

Sarah, Chapter 1

By iceman

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Jun 2010

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. ALL PARTICIPANTS ARE OVER THE AGE OF 16. ANY SIMILARITY TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, REAL OR IMAGINED, IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. This story is the property of the writer. It may not be copied, in whole or in part; stored by any means: digitally, mechanically, electronically, or handwritten. lushstories.com has my permission to edit, delete, or publish as they deem necessary, and is published for the reading enjoyment of LushStories members and guests.

Sixteen year old Sarah is going to be introduced to Family Love.....

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/sarah-chapter-1.aspx>

All participants in this story are 16 years of age or older. This is a work of fiction/fantasy. Any resemblance to any person - living or dead - is purely coincidental. This story is published strictly for the entertainment of Lush Stories members and guests. It may not be published or copied in any form or format.

* * * * *

It has been at least five years since I've seen little Sarah, my granddaughter. I was to fly out west to attend her Sweet Sixteen Birthday party. My daughter Jane called and said flight reservations are made and paid for.

I'm Brad; I'm 67 years old and retired. I own 2,500 acres of prime land next to the Canadian border with Montana, where I raise cattle and horses. The cattle for the government and horses just for the hell of it and fun. Sarah's mother and my daughter, Jane, was born and raised there. My wife and sister, Brenda, had died from breast cancer, so I've been a widower for just about 10 years. To look at me, you'd think I work with heavy steel all day long, but I'm a rancher. I'm 5-8 and 200 pounds of solid muscle. I have light brown, graying hair and hazel eyes and a well weathered face. Yeah, just an old guy to most people, but that doesn't bother me, not much does. I left the place in the capable hands of my foreman and 15 other hands during this little vacation.

My flight arrived on time in San Diego. I'm really anxious to see little Sarah! But I was in for a very big surprise. I expected a little girl to meet me, not an almost grown woman. That's what I get for not

really looking at the pictures I had been receiving online every month.

When I walked out of the airport security area, all I heard was a loud squeal, “Pappa!” Along with running feet as Sarah came at me. I barely had time to see who it was before this “almost woman” jumped, grabbing me around the neck and covering me with kisses. “Pappa, I’m so glad you’re here! I’ve missed you so much!”

“Whoa there girl, step back and let me see you!” I said. Sarah wouldn’t let me go, but did step away for me to get a good look at her. “Damn! What has nature done to my little girl? She’s done gone and grown up on me!”

Sarah is about 5-3 and 110 pounds. She has blonde hair with reddish highlights down to the middle of her back, and dark eyes that will melt a guy. Being thin like her mother, I’d guess her to have 34B breasts and nice slim waist. An absolute raving beauty, I’d say.

“Pappa, you’ve been getting at least a dozen pictures each year of me. You should know what I look like by now.” Sarah said with her girlish giggle.

“Daddy! Jane said, as she came up to us. We’re so glad you’re here. Sarah has done nothing but talk about you since I told her you were coming for her birthday. All of her friends know more about you than their own grandfathers.”

We gathered up my bags and went out to the lot where the car was parked. Sarah had my arm wrapped in hers and wasn’t about to let go for anything. Her father, David, whom she never knew, was Marine captain killed during Desert Storm while Jane was still pregnant with her. We got in the car and off to the back area of the county where Jane has a house along with a modest amount of land, about 10 acres. Jane does rather well, owning her own chain of beauty boutiques and supplies, along with survivor’s benefits from the military. She never remarried, but I know she does date and is sexually active, and I don’t blame her at all, she’s a good looking woman. Her home is a warm and modest place with four bedrooms, one of which I’ll occupy.

It was early evening when we arrived, so after settling in, I went into the den to join the girls. Sarah had changed into her evening clothes which consisted of a tight pair of baby blue shorts and matching cut-off tee shirt. I could tell she wasn’t wearing panties or bra. Ever since seeing her at the airport, I’ve been having warm feelings about her and can’t seem to take my eyes off her. Jane was wearing just a robe, from what I could see.

“You guys got any coffee around here? Those damn airlines don’t know how to make a decent cup!” I asked.

“Coming right up, Pappa,” Sarah said, as she went bouncing into the kitchen. She soon returned with a big steaming cuppa. I got a good view of those “B” sized tits down the front of her shirt as she leaned to set the cup on the coffee table. “Here you go, Pappa, just how you like it, hot and black.”

We all sat around for a few hours just hashing over what’s been happening over the years. I told Sarah all about the ranch and what was going on there. She seemed really interested about the whole setup. She went and got an album she made from all the pictures I’ve sent online over the years. She had printed all of them on photo paper and had them laid out in a thick book album. Sitting close, we went thru the pages as I explained everything. The warmth from her sitting so close was stirring me up some. I could feel myself getting a little hardness going. It was a little difficult ignoring it as we looked at the pictures.

I knew Sarah has had a full day today, her actual birthday, and it was getting late. I told the girls I was going to hit the hay for the night. Tomorrow was Saturday, and was the day of her party. There would be lots to still prepare for, so it will be a very busy day.

I stood and went over to Jane, giving her a kiss on the lips, as we usually did, telling her good night. Sarah stood, gathering up her album and took hold of my arm, walking with me to my room. She stopped by her bedroom, right across from mine. Holding my hand, she opened the door, pulling me inside and placed the book on her desk. It’s been a long time since I’ve been in a girl’s room and was pleased at the view. Sarah wrapped her arms around my waist, pressing her pert tits against my chest.

“I love you so much, Pappa! You’ve made me so happy by coming here for my birthday.” She said, as she leaned up and placed a soft kiss on my lips. I was getting very hard with her being so close, so I took her arms and held her away some. but I’m sure she got a feel of me while she was hugging. The look in her dark eyes was stirring me even more.

“I love you too, Baby Girl,” I said as I turned to go. “See you in the morning, good night.”

“Good night, Pappa,” she said with a sound of reluctance.

I went to my room, glad to be able to stretch out and release my manhood from its confines. Each bedroom has its own full bath, so I stripped and went in for a relaxing shower. As I stepped into the shower, my thoughts were of Sarah, and how she’s really developing into a beauty.

My cock jerked at the thought of her. I know I shouldn’t be having sexual thoughts of her but, they were there. I stood under the warming spray and took hold of my hard eight inches, stroking slowly.

Having visions of Sarah's hand on me doing that stroking soon had me shooting copious amounts of cum to the far end of the shower/tub. With a sigh of relief, I completed my shower, dried off and walked to the bed and stretched out.

I slept for a few hours and awoke thirsty. Pulling on my jeans, I went to the kitchen for some nice cold water. Returning to my room, I noticed that Sarah's door was ajar a few inches. Hearing her moaning, I glanced into the dark room. There was a small amount of light coming thru her window from the full moon. As I glanced up, I could see Sarah on her bed in her dressing table mirror. She was totally naked and was rubbing herself slowly, with soft moans. One hand was rubbing the outside of her pussy, occasionally dipping a finger inside, the other was pinching her hard nipples. The sight of her made my cock jump at the view, immediately getting harder, despite the fact that I had just masturbated and cum. I unzipped, releasing my cock from its confines and was stroking to match Sarah's hand. I was watching her fingers sliding in and out of her wet pussy about an inch. From that, I suspected she was still a virgin with an intact hymen. It didn't take her long to reach her climax, her hips suddenly jerking around. I shot another load of cum, catching it in my hand. I completed milking the last drops and walked on into my room with a big smile.

The morning I awoke well rested, and still had thoughts of Sarah masturbating on my mind. I dressed and went into the kitchen, where Jane was already fixing a breakfast of bacon, eggs and home fried potatoes. The coffee was smelling great as I entered. "Morning, honey," I said as I grabbed my cup and filled it.

"Morning Daddy, have a good sleep?" She said.

"Yeah, real good. The birthday girl up yet," I replied as I sat at the table.

"She's already up and gone over to her friends for a while. I told her she can't be here while we got the yard ready for the party. And, I didn't want her here when her birthday present from you arrives. If she was, we wouldn't get any time with her at all, Dad."

"She still has no idea, huh?" Sarah often remarked that she wanted a car for her sixteenth birthday, since she got her driver's license that previous morning. But I had another surprise, she wasn't getting a car, but a new pick-up truck, with club-cab. There were also a couple more items to go along with the truck. Sarah had been taking riding lessons at a farm run by the high school, so I had a beautiful four year old mare shipped in from the ranch. Star was the horse's name. She's black with a small white star on her forehead. A double horse trailer was also included.

"No, Daddy, I hope you know what you're doing, giving all of that to her. I know she's a responsible girl, but don't you think you're giving her too much? She still has a lot of schooling left ahead of her."

"No, I don't. I know how she's been doing and I think she'll be just fine. I've also been thinking about this summer, Jane. What say to the two of you come to the ranch for the summer. I know you can use the time off, you've been pushing yourself entirely too hard. Everything you have is self-reliant and can take care of itself. And I'd like some time to really get to know her."

"I know, Dad, but I'm just too involved to take that much time away. I think Sarah will love spending the summer with you, but I'll only come for a couple weeks at the end, ok? That way, you two can spend lots of time together and get to know each other better. All she talks about to her friends is you and your big ranch with all the cattle and horses. I think you two need that time together. I'll be fine here and will take those two weeks later."

The front door opened and the giggling of a gang of ten silly girls was heard throughout the whole house as Sarah and all her girlfriends came in. "Momma, can we all have breakfast? We won't be long and we'll be out of your hair."

"Damn, Sarah, I wasn't expecting to feed the whole school! Well, since you're all here, just wait a bit and I'll have it made. What a bunch of brats you girls are! What happened, all your parents kick you out today? I guess I can't blame them, I've got to put up with you all for half the day. Be ready in a few minutes."

"Oh, Mom! We just want a quick bite and we'll go to the mall for a few hours and look at all the cool stuff. Some of us don't get to go shopping in the evening like you and the other parents do."

"Just don't go spending more than you have cash in your purses, girls. I don't want your parents yelling at you. And don't be gone too long now, the party will start at 1 sharp." Jane said, as she started dishing up the girls breakfasts. It didn't take them long to gobble down what was served and were soon out the door and driving off in 3 cars.

"Damn, Jane, that gang will eat you out of house and home! I'd hate to have that bunch at the ranch, the whole herd would be gone. Let alone what all those horny bastards I have working for me would be thinking about." I finished what was left of the food along with Jane. "I've got to get going in a little bit too, I want to check on her presents and pick up a few supplies for you. Did you make a list for me? You know I like filling up your food supplies."

"Here you go, Dad, it's a three month list of staples, just like you taught me. The caterer will be here soon to do the decorations and set up the buffet. By the time you get back and we put things away, it will be time for the girls to get back and have some fun. Just have them pull the truck thru the back gate, I'll get the girls to take Sarah into the living room long enough so she doesn't see or hear. That

will give me time to get dressed too.”

I finished eating and cleaned the table of dishes and was soon out the door. I got to the store, dropping off the shopping list and told them to deliver the next day. Going to the dealership, I checked on the truck. It was a factory custom 4-wheel drive. I had it all tricked out, custom brush and light guards, winches front and back, custom stereo and exhaust, complete tow package and matching 2 horse trailer. The paint was custom "candy-apple" white. Across the sides of the trailer and on the truck doors was a blue shooting star and the name, "Shooting Star Ranch," the name of my spread. After checking things out, I arranged for delivery, with the mare included. By the time everything was done and I got back, Jane had the yard all set up and ready. I knew she arranged with all Sarahs friends to keep her at the mall until 12:30 and arrive right at one for the party.

“Looks like everything is all set, I have delivery of the supplies set for tomorrow and the truck will be here at 2. How about a few drinks before we get started?”

“Now that, sounds like a good idea, be ready in a jiffy Dad, nothing like a good stiff shot of bourbon to calm the nerves.”

Soon it was time for the girls to get back. Right on cue, they came bursting thru the door, all full of girlish giggles. Sarah was held back a little while one of them checked with Jane to make sure everything was ok before letting her out in the yard. As she entered the yard, she was really surprised, all full of smiles and tears.

“Oh, my god! Mamma! Pappa! It’s so beautiful, I didn’t expect all of this.”

Sarah ran to give us kisses and hugs. The rest of the girls followed, full of ooh’s and ahhh’s. Sarah went to a big table all set up with presents and started opening. From what I was seeing, she was getting lots of clothes and lingerie.

Let me tell you, she has a lot of hot girlfriends! Sarah was the youngest of all, having her birthday just a month prior to the end of the school year. She was very popular, yet never really had a full time boyfriend, concentrating on sports and studies instead. Of course, she always did make time to go out to the school farm and ride.

With the presents all opened, all the girls head into the house so she could try on and model all the clothes she got. It was perfect timing, since the “Big Prezzie” was just about to arrive. Jane went in to make sure the music was turned up loud and Sarah was fully occupied while I opened up the gates.

I went out and took final delivery. Jane’s fence was just high enough and had enough shrubbery to

completely hide the height of the truck from view. At exactly 2PM, Sarah was blindfolded and the girls put her earbuds on her and turned up the volume on her I-pad. Leading her out into the yard, I got the ok sign and drove on in. I'm sure she heard the sounds, as she turned toward the gates immediately.

Once fully in, Jane closed the gates and opened up the trailer and let down the ramp. Star was lead out, fully saddle with a custom Mexican handmade saddle. Jane lead Star to the side of the trailer away from Sarah. All the girls were staring in awe as I walked up and took Sarah by the shoulders and lead her to the center of the yard.

It was totally quiet when I took out the earbuds and whispered, "Happy Birthday, to the most beautiful granddaughter in the whole wide world" in her ear. I removed the blindfold and stepped back.

Sarah took a couple seconds to clear her eyes and looked. She let out the loudest scream, "Oh, Pappa!" She looked at the truck, then the trailer with the ramp down. "Pappa, you didn't! Did you get me what I think you did?"

I let out a shrill whistle. Star, being well trained from a colt, the four year old black mare came calmly walking around the trailer toward her. She dropped to her knees, hands to her mouth, and tears flowing. "Pappa, she's beautiful, so beautiful, I love her!"

Sarah got up and slowly went to Star, gently rubbing her nose. She kept a hand on the mare as she walked around, looking her over. Standing 15 hands, Star just stood there calmly as Sarah looked her over, running her hands all over her flanks and up and down her legs. Going to the left side, Sarah grabbed a handful of mane and the horn and with a smile, kicked up onto the saddle, without using the stirrup. Taking the reins in hand, she walked the horse around the yard, with the biggest smile and tears still flowing. What a happy girl we have here. All the other girls gathered around, most of them already having their own horse, they knew how to approach and touch Star.

Sarah swung down from the saddle and lead Star over to me and her mother. She gave her mom a big hug and kiss and then turned to me. "Pappa, this... this is the best birthday ever, I really don't know what to say, except I love you both so much!" Handing the reins to her mom, she took my head in her hands and kissed me.

I was totally surprised when it turn into more than just a friendly family kiss. Her tongue snaked to my lips, working inside. Being a normal male, I responded with my own to her. I glanced at Jane, who was smiling and turned to return Star to the trailer. I pulled Sarah tight to me but broke the kiss, and held her against me.

"Sarah, I whispered to her, that's not the sort of kiss you should be giving your grandfather and you

know it.”

“I don’t care,” she said. “I love you and nothing will stop me from showing you that love.”

Star was safely put away, the party continued with the girls singing happy birthday and the cake and ice cream being served. I had a feeling there was going to be some “mother/daughter” talking going on later. I wondered inside to get a cold beer and chat with Jane.

“You going to talk to her about that kiss,” I asked?

“No, Dad, I’m not. I know I should, but she’s a head-strong girl. She adores you, and she goes for exactly what she wants, she always has. So far in her life she’s made all the right choices and decisions. You raised me to be totally open and honest, and I think you’ve done a wonderful job. I know that if she wants to take this further she will certainly try. She may be just sixteen, and I think she fully understands all the ramifications. I’m not going to stop her or interfere. Both of us know what’s going to happen. It’s going to be up to you and her to decide what’s right and what’s wrong. You both will have to discuss it and make your own decision. I’m going to remain neutral and respect and support your choices. It was the same with my mother and me. You’re just going to have to keep it private and out of sight, you know the drill.”

* * * * *

Continued in Chapter 2..