

Sophie's Choice

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An anxious stepdaughter's virginity is finally lost

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This is the true story of how my stepdaughter chose to lose her virginity. Names, places and ages have been changed to protect our anonymity and to make the story suitable for publication but the events described actually took place during the summer of 2007.

The introduction is perhaps a little too long, but please be patient because without understanding our backgrounds, Sophie's story might seem unbelievable.

They say all happy families are the same, but unhappy families are unhappy in their own way.

I can tell you that this is simply not true. My own family was happy, is happy and, I hope, will remain happy. But I know for certain that we are not like most other happy families.

My name is Mike. I'm 42, a family doctor and live with my lawyer wife Susie and my eighteen year old stepdaughter Sophie. Both Susie and Sophie are sweet, bright and beautiful and I sleep with both of them.

From a very young age, I had suspected that things in my family were not quite like in 'normal' families. I grew up acutely aware of my older great uncles and aunts whispering about things which we children should not be told, and it was common knowledge that our family had 'secrets' which must not be revealed.

From the Victorian prudishness with which the little I knew had been talked about, and the salacious glee with which they discussed it among themselves, I guessed that the secrets were sexual in nature.

The nature of the secrets became more obvious to me when my own sexual preferences began to manifest themselves. As I grew older, went to University and eventually qualified, I resolved to investigate.

In times past – even recently past - so many things were kept hushed up that it's hard to find reliable details of things that took place even one or two generations back. Our parents and their parents took most of their secrets with them to the grave, but sometimes left the odd letter, photograph or other form of record which gives a clue to the hidden truth.

These days, analytical techniques are much better too. Blood matching and even DNA tests are available to professionals like me so I have been able to find proof of relationships which had been

little more than suspicions for many years.

We are certainly a family of secrets and are used to living with them. However, after nearly twenty years' genealogical research, I'm fairly certain about a few things.

Further back than my grandparents I can only conjecture. I hope to discover proof eventually but the first person I am truly sure about is my grandmother.

An extraordinary lady, my father's mother was a single parent, which was a real scandal for her era. Most girls were forced by peer pressure, cultural pressure or even the police to reveal the father's name and to marry, but throughout her life, my grandmother remained strong and silent despite the shame it brought her.

Evidence I now have suggests very strongly that my father's father was actually his uncle. In other words my grandmother was made pregnant by her own brother (is this making sense?) We certainly know they were very close and actually shared a house in later life after his wife, my great aunt, died. My father was an only child and my grandmother died, still unmarried, shortly after her brother.

Next, I know for certain that my father married his first cousin (his mother's brother's daughter), who became my mother. This is not illegal in the UK - indeed if cousins couldn't marry then most European royal families would have died out centuries ago. It is, however, considered inadvisable and runs the risk of birth defects.

If you have read the above carefully, and my suspicions are correct, you will have noticed this means that my mother was actually my father's half sister as they both shared the same father – my great uncle. (Am I still making sense?) Their relationship is therefore incestuous (they are both still alive and well by the way).

My parents had three children – my two older sisters and me. My sisters are twins – not uncommon in families with some in-breeding – and are three years older than me.

My own childhood was characterised by love and confusion. When I was very young, my rather domineering older sisters used to treat me as if I was another girl. Often they would make me dress up as one, and for many years we thought nothing about being half dressed or even naked around each other – almost as if I wasn't a boy at all. As a result I grew up slightly effeminate and suffered the usual consequences at school.

Then, of course, as I matured, the physical differences between us began to become more obvious. I still vividly remember the first time I had an erection in their presence.

I was horrified and almost paralysed by embarrassment as my sisters pointed to the obvious hardness between my naked thighs. After shrieks of horror and amusement accompanied by tears of humiliation, they finally let me go to my room where I cried on the bed in shame, my face buried in the pillow, hating the horrid long thin pink thing that had divided me from my beloved sisters. I tried to hide it between my thighs and stood in front of the mirror wishing my pubic area was as smooth and pretty as theirs.

After about an hour, my older sister Sarah came to see me. She wiped the drying tears from my face with her sleeve and hugged me, all the while whispering how sorry she was that they had been so nasty to me.

I began to feel better and hugged her in return as she stroked my leg affectionately. To cut a long story short, I had another erection but this time instead of shrieking, Sarah just looked at it, then gently touched it...and touched it some more.

She wasn't laughing at me. She was curious – gentle and affectionate, but interested.

When she left I was even more confused. For the rest of the day she behaved as if nothing had happened, but that night, after I had gone to bed, she crept into my room and, after a few minutes' pretending to read to me, touched me again.

This happened every night for nearly a week until, eventually, Sarah let me touch her in return. A few more secret visits passed before our 'touching' became mutual masturbation.

This secret enjoyment went on for many months. Sarah enjoyed making me cum with her hands, and I obeyed her every command with my fingers in return. It was genuinely mutual and loving in every way and I became less effeminate by the week. Indeed after a short time the bullying stopped altogether and I found myself much more attractive to and confident with the girls at school.

Finally, after nearly two years of touching, we made love properly in my bed. It was the first time for both of us and....it was sweet and gentle and caring. And clumsy and messy and short! I now felt a real man.

This loving relationship continued for some time without either our sister Samantha or our parents knowing, until Sarah got married at the age of twenty one.

We have never had sex together since then, but we are as close as a brother and sister can be.

Samantha is quite jealous of my relationship with Sarah which I consider to have enriched my life to a great degree.

I married somewhat later at the age of 32. My own wife, Susie, was a single parent when we first met and is not genetically related to me at all – unusual in my family, but all the more healthy for that.

Susie is average height, average build but with a sweet, youthful 'come to bed' face that I find incredibly attractive. Both she and Sophie are fiery redheads with delicate pale skin, freckles and strong characters (just like Susie's father in fact).

We first met through an 'incest interest' message board in the early days of the internet. Susie's experiences of the on-line community had not been very happy ones and she was very wary with new acquaintances. However she had eventually learned how to separate the perverts from those who genuinely had been the 'victims' of incest, and after a handful of on-line 'dates' felt confident enough to tell me that she had slept with her father since she was quite a young girl, after her mother had been killed in a road traffic accident.

I explained my background and my experiences and we agreed to talk on the telephone. It took a long time for us to get to know each other well enough to meet in person, but after that our relationship developed apace.

Susie did not feel she had been abused – rather it had given her sexual confidence and deepened her love for her father – but now he was no longer alive, she felt the need to talk to someone about it and of course could never tell her family or friends. The closeness of her relationship with her father had contributed to the failure of her first marriage and she had been involved in a number of short

term, unsatisfactory relationships since then. My own love life had followed a similar track so I suppose we were well matched.

Her daughter Sophie is the happy but unplanned result of Susie's affair with her father, a fact that was covered up by the two of them until he died of cancer at the early age of 57, leaving her feeling abandoned and alone. Her family were quite unable to understand just why his death had affected her so very badly and of course she could not explain, hence turning to the on-line community.

Sophie is a little taller than her mother and as long as I have known her has been very slim – almost skinny - making her seem much younger than she actually is. She is very attractive to boys, but her red hair and strong character seem to intimidate the many under-confident ones she meets. I know her as the sweet, insecure little girl she will probably always be.

With my own family history, I had no difficulty in accepting and understanding Susie's attitude and she began to trust me. After a while, with so much in common, we fell in love. Within a year were married, became a family of three and have lived together for over ten years.

Sophie took a full year to accept me into their family, but eventually moved from hostility to tolerance and finally to affection. She and I had been close for a long time before the events told in this story took place. It's likely that my not being a blood relation made the whole thing more possible.

This is a long introduction, I know, and I hope you're not bored yet, but I thought it would make the following true story more meaningful. Without knowing our backgrounds, the following events would be hard to believe.

Sophie's Choice

I'm not entirely sure when my interest in my step daughter Sophie changed from fatherly to sexual. For most of our life together, my attitude was that of a normal, if perhaps over-protective protective stepfather. However, it was impossible to live in the same house as such a beautiful, maturing girl without noticing 'things' developing about her.

As her teenage progressed, the pale skinny waif of a girl I had known seemed to grow suddenly before my eyes into a fuller, more rounded woman and I found it impossible to see her around the house without feeling strong sexual urges. I'm not sure whether she consciously did it, but to this day I'm certain that Sophie played up to my increasingly obvious interest in her.

For several years I managed to suppress my feelings – although my dreams were haunted by her - but eventually during the early hours when I had woken both myself and Susie up by calling Sophie's name in the night during a particularly vivid and obviously wet dream, I could no longer conceal the attraction. It was simply too strong to be ignored and confessed it to my wife.

To my eternal gratitude, Susie listened to me calmly without passing judgement and without the violent, emotional reaction I expected. She is a truly extraordinary woman who continues to surprise me. When I had finished my confession, to my astonishment, Susie sat in silence for a full five minutes then, to my relief, told me she understood my predicament.

With a new frankness and openness, she explained that her own father had made advances to her at a much earlier age than Sophie was so she did not find my desires for the girl I considered more my daughter than a stepdaughter to be either incomprehensible or revolting.

She asked me how far I had imagined it going. I confessed that I had fantasised often about making love to her in her own bed, but had never imagined anything could happen ‘for real’.

Susie gave me a strange, analysing look which I’m sure would have unsettled her most strident clients. It certainly unsettled me. All sorts of possible outcomes sped through my mind, but the words that finally left my wife’s mouth were ones I had never even dreamed of.

To my amazement, Susie suggested that she gradually introduced the idea of a sexual relationship with me to Sophie over the next few weeks. At first I could not believe my ears, but she assured me she was deadly serious – her own relationship with her father had been so close, strong and positive for her that she wanted her daughter at least to have the chance of having something similar.

Naturally I was excited at the idea, but at the same time apprehensive. After all, I had little or no reason to believe Sophie had any sexual feelings for me at all!

Meanwhile our own sex life inexplicably took a sharp turn for the better, and although I said and did nothing untoward, I found myself fantasising about my Sophie more and more often.

Over the next few weeks I found myself noticing the things she did more as well - little things like the accidental leaving open of the bathroom or bedroom door while she was changing or bathing, or the careless flashing of her panties getting in or out of the car. And she seemed to have started wearing exceptionally short skirts around the house. In fact I had twice sent her back to her room to change into something more modest – an action that seemed to hurt her rather than make her angry.

I put it down to coincidence and an over active imagination on my part. But it kept going on!

After six weeks of increasing frustration, I plucked up the courage to talk to Susie once again about how I felt and about the difficulty of living with a girl whose sexuality seemed to grow by the week.

Susie’s response knocked me sideways.

“Haven’t you two done anything yet?” Her voice sounded exasperated. “Just how slow are you, Mike?” I stared at her dumbstruck. “She’s been sending you messages for weeks – so clearly even I can see them!”

I just stood there, speechless.

“I thought you two had already started..... Christ, Mike, for an intelligent and successful man you can be really stupid some times!”

“Wh..What?” I stammered, making even more of a fool of myself. Susie made an exasperated sound and walked across the kitchen to where the kettle was boiling.

“I spoke to her as she went to bed the day after your ‘night time confession’.” Susie began, pouring two steaming mugs of tea and sitting down, indicating that I should do the same. I sat, and as we sipped our tea, a strange unreal feeling crept over me.

“What...What did she say?” I asked, my voice surprisingly hesitant. Susie sat back in her chair.

“I won’t pretend she was pleased, Mike. Actually, at first she was horrified.” Susie said and my heart sank like a stone. Had I just destroyed our family? Susie leaned towards me and stared straight into my eyes.

“I said, at first!” She continued, seeing the look on my face. I pressed her for more news.

“We have had a few mother / daughter heart to hearts since then.” She went on. “I told her – well, I

told her how much you loved her and that it was because of that love, not in spite of it that you felt this way towards her.”

Nice words, I thought. All the nicer for being true!

“What eventually got through to her – and you’ll understand how difficult this was for me Mike – was when I told her about my Dad and me. How special our relationship was and what it meant to both of us.”

I was amazed. Susie had barely mentioned this part of her life since we had been married. It was an unwritten rule between us.

“And what did she say to that?” I asked, eager to learn.

Susie leaned back again and thought for almost a whole minute.

“Actually I’m surprised how mature she was. I can’t be sure she really understood everything, but we both cried quite a lot and hugged each other a lot.”

“Did you explain who her father really is?” I asked tentatively.

“Not directly. And she didn’t ask directly either, but she’s a bright girl and will certainly work it out. She asked me lots of questions about her Grandfather and – to my surprise – I answered them all, truthfully. Actually it was good for me to talk about it all again.”

Susie looked genuinely pleased. She continued.

“I asked her a few questions too – including if she was still a virgin and she said she was.”

This was a genuine surprise to me. Sophie had a constant stream of boyfriends coming to the house. Although I hated the thought, I had just assumed that, now she was eighteen, she must have slept with at least one of them by now. She might, of course have been lying to her mother but I let that thought go, and listened intently.

“She told me she was frightened about giving herself to a boy who might hurt her both physically and emotionally.” Susie explained. “She told me she’d heard lots of ‘kiss and tell’ stories from the boys at school.” She laughed. “Some of them might even have been true!”

I smiled, remembering the nonsense that had been talked when I was her age.

“What did you say to that?” I asked.

“I told her I had felt exactly the same, especially with all the pressures that there are on both boys and girls of her age.” Susie replied. “It seems she’s reached the point of no return several times with boyfriends but has always stopped them short of full sex.”

I nodded, oddly pleased.

“Now, of course, she has the reputation of being frigid.” Susie said unhappily. “But she’s genuinely scared of what might happen if she lets a boy go any further.”

“What did you tell her?” I asked, eager to know what happened next.

“Well, it took a while to summon up the courage, Mike, but I told her how good it had been for me to learn about sex in a safe and loving environment with an experienced man whom I could trust absolutely.”

At this point I began to have doubts. Was my interest really a manifestation of love and trust? Or was it just lust on my part? To be truthful, I’m still not sure of my own motives then, but it was too late to

go back now, and Susie was still talking.

“I told her how I had given my virginity to my Dad and in return had learned how wonderful sex with the right person could be. How it had given me confidence to deal with boys my age on equal terms, and how, after a while, I had felt able to try new things with him in a loving, supportive and safe environment.”

I could tell the memory was still vivid in her mind by the tears welling up in her eyes. She seldom talked about her father these days.

“In fact, I told her how it gave me the confidence to really enjoy my sex life with the few partners I’d had - right up to – and including - you!”

This was certainly true. From the moment she had eventually decided to go to bed with me, Susie had been an exciting and adventurous lover. She still was.

“That’s the advantage of being married to a lawyer, Susie.” I joked. “You could persuade me to do anything if you talked to me like that.”

She smiled broadly.

“Well, as a lawyer I should tell you I also explained to her that having sex with her father or stepfather is, strictly speaking, illegal, whatever your ages, and that she must never tell anyone about her Grandfather and me or I could go to prison.

“I also told her that she should think hard about whether she wanted the same relationship with you and that if she decided she did want it she must remember that, although she would have my approval and help if she wanted it, in the end you are married to me, not to her.”

My head was swimming with bewilderment by now, but Susie hadn’t finished.

“I suggested she thought about it carefully and made a cool and calm decision one way or the other. That if she said no, you and I would understand and would still love her as a daughter; that it was entirely her decision and she shouldn’t feel under pressure either way.”

“And what did she say?” I demanded, eager to know.

“She said she would think carefully about it. Mike, she hasn’t spoken to me about it again so I don’t know for certain what she thinks.”

I felt crestfallen. How could Susie have told me such a story but without an ending?

“But since then.” She continued. “As I said, I’ve seen all the messages she’s been sending out to you; all the open doors and flashes of knickers; all the short skirts and coming downstairs in her night clothes; all those looks across the breakfast table.”

“And I missed the significance of them all?” I asked, feeling very stupid.

She nodded.

“Mike, I’m pretty sure she wants you!”

“But I need to be absolutely sure!” I asked. “I can’t possibly make a move unless I know for certain. I can’t take the chance of ruining my relationship with Sophie through a –misunderstanding on this scale.”

Susie thought for a minute.

“I’ll go and talk to her in her room now. Go and have a shower – you look hot and sweaty! Neither of

us will want to get close to you when you're like that."

And with that she abruptly left me sitting at the kitchen table and went upstairs.

The next twenty minutes were some of the longest in my life. After Susie's footsteps had ceased, I followed her upstairs, straining unsuccessfully to hear the conversation I felt sure was taking place behind my stepdaughter's bedroom door. There were murmurs but no words could be distinguished. Disappointed, I went into our bedroom and across to the en suite bathroom where I undressed and stepped into the shower. The warm water immediately made me feel better, and as I soaped myself all over I began to fantasise once again about what being in bed with my stepdaughter might really be like.

Images of my sister Sarah flashed through my mind and inevitably to my groin where without my realising it, a huge erection was developing.

I was washing my hair vigorously and hadn't noticed Susie entering the shower room. She, however, immediately noticed both the soap suds on my face and the erection slapping against my lower belly. "I see you've been - thinking - again!" She shouted above the roar of the water.

I jumped with surprise and quickly and inefficiently tried to wash the soap from my body. I threw open the shower door and stepped naked onto the bathmat, my erection starting to droop with my embarrassment. I grabbed a bath towel and hurriedly dried myself down, at the same time throwing my wife a glance which was loaded with doubt and uncertainty.

"Well? What did she say?" I asked, rubbing myself with the towel until my skin was red.

Susie breathed out heavily. It didn't sound good. My erection drooped further.

"I suppose you might be the luckiest man in England, or perhaps your timing was inspired."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that the object of your incestuous desire was within hours of giving up on you!"

"What?"

She laughed and sat down on the edge of the bath.

"Your beloved daughter (Susie never referred to Sophie as my stepdaughter) has been trying for nearly two months to show you that your advances would be welcome. You of course didn't notice this.

"Your apparent complete lack of interest in the most precious thing she has to give has hurt her. She thought you didn't want her after all – that you led her on and then rejected her. She was preparing to let her latest spotty teenage boyfriend take her virginity tomorrow night."

"Christ!" Was all I could say.

"So if you don't want to mess things up even further, I suggest you and your lumpy towel get down to her room in the next two minutes!"

I looked down at the tent in the bath towel my revived erection was making and grinned sheepishly. I moved quickly towards the door then stopped suddenly in my tracks.

"And you're sure you don't mind, Susie? You're really sure?"

"I'm sure. I've had two months to think about it too Mike." She replied. I turned back to the door and was just about to go through it when she added.

“Just as long as you always remember who you’re really married to, I think it would be good for both of you.”

“You’re an angel, Suze!” I exclaimed, rushing back and kissing her on the lips.

“Bugger off!” she laughed and I almost ran out of the door. “Be very gentle!” She called after me. I closed the bedroom door behind me and stood on the landing for a minute, thinking. As you would expect, doubts flooded my mind. What I wanted was certainly not legal – not even natural by most moral standards – but by her own admission it had done Susie no harm; in fact she believed it had helped her.

Did I really have my stepdaughter’s best interests at heart? Or was it just my own perverse sexual gratification? Perhaps these thoughts were merely an attempt to make myself believe I had made a rational, sensible decision, but looking back, nothing short of sheer physical force could have prevented me from crossing to Sophie’s room and gently tapping on the door.

There was a rustling sound from within and a soft, almost inaudible voice said “Hello?”

I opened the door slowly and poked my head around the edge. The room was dark and there was no sign of movement.

“Princess?” I whispered. “It’s me!”

There was a rasping sound as a match was struck and light flared at the bed head. In the red-orange light of the flame I saw my daughter carefully lighting a low, thick candle. Its flame caught and the light in the room brightened a little.

Sophie put the candle down on her bedside table and looked up at me. I was speechless. In the low light her red hair, brushed till it shone, glowed like gold. Her pale skin appeared soft and milky in a picture of sweet, yet definitely accessible innocence.

She was sitting upright in the bed, the single white sheet covering her knees which were drawn up almost under her chin. The sheet’s embroidered hem rested on her breasts hiding them from my eyes, but I could clearly tell that, beneath it, she was already naked.

Her mother must have spent some time preparing Sophie for this encounter. I felt a warm glow within me and a pain in my groin as my erection strained against the towel which constrained it.

Closing the door firmly, I crossed the room to her side and sat carefully on the edge of the divan, my towel uncomfortably still over my unconcealable erection. I kissed her on the forehead.

“Mum told me. I’ve been an idiot, haven’t I?” I said.

Sophie looked sheepish.

“I would never call you that, Dad?” she replied, looking very young and very innocent. She looked down at her knees. “I was upset when you didn’t say anything though. I thought you might hate me and...”

I put a finger across her lips.

“Princess!” I whispered earnestly. “I could never hate you no matter what you did. And to think you were offering me.....” I couldn’t finish the sentence, my throat felt so choked up.

Sophie took my hand in hers and squeezed, smiling at me.

“Are you sure? Really sure you want this?” I asked.

There was a pause just long enough to make me believe she really was thinking it over one last time, and then she nodded.

“I’m really, really sure Dad.” She replied, squeezing my fingers again.

I smiled indulgently and raised her hand to my lips. I kissed her fingers, then her hand and her wrist as my other hand stroked her cheek. I drew a finger along the line of her jaw, then across her lips, which opened to let her teeth nibble my fingertip.

Releasing her hand, my arm snaked loosely around her neck and drew her towards me until our lips met.

For the rest of my life I will remember every second – every fraction of a second of that kiss; the moment when my lovely stepdaughter changed from my little girl into my lover.

Her lips were cool; her mouth was hot; her tongue astonishingly active against mine. A virgin she might still have been, but she was certainly no stranger to kissing. I pressed my lips onto hers and her hair fell backwards over my arm, its clean, fresh smell filling my nostrils.

Slowly she lowered her arms, and with them the white bed sheet leaving her breasts naked in the candlelight.

My hand rose instinctively to caress them. They felt small and firm under my fingers, with the nipples already erect. I cursed the rough skin of my hands as my palms cupped and gently kneaded them. Sophie’s mouth became more active on mine as a tide of desire began to rise within her. Our lips parted and she panted a little, her heaving chest forcing her cone shaped nipples against my hands, increasing her desire still further.

The softness of her flesh under my hands aroused me further. I lowered her head to the crisp white pillow and, stroking her cheek again, lowered my head until my lips found the large, dark circles of her nipples. My fingers raised her breasts gently to my mouth and I flicked my tongue lightly over each nipple in turn. I could hear her breathing quicken as my tongue danced over the hard, dark flesh. For a few blissful minutes, I suckled softly on my daughter’s breasts, drawing each nipple into my mouth, my tongue caressing each delicate tip, my lips sucking gently, my teeth lightly nipping each bud in turn.

Sophie writhed on the sheet, her hands stroking my back and sides. I raised my mouth to hers and kissed her lips again, my tongue seeking hers deep in her fresh mint-flavoured mouth. As we kissed, I slid my left hand under the sheet and along the soft skin of her thigh.

I drew my fingers slowly in a long line up the inside of her thigh towards her vulva. Instinctively, she pressed her knees together to prevent my touching her most private parts. I smiled at her and lowered my hand to her knees again.

“Are you ok Princess?” I whispered. Sophie nodded.

My hand rose again towards her vulva. Again her legs tightened together but less strongly so this time. I stroked her upper thigh gently then ran my fingers slowly up and down her legs, each gentle stroke pressing deeper and deeper, higher and higher, her legs parting fraction by fraction until my fingers finally brushed against her soft, tightly curled pubic hair.

Sophie froze at the touch of my fingers on her outer lips. I held my hand still, allowing her body to

adjust to the feeling as I kissed her deliberately deeply, thrusting my tongue deep into her mouth. I felt the tension in her body begin to relax and pressed my middle finger between her outer lips, parting them gently. She was hot and wet inside. I felt encouraged. Kissing her lips more gently now, I began to work my finger up and down her slit, feeling her legs parting slowly and her vulva opening like a flower at my touch.

With as much gentleness as I could muster, I slid my finger towards the top of her slit to find her clitoris. It was tiny and took several small circles of my fingertip to locate, but when eventually I touched its delicate underside, my daughter's body jumped in surprise on the sheet alongside me. "Did I hurt you?" I asked softly. There was a pause then she shook her head.

"Do you want me to stop now?" This was answered by an emphatic shaking of her head.

Relaxing a little, I began to move my fingertip in little circles around her tiny but swelling clitoris, feeling it grow harder and larger at my touch. Sophie's legs opened wider to allow me freer access and she began to moan softly under her breath. I felt her vagina lubricating, her wetness running down my remaining fingers and into my palm. I kissed her breasts, my tongue and teeth toying with her nipples as her excitement grew and grew, her head rocking slowly from side to side on the pillow. It was time to move on.

My fingers still pressed firmly against her inner lips, I kissed her firm, pointed breasts one last time and slowly planted a line of tiny butterfly kisses across the smooth skin of her belly as I moved my mouth closer and closer to the heat of her vulva. The firm muscles of her skinny tummy emphasised her youth and innocence and brought a lump of emotion to my throat.

I wriggled around the bed until I was kneeling on the floor, my head between her open thighs. I lowered my face to her vulva.

"What are you doing, Dad?" She asked in a hushed, slightly dreamy voice.

"Shhh Princess!" I whispered. "Trust me – you'll love it!"

And with that, I gently teased open her puffy outer labia revealing her red, wet core. I could smell the sexiness of her arousal against the sweet aroma of bath oil on her skin.

I breathed heavily onto the puffy outer lips of her vulva. She shivered a little.

"What are you....."

My tongue toyed with her tightly curled pubic hair and tickled the hairless crease where her thigh met her vulva.

"Oh!....." She said almost in surprise. She hummed under her breath, sounding so young but feeling so much a woman to me.

Then, in a single stroke, I ran the tip of my tongue from the base of her slit upwards until it danced over her tiny hard clitoris.

"Oh My God!"

Sophie's body convulsed on the bed. She sat bolt upright and grabbed my hair with both hands.

"Princess! Did I hurt you?" I asked for the second time.

She did not reply but I felt her painful grip on my hair relax a little as she lowered herself to the pillow again.

My confidence restored, I returned my attention to her vulva where, with even more care, I began to lap at her inner lips.

“OhMyGodOhMyGodOhMyGod!”

This time the pleasure in her voice was unmistakable. I slid my palms under her soft buttocks and lifted her sweetness to my mouth. Gently, gently I lapped again at her inner lips, and upwards until the tip of my tongue found the hood of her clitoris. I worked my tongue under the hood, then round in circles until I brought it upwards in a long stroke along its underside.

Sophie convulsed on the bed once again and a loud squeal shattered the silence in the room. The sudden noise surprised me but held her buttocks in my palms and kept on licking and kissing my daughter as her pleasure mounted, dipping my tongue into her vagina with each stroke, feeling the resistance of her intact hymen against its tip as I teased her.

Her hands gripped my hair tightly again as tremors of what was perhaps her first climax passed through her body. Sophie began to moan loudly – a strange, unfamiliar sound, almost like an animal in pain and I realised she was probably at least as scared by these new sensations as she was aroused. She squealed loudly as once again my tongue enveloped her hard clitoris.

“Are you alright?” I suddenly heard from the doorway behind me as Susie peered around the door’s edge.

I froze, trying to imagine my wife’s response at seeing my head buried deep between her daughter’s thighs. But I needn’t have worried.

“Mmmm Mum.” Sophie mumbled, waving her hand in Susie’s general direction as if to summon her closer. Susie, her white bathrobe wrapped around her, stepped quickly over to the bedside and held her daughter’s hand tightly.

“Do you want Daddy to stop, darling?” She whispered. Sophie shook her head.

“N....No....Yes.....No, not now you’re here mum.”

Her head fell back onto the pillow and without speaking, I turned my attention back to the moist triangle between her thighs, licking again and again. The taste was unlike any I had experienced before or since – the unique flavour of a young girl’s body preparing itself for its first penetration. I lapped; I licked; I circled; I drove my tongue as far into her vagina as her hymen would allow. Sophie gripped her mother’s hand tightly as her body trembled and shook, the moisture in my mouth changing in taste and texture as her excitement rose until I realised that I was in danger of cumming myself before the most important deed had been done.

Reluctantly raising my head from her wide spread thighs, I slid up the bed alongside Sophie’s trembling body until my eyes were alongside hers. Her face was flushed pink, as was her chest. There were beads of sweat on her forehead.

“It’s time Princess.” I whispered. “Are you still sure?”

The look in my daughter’s eyes as she replied almost brought tears to mine.

“I’m sure Dad. Please!”

I looked at my wife for final reassurance. Susie smiled and nodded too.

The towel around my waist had long since fallen away and my erection had become painfully hard. I

knelt again between my daughter's thighs and, taking my weight on my left arm, used my right to guide the red, swollen head of my cock towards its goal.

Sophie grasped her mother's hand tightly as I gently slid the head of my cock up and down her moist slit until its head nestled against her inner lips and parted them. Her tiny, delicate hymen obstructed the way – insubstantial, paper thin but psychologically as strong as a steel door.

“Last chance to change your mind!” I asked one last time. Sophie smiled and I saw her grip on Susie's hand tighten.

Then, with all the love, care and bodily control I could muster, I gently but irresistibly pressed myself forwards. There was the softest, sweetest, surprisingly strong resistance from her hymen which made me pause. I pulled back then pressed forward in small, jerking movements, each one a little stronger than the last until it finally yielded and my cock sank half way into my daughter's beautiful body. Beneath me, Sophie gasped aloud and her body went stiff. I heard Susie gasp too as Sophie's knuckles turned white, so tightly had she gripped her mother's hand. I paused, watching my beautiful daughter's face contort in sudden pain, then slowly begin relax as her body adjusted to the unfamiliar invasion into its most private part.

As the tension began to leave her body, I pulled back before gently pressing myself forwards, inch by inch, deeper and deeper into her vagina, feeling her gasp, tighten and relax, gasp, tighten and relax with every inch of my penetration. After what seemed like an age, my groin finally ground up against her pubic mound; my dark, wiry pubic hair meeting her sparse fiery red triangle.

To my astonished delight I realised I had buried the full length of my cock in my daughter's vagina. She had given me the most precious thing she had to offer – her virginity.

I paused, looking down on the sweet face I had known for over ten years. Waves of love and a desire to protect her washed over me. Her eyes opened slowly. There were tiny tears in their corners. Looking deeply into her eyes, I drew myself slowly back until just my head was inside her then pressed forwards again.

This time, my cock slid smoothly its full length into her body until with a soft wet sound, my adult body pressed against her sweet child like one again and the thick base of my shaft stretched her newly awakened entrance. Sophie grunted and bit her lower lip, her grip on her mother's hand tightening once again.

“That's good darling!” Susie whispered to her. “The painful part is over now. Just try and relax and let your father make you feel good.”

Sophie nodded, her teeth still clamped hard on her lower lip, her body still tense. I pulled back and gently but firmly thrust forward again. She was so tight around me I realised that at this rate I would cum very quickly. Perhaps that was best for her first time.

I thrust twice more and felt her body begin to relax. Her thighs parted further and when I thrust a third time, I felt myself go perceptibly deeper into her until my swollen head met an obstruction deep within her which could only have been her cervix.

This time Sophie squealed with surprise.

“Still OK, Princess?” I asked softly. She smiled and nodded, looking across at her mother for

reassurance.

Twice more I thrust myself into her, each time the wetness around my shaft increasing and the slapping sound growing louder. I found a slow rhythm, moving in and out at a pace which I thought would be just fast enough to bring her pleasure, but still slow enough to prevent me cumming too soon.

Sophie began to moan in time with my thrusts, her back arching a little. Releasing her mother's hand, she reached up with her fingers and clumsily stroked my chest, her fingertips wrapping themselves in my body hair. My pace increased as I began to lose control of myself and I felt her vagina tighten around my shaft as her body tensed again.

The wet, slapping noises increased in volume and frequency and I heard my daughter begin to moan louder, her voice catching in her throat. I looked downwards to the source of my pleasure and saw my long, narrow shaft plunging into her body, covered in the pale pink foam of her juices tinged with blood.

Sophie's eyes flew open wide, her knees bent, legs spread even wider apart and her hands grabbed the sheet beneath her as the weight of my body collided with her soft frame. Her head was flung backwards, her mouth open in a silent scream as her first, frightening climax began. She shook, shuddered and her face and upper chest flushed bright pink.

"OhMyGodOhMyGodOhMyGod!"

The words were barely decipherable but were music to my ears.

"Daddy! Mummy!" She garbled as a second wave washed over her young body.

Suddenly it was all too much for me. Losing control completely, my body of its own accord began the fast, hard, deep thrusts that would bring me to a rapid climax.

"Remember to pull out!" My wife Susie whispered hoarsely, recognising how close to ejaculation I was. I barely heard her - the extreme pleasure was washing over me in waves and drowning out all other sensations.

"Mike! Pull out! Now! She's not on the pill!" Susie said much louder but it was no use. My body was on auto-pilot and my climax began in earnest.

A knot of fire appeared in my lower back, spread through my thighs and into my groin and, as I lost the last vestiges of control of my body, it began to thrust wildly into my daughter's softness in time with the hot spurts of a painfully large, messy, noisy ejaculation that shook me from my toes to the hair on my head.

"Oooohhh! Nnnnngggghhhh!"

The voice I heard was mine but yet not mine as hot, burning semen surged through my erection and erupted into my daughter's body. My own body jerked and twitched with the spasms of a climax which tightened my chest so I could barely breathe. Time after time my body spasmed and more semen burst from me until, finally, I began to regain control.

My eyes gradually focussed once again and I could see my daughter's sweet face beneath me in the candlelight. There was more sweat on her pink flushed forehead and her expression was a mix of fear, pleasure and concern.

“Are you OK Daddy?” She asked, her voice trembling. I nodded.

“Are you alright sweetheart?” I croaked. “Did I hurt you?”

“A little.” She replied. “But it didn’t last long.”

I felt myself softening inside her.

“Hold her close, Mike” Susie whispered.

I understood and gently lowered myself onto the rumpled, stained sheet alongside her. My flaccid cock slipped smoothly from her body and a sticky trickle of our combined fluids dripped flowed onto the sheet.

I folded my daughter lovingly in my arms as her emotions slowly calmed down and her body recovered from the shock of its first penetration and climax. I hugged her close, feeling her trembling; breathing in the sweetness of her hair as she buried her face in my chest.

“I love you darling.” I whispered into her long, soft hair. We lay in silence, Susie stroking her daughter’s hair and back.

After a long while, she whispered in my ear.

“You mustn’t let her sleep alone tonight. I’ll leave you to it.”

I nodded. “Susie I.....are you.....I mean”

My wife smiled at the two of us.

“It’s ok Mike. Goodnight.” She bent and kissed Sophie on the forehead and silently left the room, closing the door behind her, leaving my daughter and me in her single bed together.

I was awakened later than usual the following morning by the sounds of breakfast being made in the kitchen downstairs. Gingerly opening my eyes, my first thought was ‘Where am I?’ But I quickly recognised the room as Sophie’s.

But what was I doing here?

For an instant I thought that I had enjoyed an unusually vivid dream in the night. A very pleasant dream, but a dream none the less.

But as my memory returned, I quickly became aware of the heat of another human body in the bed behind me. Turning carefully over, I saw Sophie lying next to me, her body mirroring my own like two spoons opposite each other in a drawer.

She was naked. Her eyes were open but her head was still on the pillow, her red hair fanning over the white linen and shining in the few rays of sun that spilled in through a gap in the curtains.

As my eyes focussed on her, she smiled.

“So it wasn’t a dream?” I whispered, taking care not to spoil the moment with morning breath.

Sophie smiled and shook her head then wriggled closer to me. My arms instinctively went around her again and pulled her to me. I hugged her tightly.

“Are you ok? Really ok?” I asked. “You don’t regret what happened?”

She cuddled closer. “No Dad.” She murmured. I felt better.

There was a sound from across the room. We both looked up as Susie quietly opened the door and entered. She wore her bathrobe and carried a tray on which sat three steaming mugs.

“Good morning you two!” She said smiling, sitting down on the edge of the mattress. “How do you feel

now?" She asked, clearly addressing our daughter rather than me.

"Fine Mum." Sophie whispered, her voice still unstable with sleep and disorientation. "A bit sore, to be honest." Sophie added with a little embarrassment.

"That's to be expected, love." Susie comforted her. "It will soon pass. I'll give you something to help later."

She passed the tea round. Sophie and I sat up in bed to drink it, Sophie endearingly pulling the duvet up to cover her breasts.

"Losing your virginity is a big thing, darling." My wife continued. "It IS painful at first. But just think how much worse it would have been if you had lost it in a crude fumble in the back of a car with some spotty boy who might hurt you, then leave you and tell all his friends that he's popped your cherry. This way is much better, believe me."

Sophie nodded, her eyes still a little drowsy.

"I understand Mum. I'm sure you're right."

"You've been lucky. You've been introduced to womanhood by someone who loves you, who is gentle and experienced and who knows how important it is to stay close to you afterwards. It's how your Grandad helped me, and I've always been grateful for it. "

I reached across and grasped my daughter's hand. She squeezed my fingers.

"There's just one problem." Susie added.

Sophie and I raised our heads in question.

"Well, your Dad found the whole thing so arousing that he..he.... came inside you, didn't he?"

The awful truth suddenly dawned on me.

"That means we have to get you the morning after pill to make sure you don't get pregnant."

I felt a cold chill pass through me.

"Don't worry." Susie continued, seeing her daughter's consternation. "If you write me a prescription I'll go and get them. I'll pretend they're for me." She turned towards the door then turned back towards us. "And I suppose I'd better get some condoms too. I can't imagine either of you will want last night to be the only time."

Sophie blushed bright red at her mother's words.

"Although you really should go on the pill now, darling. Perhaps your father can write you a prescription too?"

I nodded slowly, still unable to believe what had happened.

"I'd better get dressed, Princess." I said, swinging my legs around and standing up. "I'm due at work this morning. And I'm sure you and your Mum want to talk."

The closeness to my daughter's beautiful body had already brought me half an erection.

Embarrassed, I found the towel from the previous night and wrapped it around my waist. The tent was too obvious to hide. I looked at Sophie. We both giggled.

"Will you be ok now?" I asked her.

"I feel fine Dad. No. I feel great."

"Breakfast in ten minutes?" I asked, turning towards the door.

“Dad!” Sophie called from behind me. I turned to face my daughter.

“Thanks!” She said. I flushed red and, smiling, left the room.

Half an hour later, after a quick shower and an even quicker breakfast, I put my head into Sophie’s room to say a quick goodbye. Sophie was not there, but my wife was busy stripping the bed.

“Hmm” She said, holding up the bottom sheet. On it was a clear pink oval stain, about six inches across. I blushed when I realised it must have been a combination of my semen and a few drops of my daughter’s virgin blood, ground into the linen by our writhing bodies.

“You’re an angel, Suziel!” I said, meaning every syllable of it.

“I might well be!” She replied. “But you’re late!”

I kissed her full on the lips and rushed from the room, banging on the family bathroom door as I passed and calling out

“See you later Princess! I love you!”

“Love you too Dad!” Came through the door over the sound of running water.

I hurried downstairs, out of the front door and drove too quickly to my surgery, arriving a full half hour late to my patients’ disgust.

The whole of the next day passed surprisingly quickly and uneventfully. I wrote the necessary two prescriptions and my wife obtained both the morning after and the contraceptive pills for Sophie, along with a large pack of condoms.

The surgery was very busy and, after a late start, I was detained until well into the evening. It was after dinner, before I was able to talk to Sophie about what had happened. Susie was getting ready to go out to play tennis and the two of us were in Sophie’s room again.

There was an awkwardness in the air. Embarrassment along with a strong sexual frisson.

“Princess.” I said, struggling to keep my voice sounding normal. “Last night was wonderful for me, and I hope you enjoyed it too. I know your mum has bought all that.....stuff.....today, but you mustn’t feel obliged to do it or anything else with me again.

Sophie was listening attentively.

“I want you to know that you are still my daughter and I’m still your Dad. If anything else happens between us it will only be if and when you want it.”

She nodded, but still looked a little puzzled.

“I will try and treat you exactly as if nothing had happened, unless you give me a sign that you want otherwise. I won’t put you under any pressure. If you want me to be just a Dad again then that’s fine.” I looked for encouragement on her face but saw no reaction at all.

“But if you want me to be more than that, then you only have to let me know.”

“I understand, Dad.” She said in a friendly reassuring voice. It’s all so new to me. I don’t really know how I feel about it yet.”

I ran my fingers through her fine hair.

“Take your time. As long as you need.”

I looked around her room, my eye lighting upon the pile of stuffed toys she had scooped from her duvet onto the floor. I picked up a small teddy bear, about four inches long with a loop of cord

fastened to the top of its head. My daughter had christened him 'Albert' when I had brought him home from a conference when she had been nine years old.

"Albert can be our messenger." I suggested. "If you want me to be more than your Daddy again, just leave Albert either in the grandfather clock in the hallway, or hang him on your bedroom door and I'll know how to behave for that evening. But I will always be your Daddy the next morning."

Sophie looked as if she was concentrating hard. I continued.

"If you never want me in this way again, I'll understand, Princess and I promise I'll never put pressure on you. It's always your decision."

Susie reappeared in the doorway.

"I know you two have a lot to discuss." She said sarcastically. "But it's nearly eight o'clock and we're due on court at half past, Mike!"

I stood hurriedly.

"Oh God!" I exclaimed and, kissing Sophie on the cheek, I ran from her room, into ours and changed hurriedly into my tennis clothes.

That night, Susie and I had some of the most exciting, adventurous and passionate sex of our lives. Not surprisingly, I found it difficult to concentrate at work the following day, and when I returned home that afternoon, my wife told me that Sophie had gone to stay with a friend overnight. I felt uneasy. Sunday was spent doing the garden and washing the cars as would have been done on any normal Sunday, and when Sophie eventually came home at tea time she behaved perfectly normally as if nothing had happened.

In fact, both Sophie and Susie behaved normally for the next few days, causing me more anxiety and unease than if we had had a blazing row. I began to wonder if it really had been a dream, until when I opened the front door after surgery late on the Wednesday evening, I noticed a small Teddy bear in the glass window of our grandfather clock in the hall.

My heart thumped so hard I thought it would explode. Dinner passed painfully slowly, with Sophie and me exchanging meaningful looks across the dining room table. I could barely wait for bed time.

Sophie excused herself early saying she was tired and had an early start the following day.

Clearly she had told her mother her intentions because at around 9.30 Susie told me to go and say goodnight to our daughter. As I rose and walked towards the door, as excited as a teen on prom night, she said

"I'll see you in the morning."

Well, to cut a long story short, Sophie and I made love so softly and sweetly that I actually cried afterwards. We spent the night together and the following night too until, the following morning when we came down to breakfast together, my wife reminded us again that she was the woman I had married and she did not want to sleep alone any longer.

Both Sophie and I looked sheepish.

Now we sleep together no more than once or twice a week, Albert the teddy bear signalling Sophie's desire to see me (or not) like a loyal and welcome friend.

And now we live, quite happily, in a 'ménage a trois' in a large house near a small market town.

Although my bedroom is primarily the one I share with my wife, I sleep with my daughter at least one a week – sometimes more frequently – with my wife’s full knowledge and acceptance. Sophie has a new double bed to make this easier.

Sophie has had boyfriends - some she has even slept with, I know. She is strong and confident sexually which seems to make the boys respect her. I don’t feel jealous of them. After all, they can never have the relationship I have with her. Eventually one of them will take her away from me and I’m (sort of) prepared for this.

And of course as Susie says I must always remember which of them I’m married to.

I know it’s not a normal happy family. But we are a family and we are happy.

Is it really so wrong?