

# My daughter, the Handywoman, does more than fix her home

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*My daughter's way of thanking me for helping her with her repairs*

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I am somewhat of a handyman around the house and I've always done any renovations myself. My daughter Donna, while growing up, always wanted to help me. When she grew older, she could handle any sort of renovation herself.

When Donna turned sixteen, she had become quite a looker so to say. She was as tall as I was around five foot ten inches; her long legs seemed to flow from her feet to her hips. She was a broad built girl, meaning that she did not have one of those twig statures. Even so, she still had a great figure.

Her breasts always seemed to bulge out of her bra, bikini top, or t-shirt. From what I could see, they were even larger than what her mother's were, and she sported a thirty-six D. Large tits seemed to be the only thing she inherited from her mother.

She had taken to wearing tight t-shirts with no bra around the house. Her nipples always seemed to be hard, pushing through her t-shirts. She would wear these very short mini skirts sometimes as well; it felt like she just wanted to tease me at times.

When Donna turned eighteen, she moved out on her own. At that time, my wife also decided to leave. This was fine by me as we were only together because of Donna.

After Donna moved out though, it felt like I was always missing something, not seeing her flaunt herself around the house. I started to fantasize about her.

I would look at a couple pictures of her wearing a bikini and masturbate. I know it was wrong to think about such things with your daughter but I was horny and hadn't had sex for a long time. At times I would cum on her pictures, aiming for her mouth or pussy.

When Donna turned twenty she purchased a "handyman special" condominium unit. She was in her

own slice of heaven. Quite often she would call me for some advice on doing things or even ask me over on the weekend to help. Therefore, it was no surprise when she called and asked me to help her install a new kitchen sink.

I arrived at her door around ten in the morning on the Saturday. It was going to be a hot one out today. I was already sweating heavily when she opened the door.

“Hi, dad,” she said.

She was wearing her signature tight t-shirt, which had sweat outlining her tits and showed her hard nipples as they pushed against the fabric. She also wore a very short denim mini skirt. This was not her normal bottom attire, it had always been jeans or sweat pants.

She gave me a hug; I could feel her breasts against me. They were wet with sweat as she was already doing some work. As she pulled away, the outline of her tits showed through the fabric more from pressing up against me.

“Hi,” I replied, trying not to gawk at her tit outline. “So what do you have for us today?”

I followed her as she turned, her ass swinging side to side. I could not help but notice her shapely figure and the outline of her ass; her mini skirt ended just below her cheeks.

She led me into the kitchen area. The kitchen was starting to look very good with all the renovations already completed.

“The hole in the counter top is quite large. We will have to line up the sink edge perfectly to ensure there is no gap,” she said. “I would also like to get the sink plumbing hooked up. Can I get you to crawl under the cabinet while I maneuver the sink into the hole?”

“Sure,” I replied.

I crawled into the cupboard looking up through the sink cut out. She leaned over to watch me crawl into position. Her tits hung straight down in her t-shirt. Almost as if they were right in front of me. I could feel my cock starting to stir.

She placed her legs on either side of my body and she started to move the sink into the hole. “A little to your left, I still see some light shining through on that side,” I said.

As she started to adjust the sink she shortened her width of the stance and both legs squeezed my

sides. It sent a shiver up my spine and my cock became hard.

“That’s it. It seems to be perfect there,” I said. “Where are the tools? I can clamp down the sink while you hold it in place.”

“On the table; can you crawl between my legs to get out? I don’t want to lose the placement of the sink,” she replied while she spread her legs further apart.

I thought about rotating to be on my side, but the temptation was too great not to get a chance to see under her skirt, so I slid out on my back. When I was directly under her, I looked up. I almost came right there and then. She was not wearing any panties. Her pussy was clean-shaved and looking right at me. She was moist; her pussy seemed to glisten.

I continued to move and stood up, re-adjusting my cock in my pants to make it easier to move around. I went to the table to get the tools to tighten the bolts. I turned around only to see her hand move from her crotch back to holding the sink. She had bent over a bit more and her skirt rode up, exposing the bottom part of her ass. I could see the start of her lips from the backside.

I crawled back under, face up again. I paused under her to look at her pussy. My cock started to throb.

“See everything okay under there,” she asked. “Are you able to see okay?”

“Yup, no problem,” I replied. Thinking she did not know what I meant by that.

I tightened the bolts down and with the sink now in place, she got on her knees and hands, while still straddling me, and looked under. I looked at her and noticed that her t-shirt was completely wet, her tits fully outlined. My cock pushed up against my pants. I was hoping she would not notice.

She got up and grabbed the sink drainpipe and other paraphernalia.

“Move over a bit,” she said. She started to crawl on her side facing me.

I moved down a bit while she moved in more. I took the drain for the sink and held it in place while she tightened the adapter. She had her arms up around her head; her tits wiggled in front of me. She moved one leg into a position that her shin, below her knee, rubbed my cock. She just kept on working not noticing.

When all was completed she slipped out first, pushing herself backwards from the sink cupboard. As

she moved down, she smiled at me and accidentally placed her hand on the outline of my cock. I jumped a bit, not expecting the touch, which felt like more of a grab.

After she stood up, I crawled out and stood, trying to hide the outline of my cock by holding some tools in front.

“Well what do you think?” she asked. “And I am not asking about the kitchen either.”

I looked at her quizzically.

“I put on this outfit for you. I wanted to see if I could tease you with some peeks, like when I was at home. It appears I did that,” she said, as she looked straight at the outline of my cock in my pants.

She smiled and pulled off her top. Her gorgeous and huge tits were right in front of me. They were huge.

“I know from your gawking all morning, you like my girls. I call them my thirty-eights. They are double D’s, larger than moms were,” she said proudly.

She approached me and pulled my t-shirt over my head. She then gave me a hug. I pulled her closer and tighter, placed my hands on her tits. They were soft and smooth. I could not hold one in one hand, as they were just too large.

As her tits pressed against my chest, there was enough room between our hips for her to place one hand on my cock and rub it.

I placed my hands behind her and pulled her ass in closer. She moved her mouth to mine and kissed me. She parted my mouth with her tongue and played with mine.

I moved my hands down and slipped them under her skirt. I grabbed her ass and squeezed her cheeks.

She pushed to stand back a bit, undid her skirt and let it fall to the floor. I looked at the sight before me. Her pussy just glistened with her juices.

She approached me again and unbuckled my belt. She unzipped my pants and as she lowered herself, she pulled them down, leaving my boxers on.

While she was on her knees, she moved her mouth to the outline of my shaft. She ran her mouth up

and down the fabric outline then slowly slid the boxers down a bit just enough to expose my knob. She started lick the knob while she grabbed my balls through the material.

I was in ecstasy and almost came. She must have felt this in me, as she stopped what she was doing and pulled off my boxers. My cock, free after being constrained, stuck straight out.

“Oh, it’s so thick,” she exclaimed. “And to think mom left this. I don’t know what she was thinking, this is a beautiful cock.”

She stood up, grabbed my hand, and led me into her bedroom. She had me lie down; face up, on her bed up while she climbed on top.

She bent down and took my cock completely into her mouth. After a few sucks on it, she backed off and positioned herself on her hands and knees. She moved up a bit, and placed her tits on either side of my cock and started to rub it with her tits.

I almost came as I tit fucked her, but wanted to hold off.

“Let’s wait,” I asked between my breaths.

She looked at me and started to crawl towards my face. She positioned her tits right above my mouth. I grabbed one and placed the nipple into my mouth. I started to play with it with my tongue, and then slowly started to suck. Her tit was large and it covered my face. I just sucked.

Donna started to breath heavy. She moved up, and placed her knees on either side of my head and positioned her pussy right on my mouth. I needed no further invite from her. I started to lick her pussy. I could smell her pussy juices and stuck my tongue inside of her vagina. She started to breathe and pant faster.

She moved off my mouth and slid down until my cock rested against her ass. She placed her hand on my cock and rose up. She slowly lowered her self on to the head, then all the way in. I watched her as she lowered her self. Her eyes closed, and she was smiling.

She started to grind herself against my pelvis and squeeze her muscles around my cock.

I placed my hands on her tits and started to massage them. Her breathing became more rigid as she stared to rise up and down on my shaft. She started to move faster, then faster.

I exploded cum into her at the same time she came. I never was able to cum at the same time while

with my ex. It was a first, and it was exhilarating.

Donna sat on top until she finished shivering. Slowly she pulled her self off, lay down, and cuddled.

“Thank you,” she said.

“I need to thank you. I've wanted to fuck you for a while. You made my fantasy come true,” I replied.

“You know I always tried to seduce you when I was sixteen. I just thought mom never gave you any sex. Then when I thought about how much you have been helping me, I thought this would be a perfect way to say thank you.” She responded. “Would you mind staying the night with me? I would love to fuck you more after a little rest?” she asked.

With that, I turned, cuddled her and we both relaxed.