

# MY STEPDAD



## My Stepdad

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# Book 1: My Stepdad

by Cory Garcia

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# My Life

- **18 years and 291 days ago:** Born to this world

- **17 years and 128 days ago:** Said “mama”

- **Yesterday:** Fucked my stepdad Ryan. *Oops!*

# Chapter One

My mom, Stella, has too much romance hormone. She keeps moving from husband to husband, always seeing the next one the best.

So, I end up having a bunch of stepdads. They are all “absolutely gorgeous” as Mom puts it.

How much do I care about who my dad is? Not a tiny bit. When my mom divorced my first dad, I was only a two-year old. By the age of five, I was living with my third dad. By the age of twelve, I stopped counting.

Appleton is a small Wisconsin city. It has only 33,000 people. So, it’s possible Mom may bump into one of her ex-husbands when walking on the downtown streets.

Now I’m eighteen. All I can tell you is that my latest dad, Ryan, has successfully lived with my mom for almost five years. This is unbelievably long compared to my other dads, who only lasted up to two and a half years—including the six to eight months getting divorced.

In the last three months, I have heard raised voices and broken dishes but nothing is violent. Ryan seems to have a really cool head. He stays cool no matter what Mom says. I feel so sorry for him because he doesn’t know Mom is going to get rid of him regardless how good he is as a husband and father.

As a teenage girl, I have my own life. I have friends. I’m getting ready to go to college. I want to enjoy every moment of my high school life in the coming summer vacation.



The water is hot. I close my eyes and let the water splash down my whole body. The shower is now a sauna.

I open my eyes, pick up the Head and Shoulders from the stool, and squeeze out a large pile on my hand. I close my eyes, scratching my hair with both hands. Bubbles flow down with the water, covering my whole body.

I run my hands down my body. My skin feels like silk and smells like rose.

It’s three thirty in the afternoon. I’m the only one in the whole house. I like the peace and quiet. I feel like I own the whole house. It is surely a waste to spend the time on homework. So I always do things that are more valuable and exciting. Homework time is after the dinner—when Dad is watching his sports news and Mom is doing dishes.

I like to take a hot shower. When the water runs down, it massages my body like thousands of soft fingers. Every pore of my skin gets excited. Closing my eyes, I can think about anything I want, and do anything without being heard by anyone.



Like other young girls, I have my own dreams. I am waiting for my prince to come and kiss me. I'm ready to give my body to him—a perfectly smooth and flawless body.

I know I'm not the most beautiful in the class but my body is really hot. At the age of fifteen, I was so embarrassed to discover my boobs were much bigger than other girls'. But soon, I learned that they were a great asset.

Now I'm eighteen. My boobs stick out even more. They are entertaining to guys. But these boobs give me pain. Seriously. Real pain. My neck and back are painful and sore all the time. I have a hard time getting good sleep every night. Think about putting so many pounds of meat on your chest all night, that's how I feel.

I won't say I have a magic body but I'm very happy with my body indeed. My butt is solid but big. My legs are long and shapely. My whole body is a big, curvy S. Each time I see my naked body in the mirror, I almost fall in love with that me.



Believe it or not, my sexual life is a total disaster. I gave my virginity to the hottest boy in my class. He is the cute boy every girl throws herself at but he likes me. At the very beginning, I turned him down because he looks like a cute puppy. He keeps begging. Then, of course, as you might have guessed, I said *yes*.

This cute boy is a total joke. First of all, his dick is as soft as his body. He has a hard time to get into my pussy. I spread my legs as wide as possible. I try to push the dick into my pussy with my hands. It's not romantic at all.

Then he rides on me like *nothing*. Seriously, I don't feel anything at all. Soon, he begins to moan. I look at him, wanting to laugh.

Two and a half minutes later, it's all over. The hot boy falls off my body, and falls asleep right away.

That's my first time.

I have tried a couple more times with other boys but they don't know how to treat a pretty girl with real need. Come on, guys, a girl needs to be fucked hard!

Unfortunately, these teenage boys are too young. They have no experience at all. They don't know how to turn a girl on. More importantly, they don't know how to hold on long enough to give the girl at least one orgasm.

I believe mature guys can do a much better job. By accident, I discover this amazing fact. I've heard my mom moaning and growling for over an hour. She must be enjoying her sex with my stepdad, Ryan. Maybe that's why my mom has kept him for so long.



Not having good sex is not a total disaster. After the bad experiences, I've lost my interest in those boys. I'm now relying on my hands and vibrators to satisfy myself anytime and anywhere I want. I don't need those boys, seriously.

Shower time is the best time to satisfy my hungry body. I run my fingers through my hair carefully, and turn my head left and then right slowly to wash away all the bubbles.

I move my hands slowly down, from my cheeks, to my neck, and then my boobs.

I touch my boobs with my fingers, giving them a gentle massage. I turn my fingers in circles, while pushing down slightly to give my nipples more excitement.

My nipples swell. They stand up like grapes ready to harvest, big and round. I close my eyes, and an imaginary boyfriend come to my mind. He is muscular. He smiles big time. But I can't see his face clearly.

My imaginary boyfriend grabs my breasts, massaging them really hard. He drives my hands into action right away. I feel he is sending his manly hormone energy to my boobs.

My boobs swell. They grow bigger and harder. My body is electrified. I begin to moan. My hands work hard.

Then my imaginary boyfriend moves his hands down slowly. They land on my wanting pussy and rub gently.

I lean on the wall, putting one leg on the stool. The juice drips out. I slide one finger between the lips, picking some the juice and spreading it on my clit.

I run my index finger on my clit lightly. I am turned on. I groan loud, pushing a bit harder on my clit, and massaging it with my index and middle fingers.

My orgasm attacks. I almost black out. Blood runs all the way to the top of my head. My ears are full of humming noises. I can't hear or see anything.

I'm a bit scared but I don't stop. My second orgasm attacks. I slow down my massage. Bit by bit, the real world comes back.

I turn off the water and walk out of the shower. I grab the towel to dry my body as fast as I can. I'm now cold. I open the bathroom door, and run back to my bedroom, all naked.

I jump in my bed and slide my body under the covers.

Soon, I feel warm again.

I don't want to waste a single second of my time. Opening the drawer of the nightstand, I pull out my pink vibrator, and turn it on right away.

I run the vibrator on my boobs with my left hand, while fingering my clit and folds with my right hand.

I then turn the speed up a bit more. I feel my imaginary boyfriend is now sucking my boobs really hard. His cock is running on my pussy.

I turn the vibrator one speed up, pushing it slowly into my pussy.

My imaginary boyfriend's thick dick is deep in my body now, fucking me really hard.

I turn my vibrator to full speed and tighten my thighs. The strong vibration gives me a huge orgasm attack right away.

I moan loud, holding my thighs tight.  
I close my eyes. My whole body drifts into the world of fantasy.

Suddenly, someone speaks at the door. It's my stepdad.

## Chapter Two

I freeze! Oh. My. Gosh! Did I close my door? I raise my head to take a look. The door is closed.

My orgasm disappears completely. The vibrator is still running. I pull it out and turn it off. I lie still, hoping that Dad won't find out that I'm at home.

"Stella, isn't it true you lied to me?" Dad sounds angry.

"Ryan, this is a small accident, okay?" Mom's voice is calm and cold.

"Is this really an accident? Or it's all arranged since the day we got married?"

"Ryan, is this really important now? I don't love you anymore. Okay? I want to have my way and enjoy my life."

"What about Kate?"

"Kate can take care of herself. She can choose to live with you or me. She's going to college this year. So she won't need us anyway."

"Stella, we need to talk."

"By all means."

They go into their room and close the door. After a while, they calm down a bit. I can still hear them talking, but can't figure out what they are talking about.

I put on my pajamas quickly, open the door slightly, and peek out. I can't see anything. But now I can hear Dad is pleasing and Mom is saying *no*.

After a long while, Mom comes out of the room, pulling a large roller case.

"Stella, can you please wait 'til Kate is home?"

"I will call her tonight," Mom keeps moving.

Dad helps Mom to get the roller case down stairs. The front door opens and then closes. The house is now quiet.

I hate my mom. I really hate her. She is dumping us like a piece of trash. She doesn't even want to wait for me to come home to say goodbye. What kind of mom does this?



When Ryan becomes my new dad, I don't like him at all. I still love my previous dad. This Ryan is a total stranger to me and I want him to disappear. In fact, I hate him. I believe that because of him, Mom got rid of my previous dad.

But I have to admit that Ryan is such a great father. He tries his best to give me everything a dad can—except for my birth.

We go biking a lot. I'm not a big fan of sports but biking with my new dad is really fun. We ride down the trails, laughing and chasing.

Sometimes, I fall. Dad never helps me pick up my bike. He always says, "Kate, you can do



it.” His voice is full of confidence. His smile is so encouraging. He waits patiently ‘til I’m ready to go again. Then our chasing continues.

Is Dad a good husband? I would think so. Mom always says he is gorgeous. That means Mom is happy with her new husband, right?

There is one thing Dad doesn’t know about their relationship. Dad wants to have his own baby. Mom pretends that she wants to have a new baby, too. She even bought those books on how to get pregnant and talked about the “plan” with Dad many times.

I know her plan. The *real* one.

The plan is simple and effective. She wants to change husbands about every three years. It seems that Ryan is exceptionally gorgeous. So, Mom has kept him for almost five years.

Now, Mom moved out suddenly. I’m quite sure everything has been well planned for a long time. Think about it. Mom doesn’t have the kind of money to stay in a hotel for long. So she must have arranged a place to stay. Based on my experience, she’s most likely with her boyfriend now. I really don’t want to think about what they are doing at the moment but I’m sure she won’t have the time to call me now.



Dad doesn’t come upstairs. I really hope he doesn’t feel too bad at the moment. I feel like I should do something for him.

I go downstairs. I see him sitting on the rocking chair, rocking back and forth. Beside him is a beer bottle on the floor.

“Dad?”

Dad opens his eyes. “You are home, Kate?” He sounds calm but a bit sad.

I sit down on the big couch near him. “Sorry, Dad, I have been at home for a while.”

“So... you heard everything?”

“Pretty much. Sorry, Dad.”

“No sorry, Kate. I think we will be okay.”

He takes a big sip of the beer, looking into the distance, thinking...

After a while, he turns to me and asks, “Kate, would you like to stay with me, or do you want to live with your mom?”

For me, the answer is simple. This is my home. I love my dad. I’m not going anywhere.

“Dad, I’m staying with you. Do you want me to stay?”

“Sure, Kate.”

I give Dad a big hug. “I can take care of you. I can do a better job than Mom.”

Dad looks at me, smiling. “Kate, you are such a sweet girl.”

“Maybe I can be a better wife for you, too.” I don’t know why I said that. My face turns all red.

“Thank you, Kate! One day, you will understand.” Dad looks a bit happier.

I grab a juice from the fridge and come back. I sip my juice, looking at the blank TV.

After a while, Dad smiles and says, “Kate, remember the time you fell in the water?”

Of course I remember. It is a fun ride. Dad and I are biking down the trail along a creek. Suddenly, I lose my balance and drop into the water. I get wet. Dad jumps in. Our bike riding turns into water fighting.

“Yeah, Dad, that was real fun,” I say, “Do you want to go for a ride now?”

“Now?”

“Yeah.”

“Why not?” Dad stands up. “Let’s go.”

We get the bikes from the garage, put on the helmets, and off we go.

The trail is long. We ride slowly, chatting.

“Kate, have you decided on your major?”

“Not quite. I may start with life science and then see what I really like.”

“That’s a great idea. Maybe one day, you will become a doctor. And you will be the first doctor in our family.” Dad’s smile vanishes the moment he mentions the word *family*.

This is Dad’s first marriage. He has tried so hard to be a good dad and a good husband but now, the family is falling apart.

“Yes, Dad, I will become the first doctor of **our family**.” I put a lot emphasis on *our family*. “I want to be a family doctor with my own clinic. You can book an appointment at home, of course.”

Dad and I look at each other. His smile is relaxing. Wrinkles show at the corner of his eyes, making him look so mature and manly.

I really don’t understand why Mom wants to leave such a gorgeous husband. Dad is responsible, charming, and funny. His jokes make Mom and I laugh all the time. “Ryan, please stop!” Mom needs a break to catch her breath.

Dad has a very good job, too. It pays well. Like other families, we have a mortgage but we don’t have to worry about paying the bills. We take vacations regularly. We do BBQs and other fun stuff.

We live on our dream land—until Mom decides to move on with her new exploration of romance and excitement.

So why did Mom make the decision? Is it because her emotional cycle kicks in like her period, taking control of her body? Or is it something else?

Dad served in the Army for almost fifteen years. He was well disciplined. In his mind, everyone has a commander to give orders. The one receiving the order has to obey one hundred percent.

On the other hand, Mom likes surprises. She doesn’t like plans. She can drive back to the same grocery store three times in a row to pick up something. She never worries if I get up in time to catch the school bus. If I’m late, she gets Dad to give me a ride. If I don’t have time to eat my breakfast at home, she will get something quick for me to eat on the bus or in the car, such as a bowl of cereal with no milk.

Dad likes to let Mom be his commander. However, this commander always gives confusing orders. For example, she would yell, “Ryan, can you please drive Kate to school? She missed the bus again,” and then, “Hurry up, Ryan, you are going to late for work.”

So, how could Dad possibly do both at the same time? Don’t forget, I’m still trying to get out of my bed. Worse, the school is twenty minutes away in a totally different direction than

Dad's office.

Sometimes, Mom would call to tell Dad or me that she needs to stay late at the office. That, in fact, is an order, too: "Go ahead doing your cooking and eating without me." After a while, both Dad and I can make pretty good meals.

One thing I noticed is that Mom stays late at the office a lot more often in recent months. Sometimes, it is as late as one or two o'clock in the morning. Dad is not very happy.

"Kate."

"Yeah?"

"When you are in college, can you please come back to visit once in a while?"

"I will, Dad. This is my home."

We get close to where I fell into the water. There are big trees. We ride down the shady trail. One bird chirps. Many others follow.

"Dad, see, I fell right there," I point to the creek about fifty yards away.

The creek turns here. There are bushes covering our view. Dad and I get off our bikes. We walk into the bushes to take a clear look.

### **We freeze.**

Mom is in the creek with a man. She wears only a black bra and a g-string.

The man is semi-bald. He is teasing Mom with kisses on Mom's breasts.

Mom tosses her head back, totally relaxed.

Suddenly, he pulls off Mom's bra. Mom's boobs spring out like two big balls. The man pushes his lips down on Mom's nipple.

Dad grabs my hand. We turn around and walk away quickly. We get on our bikes, heading back home.

We come back to the living room. "Dad!" I try not to cry.

Dad looks at me, holding my hand gently. "Kate, it's okay. Your mom is happy."

I feel sad, and then angry. How could Mom dump Dad for a semi-bald dude? I always thought Mom was really lucky to marry Dad.

Is Dad pretending? Why did he say *it's okay*? It's **not** okay. I know it's not. I don't think any man can tolerate the betrayal and cheating.

Dad is such a gentleman. He likes to be cool and make me feel good, but inside, he must feel terrible at the moment. His face is all pale, his body is trembling.

I feel sorry for Dad. I believe I can comfort him.

I stand up from the couch, step forward, sit on Dad's lap, and wrap my arms around his neck.

Dad tries to push me away.

I push my lips down on his.

He turns his head aside. My lips land on his cheek.

He stands up, trying to push me away as far as he can.

I hold him tight and give him one more kiss.

Dad holds my shoulders and kisses my forehead. "Kate, thank you! Let's stay cool, okay?"

I blush. I sit back to the couch and look at the floor. I know I overreacted. Sure, I want a husband as good as Dad, but do I really want to replace Mom and have Dad be my husband? I

feel sorry for what happened to Dad. I've subconsciously played a wife role. Is this really a role I want? I don't know, but one thing is for sure, I feel different now. I feel very good to stay close with Dad. I feel Mom leaving the house is a good thing for all of us.

I raise my head. Dad is looking at me, smiling. His face is no longer pale. His soldier confidence returns to his eyes and his body.

"Kate," Dad says softly. "You have a long way to go in your life. You have a much brighter future than..." He pauses for a short moment to find the proper wording. "Than ours." He didn't say *mine*.

Dad is trying to protect me. I know that. But it really hurts me at the moment. I have my feelings and passion. I want to go with it. I want to let my feelings and passion to carry me where it wants.

Am I falling in love with my dad? I'm not so sure but I have no control at all. Sure, he's legally my dad at the moment. He is still married to my mom. But how much does that matter? Does the marriage certification still mean a lot when my Mom is cheating on Dad?

## Chapter Three

The phone rings. Dad picks up the phone. “This is Ryan.” He listens for a moment and then speaks calmly, “Hi, Stella.”

“Mom.” I look at the clock on the wall. It’s almost seven o’clock now. I guess she has had enough fantasy with that semi-bald man and now she remembers to give us a call.

“Kate, Mom wants to talk with you.” Dad hands me the phone and walks upstairs. I pull Dad’s hand, trying to get him stay with me, but he pulls his hand away, winks at me, and then walks away.

“Mom?” I try to pretend I do not know what’s going on. My heart is raging.

“Hi, honey, how are you doing?” She sounds like she’s been away for a long time already. That’s what she feels at the moment, I guess.

“I’m fine, Mom. How’s your day?”

“Great. I’m busy with a bunch of stuff.” *Oh, yeah, in the creek. Good lie, Mom.* I get a sour feeling.

“Kate, I’m sorry I haven’t got a chance to talk with you.”

“So, how’s everything?” I try to smile.

“It’s okay, Kate.” She stops for a moment. I hear her mumbling, “Stop doing that!” A hushed voice is giggling in the background. *That semi-bald dude must be teasing her. GROSS!*

“Kate, maybe I should have talked with you in person.” *Oh, yeah, you definitely should!*

“It’s okay, Mom.” I’m surprised to hear how calm my own voice really is.

“Unfortunately, things haven’t worked out between Dad and I recently,” she continues. “So I decided to take a break.”

“Mom, what do you mean?” I pretend I don’t know what she’s talking about.

“Oh, well, I may have to live alone for a while and see how things go,” She stops for a moment and then continues, “Don’t worry about me, Kate.”

“Mom, when are you coming home?”

“Don’t know yet. When the situation improves, I guess.”

“Mom, I love you.”

“I..” Mom stops. I hear her mumbling again, “Stop it! Seriously!” The hush voice giggles again, a lot louder this time.

“Sorry, Kate, I have to go. Talk to you soon.” She hangs up.

I bite my lower lip. My eyes are full of tears. I’ve heard stories about moms abandoning kids. I thought these were all fiction but now I know they are **real**.

Dad comes down. “Kate?” He is surprised. “You okay?”

I raise my head, trying to hold back my tears but they roll down my cheeks and drop on the floor. “Dad, I hate my mom.”

“Kate, let’s try to understand. She is happy now.”

“But what about **us**?” I feel so angry.

“We will be okay. Don’t you think so?” Dad passes me a box of tissues. “Stop crying. Your makeup is being washed away.” His voice is so soft and comforting. *Makeup? He really mentioned makeup?*

I smile. More tears roll down my cheeks. I wipe my eyes with the back of my hand. I know

this is going to mess up my makeup completely. I look at Dad.

“Kate, you look like a panda now,” Dad grins.

I rush into the bathroom and look in the mirror. My smoky eyes are now a total mess. I’ve smeared the eye shadow all over.

I go into the shower and turn on the hot water. After fifteen minutes, I feel much better.

I come out of the shower. My body is steamy. I dry my body and then put on my bra and thong.

I reach for my clothes. Then I get a new idea. I open the door a tiny bit, stick my head out, and look. I hear the sports on TV. Dad must be enjoying his favorite games.

I put on a pink bathrobe and walk downstairs. Water is dripping from my hair.

I sit on the couch. “Dad, what’s new?”

Dad’s eyes are locked on the TV show. “New Jersey is winning.” His face expressions change quickly with the game.

It’s now the commercial time. Dad looks at me. He raises an eyebrow but for only a second. I know he is kind of surprised because I never wore a bathrobe in front of him.

He looks at the TV again, pretending nothing happened. After a while, he turns back and smiles, “Kate, why don’t you put on your jeans? Your Levi’s are pretty cool.”

I go upstairs to change. Dad is right. I shouldn’t wear a bathrobe in front of him. But what if I’m not his stepdaughter? Dad is a super smart guy. I’m quite sure he knows what I’m thinking but he’s trying to stick to his father role.

I put on my jeans and a black T-shirt. I look into the mirror and see a super sexy girl.

I scan through my lipsticks a few times. I like all of them, especially the purple one. But today, I’m going to go traditional. I pick up the red one, apply it to my upper lip, and then the low one. I move my lower lip a few times to spread the makeup evenly.

I give a Marilyn Monroe smile to the mirror and see a sexy and hot girl right away. My lipstick works so well that I don’t need any makeup anywhere else. Almost half of my boobs stick out. The see-through lace bra makes them irresistible to anyone.

I go downstairs and sit on the couch.

Dad is still watching the sports show. I move my body closer. He doesn’t pay any attention.

“Dad?” I try to get his attention.

He looks at me. “Yes?”

I smile at him.

He tilts his head and fold his arms on his chest. “Hmmm, do you need any help?”

I’m not sure if he is pretending or is really not aware of what I’m trying to do.

“I... I...” I try a few times and then ask, “Are you hungry?”

“Actually, yes.” Dad looks at the clock on the wall. “Oh, it’s almost eight thirty.”

He turns back to me. “So, what do you want for dinner?” He smiles and then adds, “I’m going to be the chef today.”

“Dad, let me try it,” I volunteer.

“Are you sure?”

“Sure. I know how to cook.”

“Do you need any help?”

“No. Thank you, Dad, I’ll be fine.”

I go to the kitchen and open the fridge.

What does Dad like? I think for a while and then decide to make a bacon-roasted chicken with potatoes.

I defrost the chicken drumsticks. Now I'm wrapping them with bacon. Dad comes to the kitchen. He stands right behind me, looking very closely.

His breath touches my hair. My heartbeats double-time. I blush. *Is he going to touch me, or...?* I try to continue with my wrapping but the drumstick slips out of my hand and drops on the dish. I pick it up and wrap it with the bacon again. It slips out right away.

"Not easy." Dad murmurs. He turns around, picks a beer from the fridge, and then leaves.

*Stop daydreaming, Kate. He's your dad!* I try to tell myself the ice-cold fact but I can't stop thinking of Dad as someone else. A boyfriend? A husband? Someone I feel really good to stay with? I don't know. Maybe he only takes me as his daughter, or a teen with an unrealistic dream?

I wash an onion. I need to chop it and then sprinkle the pieces on the chicken. *Should I let Dad know what I think?* I put the onion on the cutting board. *Is he going to laugh at me? Or is he going to hug me and then do something like a boyfriend?* I pick up the knife and cut down. *Maybe...* The onion rolls. The knife slides on my finger.

I feel the pain and see the blood.

I drop the knife and press my finger on the wound. "Dad!" I yell.

"What's up?" Dad dashes in. "God!" He takes my hand and moves it to the sink. He turns on the water and says, "Let's wash it."

The running water washes away the blood immediately.

Dad picks a piece of soap and then washes my hand carefully. After a while, he turns off the water.

He uses a paper towel to dry my hand and then says, "Press here." I press on the wound to stop the bleeding.

Dad opens the third drawer of the kitchen counter. We keep all the first-aid stuff there. He picks up an antibiotic ointment, and squeezes out a little bit. He uses a Q-tip to pick up the ointment, holds my finger, and spreads the medicine carefully on my wound.

The bleeding stops right away. I look at Dad, feeling so good.

Dad wraps my wound with a bandage and then asks, "Better now?"

I nod.

"It's going to be painful for a while. Why don't you take a break and let me do the cooking?"

"Thank you, Dad!" I walk out of the kitchen.

"Kate," Dad says behind me.

My heart races again. I turn around, looking at him.

He looks at me, too. *Is he going to kiss me?* I raise my head, waiting.

"Sorry, Kate. What should I do with the chicken and bacon?"

My heart goes from a tropical love boat to the Titanic wreckage deep on the cold ocean floor. I take a deep breath to refocus my thoughts and then put up a smile. "Oh, please wrap the drumsticks with the bacon. Secure the bacon with toothpicks and put them in the baking dish. Add salt and paper."

Dad looks pretty surprised. I guess he didn't realize I know so much about cooking.

Great! I impressed him! I get so excited.

I keep my voice calm and continue, "Then please chop the onion. But please, please be very careful." I raise my wounded finger.

"Don't worry, Kate. I will be very careful."

"Then you sprinkle the onion pieces on the chicken and bake it."

"Sure. Anything else I have to know?"

“Oh, yeah, you can also cut a few potatoes and put them around the dish.”

“Sure, I will do that, too.”

I sit on the couch, staring at the TV screen. My finger is hurting, but my heart is so happy. *Wasn't this like a wife and husband talking?*

Fifteen minutes later, Dad is back on his rocking chair. “The baking will take a while. Do you need a drink?”

“Can I have a juice, please?”

“Sure.” Dad walks into the kitchen. Soon, he comes back with a glass of juice. He hands me the juice. I see ice cubes inside.

“Thanks, Dad.”

“You’re welcome, Kate. Please let me know if you need anything else.”

“Sure, I will.” *What if I want a kiss on my lips?*

## Chapter Four

The chicken smells good. “Let’s go and check, Dad.”

We go to the kitchen. Dad turns off the oven. He puts on an oven glove and takes the dish out.

It smells really good. Dad looks at me. “Now what do I do?”

I pull out all the toothpicks and toss them into the garbage can. I use a fork to pick up the bacon and put them in the garbage can, too.

“Kate,” Dad says suddenly.

“Yes, Dad?”

He looks into my eyes, pauses for a long time, and then says slowly, “You cook like your mom.”

My heart flies high into the sky like a soaring eagle. *Dad, now you are talking!*

I try to calm down as much as possible. Then I smile like my mom and ask, “You like it?”

“Sure,” Dad says. “Can we eat now?”

“No.” I say exactly my mom’s way with a stern face. Then I smile and ask my dad, “H...” Oops! I almost said *honey*. I grin and say, “How about we roast the chicken for fifteen more minutes?”

“Sure.” Dad puts the chicken back to the oven and turns it on.

I prepare a blue cheese salad quickly and set the table.

Fifteen minutes later, Dad takes the chicken out. The skin is now perfectly brown. I move everything from the baking dish to a big plate and put the plate on the table. “Dad, let’s eat.”

He sits down. I put a bottle of red wine and two glasses on the table.

“Kate?” Dad looks at me, puzzled.

“Dad, let’s celebrate the beginning of our new life.” I dim the lights and then light two red candles. The room becomes warm and romantic.

“For our new life, cheers!” I raise the glass.

“Cheers!”

Dad is hungry. He eats fast. Soon, he has finished four drumsticks.

“Kate, cheers!” He gobbles down all the wine in the glass and fills it again.

“Cheers!” he says again and finishes the red wine right away.

“Dad, can you please slow down a bit?” I try to take the wine bottle away from him.

“Give me the bottle, please. Kate, please, I need more wine!” He’s pretty tipsy.



I know I can't stop him, so I fill the glass the half way. "Dad, please slow down, okay?"

He tosses the wine down and says, "More!"

"Dad?"

"More!" He grabs the wine bottle from me and drinks the wine like water.

"Dad! Ryan!" I yell.

He does not stop.

I take the bottle away from him.

"Good! Very good!" Dad mumbles. He is now really tipsy.

I stand up with the wine bottle in my hand.

Dad stands up, too, and then drops back into the chair. He throws the wine glass very hard on the floor. The glass breaks into hundreds of tiny pieces, flying far and high.

"My life is a piece of shit!"

Dad puts his head on the table, crying like a baby.

"Dad, are you okay?" I ask, walking over.

"Leave me alone, Stella! I hate you!" He pushes me away really hard. I almost fall to the floor. He stares at me. His eyes are all red.

"Dad, I'm Kate, not Stella."

"Kate? Oh, Kate!" He raises his hand, pointing a finger at me. "No, you are not Kate! You are Stella. Get away from me!"

He stands up, stumbling his way to the couch and drops on it. Soon, he begins to snore.

I cover him with a blanket. I look at his face. This is a mature man of my dreams. He is caring and responsible. He is a good father and husband. But now, he is dumped by a ruthless woman for her selfish pleasure.

I bend down and kiss his lips lightly. *Love you, Dad... No, Ryan.*



Dad is very apologetic the next morning. "Sorry, Kate. Did I get drunk? Did I cause any trouble?" Dad is calm and cool.

"No, Dad. How'd you sleep?"

"Very good." His smile is full of confidence. "How about you?"

"Great."

"So we survived our first day, huh?" He grins. "Give me five, Kate."

It's Saturday. The morning sunshine goes through the windows, making the house warm and cozy.

We finish a quick breakfast. Dad stands up, stretching his arms. "I think I need a nice jog. Want to join?"

"Sure."

I put on my sneakers. We jog down the trail.

For the last few years, I have been jogging with Mom and Dad many times. I have more energy. I jog and run to consume my energy. Mom and Dad jog and walk. They like to walk slowly, holding hands. Sometimes, they steal a kiss when they believe I'm not watching.

But today, only Dad and I are enjoying the beautiful weather and fresh air.

I try to go with Dad's speed. Sometimes, I run a minute or two, and then run back to join Dad.

Dad seems pretty happy today. He jogs along. Once in a while, he runs with me for a few minutes and then slows back to jogging again. We look at each other, smiling.

Dad begins to puff.

"Dad, should we take a break?"

He shakes his head. Drops of sweat appear on his forehead.

Dad runs again. I feel he's getting closer and closer from behind. I speed up, puffing and smiling.

Suddenly, I hear Dad coughing. I turn around. Dad stands right behind me. He bends down, pushing his arms straight down on his knees.

"Dad, you okay?" I pat his back gently.

Dad nods, coughing harder. His blood vessels pop up on his temples and neck with each cough. His face turns all red.

After a while, he stands up. "Thank you, Kate. I'm okay now."

"Do you need to sit down and take a break?" I ask.

Dad shakes his head.

I wrap my arm around his. We walk slowly.

"Boy, I'm getting old." Dad says.

"No, Dad, you are not. We ran a bit too fast."

"Hmmm, hope so." Dad smiles. But it's a bitter smile.

We come to a bridge. It is a small wooden bridge on the creek. We stand on the bridge, looking down.

Ducks are swimming around. A few dive in to search for food.

"We forgot to bring some bread," Dad says.

Feeding the ducks is real fun but today, we can only watch.

A mommy duck swims by, followed by a few ducklings. "Dad, look, how cute!"

Dad turns to me, trying to smile.

*Oops!* I really feel sorry I said that. I know he is thinking about Mom.

"Sorry, Dad." I hug him, looking up into his eyes.

Dad looks at me. He holds my head with both hands. His lips are now getting closer to mine.

The heat seizes my body. I close my eyes, waiting.

No kiss.

I open my eyes. "Dad?" I raise my head, getting my lips closer to his.

Dad lowers his head. His lips are getting closer to mine.

I close my eyes, waiting, and waiting...

Dad's kiss lands on my forehead, very lightly.

He lets go my head and steps back.

I open my eyes. "Dad?"

"Yes?"

"You don't want me?" I blush deep.

"I..."

"Tell me the truth." I look into his eyes.

“I...” He pauses for a long time and then whispers, “No.”

I get angry. “Dad, be a man.” Before he can say anything, my hand lands on his huge bulge. “See how thick it is?”

Dad’s face turns red. After a long while, he murmurs, “Sorry, Kate. I can’t lie to you. Yes, I’ve been... liking you for a while.”

“Let’s do it, Dad.” I unzip his pants and pull out his throbbing cock. Gosh, it’s so huge.

“But... your mom...”

“Don’t worry about her, Dad. She changes husbands like she changes clothes. You know that.”

Dad nods slightly. Suddenly, he holds my body and kisses me hard. I kiss back. “You’re so pretty and sweet, Kate.” He breaks the kiss and looks at me.

“I’m all yours for today, Dad.”

My body is lifted into the air. Dad carries me to a big tree and puts me down gently. The ground is full of grass and leaves. It’s so comfy.

His huge hands are busy working. Soon, my blouse is removed. Then my bra. Within the next minute, my body is naked.

I spread my arms and legs wide, watching Dad stripping himself. His hairy chest is full of bumpy muscles. His cock is the largest I’ve ever seen.

I sit up and hold his huge shaft. “Dad, I want to suck you.”

“Suck me.” He smiles, running his fingers through my hair.

I lick the cockhead. It tastes so fresh. Opening my mouth wide, I send the bumpy cock in bit by bit. Gosh, I can only take a half of it before it hits the back of my throat. I suck a few times lightly, then harder.

Dad gasps hard. “Fucking Jesus, Kate, you’re so fucking good.”

I suck harder, feeling the throbbing of the shaft. It turns bumpier with my every suck. Holding the shaft with one hand, I play with his balls with the other one. I want to please my dad as much as I can.

“Holy fuck, Kate, please stop. I’m going to cum. I swear I am.” Dad’s voice is desperate.

I lie down and spread my legs as wide as I can. “Now fuck me, Dad.”

He fucks in, pounding me harder and harder. “Dad, you’re my hero.” I moan. Gosh, this is my first time feeling so good being fucked. I push my hips high to let that magic cock fuck all the way in, satisfying my pussy’s hungry needs in and out.

Suddenly, my body is seized by a huge orgasm. I’m all paralyzed. The unbelievable sensation and pleasure sends me into high pitch screaming. “Fuck me, Dad, fuck me!”



Since that day, I’ve never slept in my own bed. Mom called in every once in a while, talking about the divorce with Dad. “Ryan, you sound happy.” She’s so surprised.

“Well, you know, life has to go on. I’m a soldier. I can take any challenge.”

I smile at him. Oh, yeah. Tell me you can take any challenge. I'm going to challenge you to fuck me twice in a row. Show me you can live up to the challenge. I rub his cock hard.

He covers the phone and murmurs, "Jesus Christ, Kate. Please stop. I'm on the phone. Oh... fuck! Please..."

I rub harder...

**Never Miss a Thing...**



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