

Sinfully Delicious

Sinfully Delicious

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After everything dear to him is taken away, Jason finally finds something of interest. Will this new temptation ruin everything?

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Sinfully Delicious : Chapter 1

This story is of my imagination alone. It is fictional and so are the characters. Everyone described in this story is over 18 years of age.

Jason couldn't help but look. He hated himself. *What a disgusting soul you are!* He reminded himself of this constantly. How could he be like this? How low must one be to stoop to this level and remain? And yet, he was still sitting in the front of his Lexus. Still intently looking through the window. He at first told himself it was because he was waiting for Tim to come home. That was of course why he was here in the first place, to meet his best friend. But after he saw a glimpse he remained in place, frozen waiting for another.

Pitiful. You are a wretch! A worthless worm.

Then he saw her. She was hidden from his view for nearly thirty minutes while she refreshed herself, and here she was in the window for his personal viewing. She was clad in only a skimpy pink towel, her light blonde hair was short and plastered to her sweet head. A few of the rebellious strands kissing her beautiful face. He could see from where he was that she was singing. She was bouncing around slightly while drying herself off. So sweet and young, he thought.

"God!" He breathed. "Forgive me. For I am an abominable creature unworthy of you." He whispered to himself, as he started to rub the bulging flesh within his jeans.

Now his fixation had a leg propped up on her vanity table drying it. Quick careless strokes of her towel dried her leg. How he wished for her to take her time. Caress the skin, tease it, tease him. But too rapidly she was on to the other leg. He couldn't see anything, well that's not entirely true. He saw her flawless legs, too skinny a pair of legs that haunted his dreams. Those caramel dreams, long and tone, and those thighs! And the oh so sensual spot that was crease just under a woman's breast, and the accompanying crevice under the ass cheeks. Those two sweet spots on the left side of this beautiful young woman's body is in full view. How magnificent.

He jumped at the sound of his phone. Fearing she would hear it he instantly grabbed it and answered.

Jason cleared his throat. "Sup." He said quickly.

"Jayjay!" Tim said, trying to sound happy, but quickly turned into an uncontrollable irritated tone. "Son of a bitch! Learn to fuckin' drive asshole!"

Jason chuckled. Tim always hated stupidity on the road. "Troubles?" He asked sarcastically.

"You bet your ass! These people don't know, HOW TO DRIVE!" He yelled.

The guy was a prime example of a person who has road rage. With another slight laugh Jason asked, "How far out are ya, you loon?"

"About fifteen minutes. Make sure Casey is ready, you know how she gets."

Jason was terrified. Case was coming? "Oh, Case is coming along?" He asked. Trying desperately to hide the shock in his voice. Thankfully Tim was too upset to notice.

There was a little background noise and then he finally answered after a sigh. "Yes. She expressed interest. She said I've been moping lately and to be honest I think she is too." He let out a bitter laugh. "To think, it's

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get better with time really was bullshit, who would-a thought?" He sounded sad.

Jason knew it was a rhetorical statement so he just waited. But then finally spoke up. "I know your pain all too well my friend. Lets hope we are just fucked up and it takes a little longer with us."

"Jay, man, I hear you. God! Hear I am bitching when.." Tim quieted off.

With a sigh Jason interrupted. "We both lost things dear to us." He had to stop and breathe.

Tim quietly prayed, "God, please bless little Anthony, he never took a breath but we all know he would have been president!" He almost yelled the last words.

Jason laughed sadly, "You're a jerk most of the time man, but gotta love ya.. Thanks." He couldn't help but feel a wave of sadness pressing down on him at the mention of his unborn son, who would have been almost ten years old now.

They both sat silently, just listening to the sounds on either end of the phone for several moments. Jason momentarily forget all about the window he was peeping in.

"Alright man, sorry to bring up this shit again." said Tim.

"Tim, we are going out to wallow about his very thing." Jason couldn't help but smile and shake his head.

"Its not wallowing! Itsâ !" He sighed. "Just make sure Casey is ready. You know, why don't you two just meet me there. It'll be quicker."

Jason did not know what to do. He didn't want to speak for fear that his voice would embarrass him forever. If he sounded standoffish, would Tim catch on? Fuck! What should he do?

"I'll take your stunned silence as a yes. See ya there!" Then Tim hung up the phone.

"Get a grip!" He yelled, and hit his steering wheel. His head fell hard onto it and he wished it would lend his unconscious.

How could he!? It was the anniversary of his and Tim's wives death for fucks sake! Pitiful. Just pitiful. On the very day ten years ago that his beloved wife and best friend's wife were killed by a drunk driver. The women were on their way home from a church retreat from the Women of Church cottage in Main. How grossly ironic, yes Jason is disgustingly aware of that fact. The women were on their way home early because Melanie, Jason's wife wasn't feeling well and her doctor said to come home and rest to make sure nothing happened to the baby. Tiffany, Tim's wife was all too quick to rush her home the second she got off the phone with Melanie's doctor. And to think, they were coming home to save the babyâ ! In doing so they lost all three.

Jason had lost many tears to these thoughts. He was all cried out, but the misery still remained. And to think he was lusting after a young girl, albeit of age, that wasn't the point. A deep sigh let Jason into his house to snag some clean clothes and hopefully his head would unfuck itself on the way there. *Highly unlikely.*

Jason had grabbed a nice gray button up shirt, long sleeve as it was quite chilly out today. He slipped on a pair of blue jeans and sneakers and finished off his, "I don't give a fuck" look with a hand run through his hair and some cologne.

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Wanting to hurry he ran to the fridge. He was starving but ate like a bird since his wife had passed. In the ten years he had lost over thirty pounds, so if he ate now he would hear of it at dinner. He opted for a bottle of water and shut the door. He turned around to walk straight into a pink dream.

There she was, his fixation, his gross infatuation standing inches away in nothing but that skimpy towel and a cheeky grin on her face. Scared shitless of what he would do alone with her, Jason backed away and into the counter. Two coffee cups clashed and toppled onto the floor. "Case! You scared the life out of me!" He screeched.

She seemed only a little embarrassed. Casey leaned against the counter on the other end of the kitchen and asked, "What's the matter Unjay?"

He felt his insides curl up at the use of her childish nick name for him. A cross between Uncle and Jason. He wasn't her uncle by blood, but her father and him were friends for years. Hell! When the medical bills piled up trying to save both Melanie and his unborn son he lost everything. Tim personally decided he would live with him and moved all of what little he had left. No second thoughts about it, and here he is lusting after his friends daughter.

He was utterly disgusted with himself. And he used that irritation to help not act or sound like a depraved pervert. "Your dad said you will be joining us? I figured you would actually have clothes on."

She rolled her eyes and started to walk away, and she happily sang, "I'll be just a minute."

Why did she have to be so adorable? With that thought slipping through he loathed himself even more and headed to the truck.

Jason sat in his truck with his head in his hands more confused then ever. Why does she keep appearing in front him wearing very little? Or very sexy clothes. When she was little he never thought anything of it. But for two years it seemed she almost taunted him.

Why? Why did she have to be so likable? So down to earth and mature. Why cant a second go by without him thinking about ways to fuck her.

Wearing these skimpy clothes that make him consider ruining his entire life, just to touch.

To destroy a man's love of his daughter, for just one taste.

To risk the innocence of a lovely young lady, for his own lack of morality.

Disgusting.

She is just a girl, a young girl.

Your best friend's only family!

Deep in thought he hadn't noticed Case enter the car or start talking. "Hellooooo! Where are you at Unjay?" She asked.

Moving his hands down and starting the engine he risked a quick look at her. She was wearing black yoga pants and a loose fitting purple sweater. She looked stunning even though it looked like she should be snuggled up reading a book rather than going out to eat.

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"Sorry sweet pea. Just thinking." He gave her a faint smile and said, "Now. Let's get moving before your dad gets worried."

"Worried?" She started to giggle. "He is probably still ranting to himself about the non-existent traffic while he waits." Jason couldn't help it. He had to laugh too. She was right. Their laughter was halted by Case's phone.

"Were his ears burning?" Asked Jason.

Turning bright red and letting out a little giggle Case said, "Shhhh.. Nooooo It's not him, it'sâ!" She answered the call. "Hi," she answered shyly. "Noâ!. No, I can'tâ!. I'm serious I can't tonightâ!. Maybeâ!. " She sighed heavily. "I'll text you the addressâ!. Yes, I'm sorry." She hung up the phone and rested her head on the window, looking at the passing houses.

Who the FUCK was that?

Chapter 2

"What was that about Casey?" He couldn't help the angry tone he had used. There was no way that was a girl, or *Just a friend*. Jason was unable to contain his anger internally. He was so jealous he was feeling nauseous. He had no right to be, none whatsoever. But how could he not be? The thought of some wet behind the ears prick even talking to her in hopes he could dip his wick was unfathomable. Never mind touching and tasting this sweet little flower. *His* sweet little flower.

He glanced over just in time to see her roll her eyes and say, "Nothing." She looked a thousand miles away, despite her snooty response she looked miserable.

"So I take it, you aren't going to have dinner with us?" He asked. His tone rose slightly. He was losing the battle with his emotions.

She started to fidget and look everywhere but in his direction. "I am."

He put his right hand on her shoulder and said, using every ounce of his strength to calm his voice. His insides were under attack but at least he could pretend they weren't. "Case. You know you can talk to me, right?" They pulled into the parking lot of the restaurant and he parked. He was able to look at her more closely. She was visibly shaking, her chocolate brown eyes were glossy and the sides of them were crinkling in a vain attempt to hold back the tears. She hadn't said anything. "Case?"

She shook her head and closed her eyes. A group of tears made their way down her cheeks. "You say that now. Before I tell you," she said solemnly.

He rubbed her shoulder gently in hopes to comfort her. The feeling of her tense muscles among her extremity was too tempting to him, he wanted to explore further. *When she needs you!?* He tried to rid himself of that thought. He stilled his hand and spoke softly to her. "Case, honey. It's ok. I will still think the same after you tell me."

She seemed to think it over only for a couple of seconds, "Really?" she asked, uncertainty clear in her voice. She looked at him, "Anything?" she whispered.

He had to force himself to not look hurt, he held her gaze and said, "Anything Sweet Pea," he said softly. She looked as though he had just given her a hundred dollar bill. But the look disappeared quickly, but before she could say anything he said, "And I mean anything. Don't worry," He looked around the parking lot. "I don't see your dad yet. Spill youngin," he smiled and he got a slight smirk from her as well.

She took a deep breath and started to ramble on about being lonely and how her friends were getting worried about her not dating. They set her up on a dating site and she started to talk to what he figured was a 'boy' but soon figured out it was a grown ass man! She said everything so fast he didn't think she meant to say it all. It seemed as though once she opened the floor gates to her problem she couldn't close it even if she wanted to. She was sitting there, looking deflated with her head down. Small tears trickled slowly down her rose colored cheeks.

Jason could not believe what he had heard. Where was his sweet little Casey? His little Sweet Pea. So confident and self assured. Making the boys fight and chase over her. Why would she do this? What possible reason could she have to even think that this was ok. He would have some serious words with her later. This was fucking madness! But for now, he needed answers. He needed her to open up to him in hopes to even make a little sense of all of this.

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"Sweet Pea," He asked, using all of his strength to not shake her hoping some sense would get in there somehow. "First, I would like to know why you think you have to use a dating site. The boys are all over you, your dad and I see it wherever we go with you. I can only imagine what they are like when you aren't chaperoned with two old fogies like us."

She frowned even more, if it were possible and said quietly, "Dad isn't old, he just turned thirty six. He was hardly legal when I was born. You know that. And youâ" She paused. He had to smile. He was two years younger than Tim, and yes Tim knocked up Tiffany when he was only 16. She was twenty at the time so no one ever said anything.

Jason cocked an eyebrow, "I what?" he asked.

She huffed. "He has you by two years, show off." She was looking right into his eyes now, and her look confused him. It was like she was searching for something. What, he had no clue.

"Case," He started softly and couldn't stop himself from touching her left arm with his right. "What is it about him?"

There was that look again. She was looking for something in his eyes. "What do you mean?"

He shook his head slightly, and said, "You said yourself you were set up. He has five years on *me*, and by the sound of your phone call he is less than nice to you. Which means he doesn't care about you." He stopped for a brief moment, "Have you ever met him?"

Her response was shaky at best. "Well, I saw him once, we were suppose to meet but then I saw him, I saw him right before I stopped to pull into the coffee shop we agreed to meet at." She took a breath and wiped at her damp eyes, "He was waiting outside. He looked cruel and he was yelling into his cell phone, I thought 'dear God I pity the person who he is yelling at', then a second later he hung up and I had a voicemail. I left so fast I felt like I hadn't taken a breath until I was miles away." She started to cry harder. "He doesn't know where I live but he won't stop contacting me by phone. All the time, he is constantly yelling at me" He wrapped his arms around her as she cried, "I am so stupid! Oh Unjayâ How could I have been so stupid?" She continued to sob.

He rubbed her back and let her cry for a few moments. He knew he had only a few minutes before Tim would be looking for them, they were suppose to be inside ten minutes ago. He smoothed his hands over her shoulders and let her situate herself back into her seat. He then wiped a few tears away from her cheeks with his thumbs. He took her phone off of her lap, he had no time to think about how hot her skin was through her thin pants. He would drift his thoughts back to that later.

He took her phone and held it in his hands and asked, "I love you Case, but I have to ask," he looked into her eyes, those deep brown eyes that were glistening from her troubles. "This is all true? You don't want him?"

She looked deep into his eyes and tried hard to blink back several tears. She had failed, but she tried to steady herself and said, "No. I don't want, *him*." the way she said 'him' made him more curious but he had other things to think about. How many guys was she talking to? God, he hoped he didn't have to go through this again, this jealous fueled rage was already eating him up.

He glanced at the screen. He looked quick back at her. "Case," he said sharply, "You put it on silent? He called thirty two times since you hung up, that was," he glanced at the clock, "Shit, Case! That was ten minutes ago." He took a breath.

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The ringing was deafening, what would he say? Why was he calling? He wasn't sure what he was thinking. The only thing he was sure about was that Case was in trouble, big trouble. She needed him.

"What the FUCK do you think you're doing? Who do you think you are bitch? You fucking SLUT!" Jason heard a lot of loud noises. "Oh, now you learn your place? What, are you fucking retarded? Say something!!" He was screaming into the phone. With each word it seemed he got louder. Jason imagined him purple faced with bulging veins and seconds away from a stroke.

He was so loud that Case heard every word, every hurtful thing meant for her ears alone. Her sobs were heard on his end and didn't seem to make him any happy. "Are you fucking kidding me! Why are YOU upset? You are the one who ignored me! Fuck! You are worthless. Do you hear me? FUCK-ING WORTH-LESS."

Who ever this guy was, Jason thanked everything from God to the lucky stars above that things worked out as they did and they have never met. "Dennis?"

"Who the FUCK is this?"

"Dennis, My name is Jay."

The turn of events were too much for Dennis already and he started to scream and yell. Most of which Jason was unable to hear, but he was able to make out a few words here and there, "Fucking slutâ ¯ shitâ ¯ bastardâ ¯. I will kill you! God damn riverâ ¯ accidentâ ¯ worthless skankâ ¯!" It was disgusting.

He let him finish and settle down. Jason tried to speak but Dennis talked over him again. Jason lost it. He was done letting this insignificant flea run the show. He started out almost yelling. "You repugnant wretch! Who do YOU think YOU are? Talking to her like that. You don't deserve to breathe never mind speak. You are lucky I don't know where you are or what you look like, because I assure you, if I did, no one else would, EVER again." Dennis started to talk again but Jason shut him down. "I'm not done talking!!" He fumed. "And her place? HER PALCE! Ya, her place is right here with me, you ridiculous excuse for a man!" His voice was so loud it made the car vibrate. "If you ever call this number again, contact her in any way, I will kill you. And I am serious, there is no threat, or empty gesture. This is pure fact. I will scour every rock and leaf until I find the scum hole you reside and I will end you. I will peel your loathsome body apart. I will slowly and I mean slooowly dismember your limbs. Leaving your body in the woods to be eaten by better beings than you." He lowered his voice, but it still produced a deadly warning, "Go ahead, test me."

He heard more noise but hung up. He shut the phone off. "I will have this number changed as soon as we get home." He finally looked over at her, the entire phone call he never once looked at her, but now, was different. It looked as though her eyes were glued in place. Just gazing over him. "I'm sorry I lost my shit Case, but I'm not sorry for what I said. And I was serious." He took her hands in his, "I would never hurt you Sweet Pea, never, but I can't say the same for someone who hurts you."

She opened her mouth to speak, was she going to scold him? Wrap her arms around him? Was she so flattered that she could kiss him? He didn't know, but whatever her response, it was squashed.

"Look who showed up!" Tim said happily. "Hey, Sugar!" He helped Case out of the car. "Casey? You look terrible!"

"Boy troubles" Jason said.

"You are always keeping them boys on their toes aren't you Casey?" Tim didn't mean to offend her but Jason could see the way Case reacted. She lowered her eyes and held her hands. Jason knew she was about to cry.

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He started to talk but Tim didn't hear him and kept talking. "I came out here to hop in the old Dodge, Mary from the office called. I'm needed to help out with a big stock glitch. Well, lets hope it's a glitch, if not we have a thief to find." Tim leaned in the car window and gave Casey a quick hug and said, "Here you are," he handed Casey two, hundred dollar bills. "Why don't you two order to go and you just stay in tonight?" When Casey smiled and gave Tim another hug he nodded to Jason and went off, "See you two in the morning!"

Jason laughed. "Two bills huh?" He looked over at Case and said, "What do you say little one, want to hit the grocery store? Maybe get some junk food? Perhaps we can find a movie to watch." He touched his stomach "We should go easy on the snacks though. Need to watch my figure!" He joked.

Case started to giggle and suddenly she was hugging him. She nuzzled her face into the crook of his neck and started to cry gently even though she was laughing a second ago. "Oh! Unjay, I love you so much. You will never knowâ!" She kissed his neck, In a sweet gesture. It had to be because if she knew how much he enjoyed it he was sure she would stop.

Her breath and soft kisses against his skin was too much. He pushed her gingerly away. "I love you too, Sweet Pea." She leaned back in and kissed his cheek. He furrowed his eyes brows at her and said hoarsely, "And if you know what's good for you, you will stop throwing yourself at old men." He started the car and was off to the store.

She gave him an ugly glare and said, almost in audibly, "Oh, I know what's good alright."

Jason scoffed. And replied, "Yes, as if the last twenty minutes never happened."

She bristled at his words and looked at him. almost a 'your fault' look. He ignored her and drove off.

Chapter 3

They arrived at the house after getting a stash of snacks that a herd of college kids would be jealous of. Bags and bags of chips, ice cream all of the with-its and gallons of soda. For dinner he chose a bunch of frozen food. All the usual appetizer stuff. He pulled into the garage and turned to case, "Hey kiddo lets.." He couldn't help but smile. The poor thing was exhausted. Her head resting nicely against the back of the seat, her cute sounds of sleep made his heart melt. "Case?" He asked. She wouldn't budge.

He quickly and quietly put all of the groceries away and preheated the oven. He came back to the car and opened Case's door. He knelt down and tried to rouse her again. "Case," he said a little louder than before. She just moved and made a little moan. The sound traveled straight to his crotch. She had always been a heavy sleeper. He should have known this would happen if she fell asleep. He carefully picked her up and brought her into the house and placed her on the couch. Her perfectly tight little body was at such ease. Just resting and looking oh so peaceful. Jason still wished he knew what she was thinking? Just how close she had been to walking right into her own end. He shuddered at the thought. Before he realized what he was doing he ran his hand along her leg and her thigh. *What was he thinking?* Touching her while she was sleeping. He covered her gorgeous body with a throw blanket and went to get the food ready.

Casey woke up to the wonderful aroma of spicy fries, mozzarella sticks and a handful of other appetizers Jason threw in the cart. She stretched a little and looked around, and couldn't see Jason anywhere. For that she was thankful. She folded the blanket and headed to her bedroom. She needed to get out of these pants. She didn't know what was going on. But she woke up to her pants being sopping wet. What the hell? Her dreams didn't make the explanation any easier to swallow. Yes, a childish crush was one thing. But non stop dreams of him taking her was haunting her even while she was awake. Sheesh, he had been around her a lot, her whole life! No wonder he was always running rampant through her thoughts. And more so over the past years of living in the same house. Ecspeically more sexually.

That's when the problem started, she thought. Why did he have to be so hot? He was so young, well he acted it at the most important times and then acted like a grown up when needed. And that body! He was kind of tall at six feet but, he was so thin. When Casey remembered why is when she felt gross. *Aunt Melanie*. She shuddered. What a creeper she was! He had looked so thin because he lost his family a decade ago. And she thought it made him look hot. She was a terrible person.

But he was worse! Always being so nice and understanding. Always complimenting her and touching her. Always looking at her body. Making her wet with just a look! Casey sighed and looked for clothes to change into. She would prove it was all him. Yes. That's it. It wasn't her. It was all him. She wasn't the pervert. She would show him.

She pulled out some more yoga pants. They were white and almost sheer. So of course she would have to wear a nice thong with them. But what color? If he wasn't looking then it wouldn't matter. Right? So why not go for bold. A black skimpy thong would be perfect. Now for the shirt. Well it is cold out, so a long sleeve shirt would have to do. But nothing to cover herself up completely. How else would she make her point? Speaking of points. She was feeling very constricted at the moment. She removed her bra and ran her hands along her large breasts. Her nipples were rock solid, it had to be the cool air. She moaned slightly as she pinched them and she felt very naughty. She picked a light gray shirt. It was from an old boy friend, she hadn't slept with him but when she was over his house having dinner with his family she got hers dirty and he let her wear this one. She just never gave it back. It was a little big on her and made her breasts pop out and hid her flat stomach completely. She ran a brush through her hair and went to the kitchen.

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"And so I am graced," He said rudely when she rounded the corner. He was drinking some scotch or whiskey or something. Whatever it was she could smell it on his breath.

She walked around him and touched his shoulder, and pressed herself against him in a hug, making sure her unconfined breasts were making their presence known on his arm. She smiled and said, "Hi," and left his side to grab some cola from the fridge. He handed her, her phone back when she sat at the table. She hesitated for a second, "Thanks." she said softly.

"Yea." Was all he said. Was he really mad at her? He didn't seem to be in the car, or on the way home? What was wrong?

"I," Was all she got out before he cut her off.

His response was sharp, "I'll be right back. Get some food together, the big plate is right there." he pointed to the counter. "I'll pick the movie." After drinking the last of his cup he placed it heavily onto the table and walked out of the room.

What was that about?

Well, if she wanted to prove her point she had to play nice. She gathered a plate of food and a bowl of chips and put it all on the large coffee table in the living room. Jason wasn't there. She sat down and was sipping on her drink when she heard Jason come into the room. He had his tablet in one hand and a disc in the other. He didn't look at her he just handed her the movie. Her finger tips grazed his ever so slightly and without saying a word he went and grabbed the DVD remote.

She stood up and went over to the player. She looked at the disk. What movie was this? It had no label, he must have burned it from the computer. She shrugged and knelt down, she arched her back and leaned over to put the disk in the player. Once it was in she placed her palms on the carpeted floor and straightened her arms, her toned little ass was straight up as she pushed herself up to stand. When she turned around she saw his face. He looked angrier then the time she skipped school and took his car for a drive. What was his deal? He wasn't even looking at her. That was odd in itself, he is always looking at her, even when he shouldn't he always did.

She sat down on the couch. He sat silent for several minutes without saying anything, or turning on the television. She couldn't take the silence anymore, she finally asked. "So, Jay. What are we watching?" She was sure he looked at her because of the name she used. She always called him Unjay unless she was mad at him. An old childish habit.

His look was less then friendly. "I've seen it once. Lets see what you think." He held her stare for a moment before saying in low rumble, "It's a real eye opener." With that the TV sprung to life and after a few seconds of loading an all too familiar movie came into view. The background, the noises, the star of the movie. Casey felt like she was going to be sick.

Why!? Why was this happening!?

Panic.

Fear.

Rage.

This isn't happening!

Chapter 4

With a sadistic smile on his face Jason watched her while she panicked. He knew long before she sprung up that she would shut off the outrageous video he had chosen.

He had underestimated her.

She had lied and deceived him.

He was an idiot.

He should have known. A girl that looks like that...He hated his very existence.

She took out the disc and snapped it in half. She was streaming fresh tears, "How could you!" She demanded.

He let out a bitter laugh. "Think again *Sweet-heart*." He pressed play on his device, "I believe it is," He talked low over the intro music, "How could *you*?" The sound was nice and loud. He could hear everything, every minute thing to enhance one's watching experience.

When Jason had first stumbled across this gem of a video on her phone he was mortified. The feelings subsided all too quickly much to his regret, for arousal. Then later turned to pure outrage.

"How could you do this!?" She asked. He ignored her question and kept focused on her. She couldn't peel her eyes away from him.

Then she screamed "Turn it off, NOW!" just as she had spoken, she came into view on the movie that was now playing on the small device. It wasn't so small that he couldn't see her slutty school girl outfit. In fact, the quality was excellent. She had a tiny black skirt on, it was so short. Almost too short to cover her ass cheeks when she was standing, never mind if she moved at all. This early into the movie he couldn't tell if she was wearing any panties. She had on a white dress shirt that was unbuttoned almost all the way and a black bra. Even her cropped hair was neatly placed into two short pig tails. He had to admit even through his sheer rage, she made one hell of a school girl. The part that she didn't want to be shown was her playing coy and submissive while a man had her call him her 'Daddy'. It was coming up.

"Jason.. Please!" She begged.

"You are right. Why watch through all of the boring parts." He quickly set it to a certain time. He looked back at her while she looked as though she was trying to stop the movie with her mind.

On the movie she was straddled across the man's lap bouncing furiously on his manhood. She lost her top and the man had yanked her tits out of the bra. The man was calling her every name in the book and thoroughly enjoying her tight pussy. He climaxed then, and just as he shot into a condom she also came. The part that Jason was waiting for was just about to arrive. When she came she screamed a man's name at the top of her lungs.

Just for good measure he played her climax one more time and placed the device on the couch. He had to quickly jump up and follow after Case. She was making her way somewhere and he wasn't about to let her go. Not now. He knew they had the house to themselves and he couldn't let this go. It had to be settled.

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Finally he caught up with her in the upstairs hallway just outside of his room. She didn't quite make it to hers yet, which was right across from Jason's. He roughly pushed her into the wall to stop her. She immediately froze and stayed still, pressed hard against the wall.

"If you hurt me I'm going to!"

In a very slow, low voice he said, "You are going to.. what, exactly?" He asked.

"You told me... you would never... hurt me." She whispered.

He forcefully spun her around and looked into her eyes. His control started to strip itself away from the moment he saw that video, and it kept deteriorating with each passing minute. 'How many?' He asked

"What?" She asked uncertain.

He pressed his forehead to hers. "Don't you dare test me right now, Case." He warned.

"Like you honestly care!" She cried.

He lost it, "How fucking many, Casey!?" He was screaming now.

She was sobbing uncontrollably and when she replied he couldn't understand her. "Unfair... I wanted... happy.. you never.. I... Dennis.. not what I... ever needed... years.. noticed..." She hardly made any sense. Was she trying to tell him she had been unhappy for years? He had no clue. But there was one thing he was certain of.

He dug his fingers into her shoulders and picked her up against the wall and held her there. "Are you fucking kidding me? Everything you told me was a lie? You slept with Dennis!" He didn't even bother to ask the last part. It was a statement.

She was shaking now. "Iâ " "

"What? You were what? Planning to have him in another video?" He rose his voice, "Until he turned into a psycho? And you have me get rid of him!"

"I just wanted to know what it felt like" She sobbed.

He couldn't control his anger, "You fucking used me! Like a fuckin' pawn in your sick game!" His voice was cracking, he was so desperate to hold her tenderly. But he couldn't.. This was all too much.

"No! I love you!" She pleaded. Her body wracked with sobs. She was trying with all of her strength to touch him, but he held her in place.

"Bullshit!" He yelled.

She just continued to cry in his arms. She closed her eyes tight and tensed up her face was beat red, and blotchy.

"Fucking look at me! Damn it!" He demanded.

She looked at him through her tears and breathed, "I just wanted.." She looked so miserable, so depressed. "I." She sighed, "I only wanted toâ " "

Sinfully Delicious

He could not help but feel sorry for her. He tried to talk softer. "To find someone to role-play with you." His voice got considerably lower. How could it not? "To live your fantasy."

The look in her eyes when she looked back at him told him all he needed to know. She didn't have to respond. His anger, to his dismay was rapidly leaving him.

He softly continued, "Someone to call you baby girl" He dropped her to ground, and released his grip of her. He barely made contact with her shoulders. "A man to call your own" He paused. The last part was on the tip of his tongue but he couldn't speak it. "A man named..." He stopped talking. He wanted her to be the one who finished. To seal the fact that he knew what name he thought he heard her scream in the video.

Without moving, flinching or looking away she whispered, "Jason."

Chapter 5

I love you

His deepest secret is being put to the test. His wildest fantasies had nothing on this. Where was the scene when he professed his love for her in the heat of the moment, in the midst of throws of passion? Her first time, and she would say she loved him back.

She had said it, only moments ago. Not that she hadn't before, but this time. It seemed like she was desperate for him to believe her.

But the video...

The video was nothing short of mind blowing. The man was a dead on look alike to himself. Dressing like him and acting like him. It was unreal. It was in that moment, he knew he was lost. Completely lost to this situation. And when the video came to her first of many climaxes, it had to be a dream. He pressed rewind four times to make sure he heard it right.

As fast as the happy thoughts graced his mind, the foul crept in. She slept with another man. *Dennis!* How did they meet? Did she hire him for her video? Had she really paid a man to make that with her? To sleep with her? She could not be that desperate. Was he the only one? How long was this going on?

He had to know, no matter the answer. Even if the knowledge was detrimental to their relationship, he had to know. His voice was hardly a whisper, "Why?"

"It's more than obvious." She offered.

He shook his head. "You know what I mean... Did you hire him? How did you really meet? Because now," He paused and forced the words to come out. "Now that I know you that you used me to do nothing more then to fix your fuck up with-"

"Stop!" She whispered. She began talking slowly and had to stop every so often, "I didn't hire him. I met him on a fetish site." When she saw his baffled look she added shyly, "For, well, older guys. We chatted and exchanged photos. I thought, I could make him look.. Similar.. And well, I thought, if I did it once... Got it out of my system...Played out the scenario that I would." She just looked at him, that same look from when they were in the car. "Forget" She breathed.

His breath caught. She was having the same dilemma he was. At odds with wants versus what was really right. Knowing without a doubt that at least one person would be hurt. Is that why she had been moping about and distant lately? Why she would keep herself held up in her room so much? To not see him. To forget? He asked, "You wanted to forget me?" Both knowing that he meant her attraction. There was no way unless she moved far away that they wouldn't be near one another.

Her tears that were being held loosely up all fell. She answered, "I have to."

He closed the space between them again, this time with no force, no anger. He pressed himself to her. He stroked her cheeks gently with the backs of his hands. "Why?" He asked huskily.

She looked more confused then he had ever seen her. "W-what?"

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He encased her in his arms again and held her tight. He took a deep breath. He had battled with himself so much over her. It was wrong, disgusting, immoral. He would end up betraying his only friend, family. And yetâ She returned his feelings. She thought about him. Dreamed and fantasized about him. He occupied her thoughts more than he ever dreamed he could. She had a man act as him and fuck her! And most of all. She was here. So close, So upset. He would not just let her just *forget* him.

He was having a hard time keeping himself together but he had to get this out. "Case, Do you know, what it's like, to watch.." He paused in able to be to finish. "To watch the person you love, the person you want more than anything. The person who you are willing to fuck everything up for. To ruin everything I have.. Sleep with another fucking man? A man who I unknowingly talked to?" He paused again. This time because the anger was coming back. He was really turning into the jealous type as he aged. Lord help him.

She looked horrified. Her eyes were puffy and glistening. Her body was shaking and she was holding on to him as if he would throw her away any second. She stood there, wordless. The only movement her beautiful lips were doing were quivering continuously.

Feeling suddenly defeated with his emotions he leaned his forehead on hers and said softly. "Sweet Pea, you drive me crazy, you know that?"

A faint smile crept onto her lips. It faltered completely when she noticed he wasn't smiling. "Jay?" She asked.

"Case, you have slipped into my dreams for far too long." He nuzzled his face into her neck. His five o' clock shadow had tickled her, and she withdrew a little then he said, "And to know you did that." She felt terrible about it, he could tell. Her head collapsed onto his chest at his comment. He was still upset over this entire thing but he hadn't meant it as a dig this time.

She replied. "I'm disgusting. Jay, it was wrong.. I'm so sorry, I'm.." She cried quietly, and tried to pull her herself away from his grasp.

Jason couldn't take this anymore. She must feel just as pathetic as he had. She felt too worthless to even speak right. Or even see what was really happening. He couldn't be trusted to speak. So he didn't.

He ignored the screaming warnings in his head saying this was the madness. That he would end up screwing up not only his relationship with Tim, but also that of a father and daughter. He blocked them all out.

He had but one focus. *Case*.

He gripped her shoulders tightly and pressed his lips to her forehead and paused. He relished the soft warmth her skin gave off. Slowly he placed kisses along her skin down to her cheek and to jaw line. He ran his hands through her short blonde hair and held her head close. She was turning to jelly beneath him, grabbing his shirt and trying to keep herself up. He slowly moved his mouth to hers, pressing lightly urging her to kiss him back.

Her head was swimming. She was counting on him falling all over her to prove to herself it was all him. Deep down she knew the truth. It what just becoming too hard to live with . She had fallen disgustingly in love with this man. This was going to kill her father. *Dad*. She was going to be sick. If only she hadn't done that video, they could go back to before with just the thoughts of this being real.

But she couldn't.

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She was the one who went out to find an outlet. And truth be told, the experience was terrible. Dennis did look like Jason. He was tall just like him and his hair was short and a little messy like his. Dennis needed to lose twenty pounds where as Jason needed to gain twenty. But when she was 'acting' - it wasn't acting to her. It was then she knew her attraction couldn't be stopped, and she hated herself. She wanted to prove it was all him. The truth was, she couldn't.

These thoughts were swirling through her mind when Jason sweetly kissed her. Those lips, so soft and inviting. She let out a slight moan and held him closer. Why fight something that felt this good?

"Case," he whispered. He slipped his hands over her shirt and touched her body. "Hmm this shirt is a little big, maybe I should-" Then the look in his eyes when he darted his stare to her froze her in place. Then she remembered she put on an old boyfriend's shirt. He half asked a question. "Is this?" He looked furious.

She shook her head and whispered, "No" then she reached up around his neck and brought her mouth close to his. "You're right Daddy, It is a little big." She flashed him a sly grin ran her tongue along his lips. "Perhaps you should take it off for me." His look softened and his eyes grew darker. He held his large hands to her throat. It scared her, this sudden change. He wasn't applying much pressure but this position was less than safe.

He growled an animalistic sound and gently caressed her throat. He slid his hands firmly down her throat until he couldn't go any further and clasped around it. She swallowed thickly as his hands remained in place. Then they moved to the neckline of her shirt. His knuckles resting along her collarbone. Casey shrieked when she heard the fabric rip. The cool air felt good on her flushed body. Before she could blink the shirt was shredded and discarded to the floor.

Jason's eyes widen and his hands found her bare breasts. Greedily feeling and groping them. He wasn't gentle but she welcome the roughness. His rough hands felt good against her smooth skin. Harshly squeezing and pulling. He then brought his mouth to her nipples. "Aiiyee!" She moaned as his teeth nipped hard at her steel bud. He moved to the other and did the same. "Ooooh!" she was sure if he kept this up she was cum without any contact to her dripping pussy. This was all too much. "Jay, I want to ride your thick cock." She grabbed at his hardened crotch and undid his belt, his pants slid easily onto the floor. "I need to feel you inside of me!" She begged.

His jaw was set, his expression grew angry as he became forceful again and ripped her pants down her legs. He left her black thong alone and moved them wordlessly into his bedroom. His shirt was gone in an instant and he tossed Casey hard onto the bed. She was on her back, propped up on her elbows and her legs slightly open.

She was frightened again at the change in his mood. She wished he wasn't so hot and cold with her. But something in her wanted this. It helped her feel less guilty. She deserved this. Another part was so turned on by his assertiveness.

His voice was gruff and low, "Play with that pussy for me." She was hesitant, she had never done that in front of anyone before. She slowly moved her hands to her thong and was about to slide it down her legs.

"Leave it." Be barked at her. He must have seen her frightened look he added, "It looks to sexy to take off."

Her hand was moved to her center and lightly clasped over it, and stilled. She was momentarily at a loss of what to do. "Come on. Show Daddy how much of a little slut you are." He was standing a few feet away from the bed and slowly working his raging erection. She bristled slightly at his use of the word slut, but she noticed how good it sounded coming from him. Not like how it made her feel in the video.

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But this, this was *real*.

She looked into his eyes and bit her lower lip. His gaze was so intense. So dark. He watched her intently. She slowly moved her fingers along and within her slit, coating them with the abundant fluid. Her slender fingers were dripping and glistening with her decadent offering. She sexily ran her fingers up her body. Across her mound to her naval, circling her rock hard nubs and finally she reached her mouth. She kept her eyes fixed on him. She took two coated fingers in her mouth slowly licking and sucking on her covered fingers and savored her own taste.

Jason stood watching this gorgeous girl playing with herself. *His little slut*. He wasn't her first. But he sure as hell would be remembered.

Forever.

"More" He ordered thickly.

She was quick to return her hand to her soaking pussy, she started slowly again. Gently rubbing her clit, splaying her fingers within the folds. He could see her breaths getting more labored. Her caramel skin was hot with crimson splotches painted across.

Her lids were heavy as she looked back at him. While her right hand was sinfully touching her womanhood her left was caressing her breast. "I want you" She mouthed. She must have because he hadn't heard anything. Her chest was heaving slightly, despite her slow rhythm a thin sheen of sweat kissed her body. She looked so beautiful like this.

His voice was low. "Such a good girl my Sweet Pea is," he purred. "That's it baby touch your beautiful body." With each word he spoke he could see her body reacting. Her breaths became shorter, her back would arch then her legs dropped completely to down onto the bed.

Damn, she looked sexy like that!

He slowly walked towards the bed, never taking his eyes off of Case. He knelt down on the edge only one foot away from her. She got up on her knees and was welcomed into his embrace. He had to capture her mouth. Jason could taste her sweet pungent nectar on her lips. Her hands were roaming, feeling and caressing his upper body. God! It felt like heaven, he could have her touch him forever.

His voice was husky and it was getting too hard to speak. "I've been thinking about your *request*" He had a smirk on his face as if he was in on a secret she didn't know. His hands smoothed up and down her bare mid section enjoying her tone body.

She couldn't help but ask, "Oh?"

"I want you to ride me. But I want to do the work. I want to show you what its *really* like." He gave an evil smile. "You just have to sit pretty baby. Let Daddy make you feel good."

She panicked. "Jayâ ı please" She pleaded.

His voice was harsh, "What? That's what you wanted to begin with. Now that you have me.. You don't want me?" He was angry. He knew she felt bad. But if he can fucking live with her screw up. She would too.

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She tried to wriggle away from him, "It's not that. It's just.."

He held her tight and laid her onto her back. "If its not that," He kissed her collarbone, her throat. "Then stop talking." She moaned softly and obeyed. He groped her body greedily. She felt so good, the warm skin was searing its impression on his finger tips. He skillfully pulled her close, his right hand firmly grabbing her left cheek and with one fluid motion he flipped them over. He held her legs while she sat on his flat stomach.

She leaned down and once again claimed his lips. Case raked her hands within his hair, he loved the feel of her fingers teasing his scalp. He began kneading her ass with his hands. It was so amazing, round and firm and fit perfectly in his hands.

"Please," She breathed against his mouth.

The thought of teasing her was not in the cards at the moment. She was so ready, it was taking every ounce of him to not plow into her carelessly about fifteen minutes ago. "Slide that gorgeous pussy down, baby."

Case kissed him hard one last time. She placed her palms onto his chest and walked them slowly down his torso. Gingerly she inched herself down and planted her feet flat on the bed and extended her legs slightly. With her right hand she took his now rock hard cock and teased her clothed entrance.

With a low growl he said, "Shit Case." Jason roughly pulled her thong aside and forced her down his entire length.

"Jay, Your so *big!*" She moaned. She remained still as he wanted and waited for him, her chest rising and falling quickly and her hands were moving on their own accord along his chest.

Jason gripped her hips and began thrusting up into her. A fierce growl erupted from him. "Ugh, Baby. Your pussy is so tight." For a few minutes he kept the pace hard and slow. His rhythm was increasing, he kept going faster then realized why, "I thought... you were going to... sit pretty?" He asked, struggling for air.

Her breathing was ragged, her words were rushed. "You feel so good! I couldn't help it." She swirled her hips in a small little circles and began to moan loudly. Her legs squeezed his body tight in-between them. He could feel her body start to shudder.

"That's it Baby. Cum for me. Cum all over Daddy's big cock." He said huskily.

She was shaky and holding her breath. Jason slammed in to the hilt and held her right where she was. "Oooh Oh God! Oooo Jaaay-soooooon!" She exclaimed.

Case whimpered when he held her down onto his still raging dick and spun them around a second time. She was on her back once again, her legs wrapped tightly around him. Her short trimmed nails were raking down his back.

He was rudely moving within her now. Now that she had climaxed he felt no shame or guilt about being rough. He silenced her nonstop screams of pleasure with his hand.

He gently held her neck with his left hand and peppered her left shoulder with kisses within his words of delight, "Fuck Case. Oh Baby, you're so fuckin' tight." He couldn't help talk dirty to her, "You like Daddy's thick cock fuckin' you Baby?"

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Her nails dug harder into his back as she hissed, "Yessssss!" She practically screamed, "Oh Daddy! Fuck me, fuck my tight little pussy!" when Jason slammed harder still into her.

He'd never been able to talk like this before and the thrill of all of this came crashing down on him. With all of his might he went into her and growled his release. "Uaghhh!" After several moments his grip loosened and he noticed Case's body was still shaking. A smirk couldn't be concealed on his face, he knew he had won her. He knew right then that she would be ruined for others. He felt only pride. He lovingly caressed her damp back and whispered, "Damn baby. Your amazing."

She moaned slightly in response and smiled against him, he carefully slid off of her and covered her with his comforter. He kissed her forehead and let her drift off to sleep.

Just steps out of the bedroom Jason stopped and froze. *What the fuck was I thinking?* He ran back into the room and picked up all of the clothing, he slipped on some sweat pants and a sweater. He wasn't cold, no, in fact he was so warm he could just walk around naked. But now he couldn't help himself from panicking. What time was it? Where was Tim? When would he be back? How would Case act? Or himself for that matter. What about all the food? What about the porn?

"Shit!" He whispered from the hallway. He ran downstairs into the living room cleaned everything up, glancing at the clock he was relieved he started when he did. It was already ten at night and Tim rarely got home later than half past, even when there was a problem like tonight. He tossed all of the wasted food in the trash and cleaned up the kitchen. He had put their dirty laundry in the wash to make sure nothing was left to find. Jason also found and discarded the incriminating disc and had the living room looking presentable. He put on some random show and was drinking some bourbon when he heard his phone.

"Jason." Tim said, his tone was very concerning.

Jason took a stabilizing breath before answering. "Hey man, everything all worked out?"

"Ya, just like the last three times Carly put in the wrong numbers for inventory." Tim answered, he sounded upset.

Jason couldn't help but laugh. "Time to can her?"

Tim gave a humorless laugh, "If only." He said. "Hey, is Casey home? She hasn't answered her phone."

Jason paled at the mention of Case. He knew he would have to act casual with Tim about her, but that was proving to be difficult already. "Uh, yea she stayed in with me." He could hear Tim's sigh of relief, if Tim only knew that only minutes ago he was balls deep in his daughter.

"Ooh good! She has been awful down lately. Don't want her doing anything dumb with those boys she's always dangling from her leash." Tim laughed.

Jason tried to laugh but it came out forced and loud. Thank god Tim didn't notice. "Nah, she is up in her room now."

"All right man, see you in a few." Then Tim was gone.

See you in a few.

Fuck!

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Jason darted upstairs to the end of the hall. She wasn't in his room. His bed was made and there was no trace of her. Even the smell of his Axe cologne was wafting through the air. It was as if she hadn't even been in there. Across the hall her room was also empty. No clothes around, no Case. He went to the bathroom, the door was closed. He was never so happy to see her. He walked all the way and stood silently while watching her through the semi see through shower curtain. He peeled back the curtain a few inches and was greeted with her glorious back dripping with water. Her hair was plastered to her neck and several shades darker. She was bent over slightly, her left leg propped up on the side of the tub. She was lathering her leg with what smelt like sweet pea shower gel.

He smiled wide. Jason had no clue what to get a teen age girl for a gift. And a colleague recommended this sugary perfume to him a few years back. He went to buy it and just for the hell of it, smelled it. It was the most disgusting thing he has ever smelled. Right next to it was a bottle labeled sweet pea, it was pink, her favorite color. He smelled that one. Immediately upon smelling the scent he could in vision her spritzing it on her damp skin. Washing her tone little body with it. After he presented it to her, her childhood nick name took on a whole new, sensual meaning. He had bought her everything they made. The perfume, spray, gel, lotion. If it was sweet pea, she had it. From him.

"Hey, Sexy" His tone was deep and smooth.

She jumped and placed her hand on her chest when she turned to him. "Jay" She gasped.

"I love that you call me that." He said softly.

Her cheeks turned bright red. She leaned over and kissed him. "Get out." She ordered sweetly.

He grinned at her, "I'm only listening because your dad will be here any minute." He ran his fingers through her soaked hair and pulled her head to him. "I'll be thinking of you, Sweet Pea." And he walked out of the bathroom.

Casey was torn. She let her dad down, he doesn't know it, but she does. If he ever found out. If he ever knew what she didâ She couldn't even think of what he would do. But then she thought of Jason. She just had the best sex of her life, with *him*. She was so happy and fulfilled. He was amazing. Jason was so big, and thick and he was so rough without causing her harm. She shivered slightly just remembering his touch. How she wanted him right now! Right this second. As she thought this she couldn't help but look into the mirror. She could already see black and blue marks on her hips. "So worth it," she whispered as she gently brushed the spots with the pads of her fingers.

Casey brushed her hair and teeth and slipped into some nice comfortable pajamas. The nice white silk winter ones she got last Christmas. She smiled to herself. She chose these for Jason. They weren't show off ones. No no, they were subtle. She knew she was terrible to be trying to get Jason's attention with her father home. But she had him and she was having a hard time not hoping he would still want her. They were a gift from Jason. She hoped he like them. This time, she would *only* wear the pajamas. She didn't want anything in the way of his view.

To turn him on with no one being able to notice. That would be so hot!

Chapter 6

Tim and Jason were relaxing with some drinks, watching the history channel just shootin' the shit. Jason was so torn up about Case that he downed two doubles as soon as he heard Tim pull in the drive. The drinks helped him relax very little.

"How was Casey?" Tim asked out of the blue.

Case? They were talking about .. Shit what were they even talking about? Whatever it was it wasn't Case!
"She was-"

"I was what?" Case asked sweetly from the bottom stairs. Jason couldn't see her fully but he saw her walk into the kitchen. To get something to eat he mused, she must be hungry by now. *Stop smiling!* He mentally told himself.

Tim was nose deep in his drink and was gazing over the glass to the TV. "I was asking your uncle how you were." He said calmly.

The refrigerator door closed hard. Yup. She was thinking the same thing he was. Flashbacks kept making themselves present in Jason's mind. Case bouncing sexily on his pole. Him slamming carelessly into her. Enough! *Tim is two feet away.* Yes, Tim always got into whatever he was doing. Driving, fishing, sports, work and even TV. But Jason was sure as certain if Tim looked over in his direction, there was no hiding his massive erection. Or acceptable excuse.

As if Jason wasn't having enough wardrobe problems. Case walked into the living room with a gift Jason had given her. A silk pajama set. And holy shit! She was bra less. If only she could bend over, he could see if she was going commando. Jason let out an involuntary shiver.

"Hey man," Tim tossed him a throw blanket. "Your skinny ass is always cold."

"Thanks," he said quietly. Jason didn't need to explain how thankful he was.

Tim turned briefly to Case. "So I take it, you were behaving? Lord knows how you get when your mopey." Tim said. Turning back to the TV.

A sly look appeared on her face. "Oh, I think I was good." She stared at Jason, "Unjay?" she asked sweetly. "What do you think?" She winked at him.

That slutty little thing. He created a monster. He wasn't about to give in to these innuendos. "Ya, she was ok." He smiled and tried to focus on the show.

Her glare said to him that she received the message loud and clear. She was not happy.

They sat in silence for several minutes. "Hey" Tim started, "Do you guys mind if I pause this and you watch something else? I want to finish but I have to hop in the shower before I fall over." He stood up and walked out, "Don't worry we can finish as soon as I get back."

Jason was grateful for the way Tim was at times. He would talk and talk and didn't matter if you spoke up.

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As soon as he was out of ear shot case spoke up, "I was ok?" She had terrible pout on her lovely face, "HMMMM."

"What was I suppose to say?" He asked. Just then the they heard the shower come on upstairs.

She stood up and stepped real close to him "Daddy. Do you like?" She did a spin and bent over and slid her hands along her ass cheeks down to behind her knees. Her round little ass was in full view inches from his face. His silent question more then answered. No panties.

He cleared his throat. "Fuck Case. Are you trying to kill me?" He whispered.

Without answering him she faced him and fell to her knees. She quickly sprung him free of his cotton confines and wasted no time exploring him with that sexy mouth. "Ugh, Case." He moaned.

Case teased his head with her mouth. She took the tip into her mouth and bathed it with her tongue. Gently sucking she worked him with her hands. Jason ran his hands through her hair and shuddered. He was desperate to be quiet. In the one time they were together he had been more vocal then ever before. It was already proving difficult to hold his enthusiasm.

She gripped him hard with one hand. Settled her hand at his base and began fiercely sucking him. Her mouth taking all of him except that under her tight hold. She went fast and placed her tongue out over her bottom teeth and her top lip over her teeth and sucked him as hard as she could. He was already so close. She must has sensed it for she gently held his balls and moaned around his cock. All of these sensations were indescribable. She was too fucking good. He tried to push her head away. He tried again and again.

"Baby," he gasped. She just moaned louder and then he grabbed her head and forced himself into her hot mouth. He pushed too hard he thought, but she never gagged.

He came hard into her mouth. Even though an hour ago he had exhausted himself in her sweet young pussy, he felt like he came a quart. She swallowed every drop and kissed his tip sweetly and covered him back up. She leaned in close and whispered in his ear. "Night Daddy," Her sweet perfume smell hypnotizing him, he felt constantly aroused. God this girl would be the death of him. He wasn't eighteen anymore.

And like that, she walked into the kitchen and he heard the sink come on. Only seconds later she said, "Hey dad, didn't hear you get out of the shower." She gave him a quick hug. "Night you two."

"Night Sweetie." Said Tim.

"Night Sweet Pea," Jason choked out. Jason dropped his head back onto the couch and couldn't help the satisfied sigh that escaped his lips.

Tim wasn't even seated and he asked, "What's gotten into you?" He sat down then looked over Jason, "Or should I say, who have you gotten into?" Tim's look was hard to read.

Then as if a boulder hit him, he remembered. Today was the tenth year both of their wives had passed. He suddenly felt like scum. Like that was only he had right now to feel that way.

Hoping to avoid his question he said, "Trying to make the best of it bud, that's all. How are you?"

Tim shrugged and gave a curious look, like he wanted to tell Jason something but just stood to leave. "You know me. This day always get to me I suppose." Tim, although he looked a little under the weather didn't

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seem as upset as usual.

Jason sat in silence. He should have been more concerned by Tim, that he was sure of. But Tim always acted like this. So it was no big deal. He tried to feel more guilty for what he had started. But for some reason he couldn't bring himself to. For the first time in a decade, ten years or constant misery, self loathing and guilt, tonight, with Case was the first time he didn't have that suffocating him. Yes, he felt guilty for betraying Tim. But the two were of different worlds.

Chapter 7

The moonlight peaked into the room in shards. Lighting up just enough to see her body in the dim lit room. She was naked sleeping facing away from him. The blanket that was suppose to be keeping her warm on this chilly night was only partially covering her hip. The rest of her glorious skin was bare, and free for him to ogle.

He knew he shouldn't have been in here. But he also knew Tim's room was downstairs and that man wouldn't wake up for anything. Jason quietly walked over to her. Just admiring her beauty. The soft little puffs of air signally she was deep in sleep. He began kissing her exposed ass, gently grabbing the firm skin around her thighs. Testing her layer of sleep he dug his fingertips into her soft flesh. She remained still and sleeping. How he loved how heavy she slept right now.

He took this time to admire her beautiful pussy. He saw it in all its glory, but this was different. He moved her so she was on her back. Her amazing legs were propped up on either side of him - he was laying comfortably between them on his stomach raised by his elbows.

He leaned into her his nose almost brushing he center. He inhaled deep and long. She smelled sweet and fresh. Jason spread her lips wide to inspect this amazing pussy. Jason wasn't a man-whore, but he had seen a handful of women. But Case, her womanly parts were perfect. Her lips were firm and not too thin. Everything he saw was an amazing shade of pink. Her clit was hooded and small. *For Now anyway*. She was very symmetrical and her entrance was perfectly hidden. But to top everything off, above all of this gory, he set his gaze on her pretty mound. For a skinny little thing it was very plump. Perfectly so. Everywhere he looked as smooth and tight, and not a hair to be seen. She must wax, he thought.

Jason was tired of just inspecting. He also wanted to add another aroma to this fixation. He turned his left hand so his long thin fingers were pointing downward. His middle finger resting just at her entrance. The two surrounding fingers pressed firmly into her outer lips. His palm conveniently resting tightly on her little clit. Just feeling her warmth made him throb. Slowly, oh so slowly, he dragged his hand up and along her most precious parts. He was in heaven.

Too abruptly his trance was broken. Case's hands were slammed against his skull with an unwomanly force. Momentarily caught off guard Jason had started to withdraw. But then he heard her whispers, still heavy with sleep. "No! Get off me!" She cried. Not listening to her pleas he moved up her body and held her hands tightly but with love.

Her next words seared a trail straight into his soul. "I hate you!" She sobbed in her sleep. His entire world dropped.

He laid her arms onto the bed and froze in place when he barely heard what she said. "Dennis...Just kill me already. So you'll finally. Leave me alone." Her words were short and had a pathetic quality between her cries.

FUCKING WHAT !?

His mind was playing tricks on him. Kill her? She wanted to die? No that couldn't be right. But Dennis... He replayed the words in his head, "*Dennis. Just kill me already so you'll finally leave me alone.*" Jason suddenly remembered how miserable she looked during the phone call, during their conversation back at the house... This man really did make her feel worthless.

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He was lost, his brain told him to get out of there. She was such a heavy sleeper she would never know. Maybe 'them' was a one time thing. Dennis was too much a part of her background.

Are you fucking kidding me?

It's too complicated so you're pussing out?

He had to remember. Dennis was gone. He was a fucking bastard who deserved a slow demise but she wasn't his. She was Jason's. And he sure as hell would make her think so. No, he would make her know so. After all this time. All these thoughts, he couldn't ever give up. Now that he finally got a taste of this precious girl, he refused to let her go.

Caressing her hands with his he started to whisper into her neck. "Case" She immediately stiffened when he spoke but as each word was heard she seemed to relax. "Baby, It's me, it's Daddy." He kissed her throat and said, "Relax Sweat Pea. I'll never let anyone hurt you." He held her so close he felt as though they could meld as one. She was still crying softly but her tension had gone away. He kissed her jaw, her chin. Gentle kisses along her face he leaned in and whispered in her ear, "That's it honey. Just lay with me. Let me make you feel better," He paused for a moment.

What's the big deal? She can't hear you. She'll never know.

The soft whispers just poured out of him in between his gentle kisses, "How I wish to fall asleep like this, baby. To erase that monster from your thoughts. To be with you. You make me feel whole again, Case. You make me feel like a real man again. God!" He lingered a feather kiss on her neck then whispered against her silky skin. "I love you Casey."

When she awoke Casey felt amazing. She slept so good. She couldn't help but smile. Last night was so unreal, she once again looked into her mirror to make sure her 'love marks' were still there. She sighed happily and went to get dressed.

She couldn't help but think about her dreams. At first they were like they always were. Filled of betrayal, regret and shame. And not to mention Dennis. He always snaked his way into her dreams to haunt and hurt her. They usually lasted all night and left her exhausted by the time she woke in the morning. But last night Jason popped in and suddenly and saved her. Right at the point where Dennis threatened her and slowly started hurting her.

Jason appeared and just held her. Talked with her and cared for her wounds and No, its nothing. Only a dream. A wonderful, amazing dream. Nothing more. But at least she would have that.

Today was going to be a big day, there was a lot to get ready. Family would be arriving in two days to have a reunion. To remember the lost loved ones and to eat and drink themselves silly. Casey always laughed. Her father was so dramatic about the loss off his wife. She could understand after all, but still. He was a great Drama King. So she was happy when Jay recommended the reunion. To perk things up a bit, that was seven years ago. The family liked it too.

Slipping on some pink skinny jeans and a tight white sweater over her pink thong and no bra, she pranced downstairs. Coffee was calling her name.

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The prep stage for all the cooking was set up. Coffee was on and smelled fabulous. She froze and smiled when she saw a small plate. A blueberry muffin in the center, a scoop of cream cheese and a thin pat of butter were arranged neatly on the plate.

Smiling ear to ear she grabbed her coffee and sat down.

"Happy day?" She heard from the hallway.

Almost choking on her first sip of coffee Casey coughed a little and tried to regain her smile. "Hi dad." She managed.

She let out a hearty laugh when he started to sing the "Happy Days" theme song. She just let him finish. He was so fun sometimes.

Tim went on to talk about all of the things they were going to need to get done today. He was telling her all of the things he needed to do or had already done. She was oblivious to it all. She just wanted to see Jason. Where was he? She wanted to wrap her arms around him for making her smile so early in the morning. He always teased her about her blueberry muffin, her 'morning carb ritual' he called it. She knew he only did it in jest. And he always would be the first to either bake one or buy her some. He was so sweet to her.

"..So, you'll just have to finish all your things early and run up with him after dinner"

"To where again?" She asked. She had to suppress a smile, she was going to spend some more time alone with Jason.

"Roy's son, Tyler, from school, the party supplies." Tim furrowed his brows. "Girl. Where you even listening to me?" He seemed amused but slightly irritated.

She apologized and he began to retell his words, she listened this time. But a dreadful feeling came crashing up, threatening to drown her. Ty, her ex. Dennis wasn't really an ex. He was a toy. A toy who turned out to be, for a lack of a better word *defective*. But TyâJason knew him all too well. Their relationship wasn't a secret, especially to Jason.

Fuck!

What would Jason think. She would be alone with her ex for two hours getting the extra chairs and party things from Jason's warehouse, in the country. . She remembered how he acted with Dennis, No, that was different.

Trying to force her voice to sound normal Case said, "Speaking of work, where is that slacker uncle of mine?"

"I ain't his momma! Call him." Tim gulped down his coffee and said, "Off to mow the lawn.

"Dad, the grass hasn't grown any in two weeks. The air is too cold." She offered.

All she heard was a faint, "Women." coming from behind the door. He always was obsessed with his yard.

Now to call Jay!

Chapter 8

He knew he was stupid. He was playing with fire. But he needed to be alone with her. He told her to hurry through her chores, well one chore. Jason had already did everything he could to get out of the house this morning. All she had to do was grab all of the throw away party supplies from the basement and take a count to make sure they had enough.

Jason knew she would be here soon -A little less than an hour. But time seemed to crawl in place. He was constantly reliving yesterdays events. *How could he not?* A day that was meant for then to remember his wife, *wife!* and he fucked his friends daughter.

His thoughts were often twisted and fucked up. But no matter how much of a piece of scum he thought he was one minute. No matter how gross he was for doing what he did on that very day. His heart was still full. His memory still on slow motion and repeat.

His heart ached when he kept reminding himself of what he said to her last night. It was more true than he wanted it to be. He wasn't sure he could say it to her again, ya know, while she was conscious.

I AM a pussy!

Delicate hands suddenly wrapped around his chest tightly, instantly killing his train of thought. He froze for a half a second before his sense of smell caught up with him.

"Hey there, Big Daddy," Her sultry whisper sent shocks throughout his body.

Casey was so happy when Jason said to leave before Tyler arrived. He wasn't happy that Tyler would be coming to the reunion but it was ok with him, it had to be. *"I just need to be alone with you right now."* He said into the phone. That was the only excuse she needed to ditch her father's request to come with Tyler.

When she drove up to the big warehouse she ran up to where he was. She couldn't wait anymore. Then she saw him. His black loose fit jeans and a blue sweater showing off his back muscles perfectly.

He was just standing there, lost in thought. She had to touch him, she firmly wrapped her dainty arms around his chest, she whispered, "Hey there, Big Daddy," as she clung to him.

He spun around and picked her up. "Your lucky I can smell your sweet scent a mile away," he chuckled "I missed you, Baby." He breathed into mouth, his lips tenderly claming hers.

Her moan surprised him and made him rock hard in his jeans. Just from hearing him speak her dream came rushing back at full force. *"You make me feel whole again."* she openly shuddered, *"You make me feel like a real man again."* For some strange reason she was depressed remembering that it wasn't real.

She pulled away from him, "Jay," She started, "I think we should hurry back."

She didn't know why it hurt her to think it wasn't real. To know he cared for her, but to so want much more. She felt selfish, like a spoiled little girl. She just couldn't help it.

Sinfully Delicious

He looked at her, clearly confused. "Case, we have a problem." He smiled faintly and shook his head. "You're right." He claimed her lips once more in a passionate kiss. Leaving her gasping for air when he slowly released her from his embrace.

They brought six tables and a bunch of chairs. They took four hammocks and some table covers. Probably too much, but they had the yard for it. So they brought a few extra things in the trailer. The weather was a bit chilly at night, but the days have been nice for fall.

They finished packing his work trailer and Jason once again captured her in his arms. "Who knew working for an outdoor store had its perks?" She teased.

A low chuckle rumbled out of his chest. "You're just jealous that I can snag all this stuff when I feel like it. And working? I own four now. Thank you very much." He grabbed her. He really was doing surprisingly well now for someone who lost just about everything he had.

She let out a little squeal. "Oh?" she asked. He simply smiled and nodded. "So a big shot store owner lives where?" a loud smack made her jump. "Ow!" She complained.

Jason pretended to look shocked, "Oh hon! Let me see," He gently rubbed her abused ass cheek. "That better baby?" She nodded. "Okay, good. So now where was I? Oh yes, my living situation. Well, it is." He looked deep into her eyes, "Once I convince my lady of choice, I guess I'll have to buy one."

Was he implying that he already found her? *No! Don't delude yourself. You're too young for him. Not to mention the shit you put him through.* She just barely managed a weak smile.

He grabbed her face in his large hands and just gazed deeply into her eyes. "Case baby, are you busy tonight?"

Casey wasn't entirely sure where all of this was taking them, but she couldn't help the butterflies swarming in her stomach. "I, um - No," She smiled, hoping she didn't look as embarrassed as she felt.

His smile was so adorable. "Would you like to go out with me?" She could have sworn he looked nervous. Why on earth would he be the one who was nervous?

She gasped. Her heart swelling so much it made her ears throb. "What kind of question is that?" She asked, in a small whisper.

He leaned his head forward looking at her, "Please baby, come have dinner with me tonight." He kissed her sweetly.

Even if this didn't last, she would enjoy every moment. "Okay" She whispered.

All of the furniture was set up nicely on the lawn. And thankfully Jason talked his way out of why he asked Casey to join him. He just told Tim that he wanted to hurry, and they both knew Tyler was slow as all hell. So after a laugh they just set up. As to prove Jason's point Tyler showed up after everything was settled and the guys were sitting on some of the chairs in the yard.

Jason was going through the motions of getting ready but was as giddy as a school girl on the inside. He hurried through everything, managed to take a shower and gather his thoughts enough to function. Jason also talked to Tim while they were setting up and Casey was in the house getting some of the food prepared that

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could keep easy. He told Tim how he and Case have been spending some time talking and he was trying to help her feel better. This was not a lie, technically. He omitted some risquÃ© details that this girl's father would not want to hear, but he didn't lie. They talked about her attitude lately and how she seemed to be doing better today than she has been in a long time. Jason knew it was vein to think it was because of him. But damn it if this girl made his feelings out of out control. Tim seemed a bit reluctant but then he said it was ok.

Jason thought he was prepared for everything. He was dressed sharp with some dark grey jeans, and a plaid button up shirt. His shoes were decent enough without being fancy and he even managed to get a quick hair cut. It was short all along the sides and a little longer at the top and front. It was still wet and he slathered a small amount of goop in it. It wasn't until he looked in the mirror and noticed he looked a bit younger. That is what he was going for, but he was very pleasantly surprised.

He paled when he saw Tim standing out in front of his Lexus with a distant, dark look. Maybe he just wanted to join them, he thought. When Tim noticed him and he turned his attention to Jason he knew it was more than that.

Tim's voice was low and sounded like gravel. "How long?"

Jason had a few things planned but if Tim wasn't going to have it then he could just have dinner. "Oh I was thinking, about two hours -" Tim's mannerisms made him freeze.

Tim clenched his fists, his knuckles turning a ghostly white. "I know about you and Casey you fucking son of a bitch."

Jason would always remember that moment. He dreaded each second that passed knowing any time Tim would kill him. Beat him to death, suffocate him, shoot him. Did Tim still have his shot gun? Jason opened and closed his mouth several times. Nothing came out, not even a squeak. He just stood there absolutely speechless.

"Right then." Tim bit out. He came dangerously close to Jason. Shit! Did he have a knife? Whatever he did to him, Jason did in fact deserve it. "So I'm not crazy, it is true," he stated. Very slowly Tim continued. "Listen to me very carefully, Jason..."

Chapter 9

A/N: Read carefully. A lot is happening in the chapter. The next chapter will make it all that much clearer. And you will read from Case's point of view. Let me know how this one came out! Pretty please. :) -J

Jason forced himself to listen to every syllable Tim uttered. His head was spinning so fast he felt like if he stood on it, it would screw itself and him into the ground. From the very moment he knew Tim had found them out he knew he had ruined everything. His life, Case's relationship with her father. He fucked up royally. Then Tim spokeâ€¦

The following conversation warped Jason's mind.

He was dumbfounded. He was mortified. No. He was going to be sick.

Thankfully his nausea passed finally and Jason tried to focus on the positive. Case. He just hoped that when she found out what he had to tell her that she wouldn't run from him. Run away where things were easier and uncomplicated. But then again. She never could.

Jason took off from the house and just drove for a while, then ended up parking in a walking trail lot and just started thinking. There was a question that played over and over in Jason's mind. *Will she want to be with me now?* After ruining everything. After having it in the open. After it isn't forbidden. Will he still be what she wants? What she needs? Will she even be able to look at him after this?

Jason replayed every thought, scenario and move regarding this. He couldn't help it. Because even after what he had done she was all he wanted. All he would ever need.

Startled out of his thoughts Jason jumped when his phone vibrated a half a second before the tone went off. "Shit," He mumbled. It was Casey.

He let the phone ring three times, then took a stabilizing breath. "Hey." He managed, hoping he didn't sound like the scared little shit he felt like.

A loud, dangerous voice erupted from the other end of the phone. "Come get your!" Silence for several seconds, "... Your.. Just come the fuck down here and get her!"

God damn Tim's temper he didn't even sound like him anymore. Jason froze. "No!" He breathed.

He sped out of the gravel filled parking lot and floored it all the way to her. He was there in five minutes. Jason felt like sulfur invaded his body. There was a police vehicle parked on the side of the house, almost hidden from view. At least there wasn't an-? Yes, as Jason walked swiftly to the back of the house he saw an ambulance. On his arrival to the scene he quickly assessed the view on the way there.

There was all of Case's belongings scattered all over the front yard. Clothes upon clothes were strewn across her lamp, vanity and shoes creating a large heap. All of her make up and toiletries were what topped the pile. The lawn was painted in pink accessories. Everything that was there was essentially Case. But where in the hell is she? He bounded over to the emergency vehicles.

"Stop! Wait!" He heard an unknown voice say. Jason stopped and looked around for the body that belonged to it.

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"Hello?" He asked into what seemed an empty yard.

"Over here! The shed." The voice called out to him.

Jason ran to the shed and found the person who led him here. "What in God's name happ-?" His voice left him. He inched slowly to the shed and was firmly pulled away.

"You can't be here sir." An oddly attractive officer took hold of Jason's arm and walked to lead him out. "Since you just happened to show up. I will have to ask you some questions. What is your name?"

A brief moment before speaking Jason desperately tried to look into the shed. The once neat floor was cluttered with objects and blood—so much blood. "No problem officer. My name is Jason Adler. Is she alright? I need to know. There seems to be a lot of—"

Ignoring everything but Jason's name the officer asked, "How do you know the victim?"

To ease Jason's concerns one of the EMTs looked over and nodded to Jason.

"Victim? Case? What the hell happened? I even live here, with them. Her father told me to come and get her. Just now, only minutes ago. Here, see." He showed the officer his cell phone and just continued to stare at the people who were talking softly and caring for Case.

The officer's look was full of doubt. Did she even believe him? "Live with them? Who are you in relation to Miss Cooper?"

Without another thought or any remorse he answered, "Her fiancé." Her facial expressions unreadable, the police officer asked for his identification. Once she was satisfied she handed the id back to Jason and jotted something information down.

After scribbling some things on her little yellow note pad the officer stepped back and let Jason see more clearly the site she was blocking while they spoke. "Very well, Mr. Adler, I am not sure of the details. But what we gather, the victim arrived to the house to her belonging being scattered across the property. When she tried to engage Mr. Cooper a fight ensued. She had dialed authorities unknowingly to, her father. We have it all for evidence. During the fight he became violent then refused to let her leave." When the officer saw Jason's expression tighten and shift his weight she out stretched a palm to Jason and said in a reassuring tone, "I know this is difficult to hear, but if it makes it any easier," The officer looked over to Case and said. "He didn't retreat unscathed." She nodded to Jason.

"She attacked him? How did she come to be in the shed?" Jason asked. By this point was entirely numb. His body, his thoughts. The only thing making him continue was focusing on Case. Was she ok? Will there be any long term damage? At this point she could turn him loose and never want to see him again, and he would willingly do it if it meant her happiness. She was hurt, bleeding because of him.

The officer's mouth twisted before she spoke. "Not exactly."

"Alright. Step back. Bringing her out." The medical staff brought her out and walked across the yard toward the vehicles.

The two hiked up the rolling stretcher and slowly strolled along the grass. Jason followed just as slowly, feather touches attempting to touch the thick white blankets that they draped over her tortured body to help shield her. "It's ok Baby, I'm here now," Her eyes were swollen shut. "Wait! She needs the hospital? What

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happened!" He cringed at the sound of his raised voice. In a much softer tone Jason asked. "Please, please tell me what happened to my Case."

The plump looking one nodded to Jason. He waited patiently while they got her situated in the ambulance. The back door closed and both of the EMTs came to talk to Jason, while the police officer went in and around the side of the ambulance to ask her some more questions.

"Can she do that? Is she conscious? Can she talk? Has she said anything? Please" rambled on.

"Sir, please." The plump woman said.

"Jason. Sorry, I'm listening." He replied.

The man who he first talked with spoke up. "Jason, my name is Mike and this is Lisa." He politely nodded to them both and the man continued. "She is conscious but she fainted and hit her head. She is coherent but every time she tries to talk she begins to tear up." He paused a split second and then said, "She never technically hit him. So as long as she answers that last of the questions she will have no issues with that."

Jason's fists kept clenching and releasing while standing there. He was relieved she would be alright. But he still didn't know what happened to his Case. "That is a relief. What exactly did he do to her?"

"It seems as though he is unhappy with your relationship. I assume it was you, since you are her fiancÃ©." Lisa started and then seemed to look over at Jason and then to Mike and she didn't finish.

From all of this it seemed reasonable to Jason. His talk with Tim was less than pleasant. But the violence made no sense. Sure, Tim yelled and would throw the occasional appliance of punch a wall. But nothing to harm her like this. He nodded. Hoping one of them would continue.

Mike caught on to a secret look Lisa had given him and finished for her, "It seemed her father found a certain video. Or so, we assume. He kept chanting about a video, and a lot of unnecessary slurs regarding her lover and some very hurtful remarks." Mike cleared his throat and then added, "I'm sure I don't have to elaborate on that. But he must have seen this while she was out. We gather that he was packing her belongings when she arrived. And then-" The man stopped talking.

"I'm listening," Jason was rapidly losing his patience. He should be in there with Case, comforting her, soothing her.

Mike seemed to be having a hard time talking. What were the words he was searching for?

"Mike, I have to hear this." Jason said.

Just then both of the medics looked past Jason's shoulder. A large truck came speeding onto the grass. A very angry Tim dug two deep trenches of grass when he came to a sudden and hard halt. He was already yelling and swearing inside the cab.

What the hell was he doing? Why wasn't he in custody? How could the cops be so-? Then it all made perfect sense. Horrific, unconceivable disgusting sense.

"Jason! What's wrong?!"

Sinfully Delicious

Everything happened so quickly, one EMT talked to Tim and explained everything, the other went to go sit with Case. Then the police officer came out of the ambulance to talk to them.

Apparently the police officer caught up with everyone in just one glance. "Tim?" The officer asked. This was the first time he saw an actual expression in the woman's face. Well, several emotions. That confused Jason more than anything.

Without thinking Tim spoke very quietly. "Kara," Tim immediately cleared his throat then added, "Officer Phillips."

Seeing these two interact, Jason had a funny feeling him and Tim would have a very interesting conversation later on.

"Right then," the officer started, looking at Jason. "I will need Mr. Adler to go ahead in the ambulance with Miss Cooper. She specifically said she needed him. I will be getting in touch with you Mr. Adler for more questions." She turned to Tim, "She just needs to get checked out and get some tests. Rest, mostly. She will be discharged immediately after the testing." The officer turned to Jason and the chubby medic, "I will get Mr. Cooper up to date and try to figure this mess out. And we will be along to the hospital shortly after."

Tim looked terrified and confused. He has no clue what was happening. Hoping Tim would get a small understanding Jason asked. "So, what happened to him?"

The officer looked at Tim and said, "The struggle was all caught on tape when Miss Copper dialed 911 and by the looks of it happened all over the house. Things were broken, spilled, thrown and bashed. The suspect had attempted murder, repeatedly hitting miss Cooper on the head and body. No severe damage though, thankfully. In his attempts he ended up having vases and various things thrown at him. If you seen the pile of items on the lawn, they are all doused in lighter fluid." She shook her head. "The poor girl barely got away." She looked over at Tim, "and to think everyone thought he as the father, *you*." Tim actually looked more confused. "I will explain, but," she tilted her head towards Jason, "He, has nothing to do with it, this crime anyway.

The group finished talking and the ambulance headed out. Case was resting peacefully before he even entered the ambulance. Case didn't wake at the hospital. And for some reason Jason was glad. He knew she was alright health wise. But after hearing that Dennis had suffered a massive heart attack after brutally trying to kill her and light her and her things on fire, he wasn't sure she would ever really be 'ok'. The tests were all fine, they took real good care of her. Still, Jason only left her side to sit just outside the door and talk to Tim.

Tim and Jason spoke every second of the eight hours they were waiting at the hospital. First and foremost they cancelled the big reunion. Telling very little, to just get it out of the way, and to save poor Case the humiliation. Officer Phillips was there also, but she allowed them to do some much needed talking. This entire situation was indeed fucked up to say the least. But thankfully they came to a different agreement then they previously had. After Tim reluctantly listened to Jason explain things about Case and Dennis, being as careful as he could of course, talking with her father, Tim seemed to be almost thankful Jason was taking over. Tim still stuck by his previous condition that Jason needed to leave the house. This time though, the deal made Jason feel good. It gave him hope.

Chapter 10

Casey was on the phone with her father. She couldn't take the tone of his voice. But she had to face him. He sounded upset. She was asked to wait for him at the house and they would talk. She had a funny feeling she already knew what he was going to say. But she was prepared for the talk. Scared, but ready.

He hadn't said anything. But when he came home that night with Jason he looked at her funny. It wasn't until the morning she had an idea why. Her bruises and hickeys from their night of lust were anything but hidden. Plastered on her neck was a reddish brown mark. And on her chin a cute little purple circle one, that she had no idea how it got there.

What Casey was not prepared for was seeing her stuff on the lawn. And no car in sight. Maybe he was making a point? Dear God! She thought. He was disowning her.

She made her way inside the empty house, to her room to see what was left. Maybe if she got it all out she could just avoid the conversation. Sadly she didn't get that far. A large body lunged out from behind a closed door before she got to her room and slammed her hard against the wall. He grabbed her close and yelled. "You won't just discard me! Filthy whore!" He threw punches he smacked her. Apparently he doesn't like competition. And some way, she wasn't sure of, he found out she had a copy of their video. Which she did set up and pay for the means to make it. But after they had made it, Dennis changed. "What? Black mail me? Humiliate me!?" He slapped her across the face, her left cheek now throbbing and pink. A small amount of blood slid gracefully down her silky skin.

Thinking fast, Casey had managed to pull out a small canister out of her purse she had clutched to her person. She maced him and punched him in the throat. He was a large man and that tactic only gave her a few precious moments to leave. Dashing swiftly through the house she reached for her phone and called the police, kept them on the line, on speaker and prayed they made it in time.

The struggle between her and the deranged man she used a sick fantasy substitute, made its presence known throughout the entire house. There was broken glass and furniture everywhere. Casey was bruised and had several small cuts decorating her once flawless complexion along her body. A few were scattered along her arms. Some on her legs and one, the deepest ran along diagonally the length of her stomach. She found a sweater, Jason's, and held it close to her. She didn't mean to ruin it, it was the closest thing to her. And to be honest it helped her to hold on. To stay strong grasping that one last thread of happiness.

She finally had some distance between her and Dennis. She dashed out the front door and along the edge to the side of the property, hoping a passing car would see. Or to be more accurate *hear* Dennis Screaming at the top of his lungs.

Where is the police? Please anyone! She pleaded silently to herself. Finally outside she could at least run off in a different direction. Although now she was weak, and losing her speed. Dennis grabbed her large bedside lamp and raised it up, racing towards her. Swears and cruel hurtful words filled Casey's ears and put a crack in her heart.

Casey tried. Really she did, to shut out the hateful words. The words of her therapist tried to push through.

"When trudging along a road of misery, one might meander down an opportune path in hopes to grasp a brief moment of false elation."

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Until she realized she ruined not only her father's life, Jason's hers and she did this to a poor crazy man just to help curb her gross fantasies.

You are worthless.. I am

You are revolting.. Yes

You deserve to die.. Maybe your right

You will pay.. It has begun

God you will pay!.. I will never stop

Then a loud cracking sound. She was able to take a few steps then realized Dennis was quiet and still. He had fallen over, the heavy lamp split in two, his head bloody. Relieved and terrified Casey dashed to the shed and locked herself in. After several long minutes the sound of emergency vehicles filled her ears.

After the sirens became unbearable she heard Jason. Heard his laugh, his voice. His growls of pleasure.

Then blackness.

Groggy and sore Casey stirred. She was disoriented and confused. *Where am I? What happened?* Before she could think anything more the bed dipped. A gentle hand caressed her back. "Shh. It's alright baby. Your safe." Then a kiss to her forehead.

"Jay?" she asked wearily. She rubbed her eyes and looked towards him.

He laid down beside her. "Expecting another knight are we?" He joked as he leaned forward to kiss her still slightly puffy lips.

She let out a little laugh then winced as her body tensed from the pain. "What?" She touch the bandage on her stomach. "It wasn't a dream?" She shook her head, then sat upright before wincing again. A sudden burst of fear came forward. "Dennis," She breathed.

"Oh, baby," He soothed. "Please, it wont hurt if you don't move quick." He made her comfortable. "That *thing* and I use that word correctly, my love. Got so worked up, he gave himself a heart attack." He smoothed some stray pieces of hair away from Casey's field of vision. Smiling at her tenderly, giving her a smile of relief. "Did me a favor if you ask me. I'd hate getting dirty doing it myself." He chuckled.

"Is he?" she questioned. She didn't think she had to finish the question.

Jason nodded, "The funeral was yesterday." When she gave him a questioning look he added, " The incident was four days ago." He gently touched her face. "You gave me quite a scare, Sweet Pea."

She let out a long breath and stayed silent for a few moments. He's gone. Never to bother her again. She was so relieved of a death of a person that it scared her. But then again, she was alive. With Jason. He couldn't hurt her anymore.

Sinfully Delicious

"Where are we?" She asked timidly. Slowly she rose to sit. She squinted her eyes. Looking around frantically. She turned to Jason. "Why?"

Jason was always hot as hell. But when he smile at her like that, he was so *dreamy*. He leaned in to whisper in her right ear. His voice became low and harsh, "It's been too long since we have been along in this room, Sweet Pea. Don't you think?" He gently nuzzled his way into the crook of her neck.

It had been. The main bedroom to their summer home. Except all of the furnishings are different. Everything. There isn't much in it. But its all new. She smiled and said, "It was more innocent back then." Running a rand through Jason's short hair.

He chuckled low. And leaned in, lightly touching his fingertips to her left naked breast under the flimsy fabric of the thin shirt she had on. "You ran into my room, jumped on my bed." He let a soft moan escape his mouth before continuing, "You were so happy to go hiking with me, you jumped on me, straddled my waist and awoke so many harbored feelings. The only thing making that innocent was you being sixteen."

Casey turned deep crimson. Her cheeks felt on fire. "It was innocent!" She cried.

He kissed her neck softly. "I thought so too at first, you naughty little kitten. That is, until you rocked ever so softly before leaving me." He touched his lips to her ear, "Did you feel it baby?"

She did. Oh she knew exactly what she felt under his sheet and through the dampening cloth of her panties. She whimpered and whispered, "Mmhmm."

A low growl erupted deep within him, he kissed her lips softly. Jason pulled her to standing. Very slowly as to make sure she wasn't in pain. "Before we reminisce anymore, why don't you take a nice soothing shower while I get you something to eat."

Chapter 11

Jason was so lucky. Case was healing up so well. She woke up in the vacation home two days ago. Tim and his new officer crush were staying at a hotel near by. No one wanted to be at the old house. No one even bothered to give an excuse. It wasn't needed. Because Case had to take it easy they stayed in, chatting and watching movies. The weather was getting colder anyhow. And Jason was adamant on having Case not over do things.

Tim was still a little rough around the edges regarding him and Case. But nothing that time and some bonding couldn't fix.

Everyone had talked. Everything was out in the open and oddly enough, this mess was settled. Things were going so well. So pleasant for everyone. Jason was glad he hadn't totally fucked everything up. It was such a great weight lifted off of his shoulders. There was still a few things that bothered him. But for now, both him and Case needed something else more. Tonight was about them. They were going out to dinner in a nice quiet restaurant. He still was worried about Case, so he planned to have a nice relaxing dinner and return for the evening. Once she was fully healed he had so many things planned for them. He hoped Case was almost ready for their date.

Jason knocked on the bedroom door.

He heard a muffled, "Come in." From behind the door. He walked in and saw an extremely erotic looking Case on all fours. Her knees were about two feet apart. The only thing covering her goodies was a skimpy white towel. Her plump round ass was pointed straight up in the air. Her back sexily arched and her soft little moans from this delightful position were something else.

Jason cleared his throat. "Whatcha doing my sexy little kitten?" He had already closed the distance between them before she spoke.

"I cant find my earr-" She jumped slightly, "Oooooo!" She squealed as Jason grabbed one ass cheek in his left hand and lightly patted her pussy with the other. Case clenched her inner walls together and arched her back more.

"Fuck ya baby." He purred. "Ooo, move that little pussy around for Daddy." He was driving her insane. Her face pushed onto the carpet and muffled whimpers gave it away. He growled into her right ass cheek and nipped it lightly.

"God yes!" She breathed.

"I've been taking it easy on you baby, but I can't keep my self away from this-" He buried his face into her sweet dripping center. He ravaged her whole with gusto. He went at it like it was his life line.

"Jay! .. Oh fuck!" She moaned.

Trying to get deeper he rubbed his nose across her little pink back entrance. "You taste so good baby."

A loud screech had Case drop on her stomach. Her ass quickly rose in the air by his hands. "You like that?" He teased. Jason ran his flattened tongue to her little pink star. Licking in a line then upon feeling her shudder and made little circles and pointed his tongue.

Sinfully Delicious

Her breath was hard and she was desperately panting for air. The towel fell completely off and now Case was fisting the fabric for some sort of balance. "Jay!" She cried. "Please! I need you to fuck me." Just then he forced his tongue in a little. "Ooo. Uh! Aaaaaaaahhah! I need to feel your cock baby!"

Jason ignored her and positioned himself behind her. Yes! She thought. He was finally going to fuck her. He retreated his assaulting tongue from her delicious back door and kissed along her back. He taunted her attacked whole with his left thumb and moved his right hand to palm her sweet pussy. He rubbed along the fold with his fingers. He then worked his finger tips near her precious hardening clit. He held her clit hostage within two fingers. He began to roll the small nub.

Case whimpered and mewled over and over. Her breath was leaving her so quickly one would think she was suffocating. "Oooooo, Oh! Mmmm She moaned. He captured the clit within his tips and pulled slightly.

"Aauh!" Case began to shake and buck against him. He took this time to delve his probing thumb into her forbidden entrance. A high pitched squeal signaled her release. It was violent and rocked her whole body. She saw stars, and her ears were ringing. "My. God, Daddy."

After several moments she came back to earth and began to breath normally. Jason leaned over and kissed the middle of her shoulder blades. "Now, I would love for you to stay just. Like. This." He said between kisses. "But I'm sure the restaurant wont appreciate it as much as me."

"Well, if you get up-"

"Oh sweetie, I am up and ready." He chuckled as he caressed her sides with his hands.

She sighed but smiled. "We are going to be late you big lug!"

"I suppose you are right." He helped her up to her feet and had her face him. "We will pick this up after my love."

"Who said we have to wait?" She sexily responded.

Shaking his head he walked to get dressed.

Chapter 12

Case walked out of the room in the tightest, sheerest, black leggings Jason had ever seen. The pants hugged and accentuated every luscious curve. They stopped right above her ankles and even they looked amazing. *Really? I'm lusting after her ankles? God! She was sexy.* She had on a loose fitting silky shirt. It showed off her beautiful smooth skin around her neck and her collar bone seemed to scream to him to be kissed. The abstract pattern did a sneaky job at hiding all of the goodies that were underneath it. They were hiding away begging, crying to be attended to.

A delicate finger pressed to his jaw and lifted it. *Oh my god! My mouth was open?*

Case smiled and whispered, "Thanks for the compliment, Daddy." She nipped his top lip and kissed his nose.

Jason didn't know what happened to his composure, his need to treat her tonight. Show her off to the world. To strut around and brag and boast for his amazing arm candy. Not to mention make her feel like the amazingly gorgeous woman she was.

But it left him instantly. All of it. He crashed into her, like a fierce wave he swept over, claiming her body intending to never let it go. One pant clad knee pressed firmly to her sexy pussy. Moving it gently while his palm pressed hard to the small of her back pushing her flat stomach to his body. His right hand raked her hair while his tongue roughly battled hers.

A blur of bodies and the frenzied abuse of fine fabric led to Jason laying Case down on his bed. In a flash Jason was nose deep in her hot, sweet pussy. He had torn her leggings off and ripped the nice shirt she wore from her body. Her bra and panties long discarded.

She was writhing beneath him, her little hands raking through his wild hair. The silent mission he accompanied with his long pointed tongue darting into her sex was relentless.

Case's hips swirled about searching for that release. She had been quiet this entire time, with the very loud exception of her wall shattering moans. But finally, breathlessly she spoke. And god was she perfect.

"Daddy?" She asked softly. Her puffs of breath getting harder to take.

Looking up to her beautiful body, her large mounds resting heavily atop her chest, her all too perfect hardened nipples smiling at the ceiling. Her chest rising erratically and her short hair laying recklessly around her pretty face. Without moving his invading mouth he asked, "Yes baby?"

Case shuddered and whimpered at the vibrations from his question. After catching her breath she began. "Jay, I- I want you to be my first." She bit her lip and closed her eyes. Was she embarrassed. His Case?

Her first? What was she talking about?

"First?" He asked softly slowing his exquisite pussy assault to listen to her.

She wiggled her bottom back and forth and started to speak, "You know!" She whispered. When he Jason didn't respond right away she got shy all of a sudden and said, "Never mind Daddy. Just fuck me, please! I need you in me! I just do, anywhere!"

Anywhere! Fuck, did she mean...? Hell. She said anywhere.

Sinfully Delicious

Jason continued his tonguing, making sure he had plenty of moisture. He wanted to gauge her adventurous side. He licked her hot pussy from her clit, sucking gently and moving down. Intrusively so along her tasty slit then he dipped lower. His nose rested teasingly at her awaiting entrance while his tongue ventured even lower.

Her entire body shivered and bucked away from him. He roughly grabbed her hips and continued licking her immaculate pink star. Breathless she moaned. "Fuck!" She squealed as she thrust away from him in a way to fight away from the immense pleasure. "Yes!! Jay, please! Oh GOD! Oooh Ooooooo Auh! I need you Daddy. Pla-eeeeeeeeese!" She sounded so desperate.

"You are so fuckin' sexy when you beg for my cock baby girl." He gently inserted a thumb into her preparing her for him. She may have wanted this but he also knew it would hurt more if he just went at it.

Jason steadied himself at the entrance of her sexy little ass and teased her briefly. She so wanted it, she was moving an grinding for him to enter her. He propped a folded pillow just under her ass to a better angle.

"Relax baby." He said softly. "I'll fill you up soon enough." He continued lapping at her juices, slurping away like a starving man having an over due meal. He was messy and careless in his motions but they had a purpose.

Case was overly frustrated. She was humping away on his thumb and finally she took over. She moved her hand to her sopping entrance and began rubbing her clit. "Jay, for fuck sake FUCK me!" She wailed. She gently pulled her clit then went back to rubbing.

Preparing himself at her opening Jason held his hot throbbing pole firmly. Slowly working his way to the tip he pressed the head to her dripping pussy. Her copious fluids easily coating his cock. Pushing it in her steaming center all too briefly to guide it upward and 'pop' it back out. Making sure to graze her greedy clit in the process.

Case's body was trembling violently from need. "Hunni, you want daddy's dick?" He asked softly. Slowly, torturously, touching her sensitive nub.

She sounded almost to tears, her body jerking, humping into his slight touching hoping for some well needed friction. "Daddy. You make me so wet. God! I need to feel you hard cock in me. Please! Just fill me up Daddy. Please." She whispered the last few words.

"Well I can't deny my little girl, can I?" He grinned evilly and again brought his mushroom tip to her entrance, dipping, touching, teasing. Just as her motions were getting out of control he brought his other hand up to her seemingly neglected clit. He rolled the hardened bean between his thumb and index finger. Mimicking her earlier actions, he pulled slightly. His tip traveled lower as he played with his hand.

Teasing her entrance and just resting his bulbous tip to the tiny while, he whispered, "This what you want baby?" He furiously played her little nub and before she could answer he continued. "You want my cock in you so bad? You want Daddy's big dick to go in your little ass?" He nudged her softly. Hoping for a response.

"Yeeess! Fill me up so good Daddy!" She was moving her hips and playing with her perfect breasts. Copying the rolling motion Jason had done with her clit.

Jason grinned and popped his head through the first extremely tight ring. She froze immediately and whimpered out in pain. "Daddy loves you baby. Relax that pretty ass for me. Let me in that sweetness and make you feel so good." He gently stroked her clit for a few seconds and soon she began moving again. The pain must have passed. He used her movements to slip his way further in.

Sinfully Delicious

"Ouh! Your so big!" She whimpered.

Still slowly making his presence known in her forbidden whole he lost his control- he pushed in all the way. Causing a yelping cry from Case. "That's it baby, swallow Daddy up with this sexy ass." He paused when she straightened her body. "I just had to be in you hunni. Relax until your ready." She nodded and just enjoyed his fingers paying attention to her little nub. As the pain subsided she started to move again. He took the hint and began a soft rhythm. When her whimpers were of pure pleasure he removed his hand from her wetness and took hold of her hips.

"Such a tight little ass." He purred.

She was thoroughly enjoying this newness. Case met every thrust with enthusiasm and welcome his deep intrusion. "Harder!" She begged. "OH, harder Daddy!"

Jason plowed into her. His heavy balls clapping loudly into her cheeks. With a all of her movement , wiggling around on the bed, he knew they needed a change in position.

Between shaky breaths Jason said, "Get on your knees baby." He thrust into her a few more times and roughly slapped her left cheek. She did as he asked and with slightly spread legs she arched her ass high up and steadied her body with her elbows. While positioning he bent down and kissed her stinging cheek. "Fuck! I love you ass!" He nipped it, to only again kiss away the inflicted pain. After getting to his knees Jason wasted no time entering her again.

"Oh!" She moaned as he reclaimed his place.

"That's it baby girl, arch that ass for Daddy." He pressed his palm to the small of her back and held her where he wanted. With every deep push she moaned loud. Jason found a perfect hard rhythm that had both of them spiraling out of control. "My naughty girl likes this?" He slammed into her. Abusing her sweet spot, taking advantage of the new angle in which he pleased so well.

"Just like, that!" She squealed. "Yes! Oh god! Yesss!" Case came violently, her body shaking and tightening. Her ass closing up deliciously tight. Almost too tight, forcing Jason's cock back. He grabbed her hips and held himself in place. But all too soon his force and her pressure caused the severely tight tunnel to trigger and jump start his impending release.

Jason screamed her name when he emptied himself deep into her. His last thrust broke Case, she toppled onto the bed and Jason followed. He kissed her back as they just focused on breathing until he was able to easily slip from her gripping whole.

Laying together in the after effects of there amazing pairing both of them slipped peacefully off to sleep. Forgetting all about missing their dinner reservation.

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