

MY DIRTY LITTLE MIND

THE NASTY FANTASIES OF A QUIET HOUSEWIFE

[Home](#) [About Me](#) [My Stories](#) [More Stories](#) [Links](#) [FAQ](#) [Archives](#)

My Daughter's Dildo 1



My Daughter's Dildo, Ch. 1 of 8

by DirtyMindedMinx

Being a single father has many challenges, especially when you have a daughter. Nicole's mom has been out of the picture since right after her first birthday, so it's been just the two of us for the past sixteen years. It wasn't easy early on, but I managed to provide a stable home and raise a pretty good kid. I admit she was somewhat of a tomboy, but she was healthy and happy, did well in school, and the two of us got along great. Unfortunately, this didn't mean I was at all prepared for puberty.

It was something I'd avoided thinking about, but before I knew it there she was. My little girl was becoming a woman before I was ready. It fell to me to have "The Talk" with her. It took me a week to work up the nerve and to figure out what I was going to say. I was as uncomfortable as I could be when I first sat her down, but Nicole's natural curiosity and her open personality made what could have been a painfully awkward conversation into a special moment that actually brought us closer together.

Then, of course, came the other stuff. I tried to make it seem as normal as I could, but a father taking his daughter bra shopping for the first time makes for an unusual day at the mall. This pales in comparison, however, to having to explain about tampons and all the things that go along with that whole monthly song and dance. And teaching a son to shave his face is one thing, but, trust me, teaching your daughter to shave her legs is something else entirely.

You might think I'd made it over the toughest hurdles of parenting a young girl through the journey into womanhood, and so did I, until my beautiful 17-year-old daughter came to me one day with an unexpected request.

"Daddy, I need you to help me with something." She always reverted to calling me "Daddy" when she wanted something from me, mainly because it always worked.

"I just gave you your allowance two days ago."

"It's not that. You know how I broke up with Steven last month, right?" She sat down on the arm of my easy chair. I hit the pause button on the remote so I wouldn't miss anything that the Avengers were up to. "Well," she continued, "I decided that with school, and getting ready for college, and soccer that I don't really have time for a boyfriend right now."

"I love that plan," I said and meant it.

She gave me a pinch on the arm. "Listen, I'm serious about this. I don't want a boyfriend, but that means I still have a problem."

"And that problem is...?"

My daughter shifted uncomfortably next to me. "Okay, first of all, you know I'm not a virgin anymore, right?"

Whoa! The conversation had taken an unexpected turn. I suddenly had no idea where she was going with this.

"I wasn't entirely sure, but, okay, now I know."

"God, Daddy, don't look so horrified. It's not like I'm a total slut, or anything. It was only Steven." She bit her lip and looked away as a slight flush colored her cheeks. "A lot."

Just what every father wants to hear. Then it dawned on me what she was leading up to.

"Oh, God, you're pregnant."

"No!" She smacked me on the shoulder. "Give me a little more credit than that. I'm on the pill and we always used condoms."

"How long have you been on the pill?"

"I don't know, like a year. Anyway, that's not the point."

I was relieved and somewhat hurt at the same time. "What is the point?"

"I know you probably don't want to hear this, but I really liked having sex." She was right, I didn't want to hear it. "And I really, really miss it."

I covered my ears and closed my eyes. Maybe this was just a bad dream and I would wake up any second. Nicole pulled my hands away.

"Daddy, stop it. I'm trying to tell you that I'm really horny and I need your help."

"I can't hear you!" I tried to clap my hands back over my ears, but she held my wrists firm.

"Shut up and stop being such a baby," she scolded me with a laugh. "So since I don't want a boyfriend, and I don't want to get desperate and start hooking up with random guys, I need you to buy me something."

"A one-way ticket to a convent?"

"Trust me, if I didn't have to ask you I wouldn't, but I need you to buy me a dildo."

"Huh?" I'd heard her, but it wasn't registering.

"A dildo, Daddy. You know? Like a fake dick."

"I know what a dildo is. But...but why..."

She gave me one of her patented "how could you be so stupid" looks. "Why do you think?" Nicole was still holding onto my wrists and I was suddenly aware of how close she was. "This is more embarrassing for me than it is for you, Daddy, but I don't know what else to do. I can't really explain it, but now that I've had sex with a boy it feels like something is missing when I do it by myself."

Was my sweet little daughter honestly saying what I thought she was saying?

"I don't...um...what...ah..." I was completely failing on every level. I had to get it together.

"I thought that maybe if I had a dildo it would feel more like I was having sex with a boy, and I would be able to concentrate on school stuff better instead of being so horny all the time."

"That all sounds very reasonable, my darling little princess, but you have to admit this isn't the sort of thing a father ever wants to hear from his daughter."

"I know, I'm sorry." She wrapped her arms around my neck and gave me a hug. I could feel the softness of one of her breasts pressed against my shoulder. I tried to ignore it, but failed. "It's not like I have a mom around to ask for help with this kind of stuff. Even if you at least had a girlfriend, I could talk to her."

"Let's not go there right now." She must be serious if she was playing the mom card.

"Come on, Daddy, you were the one who taught me about the birds and the bees and all that stuff. You knew I wasn't going to be a virgin forever. I'm not a little girl anymore." She toyed with my hair as she spoke, fixing it the way she liked. This was exactly the kind of intimate contact I was afraid of at that moment. "You're the one who taught me that sex is a beautiful thing, and that masturbating was a natural part of growing up. You also always told me that I could come to you if I had any questions or problems about sex, so here I am."

I'd always related sex to my daughter in a very abstract way, but this was real. As a father I knew I had to do everything I could to help her, but as a man I couldn't control my physical response to the thought of my nubile daughter being so desperately horny that she had to ask me for a dildo to masturbate with. I did my best to not think about my growing erection and prayed it would go away before she noticed.

"You're right," I conceded. "It's hard for me to accept that my sweet little girl has somehow grown into a sexy little woman. Go get my wallet."

"Oh, Daddy! Thank you, thank you, thank you!" She kissed me on the cheek with each thank you and ran off with a happy squeal.

I took the opportunity to try to tuck my hard-on away so that it wouldn't be obvious. What kind of a dad was I? It was bad enough that I was paying for my daughter to buy sex toys, but to get an erection over the whole thing was just plain wrong.

"I've been doing some research." Nicole was back quicker than I expected, leaving me only half tucked.

She placed her laptop on my lap. I was relieved at first because it hid the highly inappropriate bulge in my pants, but then I saw what was on the screen: an array of candy-colored dildos and vibrators!

"This site has the best selection, good prices, and free shipping." She settled back down onto the arm of my chair and leaned in close against me so we could both see the computer screen. Damn, she smelled good.

"How about I give you my credit card and you can get whatever you want."

"No, you have to help me pick out the right one. I never had a dildo before, I don't know what to get."

"I never had a dildo before either. How am I supposed to know what you need?"

"Because you know everything, Daddy." She reached over and used the touchpad to scroll down the webpage. Her hand was unknowingly hovering just inches above my semi-erect cock. "Okay, so the first thing I have to figure out is if I want just a plain dildo or one that vibrates. What do you think?"

"I guess it depends on if you want to, um...or if you'd rather, ah..." I squirmed uncomfortably.

"C'mon, Daddy, don't be such a prude. Just say what you're trying to say. I'm a big girl, I can handle it."

"It's not you I'm worried about." I took a deep breath and decided to do as she asked and speak directly despite every instinct telling me not to. "Here goes. I suppose the plain dildos would be good for orgasms from penetration, while the vibrators can also stimulate the clitoris."

Nicole giggled and kissed my cheek. "You don't have to be all technical. You can just say clit." She leaned forward to get a closer look at the screen, placing a hand on my thigh to support herself. "I heard vibrators can make you less sensitive."

"Are you planning on using it five times a day?"

"At least five, but probably more." She said this with a straight face. When my jaw dropped she broke into a laugh and punched me in the arm. "Just because I'm horny doesn't make me a complete sex freak, Daddy. I plan on using it the normal amount. Maybe three or four times a week. Probably more at first, but then just every other day, or so."

Visions of my darling daughter sprawled out on her bed with her legs spread having sex with her new toy sprang uninvited into my head. I wanted to be the cool dad and support my girl, but this was going to ruin me as a father.

"As long as you use it in moderation I don't think you'll need to worry about your sensitivity."

"Good, then I'll get one that vibrates so I can use it on my clit." She seemed to be deliberately using provocative language. She was probably having fun torturing me like this. "Now we have to figure out what shape would be good. They have all kinds of weird ones like this." She clicked on one that had a bulbous end and a corkscrew shaft, then another that was a series of increasingly large spherical bulges. "And then they have all these that are in the shape of a penis." She clicked back and selected one of the lifelike replicas.

I couldn't get over the fact that I was sitting in my living room looking at a collection of huge dongs with my daughter. It was insane, but I didn't want to admit that there was a part of me that was beginning to enjoy it. Especially one very specific part of me.

"I suppose they both have their advantages," I offered lamely. "Some of them look like they've been engineered to get the job done, but evolution is a pretty good engineer herself."

"Okay, Mr. Science Channel, what I think you're saying is a penis one would be better."

"I don't know for sure, but you can't go too far wrong with a proven design."

She thought about it as she clicked around on a few more of the space-age vibrators. "That's a good point. I know what it feels like to have a cock...oops, sorry, I mean a penis inside me, but I don't know what it would feel like to stick one of these other things in my vajay-jay. Too bad we can't test drive them before deciding."

The way she kept saying "we" was driving me crazy. And by that I mean crazy in a good way that was very bad. She was, either consciously or unconsciously, making me a sort of partner in her private sex life. That was someplace that no father was supposed to be. Maybe it was a mistake not to get remarried so Nicole could have had a mother figure to guide her through these sorts of situations.

"When it comes to dildos, I think they have to stick to a 'you try it, you buy it' policy." We both chuckled nervously at my not quite funny joke. "How about that one?" I asked, pointing to a random penis-shaped vibrator.

"Hmm, too skinny. I want something with some girth to it, but not too crazy big, you know?" Something like this would be good, but I don't know about the balls. What do you think?"

"About balls? I'm a fan."

"Now you're just making fun of me. This is a big decision, Daddy. I want to make sure I get the right one."

"Alright, then, let's see." I clicked on one of the models with testicles included. "As far as a dildo goes, from what I can tell, the balls don't really add much to the experience. Maybe they give you something to hold on to while you're...you know. But I'd guess they're more for aesthetic purposes than anything."

"Hmmm." My daughter mulled over the pros and cons. "I'm a fan of balls, too – real ones – but I don't think we need them on my dildo." She shifted on the arm of my chair and I noticed how warm she was next to me. "What's the suction cup on the bottom for?"

"I don't know. Maybe so you can stick it on the wall of the shower and go at it hands-free."

"Interesting." She seemed to be contemplating all the possibilities. "But, for now, all I need is one with the right business end."

She went back to the main page displaying dozens of phallic sex toys. I could hear my daughter breathing close to my ear. She shifted again, and I noticed that she seemed to be squeezing her legs together rather tightly. I was so worried about controlling my own arousal I hadn't stopped to consider that she might be getting turned on by all of this as well. I assumed this was nothing

more than a virtual shopping trip for her, but I became distinctly aware that she might be as sexually charged up as me. I tried to push such thoughts out of my head.

"What do you think of that one?" I pointed and felt my arm brush against one of Nicole's small breasts. Instead of pulling away, she leaned closer.

"I like it, but I'm not sure about the color. The flesh-colored ones look like they were cut off some poor guy. That freaks me out a little. Maybe something like this purple one."

"Um, yeah, that looks like a good one."

"These glass ones look pretty cool, too." Nicole clicked to the next page and browsed through all the varied lengths, shapes, and sizes. "I bet those would feel nice even though they don't vibrate."

"Maybe, if you're a good girl, Santa will bring you one this year."

She laughed and gave me a playful shove with her body. The idea of buying my daughter a sex toy for Christmas sent an unseemly tingle through my balls. I had always prided myself on being a good and responsible father, but in the span of a few minutes all that was being placed in dire jeopardy.

Nicole went back to the previous page and clicked on the purple one. "I like the size of the head on this one, and the way it curves up a little at the end."

"Is it, um...thick enough for you? Not too skinny?"

"No, it seems about right." She licked her lips without being aware of it. "Let's see...three speeds, water-resistant, two double-A batteries, and pleasure ribs. Mmm, hadn't noticed those. What do you think, Daddy, do you like this one?"

"Sure." I cleared my throat, becoming acutely aware that I was fully hard and feeling the need to do something about it. "That one looks like it'll do the trick."

She hung on my shoulder as I navigated through the ordering process, entered in my credit card number, and hit the submit button.

"Awesome! I can't wait," she chirped and threw her arms around my neck again. "Thanks for getting me my very own cock, Daddy."

"You're welcome, sweetheart. Enjoy it."

"Oh, I will." She kissed me several times on the cheek, grabbed her laptop, and dashed off to her bedroom. Luckily she was in such a rush that she didn't notice the elongated bulge in my pants.

As soon as I heard Nicole's bedroom door close, I hurried to my own room and pulled out my dick. I didn't waste any time and immediately began beating off. It was wrong, and disgusting, but I couldn't help myself. I was almost certain that my daughter was in her room at that very moment doing the very same thing. I tried not to picture her with her panties down around her ankles and her fingers buried in her sweet pussy, but there was no way to avoid it.

I could still feel the way she pressed her body against me. The warmth of her quick breaths on my neck. The soft touch of her breast against my arm. The sound of words like dildo and cock on her darling lips. My horny little girl.

My balls clenched and a fountain of cum erupted from my cock. I spurted all over the carpet and didn't even care. I couldn't remember the last time I'd cum so fast. I kept jerking myself, milking even more jizz from my aching balls. Fuck, that felt good. Too good. I was a revolting pig.

Nicole came to me for help because she trusted me. She relied on me solve a very personal problem, and here I was jacking off over it all like some kind of perverted schoolboy. She would be horrified to know that her own father was masturbating himself to thoughts of her playing with her pussy. I was beyond reproach.

I got a hand towel from the bathroom and wiped the tip of my dick clean. I couldn't help but notice that I was still hard – an unusual post-orgasm condition at my age. I dabbed up what I could from the carpet, feeling increasingly humiliated by the biological evidence of my own depravity.

It was a moment of weakness. A one-time thing that wouldn't happen again. I just needed to pull myself together, get my head screwed back on straight, and everything would simply go back to normal now that I had gotten that out of my system. That's all there was to it.

Or so I thought.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

This is my first attempt writing from a male perspective. Please let me know if doesn't come across as believable, if something feels off, or if I'm missing something.

Nothing like this ever happened in my real life, but as I'm writing this I'm picturing Nicole and her father as me and my dad. This is a lot of fun for me, but it makes it difficult to write for more than ten minutes without getting so worked up that I have to stop and play with myself to relieve the excitement. One of the many tragic consequences of writing porn!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Chapter 2 >>

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

20 Comments

20 THOUGHTS ON "MY DAUGHTER'S DILDO 1"

Matt says:

September 21, 2017 at 4:59 pm

Superb story so far. You really did the dad perspective down well.

sabrina taboo says:

July 12, 2017 at 10:43 pm

It got me off in a huge way. Thank you!

Porky Pine says:

February 5, 2017 at 6:09 pm

I saved this story to Pocket many months ago, but I'd never read it as I prefer Mother-Son/Daughter or Sister-Sister/Brother ones.

It happened that today I needed something quick to wank to while my wife was doing something boring in our garden, and I've been catching up with my reading recently so this was now the shortest thing on my list. So I gave it a crack.

Well, I was surprised to be thoroughly enjoying it right up to the last paragraph, then I saw your endnote about it being your first male perspective story. Frankly I was stunned, as I'd rushed past the author credit in my haste to get off and was under the assumption that it was a contribution from an unusually talented male reader of yours.

Rachael, I'm sorry I let my own narrow-minded preferences win out. I plan to finish this tale as soon as I can, then tackle all the other stuff you've done that I've so far avoided. Please forgive me for doubting you – it won't happen again.

Lloyd says:

June 6, 2016 at 11:25 pm

Real good start and I see as of now you have 8 chapters ready for me to read so I have my night planned out. I being a horny guy love daddy-daughter stories. I just know that daughter is going to fall in love with daddy's natural dildo.

Allen says:

February 15, 2016 at 10:51 am

you are doing a great job on the dad. The whole story is awesome so far. How did you ever think up a story line like this?

Gary says:

November 16, 2015 at 8:38 pm

I see you have many more, but just to add a few cents.. yeah, you're doing the daddy right so far 😊

Foxxx says:

November 10, 2015 at 10:23 am

This doesn't come across as a first attempt at male perspective! Sounded pretty real to me. nicely done. You have my curiosity aroused (along with something else!) I need to read on!!!

john says:

April 2, 2015 at 7:24 pm

great start, though the daughter seems a bit naive at first. maybe thats the plan? anyway. im loving this one.

Live4thebj says:

February 6, 2015 at 12:25 am

That's it. I have to read all the chapters now. While my daughter currently too young for this I can see this happening especially if she got mine as well as her mothers hormones. Her mom is a cock sucking pussy eating slut. Not that if that was the issue I had with her it's the reason we stayed together so long.

Pat O'Brien says:

December 16, 2014 at 6:49 pm

Great story. Can't wait to read more!

Oscar says:

June 8, 2014 at 10:47 am

Excellent story!!! Very well written!

I love the way you write, how you increase the level of exciting throughout the story!!!

Congratulations

john says:

May 3, 2014 at 3:50 am

Really like the story.I am friend with you at lush..

Jay Denton says:

May 2, 2014 at 6:21 am

Yes. I'd love to read what happened from Nicole's viewpoint. She sounds very much like me, or at least how I'd like to be if I had the balls, lol. You know what I mean..

Larry88 says:

May 1, 2014 at 3:52 am

WOW what a start for a new story. Cannot wait for the second chapter!

massff24 says:

April 30, 2014 at 6:45 pm

Another great story. I love how you make me feel like I am right there in the chair looking at dildos on the screen. I can't wait for the next part. Thanks again and keep up the good work!

Rob says:

April 30, 2014 at 2:49 am

Thanks for letting us know where you went! Great story#!

Jerry7401 says:

April 29, 2014 at 9:16 pm

Perfect ! And that's why we follow your stories. Very realistic can't wait for the following chapters. I love your dirty mind!!!!

Tom says:

April 29, 2014 at 7:48 am

Very hot story, it made my cock hard. Can't wait for chapter 2 or the daughter's POV of the same events.

Jeff says:

April 28, 2014 at 5:45 am

I loved it!!!....I cant wait to see what Daddy has in store for Nicole. I'm sure he could teach her a thing or two.

TXtabber says:

April 28, 2014 at 5:26 am

Well done!

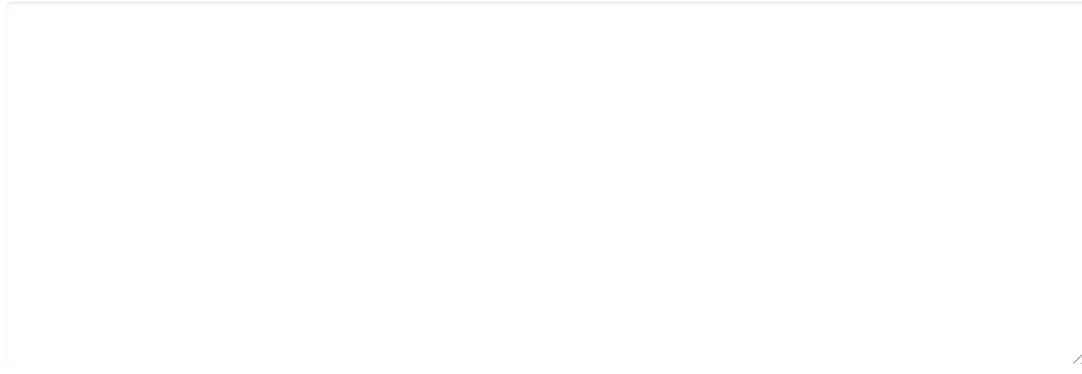
LEAVE A REPLY

Your email address will not be published.

Name

Email

Website



You may use these HTML tags and attributes: <abbr title=""> <acronym title=""> <blockquote cite=""> <cite> <code> <del datetime=""> <i> <q cite=""> <strike>

Post Comment

DIRTY MINDED MOM



E-mail me at
DirtyMindedMom@mail.com



WHAT'S NEW

Links

Juicy Secrets

Now available at a new location

More Stories: Family Secrets

Spying on Sis by Kemal

More Stories: Family Secrets

A Mother's Shameful Confession by Sarah

More Stories: Incest Fantasy

Sisterly Love 6 by Paris Waterman

More Stories: Incest Fantasy

New Rules 12 by Boxfan

RECENT COMMENTS

bisubsam on Becoming a Cuckold 3

Marty on Thoughts and Players

bisubsam on Thoughts and Players

bisubsam on Let's Explore 2

Stu on About Me

CATEGORIES

Select Category ▼

ARCHIVES

Select Month ▼

META

[Register](#)

[Log in](#)

Entries [RSS](#)

Comments [RSS](#)

[WordPress.org](#)

I MADE MY PUSSY CUM TO THIS



I often wish/fantasize that I had a friend that I could do this with. Hang out, talk, have coffee, go shopping, get naked, and watch each other masturbate. I really don't know if I could handle a full-on bi-curious lesbian thing, but I'd love a nice, casual you-show-me-yours-and-I'll-show-you-mine kind of deal. Ooo - just thinking about seeing one of my friends spreading her legs and fingering her cunt while I watch is getting me all squirmy down there!

Proudly powered by [WordPress](#) | Theme: [Bouquet](#) by [Automattic](#).