Daddy's Desires

By x3holly

Published on Lush Stories on 28 Oct 2012

Daddy hasn't had it since mom passed away, and I intend to change that.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/daddys-desires.aspx

When my mother passed away twoyears ago, I began to spend the night in my father’s bed. It was nothing sexual, it was all meant to keep him calm. Hearing him sob himself to sleep all alone broke my heart. So one morning I moved my things into my father’s room, filling the spaces my late mother left empty. I had to save him from himself, and I intended to do anything that required. He never thanked me, but every night when he pulled me in close I knew he appreciated it.

I had woken up with morning wood against my ass a few times. I always ignored it, chalking it up to nature. But this morning was different; my father was grinding against me slowly. His breathing was heavy and his voice was hoarse as he whispered,

“It’s been so long.”

I sat frozen, focusing on the feeling against my behind. Being so close to my father over the past couple years had bubbled up feelings of affection no daughter should have. I spent many a nights masturbating feverishly over him once he fell asleep. Feeling his thick erection against me for such a prolonged time had my pussy throbbing with desire. I could sense the wetness between my legs and squeezed my thighs together desperately. Maybe, just maybe, if I pretended to sleep he would stop and things could go back to normal.

That thought was completely shredded apart as my father’s hands slid around my waist. He rubbed my abs slowly as he pressed himself harder against me. I couldn’t hold back the moans any longer. My eyes slid open and I pressed back against his hardened member. My father’s voice groaned in response as I locked my fingers with his. Slowly, he lowered his lips to my ear. Nothing was said as he panted heavily, losing himself in the friction of his boxers.

“Daddy… I need you.”

Begging felt so cliché but I couldn’t stop myself: not any longer. I could feel the ends of my father’s hair brush against my shoulder as he nodded slowly, sliding his hands upwards, underneath the cloth

of my sleep top. The soft satin against his hands seemed to keep his hands trembling. After waiting for what felt like an eternity has large palm pressed against the swell off my C cup breasts. I hissed softly, appreciating the feel of his callouses against my hardened nipples. Ever so carefully he wrapped his fingers around my hardened nub. I squeaked in pleasure as he rolled it between his fingers hungrily. My head fell backwards against his shoulders as I soaked up the feelings he was creating for me. I was completely broken apart, raw to the world.

“Are you sure about this?”

His voice sounded so needy, yet so scared. I couldn’t find my voice so I simply nodded as I slipped my hands past my waist. My fingers locked around the material of my soft pink thong. With trembling muscles I slid the material down my legs and tossed it onto the floor. I was immediately surrounded in the musky smell of my own wetness. I loved it, wanted it, and needed to taste it. Completely forgetting that my father was even around I slipped my finger between my swollen pussy lips. My clit felt like it was on fire as I slowly began to rub around it in circles. Soft whimpers passed between my lips as my father froze all his actions and watched. My fingers dipped slower, sliding immediately into my depths. In desperation I spread my legs wider apart and began to finger myself wildly. My hand was a blur as my eyes clamped themselves shut permanently.

Daddy growled loudly before pulling his hands away from me. I stopped immediately, terrified that I had scared him away. As soon as my eyes locked with his, my fingers still buried deep inside my pussy, he pushed his boxers off to reveal his cock. I had felt it against me many times, I had daydreamed about what it would be like, but nothing could have prepared me for the site before my eyes.

His cock stood proud at around six inches, but his girth was unearthly. The head was swollen and bright red, obviously tender to the touch. Drops of glistening white precum were clustered around the tip. Veins bulged ever so slightly along the shaft, giving it a nearly whimsical look. Daddy immediately wrapped his hands around his own length and began to tug up and down, his eyes cast between my legs. Slowly I began to work myself over again, my own crystal blue eyes locked on his cock. Side by side we worked ourselves over, getting covered in a glistening layer of sweat. After glorious moments were spent masturbating mutually I stopped suddenly, climbing on top of my father.

I straddled his thighs carefully, staring down at the monster nearly between my own legs. My father’s hands landed on my waist as he eyed me suspiciously. This was the moment, it was now or never. I was either going to run like a bat out of hell or have sex with my father. Not a single part of me wanted the first, all of me was dying for the latter. Lifting myself up I took a hold of my father’s dick for the first time. It felt hot in my hands, bringing a rush of power over me. I breathed heavily as I trailed my hand up and down slowly. I knew dad would prefer it fast, but I couldn’t bring myself to not savor

the moment. His hips pumped up toward my hand, begging for more. I ignored his requests and kept a slow steady pace. Tighter and tighter my grip grew. I needed to have him, now.

I placed his cock between my slippery wet pussy lips gently. Lowering down onto his cock I slid back and forth slowly, pleased with the feel of the head against my clit. My upper teeth slid into my lower lip as I continued to pump my body. I could feel the liquid dripping from my entrance as the time passed. Finally looking up I saw daddy's expression. His eyes were glued open, staring between our bodies intently. His lips were spread slightly as he breathed harshly, overwhelmed with the feelings. I had been teasing him too long, it was time for the real thing.

"Ready daddy?"

He simply nodded to me. I understood his lack of words, it was hard to speak. The air had seemed to get thicker with my question. I sent him a reassuring smile before I lined up his cock with my entrance. Keeping a hold of his member I slowly slid down, moaning loudly when I felt him pop past the tight ring of my entrance. Letting go I slid the rest of the way down, pleasantly surprised at the pleasure when he was buried all the way inside me. Dad's hands tightened on my waist as he tried to thrust up. A soft giggle left my lips as I followed his guidance and pulled off.

Together we created a gentle rhythm. It wasn't rough like my pussy was dying for, it was slow and careful. Almost as if daddy was afraid of breaking me. I felt fragile in his hands and that only meant to push me over the edge. I was his doll to do whatever he wanted with. And right now? Well, he wanted to fuck me like I deserved because suddenly dad pulled my chest flush against his. I curled into his touch as he rolled over, landing on top of me. Through the entire fluid movement his cock had stayed buried inside me. I shivered visibly, lost in the sensation.

Dad leaned down and brushed his lips against mine slowly. Shocks flew through my body at the connection. I eagerly kissed back, my fingers getting tangled in my father's hair. His tongue slid against my lips as he began to pump me deeply. I wrapped my legs around his waist and moved along with him, sucking his tongue deep into my mouth. He moaned at the suction and pushed deeper inside me. My back arched as I pulled away from the lip lock. I couldn't stop the noises that were flying from me. I hadn't had sex in so long, and I knew it was even longer for daddy. He didn't go out after mom died, he just stayed at home with me.

"I'm going to make you want me every day."

It was the first time dad had honestly spoke up and the words took me by surprise. I nodded numbly as he began to thrust into me enthusiastically. The sound of skin slapping on skin, and my wetness engulfing him enveloped us. I tightened my hold on his waist as my fingers tangled into the sheets.

The tension built up inside my body. I was covered in sweat and desire. My father stared down at me lustfully, his eyes a darker shade than I had ever seen them before. His need was evident as he began to slam into me violently.

There was slight pain, but it was something that I enjoyed as he made me his fuck toy. I submitted and spread my legs as wide as I could, giving him the freedom to do what he wished. His hands took a hand of my legs and held them up, nearly pressing them back to my shoulders. I was wide open for him, willing and ready. He took one last deep breath before he began to thrust in and out of me. My body flew up with every thrust inside, my hair was all over, my pussy was getting broken. I could feel the tenderness building as my orgasm took over my body. I seized repeatedly, screaming at the top of my lungs. Daddy wasn't far behind me as his thrusts became erratic. Our bodies were slamming together haphazardly before he thrusted all the way inside me, cumming hard. His groan sent shivers down my spin as shot after shot of hot semen was deposited inside my fertile womb. I laid back helpless, my fingers locked around my fathers arms, my legs now back on the mattress.

"We forgot a condom…"

There was silence before dad's face broke out into a wicked smile.

"My bad…"

He sent me a slight wink before he pulled out, eyeing the rush of semen pouring out of my warm insides.