

Tracey's Dad

April 2024 – Commission

Chapter Two

Thanks to BondageDiaperLover93 for commissioning this next installment!

The tacos were indeed amazing – as amazing as the guy who'd made them.

Stephanie was trying her level best not to be too weird about it, of course. She was sitting there nice and polite, passing the hot sauce and nodding along to the discussion and everything. Yet all the while she couldn't help the lovely little shivers that raced through her with every syllable James spoke... or the flutter in her tummy whenever he happened to glance up and smile into her eyes.

"Hey – earth to Steph! Whaddya say? Sound like fun?"

It was Tracey, poking at her side with his elbow. "Huh- what? Sorry," she managed through a half-mouthful of meat. "I was... uh, wasn't listening..." "A *moo-vie*," Tracey repeated, enunciating every syllable as if she was hard of hearing. "Dad said maybe we should go see a movie tomorrow. Want to?"

"Oh! Um..." She was taken aback and unsure how to respond. But before she had to fumble out an answer, James intervened with a smooth smile. "That's only if you want to, of course. I was just saying it would be a nice way to spend some nice family time together." He grinned over at the two of them as he reached for the water pitcher. "What do you think? I think there was a new Pixar movie out soon, right? Or maybe there's some other fun comedy? Something nice and light?"

"*Da-ad!* We're not frickin' *ten* anymore, okay?" Tracey was rolling his eyes in exasperation. "We're in college, remember? If *I'd* be going, I'd go see one of those cool new horror movies. What was that latest one again? *Blood Drinker 3?*" He snorted with a sidelong glance at Stephanie. "Though god knows even that won't be nearly scary enough for *me*..."

"Hmm, really?" James looked politely surprised, though Stephanie could have sworn she caught a glimpse of him wryly smiling before he took a sip from his water glass. He paused... flashed the tiniest of winks at her... and then set down his glass once more. "Well, then! What do you say, Stephanie? Want to come along and see what it's all about?"

Oh, she did. Mainly because of James, to be honest. But also because she was curious to see why on

earth Tracey suddenly seemed to be so strangely interested in horror films.

The ominous pulse of bass rumbled through the darkened theater, accompanied by shrill, ascending glissandi from the violins. Across the giant screen lurched a masked figure... and then came the dialogue. *You dirty fucker. You're gonna fucking pay for that!* Gunshots shattered the darkness, and then a woman's bloodcurdling scream. *Noooooo! Dean, no!*

Stephanie gulped silently, her hands tightening in mingled revulsion and embarrassment at the scene. This film was hecking weird. Creepier than anything she'd ever watched before, for sure. And maybe worse than anything else, too – what with the pathetically thin plot and stupidly bad CGI.

Or maybe it was just that she couldn't really focus? After all... she was sitting smack in between two guys: Tracey on her left, and his beautiful dad on her right. And what was more, each of her hands was in one of theirs.

A hilariously fake splash of gore spilled across the screen, and she felt Tracey's sweating hand clutch painfully hard on hers. Such a contrast with his dad's, to be sure. James's was warm... reassuring... steady and calm and ever so strong. She hadn't even tried to take his hand, either! She'd just happened to leave it near his, honest. And then when Tracey had let out the first whimper not five minutes in, James had glanced over, and with a questioning smile reached ever so gently for her hand.

Just in case it gets to be too much for you too, his smile seemed to whisper. And Stephanie had squeezed softly back – not so much in gratitude as in stunned delight.

But now, things were getting to be too much indeed. A tangle of bloody intestines splattered over the camera lens – and at that, Tracey bolted to his feet in blind panic. Stephanie half-rose, still holding to her boyfriend's hand, and before she quite knew it she was stumbling behind him toward the aisle. Out past the other variously cheering and *eww*-ing spectators they made it, somehow. And then, there they were: slipping out the back door, blinking in the safe, comforting warm light of the theater.

"I- I um- gotta go to the bathroom," Tracey stuttered weakly, face white as a sheet. Stephanie nodded and squeezed his hand as he turned to go. "You okay? Are you... can I do anything?" But he was already fleeing, and she gave a wry shrug after his retreating back. "Well, okay then. I'll just... wait out here, I guess..."

"Where's Tracey? Bathroom?" Not ten seconds later James was beside her, holding his drink in one hand and her bag in the other. She nodded, gratefully accepting her bag from his hand. "Uh, yeah – thanks! Yeah, I think we might have to leave early. He was feeling sick or something–"

"Not really surprising," James chuckled softly, and she saw his eyes twinkling with wry humor. "You know, I was really taken aback when he said he wanted to see something like this. He's never been one for horror – like, *ever*. So I thought maybe he was just trying to look tough for you or something. But then I thought, you know what? Let him try. He's a big kid now, right? Maybe he's changed now that he's been at college."

"Nope, apparently not," she replied, and they both burst into quiet chuckles at her decisive tone. "Still as squeamish as ever, I guess!" James grinned, his eyes regarding her now with something akin to admiration. "To be honest, I wasn't sure how *you'd* do, either, Stephanie. But you seem pretty okay, huh? You're definitely a lot more mature than my boy."

Stephanie sucked her breath in. *Mature*. Oh, god, yes – that was precisely what she needed this gorgeous man to see her as! She may have been tiny, sure. She might still be in college. But none of that mattered so long as this lovely man could see her for what she was: a mature, intelligent, beautiful young woman. Mature and beautiful enough for *him*–

And so she took the plunge, the flirtatious words escaping her without more than the briefest thought. "Well, you aren't entirely wrong – *James*. Honestly, I *am* very mature for my age. If you know what I mean?"

He visibly flinched. His eyebrows rose the tiniest bit, though the kind smile remained on his lips. And then he broke into a quiet chuckle once more. "Oh, are you now? My, my, Stephanie. That's... hmm. That's very... good to hear."

Whether it genuinely was good or not, the suddenly blushing Stephanie was unsure. But even so, she couldn't deny that during the entirety of the drive back home, those blue eyes were observing her. Watching. Musing. Pondering.

Nor could she deny that that night, after Tracey had passed out and lay curled up on his side of the bed and breathing heavily, she was lying wide awake. Thinking about the day. Remembering the warm pressure of James's hand on hers. And reliving that moment when James had told her she was so mature. Surprisingly mature. So much more mature than Tracey ever would be...

All of which, surely, was completely unrelated to the way her hand slipped downward under the covers to rest between her legs. Or to how she shivered in mute pleasure there in the darkness, eyes screwing shut, decidedly steamy visions of a certain beautiful man now playing in the internal

theater of her mind.

(To be continued!)