

Confessions of a Daddy's Girl (Part Three)

By nellieneska

Published on Lush Stories on 28 Aug 2012

Copyright of this story belongs to Nellieneska ... do not steal my work.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/confessions-of-a-daddys-girl-part.aspx>

Daddy and I sat in silence at the dinner table after he confronted me. I was not sure what to say about what had taken place. How could I have been so stupid as to leave everything behind the way that I did? If he had not startled me the way that he did, things could have gone differently. Did I want them to go differently?

“Do you think that we should talk about this, baby?” Daddy asked me, taking a small bite of his food, but neither of us seemed interested in eating.

“What do you want to talk about?” I muttered into my glass of water, not allowing myself to make eye contact with him.

“What were you doing in my room?” he asked me matter of fact, his emotions being tossed aside.

I could not read him. Normally I knew what was going on with him or what he was thinking, but now, I had no idea. Was he angry about what happened and was about to yell at me? Why did he have to turn himself off now?

“I was... I,” I could not give him a straight answer but my flushed face told the story for me. “I am going to bed.”

“Andrea, you sit down right this second,” he called after me, anger and control in his voice, something I had rarely heard from him.

I stopped and turned myself on my heels, making my way back to the table and sitting down across from him. I looked down at my fingers as they twisted together and I could feel my breathing become shallow. I was nervous and scared of what was going to happen.

“You know you can tell me anything, right?” He asked me, getting up and moving his chair so that he was within an arm's reach of me.

"I used to believe that to be true," I told him honestly, trying to look up but still unable to make eye contact with him.

There was a time in which I could tell my father anything, no matter what it was. I did not feel that it was the same now. The older I got, the harder it was to share my thoughts with him, because honestly, some of my thoughts were not what I felt my daddy should be hearing from me. Most of them were about boys and sex. How does a teenage girl talk to her father about such things?

"Do you not feel you can tell me anything any more?" He asked me curiously, a sound of hurt echoing out through his voice.

"It's just," I tried to figure out what the best way to say this was but there was only one way. "You are my father, there are things that a girl should not discuss with her father."

"Oh yeah?" he questioned. "Name one."

"Sex," I answered quickly, but soon regretted it. Did I just say that I could not talk about sex with my father? I should have said boys or feminine issues, anything but sex.

"Sex," he repeated back, thinking about the word to himself before he moved himself a little closer to me. "What about sex can you not talk about with me?"

"All of it," I said shocked that he had even asked me that question. It should be obvious why I would not want to talk about sex with him. "It is just weird."

"And leaving your nightgown on my picture in my room is not weird?" He questioned, causing my face to light up as red snow white lips against snow.

"I can..." I stumbled over my words and wanted to dash for my room, lock myself in and become lost for the rest of my teen years. "I can explain."

"You don't have to," he gave me a soft reassuring smile and placed his hand on my leg. "You can go to bed if you like."

"Thank you," I nodded, standing up from the table and heading out of the kitchen, but I couldn't leave, I was too curious. "Daddy?"

"Yes baby?" he answered looking up at me, big blue eyes burning into me, making my heart race.

“What is it?”

“Can I ask you a question?” I could feel my heart racing and my palms were beginning to sweat.

“Of course,” he answered with a sigh, as if I had not learned this about him already. “You can ask me anything you like.”

I walked back over to where he was sitting and stopped a few feet in front of him, my fingers twisting with each other. It took me a minute to let the nerves in my stomach settle before I could ask him my question.

“What is it like?” I asked him, looking down at my fingers, once again unable to make eye contact with him.

“What is what like?” He inquired further into my question.

“Sex,” I whispered, unsure if the words had even left my mouth or not.

“It varies,” he answered quickly and honestly. “Depends on the person you are having sex with and the events leading up to the act.”

“Okay,” I answered, nodding my head. “I guess I will go to bed now.”

I turned around and began to head for my bedroom. I walked slowly, trying to figure out why I had just asked my dad this question I had never even dreamed of asking anyone, more so him. Was I absolutely losing my mind?

“Andie, wait,” my dad’s voice called out behind me and soon I could feel his arm on his shoulder.

“Turn around please.”

I slowly turned around to face my dad who was standing only inches away from me, his eyes serious, as he looked over my face. His hands held onto the sides of my arms and gently rubbed up and down against my bare flesh, every hair was on end.

My eyes fluttered up and met his and we were locked. I was not sure how long we were there but it felt as if time had completely stopped and we were at a stand still that became never ending. Neither of us said a word, we just looked at each other, taking each other in fully.

“Andie,” he spoke my name again, his breathing increased from a few moments ago.

“Yes, daddy,” I answered, my breathing just as rapid and broken into spurts of remembering to breathe.

“I am going to kiss you now,” he told me calmly, his hand moving up and caressing my cheek. His fingers were just as rough as I had imagined them. “If you want me to stop, please tell me at any time.”

“Okay,” I answered, nodding my head to let him know that I understood.

Without even thinking about it my eyes closed and I took a deep breath. Daddy moved forward and wrapped his arm around me and used the hand that was on my cheek to tilt my head up. I wanted to open my eyes and see him. For some reason I wanted to watch him kiss me but I kept my eyes closed. Whether this was my idea or just how the body worked I could not decide.

Firecrackers. Music. Bright Lights. You know all those things in movies that they say comes along with that first kiss when the man you love finally presses his lips against your own? I felt them. I felt all of them course through my body and flood my ears, my eyes and every other sense that my body had available to it.

His lips were like fire pressed against mine but it did not burn, it was welcoming, a delightful burn and I pushed back against it. His hands wrapped around my sides and pulled me in against him. Tightly he held me in the middle of the living room, his lips locked tightly with my own.

It ended too soon as his lips pulled away. I heard a whimper escape from my mouth as his lips pulled in a direction that was not toward my own lips, longing for him to once again be against them.

“I love you, baby girl,” he smiled at me, a smile I had never seen before.

In that moment I saw my daddy as so much more. He was not just my father, he was this man. He was this attractive man with bright blue eyes and slightly over-worked, messy hair and a few defining wrinkles that told you he smiled a lot. And that smile. It was bright and flawless and it was plastered across his lips because of me. I had made him smile.

“I love you too, daddy,” I smiled, flinging my arms around him and pushing my lips to his once again.

Daddy pulled me down onto the couch and I straddled his lap. We continued to kiss, his arms exploring my back and slowly making their way to my ass. He lightly cupped it and squeezed so gently. I moaned against his mouth and lightly began to grind against him.

I could feel daddy's erection pressing against my pussy, through my shorts. Holding onto my hips, he pulled me into him and then pushed me back. He was helping me grind against him, as our mouths were held together like magnets.

Back and forth, my body moved against his erection, causing me to become wet and out of breath. I had never felt this type of excitement in my pussy, even though I had played with myself more times than I could remember. The feeling with him though was electric and worked its way through my entire body.

"Oh god," I cried out, my lips pressing hard against him.

I could not contain myself. All of the rocking back and forth against his erection had cause me to become excited. I came hard, the first time ever without having to penetrate myself and it was amazing. Daddy did not even have to take off his clothes to make me come for him.

Once the orgasm subsided, I pulled away from daddy slightly, so that I could see his face. A grin was plastered from ear to ear and he chuckled softly.

"What?" I asked him, concerned.

I was so nervous that I had done something wrong. I had come too quickly and he was laughing at me. I had done this all wrong.

"You are so beautiful," he answered, pulling me down and giving me a soft kiss on my cheek.

"I am sorry," I admitted freely.

"About what?"

"Cumming so fast."

"Why would you be sorry about that?"

"Because doesn't that mean that its over?"

Daddy laughed and pulled me off of him, allowing himself to stand. He then turned and picked me up into his arms and held me close to his body. Carrying me to his room, I felt excited and nervous. What was daddy doing?

“It doesn’t mean that at all,” he smiled at me.

“What does it mean?” I asked curiously.

“It means this night has just begun.”