

# High Tension

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*Father and daughter relieve their sexual tension*

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Jennifer and I went to Tenerife for our first holiday together since Margaret, my wife and her mother had passed away two years previously. Neither of us liked to discuss what had happened, nor did we particularly want to indulge in consoling one another. It was awkward, especially as the sexual tension between us had already developed prior to Margaret's untimely death. Instead, we tried to keep a stiff upper lip and pretend that life had to go on. Life always had to go on. We were quite similar in many ways I believe, or perhaps it was just that my influence had made her become more like me. Avoiding the truth had always seemed best even if that mean bottling up emotions, not only in matters of death but also in matters of wanton lust. Neither of us was particularly emotional on the surface, but both of us had deeply-rooted passion just waiting to be unleashed.

The electricity between us was incredible. I didn't want to risk blowing the bond we had developed together over many years by making a stupid mistake. My only daughter, 17 year-old Jennifer and I shared something special, something beyond a traditional father-daughter relationship. I know it sounds ridiculous to say such a thing and that many fathers could claim that their bond with their daughter is just as intense as mine with my daughter, but I beg to differ. Jennifer and I only had to look at each other to know what we were both thinking.

Externally we connected like any normal parent and child, but internally I knew there was more to it than that. Aside from having that special connection whereby we could practically read each other's thoughts, she also wanted me to validate her sexually, never directly broaching the topic but assuredly making me well aware of her needs. As a simple example, she would regularly appear from nowhere having just changed into new clothes and wearing fresh makeup. She would smile at me and turn shyly away for a second, then look me straight in the eye while waiting for a nod of approval. If I didn't smile back or nod, she would go away and change into something else, but she never asked me a second time. This game had been going on for at least the last couple of years.

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I clearly remember the first time I dreamt about making love to her. We were on holiday in Majorca at the time, while Margaret was still alive. Jennifer had paraded around the pool all day wearing a skimpy new bright red stretch-nylon bikini, attracting not only the resident male holiday-goers, but also a group of local boys who peered longingly over the hotel fence. The more I thought about fucking Jennifer, the more guys showed up to admire her. At least, that's how things happened in my dream.

When I asked her why she had chosen such a provocative bikini and was clearly splashing around in the shallow pool to show off her nubile body, smiling happily and arching her back, deliberately displaying her perfectly-rounded butt and long slender legs, she answered by saying that she wanted to tease the men and to see how much effect she could have on them. I had pulled her toward me and kissed her soft puckered lips, my arms wrapped around her skinny waistline and my hands clasping her firm buttocks while my bulging cock pressed firmly against her pussy. She looked back at me with her big dark brown eyes wide open and a huge white-toothed smile, telling me that I was all she wanted and needed. Even in my dreams, I knew that Jennifer and I had a special relationship.

I woke up that morning drenched in sweat, vaguely remembering parts of the dream, noticing that my rod was peacefully flaccid and that my balls were drained. During the next few minutes, I recalled more and more of the night's adventures, including specific images of Jennifer's body in various positions while she either administered or received sexual favours from me. My cock stiffened while I toyed with it, imagining my face in Jennifer's nether regions, smothering me with her youthful beauty. I tugged away, trying not to awaken Margaret who was sleeping deeply beside me, taking only a few moments to dry cum. My balls pumped away silently with the thought of Jennifer's cute little ass sitting on my face, nothing coming out, but the feeling was fantastic nonetheless.

"You were rather restless last night." Margaret had said to me disapprovingly later that morning.

"I had a rather strange dream." I responded, hoping that I hadn't been openly masturbating during my sleep.

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As I sat there beside the pool watching her that morning, I wondered whether anything had really happened between us the previous evening. After all, we really were in Majorca and she really was wearing a particularly sexy red bikini that amply revealed the woman she had become. That much was true! She looked beautiful lying there soaking up the sun's rays, and every time she wandered over toward the shallow pool to cool herself off, I could have sworn that every man in sight had his eyes on her. My conscious mind knew that the situation between us was largely innocent, and I also

felt that I was probably over-exaggerating our bond. Still, parts of the story were true and other parts were in my imagination. I tried to remember if there really had been about twenty guys gawking over the fence the previous day, drooling over my daughter. After careful consideration, I came to the conclusion that in reality there were only three guys, and none of them were serious contenders. Still, the dream had felt very real and especially the parts in which we shared the greatest intimacy.

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“Daddy, would you put some cream on my back, please?” Jennifer asked, slithering onto to sun bed next to me, her tummy pressed against the mattress and her cute little butt exposed for all to see.

She had just emerged from the pool, barely escaping the well-tanned Romeo who had jumped in beside her, pretending to be an athletic swimmer. He’d tried to be casual, flexing his muscles and puffing up his chest before making a few trial runs naturally ending in her vicinity. He would pop up from under the water, slick his hair back, and smile at her before swimming off again in hope that she was following him.

Jennifer was used to such antics. Once when she was younger, she had asked me why guys tried to get her attention by being so physical, asking me why they couldn’t just start a conversation. I wasn’t able to answer her clearly at the time, because for one I knew the answer too well, and secondly I didn’t want to have to explain that I felt just like one of those guys.

I squeezed the milky sun cream into the palm of my left hand and started to rub it across her tanned back. Her skin flowed smoothly beneath my hand while I rubbed in the cream. I loved the way her tanned flesh rolled like waves, relaxed and yet firm, undulating close to my fingertips and regaining perfect form as my hands sought out new areas to explore.

I watched the Romeo as I squeezed more cream from the tube and dipped my hand around the top of her back and just below the armpit, feeling the soft flesh of her nubile breasts. I looked over at him deliberately, scowling and warning him that he would have to deal with me if he dared to approach her. Jennifer was no longer my daughter. She was my mistress and I was willing to die to protect her. I would kill him with a sword if need be, or take him out with a pistol at dawn. However he wanted to die was fine with me.

I continued to knead the sun cream deep into Jennifer’s flesh, my cock stiffening as I daydreamt about slipping my shaft between her buttocks into her tight and delectable pussy. The sight of her well-tanned back, the sharp angles of her shoulder blades and her perfectly skinny waistline culminating in the cutest of perfectly-rounded bottoms was purely for the pleasure of the man who was allowed to come close enough to enjoy those treasures. I was that man.

Romeo, knowing that he was defeated, looked away.

“You’re tickling me!” Jennifer said, wriggling and turning toward me.

“I’m sorry.” I replied, “I was thinking about something else.”

“I think so too!” she responded before turning back onto her stomach and settling down like a pussycat getting ready to snooze.

I finished smoothing the sun cream into her back. As she lay there, I kept looking over at her, observing her lithe young body and her perfect curves. I hadn’t been oblivious to her growing up and developing into a woman, but somehow I felt like she was different now. Sure, I had been attracted to her, as many fathers can be attracted to their daughter. Still, I had kept these thoughts to myself until now, even if I had occasionally allowed myself to indulge by masturbating to ideas of becoming more intimate with her. Something had changed, but I couldn’t grasp what it was.

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Later that evening we made our way to the beach club, a large wooden structure with a corrugated iron roof propped up on pillars and open sides to let the cool evening wind blow across the dance floor. Brightly coloured lanterns hung from the rafters like Christmas decorations, giving off the ambience of a year-round celebration. It was tacky, but suitably fun for a holiday dance club. The music was equally cheesy, comprising a combination of Euro-pop, techno and golden oldies for aging population.

I sat at the bar while Jennifer bopped on the dance floor. We’d been coming to this kind of resort for years, so we both knew the score. I would drink slowly, having a chat with either the barman or other Dads who were equally bored looking after their kids, while Jennifer would dance until she got bored enough to go back to the hotel. Occasionally guys would come up to her and ask her to dance, and she would engage with them for a while, but she never let them get too close to her.

I remember a couple of times when guys had tried to seduce her. Inevitably she looked at them and pointed at me, making sure they realized that her Dad was there to sort things out in case they wanted to cause her any trouble. It wasn’t like she was a Daddy’s girl. In fact, she had had a few boyfriends already, including a current one back at home. It was just that when we were together, she didn’t seem to need any other men around her.

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“Come on Dad, this is a good one” she said, beckoning me over to the dance floor.

I wasn't sure what was playing, but it sounded like something from the early nineties; a boy band I think.

I followed her onto the dance floor and shuffled about, trying to look somewhat coordinated, but knowing full well I was totally not. Jennifer smiled at me, swaying in perfect time to the music. She looked beautiful in her cute little white cotton dress with its bare shoulders and a deep neckline. As she wiggled about in front of me, I became mesmerized with her beauty. Her big brown eyes and bright white smile were certainly sexy, but the way she moved her curvaceous petite body was simply awesome. She turned her back to me and twisted her buttocks provocatively from side to side rhythmically, bending forward and then standing back up straight as the beat changed.

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The music changed to a slow dance, to which Jennifer beckoned me to join her. I put my arms around her waist and moved slowly, trying to gauge her pace. She pulled me closer to her, until we were practically skin to skin. Even though I was wearing a polo shirt and chinos, she felt naked beneath my hands. It was at that point that I realized there was just a thin piece of cloth between my hand and her flesh. My cock stiffened, and I tried to pull away to avoid the embarrassment, but she kept holding on tightly, even pulling herself more closely to me until I felt my erection rubbing against her thighs while we moved to the music. Jennifer put her head on my shoulders for the next few minutes, like a girlfriend to a boyfriend, while I enjoyed the sensation of my throbbing penis head brushing against her mound. I was taking a chance, I knew, but she could also pull back.

“I want to get it out of the way”, she said, finally.

“Get what out of the way?” I responded.

“The high tension between us.” She continued.

“Is it really that bad?” I asked, expecting her to want to talk about it.

“You know it is, Dad” She said, sighing deeply, “There's hardly a day goes by without it hanging there above us, ready to strike.”

“What can we do about it?” I continued.

“Let’s go for a walk” she responded.

Jennifer took me by the hand and led me down toward the beach.

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We stood there holding each other beneath the dark sky, our hearts pounding. Her breasts pressed firmly against my chest. I smelt her freshly washed hair, pushed my face into her neck and took a deep breath. The odour of her young and sweetly scented skin filled my head. I nuzzled her for a minute, and then kissed her earlobe. She shuddered when I did this, just as mother would have done. I knew that she would be wet, and indeed she was. I lifted the hem of her dress and slid my hand down into her white cotton panties. She was cleanly shaved, making her pussy feel as smooth as her face. I pressed a finger lightly against her clitoris, and started slowly rubbing her, gliding the wetness over her labia and teasing her as though I was going to penetrate, but each time pulling away just before the tip of my finger was about to explore inside.

After a while, Jennifer pulled away, no longer being able to stand straight while I teased her delicious mound. She reached down and tugged at the fly of my pants. Within seconds she had pulled my throbbing cock out into the night air, the gentle wind blowing across the shaft and adding to the excitement of seeing her beautiful hands stroking me. She firmly squeezed the head of my cock a couple of times before kneeling down and sliding her lovely lips over the tip. She flicked her tongue vigorously as she sucked, almost causing me to blow my load straight into her mouth. I had to pull back a couple of times for fear that it would all be over too soon.

“Slow down!” I whispered to her.

Jennifer looked up at me with a big grin on her face. Her eyes seemed larger than ever, her smile beaming from ear to ear. I gently ran my hands through her hair while she leaned forward and sucked more slowly at my shaft, drawing it in until it couldn’t go any deeper inside her mouth. She would hold it there for a few seconds, and then release it. I watched in awe as she repeated this motion several times, leaving traces of her red lipstick streaked over my swollen shaft.

Just as I was about to cum, Jennifer reached up with her right hand, taking me by my left, and pulled me down onto the sand next to her. She lay on her back, her knees raised and her legs wide apart, her white cotton dress raised to her waist, exposing her little white cotton panties. Even in the relative darkness of the night, I could see that she was very excited. Her panties were absolutely drenched with her love juices, traces of which had escaped and glistened as they dribbled down over her buttocks.

“Eat me!” she begged, grabbing her panties and swiftly pulling them off before resuming her spread-legged position.

I lay down in front of her and pushed my head between her thighs. I didn't need any further encouragement. The smell of her sex filled my nostrils while I engulfed her pussy in my mouth, darting my tongue at her clit and licking up her juices as quickly as I could. I wanted to swallow her whole, for her to become a part of me. Her pussy swelled up as I licked her, her juices continuing to flow. She would tense up and then release, making me well aware that she was about to cum. I continued to lap at her clitoris and darted my tongue inside her until finally she went stiff. Her climax seemed to take an eternity to happen, but when it did, her taught tummy relaxed and she squirted a massive jet of cum all over me. I sucked at her swollen pussy, trying to drink as much of her as I could as she writhed about uncontrollably.

She started crying softly as she finished her orgasm, signalling to me that she wanted me to enter her. I straddled over her, at first kneeling while I pushed the tip of my shaft inside her, and then lay down on top of her while I slid deep inside her.

We looked deeply into each other's eyes and pressed my lips against hers, embracing her passionately. Our tongues rolled together, darting in and out of each other mouths, exploring one another as we rolled about, and intertwined. I had never felt that stiff before, as though I could carry her full weight on my appendage. I frantically stroked at her hair while she ran her fingernails down my back, digging her nails into my flesh while I pushed my cock harder and harder into her juicy peach.

“Fuck me hard Daddy!” she screamed, looking at me with wild eyes.

“Oh fuck, yeah!” I gasped, feeling the stickiness of our sexes as they pounded together, her pussy sucking my cock right inside her and then expelling it by contracting heavily, then starting all over again.

“Fuck your little girl!” she continued, “I want your cock so bad!”

She sucked me inside her again, this time even deeper than before, holding me there for few seconds, enough time for my balls to tense up very tightly. We remained rigid for what seemed like an eternity, staring at each other intensely, aware of what was about to happen. To me, this was the journey of a lifetime come true, something I had anticipated and yet couldn't quite grasp; a deep yearning to experience the beauty of being fully in synch with each other, longing and caring for one another. It was a beautiful taboo.

Jennifer's eyes glazed over as I pumped my seed within her. She looked back at me, her mouth quivering as though she were about to cry. She looked innocent lying there beneath me while I filled her with streams of sticky cum. I imagined for a second what it would be like to be her, my stiff fleshy meat probing inside her, my love juices mingling with her own. Just as I thrust my cock into her for the last time, she dug her nails even more deeply into my back, held tight for a few seconds, and then her pussy proceeded to contract again. My shaft was pushed out of her as she squirted all over me once again. She screamed so loudly I was afraid that she could be heard from the bar.

Once her orgasm was complete, Jennifer started sobbing softly. I nestled up beside her and pulled my jacket over her to keep her warm. I gently kissed her little puckered lips, holding her tightly around the waist and pulling her toward me.

"Oh my God, that was good!" she said.

"It was absolutely divine!" I responded.

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We lay there for about a half an hour in total silence, holding each other in a semi-conscious state. We had exhausted one another, not only from the evening's events, but also I realized later, from the build-up to what had happened that evening. It was no accident that we had ended up making love.