

# My Sade, Part 1

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**hey, wait a minute, stop the pressed, yall fucked up if yall didn't ask to use my imagination! u can read, but if u want to use it, ask first! <br /><br />hey, thanks, and have a good day!**

*I never knew that I would fall in love with my own niece ...*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/my-sade-part-1.aspx>

When my sister passed away, I was given custody of her daughter, Sade. Being a bachelor, I had no clue how to raise a child, especially a girl. Sade was 13 when I picked her up at her home. Don't get me wrong, I loved my niece, but I was way out of depth here. I couldn't just walk away from her, I was the only family that she had left. So, that fateful day, I picked up a scared child and together we tried to muddle through things.

Being a bachelor with a child, I soon learned, was a lot harder than I originally thought. Suddenly, I had to start going over to my lovers' home instead of bring them to mine. The first night I tried that, I was worried so much about leaving Sade at home, I couldn't even get in the door. Just thanked the woman and went home. Instantly going to her room and checking on her. Making sure she was okay and swearing that until she was out the door, I would not have another date. I would find some way to get laid when Sade was older.

My very active sex life just came to a complete stop because I had Sade. I found myself going to work and actually looking forward to getting home and hearing all about Sade's day. I was able to see my niece for the woman that she was becoming. Each year, she got more and more beautiful. Her blond hair flowing half way down her back, her blue eyes snapping with mischief. At fifteen, she could have posed as a super model. She began asking questions about her body and I found it hard to explain things to her.

Her sixteenth birthday party was going well and I thought that I might finally be able to relax a little. Then I saw a boy trying to grope her, I was instantly furious. It also didn't help my feelings to see my Sade trying to get his hands off her body. Turning the music off, I yelled at everyone to leave and then grabbed the boy by his arm. I told him that if I ever caught him messing with my little girl, I would rip his arms off. His eyes grew wide and he ran out the door.

I took Sade into my arms and held her as she cried. She tried to explain that she had told him to stop and that he just wouldn't. I told her that it was okay, I was there. I had sat down and pulled her onto my lap. Her breasts were pressed against my chest and her ass cheeks cradled my cock between them. I tried to ignore her against me, but my cock had another idea in mind. She cried as she held onto me. After a while, her crying subsided and she hiccuped.

"Uncle Ash, can I kiss you," she asked. Before I could answer, her lips pressed against mine. So soft, tender, and a hint of strawberry chap stick. I was losing myself in this kiss and I knew better. I tried to keep it light and descent, but then the little vixen went and traced my lips with her tongue. Groaning, I opened my mouth and teased her tongue with mine. Hearing her moan drove me even farther from sanity. The fact that she tasted like honey wasn't missed by me either.

Finally a part of my brain that knew this was wrong woke up and I stood up, dumping her to the floor. I quickly walked away, telling her to pick up, and went to my room. I shut the door, turned on the radio, and headed to my bathroom. I needed a very cold shower. I made sure the door to my room and my bathroom were locked before I stripped. My cock ached to be freed and I never felt better once my boxers fell to the floor. I jumped into the shower and made quick work of getting washed.

I pulled on boxers and a pair of pajama pants before heading back to the living room. I grabbed a beer and sat in my recliner. Flipping through the channels, I never noticed Sade walk back into the room. She had on a tight little tank top that barely covered her slim tummy and a pair of bikini panties that were a pretty innocent pink as were her socks. Damn, I couldn't believe that I was getting hard again just watching her. She handed me a bowl of popcorn before laying on the floor, legs bent at the knee, ankles crossed. Giving me a damn good view of her pink panty clad pussy. I couldn't concentrate on the basketball game at all. I only say those damn pink panties and the wet spot that was forming. Sighing heavily, I got up and told her that I was going out and not to wait up. Pulling clothes on, I made a dash for the door. I had to get away and get my head on straight again. Also, getting laid would be wonderful as well.

I went straight to my favorite joint. A combination bar and strip joint, it would be perfect for me tonight. The Honey Pot was hopping already and I had a small problem finding a place at the bar to sit. I wasn't interested in the strippers, but rather a pretty little blond beside me. I got to chatting her up and buying her a few drinks. She was pretty, but couldn't hold a candle to my little Sade. I leaned into her ear and asked if she wanted to go back to her place. Her brown eyes lite up and she lead me to the door. It was only a short walk to her place and I liked the small place. As soon as she shut the door behind me, she was all over me. She couldn't get my cock out fast enough. The way she sucked me had me cringing. When I couldn't cum, she pushed me onto the bed and straddled me.

Her breasts were starting to sag. Her pussy didn't feel tight at all. It was at that moment that my brain

shifted gears. No longer was she just a blond with brown eyes and sagging tits. This was my Sade riding me. I thrust hard into her, groaning as my mind envisioned Sade bouncing on my cock. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I exploded inside her, screaming Sade's name. She didn't take offense at all, just rode me until she came and then got up. I got dressed and walked out the door. That was all it was, a fucking. Nothing involved but two bodies hungry for release. Only problem was that I wasn't satisfied at all.

When I got back to the house, thankfully, Sade wasn't in the living room. It was late and also a school night, so she was already in bed. As I walked past her room, I stopped and peered inside. Just my nightly check on her before I went to bed. She was laid out on her tummy, covers thrown here and there, just like always. But tonight, it didn't feel like every night. I quickly closed her door and headed to my room. Once in my room, I stripped down and crawled into bed. Running a hand over my face, I recounted the entire day as the disaster it was. How could an innocent party for my 16 year old niece turn the day into such a wreck, I couldn't begin to fathom. Remembering how she felt pressed against me on my lap had me hard again.

Tossing the covers aside, I allowed my cock to breath. Standing proud at 9.5 inches, my cock was also meaty. Made any woman scream with pleasure. I stroked my member and thought about my favorite woman to fuck. After 20 minutes, I knew that there was only one woman (although young) that my cock wanted. Closing my eyes, I thought about Sade and how she felt against me. How she seemed to know how to sit to get my cock between her short covered ass cheeks. That kiss that had short circuited my brain. I began to imagine what it would be like for her lips to cover my cock, how her pussy would be so tight as my cock slide inside. A few minutes later, I felt myself getting ready to cum and I stroked faster; softly saying her name. When I came, I cried her name a little louder than intended and with three long burst, my balls were depleted of cum and I could go to sleep peacefully.

For the next few days, things around the house were pretty normal. It was almost like I had imagined her kissing me. She would get up and go to school and I would be at work, worrying that I would be home in time to get her dinner and stuff. Yes, I realized that she was able to do these things for herself, but I wanted to be there at night for her. Even at 16, there were still times, I was awoken by her screaming. It killed me to hear her screaming and it was always the same nightmare. She'd dream about losing her mother and father. I would hold her and pet her hair as I tried to reason with her. Yes, Sade needed me at home even if she did complain that she didn't. My buddies hazed me about her the first few months after she arrived. But it was all in good fun, so I was able to let it slide. Especially since they all thought I was racing home to a woman that was warming my bed. It always made me laugh.

Three months after her birthday, I woke to her screaming again. It had been a while since her last nightmare. As always, I was up, throwing on boxers, and running to her room. Skidding across the

wood floors as I raced to her side. I quickly got into bed and pulled her to me. Holding her tightly against my body, rocking her, and telling her that I was there for her. That nobody would ever take me from my baby girl. This time, it took longer than normal for her to settle down and just sag against me. All the while, I never let her go and continued to pet her hair. Even after she was over the nightmare, I held her. She pulled back just a little and looked up at me. She placed her hand on my cheek and had me look at her. In her eyes was everything I had ever wanted a woman to look at me like. But this was my niece, I just couldn't.

“Baby girl, we cannot. It is not right. The trouble,” I started to say, but it all got drowned out by her lips upon mine. Like before, she was tentative about kissing me. I allowed her tongue to enter my mouth and play with mine, then I broke the kiss. I couldn't keep doing this.

Before I could lose my mind completely, I got out of bed and went back to my own. I swear I heard her burst into tears as I walked down the hall. That morning, when I went downstairs, Sade wouldn't even look at me. She splashed my coffee all over the table and slammed her bowl down and ate. Never a single word from her lips at all. That was when I realized that I was in a battle that I might not win at all. That girl was too much like me. Stubborn to the hilt. Whenever we set our minds on something, watch out because not even a train would derail us. And Sade had set her sights on me. I don't know why, but she had. I could not lose this battle to her. She just didn't understand how things worked that was all. She didn't realize that if anyone found out what she was trying to do, children services would take her away from me. I couldn't allow that to happen at any cost. No matter how much my cock wanted her, I couldn't and wouldn't allow anything to happen to my family.

After school, she brought some girl friends over to study and hang out. She knew I wouldn't care as long as there wasn't a mess. When I finally got home that night, it was later than normal and the girls were just getting ready to leave. I asked if any of them needed a ride home and they all declined. I went upstairs to get my shower and I heard Sade say that dinner would be done shortly. I wasn't complaining, I just wanted a shower and bed to be honest. Somehow I think she understood that because when I got out of the shower, my dinner was sitting on my desk in my room. After quickly devouring it, I went to bed. Just falling onto my bed face first and was almost instantly asleep.

I awoke several hours later and gathered the dishes and headed downstairs. As I passed Sade's room, I heard some mumbling. Thinking nothing of it, I continued to the kitchen. After washing up the little bit of dishes, I grabbed a drink and headed back to bed. I paused outside her room and peeked inside. If I was holding onto anything, it would have all crashed to the floor. Sade had re-arranged her bedroom. The door was barely opened and she had moved her bed to where it was in perfect view. There she was, naked, and playing with her clit. All the while, she was moaning my name. MY name was coming from her lips. My cock instantly grew hard and I couldn't take my eyes off her pussy. Just as she came, I went to my room.

Once in my room, I again masturbated. This time the vision of her masturbating filled my head. Imagining what it would be like to have my fingers and tongue working over her pussy. To hear her screaming my name as I filled her pussy. Again, it wasn't long before I was cumming. Going to the bathroom to clean up, I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I wasn't yet 30 years old, had a kick ass body that was hard, and looked like every woman's dream. I stand at 6 feet even with blond hair and killer green eyes. I run a hand over my face, trying to see what would have attracted my niece. Her mother, my twin, had the same blond hair as I but had blue eyes. Eyes that Sade inherited. I knew that I was lost to the game that Sade wanted. Looking in the mirror, I looked like a man that had his favorite treat dangled in front of him and each time he lunged to grab it, it was jerked away. Shaking my head, I admitted that I wanted my niece badly. I wanted to die. This was something that was not suppose to happen. An uncle wasn't suppose to fall in love with his niece, but somehow along the way, I had done just that. Sighing in defeat, I decided that neither of us were leaving the house in the morning. Sade had won. She would get what she was after. Somehow, that didn't make me feel less of a man, but more protective of her. She would forever be my girl. My Sade.

That morning, I overslept and Sade walked into my room to wake me. I took hold of her wrist and jerked her into bed with me. Before she could muster a protest, I wrapped my arms around her and buried my nose in her hair. She was laying on one arm and my other arm was laying low on her hip. My leg shifted between hers and I heard the smallest sigh possible come from her. For once, I was content and fell asleep quickly. When I woke again, she was smiling down at me. Told me that she called work and school and claimed we were both ill. I smiled and asked if she minded getting coffee started while I got a quick shower. Smiling, she bounded out of my room. That perfect heart shaped ass wiggling its goodbye.