

Lust for Marie's Daughter

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Gerrel is getting married, but the woman he wants to share his wedding night with is her daughter.

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My lust for Marie was hardly a secret, we had met in the mall, found ourselves with so many things in common it was no wonder that after only a few weeks I moved in with her, and within a few months of going out we decided to get married...though I wasn't sure that sweet Marie was the whole reason for my passions I wanted to be a part of the family and watch as Sandra grew up to share time with.

Marie was pretty fair in the sack, but it seemed like every time we got down to business my thoughts were occupied with her daughter. Yeah, I knew it wasn't right, she was barely legal at only 16, but that didn't stop me from pounding my big dick into Marie and wishing it was Sandra.

Marie had been up front about having a child from another marriage but when I met Sandra my eyes about popped out of my face. Only 16, but she had the sweetest body I had ever seen, when she'd walk around the house in her jammies I could not help but get a hard on, though I did fairly well at hiding it from Marie by ramming her snatch in the kitchen, bathroom, or on the divan after Sandra had gone to bed for the night. Five foot two inches of sensually curved flesh filled my thoughts every time I slid my monstrous cock into Marie, an experienced woman of 32, and when I came it wasn't her that caught my load, at least not in my mind, but I don't guess it mattered who I was thinking of when she'd scream out her orgasms, yep, multiples almost every time. I should have been content, but I wanted the dream of fucking Sandra to come true, we guys seem to never be satisfied with what we have, but lust after what we shouldn't.

It seemed as though I wasn't the only one thinking of things that shouldn't be considered proper. Every once in a while I'd catch Sandra eyeing me as I made my way from the bathroom down the hall dressed in my pajama bottoms. Once I even saw the door open and her peeking in the bedroom while Marie was mounted on top slamming her wet cunt down hard over my shaft; when Sandra didn't just close the door but stood and watched with a glimmer in her eye I knew, she wanted some of my meat too, I came in seconds after that and let her hear my gasps of joy. Marie flooded me soon afterwards as the door silently closed. As Marie cuddled up against me I listened and could have sworn I heard the bed springs of Sandra's bed squeaking away in the quick rhythm of masturbation, or so I fantasized anyway.

We set a date for the ceremony, a simple chapel with only a few close friends of Marie's, and her daughter, of course, and one of the guys I worked with at the store. We weren't close, but he was the best I could do, I had always been a loner and didn't make guy friends easily. There was another reason I asked Jake to be my best man; I kind of hoped that sweet Marie would take a shine to him and want to take him on sometime; that way I'd have a night with Sandra to myself. Marie was a bit of a slut, and I knew if I gave her the go ahead she would do Jake and leave me to baby sit the kid. We had a rehearsal dinner for the bride's maids and best man after the practice run, though none would really have been necessary. I wanted Marie to get acquainted with Jake in the worst way, and my hopes were brought to reality as she looked at him like he was prime rib and on the menu, but then so did one of her friends that happened to be the maid of honor. Somehow I managed to sit between Marie and Sandra at the dinner table that night as Jane eyed Jake and he eyed my betrothed, rather a funny thought of how desires had a way of working out, especially when Sandra slipped her hand along my thigh beneath the table and smiled as it touched the thick head inside my pant leg. I looked at her and my eyes let her know she would find what she wanted soon enough, she seemed to understand and backed off before I got a hard on. The wedding was only two days away and I wanted to fuck Sandra so bad, I'd even do her on my wedding night if I could get away with it...my mind went into overdrive as to how to make it happen.

The next night I had Jake come over to the house, Marie's house that is, I wanted his opinion on the suit I planned on wearing for the ceremony, or so I said. In truth I wanted her to get a good eye full of his rock hard body and let nature take its course. Things went pretty well that night, Sandra went to bed early for once, either that or she was not in the mood for watching three adults drinking and joking around about extracurricular sexual activities...any way she sequestered herself in her room as Jake, Marie and I managed to get a bit on the loose side. I could tell that Marie was hot to trot with Jake and he was more than willing to give her a go if I gave my blessings after what I had boasted of her prowess in bed and her eyeing his body almost non stop all evening. The stage was set; somehow I just had to get them to go along with the plan the next night, which meant they'd likely have to get busy tonight first.

After an hour or so of playful banter, I managed to say I needed to shower and get some rest knowing that they were both in the mood for fun and not rest. I slid out of my chair and drug Jake to see the suit. While I showed it to him I whispered to him that Marie and I had an open relationship, and since I was kind of tired he could take her on if he wanted to, it would save me from being fucked half to death after such a hard day. His grin gave me the idea that he was seriously considering it and I cautioned him to keep the noise down, that Sandra was in the house after all. He laid his hand on my shoulder and said "You sure you're cool with me doing your bride to be man?" I chuckled and said "Yeah, go for it, maybe we can both do her sometime, she'd most likely love it." I followed him back to the living room and kissed Marie good night and whispered "I think Jake wants you baby, show him just why I'm so proud of that hot puss, I know you want to" and chuckled as my hand trailed over her pert breast's hardened nipple.

I went to the bath room to shower, just as I said I would and paused outside Sandra's door long

enough to hear her groan softly as if she were pleasuring herself. My smile was set in place as I went to the shower and took a quick one, left the water running and dried off. I wrapped my hips with the bath towel and went back down the hall to her door, the bed was squeaking in a fast rhythm as I pushed the door open enough to see her laying on her back with her knees pulled up and her fingers plunging in and out of the sweetest looking pussy I'd ever seen. Her eyes were closed as she focused on the impending climax; I stood transfixed at the sight as her voice came in soft muffled moans as she pulled the pillow over her face to muffle her outcries of climax. Her body stiffened and I watched as she came, it was so erotic I had a hard on and began to stroke my cock standing at her door and witnessed her cream as it coated her fingers and inner thighs while her tummy shuddered at the minor orgasm she derived from her efforts. To her it may have been a big one as much as she gasped for air, but I knew that if she ever found me pounding her cunt, she would scream her head off with joys she had never known. I closed the door silently and went back to the bathroom, shut off the shower and sat on the toilet to pound myself to climax. I couldn't help it, I was so damned hot to have my bride to be's daughter I blew three huge loads into the wash cloth before I was done. I slid on my pajamas as usual and made my way back down the hall to check on the other two adults secretly.

My plan had worked so far, Marie and Jake were still in the living room as I peeked around the corner and witnessed his hand sliding under her skirt as he fingered her well lubed cunt, or at least I assumed it was already wet as she moaned against his lips with an impassioned kiss. Enough for my thoughts as I again went down the hall and paused in front of Sandra's room...all was silent now and I knocked softly on the door. I heard her say "come in" in really soft tones and opened the door. She was still in bed, but I knew she was dressed and under the covers as I smiled towards her. She whispered "Can we talk for a minute?" I left the door open a crack as I went over and sat down beside her on the bed answering "Sure Sandra. I hope you're not going to tell me I shouldn't marry your mom or something." She blinked and then smiled as she looked into my eyes with signs I could have sworn were desire.

"No...I think you should marry mom, she hasn't been this happy in a long time...it's just..." she paused as she rested her hand on my leg "...I'm afraid you'll get hurt Gerrel, she is...uhm...kind of a tease when it comes to guys. She'd probably be fucking Jake right now if you said it was okay." I smiled and said "Well, she and I have sort of agreed that if I can't take care of all her needs that it is okay for her to play the field, just so she doesn't bring home anything that can't be cured with penicillin" and chuckled.

"Is she already in bed waiting for you Gerrel?" she asked suggestively.

I wagged my head side to side and said "Marie and Jake are still out in the living room talking, he'll be going home soon and I had to get some rest." Her smile turned naughty and I laid my hand on her shoulder as I leaned down and kissed her on the cheek before rising and saying that I thought it was going to be just fine. Her eyes cried out of disappointment, but I knew that Marie had to be out of the house in order for me to get busy with the teen beauty I lusted after. At least I knew she was interested, and hoped I could work the magic of making it happen the next night. I'd have to somehow

make her think I wanted her to have some more fun with Jake on our wedding night, now that was going to be tricky, but I'd manage.

The next morning I was gone, it was planned that I would go back to my apartment and not see Marie until the ceremony, she was kind of old fashioned that way and I went along with it, and I spent the night in the guest room to avoid the superstitions being circumvented. She and Sandra would go to the chapel and we would meet in front of the pastor at two o'clock. It all seemed so romantic, and yet my thoughts were hell bent on fucking my step daughter to be, and I knew she would accept me so long as her mom didn't find out about it. I called Jake and roused him out at 10, he was still laying up from the hard banging he had gotten from Marie the night before and I had my doubts as to his ability to keep up the pace with the over sexed woman I was to wed. He met me for lunch and would go to the chapel at the same time I did. We chatted about the night before and he was amazed at how open I had been about letting him fuck the best piece of ass he had had in a long time. I asked him if she got off good, and he laughed and said "only ten or fifteen times." I smiled and told him I had found a woman I wanted to do, but she would be leaving town first thing tomorrow morning. He asked if there was anything he could do to help me out and my smile went seriously naughty as I paused and thought about it.

"Is there any way you can talk Marie into going to your place after the ceremony today, I can ditch the kid at her place and go get me some strange before I settle in to the same old hole for the rest of my life."

He seemed to think about it and said "I don't know if she'll go for it man, after all, it's your wedding night."

I raised my eyes to the ceiling for a minute and said "How about if I fake getting miffed about you two getting busy the night before our marriage and tell her to go and sew one more bundle of wild oats before she settles down for eternity. She knows I don't mind her going to bed with somebody besides me, but I can make it like I want her to have her fling before we settle in together."

He grinned and said "You are one devious son of a bitch Gerrel, I like it. By the way, I don't know how to thank you for this man; she really is hotter than hot. Hell, I'd marry her myself if I wasn't paying out so much alimony."

We shook hands and made our way to the church. We got there before the others arrived and waited in the back room of the chapel I would soon be wed in. I dressed in my dark suit and made my way to the men's room to check my hair and brush my teeth when I saw Sandra walking down the hall towards me. My jaw dropped as I saw the heavenly image of desire as she seemed to float towards me. She was dressed in a low cut strapless dress in deep red; her alabaster skin seemed to glow radiantly as she smiled when she saw her new daddy approaching her. We stood only a foot apart as I gazed into her eyes, they sparkled like pale blue diamonds as the stained glass windows gave highlights to her long blond hair. She spoke first "Mom ran in to Jake and they're talking over some stuff about tonight. What's up, is she going to spend her wedding night with him and not you?"

I raised my hands and laid them on her shoulders gently as I replied. "Sandra, your mom is going to need our patience, she has been alone for a while, and I understand she likes men other than me. I

hope you don't blame her; it's just the way she is. I asked Jake to have her over to his place tonight; she really liked him last night you know."

Her eyes softened as she asked "What about you Gerrel? You really don't mind her sleeping with some other guy on your wedding night?"

I leaned over and kissed her cheek and whispered to her ear "It'll be okay Sandra; in fact it might just be a lot better than okay if you want it to be. But that will have to be our secret since you're still so young."

Her eyes lit up like neon signs advertising lust and desire as she kissed my cheek and whispered back "Promise me? I have wanted you ever since mom brought you home the first time. I may have never been with a boy before, but thinking about you makes me really wet."

"Well, I hope Jake talks her into it, if so, he can have her for the night and we can have some fun. I've never thought about a woman like I do about you Sandra. So, let's hope for the best that she wants some more of him and understands that I don't mind; you may have to let her know that you aren't that hot on the idea, but if it is what she and her new husband agree on it is okay with you. I'll tell her that I will make sure you are safe at home."

She said "I have to go, it's almost time, and we have to get the wedding out of the way and make it seem as if we didn't run into each other...okay?"

I nodded and slipped into the men's room as she continued down the hall to find her mom. I splashed some cold water on my face to cool off, thoughts of Sandra in my bed, or I in hers had aroused me far too much for public display. I managed to get the swelling down enough to go back to the room behind the chapel and wait. Jake stepped in just after I did with a big smile on his face and said "She'll go along with it, but you have to let her know you are cool with it man."

I nodded and said "You got it friend" and slapped him a high five. We would both get the piece of ass we wanted all night long and no one would get hurt out of the arrangement. I straightened my head around what I had to do and as the music began I stepped out onto the platform with my best man and waited for the bride to walk down the aisle with her maid of honor, her daughter, my angelic lover to be. When the pastor asked who gives this woman Sandra spoke in quiet tones with a smile "I, her daughter do" and laid Marie's hand in mine for the brief ceremony. Marie's eyes focused on mine most of the time, but I saw her gazing at the best man a few times with a particular glimmer in her eyes. No one else seemed the wiser for the arranged indiscretion as I kissed the bride knowing that it would be her daughter that consummated the marriage.

Jake agreed to give Sandra a ride home as Marie and I swept away while the onlookers cheered and blew bubbles to our escape. Jake dropped off Sandra as I drove around for a bit to let him get home. Marie looked at me as if I was crazy but admired my ability to care about her need to have Jake one last time before we truly became man and wife. I assured her that it was okay, and that I'd make sure Sandra was safely tucked in. She gave me a look of question, but was too busy thinking of Jake and his six inch dick slipping up her ass again to think anything much of my wording. I knew she enjoyed anal, but my cock was far too large for her to really enjoy me that way, the girth alone of my ten inch dick was twice that of Jake's, not to mention the length would overwhelm her rear entry. I offered up

the same possibility that I had Jake and said we could try a threesome sometime soon, maybe Sandra could stay over at a friend's house one weekend and she could try out two cocks at once. Her smile and passionate kiss told me she liked the idea as she got out of the car and walked up to his door. I waited to be sure he let her in, and with a wave they went to their love nest, and I headed home. My cock grew slowly as I drove the five miles to my dream come true lover to be.

When I got home my cock was rock hard, and in the suit pants had formed a nice tent even with the briefs I normally didn't wear for the freedom of movement provided, but that is a different subject, and I want to tell of my wedding night with my bride's daughter. I unlocked the door and closed it behind me, locking it for privacy's sake. I made my way down the hall and as I passed Sandra's room I heard a familiar sound, the bed was squeaking away in quick rhythmic tones as my smile coated my face. I silently opened the door enough to peek in and sure enough she was buck naked with her legs spread and fingers rubbing hard and fast over her swollen clit moaning softly. I didn't hesitate as I walked across the room and again sat on the side of her bed and laid my hand, not on her shoulder, but her tummy. The warmth of her flesh as she slowed her masturbation to a stop was searing hot and my hand covered hers as she looked into my eyes with uncertainty of her thoughts of having me as a lover. She was a virgin after all, or so I had been told, and I was pretty sure she was a bit frightened of how much pain she would endure crossed her mind.

"Hi there..." I said in smooth calm tones. "We have the place to ourselves Sandra, I hope you still want this as bad as I do" I spoke as my hand squeezed her fingers into the petals of her wet slice of heaven. She groaned as she felt my hand for the first time on her intimate part and she rose up and threw her free hand around my shoulder as she kissed my mouth for the first time. Her body was coated with a film of perspiration as we embraced, my lips captured hers and we made out hot and heavy for a minute or two before we had found out just how badly we both wanted to consummate the marriage. I drew my hand from off of hers and slid it under her thighs to lift her from the bed while my lips still held hers captive to the desires we both felt. I whispered into her mouth "Let's go take a shower baby girl...I want to make you a woman today" and carried her to the bathroom in my loving arms as she continued to lavish my face and neck with kisses.

Holding her naked body as I carried her aroused me even farther and by the time we got down the hall my hard on was full and really thick with need. I set her on the bathroom counter and stood back facing her. I pulled off the jacket and hung it on the hook by the door, removed the tie and then shirt as she gawked at my body being revealed just for her. I stepped out of the black loafers I had walked down the aisle in and quickly took off my socks. Standing back up her eyes focused on the pronounced bulge in my slacks, I stepped closer and asked "You sure you're ready for this Sandra? I won't force you, but you already know I want to hear you moan with ecstasy while we make love." She smiled at the gesture, but we knew what was going to happen as she reached out and unbuckled my belt, unbuttoned the waistband and lowered the zipper of my slacks with a naughty smile. They fell in a swirling puddle at my ankles as my massive cock strained to be free of the briefs that barely contained the size of it wrapped around my hip bone. Her eyes got bigger and bigger as the scope of what lay ahead took hold in her mind and she whispered "Gerrel, I am not a virgin like my mother

thinks I am, I haven't actually had sex yet, but not long ago I had a boy friend that fingered me and ruptured my hymen with his long delicious fingers, but we never went all the way."

I was in shock; it disappointed me that she wasn't a virgin, but she'd still be innocent enough to train the way I wanted her to be for me, guessing that she hadn't told her mother of her 'boy friend' or the event at all. I stepped out of my slacks and pressed against her as my arms went around her and drew her close. "I am so sorry he did that to you sweetie...I promise not to be such an animal as he was" I whispered as my lips pressed below her ear with seductive flourishes along her neck. I pulled her close as her legs surrounded me and she felt the bulge press against her still moist pussy, she groaned as did I as her hips pushed against my hard eager shaft still held at bay by the Hanes briefs. "We'll go as slow as we need to sweetie; I promise I won't hurt you. Let's get in the shower and we can explore each other's bodies to find out just what makes us feel best.

I stepped back and turned to the shower/tub combination. I slid the curtain back and turned on the water as she got off of the counter and stepped up behind me. As I stood back up her hands pushed the briefs down and removed them from my feet; and since I was facing away from her she couldn't see the pole that stood proud at an upswept angle before me. As she stood up I took her arms and cradled myself in them and pulled her naked body to my back. Her ample C cups pressed to my back were pure heaven, her lips pressed between my shoulder blades, since she was a good foot shorter than I am. I quivered as her lips played over my flesh and nervously guided her hands down to my throbbing shaft. I felt her body tremble as I took her hands and wrapped them around the broad girth of my cock, she moaned as she finally felt just how big it was and ran her joined hands along the length. She giggled and whispered from behind me "You sure that is going to fit daddy?"

I laughed softly and replied "It may take a few times before you're comfortable with it all baby, but I'll go nice and slow when the time comes." She allowed me to turn the shower head on as I climbed into the tub. I turned around and held out my hands to invite her into a whole new world of pleasures; she smiled and looked down at the thick velvet hard on she had been yearning after since we met. She stepped in to join me and I again embraced her, this time our flesh met and the heat seared us both as we knew what was about to happen as my cock laid between us with the head nestled nicely between her tits. I grasped the bar of soap and lathered her back as we embraced, she quivered at the erotic touch and I groaned at the sensual wonders of having her at last in my arms and soon to be in the throes of passion. She whispered to me "Daddy, wash me all over...please, don't miss a spot" and pulled back a couple of inches to turn around for me.

I was impressed at how she was willing to take our time and really enjoy the erotica of the moment; her back all sudsy leaned against me as my hands swirled soapy film over her abdomen and then cradled her ample breasts for the first time. My body quaked with the wonders as she swayed forth and back over my chest and hips, her lower back pressed against the heated rod with sultry tease. I moved my hands and washed her smooth shaven mound, slick as a baby's butt as the saying goes, I knew she had taken the time to prepare for our love making and it made me proud to call her both daughter and lover. My arms wrapped around her waist and I lifted her from her feet and turned us around in the shower to where she was now facing the soft gentle spray. My hands scooped water

from the fountain and rinsed her pussy clean of the soapy film. Once it was my fingers curled inside the outer petals and felt her heated wetness as she groaned with her first signs of impending climax. I whispered to her “let it go baby, just feel it all and cum for me sweetie...” as my index finger pushed inside her channel for the first time. She gasped and a surge of fluids coated my finger giving slickness to her heavenly tight hole.

Her head fell against my chest as I fingered her; the water sprayed over her tummy and mound along with my hand as I brought her to orgasm and heard her cry out “Oh God Daddy” as her pussy flooded with sweet nectar. She was more than ready right then to have me fuck her, but I wanted to wait as my cock throbbed against the slick coating of soap on her back. I wanted her beneath me in bed when I slid my hard shaft inside her tight wet canal. I worked at her pussy until the orgasm ebbed and whispered to her “We’ve got all night baby. How about you wash me too before we go to bed and make love?”

Her body shook one last time as I released her from my invasive finger and hands. She turned around and I rinsed her back as she swirled her hands over my chest and shoulders. She took the bar of soap from the holder and lathered up her hands and looked down at the stiff cock with both anticipation and fear. It had grown as full as I had ever seen it and was more than enough to fill her over full. Her hands grasped it and ran the slick soap along the length teasingly as her body quivered with a mini orgasm just thinking about what she was about to do. She stroked it slow and washed it from base to head, the head barely fit in one of her hands and she giggled at the soft velvet flesh and said “I figured it would be hard and rough...it’s so smooth and soft to touch, and so hard at the same time.” I chuckled and said “Yeah, that’s about right, most call a man’s aroused cock velvet coated steel.” She giggled again and stoked it faster until I stopped her hands and said “Baby, I don’t want to cum yet, I want to have a good load for you when I get you off and shoot it deep inside your pussy. That be okay? I mean, I don’t have to cum inside you if you’d rather I didn’t. I’m guessing you’re not on the pill or anything?”

She giggled again as she stepped back and looked at my eager cock and whispered “I’ve been on the pill for over three years now, mom wasn’t taking any chances of me getting knocked up.” I smiled at the wisdom of my bride, and the smartness of my lover. We turned around so the spray of the shower would rinse me off as she washed my back and buttocks, her touch was heaven sent and my hard on lost none of the greedy feeling as she finished and I turned to rinse my back under the soft spray. I shut off the shower and we dried off, I dried her and she dried me, we each took our time with special places and chuckled together at how attuned we were to each other’s needs. I held out my hand and we walked naked hand in hand to her room, it would be the safest place for our love bed. Her tits swayed as we walked and my cock pointed the way.

As we got into her bedroom we went to the bed, I turned her around and laid her on her back in the center of it. She looked like an angel laying before me as she held her hands out to invite me, her blond hair spread out over her pillow, her trembling legs parted only enough to see the shaven mound and slit below, her tits swollen with needs as her nipples stood proudly textured above the darker pink areolas. I lowered one knee to the bed and leaned over her as her hands grasped my shoulders. I

whispered to her “We’re going to go slow Sandra, I want you to know all the joys of being with me fully” and kissed her lips with tender passions before nibbling on the lower one with my teeth. Her body quaked with want, I knew I could have easily climbed on and fucked her hard and deep, but she was and is special. I kissed my way along her neck, over her chest and between her ample peaks. My lips trailed over her tits as if they were mounds of sweet white chocolate, my tongue relishing each caressing inch of her as she shuddered with joys so far beyond what masturbation had given her. Her hand went to her petals and pressed against her clit as I watched her bring a smooth wetness to the tips of her fingers. I didn’t tell her then I had watched her masturbate the night before, but instead joined her in the effort and slid one finger deep inside her core and fucked her with it as she rubbed harder and harder over her clit.

I lowered myself along her tummy with wet kisses as she anticipated what I would do. Her hand moved aside as my lips sucked in her clit the first time. Her hips arched to meet my advancing mouth and a spurt of cream erupted from her channel sending a wave of sweet scent to my nostrils which I inhaled deeply with excitement. One finger turned to two as I plunged in slow rhythmic rhythms in and out of her pussy while sucking and lavishing her clit with both lips and tongue. She came a second time and I swept away the nectar with my tongue reveling in the taste with a groan that streamed from somewhere deep inside me. She heard it and felt my excitement and cooed out “Daddy, I want you....I need to feel that big cock inside me bad.” I swiped the cum off of my face with my arm and rose up from her lush cunt ready to take her as my own.

I turned around as she parted her legs for me to nestle between them. I knelt between her knees and looked down at her glistening sweaty body, her tits glimmering in the afternoon sun shining through the window, her smooth mound wet with my spittle and her creamy nectar. My thick cock ready for her for sure as it bounded up and down with its own needs. I reached down and lifted her knees and pushed them apart fully as I lowered my hips towards hers. One hand held me up as the other guided the head to her opening. Her petals parted as I felt the heated flesh of her pussy surround the head and pressed against the outer muscle already somewhat loosened by my two finger’s fucking of her moments before. She moved her hips, but not to withdraw from the invading monster cock, but against it and pushed herself to where the head popped inside the outer muscle with delicious sounds of desire streaming from her mouth. She gasped at the thickness but pressed again towards the meaty prong. I went slowly as I stroked a bit deeper with each push. Her hips flexed as I advanced and withdrew as I pulled back, our bodies were in perfect sync as three and then four inches filled and stretched her muscular walls. I could hardly bear not to thrust deep, but wanted to know every delicious moment of our first time and pushed ever slowly deeper. I had made it in with seven or eight inches when I found her cervical muscle’s barrier. She was going wild by this time wanting to cum again as she panted and groaned with need. I smiled and rose up to my knees drawing her up with me.

She was straddled my hips with her feet for leverage as she found out she was now in control. Her hips seemed to spread out as she lowered herself along the thick shaft and quivered out a mini climax to coat her channel with slick nectars with each time she slid along it. I wrapped my hands

around her butt and helped her to safely take me in. I could have easily blown my wad, but waited for her to know my lava hot cum as it flooded her womb. She caught on to how to best ride me and began to move more and more quickly up and down the hard velvet pole. She hesitated as the head pressed against her cervix each time, but it wasn't long before the muscle weakened and she thrust herself fully onto all ten inches of my cock with a scream of orgasm that echoed through the apartment's silent walls. I pulled her down and our mounds met in a hot weld of joining, my body shook with want to fill her as hers surged out what seemed like buckets of creamy female cum over my lap and thighs. I wrapped my arms around her and we kissed in a way that could only be called pure lust. Our bodies both quaking as her orgasm ebbed and she panted out "Did you cum for me Daddy?"

I caught my breath and bit her neck before saying "Not yet baby, you'll know when I let it go for you sweetie" and raised her from the hard eager shaft. It was dripping wet as her sweet pussy parted from it with a slurping sound and she groaned at the empty feeling of it being taken away. I set her onto the bed and said "Sandra, I want you from behind baby. You trust me to fuck you doggy style don't you?" She cooed out "Yes Daddy, I think I'd like that way too. Will you fill me with your cum then Daddy?" she pleaded as she turned around and got on her hands and knees. "Yeah baby, Daddy will give you what you want" I replied with a deep throaty voice filled with my lustful desire.

Our heights were so different that I couldn't stay on my knees and do her from the back, I was way too tall. So, instead I got on my feet and parted my knees to surround her butt as I lowered my hips to match her height and guided my slick coated shaft to her pussy again. She gasped at the feeling of entry from this new exciting angle and I thrust inside her with half of my lengthy cock before beginning the rhythm of fucking. Her head fell to the sheets with panting breaths as I plunged deeper inside her tight wet pussy, her hands gripped at the sheets as I slammed in and out of the tightest cunt I'd ever been in and grew closer to losing my control over ejaculation's immanent end. After only five minutes she was screaming out a full blown orgasm for me, I reveled in the lush fruits of her core as they slicked my path to glory. She gasped out almost indiscernible words begging me to cum for her as I fucked her hard and deep with each stroke. The head of my dick pushed wantonly against the inner wall of her womb as my heavy sack slapped her mound each time the hilt of my shaft found her petals. She was going insane with climaxes that were non stop for the next several minutes as I fucked her ever harder and slammed in to her to the hilt each time. Her body must have gone into overload as I felt her squirt cum so hard it gushed past the oversized plug that filled her pussy, I pushed as deep as I could as the flow ebbed and grunted out to her "Take it all baby" as the first rope filled her overheated womb. My body shook as I pulled back half way and thrust again into the abyss of her deepest recess and shot another load into her with my hot slick cream overflowing her core and escaping with her nectars along the canal of lust we had found together.

I gasped at my need and pulled my cock out of her, rolled her to her back with brute force and pushed the head to her lips...she knew instinctively what to do and opened her mouth as another stream flowed from my overly excited cock and filled her mouth with my seed. I did not force her to take the head into her mouth, but she knew the flavors of my cream as she swallowed the load and then

gasped with sated passions she had never imagined. I lowered myself along her prone figure and pushed inside her cunt again to unload the balance of my sack with the throbbing meat filling her again to the hilt in slow seductive strokes as we both ebbed from the tumultuous orgasms we had shared...so far. I licked her lips where some of my semen had escaped her willing mouth and then kissed her as lovers do. My cock dwindled to a softened version of what she had come to know and I rolled off of her sweat coated body and lay on my side cooing in her ear of how fantastic she was. She laid panting for air and cupped her hand over mine as it cradled her lush full breast. When her breathing slowed I heard her whisper "Oh Daddy..." she sighed "...I never dreamed it would be like that; you're the best daddy in the world."

My smile could have lit the world as my new step daughter's words touched my heart in ways too vast to measure.