

Party Time

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Dad picks up his daughter from a party

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“Do you still want me to drive you?” I called to my seventeen year old daughter who was upstairs getting dressed for a party.

“I’ll be right down, daddy,” was her response.

I sat down in front of the television and several minutes later my little girl, Sara, came down the stairs and into the living room. I looked up at her and she looked stunningly sexy. Sara’s wavy brown hair fell upon her shoulders. Her 5’6”, 125 pound frame was clothed in a form fitting white ribbed tank top. Sara’s 34C breasts were uplifted with a pink lace bra that I could clearly see through her tank top. Sara wore a pair of tight cut off jean shorts that exposed her toned, tanned legs. She topped off the outfit with a pair of brown mid-calf leather cowboy boots and a natural colored straw cowboy hat.

“I’m ready, dad!” Sara exclaimed as she turned and walked toward the door. I followed her and noticed a hint of ass cheek peeking from beneath her cut off jeans.

“Baby, you look very grown up tonight,” I said as we got into the car.

“Thanks, daddy,” Sara replied. She looked at me with a sultry smile. The party was being thrown by one of her friends who was turning seventeen. I wondered if the other girls would be wearing such sexy clothes. As I pulled to the curb in front of the house, I needn’t wonder any longer. Several of the girls were wearing tight cut off shorts and little tops, while others wore tight, short dresses and high heels. How I wished I were seventeen again.

Sara kissed my cheek, jumped out of the car and caught up with some girls who were going into the house. I watched their asses walk into the house and felt a little twinge of horniness as I focused on their firm cheeks and tone legs. As Sara walked through the front door she turned toward me and

mouthed 'I'll call you later.' She turned to go into the house and I lost her in a sea of youth.

On the drive home my mind's eye was focused on the young girls I watched going into the party. I drifted off into a fantasy where I seduced one of the young ladies and as she sucked my cock she looked up at me and it was Sara! I knew it was wrong, but I continued the fantasy and pictured Sara's tongue licking my shaft and her full lips wrapped around my stiff cock. As I drove, my hand found my cock and I began to rub it through my pants.

Before I knew it I was pulling into my driveway with no recollection of how I got there, but only the visions of Sara in my head. I got out of the car and went into the house. I thought it best to watch television so as to get my mind off my daughter and how hot she looked this evening. I popped open an ale and settled in to watch television.

I must have dozed off because I was awakened by the ringing of the telephone. I looked at the clock and saw it was 1 a.m.

I rubbed my eyes and cleared my throat, "Hello?"

"Hi daddy!" screeched the voice on the other end. "Can you come get me!?" I couldn't determine which was louder, Sara's voice or the background music.

"Sure," I responded. "Is everything o.k.?"

"Yeah! Everything's great! Can you get me now?" Sara again inquired.

"Sure, baby. I'll leave right now." I hung up the phone, splashed water on my face and quickly rinsed with mouth wash.

I pulled up to the curb at the party house and waited several minutes. There were about five times as many youngsters now as when I dropped Sara off. I sent Sara a text message that I was waiting in front. Two to three minutes later, Sara came out the front door being assisted by a young man. She was staggering and clearly intoxicated.

"Hi, sir," the young man said. He said nothing more. He need not say anything more.

"Hi, daddy!" Sara yelled as she reached into the driver window and kissed my cheek.

"Hi, baby. Make your way to the passenger door and we'll get you home," I responded.

Sara giggled and made her way to the passenger door. When she opened it the interior light illuminated and I watched as she steadily entered the car. Her cutoff shorts gapped and I saw a hint of her pussy. She wore no underpants! Once again, I felt a tingle between my legs.

Once Sara was in the car she looked at me with a wry grin and I saw her eyes were bloodshot. The smell of alcohol came off her breath and most astoundingly, she was no longer wearing the pink bra she wore when I dropped her off. I looked at her tits and their firmness pulled at the fabric of her white tank top. Her nipples stood erect and I could see the shadowing of her areolas through the thin fabric! Suddenly, visions of my fantasy returned.

The ride home was interesting, to say the least. Sara spoke about the party as if I were her best friend! She spoke about girls who she referred to as 'sluts.' Sara referred to the guys at the party as cocks, and all I could do was listen, and look at her firm, youthful tits. I heard a story of how a slut found a cock and gave him a "blowie" in front of everyone.

"A 'blowie'," I asked? "What's that?"

Sara giggled and wisely said, "It's a blow job, daddy. You know, when someone sucks a cock!"

"Oh" was the only response I could think of.

After a moment of silence I asked, "Why are you telling me these things, baby?"

"I thought you'd want to know about what happened! Don't you want to know what went on?" Sara stared at me with her eyes wide open as if to say, 'come on, dad! Wake up!'

"Well, sure I do. Why not? I always want to know what goes on in your life and I encourage your honesty." I cleared my throat and waited for the remaining play-by-play of the party. The rest of the ride home was filled with stories of what happened at the party. Most of them dealt with what someone wore or who got too drunk.

Once we arrived home I got out of the car and quickly made my way to Sara's side of the car. I opened the car door and assisted her out. My eyes were trained on her unbridled tits which jiggled slightly with every move she made. I was very aroused by now. Sara tripped stepping onto the curb and fell into me. Her tits pushed against my chest and her top pulled to the side exposing all of her side tit and a hint of areola peeked out. Her tits felt so soft and pliable and looked so inviting, I almost reached down and touched them. Sara giggled as she stood straight and pulled her top to straighten it.

“What happened to your bra?” I hesitantly asked.

“Oh, that thing?” Sara replied matter of factly. “It was cutting into me so I took it off.”

We walked into the house and I asked Sara if I could help her with anything. She thought for a second, grinned and said, “Yeah. Can you tuck me in?”

I looked at her sexy body and the only answer I could muster was, “Sure.”

We made our way to her bedroom and she immediately sat on the bed and laid back. She lifted one foot and asked, “Can you take my boots off?”

I grabbed the boot, one hand at the heel and the other at the toe, and easily pulled her boot off. She lifted the other foot and I repeated the process.

“Oh, that feels so good,” Sara moaned. She rolled onto her stomach and asked, “Daddy? Can you rub my back?”

I sat next to her and began to rub her back with one hand. I stroked her back from her shoulders down to her waist. I moved from one side of her back to the other. Seeing my daughter lying on the bed so submissively got me extremely horny. As I rubbed her back she occasionally released a soft moan. My hand found its way to her side where I gently brushed against the side of her tit. She did not react so I brushed against it a second time...then a third. Sara merely smiled and groaned in pleasure.

“Hmmm, that feels nice, daddy,” Sara cooed. She pulled her top over her head and now she laid topless on her belly. The sides of her tits were exposed and I softly rubbed them. With each gentle stroke of my hand, Sara seemed to roll over ever so slightly until she was on her back and I was now rubbing the front of her body. My hand moved over her breasts and her nipples became erect, as did my cock.

As my hand focused on Sara’s tits, she reached down to her waist and unbuttoned her denim shorts. Once they were fully unbuttoned, she spread her pants open and I saw her cleanly shaved pussy. Her hand grabbed mine and slowly moved it to her open pants. As soon as I felt her soft pussy I couldn’t help myself and I reached into her pants. Her pussy was hot and very wet.

“Oh....daddy,” Sara cooed.

“Baby, maybe we shouldn’t be doing this,” I said hesitantly, not wanting her to agree with me.

Sara replied by pulling her shorts off. Now she was totally naked before me. My fingers continued to rub her hardening clit. My other hand moved to her firm tits and as I rubbed, her nipples became hard. My cock was now fully erect and I so desired to make love to my beautiful daughter.

As I rubbed Sara's clit, she softly smiled and spread her legs apart. Her hips slowly began to gyrate and her breathing was slowly getting heavier. I pinched one of Sara's nipples between my thumb and forefinger which caused her to gasp and arch her back. I leaned forward and placed her nipple between my lips. My tongue circled her nipple and Sara seemed to really enjoy this. She placed her hand on the back of my head and pulled my head onto her breast. Her hips seemed to move just a little quicker and her legs spread just a little wider. I took the opportunity to move my fingers from Sara's clit to her wet pussy. I continued to rub her labia with my fingertip in a circular motion and then I slowly inserted my finger.

As my finger slid into Sara's hot and moist pussy, she moaned and pulled my mouth onto her nipple with a firm hand. I put her hard nipple between my teeth and gently tugged on it. This sent Sara into a frenzy. Her free hand moved to her clit and she began to rub herself as my finger dove deeply into her pussy.

"OH!" Sara shrieked as I tugged on her nipple with my mouth. She fervently rubbed her clit as her hips bucked with abandon. Her breathing was heavy and she began to moan loudly.

Suddenly, Sara grabbed my wrist and pulled my hand away from her pussy.

"Stop, daddy!"

I sat up and Sara simultaneously sat up, as well. Before I could say anything, she pushed me onto my back and quickly undid my pants, releasing my throbbing hard cock. She feverishly pulled my pants to my knees and hurriedly straddled my hips. Sara grasped my cock and wasted no time in sliding it into her hot, tight pussy.

"Oh god, Daddy!" Sara rode my cock like she'd been sex starved. She pushed so hard that her clit ground against my pubic bone and her tits jiggled with every movement of her hips. Sara's pussy massaged my cock and it wasn't long before I was ready to cum.

"I'm going to cum, baby," I said as I watched Sara's hair move with every thrust onto my cock. Sara didn't verbally respond but she reached her hand around behind her and began to rub my balls. The feeling was fantastic and the pressure of cumming built up in my balls and I exploded into Sara's pussy.

As I finished cumming Sara put her hands on my chest and rode my cock with wild recklessness. Within seconds, she dug her fingernails into my chest and let out a loud moan.

“Oooohhhhhhh!” Sara bit her bottom lip and furrowed her brow as her cum flowed onto my balls.

Sara’s body fell limp and she collapsed onto me. I wrapped my arms around her and we both laid motionless as we caught our breathe. After several minutes, I heard Sara sniffing. I put my hand under her chin and gently raised her head. She was crying.

“What’s the matter, baby,” I asked.

“Nothing,” Sara replied. “I’m just so happy right now. I wanted this to happen for so long.”

“Baby, I love you so much,” I said. “Until now, I didn’t know how much I wanted this to happen either.”

“I love you too, daddy.” Sara gently kissed my lips and I responded in kind. My tongue found Sara’s and we shared a soft, warm kiss.

Sara and I grew closer than we ever had been. We became like best friends...friends with benefits, that is.