

PuffyRainbowCloud – Why Won't You Love Me? - 1

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WHY WON'T YOU LOVE ME?

by

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The soft knock on my door tells me who it has to be. “Daddy?” I call out. What does he want? I wonder. The door opens slowly and quietly, as if he was sneaking around at night. “But it’s almost lunch time.” I say, and Daddy closes the door behind him.

“I know. I just wasn’t sure if you were napping.” I cringe at the thought of sleeping during the day. I put down my copy of The Dawn Treader, bookmark in place. Daddy squirms. He looks uncomfy. I sit up, cross-cross-applesauce, leaning away from the wall.

“Do you want to-” he interrupts me.

“Alice, not out loud!” Daddy almost stomps over to the window. It’s open just a little. He closes it. “Is it okay right now?” I was in a lull in the book so I nod. I feel a familiar tingle, a warmth, in my crotch and my tummy feels like a rat is sleeping in it.

Daddy sits down at the end of my bed and I come over to join him. He makes that weird smile he always makes when we’re doing this. I giggle because it looks so silly while he’s doing it. I can see him relaxing a little. Daddy’s hand is on my thigh now. He’s squeezing it. It doesn’t hurt but I know it gets harder unless I do something. I give a tiny whimper and he quickly lets go. His face looks a little sorry. I smile to make him feel better. His other hand rises quietly to my face. I try not to flinch, His palm cups my face. Daddy’s thumb is coarse against my lip. He’s staring at me, a lot. The thumb presses harder and I open my mouth a little, just enough for him to push his thumb into my mouth. It tastes a little of soap so at least he remembered to wash his hands. Once, it tastes like car, and I told him ‘ew’ and now he’s always clean!

After I've licked his thumb and he's looked at me from every way, Daddy sticks his thumb deeper- As it reaches the back of my mouth I gag. Daddy quickly jerks my head around. My neck hurts a bit. His face is so close to mine. I hold my breath so I don't have to smell his. I'm pretty focused on that so when he suddenly pulls his thumb out of my mouth and kisses me I'm quite surprised. His arms wrap around me, and it feels like I'm drowning in him. Soon, Daddy's tongue wants to be let into my mouth too. I know he loves it, even though I don't. I let it in, and it quickly overwhelms me. I gag again and Daddy pulls away.

"Fuck, Alice..." he says all quietly and gravelly. He looks sorry again. I can't stand it. I purse my lips, close my eyes, and stretch towards him. I feel his smile on my lips. Daddy seems happy kissing with only lips for a while. He finally pulls away. I can breathe again. Daddy's face is all focused- His hands wander up my thighs, stopping at my belly for a bit to rub it. Then, they reach for my chest. I can't help but blush at my favorite part. Daddy pinches at my nipples, and it feels tingly and fun! His hands are so big on me, it's warm and comforting. He can see how much I like it because he looks at my face and he looks calmer and happier.

Daddy puts his hands in my armpits and lifts me further up the bed. I lie back, arms spread, doing my best to relax. I can't quite tell where Daddy's hands are; it's like they're everywhere at once. In my mouth, on my belly, my chest, fingers in my hair. He pushes two fingers into my mouth now. Deeper, deeper, tears are pushing out of my eyes. He pulls them out and a shiny string of thick spit connects us for quite some time. I blink the tears away and see he's still watching me, even more intently. I make sure to smile as I'm catching my breath. He looks relieved. Then, he smears my spit and tears all over my face. I take the chance to just stare at the ceiling while he wrangles off his pants and underwear. Soon, I'm not longer staring at the ceiling but at Daddy's balls and his wiener. I reach my face towards it and in my peripheral vision I see him smile contentedly . I do too because I do like it when he's happy. He lowers himself to meet my face. Daddy drags his cock all over my face, using the spit from earlier to make it glide more. It's hard to find moments to look, so I just close my eyes and leave them closed.

After a little bit, he moves away from my face. I open my eyes and realize he wants my mouth open, so I open it. He squeezes his cock between my lips, and somehow I always forget it's this big. I'm already gagging, but he pushes on anyway. Once he's thrusting into my

mouth steadily. I grab my thumb in its own fist, like he showed me, but I can’t help it. I tap frantically at his leg. I know he hates it when I puke. He pushes just a bit deeper. I puke. Daddy quickly pulls out, but that only helps it get all over my face and chest and the bed. He gets a blanket and starts wiping at me, swearing under his breath.

“Ow, gentle, it hurts!” Daddy pauses, and we both freeze as my bedroom door clicks, swings open just a bit, and my sister’s face appears in it.

“Hey sis, have you seen my eau- what the fuck?!” Neither Daddy or I can think to do anything but stare. My sister covers her mouth, a grossed out look on her face. She closes the door and Daddy suddenly springs out of bed. Impossible quickly his pants are back on and he’s out the door too. I vaguely hear my sister yell, then Daddy, then Mommy. Mommy and Daddy seem to be yelling at each other. My door opens. I hear Mommy’s voice from the other end of the house.

“She’s only five! What the hell were-” She’s interrupted by my sister closing the door. I grab the blanket and start wiping myself down. My mister sighs and walks up to me, grabbing the blanket from me. I suddenly feel very cold and naked and wrap my arms around myself. My sister sighs again,

“You need a bath. Come here.” She reaches for my hand and I grab hers, letting her pull me up with her. She’s 10, and she feels even more grown up than usual as she quietly wraps my bathrobe around me and leads me out of the door. I hear Daddy crying in the living room and take a step in that direction. My sister pulls me towards the bathroom instead and I follow, even though I really want to comfort him.

Once the water is all drawn she gets naked and takes off my robe too. She helps me climb into the tub and gets in herself. We get seated comfortable and she starts washing my face and chest gently.

“I’m so sorry, sis. I want you to know that this isn’t your fault. He did this to me once when I was your- you know, their fight made Mom’s water break.” I think I understand somehow that means it was my birthday.

“Oh, we do it all the time.” I tell her, and I try to figure out why they only played sex once when it’s so fun. She stops washing me and her silence makes me feel like I’ve said something wrong. After a bit she takes a deep breath.

“What do you mean that you do it “all the time”? She’s trying to sound nice but she sounds scary.

“Uhm, I turned five...” I count on my fingers,” six weeks ago. And we’ve done it almost eeevery day.” I kick my feet happily. My sister sounds like she’s crying, but she tells me it’s nothing, She finishes washing me and brings me back to my room. The house is eerily quiet, but my sister holds me so I drift off to sleep soon anyway.

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I haven’t seen Daddy in three whole days. Mommy said he needed to think really hard. Now he’s in the hallway. I run up to him and throw my arms around his legs. He barely hugs back. I don’t understand why. My heart hurts and I look up at his face. Why won’t he look at me?

“You’re back.” Mommy sounds really mean and her arms are crossed. Daddy removes his hands from my back even though he hasn’t even squeezed me yet. He walks up to her, looking like a thirsty flower. “You piece of-” she says, and I want to hide. He mumbles, and I can’t hear him. “Honey, go to your room.” I’m scared. I go to my room.

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Mommy is asleep with the TV on. I need the bathroom and it was dark but I hear the TV and I see her there. She has so many adult sodas on the table. I go to the bathroom hush styles.

When I’m done I walk to Mommy’s and Daddy’s bedroom. The door only creaks a little. I hear Daddy moving.

“Babe, is that you?” he asks. He seems like he would’ve been happy if it was her.

“It’s just me.” I whisper. I climb into bed. I can see a little bit now. Daddy pulls his blanket tighter to him. He’s sitting against the headboard. I giggle and start tugging at the blanket as I crawl close to him. “I missed you!”

“Sweetheart, no.” He doesn’t sound like he’s playing. I sit back, confused. But I wanna play, so I dive under the blanket to get to his wiener already. I yelp as he suddenly grabs my wrist and pulls me out, hard. He’s never hurt me like this before, even for fun. I rub my wrist. “I said ‘no’!” Daddy’s voice is loud and angry. I quickly shush him. If he wakes Mommy she’ll be so angry. The tears burn my eyes.

“Why? You went away. I missed you. Not even a kiss?” He sighs and gets out of bed. But he never wears undies to bed..? He grabs my wrist and pulls me out of bed. I start crying. It hurts. What did I do? Doesn’t he love me anymore?

We get to my bedroom door. It feels like my arm is going to fall off. I look into the living room and Mommy is awake, looking at us, like she’s a little confused.

“Go to sleep, hun. Don’t come in there anymore.” I can tell he’s pretending to sound nice. He shuts the door. If it wasn’t for my ghost night light slowly going through the rainbow it would’ve been so dark. I throw myself into bed and just cry.

My door opens and I lift my head, hoping to see Daddy, but it’s my sister. She crawls under the covers and holds me. “He doesn’t love me anymore.” I whine, and then I can hear Mommy all the way from the bedroom. Why does he love her and not me?

*

I turned ten today. Mommy, Daddy, my sister, and her boyfriend went to Olive Garden for dinner. I don’t eat pasta and they know that but at least the salad I had was okay. Now I’m just lying in bed, trying and failing to use my MP3-player to drown out the noises coming from my sister’s room. It’s not fair! She gets someone who loves her! I check my watch. Hello Kitty’s arms tell me it’s just past nine. I can’t take this anymore! I kick the thick duvet off of myself and spring out of bed.

“What the fuck is she doing here?” Her boyfriend sounds frustrated as he scrambles to cover himself. My sister, who is now without any cover, uses her arms. There’s enough time for me to see that his is kinda thick and kinda long, just like I remember-

“Get the fuck out!” My sister sounds absolutely furious. “I told you about the sock on the handle thing. Are you retarded?” My sister follows this verbal assault up with throwing some little paper box at me. It doesn’t even hurt. I pick it up. Condoms. I got to put one on a vibrator in sex ed, for the technique. So I know what it’s for. I try to look confident despite trembling from how anxious I am. Somewhat gracefully I pull off my pajama shirt and let the pants drop to the floor before stepping out of them. I make sure to puff up my chest. My boobs are nothing compared to my sister’s but they’ve been slowly budding for a couple of years now. I can’t help myself and contentedly trace a rib with my fingertip.

“Please, let me join you.” I try to sound sexy, but I kinda just sound like bad hentai. I bite my lip, trying my best to look sweet and innocent. My sister looks disgusted.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Her tone is so harsh she sounds like mom. The skin on my arms bubbles up into goosebumps. I take the final couple of steps towards the bed. I

look at her boyfriend. He’s covering his eyes, just like Daddy always does when I’m naked. I reach out a hand towards him.

“Please love me?” He says nothing. My sister says

“Get the fuck out, pedobait!” She jumps out of bed and shoves me into the hallway, sans the pajamas I entered with. I throw a glance towards our parents’ room, only to see the door close quickly. I enter my bedroom and slam the door. Fuck them!

I hop onto bed and throw open my laptop. I open a browser tab to Omegle and add the magic words “favorite #10” to my interests. Soon, the face of a man who looks a little older than Daddy pops on screen. He makes a pleased face as my camera also loads. I wave, not sure what to say.

“Hey young lady. How’s your evening?” His voice is rumbling and a little horny. I sigh and stare off into space dramatically.

“I’m heartbroken because nobody will love me.” I say, and my voice trembles more than I intended. The man draws a breath through his teeth.

“A beautiful girl like you? I almost find that hard to believe.” he says, and there’s a touch of sympathy in among the horny. I angle the screen enough that he can see my chest too.

“Will you love me, sir?” I ask, and I sound as much like hentai as I can. He lets out a rumbling groan.

“Of course, princess. Daddy loves you.

The End