

Ariel's Dirty Fantasy (part 03)

By timojen

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Eric tricks Ariel into flashing their father, hijinks ensue.

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Bright summer sun poured joyfully into Ariel's window, waking her up. The slutty redhead burrowed further under the covers enjoying the transition to full wakefulness. After a minute of procrastination, she stretched arms and legs, wringing her lean muscles with a pleasant ache.

Ariel let out a huge yawn and frowned. For most of the last week one or the other parent had been home sick. As a result, she'd been forced to keep her distance from her brother's cock.

Abruptly rising on all fours to look out her window. Ariel sighed with relief, both spots in the carport were empty. Mom and Dad were at work. She loved them, but she really needed a good fuck. Quashing no small amount of guilt, the foxy vixen smiled, she wondered if her horny brother had any plans.

Naked, Ariel pranced to the bathroom she shared with Eric, hoping he'd left one of his post-it note commands. In place of a note she found the buttplug from last week and a tube of cherry flavored lube. His message clear, no post-it was needed.

Ariel showered in a rush, soaping herself up and cleaning off in record time. She didn't need a shave or anything so she spent that extra time 'washing' her ass and pussy, working two soapy fingers into her ass as she rubbed her clit while imagining what Eric would do with her. Just before reaching climax, Ariel pulled back with effort, keeping herself on edge for... whatever. Quickly she rinsed off and shut off the shower.

Still wet from the shower, Ariel applied lube and pushed plug against her asshole. The wanton teen admired herself in the mirror as the monster penetrated millimeter by millimeter into her core. Mouth open, she observed her pupils dilate as if in sympathy for the other sphincter. With a shudder her muscles finally clamped around the flange.

Ariel's felt close to an orgasm. She could just reach down and play with her beautiful bald pussy for a second. With the anal stimulation, she'd cum in seconds. But she resisted, hoping it would enhance

the moment to come with her brother. Instead she washed, dried off her hands and headed for the kitchen in the buff.

Walking with her ass full of rubber was a new experience for Ariel. Gingerly, she bounced down the stairs and into the kitchen wearing nothing but a smile.

“Happy Friday,” she yelled as she entered the kitchen.

The moist slut froze in horror at the kitchen entryway. Her father, not Eric, sat at the kitchen table drinking coffee with head buried behind the morning paper. Her lust suddenly extinguished at the sight of him. Feeling vulnerable and shy, she blinked her eyes shut and backpedaled. With luck he wouldn't see her over his paper.

“Ariel!” he called. Shit, so much for luck. She continued to backpeddle. “Stop right there young lady,” he commanded.

Ariel stopped just inside the threshold to the kitchen and opened her eyes. Tom looked at her with an inscrutable look, never a good sign. She crossing her legs and covering her privates with arms and hands. The practiced slut couldn't really feign modesty anymore, but fear lent authenticity to her efforts, “Sorry, Daddy, I thought everyone was out of the house.” She tried to make it believable with a smile and shrug.

Tom. couldn't believe his eyes. In front of him stood the spitting image of his wife as she might have been at sixteen. After a shower. His cock twitched at the thought. The two women shared many of the same traits including wavy red hair, milky pale skin and... a gorgeous body, he finally had to admit. Ariel's features were slightly sharper and her bone structure, finer. Tom always fantasised about going back in time and meeting his wife as a teenager... and fucking her slutty brains out. Leering guiltily at his wife's doppelganger, Tom's cock twitched again.

Before Ariel could catch him ogling, Tom squinted his eyes closed feigning embarrassment and said, “Honey, I don't know what you were thinking, but get back up stairs and get dressed. Right. Now.”

Ariel sighed openly in relief. Dad was a reasonable person, it seemed. “Ok, Daddy, sorry,” she said. He opened his eyes, looking at her sternly. Her father's gaze flickered to her chest. Was he checking her out? She thrilled at the idea, suddenly hotter than before coming downstairs. But she obeyed his command. Completely forgetting about her anal adornment, Ariel turned to leave the kitchen.

“Freeze!” he commanded. Shit, what now? She stood frozen in the kitchen doorway looking over her shoulder at her father. His gaze now rested on her full ass. Suddenly she remembered the plug. Not good.

“What is that, young lady?” he asked. Her father's finger pointed accusingly over his folded paper directly at her ass.

“Um,” she stalled. Ariel turned back around to hide her shame but failed to cover anything. She flailed her arms around for a second, searching for an answer. Finally, she said, “It’s a female thing. You wouldn’t understand.”

“Right, that was a rhetorical question, Ariel,” he said. Tom changed tacks. “And who were you wishing a ‘Happy Friday’ too if you thought everyone was out of the house?”

Dad is quick and not so sheltered, Ariel thought. As she dropped her hands to her sides, Tom gave Ariel an appraising look. The young sexpot felt distinctly uncomfortable facing her father in the nude, but said nothing. Hanging her head, Ariel waited for the screaming to start.

Finally, Tom cocked his head to the side. She could see the gears turning in her father’s head as he put one and two together. “You’re not even a little bit shy about being nude,” he mused. Ariel felt her lust rekindle at his words. What a slut she was, getting hot in front of her own father.

“Eric insisted he go to Home Depot instead of me,” he said. “In fact, he made quite a big deal about it. So... it seems he played a trick on you. How long have you been running around nude in front of your brother?”

Ariel blushed. Fear coursed through her but Tom’s voice remained even and thoughtful, indicating he wouldn’t blow up on her. However, the unprecedented situation left civility in doubt. Like last weekend, she felt fear and lust in equal measure. Obviously Eric has set her up so this would happen. Abandoning all pretence at innocence, Ariel crossed her arms under her pink tipped breasts. “Since a week after I turned sixteen,” she confessed.

“I gather you are two more than nudists.” This was not a question. The look of pain on his face made Ariel doubt herself. But there was nothing for it.

“Yes,” she admitted.

“Did he force you?”

She shook her head.

“Then how did it happen?”

“I... I seduced him.” Tom’s expression suddenly lightened. Did he look relieved?

“Did he make it hard?” he asked quietly, looking down at his hands.

Ariel snorted, “No, but eventually I did.” She smiled winningly.

In spite of himself, Tom cracked a grin at her innuendo. “Why, Eric?”

That story was more complicated than she wanted to explain. Ariel stuck to the most basic truth. "Because... because I wanted to lose my virginity and to do it privately. You know how gossipy high schoolers are," she said. "Eric was available and would have to keep his mouth shut."

Tom nodded at the logic. His daughter might be an oversexed slut, but she had a brain about it.

"What about protection?"

"I'm on the pill."

"Tell me about the buttplug?"

"Eric left it in our bathroom," she said, "so I assumed he wanted me to put it in." Ariel looked at her father, "sometimes... sometime Eric likes to..."

"Fuck you in the ass?" he father finished. Ariel only nodded, hanging her head in mock shame to hide her smile behind damp fiery locks.

"Do you like it?" he asked. She nodded again, not looking up.

Tom cleared his throat. Ariel heard his chair suddenly scoot back. Looking up she saw he was still seated but a good distance back from the table now. An inscrutable man looked back at her. A wave of lust and fear rolled through her. Her father was not a bad looking. Tall, well muscled and fit, he sat at the table in a dark blue bathrobe looking directly into her green eyes with his piercing cold blue eyes. She wondered what his next question would be. And what would happen now that the cat was out of the bag.

"And why do you suppose I'm down here in my robe instead of off at Home Depot?" he said coyly.

"Cause you're lazy?" she jabbed. He gave her a look. A shiver ran down her spine. Ariel stood naked in front of her father discussing her unusual sex life. Should she really discuss her fantasies? She bit her lower lip, "I might have said something."

"Like?"

"Like I wanted him and you to... tag team me." There it was. She flushed deep red. Her father's face flushed as well. Was it anger? Lust and fear now boiled in her core.

"So to sum up," Tom said. "You seduced your brother and now you have him getting me in on the act so... what? You can have..." he hesitated, unable to say it.

"More cock," she finished for him. They looked at each other in shock. She was getting the better of him. Time to put her in her place.

“You want me to cheat on your mother?” he asked suddenly more serious.

Ariel paled, a look of horror on her face. “I... I never thought about it like that,” she said. “And, honestly it was more of a dare with Eric. A joke. I... I really didn’t expect him try to set it up.” She hung her head in defeat. “I’ll go upstairs and get dressed. How long am I grounded for?”

“Grounded? Jesus, Ariel. This is more than a grounding will cover,” he said. “This is off the charts.” Ariel looked up at her father, he looked stern. Her lust, nearly completely gone now, had been replaced quickly with remorse and fear. But the plug kept her on edge.

“Come here,” he said. He pointed in front of him. Gingerly, she walked over and stood between her angry father and the table. Tom looked up at her for a excruciating time. Ariel, dry now from the shower, felt sweat bead on her forehead. What was he thinking?

“Turn around and bend over, elbows on the table, palms down,” he commanded. Instinctively, Ariel moved to do what he asked. Once in position she blushed crimson, realizing what her father’s view must be. What must he be thinking, looking at his daughter’s corked ass and shaved pussy? Was she about to get the first spanking of her life or her father’s cock in her pussy?

Smack! Ariel yipped with surprise as her father’s left hand smacked her ass. Question answered, the sensation warmed her. Perversely, a hint of an orgasm formed in her belly. “That is for your poor mother.” he said.

“I’m so sorry dad,” she flushed and dropped her head down between her hands. The table felt cool on her forehead.

Crack! The right hand this time. Again it warmed her blood up, bringing orgasm closer. Why did she like this punishment?

“So are you in love with Eric, or... or me?”

“No Daddy, I just really love fucking.” He smacked her ass again. She jumped at the sudden pain.

“Time to call your mother, I think.”

“O god, no Dad. Don’t call her. I’ll do anything. Spank me black and blue but don’t tell her,” she begged.

“Don’t tell her what?”

“Don’t tell her... anything dad,” she finished. Smack! A burning sensation bloomed in her pussy now. The teen slut knew her pussy would be slick as warm butter. Her father could stand pull his robe apart and slip right in. The pleasant through distracted her from her predicament for a moment.

Tom did stand, but he ignored her offered pussy and instead pushed the chair further back, snatching his phone off the counter. Ariel couldn't help her disappointment. Standing behind his daughter admiring the view of her distressed submission, Tom dialed his wife. He wasn't going a step further without discussing it with her.

"Hi, Sharon." he said.

"What? No, Eric went to get parts, putty and a pipe wrench. Should be back in about 30 minutes," he said. "I called because I got the surprise of my life today and I wanted to share it with you... and to get your advice."

Ariel could hear more muffled words come from the phone, as if a tiny person was talking with tiny words. She almost laughed.

"Well, let me put it to you this way," he said. "I have good news and bad news. Which first?" Ariel's smiled died. How much trouble would she be in, she wondered?

"Ok, Well your daughter has been fucking Eric," he said. Ariel flushed with fear and lust. Was that the good or the bad? She wondered how much detail he would tell her mother. "Yeah, yeah, since her last birthday. I gather quite frequently, given how much we aren't home."

There was total silence. Then the phone squawked more tiny words Ariel couldn't make out. "Ok, well the other news is... Your little slut wants to be the meat in a father and son sandwich.... Yeah... She didn't even think about how that would affect you at all."

Suddenly Ariel felt confusion. Where was the good news? All the news sounded bad. What could be worse for a mother? She began to stand up from her bent position. Smack! Her father's hand reminded her to stay down. She bent back down, elbows and palms on the table.

"Are you there?" he asked. Apparently, the news rendered Mother speechless.

"Yeah, Ok. From the beginning.." he began. Ariel heard her father describe the events of the last fifteen minutes in brief detail. He left nothing out, to her shame.

"So... what do you think I should do?" asked Tom, finally.

"Let me go upstairs..." Smack! "I wasn't talking to you, Ariel," he said. "Jesus, just stay where you are and wait for your punishment like the good little slut."

Her pussy flushed with involuntary delight. Why was this turning her on so much? Ariel's ass was as red as her pussy was wet. She squirmed, considered for the first time, how to get her naked ass spanked again while her parents plotted her fate.

More tiny mutterings emanated from the phone. "Mhm," he said. "No, seriously. Not a test."

Everything I'm saying is true. She's bent over the kitchen table with a black buttplug buried in her very red ass and her pussy dripping."

Higher pitched squawking now. "Ok," he said, after a bit. "Are you sure? Mhm. Ok... you sure?" he repeated doubtfully.

Tom put the phone down next to Ariel and hit speaker mode. "She wants to talk to you."

Careful to remain in a bent position, she closed her eyes in shame, she leaned over to speak into the phone, "Hello, Mom."

"Is what Tom said true, honey?" asked Sharon.

"Yes, Mom. Me and Eric have been fucking for awhile now."

"And you wanted it?"

"Yeah. I started it all. Eric's a good man. He wouldn't force himself on anyone. Especially not me."

"And, you're on the pill?"

"Yup." She found it hilarious both her parents seemed to care more about birth control than who she fucked. "You both are taking this really well, by the way," she observed. Ariel relaxed a bit, finally just enjoying this experience. It seemed her parents weren't going to lose their minds. At least not yet.

"How else could we take it?"

"Well, screaming and beating me comes to mind."

"Sweetie, I think you have a crazy sort of logic. And at least you haven't been stupid and self destructive about it," she said. "Most kids your age are really stupid about sex. You never had a boy crazy phase when you were younger so I guess your father and I thought you'd go off to college before you got into sex and we'd be none the wiser. Whatever the case, this is not what we expected." Wow her Mom was cool.

"Well, I'm still not boy crazy. I was just curious about sex. And then I found out how fun it is," Ariel said. She wiggled her ass a bit unconsciously, teasing her father.

"And you want to bed your father too?" As if on cue, Ariel felt her father's hands on her backside. He rubbed her hips and then her ass, soothing her burning cheeks. The young slut became aware of her position as if for the first time. A burning need was forming in her.

"I hadn't really thought about it. But if I could I would, Mom," she cringed. "I don't want to hurt you. But Eric's going to go away fro grad school and then..." she couldn't admit out loud she just wanted a

sure, uncomplicated bet. Ariel braced herself for the worst.

“Sweetie, I don’t think you know what you’re asking for,” Sharon said. “Tom is really... a lot to handle.”

Ariel couldn’t believe her ears. She expected yelling and recriminations, not this... practicality.

“Is that what you really want?”

“I don’t know Mom, but now I’m twice as curious about it,” she said. In a whisper she asked, “like *how* hard to handle?”

“Hah, If you want to find out, you’ll have to say it out loud.”

Confused, Ariel said, “I want to know what it’s like to fuck Dad.” Suddenly the hands on her ass moved back to her hips, grabbing them firmly. Ariel felt a pressure on her pussy lips and instinctively parted her feet to allow unrestricted access. The pressure stopped short of penetration.

“Oh, god Mom. He’s right there. His cock is touching my pussy,” she said. Ariel turned to look at her father. His eyes locked with hers. “Are you sure you’re ok with this, Mom?”

“Honestly, no. Are you sure?” she asked.

Ariel looked one last time at her father. He shrugged and bumped his cock against her sex as if to say, “make up your mind.”

“Yes, I’m sure.” With that she turned away from her father, hoping. She felt the pressure build and suddenly her curtains parted to let him in. Gripping her hips firmly, Tom shoved further into her and then out. As if he’d been doing this everyday at breakfast, he began a series of deeper and deeper thrusts into her young wet pussy.

Ariel arched her back like a mare in heat, inviting deeper penetration. “O god, I needed that,” she said, feeling her wet pussy spread over his dry cock.

“Ariel, you have fun fucking the boys. Tom I won’t be home ‘til late. Gilman just settled and the firm is celebrating tonight. You all should barbecue or something.”

Ariel laughed out loud, “God Mom, you’re giving us instructions for dinner *now*?”

“Well, it’s all I can do. If I stay on the phone I’ll be randy all day. Bye sweetie.”

“Bye mom.”

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“Just like your mother,” said Tom after the phone blinked off. “She started about your age, though not with family.” He thrust further into his slutty daughter. “I imagine she looked a lot like you. This is like fucking a younger version of Sharon.”

“Oh, god that’s hot Daddy.” She wiggled her ass at him, pushing herself further onto him. “Mom’s a slut?” she asked.

Smack! His hand came down on her right cheek. “Don’t talk about your mother that way,” he said. Then perversely, he added, “Sharon is a cock monster. A first order slut. She’s a thing to behold.”

He seemed proud of her. She’d have to ask him about it later but for now Ariel wanted to be properly fucked. “Fuck me Daddy, show me how big your cock is.”

“Just wait sweetie,” was all Tom would say. Bit by bit he was getting further in her. She hadn’t noticed he wasn’t even close to bottoming out yet. Finally, he felt resistance to his penetration. He didn’t ease up but simply made the small thrusts more aggressive.

“Oh, that feels great Daddy. Are you all the way in?” she asked. It was getting uncomfortable. And hot. She felt an orgasm nearing. With one hand she reached down beneath her and began rubbing her clit.

“Almost there honey,” he lied. Tom had probably another three inches to go. He wondered if she could take it. Both experienced intense pleasure. And the thrill of doing something so wrong made it better. Suddenly he wanted to push into her and fuck her brutally, to see just how much like her mother Ariel was. But Tom held back.

After another minute he bottomed out in her. Ariel had never felt so full of cock. As she gripped the long shaft with her muscles the plug in her ass was increased her pleasure. Suddenly Tom pushed against her fully and bumped the buttplug. She moaned, frigging her clit harder.

“That is amazing Dad. I’m so full of cock and my ass feels full too.”

Saying nothing, Tom began thrusting into Ariel, truly fucking his daughter. With long deep lunges he pushed his cock fully into her and pushed the plug again and again against her ass. Ariel neared orgasm, gripping his long shaft while moaning and breathing uncontrollably.

“Fuck me, I’m cumming,” she said, finally going over the edge.

Tom continued fucking his young slut as she gushed all over his cock. He enjoyed watching her writhe in wanton pleasure, completely at ease with what she was doing and with whom. Tom held back willfully, trying not to lose control as her orgasming pussy spasmed pleurably around his cock.

When her long climax drew to an end, Tom changed things up. He reached down and began prizing the small plug slowly out of her ass while thrusting more shallowly into her cunt.

“Oh,” Ariel moaned. “Do that some more and I’ll cum again.”

Tom resisted pulling the plug completely out and instead let go then pulled on it more and more. Ariel peaked into another, milder orgasm. He could feel her vagina gush fluid as climax rocked through her again. At this rate she would soak the floor.

Finally, he pulled the plug completely out and dropped it. Tom looked down at his daughter’s cute little pink star as it winked at him. She looked back around at him with lidded eyes, breathing hard.

“Do it,” she said. “Take my ass, too.”

Tom’s cock spasmed in her pussy. He pulled out of her and pushed the head against her starfish. “Get ready,” he said and pushed into her backdoor with a long sure thrust to the hilt. She took all of him, letting out a long “Oh” of pleasure and pain. Grabbing her hips again with both hands he began a steady thrusting rhythm into her core.

Ariel emitted little O’s of pleasure as her father devastated her ass with his long cock. She continued frigging her clit, feeling another orgasm coming on. Soon she was cumming again, soaking her hand and thighs in her own juices. As she came down from another rushing orgasm, Ariel looked back at her father. The look on his face said it all. He was really close and holding out for her. Suddenly she wanted to see the cock that was giving her so much pleasure. She wanted it in her mouth when he blew.

“Daddy, are you close?” she asked. He grunted affirmatively. “Ok, I want to taste your cum.” Another grunt followed. The little slut pushed back against him. As he stepped back, she pull forward and off his long cock with a pop.

Ariel quickly pushed off the table, turned around and got on her knees, looking up into her father’s eyes. Tom stood there just looking down at her in dumbfounded amazement. She dropped her eyes down at his cock. It was her turn to be amazed. As fat as Eric’s lovely cock, Tom’s had considerable more length. No way would she get that down her throat.

Leaning forward slightly, Ariel opened her mouth to take the head and first inch into her mouth. She tongued the bottom of Tom’s shaft and sucked lightly with closed lips, looking up wantonly into his eyes. She pulled off it, smiling up at him. “Mmmm, cum in my mouth, Baby,” she said.

“Christ, what a slut,” Tom said as she took him back in her mouth. Working the base of the shaft with one hand and the head with her mouth, she began bobbing her head onto it.

Getting close now, Tom grabbed two handfuls of his daughters flowing red hair and started fucking her young face. Ariel dropped her hand from the shaft, trusting Tom not to choke her. Instead she started playing with her pussy as he forced more and more into her mouth.

Tom pushed her head down onto his cock until she gagged, then backed off. He could feel the head enter her throat just before she gagged. Ariel took more of him than he thought possible. The feeling delighted him, bringing him closer to the edge. Ariel teared up from the abuse to her throat but she played with herself instead of stopping him. Clearly she enjoyed this on some level.

Tom's own orgasm finally broke over him. Pushing her off with his left hand, he grabbed his cock with his right and stroked it at her face. Knowing what was coming, so to speak, Ariel closed her eyes and turned her face up to catch his offering. Tom groaned at his daughter's slutty acceptance.

With a grunt he began unloading several days worth of cum onto her. Ariel giggle a bit as he sprayed rope after rope onto her cheeks, her forehead, across her nose and one one spurt onto each eye. Finally he pushed the head into her mouth and finished off on her sucking tongue.

Afterward, Ariel carefully opened her eyes and looked up at Tom. Saying nothing she simply suckeled the head of his cock lightly as she brought herself off with her hand. Tom watched proudly as his slutty daughter wantonly shuddered in one final release.

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"Damn," said Eric. Both Tom and Ariel turned to see Eric standing slack jawed in the kitchen doorway. He took in the sight of his redheaded sister covered in cum on her knees in front of his black haired father. Eric couldn't decide which was more amazing, that his sister managed to seduce their father or the size of Tom's cock. Honestly, he felt a little envious of his father for both reasons. He fondly remembered when the vixen had seduce him and would love to relive that.

"I guess you two figured things out," he said lamely.

"Mom knows too, you shit," Ariel said. "But she's ok with it." Ariel smiled at her brother letting him know what she thought about his shenanigans.

Tom pulled his robe back around the front to hide his deflating cock. "Son, you have a lot of explaining to do." Before Eric could respond, Tom held up a hand. "But first we need to get the pressure regulator replaced." Eric frowned, he wanted to have fun with Ariel before doing work. Maybe, instead of doing work.

"Go turn off the main and I'll get dressed. Ariel, you need to clean up and get dressed too. And don't forget to eat some breakfast."

Ariel immediately started scooping cum off her cheeks into her mouth. She looked up at Tom coyly sucking a finger clean, clearly amused with herself. "I mean really cleaned up, you slut," he said affectionately.

"Daddy, you say the sweetest things," retorted Ariel.

To be continued