

Full Circle

Jason sat on his back porch, his eyes glued to his neighbor's home. The lights in their house had just come back on, but sure enough they only lasted a minute before going out again. He shook his head and walked back into his well chilled paradise carrying the steaks he had just pulled off the grill.

Christmas had come and gone, and a chance meeting with a hot sales girl at Home Depot had led to research into solar panels. While not entirely off the grid, he did get one of those expensive battery packs, which meant that when everyone else was dealing with power loss, he was at home enjoying peace and quiet in his climate controlled paradise.

Well, whenever the girls weren't coming over. Megan and Ling had dropped by during their spring break, and he had been forced to lay in bed for a day after they left, just to recover. The two of them had enrolled in a yoga class, meaning they had far more energy than he did now (and were far more flexible). Maria's break had been shortly after, but Naomi had come home for a brief visit at the same time, which had saved him from the feisty latina's newfound obsession with anal sex.

After spring break, he heard from them all sporadically. Megan and Ling's parents were taking them on an Alaskan cruise in the summer, and Maria was traveling to South America for a mission where she would be helping a local village rebuild after a devastating flood. Naomi wasn't coming home until late July due to a backpacking trip with a new friend, which meant that he was looking at a long, hot summer alone.

Which was why he decided to spend thousands of dollars making sure his AC was working. If he was going to be alone, he was at least going to be comfortable. He had turned off almost all of the lights in his home, the sole illumination coming from a reading lamp next to his couch and the soft glow of Netflix on his smart TV. He had smartly downloaded the series he wanted to watch prior to the blackouts, running it through a system of devices that a buddy had helped him hook up.

Happily thumbing through to the next episode of *Stranger Things*, he settled in for a comfortable evening with a pair of small ribeyes and a six pack of Reverend. He briefly considered making something else for dinner, but was too lazy to go back to the kitchen. He set his plate down on the side table, narrowly missing Wild Jason and Dad Jason. The two of them were playing cards on a miniature table of their own, identical meals in front of them.

Jason sucked down a can of Reverend, letting out a long belch. He counted nine seconds before breaking off. Not bad, he thought, cutting himself a piece of steak.

Winona Ryder was busy freaking out over christmas lights when the knock came at his door. Puzzled, he opened his phone, checking his calendar. The new rule for the girls was no more surprises – he needed to know when they were dropping by from now on so that he could plan accordingly. He hadn't had any issues yet, but he knew things could get weird very fast if

someone showed up while he was entertaining someone else. Or God forbid Naomi came home while he was busy plowing Maria's ass in the shower, or that time Megan and Ling took turns blowing him on the couch while they watched porn together. She clearly had some idea that he was being naughty with her friends, but knowing was definitely different than seeing.

The knock came again, a little faster this time. He stood up, a bit unsteady on his feet, the Reverend kicking in. Slapping his cheeks, the sting was enough to stabilize him. Wild Jason and Dad Jason watched him walk away. Tossing their cards on the table, they followed, jumping down from the table onto the carpet. Wild Jason landed badly, and a bunch of face-cards busted free from his socks, spilling everywhere. He scooped them up quickly, then tucked them in his pockets while running to keep up.

"Hello?" Jason opened the door.

"Hello Mr. Dawes." He didn't recognize her at first. Her mascara had smeared across her face, and her hair was a tangled mess. She wore a thin fabric hoodie that was long enough that she could be naked underneath and nobody would know it. However, it was her legs that sparked the memory, the toned legs of a varsity cheerleader.

"Brienne? Are you okay?" He saw that she was wearing a backpack and carrying a suitcase. "Um, come in?"

"Thank you, Mr. Dawes." She picked up her things and walked through the door. Wild Jason and Dad Jason looked at her, then each other. They both shrugged; neither of them knew who was needed yet.

"Are you hurt? Do I need to call somebody?"

Brienne let out a dry laugh. "There's nobody to call. I only came here because Naomi told me to."

"I thought you two weren't speaking?" He hadn't heard his daughter mention Brienne since she had walked out his front door a year ago.

"We reconnected over spring break. It's a long story, and I haven't showered in a few days. Would it be okay if I used Naomi's room tonight? She said that I could, but I want to make sure it's okay with you."

"Yeah, of course. Do you want me to wait up?"

"No thank you. I'm just going to go to sleep, if that's okay." Her eyes were full of defeat, that rebellious spark from a year ago long gone.

"Look, if you're hungry, I have some steaks I just pulled off the grill."

At the mention of food, Brienne's eyes lifted to his. "I don't want to eat your dinner or anything."

“Gotta be honest, I was making a pig of myself.” He patted his rock hard abs. “Was planning to binge some shows and binge some steak, but I always hate myself in the morning for it.” He gave her a playful wink. “Seriously, one of them was probably just going to be breakfast tomorrow.”

“I... uh...” Indecision was written on her face, but it was clear

“Hey, look. Why don’t you go grab a shower and I’ll save you one. If you’re still hungry, you’re welcome to join me, but if you just want to go to bed, shout down at me so that I can put it in the fridge.”

“Okay, thank you.” She walked past him and up the stairs, her jacket far enough away from her legs that he could see she was, in fact, wearing clothes under her coat. He stood at the bottom of the stairs and listened to her move across the house, Naomi’s bedroom door closing.

He walked back to the living room and waited. After several minutes, the shower turned on and he tapped his daughter’s name on his phone. It rang a couple times before she answered.

“Hello?”

“Hey, it’s dad. I had a question for you.”

“Brienne came over, right?”

“Uh, yeah. Your psychic powers work across oceans now?”

“Nah, she called me an hour ago and woke me up.”

“Oh shit.” He realized that it was the middle of the night in Europe. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to wake you.”

“You didn’t. I knew you would call if she showed up, so Alexis and I are on the roof of our hostel watching clouds float across the moon.” In the background, Jason heard a feminine voice say hi to him. “She says hi, by the way.”

“Tell her hi back. Is Brienne okay? Do I need to get the police involved?”

“It’s bad, but not like that. I’ll let her tell you, but the short version is that her dad gambled away her college money.”

“Damn.” He shook his head. “Sounds like a piece of shit.”

“He always has been. She can use my room for whatever. Just be nice to her.”

“Oh?” Jason arched an eyebrow at Winona Ryder, her face frozen in shock on his tv. “Be... nice?”

Naomi laughed. “She still has a thing for you. That’s the reason she didn’t want to come over to your house. However, she feels like it’s the safest place for her, so had some mixed feelings about it.”

Still has a thing for you. Naomi’s words echoed in his ears and Wild Jason grabbed the front of his pants, ripping them off in one smooth motion and scattering playing cards everywhere, his massive hard-on pressing against the fabric of his boxers. Dad Jason sighed and walked into the corner where he sat down, facing away from the room.

“...and so I told her to just go over there and get away from him. I mean, even if something were to happen between you two, at least it would take her mind off of things.”

Jason realized he had accidentally tuned his daughter out.

“You think something is going to happen?”

Naomi laughed. It was Jason’s favorite sound in the world.

“Dad, really. I still talk to my friends. I’ve heard some stories.”

“Oh.” He wondered what Winona Ryder would say if she could see his face right now. “How much?”

“We’re women, dad. We tell each other everything. Maybe it’s weird, but I’m glad you can be there for them. You’re like a safe space for horny co-eds.” He heard Alexis say something to Naomi. “I gotta go. I’ll see you at the end of summer. Love you.”

“Love you too.” He set down the phone. That call had been fairly illuminating. He had suspected that Naomi knew, but not that she was intimately familiar with it. It was with mixed feelings that he turned and pressed play on his remote, his attention drifting away from Winona’s Christmas lights. Dad Jason was still in the corner, his knees pulled up to his face in shame.

We tell each other everything. It made him uncomfortable to think about Maria telling him about how he had tied her to the bed once and made her beg him to fuck her in the ass until he came. Twice.

Did they embellish details? Or maybe they toned it down and made it sound more romantic. He wasn’t sure how Megan could sell romance involving her step-sister, though he did take them out for frozen yogurt once. Not that it had been romantic, but the two of them had licked it all off of his dick later that night.

Wild Jason had set up a projector, his boner poking through the holes of his boxers. He was frantically pointing at images of Jason’s Greatest Hits for Dad Jason in a sad attempt to cheer him up. Dad Jason covered his eyes, and sounded suspiciously like he was crying.

“Shit.” Jason realized that he had tuned out the last fifteen minutes of show and hit rewind. He had no idea what was going on now. Listening to Winona go on about the lights, he ran to the kitchen for a spare plate and cutlery, and was headed back into the living room.

The sounds of the shower had stopped and Jason tilted his gaze toward the ceiling. He could hear her walking through his daughter’s room now, her footsteps disappearing where Naomi’s bed was. After a long wait, he heard the bedroom door open and the soft descent of footsteps down his stairs.

Brianne turned the corner, her hair twisted up into a towel. She wore one of Naomi’s night shirts, a graphic tee with the Millennium Falcon on the front. From where he sat, he couldn’t tell if she wore anything underneath, and Wild Jason sprinted across the room to take a peek.

“Are you sure it’s okay if I eat dinner with you?” Her voice was vulnerable, striking a chord deep within him. Dad Jason immediately spun about, removing himself from the corner. He put Wild Jason in a choke hold and wrestled him to the floor, knocking over his projector.

“Of course. Here, I got you all set up.” He handed her the plate. “I also have bagged salad in the fridge and Doritos in the cupboard. Wasn’t sure what you would want to eat with your steak.”

“Thanks.” She walked past him to the fridge and made herself the salad, emptying the bag into a bowl. She bent over to tuck the empty bag in the trash under his sink, revealing a silky pair of black panties that clung to her ass like they had been painted on.

Dad Jason tackled Wild Jason to the ground, and the two of them came to blows. Taking a boxer stance, Dad Jason punched Wild Jason hard enough that even more playing cards fell loose from his boxers, fluttering to the floor. When Wild Jason knelt down to try and catch them, an uppercut made his eyes roll up in his head.

Jason walked into the living room and sat down, then turned his attention to the TV. A couple minutes later, she sat down next to him. She had crumbled up some of the Doritos and sprinkled them across the top of her salad.

“Do you want me to put something else on?”

“No, it’s fine. It’ll take my mind off of things.”

“Okay.” He hit play and sat back. The rest of the episode played while he finished his beer. Brianne picked at her food at first, but over time the show caught her interest and she relaxed, slowly cutting steak and chewing it carefully. She nearly finished the food on her plate and let out a sigh, leaning back on the couch with her legs slightly spread.

The next episode started and he took her plate. Dumping the leftovers in the trash, he tossed it all in the dishwasher and then returned. Brianne’s eyes were glazing over and she looked like she was about to pass out.

“C’mon.” He held out a hand. “You should go to bed.”

Letting out a sigh, she nodded and let him pull her up. She walked to the stairs and didn’t even look back before heading up them. Jason briefly wondered if he should follow her up and make sure she got settled, but instead sat back on the couch.

If she decided she wanted to talk, she’d let him know.

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Throughout the night, he dreamt of a warm body pressed against his, clinging onto him like a raft in a storm. However, he awoke to find that he had been by himself all night, passed out on top of the covers with another can of Reverend on his nightstand.

“Ugh.” He hadn’t brushed his teeth before bed and now his mouth tasted like a latrine. He rolled out of bed and stumbled to the bathroom, the blinding light of the sun sneaking in through his curtains. Once he was in front of the bathroom mirror, he found the mouthwash and gave his mouth a quick rinse.

He accidentally swallowed some and coughed. Spitting out the wash, he brushed his teeth real fast and then mouthwashed again. Looking in the mirror, he saw that his hair stood up in every direction and it was clear he hadn’t shaved in a couple of days.

He put his pants on and walked down the hallway to the top of the stairs. From the second floor, he could smell the sweet odor of bacon frying in a pan. Following his nose, he walked down the stairs and around the corner of his living room to see Brianne in an oversized shirt standing in his kitchen, her attention on one of his skillet.

“Good morning.” He announced his arrival and couldn’t help but notice how the light scattered through her auburn streaked curls and cast shadows on the back of her smooth legs. She was mindlessly humming a tune to herself, shifting her weight back and forth to the beat, her hips creating a hypnotic display.

When she didn’t respond, he moved closer and was about to repeat himself when he saw the pink cords dangling from her ears. He moved to the side instead, and she caught sight of him out of the corner of her eye.

“Oh, Mr. Dawes!” She nearly dropped her spatula, then gave him a big smile and pulled out one of her earbuds. “I’m making breakfast!”

“I smell that. What are we having?” He leaned over the stove to look. She had scrambled eggs and put them in a serving bowl and was currently frying some bacon strips next to some hash browns. “Looks good.”

“Thank you.” She blushed and pointed to the coffee pot. “It’s ready, in case you want some now. I’ll still be a few minutes.”

“Great.” He saw that she had placed a pair of mugs next to the machine and grinned. He poured himself a cup and then filled the other most of the way. “Do you take cream?”

Brianne blushed even brighter, a stupid grin crossing her face. “Yeah, I would like some.”

“How much?” He opened the fridge and pulled it out.

“Top off the cup please.” She flipped over another piece of bacon while watching him, then took the cup from his hands. “I hope it’s okay that I started cooking.”

“Yeah, of course. My house is your house.” Jason found a place at the table and sat, his eyes on the young woman’s back. When the bacon was done, she stood on her tiptoes to reach the serving plates, revealing yellow striped panties. He forgot to swallow his coffee for a moment, then looked away when she turned around.

“Do you eat ketchup on your hash browns?” she asked him.

“Nope, I like em plain.” He could see her in the reflection of his backdoor. She was still looking at him, but he couldn’t quite make out her facial expression. The sound of serving spoons was followed with her arrival at the table. Three slices of perfectly cooked bacon lay on top of the eggs and potatoes, and she sat down across from him with an identical plate. They ate in silence, and Jason’s eyes slid across Brianne and to his backyard. The yard needed to be mowed soon, or it would become overgrown, and some mint had taken over one of the mulched areas in the back.

Jason frowned. He hated pulling weeds, but refused to use the spray. Not only did it stink, but he heard it might hurt the bees, or something similar.

“I suppose you’re wondering about it.” When Brianne broke the silence, his eyes slid back to her.

“Excuse me?”

“About what happened.”

He didn’t think that telling her he was worried about his lawn would help his case any, so he just nodded.

“This is so embarrassing.” She shifted what was left of her plate away from her and took a drink of water. “Well, um, after I went off to college, I was struggling a bit. Over the summer, I kind of had the realization that maybe I didn’t like the person I was becoming. At the end of high school. I actually went on a bit of a road trip, by myself, to clear my head. Well... When college started, I wanted to be different. College is when you’re supposed to reinvent yourself anyway, and I... I had a bit of a reputation that I didn’t want to follow me. So, when I moved in to my dorm and started going to class, I laid low.”

“Go on.”

“It was hard. When you’re the queen bitch, nobody bothers you, but when you used to be the bitch? It’s almost like the whole world tries to kick you while you’re down.” Brianne hung her head. “It wasn’t going well for me. I didn’t realize just how much my behavior in high school gave me an edge. It’s so easy to get what you want when you’re the pretty one, the head cheerleader, and you can flirt your way to an extension on your science project, or get a teacher to round your grade because he thinks you might be sexually interested in him. All of those things added up over the years, and once they were gone, I discovered that I was in a hole.”

“Redefining yourself is hard,” Jason told her. “So many people try to make big changes overnight not realizing that small changes over a period of time are easier to adapt to.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t have my own personal Yoda for advice like that.” Brianne took a deep breath. “I met this girl in my math class that was essentially me a year ago, and this bitch was loaded, like a trust fund baby. We got in a study group together and I found out that she was a sophomore who lived off campus and made all of her money being a camgirl. Like, sometimes a couple thousand a week.”

“I can believe it.” Jason frowned. “If she was making that kind of money, why go to college?”

“Oh please. This girl was wicked smart with a killer body. I asked her the same thing right away, and she explained to me that a mind can stay sharp, but a body can dull over time. She was going for a PhD in biophysics, or something like that. Wanted to buy a house outright straight out of college in San Diego or wherever she landed.”

Jason whistled appreciatively. “Smart moves.”

“Right? Well, she tells me I have the right body and attitude for it, so I agree to do a show for her. I…” Brianne blushed. “We made enough in a one hour show to buy me my own filming rig. A nice camera, lighting and a computer to run the show. It’s risky, because I have to shoot when my roommate is in class, but I give it a shot.” A small grin crossed her face. “I made some really good money. Not like that other girl, she’s been doing it for over a year, but my regular viewers are climbing. I have a guy who is blowing serious cash on me for private shows, sends me gifts, lingerie to wear, everything.”

“So… what happened?”

Brianne put her face in her hands for a second, then took them away. “Bad things come in threes. All that extra money? Well, I blew it. I sank a good chunk of it into new outfits and crazy… toys for my performances. I was a business major and figured I was reinvesting in my enterprise.”

“What else?”

“Okay, so this is weird. This new girl came on the cam girl scene and just trampled the competition. Her thing was that she was a catgirl, or something like that, and she kept doing these long, kinky shows with her girlfriend. All the nerds were just wild for her, and her shows are throughout the day, obviously this was her full time hustle, and she was always on when I was. I went from making a couple hundred per show to maybe forty bucks in the first week alone. That really hurt my bottom line, and I realized that my show was officially dead in the water unless I could come up with a gimmick of my own.”

“Wow. The market dried up, huh?”

“Yeah. It was the beginning of the second semester when the shit really hit the fan. Even the girl from my math class, she saw a huge drop in her numbers, but her channel had a bunch of loyal followers, so she’s still gonna make it. Well, the third blow came when someone outed me to the school and I got kicked out of the dorms for running a sex show out of my room. Everything I had left went into renting a place for the rest of the semester, and when I tried to keep running my channel, I found out that whoever had outed me had told everybody I knew about it. Like, everyone I had gone to high school with, my family, my friends, it was a giant shit show. So, of course, the few shows I run are full of former classmates who are just harassing me, and the entire thing burned to the ground.”

“That sounds awful.”

“Well, yeah. I thought that was the worst of it. I worked out a transfer to a different college. I was still getting good grades and all that, but my social life was ruined.”

“So I guess your parents were pretty upset, huh?”

Her face darkened. “Worse than that. Obviously they blew up at me, and my step dad told me that they had cut me off from my college savings. I laughed, because that money isn’t his to do anything with. It was money left to me when my dad died when I was little, so I didn’t think it was an issue.”

“He spent it, didn’t he?”

Tears had come to her eyes now, rolling softly down her cheeks. “Worse. Remember that guy who was sending me gifts? It was my own step dad. He had found me on the cam site, and was using my own college money to get me to do private shows.”

“Wait, how was he able to even gain access?”

“He pretended to be my mom. I can’t prove it, but I was able to get a statement from the bank on the fund balance. Guess when the money ran out?”

“I, uh…” he shrugged. “When?”

“Shortly before I got reported. I think the bastard was blowing all that money and, when it ran out, reported me. He told my mom that I used the money to fund my show, and has the

money trail to prove it, but that simply isn't true. So now I have no college funds, my own family isn't talking to me, and..." she slammed her balled up fists into the table. "I don't know what to do anymore. I did some research and I found out I can do some online classes to keep up, but I can't afford both college and rent. And that's if I keep doing my cam show. If I have to work at Target or wherever, it won't work at all because nobody I know can even stand me anymore, at least nobody I know here. It's a huge fucking mess, and it's all because of my step dad."

"Did you confront him?"

"That fucking psychopath wanted to make a deal with me, if you know what I mean." Her lower lip trembled now. "Fucking bastard. I can't prove anything either, and my mom isn't even talking to me anymore. When I told him no, he kicked me out, and now I'm here."

"That is quite the tale." Jason stood up. "Do you... want a hug or something?"

She was in his arms almost instantly, clinging tightly to him. When her tears came, her whole body was racked with sobs, and her lithe form shook against him. He patted her head, unsure how to proceed.

Dad Jason gave him a thumbs up from the dining room table. Wild Jason just shrugged and made an O with one hand and stuck the finger of his other hand through it suggestively a few times, the unspoken question on his face.

Dad Jason pushed Wild Jason off the table, where he struck the cold linoleum below with his face and crumpled into a heap.

"Well, tell you what." He grabbed her by the arms and pushed her back. She was rubbing tears from her cheeks. "You've got a place to stay for the near future, anyway." He wasn't about to offer her Naomi's room on a semi-permanent basis, but felt that he could reasonably give her a week or two before revisiting the situation. "Maybe give you some time to figure things out."

"Thanks." She wiped the tears from her eyes. "I guess... I mean, this whole situation sucks, but now... I just wanted to become a better person, and it blew up in my face."

"Why such an emphasis on being a better person?"

Her face turned bright red. "Um... ever since that time in... Naomi's bedroom..."

"Oh." Had it really been a year ago? He had nearly forgotten the stern conversation they had, buried beneath the sexual exploits of her friends. "I mean, I guess I don't know why."

"It was the first time I felt like I wasn't in charge." She lifted her shirt to wipe her cheeks, revealing her panties again. The sight of those yellow stripes brought Wild Jason back to life, and he peeled himself off the floor and rolled over on his back for a better look. "You were the only guy who has ever turned me down, and for a good reason. I wasn't a very nice person then, and I wanted to be better, not just for me, but for whoever I ended up with."

“Um... okay.”

“I made the guys at school work for it, you know? I could control them with sex, but after what happened, I realized I wanted a guy who wasn't just an idiot who thinks only with his dick. I wanted someone stronger who was willing to stand up for the one he loves. I was talking trash about you and your daughter, and you put me in my place.” She let out a heavy sigh. “It got me thinking about whether or not I truly valued myself as a person, or even if I valued others. When I took a step back and looked at who I really was, I wasn't very happy with the results.”

“How very... introspective? Is that the right word?”

“Yeah.” She chuckled. “I didn't use to spend a lot of time caring about how others saw me until I realized that I wasn't a huge fan of me either. Now look at me. Nowhere to go and running out of money.”

“Are you going to keep doing your show?”

She shrugged. “It was a means to an end, but now there's no end.”

“I don't follow.”

“I can't make enough at it, remember? Rent or tuition, not both, not unless I grow a pair of ears and a tail.” She picked up her glass and sipped some more water. “Seriously, this bitch looks like she is using CG or had some weird surgery, it's uncanny how much she looks like a cat girl. Even has fur on her arms and legs, it's spooky.”

“Well...” he crossed his arms, then uncrossed them. “I mean, would it help if you could save up some money?”

“I don't know anymore. Maybe.” She sighed. “If nothing else, some time to figure things out. I don't know if I want to do my cam shows anymore.”

“Well, it doesn't have to be just cam shows now. There are streamers who do other things too.”

“Like what?”

“Like play games, or do... makeup tutorials?” Once the words left him, it sounded so lame that both Wild and Dad Jason face palmed.

“Not my thing, but thanks.” Brianne's smile was genuine, and she let out a laugh. “I kind of want to retire from cam work, to be honest. It's already created all sorts of problems for me, but...”

“But?”

“I mean, if I'm staying here for a couple weeks, would you mind if I... um...” her face turned bright red. “If I tried to earn some extra money with my last few shows?”

“I don’t see why I would.”

“Cause I would be doing... things in your daughter’s room. On camera.”

“Oh.” Wild Jason was already doing a victory lap around Jason’s legs, while Dad Jason tried to catch him and hold him down. “Would you need anything from me?”

“Just your internet password and some privacy is all.” She laughed. “I could put a sock on the door or something, let you know when I’m filming.”

“Um, yeah, uh, we could arrange something.” He forced a smile, trying not to think about Brianne naked and masturbating in his house.

“Thanks, Mr. Dawes.” She leaned forward and placed a kiss on his nose. “You’re the best.”

The hardest part about living with Brianne had nothing to do with her behavior or her presence. Over the next couple of days, Jason rarely saw her other than watching her balance her budget on a nice laptop at the kitchen table. She seemed to be taking her financial situation very seriously, and had even made a list of steps that she was going to take before she moved back out.

Rather, Jason was an idiot and immediately tried to find her former cam shows online to watch them. Surprisingly, it was rather difficult to find Brianne without knowing her camgirl name, and he ended up falling down a rabbit hole of porn that typically ended with masturbating quietly in his room.

True to her word, Brianne filmed a few shows and tied a sock to the bedroom door. She was always present at breakfast and dinner, and the two of them would exchange stories. Most of hers were related to college, and his were related to the job.

The next week was busy, as Jason was back on schedule. During the long nights waiting around at the station, he kept searching for her on his phone, Wild Jason eagerly watching from his shoulder. It was dumb and more than a little petty, but there was a part of him that just had to see his daughter’s friend in action. He finally hit paydirt one morning when he was laying in bed at the station, his cellphone balanced precariously on his chest.

Not only was it a video of Brianne, but he instantly recognized Naomi’s bedroom. This was a recording from one of her recent shows. Careful to make sure his headphones were working, he pressed Play and watched.

It started pretty tame, just with Brianne talking about college and answering chat questions he could no longer see because it was no longer live. As the show wore on, he skipped forward, watching her clothes come off in intervals until she was in a lacy black bra with

matching panties. He skipped forward even more and cast a nervous glance around the room to make sure nobody else was looking his way.

Satisfied that he was alone, he watched as Brianne mounted a dildo to his daughter's bed frame. The dildo had a large suction cup, and Brianne had moved the camera so that it was now above the dildo, giving the viewer the impression that she was about to suck their dick.

"Oh, please don't tell my parents. I just wanted a sip, to taste it for the first time. I didn't mean to spill your best whiskey on the table." Brianne arched an eyebrow at the camera. "I waited until after the kids were asleep, I promise."

Jason looked at the time signature. He had skipped nearly fifteen minutes of show, and had clearly missed the original plot. Was she supposed to be the babysitter? He grabbed his coffee mug from his nightstand and sipped at it while Brianne was busy lubing up the dildo.

"I'll do anything, Mr. D. Please, I need the money for school." Brianne batted her lashes at the camera while Jason sprayed his screen with a fine, caffeinated mist.

There were twenty six letters in the english alphabet, and Jason firmly believed that it was mere chance that she happened to use that one. Bookmarking the video, he went hunting for another one of her videos and scanned through it, just to be sure.

"Wow, this is the biggest dick I've ever held, Mr. D."

"I've never had one this big inside me, Mr. D."

"I won't tell your wife, Mr. D. Just please, put it in me!"

She didn't always say it, but over nearly an hour, he had listened to Brianne refer to Mr. D. in most of her roleplay videos, had even heard her come twice while shouting for Mr. D. It wasn't a coincidence, and he was seriously debating trying to rub one out in the station. The only thing stopping him was the fear of getting busted by his squadmates. At best, he would be teased mercilessly, at worst, he could get nailed for sexual harassment.

Right now, it was possible this girl was in his house, masturbating while thinking about him. Did she ever go in his room while he was gone? Dig through his things? Did he need to worry about it, or should he just go for it? He had already crossed the line with the others, why not with Brianne as well?

A distraction came in the form of a call, and by the time he was riding on the truck to a nearby car accident, he was able to put it from his mind.

Jason walked off his shift with a frown on his face. He was supposed to be going to a cookout at Ed's tonight, but Ed had decided to climb a ladder in flip-flops to clean out his gutter, and now he had a broken leg.

He looked at his phone one more time to see if any of the guys had a backup plan. He was hoping they would at least go somewhere and meet for wings and beer, but the group chat was notoriously silent. He wondered how many of his friends were sitting around, just hoping that somebody would offer up their place for food so that they wouldn't have to clean up.

Not me. He had no desire to host, and he definitely didn't need to get razzed about his current houseguest. Brianne only had a couple more weeks in the house before she was off again to college. Her attitude had certainly picked up since the day she had moved in, and he was glad that things were finally looking up.

The whole time he was driving home, he felt like he was forgetting something. Still, he hummed a nameless tune under his breath as he pulled into his garage.

Walking into the kitchen through the mudroom, the first thing he heard was loud music upstairs. Puzzled, he followed the noise and realized that he had forgotten to text Brianne and tell her when he would be home.

The door of Naomi's room was open a crack, and the moment he peeked in, he realized his mistake.

"Oh, Mr. D., do you like my outfit?" Brianne was leaning against the far wall of the room in her high school cheer uniform. "I finally made the team this year, and they told me I might even make head cheerleader if I play my cards right."

So many conflicting thoughts rushed through Jason's brain all at once. He really shouldn't be watching her like this, it wasn't appropriate.

Wild Jason grabbed Dad Jason around the neck and hurled him down the stairs. Dad Jason bounced most of the way down, eventually landing in a pile at the bottom.

Jason pressed his eye to the door.

"Hey, Mr. D.? I was wondering if you would be able to help me with my stretches." Brianne's attention was fixed on Naomi's closet, and he was guessing that was where her camera was. He pulled out his phone and silenced it, then clicked through in an attempt to find her live stream again.

There she was, just a couple of seconds behind. The head of Naomi's bed was in the shot, and he saw a large dildo sitting on the nightstand, just waiting to be used. He put his phone to sleep and pressed his face to the door, eager to watch the live show.

"What was that? Is it embarrassing wearing this outfit?" Brianne sat on the floor and casually did the splits. "Sometimes. That's why I have to wear the bloomers underneath. Yeah, they do look kind of like panties. Wanna hear a secret, though?" She leaned forward, her voice becoming a stage whisper. "I'm not wearing any panties today."

A breath hitched in his chest, and he covered his mouth.

“Will you help me with my stretches?” Brianne spent the next ten minutes going through a series of poses that highlighted her attributes. He opened his phone back up to see what the other viewers were saying in the chat, but also to get a better look at her scantily clad ass. She was currently touching her toes with her butt toward the camera.

ShowMeMore69: Shit, I love it when she shows us her ass.

Poop_Monkey: I would love to eat that peach, though!

BillMorris1952: She reminds me of my granddaughter, yum!1

Jason smirked, then continued watching. Brianne was clearly in no hurry to continue, but this was definitely her plan all along. The viewer count steadily rose, then hit a plateau where viewers came in as others left.

“Wait, what? You think I could stretch even more without my bloomers?” Brianne put a finger to her lip, deep in thought. “I guess that makes sense, the fabric wouldn’t chafe as much.”

The chat went wild, and Brianne backed up until her ass filled the camera screen. She slowly slid the bloomers down, revealing a bare pussy and something sparkling in her asshole.

Jason almost swore. Brianne had one of those gem buttplugs in her ass, and the chatroom lost its shit.

“Oh, that? Do you like that?” She spread her cheeks for the crowd. “It helps remind me to be a good girl. I got caught being naughty once, and after I got spanked, I got a thumb shoved up my ass. I’ve never had an orgasm like that before.”

Jason’s cock throbbed, and he shifted it with his hand while tilting his eyes toward the chat window.

ShowMeMore69: Pull it out and suck it!

Poop_Monkey: I wanna see your tits again

BillMorris1952: What is that thing in her tushy?

She was talking about him. She had to be. Staring at her through the crack in the door, he couldn’t help but wonder what she would do if he came in during the shoot. Would she freak out? Would she want him to join? As long as he kept his head above the camera, he didn’t need to worry about being seen.

“So what do you guys want me to do next?” Brianne put her hand on the large dildo. “Should I fuck Mr. D.? Or should I tease him some more?”

No, it was a stupid idea. He should just go to his room and maybe rub one out while watching her on his phone.

Dad Jason was nearly to the top of the stairs when Wild Jason lifted a large rock over his head and threw it, knocking him back down.

I'm going to Hell. Jason clicked on the chat window and gave himself a username.

ShowMeMore69: Open up those cheeks for me!

Poop_Monkey: How big is it? Pull it out and push it back in.

BillMorris1962: Oh, it's a butt toy

Naomi's_Dad has entered the chat

Naomi's_Dad: You've been a bad girl again, haven't you?

Brianne's smiling face faltered, her eyes scanning down the chat. There was a moment of disbelief, and plenty of uncertainty.

He started typing some more.

Naomi's_Dad: I wonder if you didn't learn your lesson last time.

"I..." her cheeks had turned red. "I think I may have forgotten."

Naomi's_Dad: This is WAY worse than bad language.

Her lips were now slightly parted, and her face was flushed. She looked away from the screen and toward the door, her eyes meeting Jason's.

She turned back toward the camera.

"And what are you gonna do about it?" she asked with a smirk. "Are you going to come spank me?"

The chat was going bonkers now, so Jason waited for what looked like a break in the traffic to hit send.

Naomi's_Dad: Do you want to be spanked?

"What do I want?" She licked her lips and then winked. "I want to be a good girl."

That was all he needed to hear. He shoved the door of the room open, and she flinched, then turned toward him.

"What the hell are you doing, young lady?" He lowered his voice a bit, hoping that it wouldn't sound like him, and gave her a wink. "Are you making porn in my house? In my house?"

Brianne just stared at him in awe, and he crossed the room and grabbed her by the hair, lifting her face out of the frame. "Ready to make some money?" he whispered in her ear.

“I’m sorry, Mr. D!” She licked the tip of his nose. “Please, I was just fooling around.”

“Nonsense!” He turned her ass toward the camera and lifted up her skirt. “Does this look like fooling around?” He held her buttocks open to give the internet a good look, then slid his hand across her juicy flesh and gave it a smack. “You know better than this.”

Her setup was relatively simple. Her laptop was next to her camera, but the chat window was enlarged while the camera window was shrunk down. Already, he could see her viewers going absolutely nuts that somebody else had shown up. In the upper left corner was a tip jar, and the dollar amount surged a bit.

“I’m sorry,” she whimpered.

“Damn right you are.” He gave her a hard smack that elicited a gasp from her. “And there’s plenty more where that came from.” He tossed her onto the bed and sat down on it, knowing that anything above his chest was out of the camera. Brianne played the part well, sliding off the bed just enough that her ass was revealed once more.

“Come here.” Grabbing a handful of her hair, he pulled her across his lap and shifted so that her butt was pointed toward the camera. “What the hell are you thinking, showing your ass to boys on the internet?”

“I’m soooooooyyyy!” The word stretched out as he slapped her ass hard enough to leave a fresh handprint. From here, he could still read the chatbox, and plenty of people were debating if this was real or staged.

“And what is this?” He grabbed the faux diamond in her ass and gave it a playful tug, but twisted his hand around to make it look like he was being rough.”

“Nothing.”

He smacked her again.

“What is it?”

“It’s nothing, *ow!*”

“You gonna tell me?” He aimed for the other cheek now, and she let out a moan.

“It’s a butt plug.”

“What do you need a butt plug for?” Between every word, he either swatted her ass or rubbed the skin, like he was polishing it up. Bright red marks were already visible, contrasting nicely with the blue of her cheerleader’s uniform. “And what the fuck is this?”

He grabbed the dildo off the table and smacked her on the butt. This time, she let out a shriek that became a snorting laugh, and he almost let out a laugh of his own watching the faux flesh jiggle on her butt. “Well?”

ShowMeMore69: Dude, who is this guy?

Poop_Monkey: I'm so hard right now

BillMorris1962: Is it her dad?

“Please don't be mad,” she begged, sliding down off of his lap. “Please. I'll do anything.”

“Anything?” He held the dildo in her face, bouncing the head of it off her lips. She opened her mouth wide and sucked it in, a large breath of air escaping her nose. Turning his attention to her screen, he saw that her viewer count had nearly doubled.

She mumbled something to him that sounded like a yes.

“Keep sucking it.” He handed her the dildo, and she turned sideways, putting on a show of moaning around the cock. After a quick trip to his room, he came back and sat down next to her on the bed. “What do you think, guys? Has she been punished enough? Are you done watching her?”

Nobody in their right mind was done with this show, and Jason pulled the cock out of her hands and let it bounce playfully on her cheek a couple of times before handing it over.

“Fuck it,” he commanded, standing up again.

“I... have to take the plug out...”

“Did I stutter?” His pants were already unzipped, and he allowed his cock to pop into view.

In the corner of the room, Wild Jason hovered a foot off the ground, his whole body ablaze in sexual energy. He gave Jason a glowing thumbs up.

“Okay, Mr. D.” She reached under the bed and slid out a wooden board. He was puzzled at first until she suction cupped the dildo to it, then positioned herself above it. Her knees held the board in place, and she sank down onto it, moaning the entire time.

ShowMeMore69: Bruh.jpg

Poop_Monkey: Hawt!

BillMorris1962: My screen is frozen. Is any1 else screen frozen?

“Oh, fuck, Mr. D, I...” she went quiet when he put his cock on her lips.

“Suck it.”

Her eyes went wide as she opened up and attempted to suck in his thick member.

“That's right, you know how to suck a cock, don't you?” He looked at the screen and then back at her, and made a hand gesture at his chest.

“Mmgfh!” Brianne understood immediately, and pulled her shirt up to reveal her breasts. They were trapped in the confines of a sparkly blue bra that Jason quickly shoved out of the way.

“Play with your nipples.”

“Mmth, thr.” Brianne played with her breasts while bouncing on the dildo. Large amounts of spit built up on his cock and fell on her chest whenever he pushed himself deep. He grabbed her chin and used it as leverage, grunting every few seconds when she would use the tip of her tongue and roll it around the head of his cock.

ShowMeMore69: Her best show so far!

Poop_Monkey: Damn, this dude is jacked

BillMorris1962 has disconnected

BillMorris1962 has reconnected

BillMorris1962 has disconnected

“Yeah, just like that.” He grabbed a handful of hair and pushed himself into her mouth. She was moaning now, letting out tiny, pathetic cries of shame and pleasure as he pushed himself into the back of her throat. “You love being my little whore, don’t you?”

Brianne’s entire face flushed red, and she let out a gurgle around his shaft.

“What was that, baby? You like being my whore?” He pulled her off his dick, and then pushed down on her head, forcing the dildo farther into her snatch.

“Mmh, oh fuck...”

He gave her a light slap on the cheek. “Watch your filthy fucking mouth.” With that, he grabbed her hair and shoved himself back in, rolling his eyes at the warmth of her mouth enveloping him. He could easily just blow a load in her and be done, but he had other plans.

“What do you think, guys? Should we show her who’s boss?”

The chatroom was rolling fast now, and he pulled his cock out of her mouth and leaned down until his chin was almost in view on the camera.

“Get on the bed and bend over.”

Brianne looked up at him with shining eyes and drool down her chin. She nodded and stood, the cock popping free of her.

“Pick that up.” He moved to her camera and shifted it toward the head of the bed. Brianne sat in silence, and said nothing when he pulled the cock out of her hands and suction-cupped it to the wall.

“Suck it,” he told her.

“But I thought...”

He grabbed her by the chin and guided her onto the bed. “Get it nice and clean for me.”

“Yes, Mr. D.” She looked at the camera, then began licking her own juices off of the dildo, making a big show of it. He moved onto the bed behind her and started smacking her ass, smiling each time she yelped.

“C’mon, suck it. Take it all the way in.” He stroked himself, waiting for his moment. Her ass swiveled in front of him, her soaking wet pussy just inches away. He moved forward so that the head of his cock teased her lips, and she tried to back into him.

“No!” He slapped her ass. “I didn’t say you could do that. Keep sucking!”

“Nngrrl.” This time, she growled in frustration, and he resumed teasing her, his eyes alternating between the screen and the hot piece of ass in front of him. Filming porn was hard work, especially when trying to avoid getting caught!

Brianne grunted, taking the dildo farther into her throat, and he gave her a slap on the behind every time she backed down. Eventually, she let out a deep breath and managed to shove her mouth far enough onto the dildo that the fake balls pressed against her chin.

Jason pushed himself inside of her, feeling the tight knot of the butt toy press against the top of his shaft.

Brianne let out a high pitched wail, and her hips bucked against him.

“Oh, yeah,” he cried, then grabbed her by the hair. “That’s right, fuck that dick.”

The cheerleader moaned in exasperation, and Jason popped his hips, driving the dildo into her mouth.

“Yeah, that’s it.” He gave her a playful slap and then reached into the back pocket of his jeans and pulled out the handcuffs. They had been in his nightstand, and he figured now was the time to use them.

He waved them tauntingly for the camera, and watched the tips come rolling in.

“You’ve been so bad, haven’t you?” Jason thrust into her, and she let out a loud groan. Her thighs shook now, and he rubbed her butt with one hand, marveling at the little diamond butt plug. He grabbed the sparkling gem and gave it a little tug, and Brianne let out a loud gasp, the cock popping out of her mouth.

“I didn’t tell you that you could stop.”

“I’m sorry, Mr. D. I’m just so sensitive right there?”

“Are you really? Spread those cheeks for me, I want to see better.”

“Mr. D, stop. It’s embarrassing.”

“Do it!” He slapped her butt again, and she let out a groan before reaching back to hold her ass cheeks apart.

He slapped the cuffs on her. It was simply too easy.

“Wha—” Brianne tried to look back, but he was already pounding her. She let out a gasp, then several sharp cries as he drilled her from behind, his pants falling down to his knees now. He played with the little butt plug, pushing on it and then giving it a tug every now and then. It was very thick, and he watched her little asshole tighten every time he pulled on the plug.

“That’s right, you love it, don’t you?” He buried himself inside of her and started playing with the plug. He felt her entire body tense up, and she moaned into the pillow on the bed, so he pulled the plug until it slid out of her ass. It had a very wide base that terminated in a clear tip with pink swirls. “Tell me you love my cock, or you don’t get it back.”

“I... love your...” Brianne didn’t finish, because he slowly pushed the plug back in. Her legs wrapped around Jason’s waist and she pulled him deep inside of her and then screamed into the pillow.

“Uh-uh.” He grabbed her by the handcuffs and pulled her up. This not only forced him farther inside of her, but his pelvis pushed against the buttplug, too. “Your friends need to hear you, you know.” With a yank of her hair, he turned her face toward the camera.

“Ohmigod, ohmigod, ohmigod...” Brianne’s face was bright red, and her mascara was running down her face. There were dark stains on the pillow, and he let her head fall back down and waited.

Her slender hips jerked in his hands, and once she had settled, he gave her another smack.

“Jesus fucking Christ!” Her head shot up again, and he grabbed her by the hair.

“Such a dirty fucking mouth.” He pumped her several more times, his own orgasm getting close. He looked at the dildo on the ground, and then back at Brianne. “It’s time to wash it out.”

“With what?” she grumbled, and he smacked her again.

“I think you know. What do you say, internet? Want to see her gargle some cum?”

ShowMeMore69: I’m on my knees!

Poop_Monkey: *throws poop in excitement*

BillMorris1962: What did he ask? I have no audio :(

He pulled out of her and helped guide her to the floor, using his foot to spread her legs apart and sink back down onto her dildo.

“You’re such a dirty girl, aren’t you?” He shoved his soaking wet cock in her mouth, coating her lips in her own juices. “Clean me up.”

“Mmf!” She bobbed her head, trying hard to keep her balance. Her legs were spread open for the camera, and her hands were still behind her back, making it difficult for her to keep her balance. He grabbed the top of her head and rolled her hair around his fist, then shoved himself deep into her throat, fucking her mouth.

“That’s it, that’s my good girl.” His orgasm was building up, and when he came, he held her head in place. Her cheeks bulged out, and she coughed so hard that spoooge ran freely from her nose. When he pulled out, he slapped her playfully on her forehead with his cock. “Now everybody can see what a good little slut you are.”

Jason grinned down at her, then slowly backed out of the camera’s range to pick up his pants. Brianne was covered in spit and semen, some of which had fallen onto her exposed breasts. She let out a groan and collapsed, taking several deep breaths.

He pulled out his phone to check it. She was still being watched by hundreds of her fans, applauding her performance.

ShowMeMore69: Nutted soooo hard to that, bro

Poop_Monkey: I wanna go smoke a banana

BillMorris1962: She’s so yummy like that, wish I could hear!

Brianne fought to sit up, leaning against the bed. Eventually she stood on wobbling legs and took a few steps toward the camera.

“If you liked what you saw, don’t forget to subscribe.” Her voice was raspy, and she opened her mouth to reveal a large, white load on her tongue. She made a big show of swallowing it, then gave the camera a wink. “I’ll see you all next time.”

She turned sideways and used her thumb to push a button on her keyboard, which disconnected the cam show, then turned to look at Jason.

“How much did you make?” he asked.

“About five times what I usually do.” She sat down on the floor. “Please tell me you have the keys to these.”

“Nope. Don’t need one.” He knelt down beside her and clicked a metal latch to release them. “Cuffs can be fun, but getting caught in them isn’t.”

She chuckled. “I didn’t think you were going to be home.”

“Plans changed. Hope that’s okay.”

Brianne regarded him with shimmering eyes.

“It was more than okay. It’s everything I hoped it would be.”

“Uh... yeah.” He pulled her up, and she gave him a hug. “You should probably shower or something. You’re kind of a mess.”

“Maybe you should join me. If you think you can handle it.”

Jason let out a laugh, then pointed her toward the door.

“After you, then.”

The next morning, Brianne acted as if nothing had happened, but he noticed a definite spring in her step. She left to take care of some errands, and he cleaned up around the house.

That night, they had burgers and fries on the back deck. Though they had been intimate only a day ago, the status quo had somehow been reasserted, and he felt like he was hanging out with a buddy.

Granted, a super hot buddy with the breasts of a twenty year old. Wild Jason bowed to Jason as if he were a king whenever he walked past. Dad Jason just skulked in the shadows, ready to be disappointed once again.

After a couple of beers, Jason excused himself for the night, and crashed in bed. It had been a long week at work, and yesterday had drained him more than he knew. He heard Brianne watching tv downstairs when he finally drifted to sleep, his thoughts on what to make for breakfast.

Sometime during the night, he stirred from his sleep, a chill in the air. Outside, rain pelted against the roof of the house, and distant thunder rattled the window. His AC was cranking hard, but apparently a storm had just blown in. Since the temperature outside had dropped so suddenly, a summer chill had settled across the house.

Grabbing the blanket to pull it back over himself, he was surprised when he grabbed a handful of satin instead..

“Brianne?” He sat up in bed, the light of the moon illuminating the young woman in his bed. She rolled on her back, causing her left breast to pop free of her nightgown. She looked at him for a moment, yawned, then bolted upright in bed.

“Oh my god, Mr. Dawes, I’m sorry.” She pulled the blanket up to her chin, her cheeks flushed.

“I... well... what are you doing in my bed?”

“Um...” She twirled a thick strand of hair in one hand, moving it in circles. “I don’t like thunder, so came here to sleep next to you. I hope you don’t mind.”

Dad Jason yawned and rolled out of a tiny bed on the nightstand. Wild Jason's feet stuck out from just underneath, and he banged his head on the bottom when he tried to sit up.

"It's not that I mind, it's just... a bit weird. You should have woken me up, or something."

"You're a pretty sound sleeper, I didn't think it would matter."

"And why do you think I'm such a sound sleeper?"

She didn't answer him, and a few moments went by before it clicked in his head. "How often do you come in here?"

Brianne hung her head. "About once a week. Twice a week if I'm having a really bad day. I started doing it that night I came to see you. I wanted to talk, and saw you crashed for the night, so just curled up in bed with you to see how it would feel."

"How what would feel?"

"Having someone nice who cared about me by me in bed." She shook her head, her hair bouncing on her shoulders. "It sounds stupid, but I just wanted to feel safe with somebody."

Dad Jason slid out of bed and sat on the edge of the nightstand, leaning forward intently.

"I see." Jason was looking at Brianne when a flash of lightning illuminated the room, and the resounding thunder made her flinch and cover her ears.

"I'm sorry, I'll go back to my room if you want."

"Nah. Go ahead and stay here." Jason adjusted the blankets and laid himself back down in bed. "You can cuddle up to me if you want."

She shifted under the blankets, and then he felt her arm across his chest. She squeezed him reassuringly, and put her face in the crook of his shoulder. He was drifting off when a loud boom of thunder made Brianne whimper quietly.

"Hey, it's okay, calm down." He squeezed her tightly against him, and she squeezed back, her arm going across his chest. He rubbed her back with small circles, and she let out a sigh and settled.

Easy peasy, he thought, then closed his eyes. Brianne's arm shifted, and she squeezed him again, then lowered her arm so that she hugged his belly. Her fingers traced along the muscles of his gut, then relaxed.

More thunder filled the room, and she squeaked, clinging tightly against him. Her leg crossed his body, putting pressure on the base of his cock. He took a few deep breaths, wondering if he would be able to keep from getting a boner.

He got his answer a few short moments later. To her credit, she said nothing, and he figured she was dozing off when another loud blast startled them both. She pressed into him, so he turned his thoughts to Game of Thrones, and tried to name important characters in the order that they died.

He was halfway through season four when a cold hand slid beneath his boxers and toyed with the head of his penis.

“Brienne... you awake?” he asked with a whisper.

“Yeah.” She nuzzled into him. “Is this okay? I’m just super freaked out right now and...” a bolt of lightning lit the room, followed by a blast of thunder. She squeezed his cock extremely hard, bringing new meaning to the term ‘choking the chicken.’

“Shit, I’m sorry,” she whispered, releasing her grip and rubbing him more gently.

“Don’t worry about it,” he told her, simply happy that she hadn’t been playing with his balls.

“Mr. Dawes?”

“Yeah?”

“Can I... can we...”

“Sure.”

She shifted beneath the blankets, then rolled her body on top of his. It was amazing how small she seemed above him, her legs stretched out to circle his waist. The smooth satin of her panties rubbed against his cock, and he tensed up, causing it to strain against the fabric covering her vagina.

“I just... can we take it slow this time?” she asked, grinding against him, her face inches from his. “It was fun last time, but... I want something softer. More intimate.”

“Of course we can.”

“Thanks.” She moved some more, and he let out a tiny groan. Her panties were beginning to accumulate some moisture, and he couldn’t tell how much of that was her, and how much was him.

Brienne let out tiny cries every time she swirled her hips over his dick, and the edges of her panties kept catching on his foreskin, gentle silken tugs that diverted even more blood away from his brain. He grabbed her by the ass, marveling at how wonderful her tight little cheeks felt, then curled his fingers around the edge of her panties.

“Please,” she begged, holding still for him.

He pulled the fabric aside, his cock suddenly pressing against a pair of thick, silken folds that were giving off a heat that he could feel even beneath the blankets. She pushed against him, his cock struggling to push aside that first barrier of flesh.

Lightning flashed again, and the following boom rattled the window. Brianne let out a shriek and sank down onto him.

“Oh, fuuuuuck!” Brianne let out tiny mewling sounds, and held still for almost a minute. With every shift of her hips, she let out a gasp, and Jason ran his hands along her hips, pinning her against him. Her pussy was not only tight, but extremely hot, and it contrasted with the chill of her hands against his flesh.

Brianne rode him slowly at first, her eyes gazing directly into his own. With each flash of lightning, he could watch her pupils dilate, and marvel at the tiny little gasps that came from her lips. She closed her eyes and bit her lower lip, moaning.

“Oh, shit, you feel so hot inside of me.” Her eyes popped open again. “Oh, fuck, I’m not on any birth control right now!”

Jason squeezed her ass. “It’s okay,” he told her. “I got a vasectomy last fall.” It had been a top priority once he had started fucking around with Megan and her step sister. The last thing he needed was to give Naomi a sibling with one of her friends.

“Mmh!” She rode him even harder, her breath turning into sharp gasps that filled the room and vanished in the sounds of the storm overhead.

“You feel amazing,” he told her, his hands on her breasts. Her nipples stood up through her nightgown, and he loved how smooth they felt through the fabric. When she leaned toward him to shift her angle, he lifted his head and sucked one of them into his mouth, his tongue swirling across it.

Thunder blasted the home, and Brianne let out a shriek and fell down on top of him, burying her face in his shoulder. Her hips kept moving, however, and he held her tight, stroking the hair on the back of her head while thrusting himself inside her.

Tiny moans built up, the thunder soon forgotten, and he felt her tighten up in his arms. She clung to him like her life depended on it, and a shrill sound came from her mouth as she tried to rein in a scream.

After several moments, she relaxed, and went limp against him. His cock was straining for release, and he gave her a couple of minutes before pressing himself into her once again.

“Oh, Mr. Dawes,” she muttered in his ear, her hands moving along his sides.

“You like that?” he asked her.

“Mmh, yes. Ungh, fuck me harder, Mr. Dawes.”

He didn't need to be asked twice. His breathing was becoming ragged, and she was actively riding him again, her hips tilting to allow him maximum penetration.

"Yes, Mr. Dawes, yeeees. Fill me up with your hot cum, I want to feel it dripping out of me all night." She pushed herself off of him, her eyes locking on his once more. "I want to see your face when you fill my pussy up with your spunk."

Dad Jason fell off the nightstand with a thud. Wild Jason held up a pair of glowing cones and was directing Jason in for a safe landing.

"Holy shit," Jason gasped, and Brienne grabbed his hands, interlocking her fingers with his. She pinned him back against the bed and sat upright, riding his cock ferociously. He let out several long breaths, his whole body trembling, then blew his load deep inside the former cheerleader.

"Oh, fucking god, yes!" Brienne kept moving, letting out a few moans of her own. "Oh, I love how it feels inside of me, Mr. Dawes, thank you."

"Anytime," he gasped, and she fell down on top of him once more, her head on his chest. He was still inside of her, his cock slowly softening. His spunk was starting to pool on his lower belly now as he slowly slid out of her.

Minutes passed.

"Huh. Sounds like the storm moved on," Brienne remarked, her voice quiet in his ear.

"Yeah. Sounds like."

"Can I still sleep with you?"

"Absolutely." He'd be an idiot to kick her out.

"That's good," she muttered. "Hey Mr. Dawes?"

"Yeah?"

"How about tomorrow night, too?"

He lightly tousled her hair. "Whenever you want."

"Good."

He waited for her to say something else. His cock slid the rest of the way out of her, and she let out a sigh of contentment. Satisfied that she was finally asleep, he closed his eyes. She wasn't going to stay long, just until the end of summer.

But there was plenty of fun to be had until then.
