Caught and Taught

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My fingers dipped under the waistband of my panties as I leaned back in the chair. I was immediately rewarded by my fingers being surrounded in slippery warmth. A quiet, breathy moan escaped my lips as my fingertips ran over my clit. I could barely keep my eyes open to read the story that was displayed in front of me. As my finger moved faster I forced myself to concentrate on the words before me. In time, I gave up, letting my own memory take me along…

The sound of the clock ticking filled my mind as I watched my father sleep. I had always had fantasies about making love to him. At first they were innocent; I simply wanted someone I trusted to take away my virginity. I wanted an experienced man to teach me without putting me in any danger where I could be taken advantage of. As the fantasy advanced in my mind it became much more than that, I wanted his hard body grinding mine. I craved the feel of his skin mashed up against my own. His voice made goosebumps travel down my spine every time he spoke, simply because I was caught up in imagining his hot breath cascading down my neck as he whispered against my ear. I could see his sheets rising and falling with his every breath. My eyes desperately scanned the length of his comforter before locking on my desire. His cock was erect under the sheets, rising and falling slightly to the beat of his heart. Immediately a flow began between my pussy lips. On pure instinct I pulled aside the crotch of my panties and began to rub as I admired the outline of his monster. It appeared long and thick. Not overdone, but simply average. My daydreams were shattered as his bed rustled under his weight, a sign of his impending awaking. I immediately withdrew my hand from its place and ran downstairs.

That’s where he found me, relaxing on the couch. My breath was erratic as I listened to his footsteps. It was irrational of me to even fear the he had seen me; I had dashed away before he was even fully awake! My hands were beginning to perspire around the remote control I held onto. He sat down beside me not saying a word. The air was tense as I trembled in anxiousness. He always said something to me when we were near. He called me his princess, his little girl; he made jokes, or told me about his day. This morning was different, he sat eerily still. My breath hitched in my throat, and I felt him chuckle beside me at my nervous habit.

“Are you okay, darling?”

I nodded slowly, not sure about what I felt inside. My stomach was curled up in knots as I attempted to keep my blood pressure down. My father's arms draped around my shoulders as he tugged me into his side. I relaxed on pure reflex, melting into his side. His strong arms left me feeling safe as I closed my eyes. His hands began to rub down the length of my arm. I thought that my mind was getting wild on me as I felt his fingers slightly rub my breasts. The action became repeated though, and I knew that what I felt was completely true. My front teeth harshly slid into my pink lips as I denied the pleasured noises that were desperately trying to claw their way out of my throat.

"I saw you this morning. Enjoying yourself, were you?"

I stared down at the floor, completely shocked by the events that were transpiring before my eyes. My father did not say another word, but let his feelings of my breasts be more obvious. I no longer fought back the noises and let him know how it was affecting me. A quiet trail of whimpers found their way over my tongue before a loud moan. He leaned in and pressed his lips to the top of my head as he groped my entire left breast. I leaned into him with my eyes held shut tightly. No words were exchanged as he began massaging.

"Daddy. Wh.What are you doing?"

His loud chuckle boomed around the room as his hands slid lower, locking around the bottom hem of my shirt. I followed his lead and sat forward slightly as he disposed of the flimsy material. I immediately melted back against his side, covered in only a small pair of panties and matching bra. His actions seemed more hurried and lust driven as his fingers slipped beneath the material of my bra. His fingertips hooked around my nipple and pinched slightly as he whispered teasingly,

"I knew you were a virgin but I thought you'd at least know a little bit. What I'm doing is an odd mixture of comforting, foreplay, and seduction. It's my way of hopefully weaseling you into my bed. Where I will teach you how a proper man loves a beautiful woman. Tell me, am I on the path to success darling?"

I whimpered, incapable of expressing any of my thoughts. My father apparently took that as permission as he pulled me onto his lap. I stared down at his face, where he locked his eyes with mine. My breath hitched in my throat as I soaked in their new appearance. His eyes seemed dark and edgy, obviously needing something that he wasn't yet receiving. Without any warning I reached behind my back and shakily unsnapped my bra. I had never understood exactly why men complained about the simple clasps. In this moment of sexual tension and frustration I completely understood. Even my experienced hands struggled at the metal's seemingly unbreakable bond.

When it was finally released my daddy's slightly calloused fingertips pulled the garment off my body.

The blush immediately crept up my cheeks as he admired my chest. Acting on what appeared to be impulse; my father leaned forward and caught an already hardened nipple between his lips. The sudden suction caused a new flood of liquid arousal to seep from between my legs. My fingertips immediately got tangled in his hair as I held his head forcefully against my chest. His teeth bit carefully at my nipple as his tongue worked rapidly to lick away any minimal pain. I squirmed harshly against his lap, searching for any form of friction against my throbbing clit.

“Come with me.”

As he spoke he subtly pushed me off his lap before standing up. I only had a moment to admire what appeared to be a hardened cock trapped beneath the denim of his jeans. He began walking back towards his bedroom. He did not stop to check if I was following, he knew in his heart that I would follow his every move like a lost puppy. He was absolutely right as I followed him without asking a single question. As we walked across the threshold of his bedroom he pointed silently to his bed. I nodded and climbed on top of the firm mattress.

It was at this moment I realized just how naked I was, and how completely dressed he was. A deceiving smirk was drawn upon my father’s face as he stood alongside the bed. I admired his masculine form for a few minutes before he began to strip. He started with his sleep shirt, an overly baggy tee with various holes ripped in it. When it was pulled away from his body I was rewarded of the view of his flat torso. It was not particularly muscled, but it did not have any extra fat. It was hard and flat, just as I had dreamed of. Next his hands slid lower to the waistband of his sleep pants. My eyes seemed stuck on the drawstring as he slid it only slightly lower. The darkness of his pubic hair drew me in and I began to squirm in the bed. I couldn’t bear to keep my legs closed before he pulled them all the way down. With this last piece of clothing gone his slightly reddened hard member was before my eyes. It stood proudly just a few inches off of his abdominals. A shining drop of pre-cum was at the tip as he climbed onto his bed. His thick thighs flexed and loosened with the effort.

“Tell me what you want.”

I stared up at my father’s body. I was at a loss for words, because at that moment I wanted everything. I wanted to pull his head down and catch his lips with my own. I wanted to kiss him until my last breath. I wanted to feel his tongue fighting back against mine. I wanted to feel his hands digging into my hips as he tried so hard to restrict himself only to the kiss. I also wanted to grab his head and force it down. I wanted to spread my legs wide and force him to devour my virginal pussy. I wanted him to lick, bite, and suck at my clit like they do in the porn movies. I wanted his fingers violating my entrance with his every movement. I wanted to catch his head between my thighs and grind against his mouth in pure ecstasy. Mostly though, I wanted to take his long hardened shaft and bring it home. At that single moment in time I knew that I had been born to bring him pleasure. The

only reason for my being was to be my father's portal to ecstasy.

He must have known what we both secretly felt, because his fingers chose that time to get caught under the elastic of my panties. I gasped slightly as he pulled them down, revealing my swollen pussy lips and dripping hole. Being so open to him felt natural and I felt myself spreading my legs even wider. His eyes were caught at the junction between my thighs as his tongue ran over his dried lips. I moaned needily as I grabbed at my own breasts, leaving bruises in the shape of my fingers.

"I love you, baby girl."

I stared up at him mesmerized as I whispered it back shakily. Immediately my father settled on his knees between my legs. I watched him shakily as his hand reached forward and made contact with my swollen, dripping cunt. I immediately gasped as his fingers brushed over my clit. My eyes clamped shut while his fingers made their way down and rubbed in circles over my entrance. My breath came out in ragged gasps as he finally began to take me. It started with one finger but advanced to two, then three. Every time he added another he repeated the same pattern. He would do a handful of thrusts before scissoring his fingers inside me. He would scrape the pads of his fingers against the upper wall of my pussy before rolling them in a circle inside me. My hips were raising and falling against my hand as he drove me wild.

He pulled my fingers away when he was satisfied and immediately placed them into his mouth. I watched mesmerized as he moaned quietly around his digits, soaking up the flavor of his only daughter. I squirmed anxiously against the sheet as he took his sweet time enjoying my aroma left over on his hand. Once he was satisfied with the cleaning of his hand my father once again found his way between my legs. His cock was pressed up against my pussy and he began to slide up and down. The length of his shaft settled between my pussy lips as he humped against me relentlessly. The rim of the head of his cock repeatedly brushed over my clit, causing me to arch my back and beg for more. I was near complete desperation when his body laid flat against mine. His lips found my earlobe as he whispered huskily,

"This may hurt."

I nodded silently and wrapped my arms around my father's torso. He smiled at me, the same smile I had grown up recognizing as the ultimate sign of safety and love. My eyes closed and my breath hitched as he began pressing into me. It took a few tries because of my tightness, but at long last the head of his member slipped into my depths. I let out a quiet hiss of pain before wrapping my legs around my father's waist. He took his time, only adding a little bit of his length at a time. It hurt, and stung like crazy. As odd as it is though, that pain only caused pleasure to creep up my spine. My groans of pain were almost immediately replaced with moans of approval.

Hearing my acceptance of his entire length my father began to act on instinct. I nodded slightly and moved my body alongside his with every thrust. I could feel my body stretching to accommodate him with every movement. Sparks of pleasure were taking over my body as my fingers dug into his back. Strangled groans of pleasure filled the air as my body began thrusting against his on impulse. I trembled hard against his body as I felt my pleasure increase. My father's own breathing patterns were becoming erratic, to match the movements of his hips and cock. I began to beg him to let me cum, trying to bargain him into filling my tight pussy. He said nothing, but continued to slam himself into me. Our lower regions repeatedly meeting made a slap that sounded around the house. The headboard was banging angrily against the wall with every movement. I was a ragdoll under him, completely letting over to the new feelings inside me.

At long last he slammed into me one last time. His fingers dug into my hips as he pulled my body against his forcefully. In the fog of pleasure I could feel his erect member swell within me before firing shot after shot of fiery hot cum. My fingers locked onto his forearms as my own orgasm roared through my body. The walls of my pussy trembled as extra liquid dribbled out of my body…

Shaking awake from my memory I found my fingers buried deep within my pussy. My legs were spread wide on the chair as my body came off of its high. Looking behind me bashfully I confirmed what I knew. Daddy was standing there, back from his hard day of work.

"I see someone was missing me today."

Laughing bashfully I pulled my hands away from their current position and closed my legs. I took only a single breath before standing up and walking over to my father. His arms wrapped around my bare waist as he leaned in and gave me a gentle kiss. My lips moved along with his before he pulled away. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a glance of the glistening ring upon my left finger. He smiled at me, knowing that I had been reminiscing. The day of our first sexual experience, the day that started it all. Our move halfway across the world, the change in our legal documents, and eventually our life-long marriage. I guess some would say it's unconventional, but as for me, I say it was my sole duty in life. The reason I had been the quickest sperm in my mother's womb ages ago.