

Daddy and Daughter's Perspective Part 5

By Kellymay2

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A 16 year old daughter and her father finding their way sexually

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Author's note.

This is the 5th in a series of accounts written from both a daughter's and her father's perspective. It is about how they yearn for each other and how they handle that situation. It's about their journey towards committing incest. It's about them having sex. But most of all it's about their love for each other. It does stand alone as an erotic story, but I would suggest that the earlier parts are read first.

Daddy and Daughter's Perspectives

Part 5

Bill

Tuesday early evening

Unfortunately just after Kelly got home I had a series of business calls that I couldn't avoid and then I had to email a proposal. I apologised to her that we couldn't have that talk just yet.

"That's ok dad, take your time, after all we have loads don't we?" she smiled. "Anyway I have some homework."

It was around five when we had both finished and we met in the kitchen. I made us tea and we sat at the glass topped table.

"So dad," she said taking the initiative, which is something I always find difficult with women generally, my wife in particular and now it seems my sixteen year old daughter as well.

"We have to talk Kel, there's a lot we need to discuss."

“Like what?”

“Like you, like your relationship with mum and like boys.”

Kelly gulped and was clearly surprised at how I was tackling the issues head on, something I rarely do with her or Phillipa.

I've never seen Kelly look the way she did right then. That was not the answer, but was more part of the problem. She was my little girl, yes, but, how can I put it? Let me try. She was a scared sixteen year old girl. My daughter. Scared of the explosion that I'm sure she thought was about to hit her. And when I looked at her, she was the most beautiful young woman. She had a sexuality about her that knocked the breath out of me. I know it's wrong blah blah blah but she was so beautiful.

I let my brain and body switch to autopilot as I felt in my pocket and rubbed the fragile piece of lace and satin that were the panties she had been wearing that night. I've always been a lover of lingerie. And this tiny pair was no exception and in fact was something very, very special indeed for they had snuggled up to my daughter's cunt and several times to my cock and balls. I felt the delicate material against my fingers and the palm of my hand. It was all I could do to stop myself raising them to my nose and breathing in my daughter's scent.

My voice was low and calm as I said, “What do you think about the other evening?”

“What part of it?” she asked her confidence clearly declining.

“Well let's start with the panties,” I said gripping them tightly.

“What about them?”

“Kelly, I think I would be naïve to believe you if you said you had taken a spare pair of panties to school wouldn't I? Before you answer love, please don't insult me by lying. That would be stupid and waste both our time.”

“They weren't a spare pair dad, no.”

Her voice was small but soft. Intoxicating almost. She had been honest with me. I could take a breath knowing that we didn't have two things to deal with here.

“So you had worn them?”

“Yes.”

“Taken your school ones off and put those on?”

“Yes dad,” she replied looking right into my eyes her confidence seemingly returning.

“And it wasn’t just a bunch of girls at Sara’s was it?”

“No.”

“Making the assumption that there was a boy there, with you, did anything happen?”

“Yes dad. We...”

“Stop honey. I don’t want to know the ins and outs – sorry, bad choice of words.” We both smiled a half smile at that.

“Did you fu... did you have sex with him?”

“No dad. Well...we might have ended up getting to that but you came to pick me up.”

A weight lifted off my chest and my legs felt weak. Sitting across the table from her I felt uncomfortable. Uncomfortable because, while I held her tiny panties in my hand and wanted more than anything to fuck her, I knew that I had to act responsibly. But for the life of me I couldn’t help wondering what she was wearing under the short, blue denim mini skirt and yellow, baggy sweater.

It was obvious that she wasn’t wearing tights for her legs, still with the last of the tan she’d had got when we had a family holiday in Egypt, were bare. They looked wonderful and I yearned to run my hand up them and find out. I knew from the constant ogling I did that she often didn’t bother with a bra, but the wool of the sweater was too thick for her nipples to show through so I I was left wondering. Smiling to myself I realised that I should have sat next to her or in the lounge in low chairs and not across a table, albeit one with a see through top. Shit.

“Baby, I still see you as my little girl. Do you think you’re old enough to deal with that? I know it feels good when you play around but the full thing is a huge step. Has mum not spoken to you about all of this?”

The derisive snort from Kelly told me that she probably hadn’t. While I seemed to do the majority of the raising of our daughter, her mother would often be out somewhere I thought best not to ask. But I

wasn't going to give up so easily on my own girl. Or let her follow in her mother's footsteps when it came to sexual behaviour.

"I'll take that as a no then shall I?"

Again, we both looked at each other half sheepishly and half knowingly.

"I think it's time. Forget about her that you and I had that chat don't you?"

Kelly's face reddened almost instantly. For some reason I still couldn't put those damn panties down.

"Dad, I know what I'm doing. You don't have to do this."

"No Kelly!"

It was the first time I had raised my voice to her in years and the guilt hit me like a bullet when I saw her recoil from my tone.

"I'm sorry honey. But I need to do this. And you need to hear it. At least one of your parents can then say they did their best with you. If you want to be like your mum after that then so be it."

This time Kelly's face reddened again but the fire flashing in her eyes told me it wasn't embarrassment.

"You bastard! You say you love me and then compare me to her. That makes you just as bad in my book. You make me sick. You say you love me and then say something like that. You know why I hate her? Of course you don't. How the fuck could you? I know you've always been the one there for me, looking out for me and looking after me. And it breaks my heart that she treats you like shit. But if you can't see the difference between someone who loves you and someone who walks all over you then you deserve her. You can keep your talk!"

She stood up from the sofa and even after admonishing me, I couldn't take my eyes off her perfectly sculpted thighs, her slim waist and her pert bum stretching the denim skirt.

As she moved to storm past me I grabbed her wrist and held her still.

"Kelly sit down," I almost shouted pulling her back on the chair. She was obviously shocked but only for a few seconds and then floored me by the string of obscenities that followed.

“You fucking bully! Ok, you want to have ‘that talk’ with your little girl? Fine, let’s talk.”

Her eyes were burning as she stared straight into mine, into my soul. I could so distinctly see her mother of twenty odd years ago, yes I saw then the woman I fell in love with and married.

“There was a boy there that night and I let him pull off those panties. The ones that you dropped on my bag and the ones that mysteriously have gone missing. In fact, I was totally naked in front of him, as naked dad as I was with you when we got home.”

“Kelly you don’t have to,” I said trying to placate the situation.

“Oh yes I fucking well do,” she stormed. “You don’t think I’m old enough to know what I’m doing? Well he sucked on my tits, and played with my nipples. He stroked my clit and pushed three fingers into my pussy.”

“Stop it Kelly,” I said without conviction for in truth she was exciting me.

“No bollocks I won’t stop it, I fucking loved it. He really knew what he was doing and he made me cum so hard. It was fucking lovely. I let him push his big cock into my hand. I couldn’t get enough of it. Teasing the slit at the top, rubbing and stroking it with my hands and fingers were fantastic feelings. It made me feel that I wanted him to fuck me. And I was going to let him until you called and ruined it! And do you know why I wanted to fuck him so badly? Why I wanted to give him my virginity? It was because no one around here treats me like I really fucking exist. I get more attention from those perverted, greasy teachers than I do from you. You’re too busy moping around looking after her me while mother dearest runs around fucking anything in trousers!”

The tears that rolled down my daughter’s cheeks did nothing to put out the fire in her eyes as I sat stunned into silence. And for the second time recently my world started to fall apart as she stood calmly and walked to her room leaving me still holding the lacy panties that started all this. I must have sat for a good five minutes in the silence thinking. Then I stood and walked to her bedroom door.

I didn’t even knock. I just walked quietly in and stood at the foot of her bed. She was lying on her front looking away from me and, despite being in the middle of the biggest argument we had ever had, and being on the brink of destroying our relationship, I stood mesmerised by the sight of Kelly’s backside showing from the bottom of her skirt.

I was hypnotised by the crease at the base of her arse cheeks where they met her long, shapely legs. The beautiful tanned behind that she was unaware was showing. The tan from our last holiday.

She was my sixteen year old goddess lying prone before me and I drank her in. Only then did I fully realise two things; she wasn't wearing any panties and that I really was in love with my own daughter.

Kelly

The same early evening

With tears streaming down my face I went to my room. I wasn't quite sure why I was crying. Frustration at things not going as I had fantasised, possibly. Disappointment that dad seemed to misunderstand me, certainly. Pissed off that he continued supporting the bitch and compared me to her, for sure. All those emotions were affecting me as I realised that there was another one as well; arousal and my panties were soaked. I took them off and threw them in my laundry basket momentarily wondering where the other pair had gone, thinking the bitch probably thought they were hers. Despite sobbing that made me smile when I imagined her trying to get my size 4s round her big size 7 arse.

I suddenly felt so hot. Either the heating was turned up or I was having a hot flush I sobbed, wondering just what they were, so I decided to wear a blouse instead of the sweater that I removed. I pulled a white and beige, cheesecloth, button-up blouse from the wardrobe. I started doing the buttons up, but before I finished I felt another wave of crying coming on and I flung myself face down on the bed.

Lying on my front crying I tried to work out just what had caused me to go so fucking ballistic. I couldn't reach a conclusion. I was confused about both my parents and their relationships with me and each other and equally confused about my feelings for Cal. He said he was falling in love with me and I wondered if I was with him. I had certainly gone further with him than I had with any other boy and I twice came so close to letting him take my virginity, but something had stopped me; something I could not understand or work out. He had, though, made me cum twice and both climaxes were so much stronger than when I did it to myself or when a few other boys had fingered me.

After that time with him at Sara's house, riding home with dad I was still aroused. My tits had felt so full, heavy almost, my lips had been damp and I'd felt a tingling warmth through my entire body. As we drove through the forest I had completely out of the blue thought I wish he would pull into one of car parks. That feeling coming on top of me wishing it had been him asking to see my cunt, me being naked under my school uniform, him finding my panties, trying to tell me about the fucking birds and bees and accusing me of being like the bitch all got to me I guess. And that I assumed was why I went apeshit at him. But then sixteen year old girls whose hormones are raging do that sort of thing don't they?

But I didn't mean it. I didn't mean to hurt him. I didn't want us to fall out. I wanted us to be close. I wanted us to gang up on her. I wanted us to get rid of her and I suddenly realised, I wanted us to be alone together. What did that mean, though, I pondered as I lay there? The thought was so outrageous as to be almost unthinkable. I couldn't get my head round what I really thought. It was just too big a topic for me. I didn't know what to think or do.

Luckily in some way Dad saved me on the doing part for I heard my door open and his footsteps on the creaky floorboard mid-way between the door and my bed. That made my heart pound. 'He's come to me?' I thought and then said to myself. 'Oh fuck' as I realised that the slightly flared, denim micro skirt would have risen up my legs and my bottom would be on show. That made me silently say another oh fuck, but this time I added a few bollocks too for I remembered I wasn't wearing panties.

Momentarily I thought of reaching round and pulling my skirt down, but something stopped me. I suddenly had that same feeling I had got when Cal asked to see my cunt. I had enjoyed his eyes on me then and I was enjoying my dad's eyes on me now. But what was he doing? He had certainly entered my room, but had said nothing and hadn't moved closer to the bed. 'He's looking at my bum' I suddenly realised. That gave me a massive jolt. But I couldn't be sure. I had to know. I turned a little and still half on my front, still with my skirt round my hips, still with my bottom on show and still with my blouse at least half open I looked at him standing beside the bed staring at me.

"Hello dad," I rather inanely said realising with a jolt of excitement that my tits would be on show.

"Hello Kelly," he almost whispered back his eyes going from my bare bum to my face and then to my tits. "Sorry about that love."

"That's ok dad, I am sorry too."

He moved closer to the bed so that his knees were almost touching it. Looking into my eyes he smiled. I smiled back. We were silent for a few moments until he said.

"I thought you might need these." As he opened his hand I saw my white lacy panties.

Bill

Moments later.

I sat in the kitchen thinking. I was feeling sad, upset, worried and confused. Why the hell had I come on heavy with her? Why on earth did I think I had to lecture her about boys and sex and what in heaven's name made me compare her to Phillipa, although she has her mother's temperament that's

for sure I grinned?

I reached the conclusion that I had to do something. I had to sort out the mess I had created. I had to get closure on the conflict between us.

Deciding to take the bull by the horns I went to her room and tapped on the door. There was no reply. I tapped again and still she didn't reply. I couldn't leave it so I opened the door. My heart pounded and my pulse went into overdrive when I saw her lying on her front on the bed. She looked up and I felt my heart almost break as I saw her tear soaked face break into a tiny smile. How beautiful can one person be? The side of her pert tits were showing through her gaping blouse and her gorgeous little bottom was almost completely exposed. I had to tear my eyes away from them and give myself a mental cold shower to refocus.

I sat on the edge of her big bed, the one I had bought her because my baby should have everything she wanted, and extended my hand. Kelly's lamp lit the bedroom in a smooth glow and her hand felt as delicate as her panties when she took them from me. I could feel her fingers trembling, or was it my own hand shaking? I couldn't be sure.

"I think you'd better put them on love," I said as she took them. She chuckled.

"Not much point now is there dad? I think you saw most of it when you came in..."

It was my turn to blush.

"Kelly...I..."

But she cut me off. "It's ok dad, really. I didn't mind."

"Maybe darling but I shouldn't be looking."

Kelly rolled onto her side, away from me, and, lying down, pulled those infamous panties up her long, smooth legs. This time I saw the whole of her bum as she pulled them over it. It was curved, rounded, full and incredibly breath-taking. I was mesmerised. I fought to stay in control and when I spoke it felt like trying to shout into a towel. My mouth was dry and the atmosphere was heavy. Kelly rolled back to face me, still with that bloody shirt gaping.

"I'll tell you, I'm glad she wasn't here just then. You know how prudish your mother pretends to be when she's at home."

We both looked into each other's eyes aware of my use of the accuracy of the word 'pretends'.

"Yes a right Missus fucking Bouquet isn't she?"

"That's quite some vocabulary you've got there. Is that what you do in school these days?"

I smiled so she could see I didn't mean it as a condemnation of her earlier behaviour. Kelly smiled back and said simply, "Well I'm sure there weren't any you hadn't heard before dad. And when I'm angry or other things I just can't seem to stop myself saying them."

"Other things?"

"Yeah, you know, *other* things. Other moods..."

"Oh."

Yes. I did know. I had an idea. Maybe it was wrong to take this route but all I wanted to do was make it right between my daughter and me. I put my legs up onto the bed and bunched a pillow up to lean on. I could smell Kelly's perfume on it. Why was everything determined to get me turned on when I was trying so hard to fight it.

"I want to tell you two things so that, hopefully everything will be fine again between us and earlier will just be a silly memory. "

Kelly moved to me and laid her head on my chest looking up with those eyes. So deep, so intoxicatingly blue. Stop it! Concentrate! My voice shouted in my head. I did my best and carried on.

"Look away baby because I find it hard to tell you this, embarrassing, but I want to level the field on that score because it was never my intention to embarrass you in the lounge."

For once, my daughter did as she was told and looked down. I slid my arm round her shoulders.

"Ok. You were right when you said about your panties. I've always had a thing about underwear. I love the feel and the look. I love to see my lover in beautiful lingerie. I think it adds to the excitement of an 'encounter' to see a beautiful body dressed in something that flatters it. Especially if there is love driving it too. Don't laugh!"

Kelly was chuckling with her loveable giggle and all I could do was laugh a little too and feel my face burn. Had I redressed it? A small whisper.

“So you’ve had them all the time?”

“Yes,” I sighed feeling terribly embarrassed.

“So does mum wear sexy stuff?”

“Yes she does actually, she enjoys it too.”

“Hmmm I bet she does,” Kelly muttered.

I didn’t want to go further and tell her some of the other things we used to get up to with her panties when we had an active and adventurous sex-life.

“What’s the second thing?”

“Right, the second thing. I want to agree with you that you can feel free to use that language when you and I are alone. I use it all the time so I don’t want to be a hypocrite and tell you that you can’t. I still don’t want her to hear it from you when she’s around. I don’t want her to have any excuse to moan at you more than she does. And I don’t ever want to hear reports from school or anywhere else that you’ve been speaking like that or the deal’s off. What do you think?”

The sultry warmth from the central heating swam around us as the rain provided a percussive hypnotic soundtrack for our discussion. My daughter lying with her head on my chest and my arm around her holding her to me like I had on so many occasions. But this one was different. I wonder if Kelly felt it too? The silence went on for what seemed like an eternity until she raised her head and looked into my eyes and gave me her answer,

“Deal you bastard,” she said softly in almost a murmur. I kept my voice at the same level.

“Right you spoilt little bitch.”

“Daft prick.”

“Slut.”

“Fucking pervert,” she said looking up and giving me a full view of her boobs.

And then it changed and we seemed to be pushing each other further. I thought it was wonderful that

Kelly looked down as we carried on taunting each other with our new found secret language. Pushing boundaries that I doubt many fathers and their sixteen year old daughters had pushed before.

“You wish I was a slut. That way you wouldn’t have to put up with her. You could throw her lazy middle aged arse out. If I was a slut.”

“You are. And you know it. You were aching for that boy’s cock the other night weren’t you? Tell me you’re not a slut.”

“I fucking well am not. Get you with your dirty mouth old man.”

“Cheeky little bitch. Pulling your panties off for him. Giving him an eyeful of your arse.”

“I didn’t pull them off sleazeball, he took them off me.”

“Same difference he saw your bare arse.”

“And my cunt don’t forget that daddy darling. Don’t forget your daughter’s cunt.”

“Oh fuck yes,” I groaned half-hoping she hadn’t heard that. My cock jolted in my trousers and I could feel the pre cum leaking into my boxers. Shit I thought. No going back now. I don’t give in that easily. “How could I forget your cunt Kelly?”

“Yes daddy, my cunt, the cunt that boy fingered.”

“Your slutty cunt do you mean? You wouldn’t know what to do if a nice meaty cock rammed into that little bitch hole of yours – either one.”

I shocked myself with that one. And Kelly froze. Had I gone too far? And then, almost inaudibly, those words,

“Try me.”

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I was so turned on I had to get away before I did something we would both regret. Or that my little girl wasn’t ready for. Talk is one thing but doing is another completely.

“I have to go baby. Now.” I went to rise and she looked up at me. My daughter. The young woman I now realised was the love of my life. She might as well have been a million miles away, it was that impossible that she would look at me in the same way. She glanced down at the bulge in my trousers

where the turgid meat of my cock was pulsating fit to explode.

I so wanted to grab her hand or face and say, "Take care of it for me."

But of course I couldn't, I wouldn't. It just wasn't me as a father or as a man. Dads simply don't ask their daughters to give them a hand job and men like me don't take control. We don't lead the way with lovers, we follow. 'Fuck' I thought 'I want her to seduce me, well at least give a sign, a green light.' But she hadn't really.

"We have to stop Kelly," I groaned getting off the bed, the bulge in my, probably too, tight jeans so obvious. Let alone testing her.

"Do we?" She so amazingly asked. 'Did she really mean that?' I didn't even dare thinking she did

I bent to kiss her cheek and she turned her face toward me so our lips met. It wasn't a particularly long or deep kiss, hardly one at all really, just a coming together of our lips, but that was so much more than I had ever expected or experienced. There was none of that hackneyed 'and then we were mauling each other stuff' you read about. It was, though, a short, soft kiss, lips to lips, lasting what felt an age and saying, maybe that she wanted me. But I didn't feel able to take the chance.

Despite all that had gone on the other evening and this I wasn't sure. And when you want to fuck your daughter you have to be totally sure. I had to get away. I walked as calmly as I could across her room and looked over my shoulder at her lying prone on the bed her gorgeous little tits with the stunningly hard coral pink nipples seeming to be flashing at me like a beacon. I winked, smiled and left slipping through the door leaving it ajar.

In my room I dropped to my knees rushed my jeans and boxers down and assaulted my aching cock. I wanked hard with her face, tits, arse and cunt in my mind making me want her like I had never wanted anyone in my life before. I hope she didn't hear me moan her name as my orgasm built up, but I was so in love and lusting for her that I lost all reason. It was as if I went into a trance.

Kelly

Moments later

I could hardly believe what had happened. We had gone from being your normal dad and daughter to something extreme, but what did that all mean? My dad had peered at my bare bum and even barer tits. He had played with my panties and told me that he enjoyed messing around with women's lingerie. That shook me a bit for I didn't understand sex and men that much, but it also gave me a

little thrill; 'my dad likes my panties and sexy underwear' I thought realising that I had almost asked whether he would like to see me in some.

I had bought some stuff in Marks, black bra, thong and seemed fishnet holdups that I hadn't worn yet, well not outside my bedroom. I had, though, paraded in front of the mirror wearing the vampish get up with a pair of the bitch's black patent stilettos several times. I had masturbated myself to a wondrous climax imagining Calvin was fucking me for this was before I had fallen sexually in love with my dad. Those memories gave me some idea what he had been talking about.

What with the swearing, lying on the bed cuddling and then him asking about a meaty cock, was that what he had called it, being rammed into my tight hole we had travelled a long way. We had gone far further than I ever imagined we would. We had crossed some invisible and unstated boundary. It was like letting a boy tit you up and then finger you, well in a way. In both situations the couple have leaped a barrier that it is impossible to climb back over. A girl can't be a little bit pregnant, you can't be half a virgin, you are or you aren't, you have had sex or haven't.

We had got to a situation where we could say almost unthinkable things to each other. He had said I could say what I wanted when I was with him. I could now say cock, fuck, arse and cunt to him. We had said them to each and how fucking grown up was that! He now knew that I had come near to letting Cal fuck me and would have worked out that he would have made me cum by playing with my tits and pussy. He knew that I knew that he had seen my bare bum and tits and that I had said there wasn't much point in covering them.

It was a state of understanding that I doubted many sixteen year old girls ever reached with their dad, but I had.

We had kissed. And on the lips. It was not a kiss of affection, but one of desire, sexual desire I am sure. It was like Cal and I kissed as we worked our way towards him finger fucking me. What I had to know was whether dad's kiss was one where he was working towards fucking me either with his fingers or incredibly his cock. I desperately needed to know that, but didn't know how to find out.

If only he had grabbed me, pulled my blouse off and shoved his hand up my skirt I thought for then I would know where I stood, or probably laid on my back I smiled. If we both wanted to have sex, fucking hell I was thinking that and in a rational mood when I am not jacking off. Could it really be, I was thinking that we might? As incredulous as it seemed I thought yes it could be. I could see the desire in his eyes, the lustful stares at my tits and bum and possibly my pussy lips and the way his hand held me, almost caressing my shoulder.

I felt like a detective or lawyer gathering and assessing all the evidence. There was all those things

plus he had clearly got a hard on. We had both seen that and he had rushed off feeling guilty I suppose about becoming erect because of me. If only he knew, I thought smiling, that is exactly what I wanted him to be only I wanted that in my hand then up my pussy. I began feeling very grown up!

I had to know. I wanted either, the good news 'my dad wanted to fuck me and would take my virginity' or, to know that he was too ashamed, embarrassed and guilty to do that and then I could give it to Cal. I knew that one way or another I had to be fucked and very soon.

Then it hit me. He hasn't got the balls. He hasn't got the confidence, the courage or the personality to make a move on me. He was like some of the boys at school who were obviously up for it, but never tried anything. Dad had always been the junior one in the partnership with the bitch. She made the decisions, he carried them out; she led, he followed; she was the dominant one, he the submissive.

I realised that he didn't have the wherewithal to do what I wanted and that he and mum had got it on probably by her making the plays. Emotionally and personality I was more like her, very similar in fact. In my juvenile yet near womanly musings I realised with a big jolt that I would have to lead him, I would have to make the move, yes I would have to seduce my dad.