Lisa, me and my dad

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Published on Lush Stories on 27 Dec 2006

Teen discovers a few things about her friend and father

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/lisa-me-and-my-dad.aspx

It was late, far later than my Catholic parents would ever have let me stay up. My eyes were drowsy, closing on their own accord in two-minute intervals. Part of me was aware of a tingling reaction to "Dirty Dancing, " which Lisa had just watched with me for the first time, but the rest of me was nearing exhaustion. I would have already been asleep but for the fact that Lisa was still talking, still trying to elicit responses from me.

"Ohmygod, do you think I should dance like that with Tony at the next dance? That's how he wants me to act like. Katie? Katie, I don't even think I could do that!"

I mumbled something encouraging to her, but she wanted a more coherent response. "No, really, I have these jeans that I could cut up real high, and that white shirt thing she did was real easy. I could do that. Do you think it would look good on me? Katie? Give me your honest opinion!" She shook me a little, insuring that I was paying attention. It was cruel. My poor sixteen-year-old body just wanted rest, even if it had to take it on this crappy couch in this crappy basement. I opened my eyes blearily at her and tried to give her the answer she wanted.

I didn't want to hurt her feelings, but she wasn't built like Jennifer Grey. Lisa's face was pretty enough - beautiful even - with porcelain-like skin and delicate features framed by impossibly, amazingly beautiful long red hair. And her body was alright - she had medium sized, full breasts and a fine, narrow waist (smaller, in fact, than mine). It was below the waist that I looked critically at: her hips were disproportionately full and round, tapering only slightly to thighs that, no matter how much she worked at them and starved herself, were still very large and white, with premature amounts of cellulite pimpling plainly just under that translucent skin. And her poor legs were just logs after that, shapeless and sinfully wide. I couldn't really understand why one half of her was so pretty and the other half so . not. The waist on downward ruined the whole aesthetic set up by her upper half. Not that most guys had a problem with the aesthetics, it seemed. She had more than her share of male attention.

I blinked back some of the sleep and replied, "The shirt thing would look good on you. But leave the

pants long." Her mouth opened in an offended "O" while I hurried to save myself, "Didn't Tony say he likes your chest better?" Lisa nodded, her outrage fading to sorrow.

"It's my thighs isn't it?" She slapped at her thick thighs bulging out from her short pajama bottoms. "I think Tony hates them." "Don't worry about it, "I replied, already drowsing again. "You shouldn't worry so much about Tony anyway." Almost two full minutes of silence ensued. I began the half-dreaming state where we carried on our conversation in a double-decker bus on the way to Japan. Abruptly, Lisa bounced off the couch with a suspiciously cheery, "Goodnight! I'll be upstairs, okay?" And she hurried off without another word, before her declaration could even sink in to my sleep- craving brain. Suddenly, it was silent all around me, and very, very dark except for the glow from the muted and meaningless T.V. The bus to Japan was a distant memory. I was wide awake now. What, I was supposed to sleep here?

I looked around me with wide eyes. I hated basements. My own was bad enough - rank and dreary and a depository for all unused boxes that came our way. This one was a hundred times worse; not only because it was strange to me, but also because they'd actually tried to turn it into livable space and had failed, cheaply, at it. The paneling (I hate paneling, I thought savagely to myself) was pale and only served to reflect the artificial light with an even more artificial glare. It was cold and silent and spooky. The windows were tiny notches of hazy moonlight near the ceiling. I was miserable. And I'm supposed to sleep here? I thought again.

I was starting to seriously regret spending the night. This was the first time I'd ever spent the night at Lisa's house, and it had been nothing but weirdness from minute one. Every other friend's house had normal rules and normal set-ups, and no one had ever abandoned me to sleep in a dank basement while they'd gone upstairs to sleep in their comfy, comfy beds. For starters, it was fine if we went to "visit" the boys down the street - which ended up with Lisa making out with one of them underneath the pine trees and smoking surreptitiously afterward. But it was absolutely forbidden to eat the ranch dressing in the refrigerator. Her older brother was allowed to curse like a sailor, but if we so much as uttered the word "crap, " her mother tore into us, insisting that "ladies don't talk like that." And it was fine if we stayed up until 2 in the morning but we weren't allowed to use the telephone. Weird rules. When I first got there and noticed that the fold-out couch in the living room was made up into a cozy-looking bed, I made as if to jump on it -- assuming it was ours to sleep on that night. "Nooooo!" shrieked Lisa almost hysterically as I started to jump. "That's where Daddy sleeps when he gets home from work late!!!" As if I were to just automatically know that. So everyone had a snug little bed but me, the guest. Great. And I really didn't have that much fun all evening.

For a few minutes, I considered just accepting it and sleeping crammed onto the couch. But when I actually lay down across the length of it and tried to recapture my former drowsiness, I discovered the uncomfortable fact that the middle cushion was fully three inches higher than the two ends. Which left

me feeling like I was sleeping on a camel hump. For about a half hour after that, I tried to sleep sitting up. It was no use. There was no way my brain was going to doze off now. I crept upstairs. Everything was dark, pitch black. I didn't know my way around well enough to keep from knocking over the trash can and some empty two-liter bottles. I winced at the noise at first, but then started thinking Why should I be quiet? It's their fault I'm roaming around. I found the bathroom and sealed myself inside. At least there I could have a bright light and an acceptable interior. The toilet seemed comfortingly familiar, and I sat on its factory-made lid while trying to think. It was too late to call my parents to pick me up. It was too late and too rude to wake up her mother to ask if she would drive me home. Lisa was already asleep, and I was too mad at her to even think about talking to her. Dammit, I swore self-consciously in my young head. The bathtub was starting to look like a bed.

My mind kept returning to the fold-out bed so nice and inviting, just a few feet away. Her father wasn't home now, at 2:30 a.m., and it suddenly occurred to me that maybe he wouldn't come home - Lisa had mentioned that her parents were having "marital troubles, " whatever that meant. Part of me was willing to sleep in the bathtub to avoid putting anyone out over my little basement complex, but the rest of me cried out: Screw that! A half minute later, I found myself cuddling gratefully into the soft covers of the fold-out bed, finally feeling all right with the evening. I fell almost instantly asleep.

I had only been asleep for maybe an hour when I drowsily felt my hand being moved across the bed. My brain was too asleep to care at first until it registered that my hand was being stroked across something fleshly stiff and blazingly hot. What the hell is that? I wondered sleepily, then realized further that there was a warm mass behind me, a body. My hand was being rhythmically pumped along whomever's body part this was, and suddenly I heard a low groan from the person behind me. "Oooohh...Lisa, baby, Daddy's so glad you're here." He groaned again, and pumped my hand harder. At that point, I felt a smear of hot slickness descend under my hand, feeling like warm oil as my hand was rubbed over and over it. My eyes opened wide in the darkness. Oh God It's Lisa's dad. It was pitch black, almost four in the morning, and I couldn't see anything.

I was fully awake now, in a shock. A dawning realization came over me, and I began to have a sinking idea of what was going on. This is a penis? I thought back to this afternoon when I'd glanced over and seen Lisa rubbing the front of the boy's jeans, where a hump of about this size and length had been clearly visible. On the heels of that, I nearly gasped and thought: He thinks I'm Lisa.

The only thing I could think to do was lie perfectly still. I was hoping he'd just fall asleep so I could sneak out of the bed and pretend nothing had happened. Lisa's dad had other ideas, though, and he had a death grip on my left hand, thrusting his hard penis into my embracing palm. He grunted, low and urgent, and I could feel rough hairs tickling the edge of my hand at every downstroke. He groaned again, "God, Lisa, I was hoping you'd be here tonight . Daddy needed you so bad." The wetness under my hand had grown significantly, almost coating my entire hand with it, and I could

now hear the faint mushy noises that were arising from the lubricated action. I was just beginning to feel a slight tingling in my belly when Lisa's dad began pushing down on my shoulders, pushing me under the covers. He maneuvered my body around, moaning, "Put it in your mouth now, baby - you know that's what Daddy likes best." I was keeping my body as inert as possible, but he had worked me around so that my face was in his hands, helpless, at waist- level. I could suddenly feel the steamy oiled tip of his penis pressing against my lips, urging itself into my mouth. Shit! This must be what Lisa does . what should I do? But by then, the pre-cum slickened cocktip had slid its way into the hot wet interior of my mouth. I had no choice but to open wide. I tried not to think about it, but the tingling in my belly was growing more persistent in spite of myself.

Lisa's dad slowly pushed his ragingly hard penis into my mouth, taking his sweet time and savoring it. A continuous low moan leaked from him. I tried to concentrate on opening my mouth wide enough to take him all in, as he was prodding ever deeper toward my throat. I had never even seen a penis before, and now I had one plunging into my mouth! But I had no time to consider the irony. I knew instinctively to keep my teeth out of the way, but it was becoming more difficult with the increasing length he was pushing into my mouth. I could taste the salty goo that coated his organ, and I could feel the faint push of his blood pulsating through it. My tongue began involuntarily spasming. "Shit, Lisa, that feels so fucking good. Suck my cock, baby. Suck your Daddy's cock, " he fell into another groan, pumping the rest of his cock into my mouth. I nearly gagged, and my mind screamed, What the hell are you doing? Tell him you're not LISA and get the hell out of here! But things had already gone too far, and I knew it. I suddenly caught myself unconsciously squeezing my thighs together and thrusting my hips forward.

A hot cock, my friend's father's cock no less, was pushing in and out of my mouth, and part of me was sizzlingly responding. I could feel warm mushiness lapping from between my thighs. My hand reached down, almost of its own accord, to satisfy this sudden need to have something probing my crotch. Feeling my own fingers pressing into my cunt flesh, I panted hot breath around the dick in my mouth and half-groaned. My sane and practical side hoped he would finish soon, before things got much more carried away, but the lust that had sprung up in me like wildfire begged to have some release. Almost as if he could read my thoughts, Lisa's dad abruptly stopped. "Lisa, Jesus, your mouth is almost as good your pussy. I'm gonna stop before I cum all over that pretty young face of yours." I started to breathe a sigh of relief as his penis started a reluctant retreat from out of my mouth, until I felt one hand snaking across my belly and the other trying to pull me back up to face him. "Come here and let me feel how much you want your Daddy's cock in you." Lisa's father's dick was still about halfway in my mouth, my lips wrapped tightly around it, and his fingers were seeking their way down to my twitching, soaked cunt, when I heard Lisa's voice whisper out, "Daddy.? Be quiet or else you'll wake up my friend downstairs. I'm sorry I fell asleep, or I would have been out here sooner." Lisa's dad choked out, "Then who the fuck." and threw back the covers, exposing to the night air my dick-sucking mouth and wide eyes. I froze, then tried to remove my mouth from the

blowjob-in-progress. Lisa's dad had recovered from his shock enough to trap my head in his hands, firmly pushing my head back down, once again bathing his still rock-hard penis in my soft mouth. Even at that point I recognized that he and Lisa had each other's backs, and that they would ensure I couldn't ruin the good thing they had going.

Lisa didn't miss a beat, of course, but circled around the bed to feel my face with her disbelieving hands and finger her father's cock arising from between my lips. "Ohmygod. you little slut!" She pushed her finger into my mouth alongside her father's cock, then slid it in and out a couple of times, rubbing the side of her Dad's pulsating erection. "Little slut!!" She breathed, unbelieving. "And you act like such a perfect little virgin angel! I can't wait to tell the whole school how much you like sucking cock!" Did I mention that? Lisa's kind of a bitch. Actually, really a bitch. This wasn't the first time she'd blackmailed me. I have no idea why I continued to be friends with her - maybe it's because I knew she already knew everything about me and wouldn't tell, as long as she got hers. So I was now at the mercy of ruthless, incestuous little Lisa, and I knew she wouldn't let me off the hook easily.

She removed her finger from my mouth and mercilessly snapped on the light. We all blinked in pain for a minute. Lisa recovered the quickest. "I just had to see it! Dick-sucking slut!" Lisa's dad was now ever-so-slowly pulling his cock out of my helpless mouth and pushing it back in, wearing a wry grin of pleasure and malice. "You didn't cum in her mouth, did you, Daddy?" He shook his head. "No, you know I like pussy better. I thought she was you, baby. I was getting ready to fuck her." I could see the utter trust between them, even as Lisa licked her lips at him.

Suddenly, Lisa's fingertips were wiggling up between my legs, up into the hot mushy pulp seeping from between my pussy lips. "Ohhh, Jesus, Katie! You really wanted it bad, didn't you?!? You wanted to fuck my Daddy!" She bunched up three of her fingers and began thrusting them past my drooling outer labia lips and up into my slick cunthole. My hips automatically bucked further onto her invading fingers, instinctively seeking the penetration. Wanting to be probed, invaded, by something thick and hard. With the amount of juice I was putting out down there, her fingers had an easy glide deep into me.

My mouth clamped down around her father's cock, trying desperately to hold back the guttural moan that issued, unbidden, from my throat.. Then my conscience got the better of me. What am I doing?!? Fine, she can tell the whole school I fucked her daddy. I'll just say that he thought I was her. My one leg kicked out at Lisa's face, narrowly missing her as she ducked out of the way, pulling her invading digits out of my pussy. My other leg tried to scrabble backwards, then I was brought up short by a powerful wave of pain - a hand clamped on my hair, feeling like it was trying to rip a giant handful out. Lisa's Daddy. He shoved his cock all the way into my mouth, almost down my throat, while he tightly gripped my hair. My air supply was almost completely blocked off; he hissed at me that I'd better listen up, wise up, and not try anything that "would get anyone hurt." That scared me. He wasn't

talking about just blackmail.

Lisa, however, was smiling dangerously. "She liked that too much, Daddy. It just scared her. We'll do nice things to her, won't we, Daddy? And afterward she'll be a good girl, or I know some naughty boys at school that take advantage of sluts." Lisa approached me again, confidently. "Hold her still, Daddy. I've got something this slut's just going to love." She helped her father pin my arms and then she returned her fingers to my still-dripping pussy. I felt three of them slide into me again, as deeply and purposefully as before. My cunt walls contracted involuntarily, almost in welcome. Again, I suppressed a pleasure moan. I didn't want to give her the satisfaction.

Lisa slid her three fingers in and out of my sloppy cunt, pushing a little harder each time, sliding as much in as she could. My legs relaxed as I began to give in to her rhythm, and my cunt opened wider for her. She took the opportunity to slip her pinky finger in as well, jamming all four of her fingers into my swollen vagina. Her father kept my arms pinned and kept his rock-hard dick in my mouth, pumping it in and out in short bursts now and then. My mind began to forget that I was a prisoner to them; it began to concentrate on the intensifying pleasure in my cunt. I couldn't believe it felt this good.

Almost a year ago, Lisa and I had first started gossiping about sex. I knew nothing; she seemed to know a lot. Masturbation was her particular specialty. She had told me about using a long carrot while rubbing herself, and described the pleasure as "unbelievable." So I had tried it on myself with a terribly thick cucumber, almost as a dare. Getting it into me was almost laughably easy - even Lisa was surprised I'd taken it's size as easily as I did - and it was pretty fun but not like this. Sure, it broke my hymen and got that out of the way, but it was nothing like what I was feeling now. My mind then was concentrated on a cold, thick vegetable - on trying to get it into me, on trying to push it in farther, without succumbing to sensations. My mind now was gibbering with sensations, totally lost and reveling in the wet sliding fullness that Lisa's hand was providing. My fear slipped away with abandon and I didn't even worry (as I had with the cucumber) that it would hurt. It seemed that my overwhelming wetness was making everything feel like electricity in my cunt. I should get wetter next time I try a vegetable. I thought randomly before slipping away again into carnal bliss. In a distant part of my mind, I knew that I was thrusting my hips onto Lisa's hand, grinding my own teenage cunt onto her fingers. I didn't care. A half hour ago, a cock was a scandalous contemplation. Now, I only wanted some kind of release. Lisa could tell I had surrendered to it. She only had to watch me thrusting my cunt greedily onto her probing fingers to know that I had crossed the line. She abruptly tucked her thumb into the convenient crevice between her fucking fingers, twisted her hand around, and with a wide lustful grin, began working her knuckles into my gobbling pussy. Who would have thought a hand could do this to me? I felt the hard boniness of her back knuckles grinding ever-closer into the darkness of my gushing cunt and only wanted more. I twisted my hips, screwed my torso, ground down on her hand - all to get it further into me. Lisa's father released my own hands and I

immediately used them to spread my cunt lips wider for her fist. I wasn't thinking. I didn't give a shit anymore. This felt too fucking good to be helped. It was hard to breathe around her dad's cock but I panted and gutturally groaned around it all the same. He couldn't even move it anymore. He was constantly on the verge of cumming. His own breath heaved in his chest as he watched his beautiful, wild daughter handballing her hot virgin friend, and her friend loving it.

"Jesus, Daddy, she's taking my knuckles, " Lisa panted, her other hand frantically fingering her own dripping snatch, just as I felt a sudden, brief flash of pressure and pain as she pushed the widest part of her hand into my pussy. I forgot about everything else; I lost control of my mouth and my hands. I just let my slippery cunt swallow my friend's fist and felt like my toes were going to shoot off. I wished incoherently that I could fold my legs up behind my head and just let her sink her whole arm into my torso, letting her fuck me as deep as she could. Lisa began a gentle rhythm of pulling out just a fraction before pushing back in more forcefully, sliding in even more, sliding toward her wrist. "She's going to take it, Daddy. Can you believe this fucking wet slut? I've never taken this much, have I?" Her father shook his head, just a bit, still right on the far edge of orgasm.

Lisa folded up her fingers and kept easing more and more of the rest of her fist into me. My mouth gaped as I let the intense sensations overwhelm me. I was plateauing out - my pleasure was getting up to this incredible level - and the huge knot of her hand inside me was still plunging deeper into me, pushing me closer to an orgasm I couldn't even contemplate.

Lisa sighed and groaned as her four bunched-up fingers sank into her own gushing cunt; she thrust her handball further and my gaping labia finally settled around her wrist like a hungry wet bracelet. She left her fist like that in me for a moment while she worked at her own pussy. She tucked in the thumb of her other hand and I watched through a lust-haze as her hand began disappearing into the depths of her gooey snatch. Lisa crouched over her own hand and drove it, thrust it passionately, into her cunt. I listened to twin wet squishes as her one hand twisted in my pussy and the other probed deeply into hers. She continued skewering herself on her own fist for several seconds.

Meanwhile, I was coming down a little from my peak and my cunt began to hunger anew for more sliding fist action. My hips began grinding again on her wrist, pushing her hand toward my deep cervix. Her father had recovered somewhat, too, and began lightly pumping his cock into my hot welcoming mouth. I even had the presence of mind to flick him a little with my tongue, which he seemed to like judging from the violent twitches from his cock and the low groans he gave me back.

Lisa ground her hips down onto her own knuckles and panted, hard, as they slipped into her all at once. I saw it happen and panted with her, amazed at her flexibility. She gave her father and I a lust-crazed smile. "Let's all come, shall we?" With that, she began twisting and thrusting her fist into my slimy, stretched cunt with quick, hard strokes. Pleasure came flooding in from all sides. My head

lolled back and I convulsively worked my mouth in between my strangled whimpers. I shot back up to my plateau of pleasure and immediately started a long, violent come. My whole body tensed and twisted; choked gasps of delight were all I could manage. It felt like my whole abdomen was rippling and contracting in an amazing, delicious orgasm. I didn't even blink when I felt hot jets of Lisa's Dad's come spraying all over my face and hair. His come was dripping off my cheeks in steamy wet globs but I couldn't think about that.

My whole body was consumed with the pumping, thrusting fist lodged in my cunt, sending off every one of my sex nerves. There were a long couple of minutes that were filled with nothing but sloppy wet sounds of fists stroking in and out of swallowing, spasming cunts, followed up with clipped, choked gasps and sighs of incredible pleasure. Lisa and I came together for several minutes when she came abruptly to a halt. My orgasm was still going strong - I tried to hump down on her hand to send myself off again into another round, but she pulled her hand out of me with a drenched slurp. She'd already pulled her other hand out of her own cunt and began licking her two pussy- juiced hands as I tried to push my fingers into myself in frustration.

"Bad slut!" Lisa smiled nastily. "You'll get what we give to you, right Daddy?" Her father, wiping his half-erect cock, smiled back. "Now that we know what fun you are, I think you'll be spending the night a lot more often." I closed my eyes, part from dreading her blackmail, part from wishing her hand were back in my pussy. Of course I wouldn't argue. Her father licked his middle finger and stroked it teasingly across my gaping crotch.