Home Alone with Daddy Part 2

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Daddy, Daughter, Quality Time

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It was the day of Mum's departure. I had never been so happy to see her go, and come to think of it, neither had Dad. Normally, he goes into a huff with her the day before, saying he doesn't like it when she leaves. But this time, he had not said a word. I knew my plan was working.

For the past few days, I had been wearing a lot less. More often than not, I wore a pair of pyjama shorts that were loose but very short, like hotpants. They let a draft in, and if I lay down, you could see up them. Wearing them around the house turned me on more than ever.
I also liked wearing a plain white bandeaux with no bra. Whenever I was with Dad, my nipples were hard, so he had plenty to look at.

I deliberately walked in on him masturbating. Pretending I never noticed, making him embarrassed. I knew how horny he had been recently, and I planned to help him out as much as possible.

Anyway, the first day without Mum was pretty uneventful. I had planned to not do anything today, just incase she came back without notifying us. But in the evening, when I heard the shower turn on, I knew I had to do something.
Changing into my bandeaux and shorts, I pulled my hair up, as I knew he liked it like that, and went into the bathroom.

He wasnt hard, as I could tell.

"Dad, don't be scared, I'm just going to the toilet."

He laughed, "You better not take a shit."

"Ahah, ew, of course not."

I didnt even need to pee, I just wanted to see his hands around his cock.

I pulled my shorts down, sticking out my bum as I did so. I had gotten my curves from my Mum so I knew my Dad liked them.

He seemed to be looking. So, as I sat, I spread my legs a bit.

Almost instantly, his dick started to get hard. I knew that if I made him horny enough, he wouldn't think about why I was even in here.

I spread my legs wider, hands on my boobs. This time, he was quick to grab his cock, and slowly started to rub it. I smiled and let one of my hands drop to my pussy, rubbing it. I knew he could see me better than I could see him, so I didnt turn my head towards the shower, only my eyes.

I could hear his breathing. It was almost like a very quite moan. I felt thrills in my pussy. I leaned back and rubbed my clit faster, not wanting to dip my finger in just yet.
He quickened his pace slowly, not seeming to noticed he was moaning. But, he was moaning alright. It turned me on so much when he moaned, though they were very quiet, they gradually got louder, but not too loud.

I had to stick my finger in, and almost as soon as I started pulling back out, I felt myself go over the edge. I changed my pace quickly, so my hand was a blur. Dad quickened too, moaning louder this time. I let myself moan under the release I was feeling. After it had subsided, I left my finger in there for a moment, before bringing my fingers up to my face.

Knowing that my Daddy was watching, I licked and sucked on my fingers. He moaned louder, and I heard a slight patter, as the shower curtain was stained with his cum. In only a matter of seconds, the shower water had washed it off, but we both knew what we had seen.

After slipping out of the bathroom, I went into my room and locked the door. I was still very horny. I had just seen my dad cum, so it was understandable, and I wanted to bring myself again.

I got out my vibtrator, and had no trouble sticking it in as my walls were so wet. I closed my eyes and imagined it was Dad's cock, slamming in and out of me. I was moaning, but I knew the shower would drown out my noise. But then I thought, 'If I was going to be fucking him, what did it matter if he heard me moan?' So I moaned louder.

After a few minutes, the shower had turned off, and I heard the door open. I kept moaning.
Under the crack of my door, the light was blocked by two feet. I knew Dad had come to hear me. I kept moaning.

After a long, strong climax, I switched the vibrator off and got into bed.

At about two o'clock in the morning, I got out of bed and went into my Dad's room.

"Dad, can I come and sleep in here tonight? It's so cold in my room."

Daddy's face crumpled, but he was so tired, he didnt say anything, just rolled over so I had room to get in.

I snuggled up against him, feeling his limp cock on my arse crack.

I had an idea. Lifting up my top leg, I snuggled down again, so his cock was inbetween my legs as we slept.

I woke up to a poking on my crotch. I smiled, knowing it was my daddy's Morning Glory.
And a glory it was. Seeing that my dad was still asleep, I slowly rubbed against it, moving my shorts so my bare pussy was touching his cock.

I almost came right then, but I kept grinding.

I was slow, because I didnt want my dad to wake up, but he was definitely reacting, in his sleep. I had felt his hips move up with me.

It was only a few minutes after I had climaxed. I had just grinded on my Daddy's cock.

I closed my eyes, as I felt my Dad awaken from his sleep. He was still inbetween my legs, with my juices coating his cock. Pretending I was asleep, I heard him whisper, "Shit!" as he slowly moved away from me. Now, I didn't want that, so I tighted my legs around him. He groaned.

Sighing, he checked if my eyes were closed. They were, so he loosely held my hips, and slowly moved back and forth, grinding against my pussy. For the second time in half an hour, I was in ecstacy. I let him take this, only moving my hips when needed. He didn't hold back like me. He seemed to know I wasn't going to awaken, (HA!) and he gradually got faster. I wanted to spread my legs, but that would have given me away, so I pushed myself back, so his dick was running along my clit.

I heard quiet bed springs. I knew I was going to come any second, but I really wanted him to shoot up my crack first. He didn't disappoint. As soon as I felt the first string of his cum pour out, I climaxed into

the longest, best orgasm ever. But he didn't stop there. He had a lot of cum it seemed, so after about twenty seconds I was coming again. I couldn't believe it. Third time in half an hour. I didn't even think it was possible.

I decided it was time to confront each other, and I opened my eyes and turned my head to see him looking at me, with a weird expression on his face.

I reached out to kiss his lips.

He didn't hold back. I felt myself melt into him. His tongue was so soft, and tender. I could see why my Mum fell for him that was for sure.