

Clara's Education

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For her

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When I was seventeen I was about to graduate high school and had applied to two schools. My parents told me I should apply to more but with my grades and SAT scores I wasn't worried about being accepted. Even before I was accepted I convinced my dad to take me to one of the schools to check it out.

My father didn't have much money so the cost of this trip was very much a burden. He was struggling to pay the bills every month. Since my mom had left him he was stuck with alimony and child support, even though I usually lived with him. I was very close with him and it hurt me to make him do this but we both knew my education was important and I'd be able to pay him back someday.

"Dad, we need to get going," I said as I waited for him by the front door.

"I'm coming Clara."

As he came down the stairs with his suitcase I opened the door and we both headed out. It was going to be a long drive and I wanted to get there early enough this evening to get settled for the long day tomorrow.

Trying to make small talk my dad asked, "Are you sure you want to go to a school so far away? If you stayed home and went to the community college you'd be closer to the friends."

I said, "You know I don't have any friends, dad."

This caused an awkward silence. The truth was I didn't really have any friends. I always found it more interesting to read a book than to talk to any of the kids at school. And with my looks and lack of personality people weren't knocking on my door. It wasn't that I was ugly. I didn't feel ugly anyway. I just felt normal, I guess. My breasts had grown out but I usually covered them with loose sweaters. I had a few extra pounds but some might have called them sexy curves. I didn't, but I wasn't insecure about myself either.

I suppose a girl of seventeen should be interested in boys but I wasn't. Well, that's a lie. I had no interesting in talking to them or dating them but as my body developed into a woman I did have urges. Sometimes I would fantasize about boys in my class. And other times I would think about my English teacher, Mr. Cole. These urges were subdued with a shower and rubbing my vagina ...now that I'm older I suppose I can call it my pussy.

I had some wonderful fantasies in the shower and it seemed to keep me very well satisfied. It was enough for me at the time. Little did I know what I was missing.

As we drove in silence I felt sorry for my dad. He was barely able to afford this trip and here he was doing this all for me. He knew that I loved him but I wanted to make this trip fun for him since he hadn't had much of a life since mom left.

"There's going to be a lot of hot college girls there Dad," I said to him, teasingly. "Maybe you could get lucky."

He just laughed. We had a close enough relationship that I could talk like that but we both knew it was just part of hanging out. I guess you could say he was like my best friend ...my only friend.

"You know you are the only woman I need in my life," he said as he rubbed his hand on the top of my head, messing up my hair.

I felt even more sorry for him then. My father was a good man. He should have a woman in his life. Or women for that matter.

The sign on the highway said we had 30 miles to go. I felt relieved that the car ride would be over soon. I needed to quit thinking about my poor father and let the excitement of this new school rekindle. I couldn't wait to go to college. I didn't hate high school but learning at a higher level really intrigued me.

As we got off the freeway I pulled out the directions to the motel we were going to stay at. After a couple of U-turns we managed to find it. It was a dump but neither my father nor I cared. Dad checked in. He could only afford one room but that was fine. I didn't want to put him through anymore financial hardship than I was already doing.

After getting in the room and dropping our bags my dad asked, "Are you hungry?"

"Yeah."

"Do you want to go find a place or just order pizza?"

"Let's just go down the street to that supermarket we passed twice on the way here. We can get stuff for sandwiches and make them here. It'll be cheaper than going out."

"If that's what you want."

He would do anything for me but he wasn't going to argue on saving some money on a simple meal so we headed to the store and got enough for supper and some snacks in the morning. When we got back we fixed up our meal and ate it. Sitting on the bed and watching TV.

After my dad had finished he said he was going to take a shower. I took advantage of the situation and turned off the TV. and grabbed a book from my bag. When he came out of the shower he asked what I was reading.

"Atlas Shrugged," I said and went back to reading.

He chuckled, "Shouldn't you be reading something more ...you know, fun?"

I realized he was going to keep talking so I put my book down.

"This is fun!"

"OK, I guess you are the bookworm so you'd know. It's getting kind of late, what time do you want to be in bed?"

"I should take a shower and then I'll probably go to bed. I don't mind if you stay up and watch TV. It won't bother me."

He plopped down on his bed and grabbed the remote. I headed to the bathroom for a shower. After the long day of driving the shower felt so good. I knew it wasn't the best time, with my dad just on the other side of the door, but I wanted to take care of some of those urges I mentioned.

I reached down with one hand and started rubbing my clit with my fingers. Then as I started to heat up I pressed my palm into my clit and curled up my middle finger into my pussy. My other hand was pinching a nipple. I let out moan and then gasped. I remembered my father was in the other room and decided to try to finish this without making any noise. Just as I was getting into it the water turned to ice.

'Are you kidding me?!' I said to myself. I turned the water off and jumped out of the shower. My whole body was freezing. Well, not my whole body. My pussy was still hot and wanting. Oh well, I guess I'd have to wait to settle the 'urge.' As I grabbed a towel to dry off I realized I'd forgotten my clothes in the room. I wasn't too worried about my father seeing me wrapped in a towel but I had planned on dressing in the privacy of the bathroom.

I opened the door and walked into the room. My dad was passed out on his bed. That was a lucky break. Since nobody was looking I decided to get dressed right there. I pulled off my towel and wrapped it around my head to dry my hair. I rummaged through my bag and found my panties and bra. I put them on and then went back to drying my hair. I hadn't thought to bring pajamas so I was just going to sleep in a t-shirt. When I turned around to get it out of my bag I noticed movement out of the corner of my eye. I looked over and my father was lying there watching me. His hand was down his pants and moving up and down.

I froze stiff. I've always been confident and secure but this took all that away. My pussy was aching from not being finished and my father, my own father was staring at me and stroking himself! I tried to move to cover myself up but I couldn't.

He stood up and walked towards me. I still couldn't move. He walked behind me and placed his hands on my shoulders. He pulled me closer to him. I could feel something pressing into my lower back. He reached around and cupped my breasts.

"You've grown into quite the lovely young woman, Clara."

I couldn't speak. I couldn't move. For the first time that I could remember I was scared. But I shouldn't be scared, this was my father. My father! 'This is so wrong!' I thought but I was powerless to do anything about it. He squeezed my breasts harder and found my hard nipples with his thumb and forefinger. He gently rolled them and then began to squeeze hard. I gasped.

"Get down on the bed. On your hands and knees."

I did it without thinking. After I was in position feeling exposed I second guessed myself but it was too late.

He walked around so he was in front of me and he pulled down his pants. Through his boxers I could see his cock trying to come out. Then he stepped closer to me and told me to pull down his underwear. Again I did as he commanded without thinking. This was crazy! I've never done anything without analyzing it and thinking it through. Something had just come over me. I couldn't do anything

but obey.

As his boxers hit the floor he stepped out of them. Then he took off his shirt. My father had been a working man his whole life and that kept him in shape. I stared at my dad with a burning desire. My pussy started to throb. I threw away logic and reason. I had no control over my body at this time. He stepped even closer and placed his hand on my cheek. He looked down at me with a loving smile, reached around to grab the back of my head and pulled my mouth onto his cock. I'd never even seen one, let alone have one in my mouth. I didn't know what to do. He just stood still, no movement just his cock in my mouth. Then, for reasons I don't know I started to swirl my tongue on the underside of his shaft.

"That's it, Clara. Now you're getting it. You are going to be daddy's little whore so you better learn to suck cock."

For some strange reason this started a fire in me. I started bobbing my head on his shaft like a madwoman. I was taking it in as far as I could. There were still a few inches I couldn't reach but I was trying like hell to get it all in my mouth. As I was busy with this he reached down and started playing with my nipple. It drove me crazy. It made me want to try harder to please him. I just kept at it.

After a few more minutes I was starting to ache in my jaw and my neck. He must have noticed because he grabbed the back of my head and pulled me off of his cock. He reached down and took hold of the base of his shaft, lifted it up and plopped it right down across my face. His head covering my left eye.

"You're a good, little, daddy's girl, aren't you?"

I just nodded my head and waited for my next command. He didn't say anything though. He just stepped around and walked to the other side of the bed. He got on the bed behind me. I could feel his hands on my ass.

"You have such a sweet ass. And your panties are all wet. You must like being daddy's little slut."

He spread my ass apart and I could feel his tongue on my pussy. It felt incredible. The combination of his tongue and my panties felt so good. Why hadn't I ever rubbed myself with my panties on before? I made a special note to remember to do that.

He continued licking my pussy as he reached up and pulled my panties up. Tightening them up and spreading my ass with them. He left my pussy with his tongue and licked all the way up my ass crack. When his tongue reached my hole I quivered. My whole body felt pleasure. How did I not know about

this spot? I wanted more!

He kept licking my whole crack, every once in a while lingering at my hole. As he lingered on the fourth or fifth go around he let up the tension on my panties. With the slack he was able to snake his tongue to the side and I could feel his tongue directly on my asshole! It was amazing. I never wanted it to end. Luckily, he reached his hand down and pulled my panties away for more access. With the direct access ran circles around my hole and then started to press his tongue right in the center.

I couldn't believe it. At that moment in time I wanted nothing more than to have my father's tongue penetrate my virgin asshole. And then, I got what I so desperately wanted. The feeling of my whole opening and a wet tongue sliding in made me cum.

My pussy gushed more than my panties could handle and I began to drip down onto the bed. My dad, seeing this decided that my panties weren't needed anyway so He pulled them down to my knees.

I wanted his tongue back in my ass so badly I begged for it, "Please put your tongue into your little girls ass, daddy."

I didn't have to ask twice. He buried his face into my ass. His tongue going deeper than I thought it could go. I never wanted it to end. I reached between my legs and buried three fingers in my cunt, more than I had ever done. I came again, this time harder.

Then his tongue was gone. I froze. I could feel him getting right behind me but I was too scared to look back. I felt his hand on my fingers and he pulled them out. I didn't know why he was taking away all the pleasure I was experiencing.

Then I found out why. I could feel something press against my pussy. He placed his hand on my hips and pulled me onto his shaft. I exploded! My body was in so much pleasure tears were coming out of my eyes. He pulled out and thrust back in, this time harder and deeper. I was so full but at the same time wanting more. I reached down and rubbed my clit and I was sent over the edge again.

He only thrust a few more times and then he pulled out of me and told me to stand up, beside the bed. I instantly did as I was told. I didn't like not having his cock in my pussy but I knew he was the one in control.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and told me to face away from him. "Now sit down on your daddy's cock, Clara. I'm going to fuck that tight, little asshole of yours."

I was scared. I wanted it but his cock was way too big for my ass. I wanted to beg him no but while I

was thinking about it I had sat down on his cock without realizing it. The head was pressed against my tight hole. My weight was on it but it wasn't going in.

My dad leaned forward and whispered into my ear, "Just relax, Clara." Then he kissed me on the neck.

Tingling went down my spine and before I knew it I was sliding down on to his cock. I felt like I was going to burst but it felt so good. I kept going down farther until my ass settled on his lap. He was completely inside me.

I just sat there for a bit and then turned my head around and said, "Do you like my ass, Daddy?"

He said, "Yes, sweetie," then kissed me on the lips. It was the hottest thing I've ever experienced.

"I want you to fuck my virgin asshole, Daddy."

"You got it, Clara."

With that he rolled me over so I was on the bed with him on top of me, his dick still in my ass. He lifted up and the feeling of it pulling out brought a whole new sensation to my body. I was feeling so empty, I couldn't stand it.

Then he came back down and filled me up again. I let out a moan. He did it again. This time I let out a scream. I felt like my whole body was going to explode. Every time he plowed into me I screamed louder. I'm sure the people on either side of our room heard me but I didn't care. He kept going harder and faster and I kept getting louder then he slowed down.

"I'm going to cum baby."

Like the good, little slut I had become I wiggled out from underneath him, rolled him over and took his cock in my mouth. I could taste my pussy and my ass on his juicy cock ...oh it was hot! I stroked it with my hand and bobbed my mouth up and down.

Finally he let out a huge grunt, thrust his hips forward and his cum started spurting into my mouth. It was more than I could swallow but I tried to get every drop. Cum was leaking past my lips though. When he was finished I pulled off his cock and licked everything around my lips that had leaked out.

"That was incredible!" I told him.

“You are such a good, little slut for daddy.”

“I’ll be your slut anytime you want. Maybe you won’t be interested in all of those hot, college girls tomorrow,” I said with a grin.

“Definitely not, sweetie.”

I laid down in his arms and we fell asleep. I dreamt of my daddy’s cock the entire night...