

Daddy's Grown Up 'Little Girl'

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Melissa was now the woman of the house since Mummy left!

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This very short story is just the beginning of my favourite all-time hot bedtime fantasy! Since I was a little girl I have worshipped my dad and he is my ultimate superhero. I have a wonderful mum and they have a rock steady relationship but if things had gone differently then I could easily have been Melissa. Please try not to judge me too unkindly, Nikki xx.

Sunday morning is my favourite time. Daddy has a lie-in after a long week at work and I have a good soak in the bath before he gets up for breakfast. Since Mummy left us a couple of months ago I have taken over most of the things she used to do, and to be honest, I really enjoy it. I have always been Daddy's little girl and now with just the two of us, without *her*, this has been the best time ever.

I slipped on a pair of cotton panties and a robe after my bath and went to make Daddy a nice cuppa to wake him with. Five minutes later I nudged open the door to his bedroom, trying to be quiet so as not to disturb him if he was still sleeping, then nearly dropped the mug. Daddy was sitting up in bed with the duvet thrown back, his hand around his fully erect cock giving it some rapid wanking!

I knew what he was doing of course, I am eighteen and even though I am still a virgin I know what guys do to get themselves off, I just didn't expect Daddy to be doing it. His movements were like a blur when he finally noticed me, pulling the duvet over his bulge and trying to act like normal.

"Hi Princess," he said in a somewhat gravelly voice.

"Morning Daddy," I trilled trying to ignore what I had seen. "I've brought you some tea." I put the mug on the side table and sat beside him on the bed. "Daddy," I began, "are you missing Mummy?"

He looked surprised at my enquiry, I was sure he hadn't missed her; she had been such a prized *Bitch!* We were both glad when she finally went.

"Of course not sweetheart," he soothed. "Why on earth would you think that?"

I blushed a little, knowing I would have to mention what I had seen. "Well, you were... you know."

He grinned broadly and smoothed a hand over my long hair. "I don't miss your mother but unfortunately I do miss what she did in *that* department," he whispered gesturing to the bulge still showing from beneath the duvet. "Men still have needs sweetheart."

He cuddled me closer to him and I felt a tingle in my pussy. He smelt good, even before a shower, he always did. His musky manliness invaded my senses.

"But I can do all the things Mummy used to do," I complained.

"Princess, some things are not done by 'daddy's little girl', you know that."

"You mean like this," I said in a very soft voice, for some reason not daring to talk any louder as I slipped my hand beneath the duvet. God he was hard! My fingers found his cock and curled around it before he could react or say anything. "You know I can do this just as good as *her!*" I plied my hand back and forth along his erection and it felt really good, hard and warm and very manly.

"Sweetheart you shouldn't be doing that," he husked but didn't move my hand. I could tell from his eyes he was enjoying it.

"I want to Daddy," I cooed increasing the pace of my hand on his cock. "I know what to do."

This was not my first time, I may be a virgin still, but I had handled a couple of cocks before. I was still at school when my then boyfriend put his hand up my skirt, I was so shocked but I hadn't pulled away and when his fingers found my knickers I knew I had to do something. I pulled down his zip and fetched his cock out. After barely half a dozen clumsy rubs he came and then ran off like a hare.

The second time I really thought I would finally lose my virginity. He was a really good looking guy, a bit older than me and sexy in his leather jacket and tight black 501's. It wasn't the most salubrious place, in a dark archway beneath some old buildings and again I had a cock in my hand and once again he spurted before I had really got anything.

Daddy was different, for one thing he was much bigger than either of them, for another I had been rubbing him for at least five minutes and he still hadn't cum. Was it me? Should I do it faster?

I had pulled the duvet away so I could see his beautiful cock, fully hard and shiny at the bulb end; it must be at least nine, if not ten inches long! My hand seemed tiny against it and perhaps that was the problem.

“Am I doing it right Daddy?”

He was breathing a little heavier. “That is so good Princess,” he said in a croaky voice, “but I don’t think you should be doing it, you are still my little girl.”

“Am I daddy? Do you still love me Daddy?”

“Of course I do sweetheart, you are so beautiful, much more so than your mother, but you are still my little girl.”

I was really enjoying holding his cock, watching it respond to my touch, and glad *she* was gone. He was mine now, just me and Daddy. I didn’t want him to find another woman. Why would he need one when he had me?

“I’m not so little now Daddy,” I enthused brushing the robe apart to expose my breasts. I am only just over five foot tall but my boobs; they are 38D and way out of proportion to my size. I’m not fat or anything but I’m not skinny; a couple of dress sizes bigger than a nymph but everyone said it was just ‘puppy fat’ and would vanish in a year or two. But I really liked my boobs despite struggling to find a dress to fit me!

I sensed Daddy liked my breasts too judging by the stare he gave them as I pulled the robe apart. They were bobbing freely with the action of my hand on Daddy’s cock and it was obvious I was excited; my nipples were sticking out like little doorknobs!

He hadn’t said anything since I exposed my breasts to him but his eyes never left them and for the first time in my life I felt like a real woman. My eyes were fixed on his enormous cock which had hardened like a hot rock in my hand and it felt so good, I just wanted to explore it fully. Teasing it with just finger and thumb then stroking it behind the smooth mushroom before cupping his balls gently, kneading them in my palm before rubbing his whole length. Little tears of precum glistened on the mushroom and I spread it around his purple-red cockhead with my finger making it shine like a ripe plum.

God he is a beautiful man. I ran my hand through his mat of chest hair, savouring the wiry feel on my fingers before returning to his cock, holding him tight and playing it back and forth as quickly as I could. My tits were slapping against each other now in my frenzy and I ached for him to touch them but he didn’t, just looking at them as if he hadn’t noticed before how I had grown. *‘Please Daddy, touch me, please touch me,’* I thought, but he didn’t apart from squeezing me close to his side with his strong arm around my waist.

Then he jerked suddenly, sending a plume of cum high into the air. I was mesmerised, I had never witnessed such a phenomenon before and it was just so beautiful. I continued to massage him and he did it again and then another not so powerful, his hot cream drizzling over my fingers. My pussy tightened with excitement and my panties felt wet and sticky.

I wanted more, so ... so much more!

How I wish he would pull me too him, turn me over and place me beneath him. Oh Daddy, how I wish you would slide your beautiful cock into me and make me a woman, make me *your* woman!

“Can I come into bed for a cuddle Daddy?”

“You know you can sweetheart,” he said softly.

I took off the robe and wiped his stomach and lower area with it, cleaning off the streaks of cream, using it as an excuse to feel his cock once more. It had wilted but it still felt good and so very long, I wanted to massage it again and make it hard but I knew the moment had passed, for now!

I slid into the bed by his side and snuggled against his chest, pressing my aching nipples hard against him, fingers moving slowly through his chest hair and inhaling the hot, musky scent of his body. A strong arm arrived at my back and pressed me tighter to him and I felt safe and wanted.

“*She* won’t be coming back, will she Daddy?”

“No baby,” he husked, “It’s just you and me now Princess.”

How I wished I had taken my panties off, and how I wished he would touch me there, even through the thin cotton but I knew it was not the time, not yet!

“I love you Daddy.”

“And I love you, my special little girl.”