

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

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When a father's love for his daughter is drawn to the edge, inevitably it will fall over.

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I'm not an inherently bad man, perhaps weak in a Christian sense but hey, let he who is without sin cast the first stone right? I have a sneaking suspicion, a hitherto unverified but significantly large percentage of fathers have at some stage, harbored many a Freudian fantasy as to their own daughters, be it admitted to or not. My guess is upwards of ninety percent.

In my particular case, having three girls at the time aged eighteen to twenty-one, all extremely pretty, I can vouch for having many excruciatingly hot flushes with but the slightest provocation.

My wife left me when the kids were very young, way pre-school, and I brought them up pretty damn well, even if I do say so myself. We lived in a smallish two bedroom house which with a young son additionally, necessitated one of the girls sleeping with me by rotation pretty much up to each one's tenth birthday.

This had continued blissfully and some might think surprisingly, without incident. I do not recollect having even the vaguest of fantasies throughout all those years of bathing them, washing, drying and brushing their hair and attending to their every needs, including rubbing cream on their vaginal areas when they developed rashes down that-a-way. Now I think back, how weird was that?

Whatever, I will admit to an extreme fascination with the female body. Have always had it. I would do nothing to hurt, abuse or affront a young girl's well-being but if anyone out there wants to try convincing me that making love to a young and willing teenager, be it your own daughter or someone else's, is not to die for, then hell, that's some task you've set for yourself.

So, with that brief background let me return to the tale at hand. Like many other healthy male heterosexuals, let alone one having no female companion for twelve years or so, I discovered on the net, a wealth of er, "remarkably pleasant" images let us say, of young girls in some rather introspective positions.

Call me twisted, but I find pictures of pretty girls being spanked extremely arousing. Not the thirty-eight year old multiple face-lifted bondage freaks with faces like Genghis Khan after a losing battle, posing as schoolgirls – talk about instant sterility - but genuinely young girls being soundly spanked. If you look, they are there. I suspect my liking for this erotic phase came from having a really adventurous girlfriend in my late twenties who we discovered by accident, loved being spanked herself. She was tiny and with the cutest of bottoms, but could take whatever I dished out...and it was the greatest precursor to sex I ever experienced. For her as well I'd be thinking.

However I digress. My computer library of "hot images" was coming along nicely (as it were). When the children were asleep I would peruse minutely and on full-screen, each and every teenage curve. Around this time I started seeing my own girls in a different (Oh God, how different) light - most especially Kirsty, the nineteen-year old. Why her? I have no idea. Small to medium size well-shaped breasts (my personal preference), cute rear-ends and slim curvy bodies. Since the eldest at that time, looked seventeen and the youngest much the same, they appeared for all the world like triplets and are often mistaken for such. So you get the picture I think.

The night in question, I didn't hear her come up the stairs to my room. Whilst luckily I was in no compromising situation (give me another five minutes, I might have been) I did have a couple of images up on screen which were definitely not for family viewing. One of a girl bending over a bed while her dad spanked her and another of a quite young girl over some guy's knee as he pulled her knickers down. It could have been worse!

"Oh my God dad...that's disgusting!" said Kirsty. I spun round, not even having the presence of mind to turn the screen off. In circumstances like this I always figure attack is the best form of defense.

"No Kirsty, its not disgusting," I said, and in an effort to defend the indefensible added, "If looking at pictures of girls getting spanked is "wrong" OK, I'm guilty, but hey, you came into my room...I didn't intrude on your space." She put her hands on her hips and looked so appealing that second in her PJ's, I had thoughts I really shouldn't have.

"I suppose that's true dad," she said, "It just surprised me – I can't imagine you looking at pictures like that!"

"There's a lot worse than this going around Kirsty," I replied, "Sure you've seen your share on the Net yourself. She blushed...and nodded.

She was glancing at the two pictures on my screen, "You like the idea of spanking young girls do you dad?" It was a fair question!

I looked at her quizzically, I thought of mentioning little Sarah from all those years ago, but thought better of it.

"Well, only in as much as most men would probably enjoy spanking girls given half a chance Kirsty, if you want to be honest about it. It doesn't do any harm you know."

She sat there alongside my computer desk, hands resting on her legs her breasts barely evident under her fluffy top...not that I was looking.

"Do you think about us that way dad?" she pouted.

"What? You and your sisters?...hardly," I lied. "What a question Kirsty!"

"Well, I bet you do sometimes...you just wouldn't admit it." she said.

"True, I wouldn't," I replied. "Anyway, shouldn't you be heading off back to bed? What made you get up?" (It was way past midnight)

She stretched in the chair. "Couldn't sleep dad, it's really hot tonight." It was too as it happened.

"Ok cutie," I said, turning back to the screen and switching back to the business web-site I was working on. "Well, off you go, catch you in the morning sweetie."

She got up and put her arms round me and gave me the most lovely hug. "Goodnight dad" she said

and turned to go.

"Are you sure you don't think about spanking us?" she giggled. Now she was being cheeky!

I turned round. "No way Kirsty...but if you keep asking naughty questions like that, I might change my mind and put you over my knee!"

I think I caught the slightest evolution of a smirk, "You wouldn't dare!"

"Is that a challenge kiddo?" I said, "If so, it's not a line I'd pursue if I were you." My mind was working overtime. "Please God, let her pursue it!"

Little Kirsty, all five foot two of her, stood her ground. "You're all talk dad," she teased, a smile on her pretty face.

I grabbed her arms and pulled her to me. She put up the merest semblance of a struggle as I tugged her across my knee. God, how hot was that curvy bottom? I gave her an exploratory smack, the mere contact with that part of her anatomy enough to send the testosterone into hyperdrive. She wriggled on my lap and whether intentionally or not – I suspect not, I could feel her breasts making contact with my knee.

The next smack was noticeably harder. I think it shocked her a little. She gave a little yelp of surprise but being the feisty cutie she's always been, turned her head towards me and said, "Is that supposed to hurt dad?" I was staring meanwhile at the top few centimetres of her light blue panties that had been exposed by the spanks and that delightful little gap between PJ pants and top that exposed a ribbon of soft skin around her lower back and just a hint of the delicate inward curve above her hips.

The third smack was a beauty!

As she momentarily arched her back in surprise, her beautiful shoulder length curly-brunette hair jiggling now, I had the greatest urge to put my arm beneath her and to take hold of her beautiful breasts as I knew they must be, having almost seen them in their entirety earlier that year when a towel slipped as she exited the bathroom. Of course I resisted, and delivered a fourth spank.

"Ouch dad" she cried. I stayed my hand.

"Had enough?" I asked her. "I think I've proved my point!"

"Not a wimp dad," she said and presented her bottom for more.

"Tell you what," I said, "Let's make it interesting then," having said which I tugged her PJ bottoms down a-ways before she could react.

"Dad," she cried, reaching round to try and pull them back up. "You can see my panties!" I pulled her hand away!

"So Kirsty? Seen way more than that before. I did used to bath you once you know! Besides you still have your knickers on, what's the problem?" I gave her another smack to be going on with.

With only the thin nylon protecting both her modesty and her skin now, the spanks were way more effective - in more ways than one. The feel of her young bottom directly beneath my hand was doing wonders for my masculine ego as well as other areas of my anatomy that I hoped Kirsty hadn't yet noticed. Her beautiful rear-end was now wonderfully defined as the light blue material clung to her cheeks and highlighted every curve...and she has just so many!

I began to spank her in earnest and instead of crying out for me to stop as I had expected, it felt to me

that she was literally riding the crest of a completely new sensation, one that evidently was not unpleasant to her. Again, I couldn't be sure of her intent or otherwise, but it seemed to me that as the intensity of the spanking increased she was allowing my knee to increase the pressure directly on her pussy. I would have sworn she was literally exerting downward pressure right on her clitoral area. Certainly her bottom was now elevated more than it had been.

"Well sweetheart," I muttered, "Seems you have a talent for this. You want me to stop?' She didn't answer but simply shook her head slightly. God was being kind this night, no two ways about it. I tugged her PJ's right down now and she kicked them off. Just the sight of her hot little bum jiggling with each spank, left those images on the screen for dead.

The tops of her legs, just beneath her panties were quite red now, we needed to go that last step. I slipped my fingers beneath the waistband and started to tug them down.

At first I thought she was going to let me – I had her bottom half uncovered and was staring entranced at the beginning of her youthful crevice when she said "No dad, don't pull them down!" and reached around to stop any further progress. I knew it was now or never.

"You want to find out what a real spanking's like Kirsty?" I told her, "It has to be on your bare bottom – no other way!...Can't handle that huh?" She withdrew her hand.

I think I detected a coronary coming-on but hell, it was worth it. Quickly tugging those hot little knickers right down, they went the way of her PJ's as she kicked them off and lay there breathing almost as heavily as was I. There right in front of my eyes – the sight I'd long dreamed of seeing, my daughter's naked young butt. The thin material had after all, afforded her a degree of protection...her rear-end was less red than her legs. I aimed to balance up the ledger.

The first few spanks were not too hard – more of an exploratory nature. As they intensified though, two things happened. Whether by design or accident, her legs began to gape a little and I was privy, from that angle at least, to the incredibly arousing view of the hint of curly dark pubic hair surrounding the just-visible inward extremity of her pussy. At the same time was brought on, the hardest erection I had ever had. She must surely have felt it between her hips as I spanked her. Either way, there was no denying the downward pressure now, as she made good use of my knee on her clitoral area. I wasn't complaining!

A combination I suspect of the spanking and her wriggling, had caused her top to ride upwards slightly and the view, let me tell you, was all good news. Like most teenage girls, she had no real need of wearing a bra to bed and this was made evident anyway as in her wriggling, I felt her soft and obviously unprotected breasts once in a while, against the top of my left leg.

Convinced I could always plead temporary insanity if we got to trial, I allowed my left hand to trace a path beneath her shoulders and before she had time to figure out the game plan, I just reached under, cupped her left breast and fondled it. It was the most pleasurable moment of my life bar none, short-lived though it was!

"No dad...don't do that!" She sounded serious. Interesting though I thought, she didn't actually wriggle free or pull my hand away. I moved it nonetheless.

"Sorry sweetie," I replied. "Just couldn't help it. You are so beautiful you know and I love you. I guess

I just forgot myself. Please forgive me." Her bottom was really red now and I stopped spanking her. She just lay across me breathing heavily. I hadn't really thought about it up until that point but she was I realized, naked except for that little top.

What happened next just about fried my few remaining active brain cells. Kirsty replied "That's alright dad, I love you too," as she took my hand and returning it to her breasts held it tight against them. I was experiencing undeniably the defining moment of my life – well, up to that point at least! Her breasts were perfect. I very gently held them, the palms of my hands passing softly across her obviously hardened and aroused nipples. I felt her wriggle on my lap, her soft hair in gentle motion around her shoulders.

My right hand remained on her bottom, just gently smoothing over the soft and now bright-red skin. It must really have been stinging her. As I became more adventurous fondling her breasts, holding them together and then gently rubbing my thumb and forefinger on her nipples I could feel her increasing arousal. I have no doubt she could feel mine too.

"Is it really sore?" I asked quite inanely, patting her bottom as once I did when she was a baby, to get her off to sleep. That I have to say, being the last thing I had in mind for her right now.

"Yes it is dad," she murmured, one hand still clasping my hand to her breasts. She was making little gasps of pleasure now as I manipulated first one nipple then the other. Not wanting to break the spell, I tried to pull her up on to my lap in a sitting position.

"Oh dad, I have to put my panties back on," she said, covering her pussy with her hands.

"You don't have to sweetheart, but if you want to you can," I replied, a tad irritated with myself for having moved her.

She reached down, stretched out her arms and retrieved her knickers while still half sitting on my lap. As she wriggled into them, I had a final, utterly delightful view of her taut red bottom as it disappeared beneath the soft blue material. She was sitting back to me now and resting her head against my chest as she continued to let me fondle her breasts. I had two hands free for the job now and slipping them back under her top, gently squeezed each breast as I nuzzled her neck. She smelt so young and beautiful.

"I really should go to bed dad now dad," she whispered, "We shouldn't be doing this should we?" Thinking desperately how to prolong this obviously never-to-be-repeated moment, I elected to use some elementary psychology in my answer.

"Kirsty, this is just a special moment in both our lives, one that will never happen again most likely and can you blame me wanting to hold on to it for a while? I love you so much and sharing this with you just gives me a way of showing how much I love you. It might not be what I'm supposed to do but it is what I want to do. Do you understand that?"

She sat there thinking and melting beneath my caresses – I could feel her heavy breathing as I rubbed her breasts a little harder. I kissed her neck and all but came in my pants. Her legs spread a little, quite involuntarily I noticed. Before she could make any reply I said to her.

"Let me ask you one last thing Kirsty. Would you let me take your top off – only for a moment and let me see your breasts just this once?"

I could sense her inner conflict. Trying to balance what she thought was "right" against what she innately wanted to do. She turned her head to me and replied.

"Oh dad, I really shouldn't but if you promise it's just one quick look...I'll let you."

I'd have promised anything...to castrate myself if necessary! I had her stand by the chair and then I simply reached up and pulled her top over her head as she raised her arms for me. I'm not sure I can convey to you quite the intimacy and wondrous beauty of that moment. Her blushing, made it truthfully that much more memorable. Standing there in just her knickers, through which I could clearly see both the outline of her pussy and the dark curls framing it, I was just mesmerized by the absolute symmetry and iconic design of the female form in all its teenage perfection. I took her hands, no premeditated intent this time, and just drew her to me before kissing her right breast softly.

She gave out something that was a cross between a moan and a gasp and just stared down at her body as I kissed the other side. Then completely on auto-pilot, I leant forward and took her left nipple in my lips and sucked her gently. This time there was no doubt – it was a fully fledged moan!

"NO dad.." she half stammered, "Don't...please!" Her body language totally conflicted with this statement. I moved base-camp to her right breast and pulled her to me until she was sitting again on my lap. After attending to both sides a multiplicity of times, by which time she was laying against my arms her nipples fully erect and her breasts thrust forward, I kissed her full on the lips. It was the greatest kiss of my life, erasing all before it. That she responded made it what it was. At that moment, I loved her like none preceding her. My daughter – maybe, but this was more. This was true adoration and a love I simply could not define. I didn't need to!

As I mentioned, I have long since been an admirer of sculptured smaller breasts...Kirsty is probably a 32 B. They beg to be held, caressed, kissed and loved. I did it all. I think she sensed my love of her and my restraint. When you think about it, sitting on a forty-something year-old man's lap in just your knickers, having your nipples sucked, might be considered a risky proposition for the average virgin! In the emotional condition that I found myself that night, the risk-factor was definitely well-founded. I should warn the slavering reader at this juncture that the evening did not degenerate into an orgiastic sex-fest of incestuous gropings, rape and sodomy...that's not what this is all about in case you hadn't noticed. All I ever wanted to do here was to share with you all a father's incredibly loving experience with an equally loving and beautiful young daughter. Ultimate sexual fulfilment is emotional not physical. It regenerates, recalls and satisfies – an orgasm dies a quick death, it bequeaths no lasting memory.

Part II

As Kirsty lay against me that night, hands at her side, she made eye contact with me that betrayed the multitude of emotions I knew she was experiencing. Pleasure of course at the physical aspect – quite subconsciously, she was supporting her own breasts now as I gently sucked her beautiful nipples, and how hot was that to see? Concern – that inherently what she was doing was perhaps wrong. Betrayal to a degree – that the person she had always relied-on and trusted was maybe exploiting her child-like innocence. I also felt the love she had for me.

I saw it all in those questioning pale blue eyes. I withdrew my mouth and held her hands.

"Kirsty," I said, "Sometimes we find ourselves in a situation we had never expected to be in. This is one such time. There isn't a right or wrong to this one and frankly I can only be open and honest with you now."

She was sitting there looking just so innocent and angelic, I had to give her another kiss before continuing.

"You see? That kiss tells me how much you love me – I can feel it. There is nothing "dirty" about this. I respect you not just as my daughter but as the beautiful young woman you've become. Please believe that I will never hurt you. If social etiquette dictates that I am not supposed to have these feelings, well too bad – I make no apology for them."

She smiled then and took my hand.

"I know dad," she said. "And I trust you completely. It's my own feelings I'm not so sure about." I liked the sound of that I have to admit, but elected to make no comment.

Then absolutely to my amazement she put her arms around my neck and kissed me really passionately. Momentarily stunned, albeit most pleasantly, I took hold of her waist and eased her around on my lap so that she was facing me, legs either side. I pulled her to me until her breasts were pressed up against my shirt and I could plainly feel her nipples still erect as ever.

I lowered my lips to her neck just above her hairline and kissed her a little below her left ear. She squirmed and looked at me in that pleading way that girls do when they are aroused.

"Oh dad..." she started to say, but I kissed her hard on the lips once again and with my right hand very gently began squeezing and fondling her left breast as before. Kirsty's eyes closed and I whispered to her how much I loved her. As we kissed, I let my hands follow the contours of her beautiful body – down her slim waist, across her hips and slipping my hands behind her, I cupped her bottom cheeks and held her tight against me. I knew she must surely feel my erection now but if she did, she made no acknowledgment of the fact.

Holding her like that was obviously arousing her further as she began to wriggle imperceptibly, breathe heavily and rub herself against my lower abdomen. I left my right hand where it was and withdrew my left. It was I figured, high-noon – nothing to lose. I put my hand down between her legs and just rubbed the front of her panties.

Expecting an outpouring of protest, an exit stage right, or at the very least, her dialling 911 with her spare hand, I was not prepared for nothing happening! She wriggled more between my kissing her but the harder the pressure I applied to the front of her panties...the more intense she kissed me. Using just my two fingers, I could feel the softness of her vaginal ingress the whole way down. I knew she must be very wet by now but as yet it hadn't penetrated the soft material.

She pulled back her pretty head and with her hands on my shoulders just looked at me - all innocence.

Retrieving my left hand from under her bottom I began to knead her right breast, giving her erect nipple the attention it so deserved. She watched my progress quite without interruption. My right hand meanwhile travelled due south as I slipped my fingers beneath the waistband of her knickers. Reaching that which I sought, I felt the wetness now...as well as the heat.

She started to say "No dad," but her heart really wasn't in it. She knew it – I knew it. In a vertical movement I used all four fingers to caress the length of her wonderfully unexplored pussy (and I had no doubts as to that score!) She moaned and just gripped my shoulders. I felt her shudder with the full-on arousing experience it just had to be for her. She widened her legs and looked at me both lovingly and sexily. I caressed her pussy again...harder this time with one finger just barely separating the lips the entire descent.

Pulling my hand out, I lowered it between her legs and just gently deploying the material to one side, I pushed a finger very carefully in between her labia but not to any great depth. She moaned again and whispered something that sounded like "Oh that's so nice!" For a while I did no more than simply maintain a gentle in-out motion, all the time looking at her pretty face and kissing her lovingly.

She was getting wet to the point of a tropical rainforest at this stage and yet I was thinking only of her youthful beauty, how wonderful she felt, how much I loved her and desired her and for all that, I would have been absolutely content to go no further. In all honesty I think it was more at her urging and unspoken commitment that we'd gotten even this far!

For a long time now...pretty much since Kirsty had reached puberty and especially since her first period – she was quite a late-starter at 13, I, like myriad other fathers I suspect, absolutely dreaded the thought of her losing her virginity. Ostensibly to a boy such that all fathers remember with fearful reality they themselves once were. The image of your beautiful teenage daughter having some inexperienced scum-bag ramming it up her, is just too much to contemplate. So completely unfounded and unreasonable really. Were not we that same very "inexperienced scumbag" at nineteen or twenty? I don't recall placing too much emphasis myself on a father's feelings at that age. Just running on instinct – if it moves and it's in a skirt – you fuck it! If I could have my time over or even go back in time...I would apologize to every father whose worst nightmare I totally justified. In that regard, one might view having your own teenage daughter in years to come as karmic payback! I was becoming more adventurous, using two fingers now. Kirsty was breathing heavier and quite obviously beginning to respond to my fingering, her hips moving rhythmically to my gently dexterous thrusting. I could feel the beginnings of resistance as I located the hymenal barrier. Switching tactics, I used my thumb now to set up a vibratory pattern on her clitoris. She seemed embarrassed by the effect it was having and made as if to move my hand. I whispered "Its OK Kirsty just let go and let me give you the benefit of my experience. Let me make you cum sweetie...just this once!"

I think she was about to say "You shouldn't be doing this dad" or something similar but fortunately I think I had her way too far down the track to even think about the nearest exit. Feeling her build-up to that orgasm was just an unrepeatabe privilege. Her entire body stiffened as the final frontier neared and on sheer instinct her own hand dropped to her lap. As she was gripped by what was probably a series of seismic waves, she grasped my hand and held it hard against her pussy. My two fingers were still inside. I felt her cum and I kissed her as it flooded center stage.

So sensitive was she down there seconds after, she could bear neither my fingers or her own in the proximity of that abused little pussy. I just held her to me and hugged her. "That was the most beautiful moment of my life Kirsty," I truthfully admitted, aware now how desperately needful I was of

my own release.

As if reading my thoughts she replied "Oh dad..and I'm the one has had all the pleasure!" I recall thinking then just how much I would like to have asked her to give me a blow-job but that I could not demean her thus....even had she been agreeable. My erection was actually painful, being as it was, pretty much directly beneath her rear-end. Kirsty looked down and shuffling upwards a fraction, put her hands at my zipper uttered to my total incredulity,

"Can I get him out dad? I've never seen or touched one you know." I think if I had tried to answer her I would have sounded like Barry Gibb midway through "Jive Talking" so I simply nodded.....I'm sure I blushed too.

As she unzipped me, it was my turn to gasp. She took hold of my erection.....not too hard to find in that condition, and drew it out. The head was but inches from the front of her knickers, not that I believe she was even thinking along those lines. Simply the contact of her small hands with that most sensitive piece of equipment was achieving wonders both physiologically and emotionally. Whether by instinct – it definitely wouldn't have been by experience – or by sheer good fortune, she began to slide her delicate hand along the shaft experimentally. I was obliged to tell her that if she kept that up, she could expect a resolution the like of which she definitely wasn't prepared for.

It seemed an opportune moment for me to tell her how I really felt about the whole virginal thing and how desperately unhappy such concepts had made me in the past. She heard me out (still patting and sliding the length of my erection) then asked "So what are you saying dad?"

Really concentrating on her ministrations and feeling a comfortable hive of inner activity starting up, I wasn't sure quite how to answer her.

"I wasn't really making any particular point Kirsty," I replied, "Just that I can't bear the thought of you losing your virginity to some dickwad."

She looked at me, the cutest little expression on her face. "Do you want to make love to me dad? Is that what you're trying to say?"

"Well, no it's not what I was trying to say sweetie," I replied half-choking, "but yes, of course I would like to. I would be just so gentle and loving...something I don't think you're going to find in anyone under 25 ..What am I saying....under 55!"

She sat back a little on my lap, her pert breasts jiggling as she did so. She seemed quite comfortable being topless in my presence now. I was even more comfortable! "Would it hurt dad?" she asked, like she had been giving the matter quite some thought.

"Well this is where having a considerate and understanding partner comes in sweetie," I answered her. "Most girls say they feel some "pressure," some do bleed a little admittedly and many say they didn't feel anything at all. Its like childbirth I suppose - everyone feels it differently. I know one thing though Kirsty, if it was hurting you, I would stop – I could never bear to hurt you."

She sat there for a moment or two looking quizzically at me yet still keeping the most pleasant of sensations travelling the length of my erection. Then the words surely most every father dreams of hearing. "I want you to make love to me dad. I love you and I trust you and I want to give you my virginity, I don't want you to take it. I'm not ovulating, so it's a safe period dad. We can never do this

again though...you know that don't you?"

Regrettably I had known this since that first spank but that was OK, it could only serve to make it more memorable.

"Oh Kirsty," I whispered, "I just love you so much, I don't know what else I can say?" I lifted her from my lap – I doubt she weighs more than 53 kilos. I carried her across to my bed and laid her on it. Before anything I figured that closing and locking the door might be a move borne out of common sense. Highly unlikely either of my other daughters would be stirring, but why risk it?

Returning to the bed I looked down at my daughter – as attractive a young girl as it is possible to envisage. Lying there expectantly in just her panties, she presented an image of such overwhelming desire that my heart was close to needing a pacemaker. I knelt on the bed and kissed her on the lips as she once again took hold of my erection. Slipping my thumb beneath her waistband I pulled her panties down and met no resistance this time. She let me take them off and toss them on the floor. I just had to kneel there taking in her complete nakedness and the utter perfection of her being. That beguiling triangle of curly dark brown hair literally took my breath away. I pulled her legs fractionally apart and felt her involuntarily stiffen.

Leaning over her I kissed her hard on her tummy then lowered my lips to her beautiful mound and kissed it. She was wriggling her hips at this stage and breathing heavier than even before. It all seems so long ago now. Moving lower I kissed her gently on her pussy, feeling the wetness and smelling that scent of youthful femininity. I spread her legs wider now and knelt between them. Even if I were to die in the next thirty seconds I recall thinking, either through bad luck or divine intervention – it's been well worth it to experience the last two minutes of this life.

Little Kirsty was watching my every move now, probably with a healthy degree of trepidation. I put two fingers at the opening of her pussy – she was very wet and jumped a little at my touch. As I placed the head of my erection right at the entrance, I saw her stiffen again and bent over to kiss her breasts and to just hold her hands above her head. I whispered to her that it would be OK and not to worry about my hurting her. While doing this I pushed softly and she gave a little gasp – partly of pleasure, partly apprehension and partly I suspect, her own desire.

Took all the time in the world getting her used to having the penile head making the vaguest of headway. Judging by her wetness it was definitely a case of "so far, so good!" Never having actually deflowered a virgin Kirsty's age (my wife was one, but at 20 pretty much all the hymen had crumbled to ruin, probably courtesy of my fingers...or even her own) I wasn't sure whether the best approach was to use C4 and push through it on full power, or to just increase the pressure until entry was effected. I tested the waters by pushing a little harder. Kirsty clung to me and said "I can take it dad...keep going!" But seconds later I knew it was hurting her badly despite her braveness.

"Please dad, I really want you to do it to me," she said, not far short of tears I suspected. I had in mind additionally that if I didn't, someone else probably would, and with far less gentility too. Thus I pulled a pillow across and set it beneath her bottom, elevating her pussy, I also spread her legs more and positioned myself closer to her. This time I held both her arms, kissed her and pushed in with increasing pressure. She clung to me and I felt the hymen "give" marginally.

Tears came to her pretty eyes and I knew I had to do it then or not at all. She gave a cry of what must have been real pain but I was through and I pushed deeply into her. The sudden awareness of what I was doing to my own daughter catalysed my emotions – I was functioning now purely on emergency over-ride and the need to fill her pussy to overflowing drove me to new levels of penetrative delight. For her, the pleasure obviously outweighed the pain after several seconds as she lost her "reluctance" and bore my full weight, drawing her knees up and thrusting upwards with her own hips. I knew it would be the greatest release I had ever had and I wasn't far wrong.

It wasn't a case of her screaming out "fuck me dad" or even me shouting "I'm coming," it was simply all over very quietly. She knew I was about to cum and she just whispered at that second "I love you daddy" as her vaginal muscles instinctively gripped the invader. Nothing at that second could have made me hotter. She gasped as I filled her and then I noticed a few tears forming. There had been some blood loss and I asked her had I hurt her badly?

She just lay there with me on top of her and said not to worry it was all just very emotional for her but that she had loved it. I then simply pulled the covers over us and she slept with me that night fully naked. How many times must I have woken up during the night holding her in my arms and then just feeling the urge to suckle her gently until she stirred in her sleep? I must be honest, I made love to her again early the next morning before the others awoke.

Putting aside the sexual delights however and never was there a more willing student - take my word for it, neither of us for one moment lost sight of the incorruptible bond of love we shared during the entire episode. I have never had an experience to match it, before or since.

Exactly what her concentration levels were at College that day one can only surmise. With cum trickling out of her pussy for most of the morning I imagine, she must have been majorly distracted at times.

Since that wondrous night, it never happened again despite both inclination and opportunity. Why? I'll tell you why! Because there can never again be any need to. It remains what it was when it was. The most loving of events whose memory would forever be sullied by its repetition. Kirsty knows this and the only reminder of that night is that once in a while she kisses me on the lips in passing and simply whispers "I'll always love you dad!"

For my part, I can never again fret over time spent with any boyfriend. No lover or husband even, can take away from her that which she has already given to me.

But Oh, how I look at young Emma now, simply to imagine.....