Case Report

1. Case Number :	**0210-25**
2. Advertiser :	**HK IReader Tech**
3. Product :	**Entertainment**
4. Type of Advertisement/Media :	**Facebook**
5. Date of Decision:	**17-Sep-2025**
6. Decision:	**Upheld – Modified or Discontinued**

ISSUES RAISED

AANA Code of Ethics\2.3 Violence
AANA Code of Ethics\2.4 Sex/sexuality/nudity

DESCRIPTION OF ADVERTISEMENT

This sponsored Facebook advertisement features an illustrated image of a man, with a woman's leg over his shoulder.

The text of the ad reads:

"*I could see my stepfather's manhood in his bathing trunks. God! Replacing my mom to have a couple retreat with him is amazing.*
“I wish my mom would pay more attention to you Daddy,” I said. “I know if you were mine, I would.”
“You are mine for the weekend, remember?”
He asked as he leaned in closer to me. “We're husband and wife."
“Well, in that case,” I said. "I guess I can do this,”
As I spoke, my hand darted through the water and quickly found its way to his manhood.
Seeing his widen eyes, I leaned closer and whispered to him "I won't tell my mom."
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Stepping outside, I closed the sliding glass door to the deck. My eyes darted to my stepfather's cell phone, resting in the chair opposite of him. He had excused himself from dinner some time ago, and while I couldn't hear exactly what he was shouting to my mother over the phone, I had some clue what it was about. It was always about the same thing. It was still about work.
Mom had met my stepfather Jacob when I was still very young. They didn't take long dating before I was walking down an aisle with a basket of ?ower petals in hand. My mom never took long when she knew she wanted something and in Jacob, she had found a kind and loving man. He didn't make much money, but that had never been

important to her. She was a career woman and dam good at it. She had clawed her way up from the bottom of the company she had worked at, climbing the corporate ladder rung by rung.
They say that opposites attract, and her relationship with my stepfather was clinical proof that was the case. Once they were married, he moved in, and I learned what it was like to have an actual parent. My birth father had disappeared shortly after Mom found out she was pregnant and left her to raise me all alone. She had made sure that I never wanted for anything but to say that she didn't have a single maternal instinct in her body would have been an understatement of comical proportions. Jacob quickly became everything she wasn't, and over the years I grew closer and closer to him than my mom, and I had ever been. She was always around, but could never be bothered to do the things that normal mothers did for their daughters. That's why Jacob had always been "Dad" in my eyes.
When I went through my ?rst period, he was the one who explained the changes that I would be going through. When I had my ?rst heartbreak, it was Daddy who listened and held me as I sobbed uncontrollably. He didn't judge me or tell me that I should be more careful who I dated. I didn't have to listen to some lecture about what boys are actually thinking about and how he should know because he was one. He just told me that he would always be there for me. He had helped me get my ?rst job and was there with me for hours while I picked out my dress for prom. Really, he had been both parents to me.
"What has she done now, Daddy?" I asked.
He looked at the phone, which I had seen him throw across the table at the cushioned deck chair in frustration.
"Same as always," he said. "Work before me.Work before us."
"Is there anything I can do?"
"Probably not," he said. "Not unless you can convince the travel agency to refund my tickets. But I promise you can't."
"What? She canceled?" Daddy just nodded.
My heart sank for him. He had spent months planning this getaway. To think that Mom would just cancel on him last minute like this was unbelievable.
He had been planning and looking forward to this for months. How could she?
"How do you know they won't refund you?" I asked.
"I am going to call them and check tomorrow," he replied. I don't think that I had ever heard him sound so sad. "But I am pretty sure that the whole package is non-refundable. I could try to ?nd somebody to buy the tickets o? of me, but I doubt anybody will. It's next weekend."
"Well," I said. "Why not go yourself?" I asked. "On a couple's retreat?" he asked.
"Sure," I replied. "You have been looking forward to this. Don't let her ruin it for you."
"It wouldn't be the same," he said. "It would be lonely, and I am going to get enough of lonely with you going o? to college next year."
He wasn't wrong. I had taken a year o? after graduation, but next fall I would be moving hours away from him so that I could start college. We sat in silence for a few minutes as the evening grew darker and darker.

“I could come with you, Daddy,” I said.
He didn't respond at ?rst. I was worried that I had angered him by inviting myself along.

Chapter 2
“You don't want to do that,” came his response after a while. “It's a couples retreat, Hon. Everything there is going to be all mushy as if we were a couple. You would be embarrassed.”
“A free island getaway? Are you kidding me?” I asked. I was sitting in the chair next to him now. “You're right. That sounds horrible.”
“They're going to think we are husband and wife,” he said. I could tell he was coming around to the idea of taking me along but wanted to make sure that I knew what I was getting myself into.
“So what if they do. I can pretend to be your wife for a weekend.” I said.
“You sure?” He asked.
“Yeah, Daddy. It'll be fun.” I nudged him with my elbow. “Just don't go getting any ideas.
Secretly, I wished that maybe he would.
Something about Daddy had always turned me on in a way that it shouldn't. Perhaps it was because he had been so instrumental in my life or maybe it was because I always saw the way my mother treated him and felt he deserved better. Whatever had caused it, it had been around since as long as I could remember. It was something I had felt wrong about for a long time. Here was a man who had come into Mom's life and accepted me as his own daughter and I fetishized him.
I had gotten over that though, and the idea that I once had that anything would come of it. He had decided, for whatever reason, to stay with Mom and it was silly for me to think that he would cross that line with me. Not only that, it was stupid to think that I would actually act on it if given the opportunity.
“What do you say, old man?” I asked. “Want me to pretend to be your hot young wife?”
“Stop,” he said, smiling at me. “We can go together as long as I don't have to hear these jokes the whole time.
“Oh, you know I'm not stopping Daddy,” I said, grinning widely at him.
???
The rest of the week ?ew by. Like I had suspected, I had no problem getting people to ?ll in my waitressing shift. Most of the sta? was heading back to college after the summer and had been thirsty to pick up some extra tips before they were back to their full course load. Daddy had given me his credit card for a shopping spree at the mall to buy a bathing suit and other necessities for the trip. I guess he ?gured that Mom would have been putting money on it for the trip if she had been going and he didn't want me using any of the money I had saved.
If Mom had any issues with me going in her stead, she could have fooled me. She was apparently negotiating the details of some big corporate merger and couldn't be bothered to think about anything but work all week. The mood around the house had

been pretty solemn throughout the week. It was only as we were packing the car up to leave early Friday morning that she expressed any frustration with not being able to go on the trip.
Daddy and I did our best to entertain ourselves through the four-hour ?ight from New York to the Caribbean. After a while, I decided that I would get some shut-eye. It was going to be a busy weekend, after all. I put my headphones on and nodded to sleep. But what sleep I did get wasn't restful in the least.
If I needed to describe the dreams I had been having all week long it would be "vivid." For some reason, this whole vacation had relit the ?re that I had spent the last few years trying to extinguish. The one that had lead to a young teenaged version of me's obsession with my step-father. Suddenly, at the thought of playing his wife for the weekend, all of my fantasies had seemingly come back from the graves of my adolescence.
In the dream I had when I dozed o? on the plane next to Daddy, I was ?oating above the body of a woman who laid utterly neked on an altar of stone.
Within moments I recognized the curves of her body and the angles of her face. I saw myself! I gasped as I watched my chest steadily rise and fall with my breath from my disembodied third person perspective.

Chapter 3
Multiple footsteps signaled the arrival of an entourage of muscular tanned-skinned men. They stood around me, their hands resting on the stone altar and their eyes on my body.
I watched as they began to run their strong hands over my body. Just their ?ngertips traced paths along it at ?rst, but soon their whole hands were moving across every inch of my body. Even though I was merely a disembodied viewer of the erootic scene, I could feel them. Each hand slowly explored my sensitive skin, slowly tracing its way closer and closer to my most sensitive areas as if in unison.
Soon, the version of me that was laying on the altar began gasping and panting with need. Her legs parted slightly allowing more of her body to be touched and caressed. Her mouth opened slightly, and she began to whimper. Her legs were spread wide now, and the tanned hands were starting to run along her outer lips. I could feel them gliding across my body and playing at my dripping opening. My entire body was alight with ecstasy as the hands continued to tease at my most sensitive areas. From the bottom of the altar, a new ?gure approached. This ?gure's complexion was much fairer than the rest of them and instantly recognizable.
I had never seen Daddy neked, but his body was unmistakable. I had spent enough of my early teenage years trying to and had seen him in various states of undress. I should have called out for him to stop, but I wasn't in control anymore. The feeling of pleasure from all of those hands on my body was too much. Seeing him hungrily look over my body with his manhood throbbing and rigid left me with no will to resist.
His eyes never left my body as he climbed on the altar and positioned himself between my legs.

Although I was still watching myself from above, I could feel his skin against me. Forbidden sensations raced through me as I felt his cockhead position itself at my entrance and a shudder went down my spine as he pressed himself deep into me in one motion. I opened my mouth to cry out in pleasure, but nothing came out.
Then, I opened my eyes, and the entire dream disappeared. Suddenly I was sitting on the plane next to Daddy again, and I found myself dripping with the need for him for the ?rst time in a long time.
The rest of the ?ight was pure torture. While dreaming my wetness had soaked the entire crootch of my underwear, and after waking up, my eyes kept wandering to the crootch of the gym shorts Daddy had worn for the ?ight. He had been asleep when I woke up and stayed that way for the entire duration of the trip which was lucky for me. My mind wouldn't stop replaying images of my inappropriate dream over and over again. The last thing that I needed was to carry a conversation with him while those impure thoughts continued to play out on repeat.
When we arrived at the large airport in Nassau, we transferred to a small plane that could seat up to six passengers. It was emblazoned with the logo and contact information for the resort, and the pilot who met us on the runway wore a resort uniform. The seats were all empty except for ours come takeo? which was lucky for me. I was able to sit in my own row and spread out a bit while I tried to suppress what I thought I would never feel again for my father. The plane was loud enough to make talking impossible, so I was able to spend its thirty-minute duration trying to collect my thoughts.
He was one hel of a man, my step-father. He was tall and broad with the body that a man half his age could be jealous of. He had turned to exercise as an escape when from my mother's obsession with work and it had paid o?. His soft body had been replaced with lean muscle over the last year or so. It was something he had never had, being a bit bookish through college and never being interested in dating.
Coupling the improvement to his physique with his charm and sense of humor made him a knockout.
But still, he was my father. There was no excuse for me to be thinking about him the way that I was.

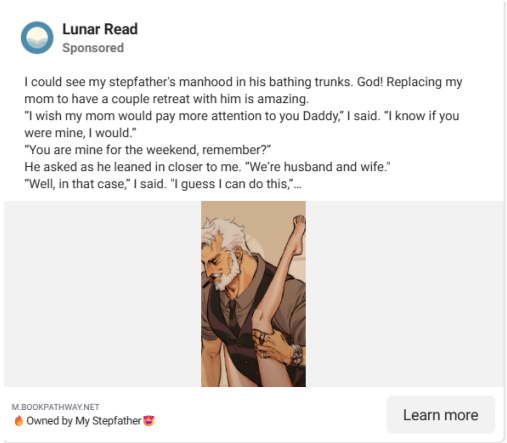
Chapter 4
Even as I felt shame for it though, I couldn't help but imagine his ?rm body against mine and his strong hands holding me down as he had his way with me. I watched him from across the aisle of the loud little plane as he read through one of the resort pamphlets and imagined him and me in the most sinful of positions while scolding myself for how wrong it was for me to be thinking this way.
When the plane ?nally dropped beneath the clouds, I was able to shake the taboo thoughts from my head. I was amazed by the beautiful island that we would be calling home for the weekend. Lush vegetation at the center of the island gave way to pearly white beaches. It looked like paradise, and a sense of giddiness rose up inside of me. Hopefully, there would be enough down there on that little island to keep me occupied

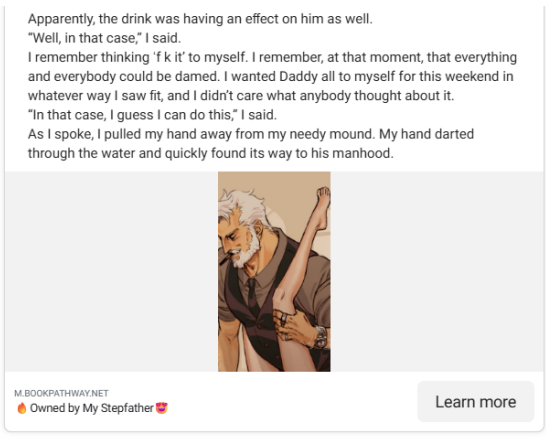
because the thought of spending all weekend obsessed with my step-father was too much to bear.
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“Well I can't really ask them for a second bed,” Daddy said. “Would kind of be a bummer if you were running a couples resort and somebody asked to have a second bed, wouldn't it?”
We had gotten checked in and to our room within about thirty minutes of arriving on the island. Very few people were here but the sta?. According to the front desk, most people would be coming later in the afternoon and into the early evening.
“That's very true,” I laughed. “No worries. I'll take the couch.”
“Actually, it might pull out into a bed,” Daddy said.
“Doubtful,” I said. “Not really enough room out there.”
The resort consisted of a series of small huts that were made to look authentic to the beach locale. Each one had a small living room entry area with a galley kitchen and a massive bedroom. If you hadn't known what type of resort it was before arriving, it would have been pretty apparent once you checked in. The bedroom was twice the size of the rest of the suite. Half of the space was devoted to a tiled area with a hot tub and an entryway to a small water closet. The rest of the space was dedicated to the massive king-sized bed.
“Think they'd be mad if we just cut it in half?” My step-father asked, cracking a smile.
“I think that might cause an issue,” I responded.
“You know,” he started. “There's enough space that we could probably share it comfortably.”
My heart began pounding harder in my chest.
My Daddy, the object of my deepest and darkest desires, had just o?ered to share a bed with me. How would I ever be able to do that? Just knowing that I was going on this vacation led me to have some of the most detailed and raunchy dreams that I have ever experienced.
“I don't know,” I said, trailing o?.
“It's ?ne,” he quickly cut me o?. “It was just an idea. Weird idea. Sorry.”
“No,” I said. “Don't apologize. Just might not work out. We'll see.”
I dropped my bags on the ?oor at the entryway to the bedroom and walked over to the hot tub.
“This is pretty nice, Dad,” I said. “Is this in all of the rooms?”
“Oh, no,” he said. “Upcharge.” “How much?” I asked.
“Too much,” he responded just as my eyes settled on the bottle of champagne with a ribbon and card next to the hot tub. Beside it sat two champagne ?utes.
“Oh, they provided bubbly,” I said as I grabbed it up from the hot tub. “Care to kick o? our little vacation with some time in the hot tub?”
“Actually,” he said. “That sounds pretty great.”
“I'll go change in the living room,” I said as I grabbed my bags.
Closing the door to the bedroom, I quickly dug my new bathing suit out of the bag and pulled o? my jeans. In an instant, the heady smell of my sx-soaked paties ?lled the room. I could tell on the airplane that the dream had gotten my juices ?owing, but it

surprised me that it had gotten me so aroused. I quickly pulled my underwear o? and stu?ed them in the pocket of my jeans before putting on the new swimsuit. Hopefully, Daddy wouldn't notice in the short time it took me to get into the hot tub. Rolling the jeans up I stu?ed them into a separate compartment of my bag and knocked at the bedroom door.

Chapter 5
“Can I come in?” I asked.
“Not unless you are looking for a show,” came Daddy's response.
“Well, we are married now, right?” I joked.
There was no response back. After a minute he called back at me again.
“Alright, the coast is clear.”
I opened the door and made a beeline for the hot tub. I climbed over the edge and sunk my body up to the waist before Daddy could say a word. It was only after that when I turned to look at him that I noticed the surprised look on his face.
“That swimsuit is…” he trailed o? for a minute. “There's not much of it, is there?”
“Do you like it, Daddy?” I asked, completely ignoring his comment about my lack of coverage.
“Yeah,” he said, shaking some thought out of his head. “I guess I'm just never going to get over you being all grown up.”
That last bit caused a bit of curiosity in me, and I found my eyes wandering downwards to Daddy's swim trunks where I could see a notable outline of his manhood. For a moment I considered that seeing so much of me might have been getting Daddy turned on before I pushed that thought to the back of my head. I wasn't going to let my imagination and long dormant crush run away with my thoughts.
Crossing the room, he joined me in the hot tub. As he sunk his body in, he let out a groan of pleasure, and a shiver went down my spine. I knew that, regardless of if I wanted it to, my mind was cataloging that away to fuel my desires at a later time. I grabbed the bottle and handed it to Daddy along with the two champagne ?utes.
“Pour us some?” I asked.
“Us?” he asked. “You can't drink!”
“Actually,” I started with a mischievous drink on my face. “Pamphlet on the way in said that drinking age here is eighteen. So I think I can.”
“I think you can't” he shot back as he poured a single glass for himself.
“Daddy,” I begged. “Please?”
It was done in a tone I had used time and time to great e?ect. It wasn't often that my step-father had the strength to deny me something that I wanted from him if I was actually willing to pursue it. I leaned my head on his shoulder for dramatic e?ect.
“It was a long ?ight,” I said, giving him my best puppy dog eye. Our eyes stayed locked for some time before he ?nally caved.
“One glass,” he declared as he began to pour. “No more!”
I wrapped my arms around him and squeezed him tight as I squealed in pleasure. Not just delight at his permission to have some champagne but also the comfort of his

body pressed against mine. I couldn't believe that I was so hoorny that feeling the pressure of Daddy's body against my brests was turning me on.
“Thank you, Daddy,” I said, trying my best to disguise the desire for him from coming through in my voice.
He handed me my champagne, and I took a sip. I had, of course, drank before; Plenty of times. When I ?nished my ?rst glass, I convinced him to let me have a little more. That happened three times, each time he declared I would get no more. Each time I asked for more he caved. Soon I found myself feeling the champagne going to my head and right afterward we found the bottom of the bottle. The entire time, as we drank, I leaned against Daddy's shoulder. As the champagne had more and more of an e?ect on me, I found myself less able to push down the intrusive thoughts I had with regards to how I, deep down inside, wanted to spend my weekend vacation with Daddy. One of my hands, having found its way beneath the churning bubbles of the hot tub, had even begun gently caressing my mound through my bikini bottom.
“Daddy,” I asked. “Are you happy with Mom?”
“That,” he answered. “Is a very complicated question.”
“I wish she would pay more attention to you Daddy,” I said. “I know if you were mine, I would.”
I sealed my lips shut. I hadn't intended the words to come out that way. Still, he seemed to either not notice it or not give it any attention.
“You are mine for the weekend, remember?” He asked as he leaned in closer to me.
“We're husband and wife.
Apparently, the drink was having an e?ect on him as well.
“Well, in that case,” I said.
I remember thinking ?f k it' to myself. I remember, at that moment, that everything and everybody could be damed. I wanted Daddy all to myself for this weekend in whatever way I saw ?t, and I didn't care what anybody thought about it.
“In that case, I guess I can do this,” I said.
As I spoke, I pulled my hand away from my needy mound. My hand darted through the water and quickly found its way to his manhood."





THE COMPLAINT

Comments which the complainant/s made regarding this advertisement included the following:
The advertisement depicts sexual assault and incest in graphic terms, alongside imagery of a young woman being sexually assaulted by a man described as her stepfather.

This content is deeply offensive and disturbing because it normalises rape, incest, and abuse. It is inappropriate for any advertising, let alone paid ads on a mainstream platform like Facebook. I was upset to see this pushed into my feed without warning.

The ad breaches community standards and advertising codes by promoting sexual exploitation and violence.

THE ADVERTISER'S RESPONSE

Comments which the advertiser made in response to the complainant/s regarding this advertisement include the following:

Advertiser did not provide a response.

THE DECISION

The Ad Standards Community Panel (the Panel) considered whether this advertisement breaches Section 2 of the AANA Code of Ethics (the Code).

The Panel noted the complainant's concern that the advertisement depicts sexual violence and inappropriate sexual content.

The Panel viewed the advertisement and noted the advertiser had not provided a response.

Section 2.3: Advertising shall not present or portray violence unless it is justifiable in the context of the product or service advertised.

Does the advertisement contain violence?

The Panel noted the advertisement contains a sexualised trope of a relationship between a stepfather and his stepdaughter. The Panel considered that the text of the story does show that the woman is an adult, however also describes her stepfather as being married to her mother since she was a child. The Panel considered while there was no biological relationship between the two characters, many people would consider such a relationship to be incestuous and inappropriate. The Panel considered that the advertisement contained themes of grooming, and sexual activity after

excess alcohol consumption. Overall, the Panel considered that the sexual activity described in the advertisement did not contain a level of consent which would be expected, and does depict or suggest sexual violence.

Is the violence justifiable in the context of the product or service advertised?

The Panel noted the Practice Note for this section of the Code which states

> "*Although the depiction of violence in an advertisement may be relevant to the story being told in the advertisement, any violence must also be justifiable in the context of the product being advertised, or else will be in breach of this section of the Code.*
>
> *Sexual violence is not acceptable under any circumstances."*

The Panel noted the text was an excerpt from the product being advertised, and therefore the violence was relevant to the product. The Panel considered, however, that the advertisement did not need to detail the sexual violence to advertise the product. The Panel considered that the sexual violence was not justifiable in advertising this, or any, product.

Section 2.3 conclusion

The Panel concluded that the advertisement did breach Section 2.3 of the Code.

Section 2.4: Advertising shall treat sex, sexuality and nudity with sensitivity to the relevant audience.

The Panel noted the Practice Note for the Code states:

> *"Full frontal nudity and explicit pornographic language are not permitted. Images of genitalia are not acceptable.*
>
> *The use of the word "sex" does not, of itself, make an advertisement unacceptable. However, such advertisements must not contain images that are overtly sexual and inappropriate having regard to the relevant audience."*

Does the advertisement contain sex?

The Panel considered whether the advertisement contained a depiction of sex. The Panel noted the definition of sex in the Practice Note is "sexual intercourse; person or persons engaged in sexually stimulating behaviour".

The Panel noted that the advertisement contained detailed sexual fantasies, as well as descriptions of masturbation and sexual activity. The Panel considered that although

the image was cropped, it was strongly suggestive of sexual activity. The Panel considered the advertisement contained sex.

Does the advertisement contain sexuality?

The Panel noted the definition of sexuality in the Practice Note is “the capacity to experience and express sexual desire; the recognition or emphasis of sexual matters”.

The Panel noted that the advertisement used known porn tropes of step-family relationships and detailed sexual fantasies and sexual acts. The Panel considered that the advertisement contained sexuality.

Does the advertisement contain nudity?

The Panel noted that the definition of nudity in the Practice Note is “the depiction of a person without clothing or covering; partial or suggested nudity may also be considered nudity”.

The Panel noted that the text story contained descriptions of nudity, and the accompanying image contained a suggestion of nudity.

Are the issues of sex, sexuality, and nudity treated with sensitivity to the relevant audience?

The Panel noted that the definition of sensitivity in the Practice Note is “understanding and awareness to the needs and emotions of others”.

The Panel noted that assessing whether sexual suggestion is ‘sensitive to the relevant audience’ requires consideration of who the relevant audience is and how they are likely to react to or feel about the advertisement.

The Panel noted that this is a sponsored advertisement on Facebook, which is a social media platform accessible to people aged 13 and over. The Panel noted that the advertiser had not responded, and the targeting of the advertisement was not known. The Panel considered that the audience for the advertisement was likely teenagers and adult Facebook users.

The Panel considered that the advertisement contained explicit sexual themes and pornographic language, which many people would find confronting and inappropriate. The Panel considered that as this was a sponsored Facebook advertisement, the ad would be served to people who were unfamiliar with the product and who were likely not expecting explicit pornographic descriptions in their feeds.

The Panel considered that the advertisement did not treat the issues of sex, sexuality or nudity with sensitivity to the relevant audience.

Section 2.4 conclusion

The Panel found that the advertisement did breach Section 2.4 of the Code.

Conclusion

Finding that the advertisement breached Sections 2.3 and 2.4 of the Code the Panel upheld the complaint.

THE ADVERTISER'S RESPONSE TO DECISION

The advertiser has not provided a response to the upheld decision. The advertisment was referred to Meta and has been removed.