A Growing Family - Part Two

By SusanEngland

Published on Lush Stories on 18 Mar 2007

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Liz confesses to daddy and tells him of her boyfriend's coercion, mother sees them

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GROWING TOGETHER – THE BUNTING FAMILY - PART TWO
Part Two (Chapters 3 and 4)

Chapter Three – Liz confesses to her Daddy.
After their frenzied coupling Doug and Liz had taken showers, changed their cum stained swimming costumes and had gone down to the pool. Laura and Charles were still there, now respectably back in their costumes, stretched out on loungers by the poolside. They were all four sated with the passion of their lovemaking and her Mum had a calm, replete look of content about her. Although her Mum and uncle were unaware of what she had just done with her father, she wondered whether she herself showed the same air of satisfied languor which follows a really satisfying sexual encounter, as was so clearly shown by her mother.

Doug was deliberately rather distant and diffident with his daughter and Laura vaguely wondered if they had bickered over something, Charles however looked at the clear rosy cheeks of his niece, the dreaminess of her eyes, and the air of physical relaxation shown by her father with a thoughtful eye. The evening passed, though, without further incident, although Charles said that he had to spend the next day at his company’s head office in London . Laura said she and Sally would go up to town with him, and Laura suggested that Doug take Liz out on the boat for the day.

The next morning father and daughter got into his car and drove off to the yacht. Doug was still ashamed and embarrassed at what he had let happen the previous day and tried to think of what he was going to say, but a few minutes into their drive Liz was the first to speak. She turned in her seat to look at him, an anxious, imploring expression on her young face.

“Daddy, please, please don’t look so stern. Please don’t. I really, really loved every second of what we did. I wanted it to happen. It wasn’t you, Daddy, it was me. It wasn’t your fault truly it wasn’t. I know it’s supposed to be wrong. Well it isn’t wrong. I love you so much it can’t be wrong. Ever. I know you are mad at me but don’t be mad at yourself because it wasn’t your fault. And I don’t care and I loved it and wish we could do it all the time so there ! You can have me anytime you want me and I will never ever say ‘NO’ because I love you.”

Doug just listened to his daughter and drove on.

They boarded the yacht, cast off and Doug had still said little, letting Liz do most of the talking while he gathered his thoughts and emotions. As he motored out to sea Liz made the initial move. She pulled close to Doug, stroking his arm and softly whispering in his ear, telling him again how much she enjoyed what they had done. Finally Doug told her not to start anything because he wanted to talk to her.

“Liz, listen to me. I don’t know how to say this so I’d better get it out quickly. What I did to you was wrong. I admit you are a beautiful young woman. I was excited and I did it. It was still wrong of me. I liked it, I LOVED it. But to do it again wouldn’t make it right. I’m embarrassed to ask you this and I hope you won’t be embarrassed or shocked, but, Liz, my darling Liz, you don’t have to tell me anything you don’t want, but you did seem quite – ermmm – experienced. You seemed to know what to do. It didn’t seem like the first time that a man had, well, I mean …. well done those things to you. Is there anything you’d like to tell me, Liz? I only ask, and I have no right to know, but I do love you so much especially after what I did to you.”

Liz blushed scarlet and hid her face in her hands.

“Daddy, ohhh Daddy. You might get very angry and I don’t want to tell you anything that might make bad feelings in the family and break it up or anything. I would die if that happened.”

“Liz, I promise whatever you tell me I won’t get angry with anyone, especially not in the family, but I’d like you to trust me and tell me. Just trust me, that’s all”

Liz haltingly began to speak.

“When I was out with boys, after a few dates, they wanted to feel in my blouse or up my T-shirt. When we kissed, after a minute they pushed their hand up my skirt and tried to pull my panties down. They fumbled about between my legs and it hurt and they pinched with their fingers when they tried to feel in my girl places.

When I wouldn’t let them do much they took their ‘things’ out and put my hand round it and showed me how I had to move my hand up and down it. They said I’d made it hard and I had to help them. When I rubbed it up and down it would spurt out. It nearly always went on my clothes and I had to creep into the house and rinse things out before my Mum could see the mess from them. Two of the boys got me down on the ground and lay between my legs. They forced my knees open to lie like that. Then they rubbed their THING along my panties between my legs and rubbed it up and down ‘till they shot off on me.

They didn’t get my panties down though so they couldn’t put it in me. My panties were soaking wet both times from their stuff, and when the boy let me stand some of it ran down my leg. I had to take my panties completely off to wipe dry. Then while I was doing that, the boy would feel me up,

between my legs, and his prick, still dripping his cum, was dangling in front of me like the boy was showing it off. Even though they were soaking wet I had to put my panties back on again and I'd go home feeling sticky and messy and horrible.

Then I went out a couple of time with an older boy who borrowed his father's car. The first time he drove in the woods and started kissing. Then after a bit he did what the others had and forced me to let him open my blouse. Then he took it off me and then he took my bra off and felt my bare breasts. He was strong and he said just lie back on the seat and let him. He took his prick out and put my hand on it. 'You're going to get that up you in a minute' he said.

I knew he'd soon be in my panties so he could do it, he was too strong for me to stop him, so I thought if I could get him to cum quickly I'd be safe from it.

Two boys I'd dated had pushed my head down and tried to get me to take the prick in my mouth, but I wouldn't open it for them. I thought perhaps if I did it to this boy, Harry, he might not have time to do what he wanted so I moved my head and blew on the end of his cock, and he sort of eased back so I could do it. I held my breath and closed my eyes and opened my mouth and let it go between my lips. He started to push it at my face and before I could do anything he was holding the back of my head and I couldn't pull my mouth away. He pushed it in my mouth and he was spurting his stuff in my mouth.

He held my head down hard and wouldn't let go and his cock jerked in my mouth. I couldn't stop myself I swallowed and swallowed. I thought I'd be sick but it didn't taste horrible.

Daddy, afterwards, you know, it was really, really horrible what he made me do, but I felt proud of myself and for the first time I knew what girls meant when they said 'girl power' I'd been able to make him have his climax, even though he'd wanted to put it between my legs.

He took me home and then kept phoning and saying he would tell other boys that I'd sucked him if I didn't go out with him, and it scared me and so I said I'd go out with him again one more time..

He took me into the woods and parked. I got nervous when I saw him pick up a blanket. He took me to a little grassy place and put the blanket down. I started to feel scared and wondered what he was going to do to me. He put his arms round me and kissed me and that was nice, but soon he was undoing my blouse and pulled it open. He threw it on the grass and pulled my bra off.

Daddy, honestly, I really tried to stop him but he pulled me down on the blanket. When he got me down all struggling to stop him, he lay on one of my arms so I couldn't move it. Then he held my other wrist over my head with his other hand. Honestly I was completely helpless, Daddy. He'd got me at his mercy I couldn't do anything I swear it.

He started to lick my nipples and suck. His hand was squeezing my other breast and, I'm sorry Daddy, but I started to relax. Boys had done it to me before and it's nice what it does – you know – between my legs I can feel it when a boy does that.

Then I felt his hand lifting the hem of my skirt, to pull it up. I tried desperately to stop him, but he pulled my panties down and over my feet. He put his leg over mine to help hold me still, and then he was staring down at me, at my naked body. Nobody except my Mum had seen me all naked since I was a baby.

He rubbed his fingers through my hair and down between my legs. I could feel his fingers trying to find my pussy hole and I gasped out that I was on my period and had a tampon inside. He had my panties off, my blouse and bra off. I was nearly naked to him and I wanted it to end.

He said my period was no problem, I would have to have it the way he did it to his sister. He turned me over on my tummy. My skirt was round my waist. My tight girly bottom cheeks nakedly exposed to him. He straddled over my hips. I looked over my shoulder saw him putting spit on his hard dick. He pulled my cheeks apart and I realised what he was going to do to me. He put lots more spit on my tightest place and I felt him rubbing it on and in me. I struggled and fought and begged him to stop but he was much too strong. I felt the tip of his cock nudge against me there.

I begged and begged him. Please don't, please, please don't do that to me. Please, I'll do anything else you want. Please don't put it in me there. He just put more spit on my hole, and I felt the tip of his cock as he pushed at me to get in.

The pain was awful, Daddy. I was screaming with pain as I felt him start to stretch me, my tight muscle fighting to stop him doing it. I was sobbing underneath him. Another push and my muscle gave in. I screamed out at the terrible pain, all concentrated in that one place. He started to push it further, then he pulled back and out. Through the pain I felt relieved because I thought he'd done with me, but he spat on his fingers and coated my hole, spat some more and pushed it inside my ass with his finger. Then he coated his dick and put it to my asshole, and this time it stretched more easily and he was inside all the way up. He started a slow in and out and I felt the pressure of his groin as he forced me against the blanket. I felt all full of his swollen cock rubbing in my asshole, and the pain of my stretched bottom muscle. He began to go faster. He was yelling he was cumming and I felt the jerking of his cock as it spurted deep inside me.

He lay panting on top of me, his thrusting at last ended. When he got off he ignored that I was sobbing in pain. He just opened my cheeks and looked at where he had done me. He said he could see his cum oozing out of my asshole and that I was lovely and tight up there. The next time he took me out, he said, he was going to bring some cream with him to help get it up, and after a few times I would love it when he fucked me there, just like his sister did.

He watched me, grinning as I collected my clothes and used my panties to wipe his male cum from my bottom and legs. I dressed but couldn't bear to look at him as he at last let me cover myself. He

took me home and said not to tell anyone or he would be telling all the boys I'd asked him do me like that. I crept in and went to my room, shut myself in my bathroom and tried to scrub the vileness of him from everywhere his cum had been on me After that I made sure to keep out of his way, and now he's left the area to go to university."

Her Dad was holding her tightly, and making soothing noises. Liz's hand had strayed to his lap as she talked, and she knew from the stiffening of his prick that he was totally turned on by her confession. When she had told him that Harry had turned her onto her stomach she felt his dick give a huge throb. She began to unzip him as she continued her tale. When she got to the part where he was pressing his prick against her resisting anus, she had his cock in her hand and was rubbing it up and down, pulling the foreskin over his knob and right back again. And when in her story Harry had come inside her ass, his dick had erupted, spraying her hand and arm with his sperm. Doug sat back in his seat, heart thumping, chest heaving, as he recovered from the incredible tale his daughter had told.

When he gathered his breath he asked why she hadn't told him at the time, because he would have taken some strong action and the young man would have finished in prison. Liz said that she didn't want the story to get out, that she would have felt even worse when she imagined the sniggering remarks of her classmates and the lewd comments by other boys who probably wanted to do the same thing to her. She had told only her brother, Carl.

Carl had been wonderfully understanding and kind. He had in fact beat up the boy who had taken her ass, making him keep well away from Liz, and forced him to keep quiet about the incident and not brag about his conquest to the other boys. No one knew except the boy himself and Carl. He became known as her protector, and although she continued to go out with boys they no longer pestered her for sex on dates if she said "No".

There was a little cove nearby which was impossible to access by foot, so her Doug suggested a swim there. They anchored under the tall cliffs and slipped into swimming costumes, diving into the clear waters, swimming and splashing. They swam back to the yacht and gathered a picnic and rugs and towels, put them in the dinghy and motored to the beach. Under the cliffs it was impossible to be seen from above, so they stripped off their costumes and dried each other.

As Doug was gently patting at her breasts relishing their tightness, the way she spread her legs for him to dry her there, he suddenly pulled her down onto the large blanket. She moved her hands to his crotch and cupped his swelling cock. She watched the expressions on his face as she pulled it with her small hand, then she held it up for inspection. Doug anxiously asked her what was wrong. Liz just sighed and said “There’s so much cock and so little time” ending it with a giggle, smiling at him while she said it. He laughed out loud and told her she was a minx, but a nice, a beautiful, minx.

She stroked him until he became hard, but not fully hard. This was the way it felt best to Liz when she started to take a prick in her mouth. Slightly hard but not fully hard, just thick. Liz quickly lay down on the rug facing him, her face almost at her Dad’s cock, and slowly pushed her lips over the thick head. The warm wetness of her mouth lapping and sucking on him after the coolness of the sea water felt good, and he looked down on his daughter’s head as it bobbed along his shaft. He began to moan and encouraged her with his fingers in her hair, holding her face close to his groin. He remembered her saying that the boy’s come had tasted “not horrible as she had expected” and the image of her doing that on the seat of a car brought on his climax. He held her head tightly as he bucked his hips against her face, feeling his balls tightening, the feeling of intense pleasure seemed to come up from his toes, engulfing his thighs, his balls, then he was lost as it spurted out, throb by throb into her mouth. He could feel her mouth sucking on him, her throat tightening as she swallowed his cum.

Liz’s voice was husky as she said “Oh Daddy, I do love you so much. I want you to do everything to me that you do to Mummy.” Doug lay exhausted, listening to what she said, and wondering, if she knew what he did with his wife, whether she would enjoy those same things done to her. He fell into a light sleep as his body relaxed. Liz cuddled to him and dozed in the warm sun.

Chapter Four - Laura looks on

They returned home to find the house apparently empty. They went upstairs and instead of going to her own room, Liz followed her Dad into her parents’ bedroom. Closing the door behind them, Liz locked it.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“Sucking you and loving you got me so worked up and you fell asleep. You didn’t do it to me on the beach and now it’s my turn. Now you’ve got to do it to me, please, please, please Daddy” Liz begged him.

She moved quickly to him and threw her arms around his neck. He tried to move back but she held tight. Her mouth pressed hard against his as her tongue pushed its way into his mouth. It quickly found his tongue and began wriggling against it. Doug stopped trying to move away and began kissing Liz back. When his breathing became heavy she knew that she’d got her way with him. She unfastened her skirt and pushed it down. Her bra was next and then her panties. She stood there in front of her Dad with nothing to cover her young body, her breasts tight, breasts with jutting nipples pointing yearningly at him. She backed towards the bed and lay down, her Dad looking at her beautiful fresh body, her breasts now flattened, her bush of hair indicating the joining of her thighs. She moved her legs apart and he saw the hairs stopping abruptly and leaving her exposed slit, the cleft, the cheeks concealing her ass. His dick was recovering from what his daughter had done only a little earlier. It stirred and began to stiffen.

“Please do it to me, Daddy” she said moving her legs further apart. He began to strip, frantically tearing at his clothes and throwing them to one side and then stood nakedly above her. He saw her eyes fasten on his dick as it swelled further, and she reached out a hand towards it. He knelt beside her on the bed and she took hold of it and began to squeeze and pull. Then she rolled onto her tummy and got to her knees doggy style.

“Look at me, Daddy. Look between my legs. You can have anything you want.” His heart pounded he did as she said, and looked at her tight cheeks, the split between opening up to reveal her tight crinkled hole and below that, the swollen lips of her cunt. Her head was buried in the pillow and Doug couldn’t resist putting the tip of his cock to her rosy hole. She moaned but made no attempt to stop

him. He thought he felt her push backwards towards his knob end, but couldn't be sure. Then he put it against her sopping cunt, rubbing it up and down her slit, making the head of his cock wet and slick with her juices. He pushed it against her cunt hole and she pushed back hard, and he saw his knob end lodged securely in her opening, separating the folds of her pussy. Then he pushed harder making it slip more deeply into her wetness. As he began to pump her she started to moan and make little mewing sounds. Then her voice low, almost inaudible, gasping out words and garbled sentences. Doug could only make out odd words, lost as he was in the sensations he was getting from his daughter's tightness. He thought he heard "....been so long now. Do it. Do it. Don't stop. Right in, higher, further. Cum in me." Then a fragment that seemed to be…"in the other one …. good for me …. I'll turn …. cream me..."

In the adjoining bathroom, the noise of Doug's shoes dropping on the floor woke Laura who had fallen asleep while taking a bath. She sat up and listened. She could hear the murmur of voices in the bedroom next door. She continued to listen until she could make out two voices. She could not tell who it was, only that there were two different voices coming from her bedroom. Laura stepped out of the bath and pressed her ear to the door and listened. She could hear the familiar creaking of her bed and low voices and guessed that Doug had a woman with him and wondered if it was Sally. The two women had returned tired from their shopping expedition and both had said they would take a bath. She risked trying the door handle and she was able to silently inch the door open.

Doug was now pushing his cock to meet his daughter's hips and she was humping wildly back against him. The bed was rocking and Laura could see her husband's dick pumping in and out of a very wet cunt. Laura continued to watch as she herself became excited, the moistness starting between her pussy lips. She heard the woman say in a muffled husky voice that sounded familiar that she wanted it harder. The rocking of the bed became more violent as Doug speeded the movement of his hips. Laura heard the voice again, this time telling her husband how good it felt for his cock to fuck her the way it was, and with a shock she at last recognized the voice of her own daughter. Liz was about to reach her orgasm; Doug was beginning to feel his cum start at his balls and race to his cock. He began moaning that he was going to cam. She heard Liz's voice telling Doug to shoot his cum inside her. Laura now knew that her husband was on the bed fucking their daughter and their daughter was loving every inch and second of it. Doug exploded his sperm deep inside Liz's pussy, coating the inner walls. It mixed with her own spendings and oozed out between his cock and her pussy. Liz's cum was extremely powerful. More powerful than the night before. Her body quaked with excitement as she pounded her hips onto her Dad's cock as they came together. Doug held her hips tightly against him as she kept her hips rocking. The naked couple were gasping and making small noises. Laura saw her husband's hips pull back and his semi flaccid dick slip out of her daughter's cunt. His cum ran out of her and Laura watched as it dribbled down and onto the bed.

Laura stood back from the door, eyes wide and mouth open. She went back into the bathroom, quickly dried herself and slipped into her clothes, thrown down on the floor. She couldn't believe what she had just seen happen in her marriage bed. She didn't know what to do right now. She heard them moving in the room again and guessed they were dressing. Laura quietly opened the bathroom door onto the corridor and walked towards the stairs. As she got there she heard the door open behind her and turned around to see Doug and Liz coming out. She smiled at them and asked them if they had enjoyed themselves. Liz flushed scarlet and looked at her Dad. Laura continued by saying that it had certainly looked as though they were enjoying themselves a lot. Laura turned around and walked downstairs. Doug looked at his daughter with a baffled expression on his face. Liz had a similar expression. They didn't know what to think. Laura didn't seem horrified or flaming mad at what she had hinted she knew.

Doug and Liz were soon downstairs at the table. Doug sat at the end chair, Liz at the left side of her Dad and Laura at the right side. Liz looked at her Mum across the table, and she seemed happy, but Liz couldn't understand how that could be. She had just practically admitted to Liz and her Dad that she not only knew about their incestuous affair, but had seen them doing it. How could she be happy? Liz was totally confused.

Nothing was said during dinner. Everyone looked at their plate while they ate and avoided looking at each other. Laura finally broke the silence by asking Liz how her day had been. Liz, looking surprised by the unexpected question, answered "Fine, great Mum." Doug, for the first time, looked at Laura. Now both Liz and Doug were totally confused by Laura's sudden happiness.

As Laura finished her dinner she picked her plate up and took it into the kitchen. Toni was standing over the sink and as Laura walked up behind her, reached around and put the plate into the sink. Before retrieving her hand Laura brushed her hand across the front of Toni's breasts. Toni almost fell from the sudden jolt of pleasure that surged through her. As Laura removed her hand and stepped back Liz came into the kitchen with her and Doug's plates. Laura couldn't be sure whether Liz had seen what her hand had been doing and realised that she was going to have to be very careful when she was around Toni, especially when any of her family were close by. Liz set the plates on the

counter beside Toni and told her the meal was very good and thanked her.

“Would you like to walk in the garden with me, Liz?” her mother asked. “Or would you prefer to change your panties first? It must be very uncomfortable to be wearing panties that are sticky and wet.” Liz flushed scarlet. She could think of no suitable reply and guiltily walked outside with her mother. As they walked towards the rear garden, Laura thought of Toni and what they had talked about a few days ago. About how she had felt then and what had almost taken place. About her intention that it would not be long before something very definitely did take place between them. With her own desires still to be fulfilled in so many different ways, she couldn’t bring herself to condemn her daughter or her husband.

To be continued in

Part Three – Toni and the boys – Toni and her gymnasium coach

Part Four - Liz visits her doctor – Carl offers his help to his sister

Part Five – Jenny thinks back – Carl helps her hang pictures