

# Living with daddy Part II

By itssoft

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## PART ONE : IS IT REGRET?

I had not seen my father much this week. He had a job that kept him busy all week long. He had told me the other night that in order to have Friday-Sunday off, you have to work your ass off the rest of the week. With all this knowledge, I knew we were not going to spend a lot of time together. I however, did not realize that I was only going to see him in passing.

By Wednesday, worry had begun to set in. Dad had barely even said hello to me in all that time. I started to feel that maybe along with being busy, he was trying to avoid me on purpose. Had I done something wrong in that time? Did he regret the other night that we shared with each other? Should I regret it as well?

## PART TWO : FRIDAY MORNING

I woke up earlier than normal on Friday to the smell of bacon. The smell was strong enough to drag me out of bed and carry me down the stairs towards the kitchen. I didn't even bother changing out of my red silk nighty that slightly showed off my white cotton panties if I moved or sat the right way. I was hoping that dad was in the mood to talk because we really had a lot to discuss.

"Mmm," I let out as I entered the kitchen and the smell of bacon completely consumed my nose. It was one of my favorite things in the world and I was ready for it. "Something smells amazing."

My dad was standing at the stove facing away from me when I enter the kitchen. He was wearing a black wife beater tank top with plaid red and black pajama pants that fit him perfectly. Though the smell of bacon is what dragged me down the stairs to begin with, it was the outline of his perfect ass in his pajama bottoms that really made my mouth water, along with other parts of my body.

"Good morning," my dad began as he turned around to face me.

The look on his face once he caught sight of me was enough to make my heart skip a couple of beats. I could see his eyes looking over every inch of me that he could see, even though he was not moving his head. He seemed as if he was trying to hide the fact that he was checking me out.

“So whats for breakfast?” I asked as I licked my lips and took a seat at the table.

I enjoyed the moment of him starring at me, but I was also a little on the hungry side, and unless I sat down, we would have just stood there forever. At least that is what I pictured happening in my head.

“Bacon and eggs,” he answered with a shaky voice as he turned back to the stove and loaded up a couple of plates for us.

He took his time, I watched from behind as he took a couple of deep breaths, trying to gain control of himself, though that is not really what I wanted from him.

“Sounds wonderful,” I smiled at him with my big pearly whites as he set the plate of food down in front of me.

I picked up my fork and played with my food a little bit while he sat down across from me. I ate slowly, glancing up at my dad every so often. Every time I looked up, he turned his head back down to his food, acting like he had been looking at it the whole time. I loved that he was looking at me, and I noticed he had barely touched his food.

“Are you not hungry?” I asked trying to get some kind of a conversation going. “You have barely even touched your food.”

“My mind is just working some things out,” he answered.

Looking away from me, he looked back down at his food and played with it a little, but still did not take any bites.

“Is it about what happened with us the other night?” I blurted out.

I was unable to keep it inside any longer. It had happened and I did not want to forget that it had happened. It was the greatest night of my life up to this moment and I was not willing to pretend that it did not happen.

“Look,” he began, setting his fork down onto his plate and looking up at me. “Moir, what happened the other night should not have happened. You are my daughter and I took advantage of you. I gave

you a big glass of wine and you just, you weren't thinking straight and I should have stopped what happened. It was a bad move on my part for going through with it."

My heart sunk a little bit when he said this. I had to think it over for a few minutes to try and piece all of it together. I did not agree with him though, not a single word of it. I started what happened, none of it was because of the wine. It was something that I had wanted before I even had the glass. All he did was plan into his daughters wants and needs, what was so wrong with that?

Without speaking, I got up from my chair and walked over to his side of the table. Pushing his plate aside I took a seat on the table where it had once been, right in front of him. My legs parted ever so slightly, showing off my white cotton panties I had on under my nighty.

"Moirra," he began to protest, leaning away from me for a moment, "what are you doing?"

"What happened the other night was amazing," I began, pulling him towards me to where our faces were only inches apart. "I wanted it and I still want it."

Once I was done talking I pulled him to my lips and kissed him gently. I knew that in that moment he was mine again. His body relaxed into my kiss and shortly after he was kissing me back. His kisses were harder than mine but I matched up to them. There was so much passion between us that it hurt just thinking about pulling away from him.

He pulled away which made me growl slightly, I was not ready for him to pull away. The growl stopped and a moan replaced it when he placed his lips against my neck and softly licked and bite and kissed my skin. My whole body sparked up and I could feel my pussy juices going through my panties.

He brought his hand up to my breast and started to caress it through my nighty as he kissed down to my chest, pulling the nighty to the side. It only took him a moment to realize it would be easier to remove it so he pulled it over my head. I was now in front of him wearing nothing but my soaking wet panties, which he hungrily looked at while he licked his lips.

"Lay down," he demanded, not giving me an option.

I turned around to make sure nothing was in my way and then laid down on the table. He helped me move so that my ass was right on the edge of the table and then stood up. He began to kiss my stomach right along the seam of my panties. My whole body shook with excitement, wondering what daddy was going to do for me.

He kissed around my belly button while he ran his fingers along the inside of my thighs. I could barely breathe it felt so good. I couldn't help but moan as his skin ran alongside my body. I could feel his finger in spots even seconds after they were no longer touching me there. I wanted more, but I was going to let things play out the way daddy wanted them to.

Moving from my belly button he worked his way down to the line of my panties and began to kiss me ever so softly. I moved my hand down and ran it through his hair, as he began to pull my panties off of my and down my legs. Once they were off of me, he laid them on my chest like I had done to him the other night. I picked them up with a smile on my face as I began to smell my juices all over them. This just made me ever more wet then I was before.

Once he was satisfied with what I was doing, he slowly began to kiss between my legs right above my clit. I took a deep breath to stop my body from completely freaking out. He took this as a sign that I wanted more, which it was and moved down, pushing his tongue hard against my clit. I let out a moan and bucked my hips forward a little bit, pushing myself harder against his tongue. I would have came then and there but he moved down and that intense pleasure dropped to a point where my orgasm could be prolonged.

Licking up and down the folds of my pussy, he slowly pushed a finger inside of me. I let out another moan of satisfaction, and he returned with pushing another finger inside me. I moved slowly, as if trying to ride is fingers and he loved it.

"You like riding daddy's fingers?" he asked in a deep voice as he fucked them in and out of me even harder, while he sucked my clit into his mouth.

"Yes daddy," I whimpered.

"Good," he moaned into me, sucking harder against my clit. My first orgasm was pushing its way through my body.

"Omg daddy," I screamed, grabbing a hold of the back of his head. "I am going to cum."

Daddy pushed another finger in me and fucked me harder. Licking my clit with so much passion and intensity. My body began to shake violently as I gave into the orgasm. He used his other hand and his arm to hold me down so that I could not pull away from him. I screamed in pleasure as wave after wave of my orgasm came out.

"Yes daddy, right there. Make your baby girl cum. Oh god daddy, I love you. Fuck. Yes, yes daddy yes."

My daddy did not stop right then, he kept on fingering me hard and licking my pussy to the point where I could not think straight, but by the time my second orgasm hit me, I was in such a state of ecstasy that I felt like I was floating above my body.

Once my second orgasm subsided, daddy kissed his way up to my face and began to kiss me. I could taste myself all over his mouth, as I bit on his lips to try and savor every last drop.

“Will you fuck me daddy?” I asked him between our kisses.

“Whenever you are ready, babygirl,” he smiled. “Whenever you are ready.”