

Dancing Teens Ch. 04

By KrrraazzzyGuy

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Life long loves are consummated.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/dancing-teens-ch-04.aspx>

Picking up where we left off in part 3...

It felt like ages had passed when my beautiful little girl Kelly finally set my manhood free, having nursed it of every drop of life giving fluid it had in it. Like time was playing tricks on me. And though it had been almost too sensitive after my explosive orgasm in her mouth, in her mouth was where I wanted to be more than anything at that moment; the captive who'd become an accomplice of his captor. So, I rode out the spasms and agonistic ecstasies, until there was no more, and I flopped wilted, defeated, from her gorgeous maw. I lay gasping, sweating, and delirious as she mewled, and gently kissed my fallen soldier, over and over, cupping his spent stores of ammunition in her soft, miniature hand, before kissing me there as well, her tongue lashing out here and there, like life's cruel irony.

"Ooohhh... Daddy, Daddy, Daddy..." Kelly whispered in a wondrous, soft feminine tone, leaving baby kisses all over the one part of me she'd never been allowed to touch before today.

Then another delicate, thin fingered feminine hand wound through my disheveled hair, gentle, almost unnoticed, like a lioness sneaking upon her prey, until it's tenor changed, and it became, claw-like, demanding, and my head was jerked back, like the gazelle caught.

"Huhhh," I gasped, like a swimmer breaking the surface after a deep dive, and in the opening sweet Amy struck, her soft, pliant lips mashing insistently to mine, her tongue searching, making a meal of me. Gently, the slight weight and soft, curvaceous flesh of her slid over onto me, melding and sliding ever so sexily against me, and I was struck by how alike, and how different, her flesh was from mine.

I closed my eyes, and instead stared at her with my hands, the warmth of her like sunlight glistening

off tanned skin. She was beautiful to say the least. She was what makes a man's life worth living, what makes being a beast made for burden bearable. Where I was hard, bulging, unrelenting, she was soft, yielding, sloping. Her soft but firm butt slid across me, and I felt the first stirrings of new life in my center. She was a priestess, and her spell was cast, and my warrior was resurrected, rampant, and ready for battle. I felt her weight change, she became lighter and I felt air rush across me, cooling my skin where one leg had been. Then the leg, powerful and sleek, came to rest beside my hip and she was astride me.

A girlish hand took hold of me, and I was bent upwards. I felt the softest flesh of all flesh at my tip, and my eyes flew open. Amy was gazing into them, her own pupils like black pits, her irises glowing like gas flame, blue like a surreal sky. I knew then I was in the hand of my own daughter, and she was guiding me into the womanhood of her oldest friend, a girl I had practically raised. My mind raced through tending skinned knees, and complimenting new dresses, and years and years of haircuts, through visions of girlhood innocence, gangly early teen awkwardness, blossoming teen beauty and sensuality, and at last to the freshly matured womanly sexuality I was now presented with. She smiled, whispered, "I know, John," and then we were one, kissing, sliding into/onto each other. Somewhere deep inside me, a spark found tinder, and became flame.

In the distance, like an echo from far below, I heard Kelly whisper, "Oh... my God..."

Sweet Amy was like a furnace inside, hot like my wife had been in her youth, tight, clinging, and wet. Her breasts rode against me, her nipples leaving wild circles of remembered contact as she rose, and fell, rose, and fell. Friction! Soft, all encompassing, delicious friction sent uncontrollable shivers through me. I realized now that I had wanted what I was getting for a long, long time.

Amy rode me like she was at Gilley's on the mechanical bull, and I did my best to buck and thrust from my place in the chair... but mostly it was all her. I was a slave bent to her will. I captured a nipple between my lips and she responded by grinding all the way down onto me. I liked that, so I did the same to her other nipple next. She didn't disappoint. Then I had to take charge. I needed to rut into this willing bitch, I was feeling like a stud breeding dog. I decided to act like one, and standing I took her with me to the bed, collapsing on top of her making her squeal. But soon she grunted as I pulled on her hips, planted her round ass cheeks in position to receive my blows, and pummeled her poor defenseless pussy with rapid fire thrusts.

Then Kelly got jealous. My daughter took my face in her hands, gently, me with my cock still in her best friend. "Fuck me, Daddy," she said, her emerald eyes locked onto mine, "take me... I've always been yours..."

And then she was against me, kissing, her hands on my shoulders, her bare breasts teasing my

chest. Beneath us, I felt her friend slip out of the way, pulling off me with a hint of regret, and rolling me onto my back, maneuver me under my daughter. And then, with Amy's hand guiding me to the opening of my daughter's charms, I pressed into her. Kelly opened before me, and in a second I was in her to the top of the other girl's fist. Then, for just a moment, I felt Amy's delicate fingertips barely touching my cock, my balls, then Kelly wiggled her hips and slid the rest of the way down onto me, taking me inside. I had my cock in my little daughter's pussy!

There are some things in life momentous, some things earth-shattering, some things that shake you to the core, a body blow to your reality; and as my old self went through it's death throes, the birth pangs of the new me, I realized that this was one of them. It's an earthquake of the soul, fucking your daughter for the first time.

I'd been rough with Amy, the girl who grew up down the street, carried away by the lust of finally fucking her. Not that she seemed to mind. But with the girl who grew up in the room down the hall I was gentle, deliberate. She was too. Slowly, our lips welded together in a searing kiss, as I felt her testing the muscles of her innards on me. We played a little game of flexing our intimate muscles for each other, her tightening like a slippery vise, then relaxing, me flexing and twitching, jerking within her. We both smiled at each other's cleverness. My daughter had obviously been generous to a few of the boys at school.

By now the room felt like a sauna, and reeked of sex. We three had perspired enough to fog the windows, and the TV screen where the forgotten stripping lessons tape was coming to an end bore beads of condensation, exaggerating the pixels into big red and green bars. The world was steam, water, and pleasure.

"Ohhhh.... Fuck... Jesus, mmmmm," Kelly groaned from between clenched teeth, "Daddy... Daddy, Daddy, Daddy...." Then she began to move, up and down, shimmy and shiver. It was incredible!

I was lost for words, and not knowing what to say, I just kissed her. She responded with abandon, and soon we were kissing wildly, like lovers kept too long apart.

"Daddy," she whispered between kisses, "I love you... I love you sooo much..."

"I," gasping, "love you too, sweetheart," and then, out of habit, added, "all the way around the world..."

My baby daughter smiled at me sweetly, the old sentiment seeming perfect in our new, naughty predicament. But I could restrain myself no longer, and had to thrust more deeply, more rapidly, more insistently into her churning, molten core. Strong, sleek and powerful young legs tightened about me

in reaction, and I asserted myself by rolling her onto her back, and pushing her hard into the mattress, grinding my pubic bone against hers.

“Hauahhh...” she gasped, a sudden, harsh drawing in of breath, “Daddddyyyy.... Mmmmm...”

But I could not reply, the action had nearly made me lose my composure. Determinedly, I gritted my teeth, and flexed my ass cheeks, tightening my internal muscles to prevent my untimely ejaculation, causing my cock to leap within my daughter. Shaking my head, I resolved not to underestimate her clutching love void again, lest my seed be sucked in like light into a black hole. Unfortunately, Kelly mistook this for a renewal of our previous game, and began to maddeningly clench and unclench, squeezing me with her powerful pelvic floor muscles.

“Kelly, dear God,” I moaned, shivering wildly, at my wits end. This was all too much. Hell, just the sheer knowledge, the intensity of the act I was committing with my own daughter was enough to make me explode, but add that to the fact of her inescapable sexual power, the infinite pleasure her body inflicted, and I knew I would not hold out long. My only hope was to fuck her hard, and hope I could get her off before I lost it.

“Hold on Baby,” I whispered in her ear, arching my back like a murderer cocking his pistol, premeditated, deliberate. I tensed my muscles, readying myself for the 50 yard dash, and with a sprinter’s burst of speed and power, I suddenly began to mercilessly hammer my little girl, her eyes flying wide in surprise.

“Oh... GOD... DADDY,” she screamed, her nails digging into my arms in an effort to gain some purchase, some leverage, but I was in control now. Looking into my eyes, she saw it, my maniacal need to ravage her, and in her eyes I saw a need to give in, to surrender. I realized with a start that I was as close to making her cum as I was to doing so myself.

And so we kissed, and fucked. No more words for us now, only unintelligible grunts of passion. There was a ringing sound in my head, and I worried briefly that I would have a stroke or something, but I realized that it was the phone. To hell with answering that! But then I heard the door close, and small, bare feet padding down the stairs. Amy would get it in the kitchen... good.

I returned my attention to fucking my baby girl. It was the highlight of my life to date, and luckily the distraction of the phone ringing had given me just enough pause to meet her needs before she met mine. We became a mechanical thing, moving rhythmically together in tandem. My daughter locked her eyes on me and I fell into them, like swimming in an ocean of green, like light through leaves. Then she closed her eyes, and arched her back, now moaning and thrashing wantonly. Cut off from the windows to her soul, I searched her lovely, flushed face, her wild, long, curly tresses the color of

gold spun with cherry lifesavers, her pale skin, such a contrast to the freckles she was dotted with, the pink flush that spread down her neck and across her full, jiggling breasts. To think, I was actually fucking THIS beauty, and to top it, she was my own flesh and blood, the one person in the world who I had loved for every minute of her life. That was about it for me, and I felt my balls tighten up in insatiable need. The time had come.

Desperately I tried to pull out, suddenly realizing I could impregnate her, my own daughter. But she was teetering on the edge too, and her eyes snapped open as I tried to pull away, and with insurmountable force she snapped her legs hard about me and yanked me back in.

“Cum in me Daddy,” she whispered, urgently, “God I want you too...” Then she smiled, and added, “it’s ok, it’s already a part of me, in a way...”

I guess that thought did it for her, because she closed her eyes, and came trembling and hard. Her nipples, though already very hard, tightened up to rock like bullets, and she groaned and even cried a little, so intense was it. And of course, it was much, much more than I could take. Every muscle in me tensed, and I froze, like a gargoyle turned to stone by the first rays of the sun. I was squirting into her then, firing my potency into her fertility, rending taboo fully, everything in the hands of Fate now.

And then we collapsed, breathing like marathoners, kissing like fools. Dimly, I was aware of Amy snuggling her soft, flexible form against us now that we were still.

“I love you, Daddy,” my angel whispered into my ear at a volume just above her heart beat, pounding in my ears along with my own.

To be continued in part 5...