

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight, but I make this Daddy do kinky stuff

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# *More*

## *Chapter 13*

### **EPOV**

"Let's move on," I say, coughing into my hand a little. Though the last thing I want is to move on. I'd much rather stay on the topic and fuck my Isabella. Properly. Alas, we have to finish this, so I look down at my notepad. Then I raise a brow at Isabella. "Anal sex."

She blushes and ducks her head, which I allow because I love the shy look on her. The modest, the demure, the submissive.

"Not off the table," she says quietly. "Um, honestly? I've wanted to try it before, but only with someone I'm serious with. And there hasn't been anyone I've trusted before you, so..."

I nod to myself, pleased and humbled beyond words. I love that she's honest, not to mention careful. I've never had anal sex before either, but I've read enough to know that it's nothing you rush into. And the fact that she trusts me? Knowing that I have her trust—it's indescribable.

"Is that something you want?" she asks, making eye contact.

I give her a smirk. "Oh, I want." Leaning forward, I grasp her hand on the table. "In all seriousness, baby...don't feel pressured, all right? If there's anything you don't want, let me know."

She nods. "I will."

“Good girl.”

The next few hours or so pass quickly, and my erection is ever-present. We decide to take things slow sexually, meaning we won't go into too much at the same time. No toys, no bondage, or anything else we'd like to try within BDSM. Truth be told, there isn't all that much we find appealing, and I'm glad that we seem to match very well. While we both want to try out a few things, such as blindfolding, spanking, use of dildos, bullets, vibrators, handcuffs, and anal plugs, it's nothing compared to what's out there. But for now, we will focus on getting to know each other's bodies without toys. The only exception would be when we start preparing Isabella's ass for my cock.

Next we talk about behavior. Or rather, I tell Isabella what I expect from her. And I can tell that this topic excites her. When I tell her that foul language outside of sexual activities will result in spanking, her breathing picks up. When I tell her that masturbation is forbidden without asking for permission—at all times—I see how her chest flushes. And I know, from seeing her naked last night, that her blush reaches her tits.

With each thing I bring up, Isabella gets worked up. Make no mistake, I get worked up, too, but I'm able to hide it, much to my satisfaction.

After behavior, we move on to how we'll act in our everyday setting. What to call each other, how to act, what's allowed, and so on.

She wants me to be Daddy at all times—that's what she wants to call me—unless we are in the company of others, of course. And I can't tell her how good that makes me feel. A part of me feels like a pervert...while another part rejoices in that fact. That part *wants* to be a pervert—embrace it—and do insane things to Isabella. All the dirty things I want to say, the things I want to *do*...now I will be able to.

*Moving on here.*

After settling that, I bring up Isabella's appearance. I tell her that she will have full rein on what she wears when she works or when she's out in public. But when it's just the two of us, I want her in innocent clothes—absolutely no makeup—and I tell her that I prefer simple cotton. Lace and satin are kryptonite for some—perhaps in black or dark red—but for me it's white or other light shades...only cotton. I don't wish to see her in a fucking thong.

The Daddy in me is aching for pastel colors on her. Simple tops, baby-doll dresses, soft camisoles, shorts that end right below her sexy ass, and cute slippers on her feet. I want her comfortable and relaxed.

Isabella shivers when I tell her this.

She also shivers when I tell her that I want to bathe her every night.

I watch how her pupils dilate, how her chest heaves.

And I know that I can't take it anymore.

These past hours have been like foreplay—torture.

"I need to fuck you, baby girl," I finally grit out. "Now."

She whimpers and nods quickly, and that's it. I stand up, my erection straining in my pants, and I grab her hand before I usher her up the stairs. Actually, it's more like I drag her along. Not that she's not willing—she sure is—but I'm acting as if I'm possessed and crazed.

When we reach my bedroom, I pick her up, only to toss her onto the bed.

"Undress," I command quietly, gruffly, and pull off my own shirt. As soon as it's over my head, I throw it on the floor then move to unzip my pants. My fingers are quick, and I see that Isabella is just as needy. With an impatient whine, she removes her shirt and squirms out of her shorts. The

sight of her naked body is almost too much. Hell, five months—that's how long it's been, and even then...when was the last time I was really satisfied? Was there ever such a time?

I think I'm about to find out.

"Spread your legs," I murmur next, as I join her on the bed. Again, she obeys, and then I just watch. Kneeling between her parted legs, I watch her flawless body—all on display for me. "Fucking beautiful," I whisper. My hands slide up her thighs. "So soft." When I reach her pussy, I let my thumb graze the slick lips, which elicits another whimper from her. "It's my pussy now." With my index finger, I part her folds, starting at her clit. Just one slow stroke, I slide my finger down to her entrance. But one isn't enough, so I slam in two.

"Fuck!" she cries out, almost arching off the bed. "Please, please, please—"

"What do you want, sweet girl?" I keep fingering her deeply, adding a third, too. "Tell Daddy what you want. I know he'll give it to you."

"Oh..." She lets out a whine. "Your cock, Daddy...*please*."

My fingers leave her hot pussy and I grip my erection. "You want this?" I lower myself over her and slide my cock between her wet folds. "Fuck." I shudder and push the head of me against her clit. That makes her moan. She also tries to pull me down on her, but I don't let her. Not yet. "Look at that, little girl. You're soaking Daddy's cock."

"*Ungh...*"

I chuckle huskily and keep teasing her. In truth, I'm teasing myself, too, and I know I won't be able to do it much longer. Especially not when I place the tip of my cock at her wet opening and add pressure.

“Christ.” One inch disappears into her, and I suck in a breath through clenched teeth. “You need to relax, baby girl.” She really does. Hell, she can’t be more than 5’2”, 5’3” at most, more than a foot shorter than I, and...she’s so slight and supple.

I dip low and kiss her soft lips—they’re slightly parted—and I feel the quick breaths she takes.

A moment later, she finally relaxes fully, and I push my hips forward another inch or two.

“Mmm, oh God,” she breathes out, locking her arms around my neck. I let her, reveling in the feeling of covering her slight body with mine. Her skin is flawless, but my focus remains on kissing her. Slowly, but deeply. At first, anyway. Because with each inch of my cock that disappears into her, our kiss grows hungrier and hungrier.

“Fuck, baby girl,” I pant, fully sheathed in her. Christ, I can barely believe this is happening. Her pussy just feels so damn amazing, and, and—it’s *Isabella*. My sweet little girl.

*My sweet little girl.*

“Out of this world,” I admit, groaning as I pull out. Then, with a swift push, I’m inside of her again. Out then in. Out. “Fuck.” *In*. She clings to me, kisses me deeply, whimpers, moans, begs. And I start going faster, harder, *deeper*, anything to get more and more and more.

She lifts her hips when I slam in.

“Yes!” she cries out.

“That’s it, sweet girl. Let Daddy fuck you.”

“Oh God, oh God, oh God...”

I shudder violently, visibly, and grind my soaked cock into her.

When it's not enough anymore, I flip us over so that she's riding me. It gives me access to her tight body, and my hands want to touch what now belongs to me.

"Oh, Daddy," she moans breathily, swiveling her hips over my cock. She has her hands placed on my thighs for leverage, which also pushes her chest out. I'm quick to sit up and suck a nipple into my mouth.

She slams down on my cock.

I pull her down at the same time.

We fucking lose it.

"So good," she pants as I cup her cheek with one hand. I kiss her hard and slide my tongue along hers, needing more of her taste. It's always her taste, I realize. It drives me to the brink of insanity. Then, with my free hand, I start rubbing her little clit. But I change hands after a few seconds, because I want the taste of her pussy closer. Which is why I stick the pad of my thumb past her lips...all while I kiss her.

We both taste her.

Gathering more arousal from her, I brush two fingers over her mouth before kissing her again.

She tenses up and starts breathing choppily, like she wants to hold her breath altogether but can't.

"You're close, aren't you?" I breathe out and add pressure to her clit. I can feel how her muscles flutter around my erection, and I'm relieved. Because I won't be able to hold it much longer.

She nods quickly and throws her arms around me. "Yes, I...I...oh, fuck...  
*Daddy...*"

I decide to push it with the dirty talk.

Just...a little bit more.

I want to know how far I can go.

I want to know just how dirty she is.

So, I lean in and whisper in her ear. Darkly, huskily. "Such a dirty girl." I reach up and squeeze her tits, and she grinds her pussy against my pubic bone. "You know what I think you are right now?" She whimpers. "I think you're Daddy's little baby slut."

That does it.

She begins to tremble, and this time she stops breathing completely.

"Look at you," I grunt, watching as her head tilts back. She's so lost in us. So fucking beautiful. "You can't stop fucking Daddy's cock, can you?"

With a breathless wail leaving her mouth, her orgasm takes over.

I squeeze my eyes shut when I feel her pussy pulsing around me, and it's my downfall. My climax surges through me quickly, beginning at the base of my neck and sending tingles down my spine. My thighs throb, my balls tighten, and my cock releases in her. I feel everything—like my senses have become stronger and more sensitive. Not only do I feel it all, but I register it. From the first stream of cum pulsating out of my cock to the last one that I sluggishly push into her with a lazy thrust of my hips.

Several minutes later, we haven't changed our position any more than I now have my back against the mattress. But I'm still inside of her, and Isabella is still on top of me, resting her face in the crook of my neck, as

we try to regulate our breathing. I can feel her heart pounding, and I'm sure she can feel mine.

One thing is clear.

I'm not letting this girl go.

"We are so doing that soon again," she giggles breathlessly and lifts her head. Her eyes are indescribably gorgeous, but what I notice the most is the happiness in them. She hums softly and leans into my hand as I caress her cheek. "Mmm, my Daddy."

With a gentle tug on her hair, I pull her down for a kiss. "And you're my sweet little girl, aren't you?"

She nods and smiles against my lips. "As long as you'll have me."

There's no way she can understand just how much those words mean to me.

"Is that so?" I grin and tighten my hold on her, loving the feel of her tits against my chest. "And what if I decide to never let you go?"

If possible, she looks even happier. "Oh, I can live with that."