

Confessions of a Daddy's Girl (Part Four)

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Laying me softly against his bed, daddy walked over to his laptop and flipped it open. I did not bother to question what he was doing, I simply sprawled out against his sheets, for the second time today.

“Daddy,” I said quietly, looking up at the picture of me in the corner of the bed. “I have to confess to something.”

“What is it sweetie?” He asked as he began to play some slow music and made his way back over to the bed. “You can tell me anything.”

“Last night,” I began, my voice catching in my throat. “I saw you masturbating.”

“Oh,” he looked embarrassed, but that was not my intention. “I thought you had gone to bed.”

“I heard you say my name,” I continued on. “Why did you say my name?”

“Honestly?” He raised his eye brow in my direction. “Seeing you naked in the shower really turned me on.”

“Oh,” I nodded, accepting that answer, not needing any further explanation. “Daddy?”

“Yeah?” He asked.

“I masturbated in your bed today.”

“I kind of figured.”

“Because of the night gown?”

“That and ..”

“And what?”

“The wet spot.”

“The wet spot?”

“Yeah, you left a pretty decent wet spot on my bed.”

I felt my face flush once more at this realization. He knew all along that I had masturbated in his bed.

“Can I ask you a question now?” He asked me.

“Of course,” I answered, “You can ask me anything.”

“When you were masturbating,” he began, looking over my body laying in his bed. “What were you thinking about?”

“You,” I whispered under my breath and looked away from him. “I was thinking about you.”

“What about me?”

“You know.”

“I don’t think I do baby. Tell me.”

“I was thinking about ... about your hands, all over my body.”

“Just my hands?”

“Yes.”

“Like this?” He asked, placing his hand on my stomach over my tank top and lightly rubbing in circles.

I nodded my head at him, my eyes closing against my will. The feel of his hand against my stomach cause it to do flips and twist and turn. I was excited and sick to my stomach all at the same time. No one had ever touched me in these ways and I sure as hell never imagined the first person to do so being my own father.

Daddy's hand moved down and tugged at the bottom of my tank top, pulling it up to expose my stomach from the lining of my pants up until just under my breasts. He ran his fingers softly against my skin, making circles as he trailed every inch of my stomach.

"Can I remove your shirt?" He asked me, raising an eyebrow in my direction.

I nodded my head, giving him permission. He slowly slid his fingers under my shirt and pulled it up. I sat up in his bed and helped him to get it over my head. He then tossed it to the ground, right where I had left my night gown.

"Lay down," my daddy commanded of me and I did as I was told. "Now close your eyes."

I nodded and closed my eyes, unsure of what daddy had in mind. I waited for what felt like ever, nothing happening. Then it happened, he was blowing lightly against my stomach and I gasped for air. He blew warm air against my skin, down around my belly button and then back up and around my nipples and then up to my neck, not touching me at all.

"Oh my," I cried out as his lips pressed against my stomach just above my belly button.

"I am going to remove your shorts now," daddy informed me and I simply smiled, my eyes still closed.

He slipped his fingers into the waistline of my shorts as he kissed up from my belly button to my breasts, taking a nipple into his mouth. It hardened instantly in his mouth, along with the nipple that was still left free. He slowly undid the buttons on my shorts as he licked and rolled his tongue around my tiny little buds.

Slowly sliding them down, he left them just below my knees. He explored my body, running his hand up and down the sides of my legs and hips and then letting it fall between my legs and against my thighs, avoiding my pussy which was dripping wet and making me slightly uncomfortable.

"Please," I cried out, needing him to touch me.

"Please what baby girl?"

"Please!"

"Tell me baby girl."

“Touch it.”

“Touch what?”

“My pussy.”

“Like this?” he asked, sliding his hand up the insides of my legs and running his finger up and down the slit of my soaking wet pussy.

“Yes,” I cried out again, pushing my hips up to meet his fingers.

Daddy ran his finger up and down the length of my pussy repeatedly, over and over, back and forth, circle after circle, causing my my breathing to become erratic.

“Please make me cum daddy,” I cried out.

“Beg.”

“Please!”

“Please what baby girl?”

“Fuck me with your fingers.”

Daddy did not hesitate. As soon as I spoke the words he pushed his finger all the way inside of me, causing me to once against gasp for air and buck my hips against him. Slowly he pushed and pulled his finger in and out of my pussy, holding me right on the edge. His lips wrapped around my swollen erect nipple.

“Oh daddy.” I cried out, bucking my hips harder as he moved a second finger inside of me.

“Yes baby,” he cried, fucking my pussy harder with his fingers. “Cum for daddy.”

“Daddy,” I screamed, grabbing onto the sheets as I lost all control of myself.

Daddy thrust his fingers harder and faster as I came harder than I ever had. He pushed harder until my orgasm had reached it peak and then he slowed down, pulling out and rubbing his wet fingers against my lips. I pushed my tongue out to taste myself.

“You are so beautiful,” he smiled at me as I beamed brightly up at him, my body completely spent.
“Now sleep.”

“I don’t want to sleep,” I told him, trying to pretend that I was not as tired as I really was.

“Sleep.” He said again, as if he was not going to take no for an answer. “You need to be rested for tomorrow.”

“What is tomorrow?” My eyes grew big and my curiosity hit an all time high.

“Sleep.” He leaned down and kissed my forehead before coving me up. “I am going to go shower and then I will be back. Now sleep.”

I wanted to know what was coming tomorrow but I could not keep my eyes open any longer. I was soon fast asleep, my head resting against daddy’s pillows and my wet naked body spawled out against his sheets. I was ready for it to be tomorrow.