

A Father's Love

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An average morning run turns into a sultry first time.

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When I woke that morning, my window was open and the thick summer breeze carried in the sunshine. Several birthday cards, all reading some form of "Happy 18th Birthday Eva!," still lay on my beside table. I sat up and stretched my arms above my head, my small athletic body getting ready for the day. My nipples pressed against the white tank top I was wearing, clearly visible due to the thin material. I threw the blankets back, and pulled on a pair of black running shorts.

As I ventured downstairs, still stretching, I realized the house was mine for a few hours. My mother was working, and my father had a meeting until noon. A bowl of fresh red apples sat on the kitchen counter, and I couldn't resist eating one. I sat at the kitchen table, listening to the bird songs and the radio that our neighbors had on by their pool.

When I was finished, I laced up my tennis shoes and was out the door, and I started running. Ever since I hit puberty, running had always been my thing. I could run for miles and just think. Today I let my mind venture, and before I knew it I could feel the warmth between my legs and feel some of the wetness on my upper thighs. I scoped my surroundings, spotting a public but vacant playground. I turned myself and jogged over to it to further inspect. There was not a child or parent anywhere in sight, and I hardly ever saw anyone here on my daily run. I climbed the stairs, and lay down in the dark blue tunnel above the slide that hid me from the world.

I closed my eyes and slid my hand past the waistband of my running shorts and little red thong. Man, was I wet. I slid one finger into my virgin hole and sighed deeply. As I slid the second and third finger in, I picked up my pace and my hips started moving rhythmically in sync with my hand. I slipped my left hand into my pussy as well, and started working my clit and cunt, rubbing and flicking them. It didn't take long before I could feel my climax coming, and as my orgasm came my back arched and my body convulsed in pleasure. I smiled and pulled my hands out, licking them both clean. My black running shorts would conceal the stain of my pleasure until I got home.

I crawled back out of the tunnel and headed home. As I came in view of my house, I realized I had locked myself out. Sighing, I walked up to the door to think. Right as I had bent down to look for the

spare, the door opened and there stood my father, wearing nothing but his boxer shorts.

"Out for a run?" He asked, looking at me expectantly, almost nervous of something.

"Just like every morning." I grinned back, walking through the threshold of my home.

As I passed my father, his hand brushed my nipple. I looked down and noticed his erect penis, and I could see the porn paused on his laptop in the living room. My initial reaction was to back away, but I then realized how horny I was. I had started a new medication to help me with my long gone eating disorder, and my hormones were seriously screwed up.

To this day I don't know what possessed me to do it, but I took the few steps toward my father and kissed him, hard. The force pushed him back against the wall. He grabbed my face and kissed me back with such passion, I had never seen it before. I reached for his penis, and his right hand grabbed my breast in return. Not quite hesitant, he pulled my white tank top over my head, revealing my large but perky breasts. He moaned slightly. As I worked off my black shorts, he threw his boxers onto the living room couch. We gazed at each other, completely shaken by this turn of events.

I tied my long blonde hair into a messy bun, and walked into the kitchen, giving my father a great view of my ass. He followed me, and as I lay down on the kitchen table, I spread my legs wide and shut my eyes. Slowly, he slid one finger into my hole.

"Gracie, you're a virgin." He said, kind of surprised.

"Daddy, I want you inside me. Please." I responded, my voice strained but excited.

He seemed hesitant, but I felt him slide a second and then third and fourth finger into me. He started working me quick and rough, his left hand giving my nipple the attention it was craving. My orgasm came quick, and my juices flowed all over his hand. He lifted it to his mouth and licked.

"God, you taste amazing." My father told me.

He grabbed the table and lowered himself so his head was between my legs, and started sucking on my clit and moving his tongue in and out of me. I came on his face, and he sighed gratefully.

"Gracie, I think we should stop here." He said, but I could tell he didn't want to just as much as me.

I opened my legs wider.

"Please daddy. I want you to be my first." I said.

This was all the prompting he needed. He positioned the head of his huge penis at my small hole, and all at once shoved himself in. I let out a cry of mixed emotions, it hurt so bad but the pleasure was immense. He started at a quick pace, humping me rough and penetrating me deep. "Oh fuck! Shit!" I screamed, my hands looking for support. He moaned and grunted, grabbing my thighs. My climax came fast, and it was the most pleasurable thing of my life. I let out a strange noise, one to match the occasion, and this was all my father needed. I felt him stiffen inside me and give one last shove, and his cum was released inside me. It filled me up, and together my father and I let out sighs and groans, and slowly he pulled his long length out of me. I sat up, and he kissed me.

"Gracie, I love you." He said, rubbing my breasts.

"I love you too, daddy." I said, and we kissed again, forever bound by my first sexual experience.