long.”

“After she washes off her pussy,” Bob said, leaned over and staring at his junk.

“Then again,” said Cathy, standing up, “I might just go get breakfast and not touch it for a week.”

She started to leave and Bob grasped her wrist, pulling her around.

“You can’t leave,” he said.

“Why not?” she said, truculently.

“Because you have to pee,” he said. “And then you have to kiss me because we had our first spat.”

“We did not have a spat,” she snorted. “But you’re right. I do need to pee. Now shoo.”

“I don’t want to shoo. I want to watch you pee.”

“You can’t watch me pee!” she yipped. “I need privacy to do that!”

“You thought it was peachy keen to watch me. I haven’t seen you pee since you were a baby. Back then you could shoot a stream a foot in the air.”

“I did not!” she said.

“You most certainly did. If you had a poopy diaper and one of us was changing you, we were always ready with a cloth in case you geysered on us.”

“That is just nasty,” she said.

“Not at all. You had a pretty little pussy back then, too. I much prefer the current one, though. Now sit. And spread your legs. I want to see the mechanics of this mysterious way women urinate.”

“Boy do you ever know how to kill the mood,” groaned Cathy.

“Let me watch and I’ll pat you dry,” he said with another grin.

“Are you just trying to get me out of the mood?”

“Maybe,” he said. “Right now I want to slide my daddy penis up inside your daughter pussy and jerk it around until you cum and then spurt you full of baby juice. Perhaps it would be prudent to get one of us out of the mood.”

“Why is it that you always talk about babies, or pregnancy?” she asked.

“Because when I look at you I imagine you with a swollen belly. You’d be beautiful, pregnant. I’d love seeing you and sliding my hands over your stretched skin. I want to breed you, Sweetheart. It’s just that simple.”

“Breed me? That’s awful, Daddy. You make me sound like a cow or something!”

He looked down and cupped his brand new erection. He saw her follow his gaze and shook his boner a couple of times.

“Just thinking about making a baby with you makes me hard, Cathy. This is a very dangerous game we’re playing.”

She approached him and pushed him until his back impacted the edge of the open door.

“This is no game,” she said, her voice stern. “I am not playing a game. I am doing something I want to do with the man I love. And if that man makes a baby inside me then I’ll take care of it while it’s in me and then love and protect and raise it when it comes out of me. There will never be any games while I do that.”

“You’re not helping me,” groaned Bob.

“I’m not trying to help you,” she said. “I’m telling you how things are.”

“You are so much like your mother, sometimes,” he sighed.

“In a good way or bad way?” asked the girl who suddenly sounded her age.

“Good, of course,” he said, reaching to grip her hips. “She used to tell me how things were going to be, too. She was always right. She knew how things should be and I wasn’t too proud to bend to her will.”

“Did she decide to get pregnant, or was I an accident?” asked Cathy.

He looked at her and, with dead seriousness in his voice, said, “Sweetheart, I chased her around the house day after day. Sometimes I even made love to her while she was asleep. You were very intentional.”

“How could you make love to her while she was asleep? We’ve never done it but I know I’d wake up if you did that.”

“Not if you were exhausted. Your mother had a career and volunteer stuff and just never went to bed until she had to. She was a real night owl, too. She liked to make love at night, before we went to sleep. I’m a morning person. I love to wake up next to my lover and then mount her.”

“Mount her,” murmured Cathy. “You want to mount me and breed me. You do think of me as some kind of animal, who can be led around for your pleasure.”

“We are all animals, Cathy,” he said. “Humans may have a bigger or more capable brain than our mammalian brothers and sisters, but we mate and reproduce very much like our ape friends. And some day you will carry a baby, and feed it from milky breasts when it is born. You will keep it safe in the nest until it can venture forth to learn how to become an adult. In most ways we procreate just like any other species. So do not take those terms to mean that I don’t love and cherish you. After all, you are my offspring, who I have kept safe in the nest until the last few years. And now you have become a breeding adult, or at least can be. All I am is the first male who had access to you. If you wanted to, you could sleep in the bed of any man you met.”

“Yeah, yeah,” said Cathy. “I’ve had sociology in school, and we talked about how men want the women who look like they’ll have babies easily, and women want the man who looks like he’d be a good provider and all that. And no, I’m not ready to jump out of the nest and try to fly, yet.” She blinked. “The way you described it, I don’t feel like I’m adult enough to be a breeding person, yet.”

“Which is why you can’t date until you’re sixteen,” he said.

“Daddy,” she said with a theatrical groan. “You want to breed me now, and from the way you talk about it, you’ll want to breed me as soon as possible after I have our first baby. I could have a baby by the time I went on my first date!”

“Not if we get you on the pill,” he said.

“Oh.”

“It was kind of hot how you talked about how we’d have a bunch of babies,” he sighed. “I’m so hard right now.”

Her hand found his prick and gripped it.

“That is just awful,” she sighed.

“That I’m hard?”

“No. What’s awful is that I was going to punish you for being gross, but as soon as I touched your boner all I want to do is get back in bed so we can be lovers some more.”

“Did you not listen to a word I said?” he moaned.

“Yes, Daddy. I heard you loud and clear. You want me ... what do they call it? ... barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen? You want to make me fat and make my breasts spurt milk. You can’t help yourself and that makes you dangerous because I’m letting you do things and you might get carried away.”

“Good,” said Bob, instead of trying to soften what she’d said. “Now, how about we go get breakfast?”

“Only if you promise me we can go back to bed after that. It’s Saturday and I don’t have to go to school.”

“Go ahead,” muttered Bob. “Poke the hornet’s nest and learn the hard way.”

“What?” she asked.

“Nothing,” said Bob. “I vote for pancakes.”

“Deal!” said the girl. She left him against the door and padded out of his room, turning toward the kitchen, instead of her bedroom. Bob sighed. She was going to play with fire, whether he wanted her to or not.

“Mmmmm, this is nice,” purred Cathy as she rubbed her body up against Bob’s. Her hand was on his penis again, and he was hard again. She rolled halfway on top of him to kiss him and he pulled her fully on top of him. She spread her legs and straddled him by instinct.

“You can rub your pretty pussy on my hardness in this position,” he said.

Her eyes widened and she sat up half way and put her hands on his chest. She lifted her hips and peered down at the stiff penis she exposed. It was lying on Bob’s stomach like a weird arrow pointing at his head. His penis was the arrow and his balls were the fletching. She couldn’t see her pussy lips, but a little experimentation got her clit on the underside of his prick, with her fat lips sliding along its length.

“Ooooo,” she whined, as she felt the first wild urges to sit there for the rest of the day. “This is fabulous.”

“I like watching you have fun,” he said with a smile. “And I can get to your nipples this way.”

Three orgasms later Cathy was finally slowing down, not because she wanted to, but because she had used up all the energy she had at the moment. Bob had tried to enhance her orgasms by squeezing or pulling her nipples as she came. Now she lay down on his chest and kissed him, panting hard enough that their kisses had to be short.

“I want to do that a lot,” she breathed. “What about you, though?”

“I can get off any time,” he said. “You want to jerk me off now?”

“Yes!” she said.

She sat up until she could see her pussy and rubbed the tip of his penis in her opening.

“Careful, there,” said Bob. “You’re very slippery and I’m very hard and you could end up with a cock up in you if you’re not careful.”

“Got it,” she said. “I’ll be careful.”

She began circling her clit with the tip of his manhood and closed her eyes as she started breathing faster.

“You’re making me want to shoot,” he panted.

“That’s the point,” she said.

“If I shoot now it will get inside you,” he moaned.

“I told you it’s safe right now,” she said. “Go ahead. Get it all over my pussy like you did before.”

“Faster!” he grunted.

She hadn’t actually been stroking him that much, but she changed her grip and started pulling and pushing. Within twenty seconds he huffed, “Here it comes!”

They both watched as the first shot did, indeed, make a mess of her pussy mouth. Then, though, she moved her body and her hand and the tip of his prong pressed into her opening. The result was that his second, third, and fourth shots raced up into her virgin sheath.

“It’s warm,” she moaned.

“It’s getting in you!” he moaned with her.

“It feels so good,” she said, holding their connection firm. “Will it feel hot like that when you’re all the way in me and cum?”

“Fuck me to tears,” groaned Bob. “I am in sooo much trouble.”

Cathy laughed.

“I love you, Daddy,” she said.

“You better,” said Bob. “Because if we keep this up you won’t be safe some day and you’ll get my spunk inside you when you’re impaled on my cock.”

She leaned down to kiss him.

“Maybe some day I’ll do that on purpose,” she whispered.

It’s easy to speed up and very difficult to slow down. Ask any pair of teenagers who have spent some time making out. Once kisses are accepted as normal, there is no resistance to them in the future. When a hand brushes a breast and is not repulsed, then that breast will get brushed and eventually squeezed on a routine basis. In due course hands will go inside clothing and so on and so forth. These forward steps may be spaced out over time, but the only way they go backwards is if the couple breaks up.

A father and daughter can’t break up. Bob was fully aware of this. He sat back and looked at what had happened and knew that probably within a couple of weeks, his penis would be inching into her pussy. After that, he knew she would become the woman of the house, and would be treated like a wife, more than a daughter.

That was fine on one twisted level. She was a good kid and rarely needed punishment. When he corrected her he explained why and she was intelligent enough to see the wisdom in his words. So being her father would become less important, and creating a different kind of relationship would become more important.

At least it would be important for two more school years. Then she’d be off to college somewhere, and she’d meet a nice young man and pull away from him. That was fine, too. He knew how abnormal their lives were, at this point. But assuming she’d become his de facto wife changed the way he thought about things.

He assumed they’d get her on the pill, and that there would be no babies. She needed as many options as possible and being tied down by a baby would remove a lot of her options. He also assumed that there would be a very short time before her virginity was toast. He didn’t even try to resist the idea, now.

For Cathy’s part, her intelligence worked in their favor because when she arranged for his semen to race up inside her vagina, she realized both how dangerous that was, and how addictive that could become. ‘He wouldn’t have to chase me around the house,’ she thought. ‘I’d just stop and let him breed me any time he wanted.’

She grimaced as she realized she had actually thought of it as “breeding” but then went on to think about other things. They both loved oral sex. Ergo, there would be lots of oral sex. And there was. When she got home from school she’d get her homework done before Bob got home. Then, when he walked in the door she’d have Harold and her mouth ready. While she pulled a load from his balls with her mouth, Harold satisfied her instinctive desire to have something long and hard inside her.

Then, though, there were the times she rode him, and had almost continuous orgasms as she slid her inflamed clit along the bottom side of his erection. It was fate that she dipped her upper body one time, bending her elbows, to put particular pressure on her bud, which aligned her vagina with his erection in a perfect way. Before she had any idea what was happening she had impaled herself on his penis and had her no longer virgin vagina stuffed with hot flesh.

Bob knew what had happened instantly, and grabbed her waist to try to pull her off.

“No!” she barked, going limp so he couldn’t move her very well. “No!” she said again.

“Get off,” he panted.

“No!” She stiffened and moved her hips forward again, though not nearly as violently as she had been. His penis moved inside her and her eyes widened.

“Oh, Daddy!” she whined.

“Baby, you need to get off because I want to cum in you,” he whined in return.

She leaned down to kiss his lips a little longer than a peck.

“Okay,” she said, and then she started jerking her hips around in short, violent jerks.

“Ohhhhh shiiiit!” yelled Bob as he fertilized his daughter. His penis spat her so full of cum that it leaked out around the tight seal where her labia were stretched thin.

“So warm!” sobbed Cathy as she managed another hot, short orgasm.

Then she collapsed on him.

“Not sorry,” she mumbled into his chest. “Not sorry.”

For Bob, when he came all his doubts were flushed up inside her. By the time his third jet was out of his penis and into her womb he was lifting his hips to get the deepest penetration possible.

By the time his cock dribbled its last, he knew he’d try to put it in her a lot.

“That was crazy,” said Cathy, who was lying on her side with her body pressed against her first lover. She didn’t see it, but her pussy lips were weeping thick, white semen, which was pooling on her leg and which would soon begin to run down the front of her thigh to stain the sheet under her.

“I should have known that would happen,” he breathed.

“I’m not sorry,” she said again.

He kissed her.

“I’m not sorry, either. You may not like it later, though.”

“By chance, it happens to be safe again right now,” she said.

“You don’t understand,” he sighed. “I’m going to want to do that to you every day, maybe more than once a day.”

“Okay,” she purred.

“You won’t be safe all of those times. We should have gone to the doctor.”

“So we call and get an appointment now,” she said.

“The pill isn’t effective for a month after you start taking them.”

“So, for a month we use condoms,” she said.

They did use a condom – once. In fact, it never even got to do what it was supposed to because after sitting on it and moving around she pulled off, hooked a sharp fingernail under the rim and elicited an “Oww!” from him as she ‘removed’ the latex thing.

“We will not be using those again,” she said, as she skewered herself on him.

To his credit, Bob did try to withdraw and shoot on her pussy hair during most of that initial month.

By the time they got her to the doctor, though, she had already been bred.

“You’re sexually active, I take it?” the doctor said, right in front of Bob. Cathy blushed, but only because it was a virtual stranger she was talking to about this.

“Yes,” she said, shortly.

“How long have you been sexually active?”

“About a month,” she said.

“And when was the last time you were sexually active?”

She had the intelligence to resist. She glanced at her father and then back at the doctor, who had seen her glance.

“Your father knows you are sexually active, young lady. Every father has to face this at some point if he has daughters.”

She extended the pause and finally mumbled, “Two days ago.”

“And how many times in total would you say you had unprotected sex before you came here today?”

Cathy had no idea what to say. She blinked, frowned, and finally said, “I don’t know. Maybe twenty?”

“A few tests are in order and then we can proceed.”

Fifteen minutes later the doctor returned to the room father and daughter were in.

“There is no easy way for you to hear this, but you’re pregnant. I will not be prescribing anything today other than vitamins and a regimen that is supposed to keep you busy and in good shape.”

Both Bob and Cathy looked like deer in the headlights, which the doctor mistook for consternation and surprise. He left them sitting there and his nurse came in and gave Cathy pamphlets and the list of vitamins she was supposed to take. Further appointments were made and they finally were alone in the car.

“You did breed me!” she panted.

“I didn’t mean to!” he yelped.

“What do you mean you didn’t mean to? That’s all you talked about. You kept telling me you wanted to breed me and now you have!”

“I was just trying to warn you,” he groaned. “I didn’t actually mean I was going to try to impregnate you. I just thought you needed to know how I felt.”

She was quiet for long enough that he asked, “Are you okay?”

She looked at him.

“Do you still love me?”

He sagged in his seat.

“Of course I still love you,” he sighed. “I’ll always love you. This was not your fault. I’m the adult, here. I should have regulated things and made sure this couldn’t happen.”

“I’m pregnant,” she whined.

Bob realized she needed support.

“You are,” he said. “And even though both of us wish this had waited, I love you and I love our baby. I know I’m going to love it when you start showing and I can run my hands over your belly. I was telling the truth about that. And yes, I was telling the truth when I said I wanted to breed you, except I didn’t mean right now.”

“I wanted to wait until I graduated to have our first baby,” she moaned.

He blinked.

“First baby?”

“Oh come on, Daddy. I knew I’d go on dates when I turned sixteen. You have to go on dates or people will think you’re strange. But none of those guys would ever have a chance at getting in my panties. The only boyfriend I’ll ever have is you. The only man I’ll ever make love with is you. So of course I assumed I’d have your baby some day. I just didn’t plan for it to be this soon!”

“This doesn’t have to change everything,” said Bob. “You told me one time if you got pregnant you’d just home school. Is that still true?”

“Probably,” she said. “I wish I could keep going to school. I mean that’s where my friends are and my social network is. But I also know they’ll be cruel if they know I’m pregnant. Even some of my girlfriends will be mean. So yes, I suppose I’ll have to do online school. I’ll have more time to study and exercise and all that.”

“My boss offered to let me work remotely,” said Bob. “I told him no at the time, because a lot of things are easier if you’re physically there, but I can start working at home when the baby comes and help you take care of it.”

She looked over at him.

“If you work remotely, and are home all the time, every time I bare a nipple to feed her you’ll want to put your penis in me.”

“So? Babies only eat every two or three hours.”

“Meaning every two or three hours you’ll try to breed me again. Remember? I know you want me barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen.”

“I was kidding about that, too,” he said. He grinned. “You don’t have to be in the kitchen. I’ll cook. You just be barefoot and pregnant.”

And, just like that, the tension evaporated. They had been shocked, but things would be okay. They loved each other and that was the glue that would hold the family together. That night, when they went to bed, she had on pajamas for the first time.

“You got me pregnant,” she said, as she cuddled up to Bob.

“I did,” he said. “I am guilty of that. I shot a bunch of sperm in you and one of them won the lottery.”

“You bred me,” she muttered.

“I knocked you up good and proper,” he said.

“That sounds so crass,” she said. “I don’t want to be ‘knocked up.’ I am with child, not preggo or fucked. I will have this child with dignity.”

“You’re right,” he said. “I should not be flippant. You’re going to have to go through a lot because of this and all I can do is watch and offer my help. You’re the one who will do all the work.”

“Yes,” she said. “You should treat me like I’m your queen. You should lie prostrate at my feet and beg to serve me.”

“Take off those PJs and I’ll service you right now,” he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

“I said serve, not service,” she snorted. “I’m not horny right now, thanks to you.”

“Well then, at least kiss me,” he said.

She was innocent enough that she forgot how powerful his kisses could be. Five minutes later his hand was inside her pajamas and his knee was pressed against her sexual opening. Ten minutes after that his finger was deep in her pussy. Three minutes after that she was taking her PJs off.

“How can you do this to me?” she moaned as she got naked. “I wasn’t horny. Now I can’t wait to get you in me!”

“You don’t have to wait,” he said. “You want to be on top, or can I pin you to the bed?”

“You probably got me pregnant when I was under you and couldn’t move,” she said, a little truculently.

“Then let’s relive that. I want to impregnate you again.”

He got on. She spread her legs and let him. As his bulk pressed her into the mattress, making her helpless, her hands drifted across his back and her legs locked around him.

“I’m going to get you pregnant,” he huffed, rabbit fucking her hard.

“Do it! Breed me!” she teased.

“Ohhh, Baby, I love you so much,” he groaned as he flushed her full of spunk.

“Mmmm. Maybe I will stay barefoot and pregnant,” she panted in his ear.

Within a week her status as an expectant mother felt normal and they were back into their routine. There were three months of school left in her sophomore year and she could finish that without anyone knowing she was with child. Then, next year, she just wouldn’t come back to school. She had already researched the online school program. Anyone could enroll in it for any reason. If you went at the pace the instruction was offered in, then the online school year was the same length as the public school year. But you could also go faster online if you wanted to, and you could test out of certain classes and still get credit for them.

If anything they grew even closer as they got used to the idea that, together, they had made a new life.

Cathy was one of those lucky women who carry a baby high, which doesn’t stress her frame as much. Even at eight months she just looked like she’d swallowed a volleyball. She had so much self-confidence that people who saw her (and didn’t know her) assumed she was twenty or so.

One week before November in her sixteenth year of life, Cathy Lynne Phillips went into labor with her first child. Her father was her coach and it was eighteen hours before she gave one last convulsive push and gave birth to a completely normal, happy, and healthy baby boy.

“And all this because I wanted to ask some questions,” Cathy panted.

“What?” asked one of the nurses, as another nurse took the baby away to perform routine procedures on.

“Oh, nothing,” said Cathy. “I’m glad that’s over.”

“We all are,” said the nurse with a grin. “So, what are you going to name him?”

“He is Harold Robert Phillips,” she said.

Bob just smiled as the staff member wrote the name down.

“Harold. That’s a historic name,” said the staffer. “We should bring back more of those awesome old names.”

“I agree,” said the new mother.

“If I’m not intruding too much, why did you choose Harold?”

“Because I once told someone very special to me that if I ever met a man named Harold I hoped I would like him. Now I have solved that problem.”

Bob coughed to cover a laugh.

The staffer looked confused.

But she had no further questions.