

# Love in Tragedy

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I had not left my room for what felt like weeks. Sure, I had gone out to get something to eat here and there, and shower, but other than that I was in my room. My father expressed his concern through my door, telling me that it was unhealthy to lock myself up like this but it didn't change anything. I was not ready to come out.

"Elaina," my father spoke softly though the door. I could hear the concern in his voice, but I could not bring myself to answer him. "Please talk to me."

I didn't know what to say to him. Three weeks ago my mother had passed away. She had been sick for a really long time and it finally had become her time to leave us. I knew for a long time it was going to happen but two weeks ago, when it finally hit me that she was really gone, I lost it. I had no idea where I fit into this world anymore.

"I am going to bed," he spoke though the door again, defeat claiming his voice. "Just remember if you need me, I am here."

I wanted to cry, all he wanted to do was help me. But who was going to help him? My mother had been his everything. She was a stay at home mom. She did the bills, she cooked the meals, she took care of him in all ways, even sexually.

Sexually? Did I just think of my mother pleasing my father in a sexual way? I guess I never really took the time to think what my father was now missing. He was having to learn how to do all of these things on his own and he was sexually frustrated. His life had to be sucking just about as much as mine was right now.

It was then that I developed an idea. Not really the best idea in the world, as some people would think, but it was still an idea.

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I listened through my door to my father moving about the house. It was six in the morning so I knew that he was getting ready for work. It was only a matter of time before I had the house to myself. My daily plans would be better played out if I was alone, no one questioning my motives.

As the front door slammed shut, I jumped. I had been lost in my thoughts so intently, I had forgotten that my ear was to the door. Now was the time to get started.

I made my way out of my room and straight into my parents ... my fathers bedroom. I had spent so much time in this room that I knew my way around pretty well, but I guess things had changed. What used to be a neat and tidy room, almost peaceful, was now covered with piles of clothes and whatever else my father could manage to throw on the floor. It was not the room I remembered at all.

I knew now more than ever that what I had planned to do was much needed in this house. So I continued on, making my way into the closet. More clothes were scattered about, and it saddened me to see something my mother had cherished so much in such a havoc. She would have wanted something better than this, and I was falling behind in keeping her alive in this house.

The only thing that was not a mess and out of order was my mother's side of the closet. All of her clothes were lined nice and orderly, the way they always had been. I went through them carefully, not wanting to mess anything up. I could smell her on every piece of clothing.

My eyes widened at the sight of a sexy negligee. It was see through around the breasts and a very light silky yellow. Though I was only sixteen, my breasts had filled out nicely this last year and I was sure I could fill this outfit out.

Slipping out of my nightgown, I pulled the negligee over my head and let it fall around my body. As I had imagined my breasts filled it out rather nicely. The length was a little hard to get used to though, as it stopped just passed my ass, so I knew if I moved or bent over, you would be able to see my entire ass. But no one was home, I did not care.

Once I was dressed. I gathered up all the clothes in the house that needed cleaning and started the laundry. I then proceeded to clean every room of the house as clean as I could. I felt in my heart that my mother would be proud, but I was not finished yet.

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The day had come close to an end. I knew better than to make dinner because my father had been eating at the bar lately, which is where he spent most of his evenings. I did not blame him though, he

needed someplace to get away from this place.

“Elaina,” my father’s voice called from the bottom of the stairs. “What happened to the house?”

I got up from my bed and looked myself over in the mirror, making sure that I still looked good in the light yellow silky negligee. Once I was satisfied I made my way downstairs.

“It needed to be cleaned,” I informed him, standing behind him as he looked over the living room. “I have not been doing my job around here well enough, so I needed to catch up today.”

“Your job?” he asked, turning around and seeing me for the first time in who knows how long. The look on his face was full of surprise but also something else that I could not make out. “Elaina, you look..”

“Do I look good daddy,” I asked him, turning myself around so he could see all of me. “Do I look as good as mommy?”

“Oh sweetie,” He sighed, sitting himself down onto the couch. “Is that what all of this is? You think that you have to be your mother and do her job?”

“I don’t think I have to,” I informed him, stepping toward the couch and standing only inches away from him. “I want to take her place.”

“Take her place?” he asked me confused, looking up at me through slightly reddened eyes. I was not sure if it was the alcohol or if he was on the verge of crying. “You can’t take her place sweetie.”

“I see,” I sighed, looking down at my feet, feeling as if I had just been beaten down. “I am sorry, I thought I was ...”

I couldn’t even finish my sentence, I just wanted to run up to my room and continue to hide. I never should have come out in the first place, this was all just a big mistake. He did not need me, maybe he never even needed my mother.

“Elaina,” he spoke but stopped himself. I could tell he was unsure of what to say. “You could never be your mother, but that is not a bad thing; You are you, and I love you just the way you are.”

“You do?” I asked, needed to be reassured. “You love me.”

“Of course I love you,” he laughed, “I have always loved you.”

“Do you need me?” I asked him.

“I do,” he nodded. “I will always need you.”

“Then let me do this,” I said to him, moving to stand right in front of him.

His eyes moved from my bare legs up to my chest, which could be seen through the negligee and then up to my face. He looked me in the eyes and I knew that he wanted this just as much as I did, but he was afraid.

“This is..” he began, but stopped himself once again.

“This is what is supposed to happen.” I informed him, crawling up onto him and straddling his lap.

“This is what she would have wanted. For us to be happy and to take care of each other.”

“We will take care of each other Elaina.” He agreed with me. “But you don’t have to do this.”

“I know I don’t” I leaned forward and whispered in his ear, moving down and kissing his neck. “I want to take care of you daddy.”

No questions were asked from this point forward and he did not try to fight me. Instead, he brought his arms up and wrapped them around my sides, pulling me tightly against him. I kissed up his neck until I reached his face and our lips locked hard together. Every inch of my body lit up when he kissed me, as if fireworks were shooting from my body.

We kissed forever, his hands wondering down my back and finding their way to my bare ass. He squeezed my ass tightly between my fingers and slowly massaged them. I could feel myself getting wet by his touch, my juices running down the sides of my legs.

“I want you to fuck me daddy,” I moaned into his ear, grinding my wet pussy down against his jeans. I could feel his bulge and I knew that he wanted to fuck me as well. “Fuck me like you would mommy.”

“I can’t do that,” he whispered in my ear, one of his hands leaving my ass and pulling at his pants. “I want to fuck you as if you are you.”

It caught me off guard, his words were not what I expected, but I wanted them. I wanted him to tell me how much he wanted me and loved me and how much he wanted to fuck me.

“Are you sure you are ready for this,” my father asked me. I could feel his cock beneath me, touching my pussy lips. “It’s going to hurt baby.”

“I know.” I informed him. I was not unaware. I had heard people tell stories of their first times, and I knew what to expect. The only difference was that I was not going to tell my friends that I regretted my first time like so many of them had. I was not really going to tell them anything at all, but it was the point behind it that mattered. “I am ready for it daddy.”

My daddy slide his hand between us, rubbing his fingers between my legs and around my pussy. The feeling was intense that I felt I was going to cum on his fingers.

“Oh daddy,” I cried out, pushing myself down on his hand, feeling him rub against his clit and his fingers tease the opening to my dripping wet pussy.

“Do you like that sweetie?” he asked me, rubbing his hand harder against my pussy, his fingers poking at my hole, but not entering me.

“Yes daddy,” I answered him, looking down into his eyes before bringing my lips to his and begging against them. “Please fuck me daddy.”

Daddy moved his hand away from my pussy and grabbed his cock between his fingers. He slowly began to rub the tip of it up and down the length of my wet pussy, getting it covered in my juices and ready to put into me.

It hit my clit repeatedly with its swollen head and I could not take it anymore. I wrapped my arms around my daddy and kissed him hard as I came at the feeling of his cock against my clit. My entire body tensed up and shook and I could not breath for a moment. It was not my first orgasm, but it was the best one I had ever had and It left me out of breath and weak feeling.

“Oh baby,” he smiled against my lips, moving his cock down to the enterence of my pussy and holding it there. “Are you ready for more.”

“Please,” I begged again, pushing myself down and taking the very tip of his cock into me. “Please daddy.”

Daddy grabbed my hips and slowly lowered me down around his cock. He pushed the head into me and held it there, letting me get used to the feeling of it being inside me. It was slightly uncomfortable and I was not sure how I felt about it but I knew that I wanted him in me. I needed to have him in me.

“Now it’s going to get painful baby,” he informed me, looking me in the eye. “I can go slow or I can just do it.”

“Just do it daddy,” I told him, our eyes never breaking away from one another.

Daddy did not hesitate, he clinched my hips and pulled me fast and hard down around his cock. Pain rippled through my body and I let out a light scream, grabbing tightly onto him, trying to fight back the tears.

“Are you okay baby,” he asked me, holding himself deep inside of me, not moving so that I could get used to him being inside of me.

“Yes,” I gasped out, my breath still had not completely caught up with me. “I am okay, just give me a minute.”

“I will not move until you are ready,” he informed me, holding his arms around my waist.

I sat on daddy’s cock for a few minutes, scared to move due to the pain, but there as no longer any pain. Making sure that it was not going to hurt, I slowly rocked my hips back and forth around daddy’s cock. There were minor little moments of pain, but they were nothing I could not work through, so I rocked my hips quicker around his cock.

“Oh fuck baby girl,” my daddy moaned, leaning his head against the back of the couch. “You feel so good for daddy.”

This made me smile and I continued to work myself on his cock, moving myself up and down, feeling it come out of me right before I push myself all the way back around it.

“Mmm daddy,” I moaned as I rode his cock slowly. “Fuck me.”

Daddy pulled himself up and grabbed onto my hips, pulling me off his cock and slamming me back down onto it, thrusting into me as he did this so he could get deep inside of me. I screamed every time his cock filled me up, with pleaser.

“Daddy I am going to cum again,” I moaned loudly, the feeling building up in my pussy stronger than it had before.

“Yes baby,” my daddy moaned into my ear, kissing down my neck and he thrust his cock deep in and out of me. “Cum on daddy’s cock baby.”

His words were enough to send me over the edge. I grabbed tightly onto him and moaned loudly. I did not tell him that I was cumming, but I could tell that he knew.

“Such a good girl,” he smiled against my lips.

I shook around his cock and could feel my pussy tightening around him. Holding him tightly into me, but this did not stop him from thrusting in and out of me through my entire orgasm, making it last forever.

“Oh baby I am gonna cum,” my daddy informed me, pushing himself all the way inside of me and holding himself there.

I could feel him cum deep inside of me, filling me up, but there was so much. I could feel it dripping out of my pussy and down around his cock, my juices mixed with his cum.

I leaned forward and kissed him once more before pulling myself off of his cock and sitting myself down on the couch. My body was sore and shaking but it was at the same time the best feeling I had ever had.

“Lets take a shower and go to bed,” my daddy instructed, picking me up from the couch and carrying me up the stairs. “Its about time I have a woman in my bed that I love again.”