



WHEN DADDY FOSTERS TALLY

DADDY'S LITTLE PRINCESS IS
ALL GROWN UP...

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When Daddy Fosters Tally

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About

Daddy's little princess is all grown up...

Tallulah Foster has a crush.

On her foster father no less.

She doesn't understand the force of her feelings until one chance encounter leads to her father, Nathan Foster teaching her things no other dads are teaching their daughters.

Nathan Foster has a problem.

It takes shape in the form of his foster daughter, Tally. He can't stop himself from tasting her sweet peach, but what happens when a blast from the past tries to force them apart?

Dedication

*to everyone who thought they couldn't, you can.
and to my bestest friend in the entire world, mahoomie I
hope you don't cancel me after reading this.*

Prologue

Foster

I've always wanted to be a father.

My main goal in life was to work hard, not play hard.

I was diligent and hardworking in school. Whispers of “nerd” and “loser” would follow me as I walked past the hallways. I may have been tall, but I was skinny, wore glasses and had my head buried in books.

It was the only way I'd get out of my shit as fuck town.

And I did.

I now owned my own successful construction company and had a great group of guys working for me to build world-class venues all around the world. I had everything. A big house, a gigantic bank account balance, and an even fatter cock.

The only thing I didn't have was *her*.

She was the sweetest thing I had ever seen. She was sitting on a bench reading a Harry Potter book, but she was flipping through the pages so fast I knew she couldn't read.

So sweet.

She smiled as she turned the pages and occasionally, looked up to see if anyone was around her. Something in my heart jumped as I watched this precious girl. My fatherly instincts were blaring louder than a fire alarm.

Why is she sitting alone on the bench in the cold? The sun was still out but it was getting chillier. Where are her parents?

She needs to be inside, cosied up under a blanket, a Disney movie on in the background as I make her a hot chocolate topped with marshmallows that we sip slowly. I would laugh loudly as she would tell me “ *look daddy I have a moustache like you now!* ”.

I jolt back to the present.

What the fuck is wrong with me? I have never felt this pull before, it's insanity. I've held many babies and children in my time and as cute as they were I had never felt like I needed to steal them away and raise them as my own.

What is it about her?

Is it because she's alone? Is it because she's pretending as if she can read which is endearing as hell?

I shake my head prepared to walk away when I see a young woman go up to the girl, grabbing her arm roughly and trying to drag her away from the bench. She grips the child's arm so hard, I can feel her pain when she winces.

My blood boils as I watch her being treated like a dog.

No one intervenes as the woman shouts abuse at the little girl. Her eyes start to water but she's resilient and doesn't let the tears drop. A man walks up to them and stands there allowing the woman, who I assume is her mother, to continue shouting and dragging the poor girl.

I will myself to calm down until the unthinkable happens. The woman backhands the little girl until she falls on the floor, her book flies out of her hands and thumps her on the head.

It's as if time stands still. The quiet rage in my body threatens to erupt, but I hold still because it hits me.

I know why I was put on this earth. That little girl is supposed to be mine.

With that acknowledgement in my mind, I walk away, knowing that later tonight my life will change for the better.

I'm going to be a father.

Chapter One

Tally

“God Tallulah your dad is so fucking hot. I want him to beat my pussy up six ways to Sunday” Gracelynn whispers, poking me in the ribs.

I shrug her off as a flare of jealousy burns my chest momentarily.

“Yeah Tallulah, why did you have to be blessed with such a sexy dad? It’s not fair my dad looks like an ogre” Calliope whines as she stands next to the bar, stretching her body down so far until her ass sticks up in the air.

I pout and look around, spotting my dad in the corner of the room talking to my ballet teacher, Madam Beaumont, who’s standing a little close to him for my liking.

I narrow my eyes as I watch him.

He stands taller than everyone in the room, my ballet master included who’s the tallest woman I have ever encountered. My dad stands at 6’4, a giant compared to my tiny 5’1 frame, always giving me a crick in my neck from having to look up at him so high.

His tanned skin is smooth and buttery, standing out against the stark crisp white of his t-shirt, that hugs his muscles like second skin. His full-sleeve tattoos look vibrant, a collection of tribal designs, sprinkled with renaissance-inspired pieces that encase both arms and neck. His jawline is thick and sharp, lined in black stubble that always rubs my cheeks whenever he pecks me.

His steely grey eyes are intensely focused on what my teacher is telling him, a lock of his jet black hair falls over his eyebrows. My dad doesn’t smile, even though my

teacher is blushing and giggling at her own stupid jokes, my dad looks at her clinically with no hint of the warmth he saves for me.

It shouldn't make me feel giddy, but it does.

I wait for his eyes to find me like they always do anytime we're in the same room together. For him it's probably his fatherly gaze, always wanting to know where I am so he can protect me and keep me safe.

But it hasn't been that innocent for me in a long, *long* time.

A swarm of butterflies fly around in my tummy when his stormy grey eyes finally find me and I gasp softly. His eyes ignite with the intensity of a forest fire, as his stare burns through my veins.

I quickly look away and compose myself.

I don't think normal teenage girls have a crush on their daddies.

Giggles spread throughout the whole room, as I turn around to see Gracelynn acting as if she is sucking something to the other girls. I'm just about to walk there and ask what they're doing when I feel a warm presence behind me.

"Tally" a gravelly voice speaks, as I stop in my track.

I turn around, coming face to face with rock-hard abs that I know are hiding underneath that white shirt. I slowly tilt my head up until I see the face I love the most in the entire world.

"Hi, daddy" I whisper, as my cheeks turn an embarrassing shade of red that would look great on someone who isn't as pale as the mayonnaise my foster father spreads on my sandwiches.

The great unshakable Nathan Foster smiles.

It's not a ground-breaking, teeth-baring, blinding smile, but it's my favourite one. It's a little quirk of his mouth that shows his satisfaction at the deep blush staining my cheeks.

"Is my little ballerina ready to go home?" he grumbles in his grumpy way, making me smile.

My heart flutters when he calls me his ballerina. It's one of my favourite nicknames he has for me, along with sweetheart and princess.

"Yes. I just need to say bye to the other girls!" I say excitedly.

I don't have many friends in school, no matter how hard I try girls are just always mean to me. The girls at ballet are no different but at least they include me in conversation. Even if they just talk about my dad 90% of the time.

I'm just about to turn away when I feel large hands grasping my waist, lifting my body in the air. The room quietens, all the giggles stopping immediately. Foster props me up on his hip, his hand resting under my light pink tutu, almost brushing the top of my ass covered up by my leotard.

"Just wave goodbye to them, sweetheart, you've got school tomorrow we need to get you home. It's bath day, isn't it?" Foster whispers in my ears, his mouth so close that I feel the words kissing my skin.

I shiver as I turn around and wave goodbye at the girls, who watch us with shock and what looks like envy on their faces.

Even my ballet teacher looks forlorn as she watches us with a frown on her face. I wonder what that's all about.

Foster carries me back to The Tank. That's what I call his car, it's a forest green G wagon that's so big my dad has to pick me up to put me in my seat. His hands linger a little on my waist when he puts me down on the seat. I

smile at him, getting lost in those icy eyes that melt just for me.

“You’re getting so big Tally baby.” He says softly, his hands tightening around me as if he is angry I’m getting older, but it makes me feel all tingly inside.

“Last time I checked I was still five feet so I don’t know about big .” I pout, making Foster chuckle.

“You’ll always be my baby no matter how big you get Tally. You’re my special girl.” He squeezes my waist, and goes to pull the seat belt over me, except there’s something different today. His hands accidentally brush softly against my hard nipples, visible over my thin leotard.

I swear I hear a soft “*fuck*” but I’m too shaken to register it. Foster quickly clicks my seatbelt on and shuts my door hard, before coming around to the driver’s side.

I look down to see how bad it is, and I’m mortified. I’m not well endowed. Yet I hope. Which means my nipples stick out like flashing headlights. I’m cursing myself in my head for being so obvious when the sound of Taylor Swift fills the car.

The music drowns out the awkwardness of the moment that I store away in my head as ‘nipple gate’, as I quietly sing along to the music, willing my nipples to go back to normal. I’ve hidden my crush well enough for years, but now that I’m almost eighteen things are getting harder, feelings are getting stronger and my urges are becoming a lot more intense.

Foster puts his sunglasses on, as he blasts the music, but I see a soft smirk playing on his lips, which makes me relax into my seat as we make the journey back home. When we reach our destination, Foster takes his sunglasses off and comes around to my side, lifting me out of my seat.

“What do you want for dinner sweetheart? I’ll order it whilst you take a bath.”

“I want pizza daddy, with lots of pineapple” I giggle, knowing how much Foster hates it.

What? I love sweet and savoury combinations, sue me..

Foster mutters to himself about ‘*strange daughters*’ as I dash upstairs.

I take my tutu off and throw it on the floor, with my leotard following next. As I walk past my mirror I take the time to look at my naked body. I’m naturally tiny no matter how much I eat which is great until you look at my non-existent boobs and ass. I hope they grow when I’m older, surely this can’t be my final form?

I twirl my waist length honey blonde hair in the mirror admiring the soft strands that Foster helps me brush every single night before bed.

I can’t pinpoint exactly when that act went from being innocent to making me feel like I could burst. Every time he brushed my hair all I would want to do is burrow under his skin. I look down, frowning at my nipples, which have now decided to disappear.

Couldn’t you guys have done that in the car?

I can’t even begin to wonder what daddy thought.

It was cold outside. Maybe I can blame it on the weather. *Yeah daddy my nipples were hard because you didn’t heat your car well enough! You did? Oh... well, I didn’t feel the heat at all. I was a shivering mess, you need to take better care of me!*

I snicker at myself. I look down at my body, my eyes stopping down at my special private parts. I’ve never really wondered much about it before until I started looking at my daddy differently. Then I felt it tingling sometimes when he cuddles me.

I sit back on my bed and spread my pale legs to look at myself in the mirror.

I'm about to look deeper when my bedroom door opens abruptly. I look up and meet the horrified eyes of my daddy, except he isn't looking at my face.

No .

He's looking at my exposed little pussy.

Chapter Two

Tally

“Tally baby, what are you doing?” The low tone of Foster’s voice sends shivers vibrating down my spine causing me to arch my back, making my tiny tits stick out even more.

Oh, this was bad. I was naked. In front of my father. The man who raised me nurtured me and taught me everything I know.

He was looking at the part of me that no one, not even myself had looked at before until today.

Was my room cold? Why are my nipples poking out again? My body breaks out in goosebumps as Foster’s molten gaze pins itself to my special place.

“Tally, I’ll ask you one more time... What are you doing?” Foster grunts out his words in a rasp that makes my nerve endings sing. His words are spoken so slowly as if each word pained him to get out.

My body shivered involuntarily. If this man wasn’t my father, the same guy that taught me how to ride a bike, I would melt into a pool of skin and bones from his hardened gaze.

My silence must’ve been too loud as Foster closes the door behind him and enters my pink palace. He looks so out of place, his huge mountainous tattooed body appears dark and menacing in my pink room, every inch covered in hello kitty decor, that he shipped especially for me from Japan.

His walk is slow, but it has my heart pumping so fast I’m sure he can see it almost bursting out of my chest.

Well, he would if he took his eyes off my downstairs.

I gulp as he stands in front of me and I mentally prepare myself for the scolding I'm sure I'll get, but then Foster kneels in front of me, his warm breath feels like a soft kiss on my skin.

I feel a trickle of something sliding out of me, dripping down towards my ass. Foster's eyes darken with something I can't name, his jaw clenching as he lets out a shaky breath.

I can't take it anymore.

My legs shake as I try to straighten them and bend forward when Foster's large, tan, tattooed hand grips my milky white thighs stopping me. I stare in awe at the difference in our skin. His roughened, calloused hands against my soft, smooth young skin. His hand almost wraps around my entire thigh.

"Daddy I-" I gulp, looking anywhere but at his dark grey eyes. "I was just getting ready for my bath," I say in a quiet voice.

The hand on my thigh grips tighter.

"Is this how little girls get ready for bath time Tally? Is this what I taught you?" Foster says roughly.

"N-No daddy, I was just curious," I say meekly. God, I wish the earth would just swallow me whole. This is the most embarrassing day of my life. Not even the day I started my period was this embarrassing, as Foster already prepared, stocking up on tampons, chocolates and painkillers for me, placing them in my special cabinet in the bathroom.

"Curious about what?" Foster questions, his thumb circling my thigh soothingly, a sharp contrast to the gravelly tone of his voice.

"Um, my special place" I gulp.

Foster stops rubbing his thumb onto my skin.

“You have many special places, sweetheart. Be more specific.” He rumbles.

I blush, which makes Foster look at me differently, his gaze changing to that of my father. He lifts one hand and strokes his thumb on my pink cheeks, before stroking down to my chin and lifting my face towards him.

The picture we paint is so stark.

A tiny naked girl, on an ancient pink poster bed with a princess-style canopy, and a fully clothed man bigger than the width of my bed.

“Little girls tell their daddies everything, don’t they baby? You can tell me.” He soothes.

“I was looking at my downstairs daddy. All the girls in my ballet were talking about theirs. It made me curious” I say, giving him my best doe-eyed look so he wouldn’t be too angry with me.

Foster and I are close.

He’s my world but we have never talked about these things before. Sure I hear things from people but when we have these lessons in school I’m too busy daydreaming to pay attention. My teachers always complain about that, but Foster threatens them at every parent-teachers conference, telling them they’re lucky they’re even breathing the same air as me.

But now, with these new feelings I have for him, I want to know why. I want to know my body.

Foster inhales sharply.

“Downstairs huh? Do you know what that’s called sweetheart?”

“Um, I’ve heard my teacher call it a vagina and the girls in my ballet call it a pussy” I say mumbling the last word from embarrassment.

Foster smiles darkly.

“That’s right baby, it is a pussy. But little girls don’t use that word.”

“Oh. I didn’t know I’m so sorry!”

Foster’s hand trails down my little body, his hands gripping my thighs again as he spreads them slowly until my entire downstairs is raised up towards his face.

“That’s okay baby. It looks like daddy hasn’t done a good job of teaching you has he? Daddy is so sorry sweetheart.” He murmurs, his breath hitting my downstairs making my toes curl inwards.

“You have so many special places on your body, Tally. Your pussy is one of them.” He says reverently, “but yours is not just any pussy Tally. It’s a very special one.” He states meeting my eyes.

I nod along, smiling as I listen intently to my father.

“I have a special one?”

“Of course, you do, baby. Those are your princess parts.” The words bloom inside me, and the tingly feeling I felt threatens to burst out of my body and consume me whole.

“Daddy I feel really funny” I choke out, my tummy trembling.

Foster makes a tutting noise as his hands rub soft circles on my stomach, around my belly button.

“My sweet baby is all grown up now.” Foster mutters, “it’s okay Tally, you’re feeling horny aren’t you?. That’s what this funny feeling is called.”

“Ho-horny? But why does it feel like I’m going to pee?” I pout, my eyes tearing up from his soft words.

Foster lets out a little chuckle, “You’re not going to pee sweetheart. Your little body is just turned on, when you finally let go you’ll orgasm. It’s like fireworks and a big explosion inside your body” he hums.

I calm down at his words and the circles he rubs on my stomach.

“What other special places do I have?” I ask in a needy tone.

“Your mouth is another one Tally. It’s so pink and pouty, daddy loves when you use those lips to kiss me. He’ll love it even more when you do other grown-up things with it”

“Like what?”

“Patience sweetheart. Let daddy take it slowly one by one” Foster groans, as his eyes lift from my princess parts to my bottom lip that I’m currently biting.

He lifts his hands to my mouth and takes my lip out of my teeth.

“Don’t bite those lips unless you want daddy to bite them too” he says angrily, as I pout.

He looks down from my mouth at my chest, his eyes burning into those traitorous nipples of mine.

“Such cute tits princess” he mutters, making my heart flutter.

I’ve always been so insecure about my chest. Everyone in school went through puberty so early and grew boobs overnight.

Me?

I’ve been waiting for mine to come in since I got my period at thirteen and they still look like little mosquito bites. Ballet doesn’t help either, since I have to maintain a small frame.

Suddenly I’m remembering all of the women that have flirted with my dad since I was young. He’s never had a girlfriend, not one I can remember but all the women that spoke to him were heavily endowed. Curvy, big boobs and big butt.

I frown in jealousy.

“You’re just saying that because you’re my dad,” I say brattily.

I don’t even have time to gasp as I feel a sharp slap on my princess parts.

The silence is so loud, I’m sure they heard that slap in China.

I look down to see Foster’s tan hand has left a red imprint on my pussy. How can it look that sore with just one slap? I feel more juices trickle out, making me squirm uncomfortably.

“Never question my words, Tally. When I tell you, you have the cutest tiniest tits in the world I mean it” he says gripping my thighs again, watching my face for my reaction. I know I’ll get another slap if I disagree, but I believe him wholeheartedly.

I nod at him, making him satisfied as he presses a tiny, soft kiss to the top of my pussy, making my heart skip a beat.

“Such a good girl” he mumbles over my mound making me shiver.

Chapter Three

Foster

When Tally came into my life, I made it a priority to make her my world.

Whatever she needed, I made sure she got it no matter what. Some may say I spoiled her but the truth is I wish I did more. I could've bought her more toys, more makeup, more clothes, more everything...

My princess deserves the best, I won't settle for less.

But no amount of parenting books could have prepared me for this. My daughter serving up her young, fresh and fertile cunt as my dessert.

The sweet scent of her pussy infiltrated every pore in my body, awakening a hunger in me so deep I felt like I'd been stranded in a desert for years.

Her pink plump pussy is nothing short of perfection.

I should be feeling a lot of things. Guilt. Shame. Hatred. Self-loathing. But what I feel is more dangerous and criminal than that.

I feel unhinged. Feral. Like I need to stake a claim on my innocent little daughter before people find out she has the most perfect, tightest, little cunt on planet earth.

My daughter is laid out in front of me like a blessing and I'll gladly feast upon her.

Tally whimpers as I press soft kisses on her puffy pink mound, I can see her little legs trying to spread more.

My greedy girl.

I gently push her thighs towards her head instead, folding her up like the sweetest offering.

“When little girls are good Tally, they get special kisses from their daddies” I grin wildly as she looks at me with those emerald green eyes that used to make me crack and buy her everything she wanted.

“Have I been good?” She pouts looking down at me.

I laugh savagely, the beast I tried so hard to suppress for the past year. rears its head and unleashes as I dive down to feast on my daughter’s pussy.

One lick has her screaming so loud, the plushies on her bed shake and start to fall.

“Daddy!” She moans as I hum my pleasure in the depths of her pink folds. She tastes so sweet and creamy, I could bottle up the flavour and drink it for breakfast.

“Who’s licking your pussy sweetheart?” I growl as I try to push my tongue into her tiny hole, but it’s too small. That shouldn’t make my cock as hard as it does.

“M-my daddy!” Tally screams as I continue my assault on her little cunt.

“What’s your daddy’s name?” I rasp, as I find her cute little button, blowing softly on it before taking it in between my teeth and pulling it softly.

“Foster! Foster is licking my pussy” Tally moans, as my monster cock tries to burst its way out of my pants.

I lick her little button until she drips out enough juice for me to slide my tongue inside her little hole. I push in and out until I feel her shaking. My little girl is about to climax on my face.

I put my hands on her tummy, rubbing it soothingly.

“Let go princess, daddy’s got you.”

“I don’t know how daddy!” She cries out. I look up at her, my mouth is covered in her juices as I hold both of her hands.

“Remember how you felt like you were gonna pee earlier? It’s like that baby, just let go” I say softly, pressing kisses to her pussy lips, as I talk, before plunging my tongue harshly into her tight hole again.

I lick and suck on her until she’s a writhing mess on her pink bed, and then it happens.

My princess sprays my face with her sweet juices, whilst her body comes down from her first orgasm.

I softly suck on her pussy lips, biting each one until it’s red, raw and swollen. I mentally take a picture of the pussy that’s kept me up at night for the past year. I step back, not quite back to my senses yet, but slowly it dawns on me.

I just ate my daughter’s pussy. My innocent, sweet daughter just savagely had her pussy eaten before she got her first kiss.

My nostrils flare and my jaw clenches as I realise the gravity of the situation.

I stand up, pushing my hand through my dark hair.

“Tally... Baby, daddy is so” I break off in frustration turning away from her naked body.

I hear movement behind me before small hands wrap themselves around my waist, hugging me from behind.

“Daddy? What’s wrong” Tally’s sweet voice sends an ache through my chest.

I fucked up.

I worked so hard to push these devilish thoughts aside, and I broke a promise to myself today.

“That shouldn’t have happened Tally,” I say angrily, pushing her hands away.

I turn around and her hurt little face sends a punch straight to my guts.

God my daughter is so beautiful.

Her big doe eyes appear red and watery, her lips in a sad pout. Her honey-blonde hair is a mess, the bun she had for her ballet lesson is askew, and her cheeks are flushed pink. I can't look down any further, if I look at those pretty ruby nipples, I'll swallow her whole.

"Why? I thought you were teaching me about my body, daddy."

I clear my throat, "I was. But I went too far. Daddy is so sorry baby. You need to cover up, okay? Daddy will get you some books you can read, won't that be fun sweetheart?"

"Books? But I learnt better from you" Tally says blushing.

God my daughter is so innocent and naive. She doesn't know that the big bad wolf just got a taste of her, and keeping that beast in check will be so much harder now.

"Sorry baby... I'm your father. I can't teach you anymore." I press a soft kiss to Tally's forehead and walk out of her room with the taste of her melting on my tongue.

As I lay my head in bed later that night, after Tally didn't show her face for dinner I think back to the day things changed again for me.

The day when Tally went from being my daughter to being the future mother of my children.

Past

Tally is 16 years old, and Foster is 34 years old

July was meant for ice lollies and a stroll in the park according to Tally.

So every year when school was out, we'd take a picnic blanket, and a basket full of snacks for ourselves and the

birds, and make our way to the park that changed mine and Tally's life.

The park where I found her.

Tally's ice lolly dripped all down her arm, as she tried to lick it all up giggling. She was holding my hand, wearing a crop top and a little skirt.

My girl is growing up.

I had my sunglasses on, and I took a seat on the bench. The park was empty today, so we decided to come early to avoid the gaggle of kids on their summer break.

"I'm going on the swings!" Tally laughs as she skips over to the swings facing towards me. I sit down, spreading my legs as I watch my pretty daughter swing as high as the birds.

This was all I've ever wanted. A little family to call my own. Sure, Tally doesn't have a mother but I have no time for women in my life, not when that precious princess takes up all my time.

I check my phone for any important messages or emails I need to answer. Work kept me busy while Tally was at school and provided the money for a whole host of activities she took part in. As the owner of the biggest construction company in Blue Water Ridge, I worked hard to ensure Tally was safe and secure.

I looked up from my phone at my giggly daughter when I saw it.

The plumpest and tightest pussy I had ever seen. The outer lips were so puffy and pink, it had my mouth watering, hiding what I knew would be the tiniest hole.

My daughter's pink pussy was out.

Her white Disney-printed panties had come off whilst she was swinging, and she was having too much fun to notice. I looked around immediately to see if anyone was in our vicinity watching.

The park was empty, except for the birds chirping.

They better not be looking at my fucking girl.

I get up from my bench and walk over to the swings, grabbing one of the handles to stop the swing.

Tally looks up at me, pouting. "Daddy, why'd you stop me? I was going so high." She laughs, swinging those slender pale legs.

I grab her waist and carry her up on my hip, making sure her pussy is covered, and prop a hand under her ass. Her panties fall to the ground, and I quickly scoop them up in my pockets.

"Time to go, sweetheart, daddy has work to do." I rumble as I carry her out of the park. Tally puts her arm around my neck, cuddling into my neck and playing with the silver chain around my neck.

"Ugh you're always working" she whines.

"Sorry baby but if I don't work who's gonna pay for those fancy ballet lessons you take?" I say patting her ass, feeling the heat of her little pussy near my hand.

Godfuckingdammit.

"I can always quit! I only took those classes so I could dance for you." She says innocently, but my dirty perverted mind takes a new meaning to that now.

She wants to dance for me. My little girl wants to dance in her tiny little leotard for her daddy.

I've never once regretted being Tally's daddy.

But right now, I need to get her back home and lock her in her room until I no longer see the image of her fresh pussy in my mind.

Chapter Four

Tally

We are learning about Romeo & Juliet in class, and I can't help but compare them to myself and Foster. I mean no one is dying or being poisoned, but the whole star-crossed lovers thing hits home.

I love my daddy so much, but that's just the problem isn't it? He's my daddy. My father. Whilst Romeo and Juliet had their families against them, Foster and I have the entire world.

What would everyone think if they knew that my daddy kissed my princess parts?

I couldn't face him after what we did together. I dreamed that Foster would be my first kiss, and in a weird twisted way, he was. He just kissed the wrong pair of lips.

I blush as I think about what we did, my body heating in the most delicious way.

I couldn't face him after. I holed up in my bed after my bath, my mind replaying the moment over and over again.

I want to do more. I want to learn more.

My footsteps quicken as I turn the hallways ready to escape school and get home. My plaid skirt swishes against my knees, my kitten heels click-clacking against the quiet air. I wonder if Foster will pick me up like he usually does or send his driver Derek for me.

I didn't see him this morning for breakfast, he left a pain au chocolat for me on a plate with a note saying '*eat me*' and an angry face drawing. I hear someone laughing behind me before a hand grabs at my wrist stopping me.

I turn around ready to shout when I see a tall lanky boy from my year.

“Hey, Tallulah, right?” He asks winking at me with bright ocean-blue eyes. He has a mop of blonde curls on his head making him look like a young Draco Malfoy from Harry Potter.

Nothing like the roughness of Foster.

“Um, it’s just Tally! Hi,” I whisper, my eyes looking out onto the car park trying to spot Foster’s car.

“Tally it is. I’ve seen you around, you usually have your head buried in a book” he smirks, his hand reaching out to pull a rogue curl that’s escaped my ponytail.

“Books are my best friend,” I say lamely.

Boys never approach me.

The girls in my year always talk about how small I am, that I have the body of a boy. It never bothered me, I didn’t want any of them. I wanted only one person and he was no boy. He was 100% all man.

“That’s cute Tally. How about you give the books for a break one evening and I take you out?” He smiles cheekily.

“I don’t even know your name,” I say weakly, as I spot the familiar headlights of my daddy’s car.

“Drew. Remember it because I’ll be coming to pick you up on Friday” he says grinning cheekily before walking back towards his group of friends who all snicker at him.

I’m honestly so shocked. In my seventeen, almost eighteen years on this earth no one has asked me out on a date.

But did he even ask though? He demanded.

Regardless. I had a potential date.

Confused, I quickly hurried towards Foster's car, and got inside, a blast of heat warming up my shivering body.

I turn around to peck my daddy's cheek when I see his stormy gaze stuck to where I last stood with Drew.

I clear my throat, the silence almost suffocating me.

"You talk to boys now baby?" Foster's rough, gravelly voice hits me in those princess parts of mine.

I squirm and cross my legs, pressing my thighs together tightly to relieve the pressure.

"Sometimes" I squeak out.

Foster hums in disapproval, "Little girls aren't supposed to talk to perverted boys that only want to get inside their tiny panties, Tally."

"Daddy! You can't say that. He was just- he was just asking for homework help!" I squeak, sensing the tension rising in the car.

"That little twerp better not be asking my daughter to help him with his school work. He can do it himself" he grumbles, his large tattooed hand effortlessly steering the wheel with one hand, the other suddenly gripping my thigh, right under my skirt, making my blood sing.

Foster's wearing a full 3 piece suit, his normal attire when he's working. He looks handsome, distinguished and experienced. In my school uniform, I look young and hungry, ready to learn.

I wish he would teach me more.

"So, I can't help him?" I pout, maybe I'm exaggerating my reactions just to poke the big bear that my dad is.

The hand around my thighs tighten on the verge of pain. I hope he leaves an imprint.

"You want to help him, princess? Tell him to run before I find him and break his legs for daring to talk to my little girl." His voice sends shivers skating down my spine.

The hand gripping my thigh runs up to my panties, softly rubbing the cotton there.

“This is mine, princess,” he says sharply as he pulls my panties to the side, finding my wet slit already dripping with my juices.

“Are you going to let anyone in there that isn’t me?” He asks darkly, his thick tattooed finger circles my hole, not going in but softly pushing in and out like the sweetest torture.

I whine as he continues to tease me, I turn my head to face him, our eyes meeting.

I shake my head, but that’s not enough for him.

“Use your words, princess,” he says, pointing it out by slowly inching the tip of his finger into me, making me squeal my answer.

“No daddy! Only you” I moan.

“No little dicked boy will ever see my daughter’s plump little pussy” he mutters as he inches some more of his finger inside, the sloppy sounds of him thrusting in and out fills the car, as he continues to ease us through oncoming traffic.

“Ride my fingers like a good girl.” He encourages me as my hips start to shift up and down trying to chase the same feeling as yesterday.

I try to take more of his finger in, but my heavy pants and moans make me feel self-conscious as we stop at a traffic light and I look around to see us surrounded by cars.

“Daddy what if people see” I cry.

Foster laughs darkly, his fingers curling into a spot that makes me shake uncontrollably as I let go, and release the big feeling inside me. Daddy said it was called an orgasm.

“Baby, do you think I would ever let anyone but me look at you in this way? The windows are tinted. I could have your pussy pressed to the window and no one would ever know. They wouldn’t be able to see your sweet pink petals” he croons as I come down from my high, withdrawing his fingers.

Foster pulls up to our house and stops.

He takes the fingers that were inside me and pops them on my lips, I open my mouth and suck softly tasting my sweet juices. He watches me like I’m his favourite painting, stroking my cheek with his thumbs as I lick the remnants of my taste.

Maybe our lessons aren’t over just yet I smile, thinking back to the day it all changed for me.

Past

Tally is 13 years old, and Foster is 31 years old.

Lately, I’ve been having weird dreams.

Dreams involving my father.

You see my childhood memories are hazy, I don’t remember much. I don’t have a mom.

I’ve asked my daddy lots of times but he doesn’t like to talk about it and tells me I’m better off being away from that whore. He won’t tell me what that word means but I know it’s really bad.

My dreams always start innocently.

It’s daddy and I cuddling on the couch but suddenly things change. I’ve been going through puberty, I got my period a few weeks ago and daddy stocked up a special cabinet for me full of anything I could ever need. Along with my period came boobs. They’re not the biggest things in the world, but they’re not flat anymore. There’s

a little bump! I was so excited at the prospect of finally looking more like a girl. But now I was having weird dreams.

Dreams where my daddy rubs my nipples with his fingers and tells me how much he loves my new boobs. My dream always stops at that moment, and I wake up gasping for breath.

I woke up this morning having dreamt the same dream, my nipples are hard and poking through my white pyjamas.

I sigh and freshen up in the toilet before going downstairs.

Foster is at the table, stirring a cup of coffee, reading glasses on as he scrolls through his iPad.

Every morning I run to him, kiss him good morning with a soft peck on his cheeks and eat my cereal. But from the past week whenever I kiss him, I feel tingly down there.

I stand awkwardly at the entrance of the kitchen.

“Where’s my good morning kiss princess?” Foster smiles, not taking his eyes off his iPad.

I gulp, and scooch over to him, my tiny body reaches his waist as he stands up. He tips his head down and I kiss his cheek, taking in the spicy and leathery scent of his body. Foster pats my head, and I awkwardly stand there with hard nipples.

He looks down at me smiling, “Eat up princess, we’re going swimming later” he says as he walks out of the kitchen leaving me feeling a swarm of butterflies flying around my stomach doing cartwheels.

I know my daddy is handsome, girls and their mothers at school always whispered about it. But ever since I hit this dreaded puberty, I’ve started to notice it too.

Is it legal to crush on your dad?

*I wish I could google it but daddy monitors my internet.
He told me there are pervs on there that could try to
kidnap me so I stay far away. Daddy tells me everything I
need to know.*

*Later on, as we're swimming, I see my daddy's huge,
muscled body powerfully stroking through the water, and
I know deep in my bones.*

One day I would marry my daddy.

Chapter Five

Foster

I fucked up yet again.

The thought of a slimy little twerp talking to my daughter set me off and the next thing I knew I was one finger deep in her cute little pussy.

After last night I promised myself, I'd go back to how I was for the past year. I'd be the doting father that would keep his hands off her, but those doe eyes and bratty behaviour set me off.

I take my work iPad out, sorting through a few new contracts when Tally comes skipping down the stairs. I look up, seeing smooth pale legs the colour of alabaster, a little pink tutu around her impossibly tiny waist and a leotard the colour of her pussy. Her blonde hair was tucked into a bun I wanted to grab and drag her around the room with.

My daughter looks like the tastiest meal, and my beast wants to devour her whole.

"Daddy let's go. I can't be late for ballet!" She says twirling around the room doing her fancy dancing moves. My little ballerina has been dancing since the day I brought her home.

"There's no class today baby, your teacher is sick," I say, focusing on my new contract rather than the peeks of her bouncy little ass through her tutu that I'd love nothing more than to smack whilst she bounces on top of me, riding me like an equestrian.

Tally groans before she stops twirling around.

"What? But my recital is this weekend! I need to practise." She pouts as she comes and stands in

between my open legs, leaning her tiny body against the counter.

I breathe in her unique scent of milk, honey, and roses.

“Practice here, the room is big enough for you to do your little floozies”

Tally giggles, “Floozies? They are called Pliés daddy!”

“Same shit,” I grumble trying to focus on my iPad and not Tally’s fingers fiddling with the buttons on my white shirt.

“But who will critique my moves? I can’t just dance by myself. Can you watch me?” She asks, batting her long lashes at me, “Pretty please daddy! I’ll do anything!”

My cock hardens at the thought of her saying anything.

My innocent girl. She probably thinks I would give her a chore to do.

If only she knew what I wanted was her pouty lips wrapped around my thick cock.

“Okay, you have five minutes” I grumble as Tally takes off to the centre of the carpet, as I turn my body around to face her.

“I will now be performing my solo titled The Dance of the Virgin Mary,” she says politely before bowing.

I snort at the irony of the name.

Tally is a blur of shapes and long legs as she twirls around doing elegant dance moves that leaves the tip of my cock leaking precum.

I can see that tiny ass of hers shaking softly as she jumps up and down, those pretty tits of hers barely bounce as she flies through the air. Her nipples are hard, poking out of her leotard begging for me to bite them savagely, then soothe away the burn with gentle sucking and licking.

My daughter could make a man on his deathbed have a final erection before he dies a sad death.

I clench my jaw, my hand moving towards my cock trying to keep it on a leash, pushing it down to hide the monster hard-on I've got as my daughter performs her little ballet recital.

Jesus, there's a place in hell written for me and a red carpet just waiting to welcome me.

Tally does one final jump before she lands gracefully on her two feet, before bowing, giving me a peek at her luscious little tits barely the size of plums.

I must be looking at Tally dangerously because she stops, a frown on her face as she comes and stands right in front of me.

"What's wrong? Did you not like it?" She says sadly.

I don't even think.

I grab her little neck and push her face until it touches mine, whispering the words on her lip "There's not a man alive on earth that wouldn't like your little dance baby." I grab her small hand and push it towards my hard cock. "Do you feel that? That's how much daddy liked your performance sweetheart"

Tally gulps as her greedy little hands explore the beast in my pants, her breath hitches as she feels the wet spot where my leaked precum made a mess.

"What is that daddy?" She asks breathlessly.

Oh fuck.

I groan out loud, more precum leaking as her innocent words settle into the air.

If I didn't know my daughter better I would think she was playing it up, but I do know her.

I know everything about my daughter, from her blood type, to what her favourite plushie is and even down to

what her little mind could google on the internet. I can't let my baby see such filth, I have to protect her. That's what I was born to do. Just her and only her. This is why I've never been with another woman since Tally came into my life, she is my only priority and my only princess.

I clear my throat, speaking slowly so my baby understands me.

"That right there is daddy's cock sweetheart." I croon softly, reaching my hand up to stroke the soft tendrils of hair that have escaped her bun. "Little girls have pussies and daddies have cocks, and when two people love each other very much they play with each other's cocks and pussies."

Tally hums, her pouty lips turning up into the most precious smile in the world.

"Is that why you played with my princess parts daddy? Because you love me?"

"Oh sweetheart, I played with your pussy because I love you so much it hurts. Eating it wasn't enough, I had to use my fingers too." I say roughly, tightening my fingers around her little bun and tugging it upwards.

"C-can you put other things in there too?" She asks meekly.

Fuck. My brave girl is asking about my cock.

"Not yet, you're not quite ready princess. Your hole is too little."

"How can I make it ready?" She whines as I shush her lips, tugging her bun until her hair comes loose and I can wrap it around my fist.

"You can make it ready by putting those pretty little lips on daddy's cock hmm princess? When you start sucking, it can make your hole wetter and I can stretch you out" I say as I gently push my daughter to her knees, her face

looks so small surrounded by my huge muscled thighs covered by my tailored suit trousers.

“Go on baby, take out your new friend,” I say soothingly.

Tally’s eyes widen as she unzips my pants and my bastard of a cock springs out, already as hard as nails as it shoots up past my abs towards my chest.

She gasps as she looks at the freakishly large size that grown women in the past have been unable to handle.

“Is it always this big?” She whispers as her hands snake up towards my shaft, giggling as some precum drips onto her fingers.

“No baby, I have a special one just for you.”

Tally blushes as she plays with my cock, she’s shy at first just stroking it softly, I use the hand that’s tugging her hair to nudge her face closer to the tip of my cock.

“Suck it as you do with those ice lollies you love so much” I moan as her tongue makes little kitten licks around the fat mushroom head of my cock.

“Like this daddy?” She says as she closes those cherry red lips around the tip, barely fitting in her mouth as she tries to suck enthusiastically.

It’s so fucking adorable.

I grunt and groan as she tries to suck as much of my cock as possible, which isn’t much but I’m so proud of her for trying.

I take her hair and push her lips further down my cock until I feel more of her throat, stuffing her so full of me that I’m all she can see, taste, touch, smell and feel.

“That’s it, sweetheart, you’re doing so well. Making daddy so proud with those pouty lips” I groan as Tally makes cute choking noises around my cock, bobbing her head up and down, her doe green eyes watering, making

her emerald orbs look like the most precious gemstone in the world.

This is where my baby belongs. On her knees for her daddy.

The sucking noises get sloppier as the smell of my daughter's pussy fills the air. I lean down to grab her waist, and lift her whilst turning her body the opposite way, her lips still wrapped around my cock. Her pussy faces me, the wet juices trickling down her tiny hole have my mouth watering.

"Don't mind if I do" I mutter as I put my face on her, licking up the sweet juices before circling my lips around her tight little asshole.

Tally gags around my cock as she continues sucking me and I lick her from her pussy to her ass, until she's shaking hard, letting me know she's on the precipice of her orgasm.

My balls start to tighten, my climax rears its head as Tally sucks almost half of my cock. I stuff a finger in her pussy making her mumble, and then slowly add a second finger, stretching her tiny hole so much she shrieks and cums around my fingers.

That was all I needed.

I shoot my fat load down Tally's throat, she chokes and gags on my cum, as half of it dribbles out of her chin.

I take my fingers out of her pussy and flip her back around like a doll, her pussy resting on top of my spent cock that's still semi-hard even after I came.

Greedy bastard.

Tally smiles at me sleepily, I scoop some of the cum dribbling out of her tongue and stuff it back inside her mouth.

Her lips are so swollen and red. So, inviting.

Fuck it.

I crash my lips against Tally's cum soaked ones, tasting myself in her mouth. She tries to match me, her little tongue licking mine as I kiss her deeply.

My little girl's first kiss.

I know it's her first because I made sure that the teachers and parents of every male kid at school knew not to go near my daughter. If they did, their bodies would go missing and turn up one week later drowning at the bottom of River Willow.

I pull away from her puffy lips as she blushes.

She leans her face into my neck, my girl has always been a cuddle monster.

"Does this mean we're together now daddy? Are you my boyfriend?" She asks with a giggle.

Oh fuck. What the fuck have I done?

I drop Tally abruptly as her body hits the floor. I don't even think as I try to walk away.

I've done it again.

Manipulated my innocent little girl into doing dirty things for her old man.

"Fuck. Tally. No baby, I'm your father. That should not have happened again." I say clutching my hair in exasperation.

Tally's eyes fill up with tears and she lets them drop as she looks up at my face in betrayal.

"You don't want to be my boyfriend? But I thought we loved each other" she cries out, breaking my heart into millions of shattered fragments.

"I can't Tally. I'm your dad, I raised you, this- it's not" I say in frustration.

“Forget it! It doesn’t even matter, I wasn’t thinking.” She mutters as she gets back up to her feet.

Her leotard is covered in my cum and it makes me feel like the most perverted bastard on earth. Not because I regret it, but because I want to do it again. I want to soak her entire leotard with multiple loads of my cum.

“Tally I’m so sor-” I start as Tally cuts me off.

“Save it. It doesn’t matter. I forgot that I have a date anyways. Drew would want to be my boyfriend” she says brattily, ripping my heart from my chest and storming out with it.

A date?

Drew?

Over my dead fucking body.

Chapter Six

Tally

The past few days have been hell.

I don't speak to Foster because he's never home. He sends a driver to drop me off and pick me up from school and gets meals delivered to the house every few hours, exactly at the time I usually get hungry.

It shouldn't infuriate me, but it does.

How can my daddy know me inside out, tell me that he loves me, teaches me about my body and plays with it so well, but refuses to be my boyfriend?

I know it's wrong. Immoral. Illegal.

There's even a special fancy word for it, that daddy would be so mad I knew, but I read about it in one of the romance books I sneaked from the library. Daddy usually reads everything before I'm allowed to have it, but that book was a rebellious moment for me.

Normal girls don't want to marry their dads, but we're not normal. It's just been me and my dad as far back as I can remember which was when I was six years old.

I never once felt the absence of a mother, because of him.

But now he hates me. He won't even show his face around our home, and I've never felt more lonely and needy in my entire life.

Maybe that's why I give in to Drew.

The same Drew that has been following me around the school hallways telling me how much he's going to spoil and treat me on Friday.

And now it's Friday.

As soon as I came home from school I searched for Foster, but his bed is as empty as it was the night he left. No trace of him having slept there since I stormed out angrily. I went back to apologise, to tell him I understand, but he left me.

He has never left me alone for this long before and the ache in my heart spreads down to the tips of my toes.

I study my reflection in the mirror as I swipe on the newest shade of lipstick from my favourite makeup brand by Venty Beauty, called "Cherry Blaze." I'd never worn bold makeup before, but I was feeling very bold at the minute.

My honey blonde hair fell in curls down to my breasts, my green eyes were dusted with shimmery bronze eyeshadow, and my lashes thick with mascara making them pop, matching the emerald green silk dress adorning my body. The red lipstick was the finishing touch. I finally looked like the adult I will be from tomorrow.

Sadness hits me thinking about the fact that it's my 18th birthday tomorrow but Foster is still gone. Every birthday he wakes me up with freshly cooked french toast and a multitude of gifts.

I grab my bronze clutch bag and slip on matching-coloured kitten heels. Foster won't buy me big heels because he loves my height of 5 '1 and prefers for me to not faceplant on the floor in sky-high heels.

I step outside, my driver Derek on alert as he spots me, but I don't have time to tell him what's happening when a bright red Ferrari pulls up outside.

A wolf whistle sounds through the air as Drew looks me up and down, "Damn Tallulah aren't you a smoke show?"

I blush and quickly jump into the passenger side as I spot Derek frantically talking to someone on the phone.

Good.

I hope he tells Foster that I'm going on a date.

"Hi Drew, you look nice," I say as I take in his white polo shirt and beige khaki shorts. He looks like a pool boy, albeit a rich one. I miss Foster and his suits.

"I put on my fresh kicks for ya doll, we're gonna have the best night," he says licking his lips whilst staring at me through hooded eyes.

I feel the sensation of insects crawling on my skin as he lets out a laugh and speeds away.

When we pull up to the restaurant, Drew climbs out of the car and hands his keys to a valet before walking inside, leaving me in the car.

I huff as I open the car door and get out, following him inside.

Foster would never go in without me, he always opens my door and scoops me down.

"Hurry up Tallulah I'm hungry," Drew says irritated as the waitress at the front chews bubble gum and twirls her hair staring at him dreamily.

I quickly stand next to him as the waitress shows us to our table, but only hands a menu to Drew before walking away.

Drew flicks through the menu, and calls the waitress over as she takes his order.

"I'll have the garlic steamed salmon with the spring onion mash, and the most expensive wine on the menu," he says as the waitress takes his order whilst leaning down so hard her cleavage is practically buried in his face.

She walks off, leaving me shocked as I sit there on my date with no food.

"Isn't this place pretty? I bring all my dates here" Drew scoffs as he takes his phone out and starts texting.

I'm utterly confused. Have I missed something here? I sit there watching him text on his phone, and I look around to see if I can catch the attention of any waiters.

Before I can, a plate slams down in front of Drew making him whoop and holler out loud.

"Thanks doll, such fast service here!" He says whilst smacking a kiss on the waitress's lips.

I feel so humiliated.

What was the meaning of asking me out on a date if he was going to ignore me? Even kiss someone in front of me?

Drew digs into his mashed potatoes and takes his phone out, flipping the camera onto my face, "Say cheese doll, hey y'all this Drew coming to you live from 'You've been Dump'd! Today we've got the most special person everyone has been requesting for months! It's Tallulah Foster the weirdo, say hi babe" Drew snickers as he blasts me on his Finstagram live.

I stand up, tears threatening to fall from my eyes as I realise just what this was.

Just as I'm about to walk away there's a huge, menacing presence behind Drew that has the whole restaurant quieting in scared, hushed whispers.

Foster takes his big tattooed hands, grabs Drew's phone, and smashes it against his head until the phone breaks off into smithereens.

Not a single person talks or breaks the silence. Except for Drew the idiot of course.

"Hey what the fuck man? That is so not cool, that was my iKiwi 20! I just got it yesterday!" He whines as blood trickles down his eyebrows.

Foster grabs his head and smacks it down on the table a few times until Drew stops talking.

“I’ll tell you what’s not cool you little shit, taking a video of a minor and putting it on the internet. Didn’t your senator daddy teach you any better?” Foster says darkly whilst Drew groans.

“Come here sweetheart” Foster states and I look up to him barely containing the rage inside his body.

I walk over to Foster still in shock, he slams Drew’s head down once more, his face covered with bits of salmon and mashed potato, before scooping up my body and tucking my face in his neck. His hand rests on my ass as he carries me out of the restaurant whilst people whisper about us.

I don’t remember the journey back home but the next thing I know I’m sitting on the kitchen counter as Foster stands in front of me.

“Why did you do that?” I whisper my words brokenly.

I may have been humiliated on Drew’s phone to his viewers, but Foster finally came back. My heart swells from his protective nature. I’m never not safe when he’s around.

“Because you’re my little girl and I’ll kill anyone that tries to hurt you.” He says savagely.

“But what about when you hurt me?” I say as a rogue tear falls from my eyes.

“Tally” Foster mutters gravely, “Baby, I’d kill myself too. No one can hurt you, not even me.”

“So why did you leave me daddy? It hurts so much being away from you” I sob, as Foster mutters ‘no’ and cuddles me tightly to his chest.

“I’m so sorry sweetheart. I’m a bad man. I did bad things to you, it made you confused. I had to go to clear my head out, I never left you. I was always watching” he says whilst stroking my hair softly.

“H-how?”

“The camera’s baby. Did you think daddy was away not knowing what you were up to? I watched you brush every single strand of your hair. I watched you sing and dance, shaking that tiny ass. It almost broke me, baby. But I wasn’t ready to come back.”

“What made you ready?”

“That little fucker that asked you out. I followed you, baby, I’m sorry I gate crashed but I couldn’t let you go alone. You talking to another boy, it burned me from the inside Tally” he says darkly, tightening his hold on me.

“Tell me you’re still mine baby. Daddy is so sorry he left you, he’ll never leave you again.” He croons softly as his hands travel to my lips.

He rubs it hard, pulling my bottom lip down and pinching it “Tell me these lips are mine and no one has tasted them” he groans, his hands snaking down to my chest, covered by the dress. “Tell me these tiny tits are mine and no one has discovered how pink your soft nipples are?” His hand’s ghost over my nipples before pinching them harshly making me squeak. He rubs the pinch away soothingly before his hands travel down to my ass cheeks, cupping both, as they fit in his palms perfectly. “Tell me this bouncy little ass is still mine and no one has seen that tiny rosebud? Hmm, princess?” Foster squeezes my ass. It feels equal parts painful and pleasurable. I softly moan as his hand finds my panty-covered pussy, he squeezes my fat outer lips with his large fingers and shudders “Tell me this plump pussy is still mine? Tell me no one has had a glimpse of your tight cunt or I’ll burn the world down with us in it” he moans into my ears as I fall apart.

I’m nothing but the doll, and he’s my master plucking my strings expertly until I come undone.

Foster grabs my body and lifts me, slamming me against the fridge. I look up at those stormy pools of grey, his eyes a hurricane I want to be swept away by, and that’s

all it takes. For our eyes to meet and the world to fall away.

His soft pillowy lips crash into mine and then we're nothing but tongue and teeth.

He sucks and I moan.

He nips and I hiss.

He bites and I beg.

More more more.

I'm lost as the sensations overtake me and I feel Foster carrying my body up the stairs. His strength makes me even more wanton as I rock myself against his tummy, bouncing up and down, trying to get as close to him as I physically can without burrowing myself under his skin.

"Shhh princess we're almost there daddies got you now" Foster soothes me as I whine and hump his stomach.

When we make it to his room Foster drops me in the middle of his king bed, the black silk sheets such a contrast to my pale skin. Foster gulps as he stares at me, my green dress all askew, as the straps have fallen and the dress bunches around my waist.

"People say the Mona Lisa is the most beautiful painting in the world, but little do they know I have the prettiest painting in the world right here" Foster grunts before he tears my dress with his bare hands, leaving me only in my white panties.

His eyes glaze over as they stare at my boobs. I don't need a bra so I never wear one. I don't even own one, Foster never brought me any.

"These cupcake tits kill me princess" he mutters, diving down and capturing my rosy nipple in his mouth, making me moan as he tugs and nips at the flesh. I grab his hair trying to hold on as he licks and sucks me hard like he's trying to get something out of me. "Gonna fill these tits

up with milk one day baby” he mutters. I gasp, feeling his words going straight to my pussy.

“M-milk? How will you do that daddy” I moan, squirming my body as Foster continues to suck back and forth on both nipples.

“Gonna breed you nice and tight. Start a family. Won’t that be nice huh? You don’t have a momma, but you can be one” he continues rambling as he’s lost in his fantasy. My heart bursts with pride as I think about his words.

Family. Something I’ve always wanted. I’m so content and happy with Foster but if we had babies...

“How will we do that daddy? Start a fa-family?” I moan lost in our little bubble.

“Gonna put my cock in your pussy baby. I’ll shoot that white stuff you sucked the other day in your hole and then god will make babies for us.”

His words turn me on until I’m nothing but nerve endings, buzzing and tingling. Foster grinds his big body on me, his mouth leaves my nipples as he goes down until he reaches my princess parts.

He uses his teeth to bite and nip at my panty-covered pussy, before he takes his teeth and hands to rip my panties off.

My pussy starts shaking, my panties are soaked through and there’s more cream still coming out.

Foster sticks his tongue out, tasting the cream and moaning, before diving in and feasting from me. I grind my hips, riding his face as his tongue finds my tight opening and slides in.

The feelings he invokes in me are indescribable as I let go and let his tongue take me to another planet.

“That’s it baby, ride my face just like that” he praises as I grind my hips until I’m spraying my juices all over his face, coating his stubble.

Foster inserts not one but two fingers at once, stretching me to my limits.

“Look how well you’re taking my fingers princess, you gonna welcome my cock like this too huh?” He groans as he scissors two fingers in and out of my hole that’s shaking from the aftereffects of my first orgasm.

I nod, making Foster grin wildly, my juices dripping from his face, as the sweaty tendrils of his hair fall in front of his face making him look so much younger than his 36 years. I softly ride his fingers, as he tries to ease in a third one which feels so deliciously painful.

“Are you ready for daddy’s cock?” Foster asks he takes his fingers out, watching him transfixed on my pussy. “Such a tiny hole” he mumbles as he takes his cock out of his pants, his large tattooed hand expertly stroking the length of his thick light brown shaft; the vein on the side of his cock pulsing rapidly. His pants fall to the floor and he takes his shirt off, ripping the buttons as he tears through it.

I lift my hips, urging him to put it in.

Foster takes his cock and slaps the heavy tip on my pussy lips making me squeal from the warmth of him. He slaps my pussy a few times, rubbing the tip leaking with precum over my little button making me shamelessly writhe on the bed.

“Stay still sweetheart or I won’t put it inside” he scolds me.

I try to stop squirming but I feel so empty inside. I need it in me. A sharp spank hits my pussy making my legs curl inwards.

“Be a good girl and listen to daddy” He tuts, and without giving me a second to recover from the spank, Foster takes his cock and enters my tiny hole.

My scream is so loud I’m pretty sure people in my school can hear my father defiling me and taking my virginity.

“You’re squeezing me so tight princess, you’ve been saving this cherry for me, haven’t you?” He moans as he tries to stuff more of his thick length inside me, my legs stretching so far apart trying to accommodate the width of his huge body. His abdominal muscles flex with every thrust, his sweaty chest looks so oily and muscled, I want to rub every crevice of my body on him.

“Yes!” I scream as he pulls out until only his tip is left inside me, and then sharply thrusts inside me again, each time stretching me out more so he can stuff more of his cock inside. “I wanted you for so long, I thought it was wrong to crush on you” I sob as Foster leans down to bite my nipple whilst thrusting into me so hard, the headboard shakes.

“How long baby?” He groans around my nipple, coming off with a loud pop, reaching up to kiss my swollen lips. He bites my bottom lip, pulling it out with his teeth before licking it, whilst gazing deeply into my eyes.

“A long-time daddy. Since I got my period” I said shivering.

Foster’s eyes roll to the back of his head, and suddenly it’s as if a monster has entered his body and possessed him. He grips my waist with his big hands, lifting my body in mid-air as he settles on his knees, bouncing my body on his cock up and down as if I’m nothing but a doll. The room fills with the sounds of us panting and groaning each other’s names.

“My baby. My Tally.” Foster grunts as he thrusts powerfully from below whilst maintaining a maddening pace of lifting me up and down on his thick shaft.

“My daddy. My Foster.” I moan, making Foster roar his release into me, pumping me full of that same thick white cream that filled my mouth before. Foster cradles my body close to him, his cock still moving inside of me as it pumps out the last few drops.

Foster carefully picks me up from his cock and lays me down on his pillow. His hand goes down to my battered pussy, which feels so swollen and sensitive as he touches it making me hiss.

“Sorry baby daddy needs to scoop the cream and make sure it stays in your pussy” he says softly, before taking a thick finger and plugging my hole to stop it from leaking. Satisfied he smiles and comes to rest next to me, I immediately cling to him wanting the cuddles I missed out on over the past few days.

I yawn feeling a little sleepy after the rollercoaster of emotions I’ve been through today.

“That was the best birthday present ever,” I mumble into his chest.

Foster freezes.

I hear him mutter a few curse words, and I feel his heartbeat pumping faster.

“FUCK! I’m a monster. Didn’t even use a fucking condom!” Foster roars as he jumps out of bed pacing the length of the room.

“Co-condom?” I gulp.

“I went in raw, what the fuck have I done?” Foster slams his hands against the door.

My heart drops.

Things just got real.

Chapter Seven

Foster

I'm spiralling.

My head is a messed up place on a good day but today it's the worst it's ever been. I let jealousy take control of the beast inside of me and I devoured my baby girl.

The girl I raised. I feel sick. I couldn't even wait until she was eighteen. Granted, she will be in less than three hours, but I still did it. I put my mouth on her and my cock inside her. Bare. *Raw* .

And damn what a sweet inside it is.

I can still feel the walls of her pussy welcoming me, the tight grip of her puffy lips driving me insane and to the brink of orgasm with each thrust. I can still feel my hands wrapped around that delicate little waist of hers.

She's my kryptonite.

I'm pacing the length of my room. How could I defile my baby girl like this? So carelessly. Where are the candles? The presents? Why didn't I prepare her little hole more? Instead, like a crazed madman I took her cherry, and bled her dry.

Poor girl doesn't even realise she has blood smeared around her pussy, that's why it's so red.

The rage builds inside me so hard that I lash out. I punch the wall with my bare fist, my knuckles instantly bleeding. I punch again and again until I feel numb.

I'm a sick man. A pervert. A damn disgrace.

I punch harder with my other fist, trying to outdo each punch. I vaguely hear sobbing but I'm too far gone to decipher anything but my anger and shame. My baby girl

doesn't deserve this. She deserves a warm loving home with a father who doesn't have nefarious thoughts and devilish intentions.

I tried so hard to stay away, to protect her. But her soft pink pussy had me under a spell I could never break out of. Tally isn't just my daughter, she's my soulmate.

The punches get louder and more violent as blood drips out of my knuckles but it's not enough. I bang my head against the wall, craving the rush of adrenaline that spikes in my body. I bang my head again, and this time I punch myself.

I roar as I let all of my sins out, beating the shit out of them as they escape my body.

"Daddy no!" I hear Tally's voice distantly, but I'm not thinking clearly. For all, I know she could be a mirage. Not here, just existing in my dreams as usual.

"Imsorrybaby" I slur my words, as I continue punching myself until I split my eyebrow open.

"Daddynevershould'vetouch- touched you. Daddy issobad" I groan as I feel soft hands pulling my hands away from my face. My vision blurs but I can make out the shape of the sweetest body on earth and luscious long locks of blonde hair making her glow like an angel.

My angel.

"Tallybabysobeautiful. Daddy lovesyouso so so" I moan as I topple to the floor taking the angel with me.

"Daddy! Just stop" she sobs as her hands stroke all over my face. Damn if this is how I die so be it. At least I'm dying at the hands of an angel.

"You listen to me and you listen good Nathan Foster. I'm so glad you did touch me. You showed me what real love is. I never knew the feelings I felt could be explored in this way before, but you showed me that what we have is worth it. I don't care what others think. Don't blame yourself, daddy." I feel pillowy soft lips flutter hundreds of

kisses on my face, from my eyes to my nose down to my jaw.

My princess is so perfect.

It's at this moment I realise that it doesn't matter that I didn't wait. There is no force strong enough on this earth to keep us apart.

I am hers and she is mine.

"I love you Tally. Don't you ever leave me you hear? Have my babies" I say as the light fades away from my eyes and I succumb to the voice of the angel calling me.

Tally

With Foster dozing off in his bed after I attempted to clean him up as best as I could. I retire to my bedroom giving him some space after our intense night.

I wasn't scared when Foster was hurting himself. No, my heart ached for him. I wanted to hold him so badly and tell him that everything would be okay, but I understood that he needed to let all those demons out. For us to move forward he needed to forgive himself for what happened.

The next morning, I woke up early and ran downstairs hoping to make breakfast for Foster after the night we had. To my surprise as soon as I step into the kitchen the smell of freshly cooked french toast fills the air, and the muscled back of Foster's body faces me as he stirs something on the stove.

Every inch of his back is also covered in multiple tattoos, black and white images of clocks, ballet slippers, and roses fill his tan skin and bring a smile to my face. Foster turns around slowly, a spatula in his hand. His dark hair is wet from a shower, his eyebrow is split, but it adds a dangerous aura to his already dark demeanour, and his

left under eye is a little bruised and swollen but he still looks like my dad.

“Happy birthday princess” He growls as he walks over, snaking an arm around my waist and lifting me until I reach his lips.

He gives me a soft peck, and a blush spreads over my cheeks, making him smirk and dive back in, this time bruising my lips with a deep kiss. His tongue battles mine, as I try to suck on him, but he bites and nips my lips making me give up and allowing him to devour me completely.

My belly flips, as we make out like two teenagers, he hums in satisfaction as he lifts my body onto the kitchen counter. We break apart breathing heavily as Foster grins at me, tucking the front strands of my hair behind my ears.

“That was fun,” I say giggling.

“This is what every day of the rest of your life will look like, Tally. You are mine. I’m done running away from my feelings, fuck what everyone will think. You were made for me.”

I smile so big it makes Foster bite my lips again making me yelp.

“Are you my boyfriend now then?” I ask cheekily.

“Boyfriend?” Foster scoffs. “No princess. I’m your man. Your daddy. Your everyfuckingthing.” He claims, before turning to the stove and plating me up a stack of fresh french toast, drizzled with copious amounts of maple syrup.

I giggle, as he tries to feed me a bite and sticky maple syrup drips onto my pyjama crop top.

“My man. I like that.” I smile as I chew on the food, Foster’s eyes drop to my chest.

He leans down and circles the syrup on my chest, licking over my top and making a wet patch that now shows off my pink nipple. I giggle as he licks and sucks over my nipple through the top.

“Daddy! Let me eat” I laugh as he bites my nipples softly.

“I’m not stopping you, eat your french toast like a good girl, whilst daddy eats his breakfast too. A very delicious little girl” He grins, as he pushes my body until I’m lying flat on the counter, and goes to town on my pussy.

Safe to say breakfast was a huge success.

I’m so happy that Foster and I are finally together. I don’t even feel nervous about my upcoming recital tonight.

All dressed up in my Virgin Mary costume of a white tutu, white leotard and matching white nun-esque veil. Foster lifts me up into the car as we head out.

“Nervous baby?” He asks as he strokes my thighs, whilst driving one-handed.

So hot.

“No daddy, I think practising on you helped me get rid of my nerves” I giggle, making Foster smile.

“Make me proud baby. I want you to perform your recital on my cock when we get home later” He smirks as we reach our destination.

Foster walks me inside, dropping me off backstage with a quick peck on my cheeks dangerously close to my lips, as the other girls watch us with jealousy on their faces. I turn around to quickly greet everyone.

“Damn Tally you look different. Hey Callie, doesn’t little Tally look different? She’s glowing!” Gracelynn cackles, as the other girls are at various stages of getting ready.

I blush, which Gracelynn takes as confirmation of something before she proclaims, “Oh you little minx you totally got fucked didn’t you?” her brown eyes twinkle as

she looks me up and down, “Little miss virgin Mary is no more, oh this is too good and ironic” Gracelynn snickers, as Calliope joins us.

“What’s going on?” She asks, smiling at me, her blue leotard making her blue eyes pop even more. As I’m the principal ballerina, my leading role is Virgin Mary, whereas the rest of the girls will be resembling the sky in their blue leotards and Gracelynn will be the star I follow in her gold leotard.

“Just talking about how Tally finally got that cherry popped. So, who was it? Do we know him? How big was his dick?” Gracelynn laughs.

“Gracelynn! You can’t ask her that, look at her she’s so innocent. Maybe she just used a new facemask or something” Calliope asks me looking concerned.

I offer them a small smile, “Um no I just got a lot of sleep over the week.” I say whilst praying for Madame Beaumont to hurry up and start the show.

“Sleep my ass. I don’t think you’ve done a lick of sleeping, I bet you’ve just been getting bent over every possible surfa- Ow!” Gracelynn curses as Calliope pinches her ribs.

“Shut up Gracelynn, not everyone is a whore like you! Ignore her Tally. Good luck with the show, you’re gonna kill it!” She says as she drags Gracelynn away who’s adamant, I lost my virginity.

Jesus that was close.

I’m also glad none of them mentioned Drew. It seems like he’s completely disappeared as he failed to show up in school the day after our incident and his live stream was taken down completely.

I wish I could personally thank whoever was responsible for that.

Before I know it we're rushing on, me centre stage, as the sombre music of the Dance of the Virgin Mary ballet starts. The whole piece is a sensual take on the Virgin Mary, I glide through the air elegantly, but with an erotic twist as I writhe on the floor and allude to perhaps maybe the baby coming out of nowhere. The routine ends with me on the floor, the blue sky surrounding me to symbolise the birth of baby Jesus.

I stand up, to the raucous sound of applause. Cameramen at the front take pictures of the whole crew as we do a final bow. My eyes meet the intense broody grey eyes of my daddy who watches my every move as he takes up almost two seats in the audience with his giant body.

I can't wait to go home to him tonight and practice making babies.

Chapter Eight

Foster

Eating my princess's pussy just might be the best thing I've ever achieved in my life.

The sweet taste of her cream first thing in the morning gives me the motivation to carry on in life.

"Ride my face baby, just like I taught you" I hum in approval as Tally moves her hips like she's riding a horse.

I suck her puffy pussy lips whole, biting and nipping as she makes those good girl moans.

After her recital yesterday we rushed home so she could perform those same fancy ballet moves on my cock. Afterwards, we wrapped up cosy on the sofa, popped her favourite Disney movie on (Moana), and cuddled.

This is my life now. I'm devoted to my princess. I can't wait for her to graduate high school and throw her the biggest party known to this town.

If she wants to go to college after she can. I have all of the colleges ready to give her a place online. She won't be attending face-to-face though. Not with other horny college boys around that could try to snake their way into her panties.

No, she'll be too busy making babies with me.

I finish Tally off with a lick on her cute little clit, as she cums all over my face.

"Your tongue is so talented," she says in a daze as she tries to catch her breath.

"Not as talented as your pussy baby," I say smirking, thinking back to that move she called a pirouette

yesterday, where she quite literally spun on my cock in a 360 twirl.

I get up and pick my princess up as we wash each other in the shower. I take extra care in cleaning her little body, but she struggles with washing mine because I'm too damn big.

Once we come out of the shower, I head downstairs ready to make her breakfast when there's a frantic knock on the door.

I check my security system, spotting a woman with bleached blonde hair, dressed in a leopard print dress.

I walk towards the door, making sure my princess can't hear me, as she's busy getting dressed for the day.

I open the door, brows raised looking at the woman in confusion, when it suddenly dawns on me.

Badly bleached hair that originally used to be golden blonde, fake lashes that look like a pair of spiders, fake plump lips, and big implant breasts all combine into the person I wish I never laid eyes upon.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing here?" I grumble, stepping outside and towering over her skinny body that looks rough.

"Foster!" She shrieks, staring up at me with lust-filled eyes. She looks me up and down, eyeing up my cock like it's saying hello to her when it's still hard from the shower I just took with my princess.

"I'm gonna ask you one more time. Why are you standing on my doorstep?" I ask menacingly as Whitney stumbles in her bright red heels.

"Foster! Is this any way to talk to your former lover? You used to be much kinder to me, remember? We were high school sweethearts!" She says dramatically as she twirls her straw-coloured hair.

I scoff at her in disgust.

“I was kind to you until you revealed what a whore you were. What the fuck do you want?” I growl, my hatred building as I stare at the woman who betrayed me.

Whitney Dean.

My high school girlfriend. We were a cliché, I was the nerd who suddenly turned ‘hot’ during senior year. I shot up to 6’2 at the time and grew some muscles after working for my uncle’s construction company which I took over after he died and have now built my empire upon.

Whitney was the popular cheerleader and the girl in my fantasy I jerked off to when I was a snotty teenager. When she started giving me the attention I fell for it, and dated her. We lasted for a year until I realised the real reason she went after me.

The whore wanted my older brother Nolan, who was the total opposite of me. He was the jock in school, a complete douchebag who fucked every girl in school, even the freshmen when he was a senior.

He was set to take over my father’s law firm, and Whitney wanted all the perks that came with it.

So, she saw him behind my back. Fucked him until she turned up pregnant on our high school graduation, trying to hide a bump.

She tried to tell me it was mine and I laughed in her face.

I hadn’t fucked the whore in five months due to exams.

She broke down and told me she was knocked up with my brother’s baby, so as soon as graduation was over I skipped town and headed over to live with my uncle.

I only came back here after my uncle died, six years after I went to him. I came back richer, bigger, and most importantly happier.

I shake those thoughts away, looking at Whitney with hatred burning in my eyes.

“I’m not here for you. I mean I can be if you want” she mutters, eyeing up my body like she would jump on me if she had the chance. “I’m here for my daughter.”

I’m shocked into silence.

Fuck

I’m stumped.

I planned everything out to a T. Never did I ever imagine in my wildest dreams that scenario would be possible. She was supposed to be too coked up to care.

I’m about to slam the door shut in her face when I hear the sweet voice of my baby call out.

“Daddy? What’s going on?” She frowns in confusion as she comes and stands next to me, eyeing Whitney with jealousy.

Whitney takes one look at Tally and starts her dramatics.

“Oh! My baby! My beautiful daughter! You’ve been gone for 10 years! Come back to me!” Whitney wails as she falls to the floor, her Oscar-winning tears don’t even fall as she shouts.

“Daughter? Wh-what?” Tally looks up at me, confused and scared.

I want to kill Whitney.

Just when my baby is finally content with just us, she has to come and throw a spanner in the works.

“Tell her! You’re a monster, Nathan Foster! You stole my daughter! Imagine my shock when I’m looking at the daily newspaper and I see her, centre stage in some fancy dance thingy” Whitney cries as she gets up and puts her hands on Tally’s cheeks. “God, you look just like me when I was a teenager, it’s like looking into a mirror!” She exclaims, touching Tally’s beautiful soft pink skin with her weathered aged hands.

My nostrils flare.

The fucking ballet recital. I'm going to fire the entire camera crew and make sure they never find work on this continent ever again.

Tally also looks nothing like teenage Whitney. For one Tally is naturally beautiful, she never wears a lick of makeup and doesn't need to. Tally's beauty is skin deep and not just what's on the outside.

"Stop the dramatics Whitney, you're embarrassing my neighbourhood," I growl as Whitney stops touching Tally and turns her accusatory eyes at me.

"I don't care! You took her from me, Foster! Why don't you just admit it? Tell her what you did! I've been looking for you for years, baby. There's not a place on earth I didn't search!" She boasts.

"I don't think you have the financial means to do that" I scoff, making Whitney burn in embarrassment.

Whitney continues ranting at me about the injustice of life when I hear the soft sobs of my precious daughter.

I fucked it up, yet again.

I kneel and take Tally's hands out of her face.

"Baby" I try to soothe.

"No! Tell me the truth Foster what's happening?" She demands, and my heart drops.

Foster.

She's angry. Rightfully so. She only calls me Foster when things are serious. She started calling me daddy once she reached high school and saw that other girls referred to their dads in that way.

"I will. Fuck. You have to know, I'm so sorry princess. I did what I thought was right."

"Just tell me! Stop stalling!" She hisses as Whitney watches with a strange gleam in her eye.

I look at Whitney with disgust. "Give me some privacy with my dau- Tally. You owe me that much. Go sit in your car." I roar at her. Whitney shakes from the anger in my voice and nods, hurrying back to where she came from.

I take Tally and sit her down on the living room sofa.

"It's a long story sweetheart. I need to tell you everything."

Tally nods, as her tears stop falling.

And then I begin. Back to where it all started.

Past

After I saw that sweet girl in the park and discovered that it was none other than Whitney who was her mother, and Nolan the dad, I knew I couldn't let my precious niece live with them any longer.

I'm her uncle and I need to protect her.

I contacted my friend Derek who works in the special forces unit to hack into Whitney's records and find out everything about the little girl.

What he found was extensive.

Tallulah Foster was six years old; she was currently enrolled in a school but was so far behind her teachers thought she was mentally challenged. She was turning up to school wearing dirty clothes, not being given money to eat lunch and was often seen eating crumbs from the table after her friends had finished their meals.

With every word I read my heart broke. For six years my niece has had to suffer under the cruel hands of Whitney and my brother Nolan.

They were supposed to have money. Where did it all go wrong?

Turns out Nolan engaged in a money laundering scheme, and my dad kicked him out as a partner of the law firm and cut ties with him. I didn't keep in touch with

my family, choosing to stay with my uncle instead. When my uncle died and my parents didn't come to the funeral that was the last straw for me, and I decided I would never see them ever again.

So to find out that Nolan fell from grace was a huge shock to me.

After Nolan was raided by the FBI and subsequently jailed for the first five years of Tally's life, Whitney tried to make ends meet by gold-digging her way through the affluent men of our town. But she wasn't successful, not a single one of those men would risk their fortune and family to shack up with Whitney.

My blood boiled. How could people like them be blessed with children, the greatest gift god could ever give?

My plan was simple.

My buddy helped me forge some documents that named me as the official foster parent of Tallulah Foster.

It was the next day when I rocked up to Tally's school with the documents in my hand.

I greeted the pretty receptionist, who with one charming smile let me through and collect Tally.

I waited in the headmaster's office. The door opened revealing, old black shoes with a sole that was falling off, a dirty skirt that was two sizes too big, and a loose shirt. My niece's big green eyes suck me in and I decide right there and then that I would protect her until her dying breath. This innocent child deserves a better life.

"Tallulah, say hello to Mr Foster. He's here to pick you up and take you to your new home." Headmaster Alan states, holding Tally's hand.

Tally looks up at me smiling, "Hi Mr Foster! I'm gonna live with you? What about mommy?"

"Your mommy is going away for a long while Tally. She's not well enough to look after you. I'm your unc- new

foster dad.” I say settling for that rather than telling her I’m her uncle. I want Tally to see me as her father because she was supposed to be mine.

“Oh cool! Where do you live? Is it a big house? Do you think I could have french toast for breakfast? I saw them on tv once but mommy doesn’t know how to make it!” She babbles as I take her hand and we walk out of her school.

She continues chattering away, asking me a bunch of questions as we walk away from her old school. I paid the principal a lot of hush money to ensure if Whitney or Nolan come digging they’ll never find her.

I already had plans to send Nolan back to prison. Looks like he hasn’t been clean since he’s been out, already trying to launder money through his failed candy shops.

I grip Tally’s hand tighter, watching people as we walk through, making sure she’s safe.

I have a purpose in life now.

She might be my niece in blood, but in everything else that counts, she is my daughter.

Chapter Nine

Tally

My life has just been tilted on its axis.

Everything I thought I knew has all been a lie.

My naive six-year-old self didn't see Foster for what he was. He may have saved me from a bad childhood, but the way he orchestrated everything in such a cruel and callous manner has left me heartbroken.

He tore me away from my parents, regardless of how awful they were.

I had a mom.

I had a real biological dad too.

Foster wasn't my dad. He was my uncle.

I feel sick.

I gave him everything. I trusted him with my whole heart. I imagined a future with him.

Now everything has fallen to ash.

How will I rise again?

The panic in my body rises until I'm gasping for air. The choking sounds I make scare me even more as I feel my fleeting future slip away from me.

"Tally? Tally! Breathe baby, stay with me." Foster hovers in front of me, grabbing my cold small hands in his large warm ones.

"That's it, princess, breathe with me. In, out, in out" he soothes as I try to match my breathing to his.

I look into his grey thundercloud eyes, trying to calm myself like I normally would, but it hurts too much right

now.

“Why?” I ask brokenly.

“You know why” he states, his voice breaking.

“I don’t daddy! Please explain to me how you could take me away from my family like this! You could’ve just been a doting uncle that comes to visit. You didn’t have to snatch me away and brainwash me!” I shout angrily.

I don’t mean it.

Foster hasn’t brainwashed me, but right now I want to hurt him as he hurt me.

“Tally baby, you don’t mean that” his face pales.

“I do! You’ve had every chance to tell me. I asked you so many times where my mommy was! You told me she was sick and then you told me nothing more until I forgot about her!” The tears stream down my face and I don’t bother holding them in.

I want him to watch me break.

“I didn’t want to tell you! I was scared you would leave me for her! You were always meant to be mine!” He growls as he stands up and faces away from me.

“What if I did leave you? For her?” I whisper, mostly to myself but Foster’s sharp inhale pierces my heart.

“If that’s what you want.” Foster clears his throat as he turns around facing me with a blank stare. There’s no emotion left in him as if I stole it all away leaving him empty.

“I’ll get your stuff ready.” He says robotically.

Why does this anger me even more?

“So that’s it? You won’t even fight for me? Your supposed daughter?”

“I have spent the past twelve years fighting for you daily. I kept you safe and hidden, I provided for you, nurtured

you, and loved you! I did everything, Tally. That was my fight. You're an adult now. If you want to leave then go I won't fucking stop you. I'll fight for you until the day I die, Tally, but I will never fight you." He states harshly, making the butterflies in my stomach go crazy.

God, he makes me feel like a big drop in a rollercoaster ride.

Turbulent and chaotic.

"You'd let me go? To spend time with my mother?" I say tentatively.

"I'm not letting you go, Tally. You're the one deciding to leave." With that, Foster leaves the room leaving me alone with my thoughts.

I don't even have time to think, Foster comes down with my pink suitcase for small weekend trips, packed to the brim with my belongings.

"Derek will drive you there," Foster states, referring to the driver, as I stand up and take my suitcase from him. Just as I'm about to leave he grabs my hand and spins me around until our chests collide.

"This doesn't mean you're not mine" he whispers dangerously, his eyes rooted to mine.

I gulp, as I turn away from his questioning gaze.

I don't know what we are now. Father and daughter? Uncle and niece? Lovers? Everything is up in the air.

But I do know one thing.

I have a mother.

And I intend to get to know her.

Foster walks me outside until we reach Whitney's beat-up truck. She's smoking a cigarette, talking loudly to someone telling them she found her precious daughter. Suddenly I feel extremely nervous.

Foster doesn't say goodbye as I walk to the passenger door and get in. He pops my suitcase in the back, before giving Whitney the death glare.

Whitney blows him a kiss and drives off, I try to put my seatbelt on but it doesn't click. Whitney laughs at me, "What are you doing that for silly girl? Seatbelts are for them, uppity folks!" She cackles as we drive towards her home.

I take the interior of the car in. It smells a little musty, there are cigarette wrappers littered all over the floor along with bottles of empty Bepsi cans, a popular soft drink.

"This is nice," I say meekly, trying to start a conversation.

Whitney side-eyes me, "Ya don't need to lie girl, I've seen the house you've grown up in and the cars you get driven around in. This ain't nice but at least it's mine" she mumbles. "I'll get an upgrade real soon though" she grins, looking at me.

I squirm in my seat uncomfortably as we pull up in a trailer park.

She drives towards a small, beige-looking trailer with yellow curtains. Parking the car next to it, she jumps out whilst I quietly contemplate why I wanted to go with her in the first place.

I gingerly step out and follow her into the trailer.

It's small and would be cute if it wasn't so messy. Clothes are thrown around carelessly on the floor, and there's a whole stack of bills on the kitchen counter.

"Welcome to my humble abode baby! This is where you would've grown up had Foster not snatched you up." She moans.

"He really did a number on me, let me tell you. We were childhood sweethearts, did you know sweetie?" She states making my heart ache.

“We were in love, but I made a mistake. Just one little one and I got pregnant with you. Was gonna marry your daddy, you know Foster’s brother but he was a real piece of work. Been in and out of jail ever since you were born. Last I heard he got shanked in prison” she states casually as if she didn’t just announce the fact that my biological father may or may not be dead.

I stutter as I try to take all this information in.

“Anyway get comfy, I’ve got a few friends coming to visit me later. No funny business with them alright? They’re coming for me. You ain’t part of the deal.” She pouts as she walks off to her room leaving me standing in the living room.

I go and sit on the couch farthest away from the main door and curl up into a little ball.

I’m so tired. My eyes shut slowly as I think about everything I’ve experienced today.

But as I close my eyes the last thing I see is Foster’s face. The one that smiles only for me.

I miss him.

I miss him with the intensity of a thousand forest fires. I wonder if he can feel me burning for him.

I drift off slowly, only being woken up by the sound of male voices.

“Now ain’t that the prettiest little dolly I’ve ever seen”.

“What I would do to get a piece of that bouncy ass”.

“Shut up Mick! That’s my daughter! You can’t have her. I thought you liked my ass?”

“Yeah yeah but yours ain’t as fresh and tight as hers.”

“Don’t fucking go near her! I need her! I’m gonna walk down to the police station tomorrow and claim the money for her missing person’s report. I finally found my

daughter and that \$100,000 will be mine” I hear Whitney laughing softly to herself as she talks to two other guys.

“ You gonna share that sweet prize with us, Whitty?”

“Mmmm, I don’t know. Depends how hard y’all fuck me.”

“We’ll fuck your nasty ass hard alright, bend over bitch”

“Oh yeah, Mick spank me just like that!” Whitney screams behind her door as the two men ravish her.

My heart drops to my stomach. I need to get out of here. I can’t believe I have once again fallen for someone’s fake charms.

My mother didn’t want me. This wasn’t going to be some fairy tale reunion where she hugs me, brushes my hair, and tells me she loves me.

No. Because that’s what Foster did and I failed to see it through my misplaced rage.

Foster did what my mother didn’t have the backbone to do.

He took me from a bad place and gave me the childhood everyone dreams of. He really was my father and a mother rolled into one.

And now? Now he was the other half of my soul.

I need to leave.

Right now.

I get up from the couch and walk towards the entrance making sure not to make too much noise, but the sounds of their heavy moans drown out my footsteps over the creaky floor.

I gently open the door and close it softly. I turn around ready to escape when I come face to face with my hero.

Chapter Ten

Foster

The minute Tally stepped into the car my chest collapsed and my heart tightened. I felt dizzy and lightheaded as I could no longer feel the presence of my princess.

Am I dying?

I shake my head as I go back inside the house that was once filled with laughter and life but now feels empty and desolate.

I grab the first thing I see which happens to be the vase Tally decorated for me when she went through her pottery phase, and I paid for her to be taught by the best pottery maker in the country.

I'm not even thinking when I throw the vase onto the floor, smashing it into smithereens. The plates are next.

One by one I smash everything until the kitchen is a mess and my breathing is harsh.

How am I supposed to live without her? What if this is it and she chooses to live with her mother for the rest of her life?

She's eighteen now.

I can't stop her or kidnap her as I did before.

I roar as I lift the dining table by its legs and toss it over, smashing it in half.

Fuck that.

There is not a chance in hell I'll allow that whore Whitney to take my Tally away from me.

I pace up and down the room when I hear the door click.

Tally's back.

I turn around only to find my chauffeur Derek, who is an MI5 agent that I hired to follow Tally around everywhere. Whenever she's at school, Derek is there, lurking in the shadows and giving me updates on what she's doing.

What she had for lunch. Which teachers were giving her hell. When that slimy fucker Drew spoke to her.

"Boss, are you okay?" He asks stoically, taking in the mess on the floor. I bet he's already called the cleaning crew.

"Where the fuck is she Derek? You were supposed to follow the car"

"I did boss. They're at Willows Trailer Park."

I inhale sharply, the vein in my temple pulsing faster than an F1 car.

"She's in a trailer park?"

The silence is deathly.

My princess is in a filthy trailer park, where she could be surrounded by junkies, filthy street whores and perverted old toothless men?

"Yes, boss. It's beige with yellow curtains. As soon as they reached there I sped back here to tell you. I think she needs help boss."

"Good man Derek, thank you" I say quietly, as I head out into my G wagon.

There's not a chance in hell I'll allow Tally to live there. I'll bring her back home even if she's crying and kicking up a storm.

She belongs with me.

I race ahead to the trailer park's destination, cutting through red lights not giving a fuck. Being the owner of the largest construction company allowed me many passes with the law when I built this entire town with my bare hands. I've got the entire police force, the mayors,

and even the government in my back pocket. Without me, none of them can build homes and compounds.

When I reach the trailer park, I step out of the car spotting the yellow curtains and step forward. The trailer is shaking and it makes me sick to my stomach.

What's my baby doing now? Is she safe?

I'll kill Whitney if a single hair on Tally's body is harmed even down to that peach fuzz on her pussy.

I make it to the door, not bothering to knock when the door opens widely and a terrified Tally jumps into my arms.

I gather my baby girl up, her legs fold tightly around my abdomen, her face fitting perfectly into the crook of my neck as she inhales my scent.

"Daddy!" She cries as she hugs me so tight as she used to when she would get nightmares.

"Tell me what happened Tally or I swear to fuck I will burn this trailer down regardless of who's inside it" I roar as she clings to me like a baby monkey.

"No! Just take me away from here. I was wrong! She's not my mother. I don't have one and I don't need one. All I need is you I'm so sorry" she lifts her face from my neck, tears pooling in her emerald eyes as she holds my jaw with her tiny fingers.

"Baby" I whisper as I softly kiss her pouty lips, wanting to memorise the feel of them and tattoo the imprint onto my soul.

"Take me home Nathan Foster." She says gravely, and my heart expands, all the little cracks from earlier glue themselves together.

"You don't care? That I lied to you. I hid the fact that I'm your uncle?" I say even though it kills me.

If she wants to walk away now, she can try. I won't let her regardless of if she hates me or not.

I'm too far gone now.

"It hurt me at first, but now I can see that you were just trying to protect me. Your family. It doesn't matter what you legally mean to me, all I know is that you're my daddy." She blushes as she watches my face.

I grunt in satisfaction. "I am. Even if we have millions of babies, I will always be your special daddy first." I kiss her soft lips again, this time taking the bottom lip into mine and sucking it, making it pop and swell red.

"Such a pretty girl" I moan as she blushes pink for me, reminding me of that little pink pussy.

"Take me home daddy I need you" she moans, bouncing her tiny ass on my stomach.

I run, carrying her body towards my car and strapping her in as she giggles.

Just as I get in, the trailer door opens, and a half-naked Whitney comes out, tits hanging out and her bushy pussy out, flanked by two men that looked like they escaped a farm and prison. Thick heavy ginger beards, nearly balding heads and dirty jeans.

My nostrils flare, imagining those dirty fuckers breathing the same air as my princess.

"Tally baby, did those nasty men do anything to you?" I ask as Whitney spots my car and starts running towards us and the men following close behind.

"Um" Tally stutters

"It's okay baby, daddy won't do anything, just close your eyes and tell me" I coax her softly.

"They were talking about my body. They wanted to do stuff I didn't understand but Whitney took them to her

room. That's when I decided to escape" she says innocently as she sits there with her eyes closed.

"Thank you baby, you did so well. Now keep those eyes closed until I say so okay?"

Tally nods, as I turn on the speakers and blast her favourite Taylor Swift song.

Then I press my foot on the gas, and ram my car onto Whitney and her two boyfriends, taking all three down as they screech. Whitney stands up, hobbling over to the two guys and this time I reverse until I drive over the two men's ankles and speed off as Whitney shouts obscenities at me.

I smirk, turning the music down a little and telling my good little girl to open her eyes.

Tally shows me those bright green orbs and I fall in love with her all over again.

"I love you, Tallulah Foster. In this life and the next. You were made for me, and I'm going to wear your heart on my sleeve for all of eternity" I say solemnly.

The smile that lights up her face has my balls tightening.

I'm gonna breed my little girl so hard tonight.

"I love you, Nathan Foster. You make my days better just by existing and I want to eat a lifetime's worth of French toast with you" she giggles as I grab her face and suck on those juicy lips in the middle of oncoming traffic.

All is right in the world once again.

My baby is back and her daddy's gonna make her a mommy tonight.

Epilogue

Seven years later

Tally is 25 years old, Foster is 43 years old, Elsa is 6 years old, Ariel & Tiana are 5 years old, Fiona is 4 years old, and Moana is 2 years old.

Tally

It's crazy that after five years of marriage and almost six babies later, I still fall in love with my husband all over again, every single day.

Take now for example; my strapping, hunky, muscled, 6 '5 husband is lying down on the sand, sipping a mocktail as two of his feral daughters bury him alive, piling sand with their grubby little hands on his legs.

"Move Ari, you're doing it wrong!" Tiana shrieks as her sister keeps dumping buckets of sand over Foster's toes and then taking them out because she doesn't want her daddy's feet to be stuck.

"Nuh-uh! Daddy keeps wiggling his toes and taking my sand off!" Ariel pouts as she lies, making Foster burst out laughing. He reaches up and tugs on Ari's dirty blonde ponytail making her giggle before he grabs her body and throws her in the air.

"Oh my god daddy you're ruining my hard work!" Ti screeches as she fixes her wonky glasses back on her face.

My little princess is a bit of a perfectionist but her twin sister is more of a dreamer and likes to be messy.

My twin girls were a huge blessing, Foster and I were not expecting it when the nurse showed us the scan, but now? My girls were absolute terrors, constantly fighting each other. We tried separating them and splitting them

up from sharing a room, but every single night Ari sneaked out of her room and found Tiana and they slept together on the same bed. It melted my and Foster's heart, so we let them room together again.

I smile sipping my mocktail, as I look at my little sidekick Fiona, pretending to read a book.

That's our little brainiac Fee.

She's been obsessed with books since she was born, we even enrolled her in school early so she could learn to read. She's not quite there yet but she loves to sit next to me, guarding me whilst burying her nose in a book she can't read.

Right now, she has Foster's old copy of Dune, but she doesn't realise I can see her looking up at me every 2 seconds making sure I'm alright. I don't know what Foster told her, but Fee has been protecting me since she was born. She would crawl into the toilet with me whenever I needed to pee, she would stand by the kitchen door playing with her toys as I cooked. She never asked me to pick her up or entertain her, she was happy playing quietly but keeping an eye out for me.

"Tha ma nuh iz va ree lood" Fee mumbles as she tries to read and my heart swells from pride.

Such a clever baby. I pat her dark black curls. She's the perfect mixture of Foster and I, she has my green eyes, and fosters dark hair and tan skin. The twins have a mixture of our hair colour, a dirty blonde with grey eyes.

I look around as I spot my eldest daughter Elsa trampling over a herd of seagulls that are nipping around her trying to steal the hotdog in her hand.

"Begone, you sky chickens! You ain't havin' my hotdog!" she screeches as she kicks a seagull straight in the gut. I almost choke on my mocktail.

My little toddler Moana, named after my favourite Disney film, and continuing the tradition of Disney names that

Foster let me have full reign of when we named our girls, follows Elsa as usual.

“You’ll be popping them out of your tasty pussy Tally so you can very well name them,” he said one night whilst balls deep in my asshole.

Where Elsa visually looks exactly like me, with her light honey blonde hair and green eyes, Mo looks just like Foster with jet black hair in two pigtails and grey eyes. They are our mini-me’s except, Elsa behaves more like Foster and Mo is just the sweetest baby ever.

“Ewsa don be meanie to tha birdies, kay?” Moana says sweetly looking up at her big sissy. Ever since she was born Moana would only quieten if Elsa held her, and now follows her around like her shadow.

Elsa, my fiercely independent girl, mostly puts up with it.

“Shut up Mo or I’ll feed you to the birds, kay?” Elsa says snidely as she takes a big bite out of her hot dog.

Mo gasps. “Hey! I’ll tell mommy you be mean to me” she pouts as she stands in front of Elsa with her hands on her hips.

“Do it tattle tale what’s mommy gonna do ground me? It’s summer holidays dummy” Elsa snickers as she finishes her hot dog.

“Mommy will send you to pwison!” Moana laughs as she playfully pushes Els.

Els does not like this. I take a sip of my mocktail, watching them carefully, trying to sit up but my 6 months pregnant bump won’t let me. Fee looks up and watches them with me.

“Mommy don’t hurt yourself” She mutters as she tries to help me sit up. God, I love this angel.

“Don’t worry baby mommy is ju- UH ELSA! TAKE YOUR SISTER OUT OF THE WATER RIGHT THIS INSTANT!”

I shout as I see Elsa burying Mo's head under the water as she tries to drown his toddler sister.

May god help me.

Before I can even sit up, Foster is there breaking the two girls apart as he takes Mo away from Els, making sure Mo can breathe, as she coughs up water. Elsa stands there laughing, as Ari and Ti scream at her calling her a meanie bully.

"Elsa, we talked about this. If you don't like what your sisters are doing, we use our words and not our fists okay sweetheart?" Foster says softly, patting Elsa's head. This is why I love my man. He would never be upset or shout at his little princesses.

Moana starts sniffing and sobbing quietly on Foster's chest as he bounces her softly. "Now say sorry to Mo, or we're going to take your Nintendo Switch away from you for a whole week Els."

I snicker, my man knows how to get them to listen.

"Fine! I'm sorry Mo that you are so freakin' annoying!" she says in the bratty tone of a teenager.

Yeah, she's gonna be a handful when she's older.

"Daddy! Dat was not an apowogee!" Mo pouts, I look at her face and fail to see any tears.

"Elsa. Say it properly or I'll take the switch for a whole month."

"OKAY OKAY JEEZ! I'M S-O-R-R-Y MO!" Elsa stomps on the floor as she storms off towards our villa. Mo wiggles, indicating to be put down, and races after Elsa.

These two kill me.

Fee who was holding my hand this entire time leaves and runs off following them. My girl is always the mediator. Ari and Ti are in the corner fighting about who was right, Ari is an Elsa apologist, and defends her big

sister to Ti, who thinks Elsa needs to be put up for adoption.

Delightful.

Foster meets my eyes, his grey ones twinkling in delight as he looks at my pregnant body squished into the only bikini that fits me, a black two-piece that barely covers my swollen boobs. They're no longer the mosquito bites they once were thanks to Foster putting six babies inside me.

I look at my handsome husband up and down.

Time has been so kind to him. His once jet-black hair was shaved at the sides and long at the top; is now shaved and cropped close to his head. The little spikes of grey on the side make him look that much more distinguished and hotter. His skin is still smooth, buttery and tan, and he's added a lot more tattoos on his body, there are seven names hidden all around his arms. I look down to that thickly muscled chest, down to the tapered waist that's gotten thick with muscle, his swimming trunks hanging loosely on his sharp V line hiding a monster package I'd love nothing more than to swallow.

"My eyes are up here Tally baby" He growls as he steps closer to me.

"Mommy, daddy we're gonna go inside and do a democratic vote on who was right in the fight between Mo and Els. Would you guys like to vote?" Tiana states matter of factly, whilst Ari stands next to her and nods her head.

"Mommy and daddy aren't allowed to vote because we love you all equally. Now go inside and annoy your sisters, mommy and daddy need to talk about grown-up things" Foster states pushing the girls inside the secluded private villa we have, that came with a personal beach. The Fosters don't just vacation, we *vacation*.

“Like what? Is it about baby brover?” Ari squeals as she jumps up and down. No one is more excited about their new sibling than little Ari. Ever since she watched *The Little Mermaid* and met her namesake, she’s been wanting to name her brother Sebastian.

“Yes, we’re gonna talk about how mommy and daddy made your baby brother. Now shoo girls, Derek is inside go play with him.” Foster mutters as he stalks towards me menacingly, his thick fat cock tents his swimming shorts.

“Derek is here?!” Ti screeches.

Oh god. My girls all love Derek, but Tiana absolutely *loves* Derek. Her little crush on him is so cute, considering Derek is so professional and acts like a robot 99% of the time. With that, they both run off inside the villa leaving me alone with their daddy.

Who also happens to be *my* daddy.

“I’ve been watching you all day princess. Sitting on that sun lounger, with that tiny bikini on that barely covers your puffy little nipples. Every time you stretched your legs, I looked in between trying to get a glimpse of that perfect fucking pussy.” Foster growls as he grabs the strings that are barely holding my bikini together.

He gives it a little tug, and the tiny scrap of material falls off, baring my milky tits and rosy nipples out.

“Foster! What if they see?” I moan, as he circles my pebbled nipples with this thumb.

“Shhh baby, daddy will look after you, Derek’s with the kids watching a movie, whilst I’m here playing with your pretty little nipples hmm?” He mutters as he squeezes my nipples harshly as if he’s trying to get something out of them.

“They feel so achy daddy” I whine as I squirm my body, rooted to the spot as Foster kneels in front of me, his head coming perfectly up to my tits.

“Let me relieve them for you sweetheart” He mutters, before popping a nipple in his mouth as he sucks hard and rough. I moan out loud as he licks and laves over my nipples, biting, and tugging before pulling them so hard that drops of milk squirt out.

Foster grins, as he licks up the drops of milk, groaning out loud as he goes back to suck more.

“This is why I keep you knocked up Tally. So, I can lick your sweet milk baby, you make daddy so hungry” he growls as he stands up and abruptly carries me, bridal style and takes me towards the side of the villa where a cave resides off the beach.

He props me down on the floor carefully, as I rest on my knees. Foster pushes my hands down until my ass is raised in the air before using his teeth to take my bikini off. The cool summer air blows a breeze against my ass as I shudder.

“Look at that bouncy little ass, should daddy fuck your sweet rosebud or your pussy hmm? No point going in your pussy since I can’t breed you” Foster trails off as his hands explore the cheeks of my ass, squeezing and spanking lightly, as I try to look back at him pouting.

“Daddy please, you can fuck both can’t you?” I whine, grinding my ass back on his monster bulge as he slaps my ass so hard I feel the burn in my guts.

“You want to be a whore today Tally? You want daddy to dip into both holes?” Foster’s dirty-talking game is like no other. He treats me like I’m the queen of his universe, but sometimes he likes to play rough and degrade me.

I nod, as he pushes my head until it’s lying on the sand, and he spreads my ass cheeks until he can see both of my holes, glistening with need. Foster spits on my pussy twice, before slapping it, spreading it around until it coats everything.

I moan and whine as I feel Foster taking the tip of his cock and rubbing it on my holes, teasing me around my puffy lips but not going in where I need him the most.

“They both look so pretty baby, so pink and juicy, gonna fuck your pussy first and use the cream to stuff my cock in your ass hole baby. Won’t that be nice hmm?” Foster grunts as he forces the tip of his cock into my tight pussy making me scream his name out loud.

Foster hips bounce off my ass with each thrust, as he gathers my hair in a fist and tugs, pulling my body up until my back is pressed to his chest. He snakes one hand onto my stomach, rubbing me gently there before coming up to grab one of my tits roughly, smacking my nipples and then squeezing me.

“This is my princess pussy, isn’t it? You’ve been so good to your daddy Tally, making me a father six times huh?”

“Se-seven” I moan, “I’m your baby too”, my words make Foster manic, as he pounds my pussy hard from below. With the way, he’s fucking me you wouldn’t think I was six months pregnant.

“Yes, you’re my first, my last and my only special baby” he moans as he pushes my head back down again, before taking my hips and pounding my pussy brutally. He thrusts in and out so harshly, taking the full length of his cock out, before slamming back in, making me feel him in my stomach.

Foster takes his cock out of my pussy abruptly, making me whine as I feel empty without him. He uses his finger to scoop out some of my pussy juices and spread it around my tiny ass hole making me squeeze my hole out. He stuffs two fingers into my asshole, stretching me out until I’m a wet, sloppy mess on the sand.

“I’ll bring a blanket next time, princess,” He says softly, before replacing his fingers with cock. I feel the sweet tight burn, as his cock stuffs itself into my tiny hole,

stretching me full of him. My eyes roll to the back of my head, as Foster curses up a storm behind me.

“Look at this slutty fucking hole taking me in so good” he croons, as he slowly inches more of his length inside me. I moan out loud, as he shh’s me, and strokes my back in soothing motions. He takes a few inches of his cock out and starts to slowly slam into my asshole until he finds a good rhythm.

We’re panting now, my hands are shaking from having them supporting my weight for so long; my tits feel achy and leak some milk as he pounds into me. My pussy starts to contract and shake, my orgasm building rapidly inside of me.

“Daddy, I feel like I’m going to pee.” I moan as I feel a wave of euphoria travel through my nerve endings.

Foster laughs behind me.

“It’s okay baby, I got you, just let go, you’re making special juices for daddy” He moans as he snakes his hands towards my pussy, rubbing my little button which sets me off, and I squirt all over the sand making a huge mess.

That sets Foster off as he thrusts into me deeply a few times, before pulling out of my ass and covering my pussy and asshole with thick ropes of his cum. I take my finger, scoop some of his cream out and play with it around my pussy, trying to push some inside.

Foster chuckles as he watches, he helps me kneel back up, sweeping the hair out of my face and kissing my lips deeply. He moans as he rains kisses down to my neck until he reaches my tits, and licks up some of the milk around my leaking nipples.

“Daddy!” I giggle as he keeps on sucking. “I haven’t breastfed in so long, how did you make my milk come back?”

“Your tits knew I needed my favourite meal back” He grins devilishly, before standing up and helping me put my bikini on.

We walk back to the villa hand in hand, sneaking in through the back to find our girls all passed out on the couch as Moana plays in the background. I smile, knowing that means Elsa was sorry for what she did to Mo earlier and let her watch her favourite film.

“We did so good, didn’t we baby?” Foster says quietly, his eyes full of love as he looks down at our beautiful princesses.

He walks over to where Derek is sitting upright, with a passed-out Tiana on his lap, and picks up Ari who fell asleep with chocolate all around her mouth. Both of the men get up and take the girls to their room first.

I start by picking up some of the mess around the room when I hear tiny little footsteps behind me. I turn around to see Fee trying to rub the sleep off her eyes.

“Are you ready for bed baby?” I say brushing her hair with my fingers gently.

“No, I help you clean up mama” She smiles up at me.

“You’re an angel Fee, but no it’s bedtime for you. Thank you so much for looking after me today” I smile as I take my little girl’s hand and help her get ready for bed. Once I’m done with Fee I come downstairs, to see Foster carrying Mo’s tiny body, as he kisses her on her forehead.

“I’m gonna take this monster to bed, you okay to take Els? She’s awake again” Foster whispers, trying not to stir Mo who is a light sleeper. Countless times she’s barged into our room, and once we forgot to lock our doors because we were so horny, and I was in the middle of sucking Foster’s cock when she opened the door and ran in.

Safe to say we've changed the door handle since and brought it up to a height only Foster and I can reach.

I walk into the living room and find Elsa sitting on the couch.

"Are you ready for bed baby?"

"Yes, mom. I love you" she mumbles as she kisses my stomach, saying goodnight to her baby brother. I take her hand and help her into her room, before tucking her in bed.

With all my munchkins asleep, I make my way to our bedroom, strip off my dirty bikini, and get in the shower trying to take as much sand out as I can. I feel large hands around my waist and I smile, leaning back against my husband's big chest.

"I love you, Mrs Foster" Foster whispers into my ears as he helps me wash the foamy soap off my body.

"I love you, Mr Foster" I giggle as we make out like teenagers in the shower.

Marrying the love of my life was easy since all of the paperwork of me being fostered was falsified, and there is no official record of Foster being my legal guardian or dad. The priest did look at us weirdly since we both share the same surname, but we spun him a whole story of how we were raised in different countries and met in a coffee shop.

No one needs to know that I ended up marrying my uncle.

We get out of the shower and jump straight into bed and I snuggle up to the love of my life. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that I would be 25 years old, and a mother to five girls with a little baby boy coming on the way.

I lean my head on Foster's chest, as he turns the TV to watch his boring old man news as he usually does every

night when I feel my baby boy kicking my stomach.

“Calm down you little shit, stop kicking your mother”
Foster grumbles playfully, making me giggle.

“I can’t believe you’re jealous of our unborn baby boy” I
snicker, taunting him.

“I’m not jealous. I’m the only man for you. We should
swap him with another baby once he’s born. You’d like
six daughters, wouldn’t you sweetheart?” Foster nips my
ears as I laugh.

My husband’s jealousy really has no bounds. It even
extends to our son.

“You should name him. I’ve named all the girls, it’s your
turn now.”

“Foster Jr”

“No! Foster!” I giggle. “Be serious, absolutely no way is
our child going to be called Foster Foster.”

“It’s what the little shit deserves” he mutters, making me
slap his chest. He sighs as he thinks about it.

“Well, the twins forced me to watch Rapunzel with them
a few weeks ago, and they all loved this character.
Floozy Ryde or something.”

“You mean Flynn Ryder?”

“Yeah, we can call him Flynn. I like that. Sounds heroic.”
Foster smiles, as he rubs soothing circles over my
stomach, looking at me with so much love in his eyes I
melt under his stormy gaze.

“I love that so much. Flynn Foster.” I smile back, getting
lost in our love bubble.

I vaguely hear the news in the background which
captures Foster’s attention as I snuggle into his chest,
closing my eyes, feeling sleep taking over me.

“We have some breaking news for you tonight. Eight years ago, an 18-year-old teenage live streamer disappeared after failing to return home from school. He was the son of a senator, who was exposed a month later for having relations with his minor stepdaughter and was later thrown out of office. Police recovered a body early this morning, which has now been identified as Drew Moore, the live streamer. People from his old high school gathered in the town centre today to commemorate his life. His old classmates described him as “Fun and outgoing,” “the life of the party”, “the class clown” and a “very successful live streamer”. He was known for hosting a show called Dump’d where he would take out girls on a date, only to dump them in front of his fans and viewers. Police have ruled his death as suicide, and the case is now finally closed, bringing peace to his family. My name is Roman Banks, and this has bee-“

I vaguely listen as the name Drew sounds familiar, there’s a memory on the precipice of my mind but the thought won’t fully come to me. With the tight embrace of Foster’s big, muscled arms and the quiet silence of the night, I drift off with my heart full of love.

Life has just *never* been better.

THE END

Authors Note

Thank you so much for reading!

This has been a labour of love and could not have been done without the help of some amazing friends.

FosterTally grew from a random idea in a chaotic group chat, and with the support and encouragement of those friends, in just a few short days they grew into this!

I never thought I would be able to write this whilst juggling many life responsibilities but this became something I didn't want to let go of. Writing the end was emotional, and I've never had more fun than I did whilst writing this.

About Cherry Bonet

Cherry Bonet is the newest hottest thing on the block, here to pop your taboo cherry. Specialising in steamy satirical novellas, Cherry writes to escape her real life which is more boring than watching paint dry.

As an avid reader, Cherry wishes to make her novellas a fun reading experience that can offer some light-hearted relief. Cherry lives somewhere on this earth, with her loving family and no pets. Although she would really, *really* love a cat.

You can find Cherry at -

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