Photo Surprise

By ParentsNotHome

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It started out as a typical morning, until Chelsea's father had questions about something

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“Dad, did you call me?” Chelsea shouted as she bounced down the stairs. She was in her blue and white polka dot bikini on the way to the backyard pool.
“Yes, I did.” Her father’s voice came from his downstairs office. “Come in here for a minute.”
Her bouncing steps slowed to a walk. He didn’t sound mad, but that wasn’t any guarantee he wasn’t mad about something. She readjusted her bikini top before walking into his room. She knew the top was too small for her bust line, but she wasn’t quite a C-cup. A bigger top would be way too loose. Better to go a smaller size for better effect. Once her top was fixed, she put both index fingers inside the back leg openings to pull the bottoms over her butt. She bikini bottom fit well, except when she moved too quickly and the material would wedge. She peeked her head in the room, “Dad?” She almost decided to use her squeaky “little girl” voice, the one she used when she wanted to buy something or use the car, but decided to save that for later in case she really was in trouble.
“Does Kayla Michaels still go to your school?” Rob was sitting behind his big desk. There were a few papers and magazines on the left side of this desk, a phone in the middle above the desk calendar, and a computer on the right corner of the desk. He swiveled the monitor away and leaned forward placing his elbows on the desk.
“Yeah.” Chelsea felt a sense of relief and walked into the office. She felt the coolness of the overly air conditioned room and the smell of oak and lavender was one of her favorites. Her dad always looked very handsome behind the desk, even when he was wearing a t-shirt like now. “Why?”
“I haven’t seen her in a while,” he said. “Are you two still friends?”
“She was supposed to come over and layout today, but had to go some place with her mom.”
He glanced at the computer. “Does she have a boyfriend?”
“Not really. She likes Matt McDonald but he’s a senior.”
“Oh,” he replied flatly. “Is she looking for a boyfriend or wanting just to date people?” He took another briefly look at the computer monitor and clicked a button on the keyboard.
Chelsea began to shift her weight from one foot to the other. She was starting to get chilled and a little concerned about the reason for the questions. “She doesn't want a boyfriend until the college year starts” She also began to wonder what her father was looking at on the computer.

“Oh.” He clicked another key. “Her parents are divorced, right? She lives with her mom?” He clicked another button.
“Yeeaaah.” She shifted to look at the monitor but it was turned so she couldn’t see any of it. “Why all the questions?”
“Well…I was looking at some files online and found some interesting material.” He clicked another key. “And I was trying to understand where the information came from.”
“About Kayla?”
“Yes.” He look at the computer and then back at his daughter. “Is she your BFF?”
Chelsea laughed. “Oh, dad. You’re funny. Yes, she’s my best friend forever.”
“So she can keep secrets?”
“Yes.” Chelsea got nervous again. What was THAT question about. “Is there some secret?”
“Not yet…” he clicked another key and looked at the screen. “But there might be”
“What kind of secret?” Chelsea was feeling cold. She didn’t plan on staying inside otherwise would’ve worn a shirt over her bikini.
“Well…” he clicked a key several times. “I was wondering about this.” He turned the computer monitor so Chelsea could also see at the same time.
Chelsea leaned slightly to get a better view of the monitor and what she saw caused her heart to jump a beat. It was photo Kayla had taken of herself in the bathroom mirror. Kayla was naked and holding the camera. Chelsea had seen the photo many times and thought Kayla looked very beautiful, sexy. Now she was nervous about her dad finding the photo. She couldn’t move and didn’t know what to say.
“There’s also this photo…” he pressed a button and the image changed. This time it was Kayla kneeling on a bed wearing pink panties and covering her breasts with her hands. “…or this photo.” The image changed to the same setting with Kayla’s hands on her hips and breasts completely exposed. “She’s a beautiful girl.”
Chelsea panicked. She ran around the desk, pushing past her father’s legs to stand in front of the computer monitor with her arms out wide to block his view. “You weren’t supposed to see those!”
“No? Then why are they posted on the internet?” He leaned back slightly to look up at his defiant daughter. “That’s where everything can be seen by everyone.”
She had been staring at her father’s eyes. Now, she had to come up with something to say but couldn’t think of anything. She couldn’t think looking at his smirking face and let her eyes drift down hoping for an idea. That’s when she realized her father was wearing his jogging shorts and the biggest bulge she had ever seen was pressing against the fabric. She simply stared. It was huge. She was mesmerized. She lost her virginity to Jason Winslow when she was fourteen and his penis was nothing like this. Her gazed was fixated until an idea did occur to Chelsea: Her father was surfing for porn. She jolted back to reality, bringing her arms down, “Dad!”
“Sorry, honey. I didn’t expect you to run around the desk” He didn’t make any movement. Even his hands remained still on the arms of his plush leather chair.
“What were you doing?” Chelsea realized that was a stupid question.

“Well, your mother is out, I thought you were still sleeping and I was looking for something to do.” Chelsea was trying to figure out if her dad’s grin was an attempt at a joke or if he meant it.

“I always thought Kayla was hot, but she really is amazing.” He leaned forward, reaching around Chelsea, pressed the keyboard and leaned back. “This is a terrific photo.”
Chelsea turned slightly to look at the computer: A full screen photo of a topless Kayla. Her erect nipples making her look very sexy. As Chelsea looked at the computer screen, the motion her father’s shorts caught her attention. It twitched. It twitched a lot. She turned her head to watch her father. He met her gaze. “What would mom say if she saw you looking at this?”
“Who do you think told me about it? Your mother found it a few weeks ago.”
“Mom found this?! And told you!”
“Yeah. We’re your parents, not saints.” He laughed and stretched to press another key. His knee touched Chelsea’s thigh. The image changed to Kayla completely naked, kneeling on the bed with her knees apart. “Your mom likes this photo. I like it, too, but it’s not my favorite.”
“Mom likes – Are you telling me mom looks at naked girl pictures?” Chelsea was overwhelmed by what her dad was saying. At the same time, Chelsea realized that taking about naked Kayla and looking at the bulge in his pants was having an effect on her. She couldn’t tell now if it was the cold office or something else that was making her nipples hard. She shifted her weight and could feel her leg touching her father’s. This cleared up any doubt in her mind: She was getting horny. “This is…this is weird.”
“Nothing weird. We like looking at adult material together. Actually, Kayla reminds me of your Aunt Paula.” he shifted in the chair, his leg brushing against Chelsea’s even more.
“What?!” They were talking about her mom’s sister. Chelsea’s mom was 38 years old; a couple years younger than her dad. Her Aunt Paula was around 33 or something like that.
“I know, they don’t look alike, but Kayla’s boobs remind me of your Aunt Paula’s boobs.” Chelsea simply looked at her father. She noticed he squirmed more often causing the material of his gym shorts to look even tighter. “Kayla and Paula have similar shape and similar…um…characteristics.” He clicked the keyboard changing the image again.
Chelsea turned to see different close-up of Kayla and her firm B-cup breasts with medium-size nipple areas that were only a bit oval shaped. She couldn’t remember what her Aunt Paula’s chest looked like because she never really paid much attention. That’s when it occurred to Chelsea to ask, “When did you see Aunt Paula’s boobs?”
Her father shifted again. “Well…um. Remember a few years ago when your mom and I went to Las Vegas. Aunt Paula and her boyfriend joined us there. And…let’s just say what happens in Vegas is supposed to stay in Vegas. Although we made some exceptions to that rule.”

“You had sex with Aunt Paula?
He looked at his daughter, at her friend’s nude image and back to his daughter. “To have some added fun we traded partners for one night. Yes, we had sex.”

Chelsea leaned against the desk. Her dad stating it so plainly and not expecting to learn things like that about her parents and aunt made her a bit oozy. She also realized it was a turn-on. Her body felt tingly all over. “And mom had sex with the other guy?”
“Now, don’t go thinking poorly about your mother, or me. We still love each other very much. We just like to spice things up a bit and it’s worked great over the years.”
“Years?”
“You’re old enough to know that your mom and I have a very active and imaginative sex life. We both work hard and try to provide a good home for you. Some people play golf, go to the movies, or have some other hobby. We like having sex. Press the space bar, please.”
She pressed it as a reflex. Now the image was of a bare assed Kayla looking over her left shoulder at the camera. While all of this news should have left her feeling awkward or something, she was becoming very turned on. Her dad was focused on the computer and his bulge continued to move. Chelsea became mischievous with a sudden plan. She moved the keyboard closer to her and sat on her dad’s lap. She immediately felt how hard and how big he really was. “What other pictures does she have here?”
“Samantha! What do you think you’re doing?”
“I got tired of standing.”
“Not sure if you should be sitting on my lap at this moment.”
“Oh, daddy,” using her squeaky, little girl voice. She changed the computer image to another backside shot with Kayla’s hands on each butt cheek. “Do you like this one?”
“Yes, that’s a nice one.”
“And this one?”
“Yes…”
“Here’s another one.” This time the image showed Kayla lying on her back facing the camera upside-down. Her pert breasts pointing up exceptionally firm. Her father’s cock moved sending a twinge of pleasure into Chelsea. “You must really like this photo. Do you like boobs, daddy?”
“Yes, honey. I like boobs. And, Kayla has a nice set.”
Chelsea was emboldened now. She leaped up, pulling the knot loose and her bikini top over her head. She spun to face her father with her fists resting on her hips in a defiant pose. “Mine are nicer and bigger than hers. Don’t you think I have a nice set?”
He smiled and looked at his daughter’s full rack with very hard nipples. He shifted in the chair again. “Yes, you have a nice set. They look like your mother’s.”
With a Cheshire Cat smile, Chelsea gently placed herself back on her father’s lap and leaned back against his chest. She could feel her father’s chest rising and falling from his fast breathing. She wiggled; positioning his cock more between her legs than before. She felt very sexy doing what she just did and very horny. She was going to have to leave soon to masturbate, but not before she had a little more fun teasing her dad.
Chelsea changed the image again, but didn’t really care. She could tell her father was peering down over her shoulder staring at her boobs. She loved it! She changed the image again. She felt his cock

move again. She liked what was happening. The entire situation felt very good. With one hand remaining on the keyboard, she started rubbing her very stiff nipples. She clicked the keyboard, both she and her father ignoring the images. Chelsea could tell her dad liked watching and she closed her eyes to enjoy the sensation even more. She couldn't wait. She slid her hand down her flat stomach and into her bikini bottoms. Chelsea moved one leg outward and let her fingers glide over her pussy. God, she was wet. Wetter than ever before. Her dad's breathing was gaining speed. She slipped a finger ever so slightly between the lips causing her body to quiver. Her dad let out a sharp grunt.
"What's the matter, daddy?" She removed her hand.
"These shorts don't have much extra room and…it's a bit uncomfortable. You should probably go swimming now."
She sat up and turned. "Why don't you just take them off?"
"I plan to."
"I mean now." Did she really say that? There wasn't any doubt her dad's cock was bigger than Jason Winslow's. She really wanted to see it.
"I don't know if that's something I should do."
"It'll be okay. I mean, I'm comfortable without a top. You should make yourself comfortable too." She stood up to lean her butt against the desk allowing him maneuvering room.
Her father didn't do anything for several seconds. Slowly, he lifted his hips and slid his shorts down. He bent to push them past his knees. When he sat back up, Chelsea was awestruck. Her dad had a nice size penis. It was definitely bigger than Jason's but not as big as the guys in the Playgirl magazine she and her friends found. After staring for a while, she turned to sit back down.
"What do you think you're doing?"
"I was going to sit back on your lap." She looked at him over her shoulder and slowly raised herself back up.
"Not sure if that would be a good idea right now."
"If Kayla were here you would let her sit on your lap right now, wouldn't you?" She continued talking over her shoulder.
"If she wanted to. Yes, she could do that."
"You would like that, wouldn't you?" She hadn't moved and wondered if he was looking at her ass.
"Well…yeah. Was that a trick question?"
Chelsea faced forward and crossed her arms in front of herself. Using her little girl voice, Chelsea pretended to pout, "I can't believe you would let Kayla do something that you wouldn't allow me to do. That's not fair." She could hear her dad moving around in his chair.
"You're right. That wouldn't be fair." Before she realized his strong hands had grabbed hold of both sides of her bikini bottom, they were forced down past her ankles. She spun around, completely naked, watching her father rise from knee-level to face her. He had removed his shirt while she wasn't looking. "You should have the same treatment as Kayla."
He pushed against his daughter; his hands firmly holding her breasts. She lost a little balance and more of her naked ass was on top of the desk's edge. Chelsea felt his rigid cock pressing again her

stomach before he lowered himself to engulf her right nipple in his mouth. His other hand mashing her other breast. She loved it! She wrapped both arms around his head and pulled him in closer. He moved to kiss her left nipple. His right hand now rubbing the wetness between her legs.
“Mmmmm. You’re smooth…and wet.” His thump and a finger parted her lips and another finger slipped easily inside. Chelsea’s knees were going weak.
She wrapped an arm around her father’s shoulder for support and propped herself more on the desk.
“Oh, daddy, that feels so good.” Her voice was loud. She had lost all control.
Her dad moved again. She felt his thumb on her pussy. She was lightheaded. Her body needed release and she needed to cum. She tried to push down on his thumb but she was sitting too much on the desk. She laid back on the desk, looking at her father, his hands rubbing her breasts sending tingles throughout her body. She wanted her daddy to move his thumb more.
She looked down and saw him standing between her spread legs. He pushed forward and Chelsea let out a squeal of pleasure. That's when she realized it wasn't his thumb. His paced was steady for a while. Chelsea wrapped her legs around her father’s hips, matching his increasing rhythm. “Yes, daddy. Do that! Faster!”
Her father didn’t need encouragement. The sound of slapping skin and his reverberating grunts joined Chelsea’s cries of pleasure and shouts, “Faster! Make me cum!”
Chelsea grabbed her father’s arms for support as reality slipped away from her. She could only see white lights and twinkling stars. Moments seemed like hours as her muscles tightened. When her vision returned she took a deep breath, not realizing she had stopped breathing. It was at that moment she looked at her father. His face twisted with happiness and anger. She felt his muscular hands pulling and pushing her hips. She felt the hot explosion inside her. He growled and howled. She could feel all the juices, hers and her fathers, all inside of her. Her muscles locked again. Another one. Not as big. It was wonderful.
She kept her legs around her father as he lowered his face to rest on her breasts. She held onto his head as both started to breathe slower.
Chelsea looked up at the ceiling and whispered, “Kayla’s going to be very surprised.”