

One Beautiful Morning

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Father is surprised by grown daughter while masturbating and it change their relationship

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I awoke with a hard-on and an urgent need to relieve it. It was early, a little past six in the morning. Amy, my nineteen-year-old daughter, had been out late working and hanging out with friends. I figured that she wouldn't be awake for a while and it would be safe to enjoy myself. Throwing the covers aside, I sat up in bed and stripped off the t-shirt that I'd worn to sleep. My stiff cock slipped out of my boxers through the fly, the circumcised head swollen and dark at the end. Slowly, I ran my fingers up and down my shaft a few times. I liked the feeling of stroking my cock. It brought back memories of Claire, my late wife, doing the same to me before taking it into her mouth to suck it or mounting it for a nice dawn ride.

As I played with myself, trying to hold that image of Claire, I used my other hand to stroke and pinch my nipples. The little buds hardened and sent little tingles down through my loins to my cock, further arousing me. Claire used to bite them lightly. That was a much more intense feeling that I desperately craved to feel again. Precum oozed from the tip of my cock. I took some on my finger and rubbed it on my nipple.

The tension was building rapidly and I backed off to let the intensity grow until it was unbearable. Finally, though, I knew it wouldn't wait. I moved my fingers higher on my shaft to caress the sensitive place below the cockhead. That did it. Closing my eyes and letting go of all control, I climaxed with a loud groan. Semen sprayed over my belly and chest. In my youth, I'd had it reach my chin a couple times but that was long past.

Expended, I opened my eyes with the intention of cleaning up and getting on with my day. Instead, I froze in shock at the sight of Amy standing at my door. She was wearing a short nightdress with a V neck that showed off her cleavage. My daughter was a beauty akin to her mother but with a lighter complexion and blonde hair that must have come from my side.

Right now, though, my eyes were looking further down. Amy's right hand was between her thighs,

slowly massaging her pussy through the thin material of the nightie. Before either of us could speak, my daughter came. Tears ran down her pale cheeks and she let out a soft cry as her body shook. She leaned against the door frame, obviously overcome by her climax.

“Oh my God,” she suddenly gasped out.

Turning red, Amy fled the room and I heard her door close. It was only then that I realized that I was getting hard again.

Amy didn't come down for breakfast until after nine. She blushed when she saw me. We'd both dressed - me in jeans and t-shirt, her in a tank top and shorts. Her outfit wasn't the most revealing one she had but it fit her body's curves rather nicely and I found myself enjoying the sight. Saying nothing, Amy sat at the table and tucked into some breakfast while I did some cleaning around the kitchen.

“Dad, I'm sorry,” she finally said in a soft voice, almost weeping, “I shouldn't have come to your room. Shouldn't have seen that. Shouldn't have done that.”

I smiled at her. Walking over, I put a hand lightly on her bare shoulder. The smooth, warm skin felt nice under my fingers and I realized I wanted to touch her more.

“It's okay,” I answered, “I should close my door when I'm enjoying myself. I thought you'd still be asleep.”

“I woke up early and could hear sounds from your room. Curiosity got the better of me and I came out for a peek. I was already a little aroused and then when I saw what was happening, I started thinking about touching you and you touching me. And then I couldn't help myself...”

She started crying. I stood behind her chair and gently stroked her hair and caressed her shoulders. My cock hardened a little, warning me that I was moving into dangerous territory.

“It really is okay, Amy. I'm not mad or anything. I know that you were just feeling horny and couldn't help yourself. If it helps, seeing you like that turned me on and that's not necessarily a very comfortable feeling for me either.”

Amy put a hand on mine and held it. Turning her head she smiled.

“Thanks, Dad. It upset me because it's not the only time that I've had sexual thoughts about you.”

I sat down in another chair and looked Amy in the eye.

“Really?”

She nodded.

“I often fantasize about you or at least guys your age when I’m masturbating or even just thinking about sex.”

Now, Amy and I had been quite close since Claire died almost ten years before. I supposed that Amy having a crush on me, or even desiring me, wasn’t totally unnatural under those circumstances. Certainly, I’d found myself entranced by the beauty and maturity of my grown-up daughter. To be honest, I’d had some father-daughter fantasies of my own dance through my head. Just a few nights before, I’d humped a pillow while whispering Amy’s name and wishing it was her underneath me.

“Amy, ever since your mother died I’ve been totally devoted to you. I guess that’s affected your feelings towards me, made them stronger than maybe they should be. I know I have had some strong feelings and rather un-fatherly thoughts about you.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously. Seeing you masturbating in my room this morning should have upset me. Instead, I just keep thinking about what a sexy sight it was.”

Amy rested her hand on mine.

“You really think I’m sexy? As a man. Not just as my proud father.”

I turned my hand over and wrapped my fingers around hers.

“Yes, as a man. And as a very proud father.”

“You know that I’m a virgin?”

I was surprised at this. She’d been pretty close with a guy from one of her classes the previous school year so I’d assumed that she had slept with him at some point.

“No. I thought you and Doug...”

Amy laughed.

“It didn’t work out and we didn’t get that far. Lots of necking and touching but never even got naked.”

“Too bad. He seemed nice.”

“He was in some ways but he wasn’t what I wanted. I think that part of the problem is that I have this image, this fantasy, of you being my first.”

“Why?”

Amy looked thoughtful before she answered, “Because I find you attractive and I think that you’ll be a very careful, caring lover. You’re my father, after all and you’ve been so good to me in other things.”

We stared into each other’s eyes and caressed each other’s hands. My eyes fell from Amy’s face to her chest. It rose and fell in gentle rhythm with her breathing. Her nipples were erect and pushing against the thin cotton of her tank. I realized that my daughter was braless and my cock started to harden at the thought.

Amy got up and tugged on my hand. I stood up facing her and slipped my arms around her. She returned the embrace and we pressed our bodies together. Our mouths joined in a long, open-mouthed kiss. Amy’s tongue slid against mine. I pushed mine back against her. Sliding my hands down to her small, firm buttocks, I kneaded them through her shorts while moving my hips to press the swelling bulge in my jeans against her.

We broke off the kiss. Staring into my daughter’s soft blue eyes, I slid my hands up Amy’s body and under the tank top to fondle her breasts.

“You like them?” she asked with a smile.

“They feel great. Take your top off so I can see them.”

Amy obeyed, lifting her tank top slowly off over her head. I remove my hands from her breasts and stood back to admire them. They were very like her mother’s breasts – small and firm with large, dark nipples and aureoles.

“They’re beautiful, Amy. And they’re making me hungry.”

“Then let’s go eat,” she replied with a sly wink.

Turning, she headed down the hall to her bedroom with me in pursuit. As I walked, I stripped off my t-shirt and unzipped my jeans. By the time we reached her room, I simply had to slip out of my jeans.

Amy stood next to her bed and slowly unzipped her shorts. She made a show of slowly sliding them and her panties down until they fell to the floor around her feet. Naked, my daughter was a marvel to behold and very like her mother. Even her dark blonde, lightly trimmed bush was reminiscent of Claire's.

I slipped out of my briefs and walked up to my daughter. She smiled and blushed shyly at the sight of my nakedness and partial erection. Embracing Amy, I pulled her against me and lowered my mouth to hers. She eagerly returned both embrace and kiss. For a long time we just stood there in a naked embrace swapping kisses and caresses.

"This feels so good," Amy said "I want you so badly. Do you want me?"

I stroked her hair and kissed her lightly.

"I do. Can't you feel it?"

I moved my hips slightly, pressing my hard cock against her soft flesh. Amy giggled and took it in her right hand. Her fingers lightly caressed me as she explored it.

"It's so big when you're aroused," she said, "And hard. Does it hurt?"

"No," I laughed, "It feels very good. Especially when you touch it like that."

"Kelly says her boyfriends like her to put their cocks in her mouth. Do you like that?"

Kelly was her rather promiscuous best friend. The polar opposite of Amy in some regards but a good match for her in others.

"I do. Your mother was amazing at it. Do you want to try?"

"If it will make you feel good."

"It will."

Releasing my daughter, I sat on the edge of her bed with my legs spread. My cock stood out, the tip

moist with precum.

“Kneel down in front of me,” I gently commanded.

Amy obeyed. The sight of a woman kneeling before me as if in worship always excited me and my daughter was no exception.

“Touch it with your fingers like you just did.”

Smiling, Amy raised her right hand and touched my cock. Slowly, she caressed the hard shaft with her fingertips.

“Yes, baby, that feels so good,” I moaned, “Now kiss the head.”

She did as told, letting her lips linger for several seconds.

“Now open your mouth and put the head between your lips.”

Again, my daughter obeyed me.

“Close your lips tight around it and suck a little.”

The feeling as Amy began to suck me was incredible and I knew I wouldn't last long.

“Take it in deeper so you're sucking the shaft.”

I reached out and caressed Amy's hair and face as I enjoyed the sight of her naked body and my cock in her mouth. The pressure in my balls started to build.

“Oh baby, I'm going to shoot. Take it out and let it spray on your tits...,” I gasped out.

But Amy didn't. She kept me in her mouth. I saw stars as a massive orgasm shook me. Amy gagged and released my cock in surprise. My seed dribbled from her mouth and down on to her breasts as more spurted out of me to join it. Amy smiled and laughed. She licked her lips clean, and then did the same for my cock.

“So did that feel good?” Amy asked, still kneeling and playing with my cock.

“Very.”

“I like making you feel good,” she cooed, giving my now limp cock a kiss.

“And I want to make you feel good. Are you aroused?”

Amy smiled. There was no blushing this time.

“I am. I played with myself while I sucked you but I haven’t finished yet.”

“Then get up here on the bed so I can finish you.”

Amy lay down on her bed with her legs open to me. Her pussy lips were swollen and wet, practically begging me for attention. I lay on top of my daughter and we kissed again. As my tongue probed her mouth, I could taste faint traces of my cum on her lips. Then I moved down, kissing her face, her throat, and on down to her breasts. I lightly kissed and licked each dark, erect nipple before wrapping my lips around one and sucking it. My mouth filled with the slightly salty taste of her sweaty flesh. Her hands were on my head, running through my hair and stroking my skin as I sucked her nipples, moving back and forth between breasts.

“I love that feeling,” she said quietly, “My nipples are so sensitive.”

I answered by lightly biting one.

“Oh,” Amy gasped, “Again!”

So I bit her again, eliciting a light cry. Then I worked my way down her body, laying a trail of kisses and love bites from between her breasts down her stomach to her navel, and then down to her pubic mound.

“Let’s see how much you’re really enjoying this,” I said quietly.

Gently, I slid a finger inside my daughter. Amy let out a soft gasp at the penetration. She was very wet so I pulled it out and then entered her again with two. Another soft gasp. Then I lightly circled her swollen bud with my tongue, being careful to tease but not directly stimulate it. As I licked Amy’s clit and slowly fucked her with my fingers, my daughter’s gasps became moans. Her juice dribbled out of her pussy. I lapped it up eagerly, and then turned my attention back to her clitoris.

“Oh God, that is so good,” she said, “Don’t ever stop.”

Amy's hips moved and then her body jerked.

"Oh yes, Daddy!" she cried out.

Her soft vagina fluttered around my fingers and more of her juices flowed out. I kept licking and fingering her until her orgasm passed. As she relaxed, I slowly kissed my way back up her body until I was lying on top of her again. My cock was hard again as it pressed against her wet opening.

"Do you want to have me now?" Amy asked after a few minutes.

I froze, unsure of whether I wanted to take that final step. We'd gone too far already by some reckonings but that also meant that taking the plunge of actual intercourse wouldn't really be going much further into taboo territory. Whatever doubts my mind had, my body had none. Smitten with lust for the lovely girl beneath me, I gave my body the benefit of the doubt.

"Do you want it? Do you want me inside you?" I asked, lightly stroking her face and hair.

"I do," Amy answered in a husky whisper, "It's what I've been waiting for."

After leaving a loving kiss on her mouth, I raised myself up on my arms and guided my cock into position at her slit. I moved my hips to ease the head into her. Slowly, I pushed in deeper with slow, gentle thrusts. My daughter's maidenhead gave way surprisingly easily. Claire's had been harder, or so I recalled, when I took her virginity almost twenty-five years earlier. After a couple more gentle thrusts, I was all the way in.

"Did that hurt much?" I asked, stroking my daughter's face and giving her forehead a kiss.

"It's okay," she answered, "It hurt a bit but it feels good, too. I feel so close to you when you're in me like this."

I began to move my body against my daughter's, slowly sliding my cock in and out of her. Amy wrapped her arms around my body and pushed back. We quickly found a rhythm and I picked up my pace, driving my thrusts deeper and faster. Having already had one orgasm, I was able to hold on for a while.

"Oh, Daddy," Amy suddenly gasped. Her hands slid to my ass and held me in her as she pressed her mound against me. Her vagina fluttered around my cock and I realized that she was having another orgasm.

The feeling of my daughter coming aroused me. I began thrusting faster and harder. It didn't take much more before I climaxed myself, groaning as my seed launched into her. Expended and satisfied, I lay on top of my daughter once more. Amy slowly ran her hands over my back in slow caresses as we lay together. We said nothing, just swapped the occasional light kiss. My cock softened and began to slip out of her.

"Enough?" I finally whispered to Amy's ear.

"Enough," she replied, and then added, "For now."