

Parallel Lives

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Parallel Lives

by [AlfieHunter](#)

Summary

On her eighteenth birthday, Adeline wakes up in a strange world where free use incest is commonplace -- and, of course, she still lives with her parents.

Notes

I asked readers to vote on a poll for the next stories, and you guys didn't disappoint. Thanks for participating!

As always, this is pure fantasy and doesn't reflect anything that should be done in reality. Real people don't exist in porno world, where sex is the defining feature of life, trauma doesn't matter, and everybody's one dick away from turning into an insatiable slut. Everyone in the GIFs is over 18.

Chapter 1

Adeline's eighteenth birthday celebrations started with a bang.

Her parents hired out the local indie movie theater, complete with snacks and drinks, so she could marathon her favorite musical flicks on the big screen and sing along with her friends, pitch be damned. Laura and Maverick stayed on site, but always unobtrusive, relaxing in the upstairs employees' lounge and only checking in every hour to refresh the cooler with Coke and tip the staff. Adeline invited them to watch Pitch Perfect or West Side Story, but they just smiled with a twinkle in their eyes and told her to have fun. And she did.

The only thing missing from the party was a cake with eighteen candles, though that wasn't unusual. Their family tradition was a big bash the day before her actual birthday, and a smaller, private occasion the day of, where Adeline would blow out the candles, make her wish, and open her presents.

Now, after hours of singing and laughing and gossiping, her throat was a little sore, but she was happy. She'd washed off her makeup, changed into one of her dad's baggy old shirts, and cuddled up with him and her mom on the living room couch to come down from the excitement with a book until her yawns came fast and regular.

'Looks like it's time for bed,' said Maverick, pressing a kiss to her temple.

'Yeah,' agreed her mom. 'Get your beauty sleep, kiddo. You've got some serious surprises tomorrow.'

'And don't look in the garage,' her dad smirked, with a wink. 'No reason.'

Adeline laughed. This birthday was particularly special because it also celebrated her getting her driver's license, and she knew they'd spring for a car. Not a new one, nothing too fancy, but something she'd be able to use for years. Something she knew she'd love.

'Thanks for the best day ever,' she said, hugging them both tight. 'You guys are awesome.'

'You're welcome, honey,' her mom cooed.

'Sleep tight,' added Maverick. 'Tomorrow's a big day.'

That was an understatement. Still buzzed from the party, Adeline tossed and turned, unable to sleep. She tried laying still, melting into the warm comfort of her cozy bed, smelling the familiar scent of her father that had permeated her shirt, even though it was clean. She didn't realize how one thing connected to the other, not consciously, but taking in that masculine scent, her brain landed on *one* strategy that usually helped her unwind.

Under the covers, Adeline rolled her white panties down her thighs and lifted her t-shirt up, freeing her tits and cute little pussy. She'd learned how to get herself off years ago, but she'd secretly shaved her cunt for the first time last night, and she curiously ran her fingertips along

her newly smooth lips and mound. It felt different, gave her the same happy little rush of sliding her smooth legs one against the other, and she shivered in pleasure when she found the hardening nub of her clit buried between her puffy outer lips.



Rubbing her teen pussy and playing with her perky tits, sinking into contented slumber with her dad's manly scent enveloping her, Adeline thought of how lucky she was, how happy, and privately, she wished she could feel even *more* of her parents' love, if that were possible.

Then, she fell asleep, one hand on her vulva, the other draped across her chest. The clock struck midnight, ushering in her birthday.

And everything changed.

'Good morning, princess!'

Still rubbing the sleep out of her eyes, Adeline grinned as she reached the bottom of the stairs. The living room was festooned with balloons, and the gifts she'd received from her friends and family were piled up near the fireplace in a mountain of loud, clashing patterns of all shapes and sizes. Her parents sat behind the coffee table, on which rested a tray with a big glass of freshly squeezed orange juice, a steaming mug of frothy hot chocolate, and a little bowl with her traditional birthday breakfast: a home-cooked panna cotta with scarlet strawberry jam.

'Good morning!' she chirped, throwing herself in the armchair with gusto.

'Happy birthday, baby,' said Maverick, his fond grin creasing the corners of his bright eyes.

‘We’re so proud of you, honey,’ Laura continued. ‘We hope you know that, Addie.’

‘I know. I love you.’

She could see happy tears glimmer in her mother’s eyes – always the emotional one – and so did Maverick, who chuckled and gave his wife a big kiss on the cheek.

‘Alright, let’s get down to business. No crying at a party!’

Smiling, Adeline sat forward, expecting to be handed the tray so she could eat while they talked about what they’d do today, but Maverick shook his finger and mock-tutted.

‘Don’t think I’ve forgotten the finishing touch,’ he said.

And Adeline’s smile froze, shocked, as she watched her father unzip his slacks and pull out his hard, blushing cock.



Laura simply watched with a pleased expression while her husband crouched close to the bowl of pudding and pumped his thick fuckpole in front of their daughter. He was clearly primed already, near the edge, and Adeline tried to think back to a few minutes ago, wondering if she’d noticed the lump of his erection in his pants and simply overlooked it, but her brain was scrambled from the shock of the situation. She just took in her dad’s panting breaths, fucking his coiled fist, the sound of his masturbation – a sound she’d only heard in porn before – and, soon, the potent smell of his cum as he spurted a thick load of daddy spunk on her meal.



Maverick sighed, milking every last drop out of his jizz onto his daughter's food, and tucked his softening penis back in his pants with a tired smile. 'Alright. All yours.'

When Adeline didn't move, he laughed, said something about spoiling his little girl, and put the tray over her lap, balanced on the arms of the armchair. Closer-up, she watched his viscous white semen pool and mix with her mother's homemade strawberry jam, the combined scents tickling her nose. Laura's hand entered her field of vision, opening to reveal a small, black key bearing the Ford logo.

Absently, she raised her head, and saw both her parents' grinning faces. Her mother put the key on the breakfast tray.

'It's a Fiesta,' she started. 'Only a few years old. Your dad got a great deal from the guy at the place near the supermarket.'

'You can find all my techniques in my new book, *The Art of the Deal 2: This Time It's Personal*,' Maverick chuckled. He met his daughter's eyes, like he hadn't just jerked off all over her food. 'I'll get you a signed copy—'

'What the fuck are you talking about?!" Adeline exploded, springing to her feet like she'd been stung. The tray clattered on the floor, ceramic and glass shattering on the ground with ear-piercing sounds. Milk, juice, panna cotta, cum, everything pooled and spread at her feet, soaking into the carpet. The car key bounced under a cabinet. 'This is *horrible*!'

Her parents sat, stunned, wordless, and that only riled her up more. 'How could you think – did you wait until I got – I didn't *want* this!' Hot, angry tears ran down her cheeks, a mirror of her mother's emotion a blissful ten minutes ago. How had everything changed so fast? Adeline wiped her eyes with her forearm and glared at the adults. 'You're *disgusting*.'

And before she knew what was happening, she bolted out of the room and to the front door. She didn't care that she was barefoot, that she was only in her t-shirt and short shorts, she just ran out, barely registering her mother's anguished call for her to come back.

Outside, without shoes, she couldn't go far, but she didn't need to. Instinct guided her down a familiar path, a journey she'd made hundreds, maybe thousands of times over the years; down the street, over the lawn, up the gnarled oak tree, frantically knocking on her childhood friend's window.

Liz opened up the curtains, squinting in the sudden light, but snapping awake when she saw Adeline's panicked face. She lifted her window open and pulled her hysterical friend into her room, immediately stroking her hair, murmuring 'hey, it's okay, c'mon Addie.'

After some deep breaths, she did manage to calm down, and that's when she realized her legs were covered in the foods she'd thrown to the ground. About half an hour later, she sat in Liz's living room in clothes borrowed from her friend, hair still wet from the shower. They'd been in this same position too many times to count, during sleepovers or after a dip in Liz's backyard pool, but the mood was radically different now.

Concern clear in her features, Liz pushed a mug of tea into Adeline's hands, wrapping her friend's fingers around the soothing curves of the ceramic. 'You can tell me what happened when you're ready, okay?'

'I – I don't even *know*,' murmured Adeline. The warmth of the drink anchored her, but in making the situation real, it only made her more confused. She could clearly see her father furiously beating his meat, almost *hear* the slapping of flesh on flesh. How could she tell Liz, someone who was practically her sister? Who'd known Adeline's dad all her life? 'I mean... it's... my parents had my birthday breakfast ready, and I sat down, and... dad m-masturbated and came all over it.'

Liz nodded, wearing the same worried look. 'And then what happened?'

Adeline blinked.

'What do you mean?'

Confusion tinged Liz's face now. 'I mean, he always does that. It's part of your tradition. That's what you told me last year when I stayed at your place during mom and dad's anniversary vacation. Remember?'

Liz *had* spent almost a month living with Adeline and her family, at a time that happened to overlap with her birthday. They'd shared her special breakfast, and had an action-packed day out at the amusement park near their town.

But one thing they hadn't experienced was her father shooting ropes on their food. And it *sure* wasn't a tradition.

'I don't –' Adeline's words were cut short by a knock on the door.

'Sorry girls,' said Liz's dad, popping his head in. 'I just wanted to check in on you. Hi, Addie. Happy birthday, sweetheart, I'm sorry you're upset.'

Despite how puzzled she felt, Adeline smiled. This man was like an uncle, someone she'd grown up trusting, and it was a relief to see him in the middle of this mess. 'Thanks, Chuck.'

'You don't have to tell me what's wrong,' he continued, ambling in and taking a seat on the couch behind Liz, hands on her shoulders. 'I can't say I understand the woes of a teenage girl. But if there's anything I can do, you just let me know, alright?'

'That means a lot. Honestly. And, um, actually, maybe you *can* help. It's my dad, he... h-he...'

But she stuttered, hard, and couldn't recover. As if it were the most natural thing in the world, halfway through her sentence, Chuck's hands slid down his daughter's shoulders, and she spread her arms a little to let his hands slip past either side of her chest and grope her fat tits.



'Mav? What about him?' he asked. Adeline's lips stayed parted, ready to keep speaking, but she just watched as Chuck casually massaged Liz's milkers through her loose-fitting sports bra, sinking his fingers into each soft breast, gently spreading them, trapping her hardening nipples between his ring and forefingers.

Liz stayed focused on Adeline throughout the groping, though her breathing became more labored. 'You can take your time, Addie. Oh...' she moaned, and nodded. 'We're here for you.'

Looking from Liz's face to Chuck playing with his daughter's teen tits, Adeline stiffly shook her head, and staggered to her feet. 'I – I'll tell you – soon.'

'Are you sure?' Chuck asked, slipping his hands under his daughter's bra. 'You can stay as long as you want.'

Adeline nodded. 'Yeah, I – it's a family thing. I got overwhelmed, but I – I need to solve it myself.'

'Alright,' Liz said. She let Chuck slip the bra off her, and turned to face him so he could more easily toy with her boobs, which he did, squeezing them together to pinch and rub her pokey nipples with his thumbs. 'Text me, okay? Happy birthday.'

'Happy birthday, little lady,' Chuck said, smiling, mercilessly kneading his child's breasts.



That image stuck in Adeline's mind as she absently wandered out of her friend's home, still wearing her borrowed clothes.

Something was clearly extremely wrong, but she had no idea what could have made families act this way overnight. Based on Liz's words and reactions, as well as Chuck's, they thought jacking off in front of your kids or feeling them up was totally natural, and something *she* was involved in, too. It was like she'd fallen into some sort of alternate dimension. It couldn't be a prank, it was way too extreme. Some kind of virus? Something in the water? But then, why didn't she feel the same way, have the same false memories?

Were they false?

This was all too much. She worried about what her parents would do, but she had no idea what the rest of the world was like, now, and she'd rushed off without her phone. Without the keys to her new car. Out of options, after wandering around the neighborhood to clear her head, she slowly headed back home, heart hammering in her chest.

As soon as she opened the door, she was greeted by a painfully familiar sight: her mom and dad, sitting close but in separate seats, clearly mid-conversation, heads turning to look at her with expressions that were outwardly neutral, but unmistakably tinged with worry and sadness. Adeline didn't see these faces often, but she was a teenager, and she sometimes stayed out past curfew, or chanced skipping school, so she knew them enough to recognise the hurt in their eyes. The betrayal of granting their daughter so much freedom and happiness, and being rewarded with a mean trick.

The *causes* of this particular upset, however, she wasn't used to.

‘Hi, Adeline,’ sighed Laura. She gestured to the free seat, at the peak of a triangle made up of the two of them and the empty chair, and though she was still in a sort of fight or flight mode, Adeline meekly perched on its edge. The mess of breakfast items had been cleared up, but she could almost still see its ghostly outline at her feet.

‘Chuck called us to say you stopped by,’ said Maverick.

Adeline didn’t look at him. ‘Yeah.’

There was a pause. Then, she heard him continue: ‘So, what happened? What do you have to say for yourself?’

She didn’t reply, this time. After a long minute of silence, Laura interjected: ‘Talk to us. We don’t know what’s gotten into you.’

‘You’ve never been this ungrateful.’

This had Adeline snap to attention. ‘Ungrateful?’

Maverick nodded, frowning. ‘Maybe you think it’s grown up to throw a tantrum when you don’t like your present, but you couldn’t be more wrong.’

Involuntarily, Addie snorted. ‘You think this is about the *car*?’

‘We know you wanted something more modern, racier, but this is what we can afford right now,’ said Laura. ‘If it *isn’t* about the car, then what is it, honey? Tell us.’

Until she understood what was going on, Adeline didn’t want to say anything that might make her seem suspicious, so she didn’t say anything at all. Maverick sighed, stood up, and stopped in front of her with his hands on his hips. Level with her father’s crotch, the memory of this morning still fresh in her mind, she instantly noted the distinct bulge in his pants, even when he wasn’t hard. She’d never noticed how hung he was –

Because she’d never had a reason to.

‘Get up, Adeline,’ he sighed. ‘If you’re gonna act like a kid, I’m going to treat you like one. Didn’t want to have to *spank* my daughter on her eighteenth birthday, but...’

She swallowed a lump in her throat, but the trade-off wasn’t that bad. She’d rarely been spanked, growing up, and when it did happen, it was always light and clearly half-hearted. She knew he wanted her to avoid the humiliation of being babied and open up, but she wouldn’t. So she stood, and they moved up to her bedroom, where she’d be grounded once the punishment was meted out.

The first red flag was being asked to take her panties off.

Maverick always spanked her over her clothes, but she didn’t feel like she was in a place to argue, not while she was still in the dark about what was happening. Shakily, she took off Liz’s shorts and stepped out of her underwear, leaving her in just her t-shirt.

The family weren't prudes, and occasionally saw each other naked, but the knowledge of the strange rules of this new world she found herself in made her very aware of her father's eyes on her bald pussy, its chubby lips prominent even with her legs tightly closed.

'Lie down,' Maverick said. The words sent a shiver down her spine, and she shook her head. His voice took on an irritated tinge. 'The faster we get this over with, the better.'

Still nothing. She wasn't sure what would happen, and she wasn't prepared when Maverick firmly pushed on her shoulder to make her stumble onto the bed. Her flailing arms made the shirt ride up, exposing her firm little tits, and as she went to pull it down, Maverick clapped a hand over her mouth.

'This is going to hurt me more than it hurts you,' he grunted, and after a quick swipe of his fingers over her cunt lips, he reared back and slapped his daughter's pussy.



Addie yelped against his palm, hands clutching the sheets. He delivered another sharp whack to her cunt, fat lips jiggling from the impact, and in the midst of her utter confusion, Addie realized that the blows sent a tremor to her clit that felt *good*. At the next slap, her cry of surprise turned to a shocked moan, and the next two hits had her hips twisting in place, pussy clenching to stimulate her fuckbutton –

And it was over.

Maverick took his hand off her mouth, and crouched beside her while she lay motionless on the bed, trying to process what just happened, and why she'd felt *pleasure*, even as the skin of her vulva reddened, hurt, and felt hot from the spanking.

She jumped when her father's fingers gently covered her slit, and started to massage her stiff little clit as he spoke, quiet and loving: 'I'm sorry, Addie. You know I don't like doing it. But you can't act out like that, even when it's your birthday.'

'When you want to talk about *why* you acted the way you did, you can come to us anytime,' Laura said, watching her husband stroke their daughter's flushed pussy. 'We love you so much, honey.'



Panting, reeling, Adeline hadn't even had time to internalize that her father had smacked her privates, and now, he was petting her cunny with expert tenderness, and a warm fuzz of pleasure spread through her belly. No one had ever touched her like this – and the fact it was her own dad, acting like it was completely normal –

She was as turned on as she was disgusted.

In the silence, however, she understood she had to say something, so she nodded. 'I love you too, mom, dad. I'm – I'm just dealing with... stuff. But –' her thighs trembled as her father lazily rolled her clit between his thumb and forefinger. 'I – I'll tell you everything when I've cleared it up. Promise.'

'Alright, honey.' With a final pat, Maverick's hand left her vulva, and she hated how cold it felt without his big, warm presence. 'You're tired, and your mom and I definitely need a beer –'

'Or three,' Laura cut in.

'Or three. Sleep tight.'

At least she'd have some time to herself now, Adeline thought, just before she felt her ass being lifted up, looking down in time to see her father lower his face, tongue out, to lap up her puffy pussy in a slow goodnight kiss.



sensual-kiss

He sucked her cunt, let go with a wet pop, and put an arm around Laura to wander over to the dining room, leaving Adeline splayed out on her bed, eyes wide and pussy wet and throbbing.

Chapter 2

Sleep was hard to come by after getting her cunt spanked by her dad. Adeline spent the bulk of the night on her phone, investigating the bizarre sexual dimension of parent-children relationships she'd witnessed – and experienced.

It was a frustrating search. Rather than news items screaming about an overnight incest epidemic, she found it hard to even *find* information at first, scrolling through news websites without luck until she stumbled on an article in an otherwise unremarkable item about her state governor.

It was a piece about some new bill he'd recently signed, nothing Adeline cared too much about, but which he'd clearly made a pivotal point of his re-election campaign. In the accompanying video, he flashed a blinding white smile at the camera and spoke about policy, adult children at his sides and wife nearby. So far, so typical. What wasn't normal, however, was that in the same way Addie expected him to hug his kids when talking about family values, he casually lifted the front of his daughter's dress to fondle her naked pussy. As he affectionately caught her clit between his fingers to grope her into steady moans of pleasure, he patted the front of his son's slacks to find his cock, gripping the shaft through his pants and rubbing the tip with his thumb. Voters watched with benevolent smiles, and one woman who the news asked for a statement had nothing but praise for him as a politician and devoted family man.

She was *pretty* sure that wasn't normal.

Was she in another world? Was it an extended dream? She looked at the time on her phone. Half an hour before her alarm went off. Then she'd have to face her parents.

It was easier to just get up, get dressed, slip out of the house before anyone else got up, and take her new car for a ride.

She stopped at Starbucks and sipped her coffee in the parking lot, trying to process everything. She couldn't even find it in herself to be excited about her birthday present, even though it drove well and she'd found it packed with little bonus gifts from mom and dad. Gift cards (one of which she'd used to buy breakfast), a little sun-powered hula girl for the dashboard, a windshield sun shade made to look like a bunch of raccoons were behind the wheel, sarcastic bumper stickers. It was a little painful. *This* version of her parents clearly loved her to death, just as the ones from the *real* world did.

Well, *her* world, anyway.

The coffee started to turn her stomach. It was almost time for school, anyway. She could think about all this later.

People were still few and far between when she pulled up to the parking lot, easily able to find a place that she could slide into without trouble. She was walking to the building, lost in thought, when a familiar voice called from a parked car: 'Hey, Addie!'

It was Chuck, her friend Liz's dad. Adeline was still wary of people, but he hadn't acted weird towards *her* yesterday.

'Good morning,' she said, with a nervous smile, walking closer.

'Did you patch things up with your mom and dad?'

She got close enough to peer through the open window and see that Chuck had his pants down around his knees, tugging on his hard cock, and just then, he groaned, fist rapidly jerking up and down the tip, and milked out spurts of thick white jizz.



As his breathing slowed, splatters of sperm cooling on his legs, Adeline stood stock still. She couldn't believe she'd just seen her best friend's dad *blow his load*. In the high school parking lot! He was only the second guy she'd seen climax.

The first had been... her own father, yesterday.

Taking her silence and wide eyes as an answer in the negative, Chuck let out an understanding hum as he wiped the cum off himself. 'Sorry, sweetheart. It'll be okay, I promise.' He gestured at the last splotch on his thigh. 'Liz had to scarper before finishing me off. You want to lick it up? That usually cheers you up.'

Another simple sentence that hit her like a freight train. She made enough of a habit of tasting her best friend's dad's spunk that he knew how it made her feel? Addie slowly shook her head, desperately searching for words. 'I'm... no, thanks. I...'

'I know. You're a daddy's girl. It's hard to slurp another man's fuckslop when you're having a fight with him.' Chuck finished cleaning himself up and nodded at her. 'You have a good day, alright? Don't be late!'

Still dazed, Adeline went through the school's double doors with a sinking feeling in her gut. There seemed to be a culture of consent, at least in some ways, so she wasn't as worried as before – but would teenage boys have the same self-control?

The truth was a mixture of relief and more puzzlement. The school didn't descend into an orgy. Kids talked, joked around, and acted the fool like they always did. The couples who were always a little too handsy stayed at the same level, making out and clutching each other, but didn't go further.

Touching *themselves* was another thing.

Casually, like chewing gum or cracking wise, boys rubbed prominent hard-ons through their jeans and girls stroked their pussies and massaged their tits, some openly masturbating in the middle of a conversation. Standing beside Liz before class, trying to nod at the right times as her friend told her about some new video game she'd just started, Adeline saw her ex-boyfriend James rapidly beating his meat behind his sister, until he splattered her back and ass with a couple shots of cum – which she reacted to as if he'd just stuck gum on her chair, yelping, 'James! These are my favorite pants! You jackass!'



So far, it looked like incest was totally normal, just as common a way to express family affection as a hug or a kiss on the cheek. Publicly touching your *self* was okay. But more than that, and the rules weren't too different from the ones back in Addie's own world.

This was confirmed in more ways than one during class. People were still getting settled into their seats, yawning and sleepily taking out their textbooks. A couple who always made a point of acting extra seemed to have kept their lips locked from the hallway all the way to the girl's seat. Mrs Bentsen, never one for nonsense, stopped beside them and knocked on the desk. 'Alright, break it up, lovebirds. You'll still have each other in an hour.'

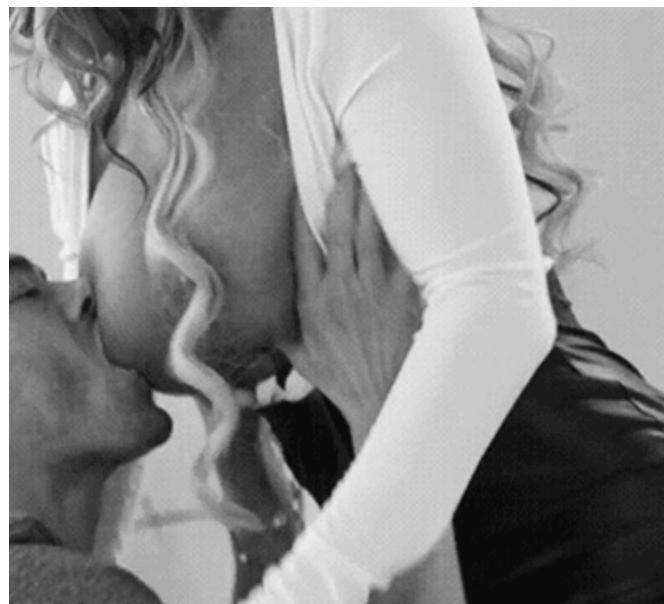
Reluctantly, the couple parted, and the teacher headed back to the whiteboard to write out today's lesson plan. Thankfully, they were in the middle of a multi-class streak of presentations on US rivers, and since Adeline had gone the week before, she could relax and write notes on autopilot. Good. Her brain was definitely not in a state to focus on school.

The reprieve was a godsend. Teams of three went up to awkwardly talk about the Mississippi or the Rio Grande, people discreetly checked their phones, and Adeline's deskmate doodled

throughout, as usual. It felt *normal*. She even caught her eyes drifting towards Seb, the boy she currently had a crush on. He was starting to grow a little stubble, which she could see even from a few desks away, and she dreamed of how it would feel to have that hair scratching her cheek as they kissed. She didn't pay it any mind when Mrs Bentsen wandered towards him.

In her slight haze, she only remembered Seb was Mrs Bentsen's son moments before he unbuttoned her top and popped out her big, soft breasts.

Unable to look away – something she'd experienced over and over since waking up on Sunday – Adeline watched the boy she liked fondle his mom's milky tits in the middle of class, and suck first one hard pink nipple into his mouth, then the other, kissing and licking Mrs Bentsen's perfect udders like he wanted to nurse from them, sinking his fingers into the tender flesh to lovingly massage them. Throughout, the teacher looked over her shoulder to pay attention to the presentation, even as her face reddened and her breathing became heavier.



And nobody batted an eye.

'Good job, guys,' she said, as the presenters wrapped up and headed back to their seats. 'See, that's a great example of not having too much information, but getting the main facts across. Who wants to go next?'

The head of another team raised her hand, and the group went to set up. In this short lull, Mrs Bentsen pulled a chair up beside Seb, milkers still out in the open for all the kids to see. Seb played with her tits as she sat down, cuddled up to him, and casually pulled the front of his pants and briefs down to free his teen cock and balls.

Adeline gasped, though no one noticed, blushing at the sight of her crush's throbbing meat. As the group at the whiteboard started their presentation, Seb sucked on his mom's boobs, resting his face against them, while Mrs Bentsen worked her elegant fingers up and down her son's hard-on. She tutted a couple of times if he moaned too loudly, pressing his open mouth

harder against her rack to keep him quiet, but otherwise, she watched her students talk and polished Seb's pole at the same time without a care in the world.



'Thanks, everybody,' she said, at the presentation's close, expertly pumping her fist over her son's dripping prick, tightening her grip over the ridge of his pearly pink glans on the upstroke. 'I'll write you some more detailed feedback later, but you need to balance out your roles better. I think Jesse said ten words total.'

The lesson carried on the same way until the bell rang, and Adeline noted that Seb still hadn't cum. She'd heard jokes about teen boys busting fast, but in a world where they were free to fuck and stroke themselves to their hearts' content, they were bound to last longer.

Wait. Nothing here made sense. She couldn't start thinking about stuff as *logical*, or she might really start to buy into this perverted alternate universe. Or whatever it was.

Seb sat at her table during lunch, chatting with the group. Liz elbowed her, knowing Addie's crush, and raised her eyebrows like, *dude, he's here!* And in any other circumstances, Adeline would have been thrilled. Now, though, she could only picture him suckling on his mother's teats, nibbling her nipples, as she jacked him off.

And as if this were all planned to drive her crazy, when she was walking to her car at the end of the day, she heard rhythmic moans from a nearby SUV, and saw Mrs Bentsen on all fours on the floor, naked, mounted by Seb as he thrust his cock into his mom's shaved cunt. He was fucking her, no rubber, humping like a horny dog, prick squelching in and out of Mrs Bentsen's sopping wet pussy.



Real sex. It was Adeline's first time seeing real sex. And it was *incest*, featuring the boy she thought she might love.

It was too surreal to be upsetting. And it modified her understanding of the rules of this world, at least a little. Teachers didn't hug their kids in class, least of all someone as professional as Mrs Bentsen. It wasn't a one-to-one transfer of family affection to family fucking, and that made her even more nervous. What unwritten rules might she break? Would anyone believe her if she told them her story?

How the hell did this happen?

With all the experiences of the day, Adeline didn't even remember the weird situation with her parents until she walked through the front door and heard her father's baritone call out, 'Addie?'

Maverick was in the living room, working on his laptop. He'd recently been able to do most of his job from home, which had been great news at first – Adeline could always rely on his help with homework, or if she needed to vent. He was a wizard when it came to advice, never dismissing her concerns as meaningless teen drama. And even though she wasn't exactly sure how to feel about him now, she couldn't help smiling back at his warm welcoming expression. 'Hi, dad.'

The concern on her face must have been obvious, because he closed his computer and set it aside. 'Hey. Come sit down.'

Although there was space beside him on the couch, Adeline perched on the armchair across from him, and picked at a loose thread on the stitching of her jeans. Maverick leaned forward.

'You left before breakfast.'

'Sorry,' Addie murmured.

Her father sighed. 'No, I'm the one who's sorry. We might have gone too far yesterday. But your mother and I are *worried*, sweetie. I wish you'd tell me what's wrong.'

Adeline stayed mum. It was hard. Everything in her wanted to tell him, to ask for his advice, but it was all too weird to explain.

'Adeline... please tell me if it's something... *legal*, at least.' Surprised, Addie looked at him, and saw the real pain in his kind eyes. It hurt her heart. 'I won't be mad. I just want you to be safe. If it's drugs, or if someone dared lay a finger on you –'

'It isn't like that,' she blurted out. In *her* world, it'd definitely be a criminal issue, but here... 'I promise. I'm just... feeling weird about everything. My place. Myself. It's probably an age thing.'

This seemed to mollify him, but only a little. 'Just because it happens a lot to teens like you doesn't mean it isn't serious. Do you think therapy would help?'

This only made Adeline's heart tighten more. This man was her dad, the caring, loving man who'd raised her from birth, who'd always been a model husband to her mother.

Who'd spurted his jizz on her breakfast, spanked her pussy raw, and French kissed the slit right after.

She shook her head. What would she even say? Who'd believe her? She wasn't even sure she believed herself. Maybe the world had always been like this, and she'd woken up on her birthday with false memories. Either way, even the most forgiving therapist would think she was crazy.

'It's okay, dad. I just need some time to process everything, I guess. Have some me-time, take things slow.'

Maverick nodded, sighing again. 'I've read some articles about this. Girls feeling awkward about their looks, shying away from family time. Not wanting to have sex.'

Actually hearing her father say the words made her heart skip a beat, and again when he met her gaze.

'That's alright, honey. You take all the time you need.'

Of course, that would've seemed more sincere if she couldn't see his half-hard cock poking out one of the leg holes of his shorts. She'd watched him jack off, briefly, but her father's erection was still new, the way the color of the shaft faded to a bright reddish pink at the tip, like a heat map of lust. Maverick followed her line of sight and chuckled, gripping himself through his pants and slowly massaging his meat, so it pointed straight at his daughter.



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'I'm serious, Addie. Take your time. But you know I can't help getting stiff looking at your gorgeous face and your hot little body.'

Adeline laughed, nervous, blushing. No one had ever spoken to her like that before. Maverick smiled fondly and stood up, which Addie took as a cue to do the same. If she stayed seated, she'd be mouth-level with his prick, and that didn't feel right – even though, when he hugged her, feeling her father's throbbing boner against her belly seemed weird too. Almost dizzying.

Maverick stepped back, hands on her shoulders, to stare at her admiringly, and let out a soft chuckle.

'Always with the pokies. You really can't help it, huh?'

Adeline wasn't sure what he meant, but when her dad started unbuttoning her shirt, she realized the tight, ticklish feeling of hardening nipples at the tip of each of her soft teen breasts. She wasn't *cold*, not even when her bare tits were freed. Did feeling a stiff dick make her body react automatically?

Somehow, she didn't expect what came next, and flinched with a little gasp as her father gently pinched and flicked one rosy nip with his thumb and forefinger. A little spark straight to her clit – and that was getting firm, too.



‘Your mom and I will always be there for you,’ said Maverick, looking in his daughter’s eyes while playing with her nipples. ‘We love you to the moon and back.’

Confused, full of love and apprehension and uncertainty, Adeline nodded and smiled in hopes of being able to go hide out in her room. Her words were sincere, but came out a little strained: ‘I know. You’re the best parents a girl could want.’

Touched, Maverick moved his hand from her chest to cup her beautiful face, and pressed a loving kiss square on her half-open coral-pink lips.



Addie moved to stop him, to push him away or grip his arm, but the moment their mouths touched, her mind turned to goo. Her bare breasts pushed against her father’s muscular chest, and goosebumps popped up in the wake of his fingers trailing over her naked hip and side, stopping short of the waistband of her jeans. He was a great kisser, just the way she liked, gentle but firm, the tip of his tongue breaching her lips just enough to make her shiver.

When he ended the kiss and patted her shoulder, he headed to the kitchen to make himself some coffee, leaving her dazed in the living room with her tits out. And Adeline knew that she wasn’t turned on just because she was being kissed or fondled, or because she’d felt an erection against her body, but because it was *her own father*.

After that, the days went by at an odd pace.

In many ways, they were indistinguishable from her regular life. She went to school, she hung out with her friends, she watched TV and read through her backlog of books. After a few weeks, she could basically tune out the casual, constant sex all around her, though she was still blindsided by classic novels and movies suddenly containing scenes of graphic incest she knew for a fact hadn’t been in the original. She was sure she would’ve remembered Hamlet’s soliloquies to the audience between tongue-dives into his mother’s pussy.

She hadn’t expected the touching.

Maverick always kept his word, and made no mention of fucking his daughter, not even a peep to pressure her. What he did do, however, was freely grope her young tits and pussy without a second thought. It was so normal here that he didn't even *consider* it sexual, something they could "abstain" from. It was like a stress reliever. If he'd had a difficult day at work, or he noticed Addie was a little tired or blue after school, he'd give her a peck on the forehead, slip her panties to the side, and fill her cunt with two or three fingers.



She'd been too shocked to react the first time he did it, after their heart-to-heart talk, and could only focus on the sensation of her dad's thick fingers stroking the walls of her pussy, diddling her cute little clit with his thumb. Soon, she often found herself listening to her mom chat about her own day while Maverick fingerfucked her and sucked her luscious young tits, merely humming approvingly or disapprovingly at details in his wife's stories – which made Addie's boob tremble in his mouth.



The worst part, she quickly realized, was how normal this started to feel to her. After about a month, she didn't just passively accept it, she made a point of greeting her dad with a kiss on the lips to encourage him to start groping her.

It felt amazing. And if he was going to do it anyway, she reasoned she might as well get over it quickly, even though deep down, she knew she did more than tolerate it. This Maverick

was a seasoned cocksman, raised satisfying his mother and sisters, and he knew just how to make Addie squirm and moan with a few flicks of the wrist.

It wasn't until the evening Adeline had crept into her parents' bed after a night full of weird nightmares that she acknowledged just how addicted she was to the way her daddy played with her privates, because in a sleepy daze, she'd let him take off the t-shirt she wore as pajamas, roll down her panties, and tease her awake by rubbing circles on her clit and pussy lips. And it felt amazing.



In her old life, she never imagined she'd find herself getting fondled by her father while lying beside her sleeping mother, but now, she felt the irrepressible urge to mumble: 'Can I touch you too, dad?'

Maverick sometimes stroked himself while working on her, but not as often as she'd expected. She'd seen him masturbate around the house plenty of times by now, so much she could usually carry on a conversation with him while he did it without getting embarrassed, but the more time passed, the more she found herself attracted to his meat. If she hadn't been half-asleep, she might have stopped herself from asking, held back by a lifetime of social norms and rules. But she'd said it, and there was no taking it back.

Maverick chuckled. 'Of course, honey. I'm glad you want to.'

He turned towards her, lying on his side, and pulled the elastic of his boxer briefs down to expose his stiff fuckpole, tucking the waistband under his tight balls. Adeline's throat might have been dry from nerves, but her mouth watered too, with true *hunger*. She reached out, delicately, and petted her father's swollen prick like she would a skittish pet.



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She'd never touched a penis before, and she was surprised at how smooth the skin felt, how his cock twitched under her feathered touch. Maverick's breath came out in a quiet stutter when she wrapped her small hand around his thick shaft, and experimentally pumped her fist. *On her dad's dick.*

'I missed this,' he whispered. His hand returned to his daughter's puffy pussy lips, which he strummed like a precious instrument. 'You know you can hold on tighter, baby. Like that, good girl.'

They touched each other, beside Addie's snoozing mother. It felt so intimate, so loving, having her dad's strong fingers so gently massage her horny little cunt, feeling the hot slick of his pre starting to drip on her hand. She felt the orgasm build up in a tight coil in her belly, and writhed under Maverick's touch with high pitched lustful moans.



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'You're getting close,' Maverick murmured. It was bizarre to think that, with a lifetime of raising another version of her, he knew how to make her melt under his expert touch, knew just how to make his perfect girl get off. 'Want me to fuck you?'

Addie gasped. Her father was playing with her clit like he always did, amazingly well, but those words made her whole cunt throb with desire. She'd used vibrators before, and she knew her hymen was well and truly stretched open, but she was still a *virgin*.

She wanted to say yes, but it was in the heat of the moment. Maybe there was still a way to go back to her world. Did she really want to have her dad pop her cherry and live to regret it?

The pause was enough for Maverick to nuzzle the side of her face and kiss her, sliding his fingers inside her warm, pulsing pussy. 'It's okay. We have all the time in the world. You're doing great. Let's just make each other cum.'

For Adeline, having that weight lifted was enough to push her over the edge, and she shivered as the climax washed through her. With the rhythmic spasms of his daughter's cunt at his touch, Maverick's own orgasm punched him low in the gut, and he spurted ropes of baby batter all over the bedsheets and Addie's arm.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I've seen comments about the gifs not working. They show up for me on Chrome and Firefox. Try another browser or see if your adblock etc is interfering.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

It seemed inevitable, but it was still a surprise when it happened.

Three months had passed since Adeline woke up in this strange new world, and she'd adapted to her circumstances remarkably well. Constant, casual masturbation didn't phase her anymore. She didn't really indulge in public, but if the mood struck her, she'd tweak a nipple or rub her cunt through her pants or panties, shivering from the thrill of exhibitionism; probably the only person who felt that frisson in this particular universe.

At home, by this point, she'd truly gone native. It was hard to grieve for a lost life when, in many ways, it was still the same.

Today was a school holiday, and Maverick streamlined his work to finish early. They'd gone to feed the ducks in the park, like when Addie was little, though they knew now to swap the traditional stale bread for peas and nuts. They sat on a park bench, talked about old times, and there wasn't a single thing that would have tipped her off about this reality being different until they got home and decided to watch a movie. While her dad set Netflix up in his and his wife's bedroom, Adeline slipped off her shorts and underwear, leaving her in just her crop top, shaved pussy out in the open.

She crawled onto the double bed and settled against the pillows. Maverick, who'd stripped down to his boxer briefs and a t-shirt as soon as they got back, climbed in beside her and put an arm around his little girl, prompting her to cuddle up to him and rest her cheek on his chest.

As he caressed her hip and flat tummy, eyes on the screen, Addie let her hand drift down to grope the bulge in her father's shorts. She played with his package as the opening credits rolled, like a fidgeting toy that was getting harder by the second. When it got too rigid to easily handle while still covered up, she lowered his underwear just enough to free his stiffy, and continued to pet and stroke it like a hot-blooded pet, up the sensitive belly of his shaft with her fingertips, then down its back with the backs of her fingers. It was companionable, cozy.



The film played on, and father and daughter relaxed more, shifting around on the bed seeking comfort until, without thinking about it too much, they ended up spooning. Maverick was warm against Adeline's back, a big presence that made her feel safe even when something started to bump up against the puffy outer lips of her cunt. It didn't seem deliberate, not at first, but Maverick's cock was still mostly hard when they got into this position, and his sensitive dickhead reacted as it always had to the slick warmth of his daughter's pussy, reviving the erection to almost painful full mast.

'Dad?' asked Addie. Her father's fat cockhead breached her lips, sliding back and forth between them. A glance downwards confirmed that he was holding the shaft in place, helping himself to a pussyjob from her gorgeous little vulva.



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'It's okay, honey. I'm just edging a little.' He kissed the back of her head. 'I won't go inside, don't worry.'

'Dad,' she heard herself say, thoughtless, 'I think I want you to.'

He paused, the tip of his cockhead nestled between his daughter's chubby, slick pussy lips. He let go of his dick to put his arm around her and squeeze her in a firm hug, and kissed her on the cheek.

'Are you sure, Addie? If you're too cool to fuck your dear old dad, I get it –'

'Oh, come on!' she chuckled, thrilling at the pulse of his dick against her cunt. 'Do you have condoms?'

Maverick propped himself up on his elbow to shoot her a bemused smile. 'What've they been teaching you kids at that school? Parents and children don't get pregnant from each other. It'd be crazy otherwise.'

'But –' Adeline started before catching herself. This wasn't her world. She didn't *know* all the rules, even when she thought she had this place figured out. It made sense, really. Incest was constant and flagrant all around her, but none of the teen girls who seemed to constantly have their fathers and brothers' cocks in their pussies had swollen bellies, none of the mothers being groped by their sons in the street were expecting. Just another quirk. And she *didn't* want a baby, least of all her dad's, but somehow... there was a real sense of disappointment that she couldn't explain. 'Sorry, my mind's all fuzzy.'

'It's alright.' He surprised her by rolling onto all fours, over her, so she could see his diamond-hard, dripping cock jutting up at her, inches from her most forbidden hole. He looked so powerful, such a protector. It made Addie's cunt clench and release in desire. 'That's not a bad way to feel when you're horny.'

'Hm... and I think I *am*.'

'Of course you are.' Maverick kissed her on the cheek, like her father had done thousands of times in her old world. At the same time, he gripped his prick near the base, and ran the fat head back and forth along his daughter's chubby lips. She was trembling. Was this really happening? 'I always am. And you're daddy's girl.'

He paused with his cockhead right against her hole, and pushed forward. Fruitlessly, at first, straining against a hole unused to such a thick tool, but Adeline was so wet and ready to be fucked that she finally felt her father's pink glans pop into her virgin pussy. She let out a silent gasp, and watched his shaft, a shade tanner than the rest of his skin, slowly sink into her slender teenage body until they were joined at the hips.



‘Shit,’ Maverick hissed, though he immediately tutted at himself. ‘Sorry, Addie. You’re just... it’s only been a couple of months and you’re so *tight*. Don’t be nervous, honey.’

‘Doesn’t it feel good?’ Adeline asked. She felt him pulse inside her, cock eager to plow the fruit of its labor all those years ago, but he wanted to make sure she was okay and that only made her hotter.

‘Of course it does. But if it’s going to hurt you –’

‘I just want to keep you inside forever, dad.’

Maverick’s eyes softened, even as the fire in his pupils burned brighter. ‘If you’re saying stuff like that, it’s because you *really* want it. Okay.’

So he reared back until he was almost out of her cunt, and slammed his hips hard against hers to kickstart their incestuous fuck session. Each thrust pushed a moan out of Addie’s throat, spaced out at first when he was slowly rutting into her, relishing the clinging velvet walls of his baby’s cumpocket, but faster and faster as he started humping her in earnest. A healthy teenager, Adeline masturbated most days, and she’d become well acquainted with every phallic object in her room, but she didn’t know the real thing would feel this good. The rigid core of her father’s fuckpole, the growing ease of the sex as their fluids built and mixed, feeling every ridge and vein and twitch deep inside her young body. The pleasure felt like a cloud filling up her belly, like wisps of smoke might start coming out of her mouth and nose any moment.

‘Your eyes are rolling back,’ Maverick huffed, chuckling. ‘Feels that good? You missed your dad’s dick?’

‘So good,’ Adeline panted. ‘I’m so full...’

He laughed now, for real, and bent her legs up so her knees touched her shoulders, forcing her perfect ass and pussy up in the air. He was squatting over her, cock pointing downwards into his daughter’s body. ‘You ain’t seen nothing yet.’

And then, he started fucking her deeper than she'd ever felt before. Her moans turned to squeals of pure pleasure as Maverick pistoned his fat daddy dick in and out with single-minded purpose, like a jackhammer boring into the ground. She heard what he said, about incestuous pregnancies not being real in this world, but how could that be true when the only possible description for this kind of sex was *breeding*, animalistic and aiming to create life? Faintly, she realized she was shaking with her first orgasm, but her father wasn't slowing down. He didn't seem even close to blowing his load.



Buried to the hilt inside her, dribbling copious pre what felt like directly into her womb, Maverick paused for a second. When Addie squeezed around him, he chuckled, and started rocking back and forth to move his cock inside without pulling back, playing with the hard pearl of her clit.

'Sorry for the break, Addie. Just wanted to say hi to mom.'

Adeline's heart skipped a beat and she made an effort to focus her eyes, which made the upside-down picture of her mother come into focus. She was standing in the doorway with a big, bright smile, eyes shining like she might shed a few tears.

'M-mom?' Adeline stuttered. She wasn't *upset*, was she?

Of course she wasn't. Laura hurried over to her husband and daughter, and kissed him full on the lips, then stroked Adeline's blushing face. 'I just got home, and when I called out and didn't get any replies, I was *hoping* you were— and then I heard the sounds— oh, I'm just so pleased you've made up. I love seeing you take your dad's cock, honey. It makes you so happy.'

As Laura caressed their daughter's hair, Maverick pressed and released the mattress with his powerful legs to make Adeline's light body bounce up into his throbbing dick, which made her shiver and groan. 'How about we do your mom's favorite to finish?'

'Mom's favorite?'

Her father pulled his cock out of her and easily flipped her onto her stomach, coaxing her onto all fours. Laura rubbed her daughter's cute, smooth ass, and spread Addie's cunt lips to welcome Maverick's meat once again.

'Your pussy's nice and stretched, honey,' said Laura. 'I bet it feels good after such a long break, huh?'

'Hmm...' Adeline moaned, glancing over her shoulder to see Maverick getting ready to impale her, using his pre and her girldrool to jack his cock to peak hardness. Doggy was probably her mother's favorite because it gave her such a good view of their rutting, and the fact it was so *primal* somehow turned Adeline on even *more*.

When he easily slipped his prick back into her gripping warmth, Addie cried out, 'Oh, dad, fuck me! It feels so *good*.'

'Right back at you, sweetie,' chuckled Maverick, as he started to thrust into the hole his wife held open, filling the room with wet slaps of his balls on his daughter's thighs.



'You've always clicked so well,' Laura cooed. Her hands slipped off Adeline's ass, and she settled beside them on the bed to watch her husband pound their daughter, hiking her dress up to play with herself. 'I mean, there's always something special between daddies and daughters, but it's just such a treat to see you guys together. Reminds me of being your age, honey, when grandpa filled my little cunt every day.'

'He still gets in there when we visit him,' Maverick said. Adeline was too lost in pleasure to reply, but the thought of watching her kindly old grandfather fuck her mother made her cunt clench around her dad's thrusting dick. 'God, I love watching your pussy suck my cock, Addie.'

His fingers sank into the firm flesh of her ass, playing with her little asshole while he fucked her. From time to time, he'd pull out completely to stretch and manipulate her cunt, to watch how it spasmed desperately in the absence of his fuckpole, like a druggie's involuntary muscular twitches, desperate for a fix.



‘Gorgeous,’ he grunted, slamming his cock back inside. ‘I’m going to cum, baby.’

‘Yes,’ Addie mewled, backing up in time to meet his swinging hips.

Maverick adjusted his position to thrust faster, deeper. Beside them, Laura watched and fingered her mature pussy, reveling in the display. It was so debauched, so unlike everything Adeline had been taught about family love and relationships, and when her father groaned in release and flooded her pussy with his jizz, the wrongness of it all made the strongest orgasm of her young life rocket through her teen body.



Adeline’s front dropped onto the mattress, exhausted, ass in the air with her dad’s cock firmly planted inside her girlhole. She gasped as Maverick gently eased his massive tool out of her, and heard him whistle appreciatively while his cum slowly glooped down the front of her pussy.

‘Talk about a creampie. I missed this more than you.’

‘Aw, take a picture!’ Laura said, still diddling her clit. ‘I don’t think you’ve ever filled her up this much. Feels warm and cozy, huh, honey?’

Addie nodded, catching her breath. Maverick picked his phone up off the bedside table and got his daughter’s spunk-filled pussy in frame, filming the aftermath of their session. A hiccup made Adeline jump, just a little, and the contraction sent a sneeze of her father’s cum splashing out onto the sheets.



‘Hey, I worked hard to put that in there!’ Maverick mock-chided, running his thumb up her sperm-coated pussy lips. ‘No spitting.’

‘Sorry, I’ll have to start doing kegels,’ said Adeline. The casual, jokey conversation felt surreal after just losing her virginity, to her own dad, no less, but it was comforting too. As far as Maverick knew, he’d popped her cherry a while back – though how long ago was a mystery. Maybe she’d ask him, sometime.

For now, she climbed off the bed, a little shaky, jizz running down her inner thighs. Maverick was rubbing his wife’s clit to help her along, and nodded at his daughter. ‘Can you turn the oven on, Addie? I’ll get started on dinner after I eat your mom’s pussy, alright?’

‘Won’t you be too full for a meal after that?’ asked Adeline.

Maverick rolled his eyes, stood up, and swung his hips to smack her ass with his half-hard cock. ‘I’m the one who gets to make the lame dad jokes here, young lady. Now git.’



Grinning, Adeline sauntered off down the hall to do as he'd asked, listening to her mother's squeals of pleasure.

Adeline woke up to a beautiful summer day, warm and sun-drenched, and she was happy that in this world, she didn't have to wear much of anything around the house.

She slipped a thin robe around her perfect teen body and wandered down the stairs with a spring in her step. Her father had taken her virginity the previous afternoon, and when they had dinner as a family a few hours later, she was struck by how *normal* it felt. They talked throughout the meal and before she headed off to bed, Maverick gave her a deep kiss on the mouth, whispered that he loved her and was so proud of her, and sent her off with a final jokey lick on the tongue.

What followed was some of the best sleep she'd ever had. There was no guilt, just the satisfaction of a well-fucked cunt and the security of parental love. It was Sunday. Grabbing a box of cereal from a kitchen cupboard, Adeline wondered if they'd do something as a family today – maybe check out that new exhibit at the art gallery.

She heard footfalls outside, and recognised who they belonged to from the cadence.
'Morning, dad!'

'Good morning, swee-' and he cut himself off with a gasp.

Adeline turned to see Maverick, in jeans, a t-shirt, and bare feet, hair dishevelled from recently waking up, and mouth open in surprise. She set her breakfast down and sidled up to him, silk robe doing less than nothing to hide her naked body: it rode up over her round ass, and the loose knot around her middle meant her perky little tits and shaved pussy were on full

display. Even with everything that had happened, showing herself off like this still made her nipples hard, her clit tingle.

'Stunned by your beautiful daughter?' she joked, turning around to display her tight body, and running a slim hand over her father's crotch.



'Adeline,' said Maverick, firmly grabbing her wrist to move it away. 'We talked about this.'

'Talked?'

'When you were... walking around naked and *touching* me like that, a couple months ago.' He lowered his voice, but he wasn't angry. Nothing but concern showed in his eyes. 'It's natural to be curious at your age, but I'm your father. I'll answer any questions you have, help you however I can – but there are rules, alright? And your mom's in the other room!'

Addie blinked at him. It didn't take a genius to figure out that whatever had made her switch to that alternate world had dropped her back in her original universe, though even thinking that sounded crazy. She'd chalk it up to a dream, but she'd woken up in a completely different month. New clothes she'd bought in the parallel universe were strewn around her room. There *had* to have been some kind of switch, and from the sound of it, the slutty version of herself who'd grown up getting dicked down by her daddy had been just as confused to find herself in a world of prudes.

What kind of Groundhog Day scenario was this? She'd been zapped back to her original world right after finally letting her father fuck her. What the hell kind of lesson was she supposed to have learned? And now she was used to constant sexual release, how was she supposed to cope?

'I... I'm sorry, dad,' she said.

Maverick took her stunned expression for hurt, and gently squeezed her shoulder. 'It's okay. You're a teenager. It's your job to act a little reckless.'

Adeline smiled, and without thinking, hugged her caring father, pressing her naked body tightly against his front, cheek on his strong chest. Maverick hesitated, but gave her a squeeze in response before hurriedly letting go.

‘Alright. Get some clothes on ya and we’ll make pancakes.’

Addie nodded, and walked out of the kitchen with a sly little smile. Because during their embrace, she’d felt something twitch against her belly, and casting a look back through the open door, when Maverick thought his daughter was out of sight, she saw him grab his growing hard-on through his jeans, groaning.

He still wanted her. Who knew *what* slut-world Addie had done to turn him on while they were body-swapped? Enough to chip away at his defenses, to start to mix up his view of her as his daughter and as a cum-hungry little toy.

She’d watch and learn.

Later that night, the family sat on the couch with a movie, with Maverick in the middle, a duly clad Adeline on his right, and his wife on his left. He’d seemed a little awkward about settling between the two, but didn’t say anything, and didn’t choose to sit on the armchair instead. Addie noticed the pillow he rested on his stomach, semi-shielding his crotch from his wife’s sight. Maybe he didn’t even *know* he was doing it.

Adeline casually let her hand drift closer, over her dad’s thigh. He didn’t try to stop her, eyes on the screen. When she cupped his crotch and he simply held tighter onto the pillow without shaking her off, she grinned and felt her cunt start to tingle. It wouldn’t be straight away, but she could do it.



Living in the other world had taught her everything her father liked. She held the cards, she could break through his proper innocence and make him live out the base desires he didn’t even understand in himself.

In this universe, of course, she could get pregnant. She didn’t really want a baby, not least because of the risks of inbreeding, so they’d have to be careful – but at the same time, the

sensation of her father pumping hot, thick jizz into her was irreplaceable. She'd figure something out.

Groping her dad's stiffening cock through his pants, all she knew for sure is that it was just a question of time before she'd coax him into filling her fertile teen pussy with potent incestuous sperm.

Chapter End Notes

That's the end of that story! Thanks for reading.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!