Playing With Puppy

Lindsay had come into my life at four years old, when I married her mother. She immediately grew attached to me, having never had a father figure before. Any opportunity she could use for my approval, she sought out. She constantly showed me pictures she’d drawn, or sing a song. I was very fond of her, and formally adopted her just six months after being married to her mother. Sadly during this short period in my marriage, Lindsay’s mother had begun abusing prescription painkillers and withdrew from me, and Lindsay. A week after Lindsay’s 5th birthday, her mother disappeared. That’s when my baby girl’s nightmares started, and when I realized she was the object of my dark desires.

Since her mother’s desertion of our family, Lindsay spent every night sleeping next to me in bed. It always started the same way. At 8:30 sharp, I tucked her into bed. I kissed her forehead, left a small cup of water by the bed, and switched on her bedside lamp before leaving her bedroom. Two hours would pass, and then she would crawl into bed with me, tears in her wide eyes, crying about a nightmare. I would hold her close, and she would drift to sleep. Months passed, and her behavior never changed. Every night like clockwork it was the same routine. I started working from home, in hopes that my consistent presence would help stop her nightmares.

Perhaps that was my biggest mistake, or my greatest decision; I’m still torn. But that’s when it started. That’s when I saw my little Lindsay differently, perversely. It all started with a trip to the store.

To help get her in good spirits, I had taken Lindsay to the local mall. She had a yummy junk-food filled lunch, new shoes, and a brand new teddy bear. But, as we were on our way to the parking lot, I noticed her attention on a dress in the window of a children’s clothing store. I took her inside, retrieved the dress, and led her to the dressing room.

“Go on and try the dress on. I’ll be right outside the door.”

She went into the small dressing room and shut the door, but only a few minutes passed before I heard her calling from inside.

“Daddy! I need help.”

I opened the door and let myself in. She had her shirt stuck over her head, covering her eyes. I chuckled softly and got on my knees to help her. As I gently pulled the shirt off her head, I couldn’t help but notice her tiny nipples. They were a perfect rosy pink, and erect, just begging to be pinched – I shook my head to snap out of it.

“Do you need any more help baby girl?”

“My shoes, Daddy.”

I picked her up and sat down with her on a bench inside the room. I unbuckled her shoes and tickled her feet, making her squeal.

“Daaaaddddy! Noooo!”

I laughed and released her feet, and found myself watching with a strange greed as she pulled down her leggings. She stood before me in blue cotton panties that were a size too small. Her mound was visible, her bottom looking plump as it peeked out. I felt my cock stir. I had always kept control of my thoughts but all our time alone must’ve been getting to me. After helping pull the dress over her head, she was delighted to see it fit. Enjoying the rare smile, I made my purchase and we started home. After cooking a quick dinner, and tucking Lindsay in, I guzzled a few beers to try and forget my earlier thoughts. But sadly, it was a useless idea. My thoughts only grew. And fueled by the demon inside, I kept drinking. That night, she curled into bed with me and I let my hard cock press against her through my pajama bottoms. I knew I couldn’t do anything to her, but I could satiate myself enough to protect her innocence. Better I do this, than really hurt her. Yes, this is how I justified my twisted desires.

And for a few nights, I succeeded in self-control. But it was a quickly-lost battle. Two weeks after the fateful shopping trip, she climbed into my lap while I sat at the kitchen table reading a news story on my smartphone.

“Lindsay, Daddy is trying to read the news.”

She giggled and squirmed in my lap. It was early in the morning, and I was only in boxers after a short shower. As she squirmed I felt her ass tease my cock and it took all my concentration not to get hard. She was wearing a tiny white nightgown, and cotton panties. She started to bounce in my lap and I put the phone down, frustrated.

“Lindsay. Go play in your bedroom.”

“But, Daddy I want to play with you.”

“I told you, Daddy’s busy.”

Our lab/Rottweiler mix Jackson perked up his ears, and trotted over to Lindsay.

“Play with Jackson, he needs some attention. But play in your room, Daddy needs some peace and quiet.”

She sighed and stomped away, Jackson trailing behind her. I picked up my smartphone and resumed browsing, and soon find myself on a porn website. A young looking woman was playing asleep while a man molested her on camera. I took my cock into my hands and started rubbing, envisioning such a situation with Lindsay. After cleaning up, I knew my plan. Tonight, I would have my little Lindsay, and she would only think it a dream. I started up to her room, bold with confidence. I would spend the day teasing her, taking my sweet fill of fun, and tomorrow start fresh with the claim she had imagined it all. I came to her room, and found the door shut, her making small sounds inside. I opened the door, and there was Lindsay on all fours, with Jackson’s snout between her legs. When she heard the door she jumped, and Jackson moved away from her, to the other side of her room.

“Lindsay what were you doing?”

Her cheeks were bright pink.

“Nothing Daddy, I was playing with my dolls.”

“Are you lying to Daddy?”

I dared her with my gaze to lie again.

“No, Daddy.”

I sighed, “Lindsay I’m disappointed in you. Come here.” I motioned her to a recliner in the corner of her bedroom and sat down, gesturing her to come sit in my lap. She cautiously approached and snuggled herself into my chest, likely trying to avoid any punishment. But I was a man possessed by dark desire, and she was past any saving. “You’re going to get a spanking Lindsay. You’re going to be a good girl and take it, aren’t you? You won’t try and run away or stop Daddy, will you?”

She shook, and her eyes welled up with tears, “No, Daddy. I’ll be a good girl.”

My demon inside stirred at the possibilities. I picked Lindsay up and stood her in front of me on the floor.

“Get undressed.”

Lindsay paled and stood bewildered for a moment. Seeing my strange gaze, she began undressing. She stepped out of her thin gown, and slipped out of her panties. My little girl was in front of me, her mound begging to be touched.

“Now get on your hands and knees, like you were when I came in.”

She was so obedient. She was shaking with nerves but did just as I asked. I stood behind her and admired the view. I could see everything. It was all so innocent; it was so perfect. I caressed her back with one hand as I spoke, my inebriation guiding my words.

“Now Daddy knows what he saw you doing. He saw you teasing the dog with your special spot.”

I slid my free hand between her legs, cupping the very spot I was talking about.

“You were putting this in front of the puppy’s face. Now, good girls don’t tease the puppy, do they Lindsay?”

“N-n-no, Daddy, I’m sorry.”

I slid my hand across her back and pinched one of her nipples. I watched her try to pull away, but her crippling dependence on me kept her from moving too much. Her face was a delightful cross between confusion and fear. Jackson watched, intrigued from the other side of the room. I started caressing her little pussy, paying special attention to her clit.

“Now, little girls can’t tease the dog and not give the dog any reward. So you’re going to be a good little girl right now. If you’re very very good, maybe Daddy won’t spank you after all. Understand?”

She nodded, her tears silent on her cheeks.

I called Jackson over and he sped over, curious about what I was offering. I pushed my hand into her back, changing her position.

“Put your face on the floor; stick your butt in the air.”

She cried as she moved, and I reached between her to spread her legs apart. Jackson started sniffing and she started to panic, starting to crawl away.

“No! Daddy, I’m sorry, please!”

I reached behind and swatted her ass, making a hard smack sound.

“Bad girl!”

I spanked her a few more times, leaving angry red handprints on her cheeks. She was sobbing and Jackson had slumped to the floor, unsure of what to do. She was still pleading but her cries were meaningless. I picked her up and threw her over my shoulder as I carried her to my room. I locked the door behind me and threw her on the bed, as I grabbed a few ties from my closest. She tried to get away but I held her down and slapped her face, and looked menacingly at her.

“You do not fucking move Lindsay.”

I had never cursed at her before. She froze and didn’t fight at all as I tied her wrists together, then her ankles. I got down in front of her face and kissed her forehead gently, smiling menacingly.

“If you move from this position, I will give you something to cry about. Don’t move a fucking muscle, do you understand me?”

She choked out a sob, “Yes, Daddy.”

I left the room and shut the door behind me, heading to the kitchen. After opening the pantry, I saw it. Creamy peanut butter, just what I needed. I poured a glass of milk and quickly threw together a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, carrying the jar of peanut butter up with me to my bedroom. I set it on the bedside table with her milk and sat her upright.

“Daddy’s going to feed you a sandwich. You’re going to eat every bite, and drink all your milk.”

She nodded and opened her mouth. He slowly fed her the sandwich. When every crumb had been swallowed, he lifted the glass of milk to her lips, and carefully tilted it, to make her drink every drop. He smirked; knowing inside the drink was a special little drug. It would make her muscles weak and her memory foggy. He pulled her back down, and tucked her under the covers.

“Take a nap little girl.”

I stayed in bed next to her, and watched as she slowly relaxed. Soon, her eyes closed and her breathing slowed. I waited for what seemed like a century before carefully moving her on her back. I spread her legs, and gazed upon her smooth cunt. My cock stirred and I opened the jar of peanut butter. Slowly I peeled her pussy lips apart and put peanut butter all over her clit. Satisfied I had enough, I opened my door and called in Jackson. As he came galloping in, I straddled over Lindsay’s frame, keeping her pinned beneath me. I put my hands on her thighs and spread her legs further apart. Jackson’s snout immediately dipped between her legs and his tongue darted over her clit. He lapped greedily and Lindsay stirred in her sleep, trying to close her legs. I kept them forced apart and watched, transfixed, as Jackson really started going at her pussy. He licked her clit like he was possessed, and he would stick his tongue right inside her. Her body twitched and I knew she would wake soon. I started squeezing her legs harder, actually wanting her to wake up. I got my wish.

“Daddy, no. Make him stop, Daddy, please!”

Her words were slurred. I kept squeezing her thighs as I spoke.

“No. You were a bad girl. Little sluts tease their dogs with their cunts and you were being a little slut. You’re going to be a good girl for Daddy and let Jackson play with you.”

She cried as Jackson kept slurping her pussy, his tongue hitting her clit over and over. Her breaths came faster and I knew at that moment she liked it.

“That’s my little girl. Good girl, you like playing with the puppy don’t you baby? Doesn’t it feel good?”

She nodded, still sobbing.

“Shh, it’s okay baby girl. Daddy knew it would feel good. Trust Daddy, he likes making you feel good.”

The peanut butter disappeared and Jackson fucked her with his tongue, making her body squirm beneath me. Soon, I saw her toes curl and watched with delight as Jackson made my little girl cum for the first time. He jumped up and tried to mount her but I pushed him away. I got off of Lindsay and pulled Jackson out of the room, leaving it to just me and her. I went back to her and put my face over hers, as I undressed and started rubbing my erect cock.

“Now Daddy’s going to make you feel good. But you have to do everything Daddy says or he’ll make you hurt a lot.”

I moved myself so that my cock was now over my mouth.

“Suck on that, like it’s a lollipop. Keep your teeth off, and lick it a lot. Get it really wet baby girl.”

She was timid about it, and I lost patience quickly. I grabbed the back of her head and shoved my cock down her throat making her choke. She panicked and tried to shove me away but I held it in her, not releasing her until her face was purple.

“You can’t be slow baby, you have to go quick for Daddy.”

She was much more enthusiastic now, sucking and licking like a pro. I waited until she’d really slobbered on me, and pulled away from her mouth, positioning myself between her legs. I put my hand under my mouth and spit into it and rubbed her pussy. When I felt like I’d lubed her up enough, I slowly pushed myself inside her. She screamed and tried to pull away but I had her hips held tight, and she was weighed down with the drug.

“You have to relax baby. It only hurts for a second, and then Daddy will make you feel so good.”

I started rubbing her clit as I fucked my little girl, moving in slow strokes. One hand was enough to keep her pinned as I thrust in and out of her, steadily picking up speed. She was moaning, practically enjoying it and I became a man possessed. I no longer cared for her body or comfort and I slammed myself into her, fucking her fast and hard. I saw blood on my cock and heard her screams, but none of that mattered. I rubbed her clit and stopped pinning her with my free hand so I could pinch her nipple, hard. I felt myself close to the edge and thrust more, bringing her to the edge with me, when I felt her release, I pulled out and came all over her stomach, her cries intertwined with pleasure. I untied her wrists and pulled her close to me, forcing her to snuggle against my body. She was sobbing and I was gentle now, stroking her hair and rubbing her back. I kissed her cheeks and forehead and hugged her tight.

“I’m sorry baby, Daddy was just so mad you were a bad girl. You’ll be good next time for Daddy, wont’ you little girl?”

She nodded and stifled her tears, tiring herself out from her cries. I fell asleep next to her and smiled, knowing there was a lot of grooming in the future to make her the perfect little girl for me.