

Daddy and Daughter's Perspective Part 3

By Kellymay2

Published on Lush Stories on 09 Nov 2012

A 16 year old and her father slowly move towards incest

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/daddy-and-daughters-perspective-part-3.aspx>

Daddy and Daughter's Perspectives Part 3

A 16 year old and her father slowly move towards incest

Author's introduction.

This is the second episode of an unusual account of a taboo topic; incest between a father and daughter. What makes it unusual is that both my dad and I have written this from our perspective on what happened and why.

Kelly is 18, Bill her father is 45.

Kelly

That night November 28 and the next few days.

If it had been difficult sleeping before I went downstairs it was impossible after I returned to my bedroom. So much was going round in my head. But that was hardly surprising for so much had happened this evening.

I had been undressed by a boy and had flaunted my nudity at him. He was the first person to see me naked in a sexual setting. He had asked 'to see my cunt' and I had showed it to him. He had then finger fucked me. But for my father coming to collect me from my friend's house I think that I would have given him my virginity.

Naked under my school blouse and skirt I had got into my dad's Rangerover and had leaned across the bit in the middle to kiss him. He looked down my blouse that I realised was gaping; had I done that on purpose I queried later? I hadn't moved or covered up, I had stayed leaning forward knowing that my bare breasts and hardened nipples were on show to him. As he stared at me I got the same

feelings I had when Cal had earlier stared at my naked body.

Even more happened at home. I dropped my knapsack in the hallway knowing full well that would piss my mother off royally when she came home eventually. As usual the bossy, vindictive bitch was out on the town somewhere, probably about to be fucked by some guy. We don't get on well, mainly, because I dislike the way she treats my dad and she has always been jealous at how well he and I get on. Recently I think she has become jealous of me as a woman; it's a trauma having two of those in the same household! Also as her tits have sagged, weight watchers have not been able to reduce the bulges on her bum, hips and stomach and the cellulite has started in her legs I think she has become jealous of my slim, yet rounded where it should be youthful body. I can't imagine how she still pulls the blokes, particularly the young guys at the tennis club where rumours are rife about her, but she seems to.

I had heard dad in his bedroom and thought he had gone to bed so when I gave up trying to sleep and decided to go downstairs and have a cup of tea I didn't bother dressing, but walked down the stairs naked. As I turned at the bottom of stairs I nearly died. At first I thought it was burglar, but then saw it was my dad standing there right next to my bag. Not only was it dad, but he was naked, well in his dressing gown but that was open. And not only was he naked, but also he had an erection. I could hardly believe it. Even more I could hardly believe my reaction. I could have turned and ran, I could have sworn at him and said what a dirty, perverted bastard he was. I saw immediately what he must have been doing for the pair of lacy panties I had put on in place of school knickers when I was with Cal and had taken when I had made them wet were hanging out of the bag by his feet. He must have looked through my bag and found them.

'Was it my panties that had caused his erection?' I wondered as he pulled the robe round him.

The essential feature about my father and the reason everyone except his cow of a wife loves him is that he is a good man. He sees the good in everyone, even her, but then I can see some good in her, she has great tits; I hope mine grow to their fullness. This innate 'goodness' is why I have always idolised him. There is a downside to that though and that is that he is rather weak, he lets himself be pushed around and always seeks a compromise. He rarely if ever takes control of a situation and lets others lead while he follows. I sometime wonder whether he is a natural submissive for without a shadow of a doubt the bitch is a dominator; I can see him on a collar and chain being pulled around by her in a full dominatrix outfit. Maybe I have recently pondered, her fucking off out with her old biddy slags she calls friends is part of their dom/sub scene! Possibly I have thought at times that when she comes home she tells him who has had her tits out, who has had their hands up her skirt and how she had been fucked that evening!

I am the first to acknowledge that I am more like her than him; I am stronger willed, more opinionated

and have a greater need to have my own way. So standing before him as he drooled at my nakedness and squirmed at being caught, naked, hard and playing with my panties I realised looking back from the isolation of my bed that I took control, I led the way, I became in charge. That was a freaky feeling seeing me dominating my father.

I had always loved him. But then all daughters love their dads don't they? However, in the past few months the nature of that has changed considerably. It has moved from being 'I love my dad because he is my dad' more to 'I love my dad because he is a man.'

I don't really recall a single incident or even a chain of events that could have caused this, but as I moved into my nineteenth year and my sexual activity increased so I found myself thinking more about my dad. This coincided with my hate for my mother increasing as I watched her demeaning my father by always going out and even in my presence telling him to mind his own business when he asked where she was going. I had no idea whether these issues were connected, psychology isn't on the curriculum at our school, but I might study it at uni.

I do recall though that one afternoon when they were both out as I lay back in the corner of the sofa in our lounge, I started to think about dad. As Max rubbed my little tits that I say are B cup for A's sound so little girly and pulled so enjoyable on my small nipples he suddenly came into my mind. He stayed there as Max, after the cursory to show that I wasn't that easy, resistance, got his hand up my skirt and rubbed me through my panties. He was there as my excitement increased and as I began to climax. And later, still on that sofa with my tee shirt rolled up round my neck, my bra off and my skirt bunched round my waist I imagined that it was his cock I rubbed until the spunk flew onto Max's stomach.

Increasingly I thought about him, but not just when I was playing around with boys. He would pop into my mind when I was studying, playing hockey or tennis, getting dressed and especially getting undressed. I quite shocked myself one day when I closed my eyes and slowly undressed pretending he was doing that. Then as I lie naked on my bed I imagined him beside me kissing and touching me. And when my fingers made me cum, in my mind they were his fingers. Oddly I don't recall imagining him fucking me, but then as I had never been fucked so I had nothing to compare that to.

Increasingly I loved being with him, close to him and surreptitiously touching him. I loved his smell and the feel of his skin on my fingers. I looked for ways to be alone with him, which wasn't hard as mum was nearly always out somewhere. I did things to please him, I even cut the fucking grass. I desperately looked for signs that he was feeling similar things to be, but alas saw none. I took to dressing more provocatively, leaving my bra off, not that it made much difference to the bounciness of my stupid tits, rolling the waist of my school skirt over a few times when he took me to or collected me from school. I left buttons undone on my school blouse or other tops, I flashed my legs and wore tight

tops that showed the outline of my nipples. But he didn't seem to notice for ages. Then I saw a change, well actually a number of changes with him.

Gradually he started looking at me more intently, his gazes appeared to linger longer and he held eye contact more strongly. I didn't think too much of it at first, but slowly I began to think that he was sort of flirting with me. However, almost as soon as I thought that then my mind would cast such thinking aside as being ridiculous. 'He's your fucking dad' I told myself frequently.

It wasn't just the nature of his staring it was also the focus of it that I began to notice. His eyes were immediately there if my skirt ran up a bit and I showed too much leg, they were on me if my top was thin and my boobs and nipples were on show under it and I saw them looking down my top several times when I wore a low top or had a button too many undone.

So by the time we got to that evening when Cal had undressed me and then finger fucked me to a shattering climax, I was beginning to wonder. I thought I knew what I wanted, but I dared hardly admit to it. I was beginning to believe that I wanted some form of sex with my dad, well at least affection and intimate moments. But of course there was the sixty four thousand dollar question, did he want anything? Was he even interested? Would he accept anything as taboo as fucking his daughter or even sucking her tits. I doubted it for he was such a good and proper person, or so I thought.

Standing naked looking at my father who was wearing his dressing gown wide open, I wondered just how good a man he really was when I saw his erection and my lacy panties hanging out of my bag. He was clearly embarrassed, but then so he should be. As he pulled the robe round him he looked and acted guilty and stammered something about nearly falling over my bag. My first feeling when I had seen his thick, surprisingly to me, dark cock rearing right up his stomach had been surprise, naturally, but that was rapidly followed by excitement and desire I wanted to hold it and that wasn't natural, was it? But as dad fumbled around making excuses, looking embarrassed and leering, but trying to hide it, at my own nudity, those feelings were overpowered by a completely different set of emotions.

I guess at the heart of it was confidence, but that was not all. There were other things influencing what happened over the next fifteen or twenty minutes when I paraded my nakedness before my dad. There was of course my desire for him, the clear lust in his eyes as he stared at me and of course the super erection I saw when I first came down the stairs and what I saw under his gown all the time we were in the kitchen. I was, of course flirting and tempting him, but didn't have the balls to go that extra distance and try and overtly seduce him or offer myself to him. Hence, despite us being together with me naked and him erect, we didn't go any further and I ended up going to bed and wanking furiously as this time he did fuck me.

The next few days really were confusing. Dad and I hardly spoke and were not alone together for any time. Mum and I rowed as usual and Cal fingered me to a climax in the back of his Mini. And all the time I thought about my dad.

Although deep down I doubted whether it would ever happen I had made my mind up on what I wanted to happen between my dad and me. I wanted him to take my virginity.